EDUCATED MEN IN POLITICS, by Judge Alton Brooks Parker

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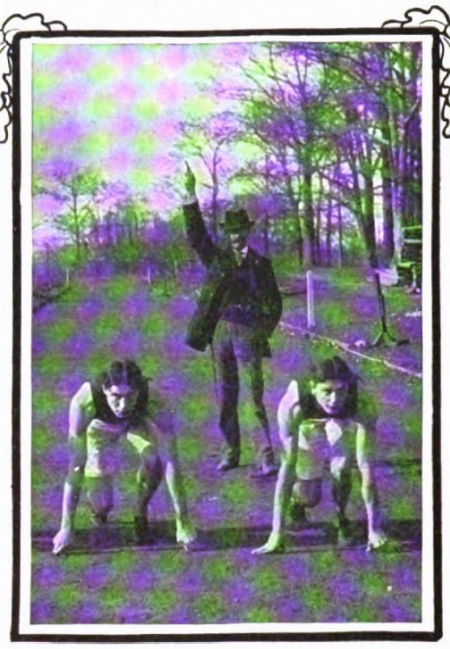


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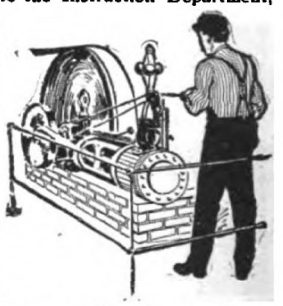
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Instruction Papers



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VOLUME VII. NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER, 1904 NUMBER 124

Jackson, the Democrat; Roosevelt, the Republican

A Comparison, by Alfred Henry Lewis



THEODORE ROOSEVELT, "New Hickory"

Our Homotype Presidents of Iron Will and Defenceless Purpose.—The Similar Traits of Humanity, Strenuosity, and Power that Exist between the President of To-day and "Old Hickory."—Next to Lincoln, Mr. Roosevelt Considers Jackson the Greatest President the Country Has Ever Had, and Expresses His Views as to What Jackson Would Have Done at Panama



To do the right thing at the right time is the greatest reward of any man.
ANDREW JACKSON

Words are good when backed up by deeds, and only so.
THEODORE ROOSEVELT



ANDREW JACKSON, "Old Hickory"

IN what is to follow, I shall promise nothing of sequence or procession, being inclined for a pen-ramble rather than the packing of any dull specific burden up any dull specific hill. The other day, my eye was caught, as it ran down the columns of a certain paper, by the assurance of the editor that Mr. Roosevelt, in what he does presidentially, is an imitator of Andrew Jackson. In furnishing his discovery to mankind, the editor wore the breathless, stricken air of him who plumps upon another in the midst of fearful crime.

It is to be doubted if the observation was original with that editor. In all likelihood the thought and the sentence both were chance-sown, and had their birth in the mind and the mouth of another, while the editor's was but the parrot's part. Still, a parrot—that is, a self-respecting parrot,—has a duty to himself and should remember it. He should not permit himself to be convinced by a manner, and infer evil because some one playing the spectator assumes to arch horrified brows. Even our parrot-editor would admit, were the thought once laid before him, that, if the world is to be taught distrust of Mr. Roosevelt by showing how he copies General Jackson, the case can not be successfully rested with the fact's mere statement. The prosecutor must push forward, and exhibit the ignorance or the viciousness or the dishonesty eminent in the career as well as the character of General Jackson that would make his White House reproduction a menace to the nation. If it should turn out that General Jackson was the sublimation of all that is honest and courageous and patriotic and wise and moral in either man or magistrate, that prosecutor could not hope to lead upright minds away from Mr. Roosevelt by simply proving that he has taken General Jackson as a guide.

However, no one of half wit will agree with the editorial personage that Mr. Roosevelt is thus sedulous to reflect the picture of General Jackson,

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or striving in himself to live over again the hero of the Horseshoe and New Orleans. Yet the gentleman of the parrot editorial may be excused, if not defended. His error—perchance an honest one,—lies in this, that he has mistaken resemblance for imitation. To the analyst of men, it will have occurred long ago that in everything, save personal appearance and those slighter matters which are the work of environment, Mr. Roosevelt, speaking largely, is a *replica* of General Jackson.

This is the more to be remarked, since it is the lone, sole instance of its presidential sort. Those mills which grind out presidents, during their century or more of whirring, crashing operation, have never been changed or altered as to their machinery. Parties exist, and candidates are named and shouted over and voted for to-day as in the beginning. Yet the divers presidents produced, in whatever they have thought and felt and said and done, were as widely separated as are the poles. Who in the same moment would think of Buchanan and Washington, Van Buren and Jefferson, Pierce and Lincoln, the elder Adams, vain, talkative, narrow, jealous, and suspicious, and Grant, silent, modest, prodigious?

Jackson, Like Bismarck and Napoleon, Believed strongly in the Physical

An American president is no bloodless, tame affair. He selects his own cabineteers, and of his motion may disband them, as did General Jackson. He rules; he isn't ruled· he listens, but he decides. His veto is equal to two thirds of congress. He arbitrarily controls two hundred thousand underlings of government who draw an aggregate annual salary of two hundred millions. An English king may hardly name his cook or select his coachman. The president is in absolute command of the army and the navy, and may order them to attack anybody or anything, at home or abroad, and they will obey that order. Legally, he has no power to declare war; but since, in fact, he may provoke it, begin it, and end it, one sees that the constitution, while providing a distinction, has forgotten to provide a difference. Every department of government is under the presidential thumb. He is, if not above, then beyond the law; for the highest court will not issue its writs of summons, subpœna, attachment, mandamus, *quo warranto*, injunction, *certiorari*, or contempt against him. There are but two checks to your president,—public opinion and the congressional power of impeachment. The latter has been resorted to but once, and then it failed. A recital of the things mentioned above can be called valuable only as displaying the freedom of thought and deed wherewith a president is invested, and which permits him, in what is great as well as in what is little, to be ever his true, real self. It should also show that what is called the strength or the weakness of the government, in our own instance, will depend vastly on the inherent strength or weakness of what man happens to be the White House tenant at the time.

Recurring to that comparison of Mr. Roosevelt with General Jackson upon which we originally embarked, we shall find few traits in which they do not correspond. General Jackson, as one may learn from the pages of James Parton, not only stood for the moral and the mental, but he also believed in the physical as implicitly as he believed in the foundations of a house. He realized the world he lived in, and made a cult of force. Not Bismarck, when he spoke of cannon balls as the iron dice of destiny, or when he said that a battle ship is the best ambassador; not Napoleon, when he declared that Providence fights invariably on the side that owns the heaviest artillery, was, more than was General Jackson, the disciple of the physical. And who of to-day does the foregoing more nearly describe than Mr. Roosevelt?

General Jackson was ardent, generous, open, sincere, bold, aggressive, and human; he held that in the drama of government the presidency is not a thinking part; he was virile, not flabby; his blood was hot and red; he loved, he hated, and his friendships were as relentless as his feuds; he refused fear and declined failure; he was nobly ambitious, and wished no one to write his name in snow. Such was General Jackson, and such, in hairline detail, is Mr. Roosevelt; to etch the one is to etch the other.

If Mr. Roosevelt is imitating General Jackson, he has been at the task from his cradle-days. No American man during the last quarter of a century has changed less than Mr. Roosevelt. With him, as it did with General Jackson, abides a genius for displacement. He comes to the fore, he enlists the notice of the audience at an early age, and one reads of him as far rearward as the convention that selected Mr. Garfield. Since that time, he has been known as a member of the New York assembly, chief of the civil service commission, police commissioner, assistant secretary of the navy, soldier in the field, governor of New York, vice president, and president. No one before was so whisked up the steeps of honor, yet no one else was ever so slightly changed. The Roosevelt of the White House is, word for word and line for line and thought for thought and deed for deed, the same with that Roosevelt who was vice president, governor, soldier, assistant naval secretary, police commissioner, chief of civil service, and state legislator. This same changelessness was the mark primal of General Jackson. The boy Jackson, who, at the age of thirteen, goes poking about to bush-whack a Briton in the Revolutionary War, is identical with the man Jackson who beat the Creeks at the Horseshoe, the English at New Orleans, the Spanish at Pensacola, and John Quincy Adams in their struggle for the presidency.

It might be said, in passing, that this quality of changelessness, as it were, of induration, can not be imitated. One might as well talk of imitating iron or making oneself granite as the mere expression of a wish. Also, this trick of the immutable is the earmark of the congenitally great. Grant had it, who went from low to high; Burr had it, who went from high to low. It is such as Washington and Jefferson and Jackson and Lincoln and Grant and Roosevelt, the rooted and the changeless ones, who perform as snubbing posts of history; it is to them a race ties up, to keep itself from going adrift.

Mr. Roosevelt is on a par with General Jackson in the enemies he invites, and in what those enemies say of him. General Jackson was peculiarly offensive to the organized hypocrisy and wealth-made cowardice of his day. There was rife, in the Jacksonian hour,—as plenty, they were, as poets in a country town,—a sort of American of hollow head and hollow chest and hollow heart, whose great concern was for the rights of property rather than for the rights of man. This American, by nature, was a Tory, and would never have signed a Declaration of Independence nor fought at a Bunker Hill. King-fearing, and king-adoring, he would have lived out his smug existence, there would have been no Concord and no Yorktown if their construction had depended upon him. His private walk was emphatic of an inhuman goodness that aimed at respectability rather than at right; he was of utmost use to himself, but of no use to anyone else; his fancy was drab and tearful, while his courage was white. As a rule he had the red-squirrel talent of accumulation, and was rich, albeit he cared as little how he gathered his dollars as does the red squirrel how he gathers his nuts. The big purpose of his life was riches, and so the method of their heaping was respectable, that is, legal, neither the blood of men nor the tears of women nor the wan faces of want-wrung children would stay him in their accumulation.

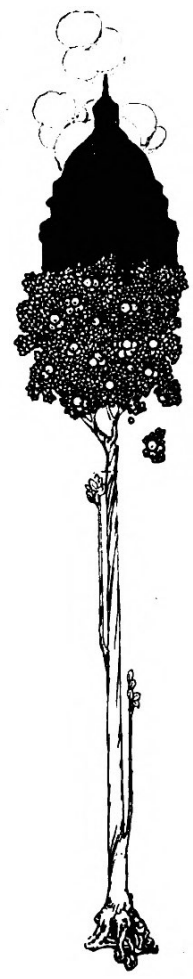
It was people of this description who feared and hated General Jackson, as in this day their descendants fear and hate the name of Roosevelt. The devouring dragon of the Jacksonian age was the iniquitous Biddle Bank. General Jackson destroyed it, as Mr. Roosevelt destroyed the Northern Merger and curbed the villainy of Coal. And, for so coming to the public rescue, those Tories loathed General Jackson as the Tories of to-day loathe Mr. Roosevelt.

Those Tories were, doubtless, honest, and their grandchildren also are, doubtless, honest; the ones but acted and the others but act their natures,—a statement, by the way, which would be as evenly true of rattlesnakes. It was reasonable that they should bewail a Jackson, precisely as it is reasonable that their kind of to-day should bewail a Roosevelt. Weakness shrinks from strength, timidity trembles before courage, and folk who could not shake footstools turn nervous at the nearness of those who might shake thrones. In engaging the enmity of such people, however,—and it is the resemblance we are trailing,—the story of General Jackson is the story of Mr. Roosevelt. Also, it might be stated that while, as says the proverb, you may know a man by the company he keeps, a still more accurate estimate of his character can be arrived at by studying the enemies he has made.

Theodore Roosevelt, Like Jackson, Has the Instinct of Combat and Force

General Jackson was a natural soldier, and the same is true of Mr. Roosevelt. The one is as weapon-wise with sword or knife or gun as was the other. General Jackson had the instinct of combat and was capable of anger. He liked a horse, and his foot felt at home in the stirrup. All these things are descriptive of Mr. Roosevelt. The latter has a leaning toward the gladiator in man. But, if he likes boxers and wrestlers, General Jackson owned to a weakness for cockfights and horse races. Of purest morals, both, it is such as these who pedestal woman and bow before her as before a goddess. And, just as was General Jackson, so is Mr. Roosevelt the symbol of a stark Americanism.

Among Mr. Roosevelt's attributes, and it is one that stood prominently forth in General Jackson, is a native skill for intimacy, and the new acquaintance of yesterday is to-day the old friend. That comes of an inborn fairness,—a generous, confident lucidity of motive which, compounded of courage and truth in even parts, conceals nothing and wipes away suspicion. Friendship commonly is acquaintance plus trust, and the latter is as readily inspired by Mr. Roosevelt as it was by General Jackson. Men of this sort have no furtivities; they never skulk. They are firm in friendship, fair in war. To come within eyeshot is to know the worst and the best of them; and to know it once is to know it always, since they never vary. It was Drusus, when his architect asked how he would have him build his house, who said, "Build it so that every citizen may behold every action I perform," and the tribune would have found his modern prototypes in Mr. Roosevelt and General Jackson.



There is no accounting for tastes, and there are those who prefer Narcissus to Achilles. Even Byron declared he would sooner be a Brummel than a Bonaparte. So, as we have seen, there lived men, honest though dull, who regarded General Jackson as a menace. When he overthrew the Biddle Bank, they wrung their hands and talked of the disappearance of all that was safe and sane. One may read it in the diary of that American Horace Walpole, Philip Hone. Chinked in between records of dinners and masks and receptions and routs and balls, he sets forth the untamableness of General Jackson.

Philip Hone and the other Tories said that General Jackson was dangerous, as now a certain similar tribe call Mr. Roosevelt dangerous. If one, discarding a spoon, had sipped his soup from the dish, or if he had slaked his ignorant thirst at a finger bowl, he would have been less tolerable in the polite eyes of Philip Hone than he who had embezzled the deposits of a savings bank. To such as Philip Hone the masculinity and the forceful, shagbark integrity of General Jackson made him dangerous. Perhaps General Jackson's failure to invite the old tufthunter to dinner had somewhat to do with it, as in our day Mr. Roosevelt offends the vanity of sundry railway magnates by compelling them to enter the White House during the same hours and through the same doors as do Messrs. Smith and Jones and Brown and Robinson and others of the common herd. In this hour, as in the time of General Jackson, that president who really practices democracy makes himself to certain eyes a peril and a threat. To the minds of some,—and it sounds like a paradox,—the most dangerous man in a democacy is a democrat.

The race, for ages, has suffered from adjectives. We should have been centuries ahead if, in the beginning, the use of adjectives had been made a capital offense. To say that a man is dangerous is to give only your conclusion. Men don't need guardians; they need historians. Instead of warning a man, you

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should point out the lion in the path and let him warn himself. Instead of telling him that a president is dangerous, tell him what there is in that president's record or kind that should teach the fair intelligence to fear from him a public harm. The phrase, the adjective, is the weapon of the second rate, and epithet without evidence is oftener the expression of envy than of any emotion more patriotic

Vilification is ever found limping in the wake of such as General Jackson and Mr. Roosevelt. Their democracy, their sympathy, the wide-flung humanity of their interest, their lack of an arctic heartlessness and their pride without disdain are one and all disturbing to narrowists with whom heads are but hat blocks, and who, living on the fortunes for which their fathers worked or swindled, sport a monocle, ape the ineffable, peruse Burke's "Peerage," and play at caste. Since they know nothing and may think of less, they fall back on an adjective, and declare every man dangerous who has offended by alarming them.

Should you call a president dangerous, as General Jackson was called, and Mr. Roosevelt is called dangerous, and then come to a verbal halt, you infallibly drive one, not in any heat of partisanship, but in a spirit of cold inquiry, to put questions. Why is he dangerous? Is it because he lacks the support of gold-vampires laying their black plans to suck money from the veins of the government? Is it because he will not be managed and manhandled by broken-down hacks of politics? Is it because he prefers truth to intrigue, honor to safe disgrace? Is it because, anywhere and every time, he resents foreign outrage upon an American citizen, even though that citizen be utterly humble and obscure? Is it because he stands among the people, of and for and by them, despising and defying cheapsters who strike at public office in the thought of private gain? Is it because, between Capital and Labor, he aims at even-handed justice for both, and refuses to be bullied by either? If you can answer one of these in the affirmative, the case is made and General Jackson was, as Mr. Roosevelt is, a dangerous man.

When General Jackson went to the defense of New Orleans, he found the town's wealth and aristocracy against him. They liked kings and despised republics. A visiting Frenchman of title murmured against General Jackson, and the soldier marched him into exile with two bayonets at his back. An American aristocrat said that this was an outrage, and the soldier locked him up. An aristocratic judge issued a writ of *habeas corpus*, and the soldier locked up the judge. *Inter arma silent leges.* Then the soldier proceeded to beat Pakenham, and to furnish England with the worst drubbing of her career. General Jackson, when the lawful, conventional road no longer ran in a right direction, pushed down a panel of fence and went cross lots. Thus he invaded Florida, took Pensacola, and hanged Ambrister and Arbuthnot, while Europe shrieked over violated Spanish boundaries and the insult to Red Tape.

"He Was My Kind of a Democrat," said Mr. Roosevelt, with Fervor

Of similar feather is Mr. Roosevelt's policy concerning the Panama Canal. He discovers that Germany, France, Russia, England, and the American transcontinental railways are against him. The temperate zone in every age has bribed the torrid zone, and he finds himself opposed by the sly gold of his foes. When Alexander drew his sword and cut the Gordian knot, it was n't temper, but diplomacy. So it was with Mr. Roosevelt. Through double lines of lies, in the face of bribes, in defiance of Red Tape, he forced the Panama Canal to victory, as on another day General Jackson saved New Orleans, and on still another ended Creek outrages along the Georgia border.

General Jackson sent his fleet into the Mediterranean, and at the muzzle of its guns collected from France seven and a half millions that had been dawdled over and deferred by every president since the days of Jefferson. Mr. Roosevelt sends his fleet into the Mediterranean and rescues from Moorish robbers an American who else might have perished at their hands. Was General Jackson dangerous because he compelled justice at the tardy, shifty fingers of France? Is Mr. Roosevelt dangerous when he forces the release of an American, unlawfully in alien clutch a prisoner? Such things shock a stock market, but do they shock humanity? They excite the hatred of Wall Street, but should they invoke the anger of a reputable Americanism?

Last winter, while in talk with Mr. Roosevelt, I asked who, in his estimation, among the presidents, was the greatest American.

"Lincoln," said he; then, with a sort of fervor, he added: "Jackson was next.

"He was my kind of democrat," continued Mr. Roosevelt. "What would have been Jackson's course in this Panama business? Would he force the issue and cut the canal?"

"He would have it cut and corded up before this day next year," said I.

"Precisely!" and Mr. Roosevelt's hand smote the table with such affirmative vigor that it spread visible alarm among the paperweights.

Of late, American ears have been treated, from certain home-made snobs of the sort who think a nod from Europe golden and marry their daughters to counts and dukes and wish they had n't, with the information that we have now become a world power. The phrase is parcel of the cant of diplomacy which, *par excellence*, is itself the science of flubdub and flapdoodle. The ordinary American, misled by his vain ignorance, would have supposed that we were a world power when we wrested our independence from the strongest nation on the list, or when, one hundred years ago, we beat out piracy in the Mediterranean, or when, in 1812, we compelled England to cease meddling with Yankee ships, or when, in 1822, we faced the so-called Holy Alliance with the Monroe Doctrine and nailed our glove to the gates of Europe, or, eight years later, when we forced France to pay those millions alluded to; wherefore, it is the more kind for those snobs to bring in their correction of these errors, and show us how the thing happened as it were but yesterday. What these weak good people mean is this: It is only of late that European governments, and particularly France and Germany, have been cleared of a deal of ignorance concerning this country. The thing was put to me by a Scotch gentleman of education and mental depth, whose wisdom had been fed by travel.

"Two things," said he, "have happened to your country in the last handful of years that made and still make a grave impression in Europe."

"What were they?" I asked.

"One was the Spanish-American War," he returned, "and the other is your President Roosevelt." Then he continued, in explanation: "When the trouble with Spain broke out, Europe was either ignorant of or had forgotten the lessons of your Civil War. The wise ones, and especially in Germany and France, argued that your clash with Spain would be a naval war, and were confident that Spain would hold her own. They counted ships and guns; these, after the 'Maine' was sunk, were about equally divided between your country and Spain. As usual with experts of that sort, they made no account of the men behind the guns.

The President Showed Himself Jealous of American Rights and Honor

"It was the fight at Santiago that enlightened them. The Americans burned Cervera's Spaniards off the face of the sea in forty minutes. The fight at San Juan Hill was another eye-opener. Europe's 'experts,' looking on, said that the hill could not be won without siege guns. The Americans swarmed up its sides and captured it handily by mob violence. Then it was that Europe took on an expression of gravity and discovered that Americans, as fighting men, are, beyond imagination, cold and fierce and tameless and bold and wise, and not to be lightly defied.

"Then enters upon the scene your President Roosevelt. In divers ways he shows himself very fair, but still very jealous of American honor and American rights abroad. He is known, too, as a man of decision and personal courage,—precisely the stubborn sort that long ago said, 'Millions for defense; not one cent for tribute!' In brief, to a country that was not to be trifled with was added a chief that was not to be trifled with, and the combination that has never failed to invoke European respect was made complete.

"Your fleet, lately in the Mediterranean, demanding the release of Perdicaris from those African brigands, was a master stroke. Europe was impressed; she said, 'If they will send the most powerful fleet that ever passed Gibraltar to the rescue of one poor obscure citizen, what would they do, or rather what would not they do, if the bone of dispute were really great?'"

"And yet," said I, thinking to try my Scotchman's wisdom to a last expression, "and yet is n't that promptitude of resentment likely to precipitate a war, some day?"

"It takes two to make a war," he returned. "Since Santiago I think that very promptness the thing most likely to insure you peace. No one invades or insults a trained fighter, at the top of his strength, when it is known that to do so will mean war to the death. No; I should say that your record plus Roosevelt renders you, of all the nations on the map, the one least likely to become involved in war. If your President were timid, or slow, or wanting in decision, or under the domination of big money interests that would prefer peace with dishonor to war, there are countries over the ocean, notably Germany, that would make you trouble sooner than you think."

So much for an alien view of a "dangerous man." Somewhat in support of my Scotchman's theories is the story of General Jackson's two terms. He was another of gunpowder sort whom a spark of insult would explode. And yet those eight Jacksonian years have never had their match for serene indomitable peace.



There was a secession plot, the vice president at its head, and General Jackson crushed it with a toast.

"THE FEDERAL UNION: IT MUST BE PRESERVED!" said he, and rebellion faltered, secession fell to pieces; for John C. Calhoun and his fellow conspirators knew that General Jackson would fight.

James Buchanan was one of your peaceful presidents; he came from the Quaker State, and there was nothing "dangerous" about him. Therefore his *régime* gave us four of the bloodiest years upon which the sun has ever shone.

It is a pet theory with Mr. Roosevelt that the public ought to keep books on every man. Each citizen, he thinks, should have his account in the communal ledger. He should be credited with what is good and charged with what is bad in his conduct, and the balance, either way, should be his standing. Once it was told in his hearing how a certain gambler, who was locked up in prison, had fought through the Civil War from Bull Run to Appomattox, and made a gallant record.

"Well," said he, thoughtfully, "if I were governor, that fact would tell vastly in his favor."

General Jackson was of a like opinion. A delegation of good people called upon him to urge that General Blank be driven from the army for drunkenness. General Jackson listened in silence, and then, drawing down his shaggy brows, observed:—

"Gentlemen, General Blank shall remain where he is. The gallant services rendered by General Blank in the War of 1812 entitle him, should he see fit, to be drunk for the balance of his life."

General Jackson loved children. I've seen a letter which he wrote to his friend Polk in Tennessee when he was in the midst of his war on the Biddle Bank.

"I've got the monster by the throat!" cries he, and then his big steel pen races on furiously for a page, breathing destruction to the "monster." The three pages which followed were devoted to the Polk children, each of whom he knew by name, conveying his love and asking questions as to their health. The day upon which he wrote this letter, one of the Calhoun intriguers made a specious call upon him before departing for Charleston.

"Have you any message for your friends in South Carolina?" asked the suave conspirator.

"Tell my friends in South Carolina," said the grim Jackson, "that, if one of them so much as lift a finger in rebellion

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against the laws of this country, I shall go down there and hang the first man I lay hands on to the first tree I can reach."

Such are your "dangerous" ones,—all tenderness and iron!

Mr. Roosevelt, like General Jackson, owns a passion for children, and this has once or twice got him laughed at in an age lacking in magnanimity, and when selfishness has been raised to the plane of art,—an age when children are found fault with for being young and the aged for being old.

General Jackson was a president without a secret; Mr. Roosevelt also holds to the belief that the government should have but two keys,—one for the treasury and the other for the jail. This inability to be furtive is the commonest trait of the breed of the battle-ax, which blows a bugle and attacks at noon. A republic should class it high among the virtues, for secrecy has ever been a serpent whose frequent victim was the liberty of man.

General Jackson never forgot and never failed a friend. Aaron Burr had shot Alexander Hamilton; he had been tried for treason; it was politically fashionable to pass him by. But Aaron Burr had been General Jackson's friend, and the memory of that friendship was not to perish on the hillside of that president's regard. This came home to high-flying metropolitan politicians when it was found, after General Jackson's inaugural, that no one from New York could get an office who was n't hall-marked with the approval of the little, bent old man in Reade Street whom they had been so diligent to despise.

Mr. Roosevelt, as did General Jackson, possesses a friendly memory. Mr. Roosevelt was born to slay bosses just as St. George was born to slay dragons. When Mr. Roosevelt was in the legislature he raised the standard of revolt against the bosses; his cry was, "Honesty and public right!" Among honest men who followed his leadership was Peter Kelly, a Democrat from Brooklyn. This was of a day when Willoughby Street ruled Brooklyn, and honesty was punished with death. Peter Kelly, at the end of his term, was politically destroyed. Then Willoughby Street went farther, and, when Peter Kelly sought to practice law, no clients would go to him. No man would dare take to him so much as a ten-dollar fee while he lay beneath the frown of Willoughby Street.

Days ran into weeks and weeks into months, and times became worse and worse with Peter Kelly. Then he grew ill, for it broke his heart to see his wife and children starve. A priest wrote the first word of it to Mr. Roosevelt. The note ran:—

"Your friend, Peter Kelly, is sick, and on New Year's Day he and his little ones are to be turned out of their house."

Mr. Roosevelt—he is not rich,—sent five hundred dollars. Then he went to see Peter Kelly, who was very low.

The Reform forces had just won the fight for the mayoralty of Brooklyn, and planned a virtuous celebration. Mr. Roosevelt was asked to make the principal oration at this festival of Reform. The white new mayor and the rest were there; Mr. Roosevelt began to speak at eight o'clock. He told them of Peter Kelly,—of his illness, and of their neglect of him. They had left him to be slaughtered by the boss whom, for their interest, he had defied. He was a man of courage, of purity, of brains; he had lost all, and what had they done for him? Mr. Roosevelt criticised; he did not congratulate; he told them of their callous ingratitude to Peter Kelly, and sent the words home like javelins. The gentlemen of Reform became conscience-stricken; the new mayor arose and said that on the morrow he would give Peter Kelly a position. The new mayor was a faithful soul, and did his best. Mr. Roosevelt received word from him next day. It said:—

"Peter Kelly died last night at half past eight."

While Mr. Roosevelt was telling his story, Peter Kelly was dying; he had passed away when the message arrived.

Roosevelt and Jackson, Jackson and Roosevelt, there you have them in a pattern as hit-or-miss as was your grandmother's rag carpet! It is from such wood the world carves its heroes and its martyrs. No, there hides nothing of contradiction in the terms; a martyr is only a hero who fails, and a hero only a martyr who succeeds.



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What Japan Hopes to Accomplish

KENCHO SUYEMATSU

[Japanese ex-minister of communications]



Baron Kencho Suyematsu

WE Japanese know that in this war against Russia we are fighting a stronger nation. We do not deceive ourselves as to the truth that the Russians have many more soldiers and more money than we have. But we have been compelled to fight. We are making a stand for national existence, and we base our hopes of success upon the impossibility of Russia's bringing to bear upon us at any one time more than a fraction of her strength.

The problem of the transportation and maintenance in Manchuria of a great army will be a very serious one for her, while it will be comparatively easy for us, with our country near at hand. We aim to tear up sections of the Siberian Railroad, and thus break the direct connection between Russia's bases of supplies and the front. Though our successes at sea have already been very encouraging, we expect to gain much greater victories on land. We have spent much more money and devoted much more attention to our army than to our navy. Moreover, every one of our soldiers is a patriot who goes forth to battle with the dominating idea that there can be no greater honor than to die fighting for Japan. Our religion and national sentiment is such that most of our men are not only willing, but eager, to sacrifice their lives in what we regard as a holy cause. Because of this feeling they want to be assigned to the most dangerous posts. For example, there has been a great demand for places in the very perilous torpedo-boat service.

It has been said that our cavalry is defective, and unable to cope with the Cossacks. These reports in no way shake our confidence in this branch of our army. They are based on inadequate information. For some time we have been very quietly experimenting and working with the cavalry, and one of the important facts we have made sure of is that our horses, though small, will show much more traveling power and general endurance, on much less food, than will the big horses of the Russians. Great numbers of our men are being rapidly trained as cavalrymen, and we are confident that they and our little horses will bring developments that will surprise the world.

All of our leading army officers have been educated in England, Germany, and France, and events will prove that they have learned their lessons well. We greatly regret, of course, that there have been hostile expressions against us in France, but we feel reasonably sure that these will not result in an alliance between that country and Russia, because they have no deeper root than the circumstance that a large amount of French capital is invested in the land of the czar. The people of France, as a whole, we believe, are not unfriendly to us. Certainly we are not as yet unfriendly to them, but if the French should turn against us, they could never land on Japanese territory. They would be compelled to come by water, and there is nothing of which we are more confident than that our navy is enough stronger than the French to sweep their ships from oriental seas. Besides, our treaty with Great Britain provides that she shall come to our aid in case of an alliance such as is talked of between France and Russia.

We would not expect, in such an event, any assistance in arms from the United States, but we look to your country always for moral support and sympathy. We regard the United States as our chaperon among the nations of the Western World, and, when we get into trouble in the society to which you have introduced us, we instinctively turn to you. While we have been to school for our military lessons more in the Old World than in America, we have learned civil administration from the United States. Our foreign minister and our minister of commerce are graduates of Harvard University, and numerous others of the most powerful leaders in our kingdom received the greater part of their equipment in your country. Though our forms of government are different, we feel that a greater congeniality, if the word may be used in this connection, exists between Japan and the United States than between our people and any other.

There has been much talk of the "yellow peril," but this is nonsense. I can say for Japan that she has no desire to intrude in any way upon other nations. Such aggressions are not in accord with our national temperament. As to our relations with China, we have given the leaders of that people specifically to understand that in this war we want them to keep off. Marquis Ito fears that, if China should become involved, her ignorant masses would confuse the Russians with the rest of the western world, and would show hostility toward our friends. We are afraid that China would commit blunders that would react against us. It is not our intention to seek territorial aggrandizement, if we win in this war.

"JOHNNY-ON-THE-SPOT" NIXON WATERMAN

THE world has many golden gifts 't is eager to bestow
On enterprising mortals who are not too sly or slow
To step right up and win their share of prizes when they can,
But, oh! the world 's too busy, quite, to seek the absent man.
And those who mean to do so much next week or month or year,
Away off in some misty clime, instead of now and here,
May some day rouse themselves and find a score of them have not
As much true "get there" as has one brisk "Johnny-on-the-spot."

When shy Miles Standish sought to win the fair Priscilla's hand
By courting her by proxy, 't is n't hard to understand;
The comely Plymouth maiden said she really would prefer
John Alden, who possessed the spunk to come and speak with her.
That old, oft-quoted piece of fudge which says that "Absence makes
The heart grow fonder" must be classed with those absurd mistakes
Which blunt, slang-using folks would say are all a bit of "rot;"
The chap that wins the lady is the "Johnny-on-the-spot."

The men who framed our nation fought against tremendous odds;
They never could have won had they been slow, weak-hearted clods.
Each mother's son of them seemed glad to risk his precious neck;
Wherever duty called him, there it found him, right on deck.
Brave Washington was at the front, his country's course to guide,
With Adams, Franklin, Jefferson, and Hancock at his side.
To proxies could have done the work for that immortal lot
Whose every man was what you 'd call a "Johnny-on-the-spot."

In love or war or politics, or whatsoe'er you will,
The wiser man is not the one to send a boy to mill;
Oh, no! he takes the grist himself, and, like a prudent man,
He makes the miller give him back the best return he can.
And "genius," properly defined, so sages all declare,
Means being at the proper "when" just at the proper "where;"
So, of the many varied gifts the gods to men allot,
The rarest ones are sure to fall to "Johnny-on-the-spot."

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Every Turk is an agent of the palace and the porte. His patriotism and his religion are one These suave, dark, fat little men burn with a fire beside which all other fanaticism is pale. It matters not whence they have come, all of them are dominated by the sultan

Drawn by Howard McCormick

DIPLOMATIC MYSTERIES

IV. — Oriental Machiavelism in Europe

The Mighty Force of Secret Agents Employed by the Sultan of Turkey to Watch International Affairs

VANCE THOMPSON

[Compiler of "The De Blowitz Letters"]

ALTHOUGH all the governments deny it, there is not a government under which a *cabinet noir* does not exist and has not existed since letters were written. At Washington, as at Berlin and London, no correspondence of importance escapes this administrative inquisition. In spite of all denials, every government maintains a dark chamber in which letters are opened and read, before being sent on to their destinations. In the turmoil preliminary to the Spanish-American War, a secretary of the Spanish legation at Washington discovered this to his cost. Without the *cabinet noir*, the secret police could hardly exist. Through it the chiefs are enabled to spy upon their agents, who are recruited in all ranks of society, and paid in proportion to their standing and services. It is, however, in politics and diplomacy that the *cabinet noir* works most actively. Often it is of supreme importance for a nation to know the instructions sent to this ambassador or that, and the contents of his dispatches. Of course these communications are in cipher, but for the *cabinet noir* there are no cryptographic mysteries. Even cipher can be read. Documents of very great importance are sent by diplomatic couriers and "king's messengers," but this is exceptional. In the papers which have thus been stolen, read, copied, and preserved in the secret archives of the various states, lies the real history that will some day be written. Bunau-Varilla's letters—filed away in the *cabinets noirs* of Paris and Washington,—will some day shed a mocking light on the recent occurrences at Panama, and many another historic event will take on an unexpected color.

The Cretan War Was Fought by Innumerable Agents and Political Spies

Never, perhaps, did the *cabinet noir* work more diligently than a few years ago, when all the great powers intervened in the affairs of Crete. Many and diverse interests were at stake. England, France, and Italy, though ostensibly working together to redeem Crete from Ottoman misrule, were suspicious and distrustful allies; Russia, as usual, was in doubt and ignorance; Germany was for the sultan, and so, while the ships of all nations lay off the Cretan shore, the real battle was fought by innumerable agents and spies in the dark underworld of politics. Insurgents were bribed first on one side and then on the other; spies were outplayed by subtler spies; ally betrayed ally. That out of this coil freedom came to Crete was due to the doggedness of one man,—that stout French sailorman, Admiral Pottier,—to him and an efficient *cabinet noir*. Against him were the two most autocratic rulers in the world of to-day,—the theatrical German kaiser and the dark and bilious little man who, from the heights of Yeldiz, glooms over the Ottoman world,—William II. and Abdul-Hamid Khan II.,—the strangest pair of friends that one can imagine. Nor could any one have foreseen their defeat.

One by one Turkey has lost her great and beautiful provinces in Europe. By force or duplicity they have been taken from her,—the Dobrudja, Montenegro, Servia, Roumania, Bosnia, Herzegovina, Bulgaria, Roumelia, and Crete. The Turk is a good fighter. Wherever you find a Mussulman, you get courage of a sort. Probably no other modern man has so much of this fine semibarbaric quality, but with it all the Turk has diplomacy of an extremely shrewd kind. He is silent and patient; his is the diplomacy of "Yes." If he is threatened, he says "Yes;" if he is coaxed, he says "Yes,"—and bides his time. To the modern spirit of Europe, he opposes a dull and terrible force of inertia. Had it not been for this, the somber genius of oriental despotism would have perished long ago. Promising everything, always saying "Yes," but never yielding, the Turkish Empire has maintained itself against the aggression of the entire western world. Its power, however, is not alone at Yeldiz, where the little sultan broods darkly; nor in the imperial divan; it goes wherever goes the Mussulman. Every Turk is an agent of the palace and the porte. His patriotism and his religion are one. Wherever he may be he faces the East; you see him in the streets of Paris, hawking sweets, humble in his fez and dirty *stambouline*,—he is a servant of the porte quite as much as Djevad-Pasha. Mussulmans swarm in every European capital. They are students of law and of medicine; they are merchants and costermongers; they are bankers, or laborers of the lowest sort; but, one and all, they are active agents of Abdul-Hamid. These suave, dark, fat, little men burn with a fire beside which all other fanaticism is pale. It matters not whence they have come,—those of Africa as of Asia, of Constantinople as of Morocco, the sedentaries and the nomads, the citizens who pray in marble mosques or the caravan folks, who, crossing the desert, kneel at the hour of prayer and make their ablutions in sand; wearers of the turban or the fez; those who carry yataghans in their girdles or those whom you see (suave, inexplicable, accomplished,) in the schools of London, Berlin, or Paris,—all of them are dominated from afar by the imperial divan. Most of them are unaccredited; few of them are paid; yet no other country has so faithful a diplomatic corps, or one so accomplished.

One Turkish "Diplomat" Stole Important Political Papers in France

I knew a prefect of the isles. He was as honest a Turk as one can imagine, a man of western culture, and gentlemanly ideas of honor. He had made his *début* in the reform party of the Young Turks. He was a

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partisan of liberalism. He dreamed of a new Turkey,—with a constitutional government and a European kind of administration. He had literary talent, and won a reputation as a thinker and writer. At one time he was governor of Scio, but finally he was banished for the crime of advocating reform. He went to Paris and began an agitation against Turkish misrule. Many statesmen befriended him. Among others was M. Hanotaux, the minister of foreign affairs. Between dusk and dawn, one night, our Turk fled from France, carrying to the sultan the news of French intervention in the Cretan affair. He had stolen important papers, and would not have hesitated at murder; yet he was an honorable Turk,—an unaccredited diplomat. Such were the men who watched in Europe, while the sultan was damping down in blood the Christian insurrection in Crete.

All Things Work together for Him Who Has Goods for the Unbeliever

It need hardly be said that the Cretan insurrection of 1897 and 1898 —like that in Macedonia to-day,—was fed and fanned by the outside powers. The Cretans suffered quite as much from their saviors—the marauding Greeks,—as from their Turkish tyrants; they were harassed alternately by Christians and Mussulmans. Europe had no desire to put an end to this disorder; it was an excuse for ultimately seizing the province. Each of the great powers was aiming to secure a preponderating influence in Crete. Germany alone was an exception. She ranged herself on the side of Turkey.

The real interpretation of modern history is to be sought in economic facts. Germany's way to the Near East, where a profitable market for her products may be found, lies through Macedonia; already her railways bind Hamburg to the Levant. She was bribed by Macedonian concessions to aid the sultan in his attempt to hold Crete.

In the meantime the outcry against the "Turkish massacres" was loud in Europe. I do not mean to deny the reality of these outrages. I have been too close to them. I would only point out that, in our materialistic age, all things work together for him who has goods to sell to the unbeliever. The native Christians were in revolt against the Turkish governor. The Mussulmans—on an order from Constantinople,—retaliated in kind. The beys announced a general massacre for May; many Christians were killed; many Christian villages were sacked; placards everywhere called the Mussulmans to the holy war; at Sitia, at Candia, at Hierapetra, and at Retimo the killing went merrily on. The Turks held the towns. In the interior the Christians marched to and fro, killing unbelieving old men, women, and children. Greece sent a little army, under Prince George, into the country. Then France aroused herself. Admiral Pottier was sent to Crete with orders to do what he could to stay the shedding of blood and to alleviate the sufferings of the natives. He was distinctly instructed not to interfere with the "domination of the sultan." The other nations were equally indifferent to the Cretan aspiration for autonomy. The kaiser announced—in his excited way,—that any interference with the sultan's authority in Crete would be "the prelude of a European war." He would not, he averred, "remain inactive in the face of this spoliation." So, confronted by this declaration, England hesitated to aid the Greeks in their attempts to annex the province. The defeat of the Greeks in Thessaly put an end to that project forever. Crete fell back into anarchy, the two races murdering each other with the usual ferocity and fanaticism. Of all the foreign admirals, the only one who aided Admiral Pottier in his attempt to secure peace was the Italian, Canevaro. He, however, was hampered by his instructions from Rome, where the German and Turkish agents were extremely active. Hanotaux, then French minister of foreign affairs, was merely a lackey of the sultan. Virtually, Admiral Pottier stood alone. He had only two ships, the "Chanzy" and the "Suchet;" he had only a few men, but he managed to enforce order, to expatriate the more bellicose Turks, and to disarm the Christians. He set about organizing a free government for Crete. This was the situation when the two autocrats—he of the East and he of the West,—made their last effort to recapture the lost province. It was an able plan. The man to whom it was intrusted was better able to carry it out than any other in the Near East, and he came within hailing distance of success. This man was Djevad-Pasha, formerly grand vizier of the Turkish Empire.

The Diplomacy of "Yes" Prevailed There

It was in July, 1897, that Djevad-Pasha arrived in Crete. He went ostensibly to take command of the Turkish troops and superintend their removal. He had with him a great train of attendants and a bulky treasure chest. He was excessively friendly to the foreign admirals. No man could be more amiable. He had been bred in Europe. He spoke French like his native tongue. He knew English and German. At the dinners he gave to the foreign representatives he talked of nothing but peace, of the sultan's acquiescence in the plan for the autonomy of Crete, and of his own honest good faith. In the meantime his agents were scattering money broadcast. The Christians took the sultan's money, but remained faithful to their pact with the admirals. The Mussulmans, more honest, committed the murders for which they were paid. From Thessaly little bands of Turkish soldiers filtered into Crete. A Turkish fleet, cruising in the Archipelago, went to visit the Cretan ports. A division of old cruisers, flanked with torpedo boats, crawled out of the Dardanelles and crept on to Scio. The admirals threatened to fire on the fleet if it should appear in Cretan waters. Djevad smiled; the cruisers remained at Smyrna. Djevad was quite entitled to smile, as the transports which were smuggling in the real Turkish troops, were coming and going —innocent-seeming merchant ships,—from Tripoli and Anatolia. By August he felt that he had all the men he needed. Within a few weeks he had recreated a Turkish army and organized the Mussulmans throughout the province. In every mosque, in every *café* of the Turks it was whispered that the "Master of the Hour" had come,—he who should drive out the infidel and avenge Europe's insult to the Commander of the Faithful. Yet so quietly was this prepared that not a rumor reached the great powers. England, busy with her march on Khartum and making ready for Fashoda, withdrew most of her ships and recalled her admiral. Against fifty thousand Mussulmans in Candia she had only four hundred men. The Austrians deported the Italians and the Russians were ordered home. The Turkish policy of promising everything—the diplomacy of "Yes,"—had prevailed in every capital in Europe. The only exception was Paris. There Hanotaux had fallen from power and in the confusion Admiral Pottier was not recalled, but was left, indeed, to his own devices. What he did was to make himself the ruler of the province. In a free-handed oriental way the old French sailorman assumed the powers of a governor and judge, in matters military and civil, and he was quite convinced that he had pacified the country and prepared it for self-government. The months went by while he dwelt in this illusion. The Turkish conspiracy spread everywhere, and was ripe for action; it awaited only the word from Constantinople, and Constantinople awaited the order from Berlin.

The Crafty Sultan Knew well how Europe Punishes Unaided Fanatics

The master of Turkey is a wise man and timid. Better than any one else he knew the vengeance that Europe would take, should he—without aid or ally,—let loose upon Crete this new and remorseless war of fanaticism. Wise and timid, he had brought the fantastic German kaiser round to his side. William II. set out upon his spectacular tour of the Orient and the Holy Land. With theatrical splendor, *gloriosissimus*, with the gilt crown of Charlemagne and a marshal's baton, the kaiser journeyed on in a cloud of police protectors. This meeting with the sultan was as curious as any other in modern history. One was timid, melancholy, feline, and patient; the other, a fattening man of middle height, with heavy brows, a large mouth, and blue eyes, full of indecision, arched over by reddish eyebrows,—an impulsivist, talker, and player of parts, with all a player's vanity and susceptibility; the one a ruler, in spite of his physical cowardice, and the other a king of the footlights.

Preserved in Paris are what reports of this interview have filtered through the leaky mails into the *cabinet noir*. Humble, patient, and furtive, the master of the East listened, while the western monarch thundered. Always he dilated on his great idea,—the *drang nach Osten*,—that onset to the East of German imperialism. Always the sultan said "Yes,"—yielding at every point, granting every demand.

Then he paid him the highest honor in his power.

It was a high honor, indeed: he sent the former grand vizier, Djevad-Pasha, to accompany the kaiser in his journey in Syria and the Holy Land.

Just before the two monarchs parted, the sultan spoke of troubled Crete. He asked his good friend to visit the province, and, having judged the situation, to give his imperial advice. No request could have been more tempting. It was the emperor's foible to give advice,—on every topic, from the hang of his wife's dress to the relations of capital and labor, from religion to the make-up of his court players. He accepted the invitation.



In the papers that have been stolen lies future history

The Kaiser Decided to Go "Incognito"

William II. is not a man to do anything simply. He has an instinct toward dramatizing life. The mysterious Orient was round him like an atmosphere. He determined to go to Crete *incognito*,—he would be Harunal-Rashid, spying out the land, darkly disguised. Of a surety, he had an admirable Mesrour in the wily pasha who had been vizier.

This was to be a mighty secret.

The kaiser had yet to learn that in the modern world there are no secrets.

For awhile, however, nothing was suspected. The Turks in Crete were darkly organizing war; the foreign admirals were lulled to sleepy confidence; in the open air, under an umbrella, the old French sailorman sat in oriental wise, dispensing justice and ruling the quarrelsome little province. He, no more than the foreign offices of Europe, knew that Crete was a powder mine. He, like the others, was drugged by the diplomacy of "Yes."

In Crete, as in other portions of the Turkish Empire, the European governments had established their own postal system. One common mail bag served to transport the letters of the various consuls and representatives of the western states. It was usually dispatched by way of the Austrian railways. In this international post office every government had its spy.

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Usually this interesting person was an Albanian, a Greek, or a Jew of the Levant. The French spy was an Armenian, a great coward, but consumed with a money-hunger that forced him to take extreme chances. Now, there was a heavy reward for copies of the German correspondence, which usually passed through the hands of an Albanian *kavass*, a fire-eater and man-killer. The Armenian took his life in his hands every time he approached this truculent servant of Germany. Like many other Armenians, however, he had craft and no conscience. One night the Albanian drank coffee with him—that historic Turkish coffee in which sugar is replaced by the sweet root of *bou-nefu*,—and so fell asleep and died. His papers were brought to the migratory *cabinet noir*, which accompanied the French command, and there deciphered. One dispatch seemed important. It was so short and dark that there was evident weight in it. Taken out of cipher and read *en clair*, it said: "The date has been changed to November thirteen." That was all.

Why Had the Date Been Changed?

To the old French admiral, dispensing justice on a broken divan in the open air, this document was brought. He read it and mused. What date had been changed to November thirteen? There was only one date of importance. That was November fifteen, upon which day the last of the Turks was to be disembarked from the Cretan land,—Crete, free forever from the sultan's rule, was to receive autonomy. On that day, too, the German kaiser, accompanied by Djevad-Pasha, was to arrive at Khania in the "Hohenzollern." Was this the date to be changed? The old sailorman pondered. He could make nothing of it. So, being a man who had sound instincts against crime, he arrested the Armenian for murder, and waited. One thing only he could do. That was to hurry on the evacuation of Crete by the Turkish soldiery. The evening of November twelfth, he saw the last of the Turkish troops aboard the transports, which were to raise anchor at dawn. Of the Turkish guerrillas who had filtered in from Thessaly or had been smuggled in by merchantmen from Smyrna and Tripoli and Anatolia, he knew nothing at all. The town seemed quiet enough. To be sure, the great mosque was thronged, but fanaticism ran no higher than usual. Always, when a Mussulman turns his face to the black stone which is circled with a silver disk, his fanaticism becomes ecstasy; his ecstasy, madness. As he was passing the mosque, he heard the *iman* wail his "*Bismillah!*" Out of the silence and mute adoration he heard a great cry arise,—"*Alla Akbar!*"—a multitude of voices crying, "God is great!" But the old admiral did not dream that this was the prelude of a holy war,—the preparation for a bloody dawn of massacre and treachery. He went his way unperturbed. Came the morning of the thirteenth. At an early hour Admiral Pottier was informed by the consul of Germany that the German crusier, "Hertha," would arrive in the roadstead of the Sude that afternoon, but that the "Hohenzollern," upon which was the emperor, William II., would pass at a distance, and without pause; the kaiser, he added, had decided not to touch at a Cretan port.

The Appearance of Six Men from a German Cruiser Caused a Tumult

Meanwhile the day wore on and the Turkish transports did not depart. Hussein, whom Djevad had left in command, promised always, smiled, and procrastinated. In the town the Turks gathered everywhere in little groups. The Christians, though they had not given up their arms, had broken up their military organization. There was really no power that could oppose a Turkish outbreak. Admiral Pottier had with him exactly eight men and two officers, the captain Dupourqué and the lieutenant Chevallier. It was with this power that he—the representative of the admirals of allied nations,—held Crete that day.

Late in the afternoon the "Hertha" dropped anchor in the harbor. Since daybreak the Turks had watched for her arrival. Six men came ashore. One of them, portly and smiling in fez and *stambouline*, was Djevad-Pasha. Another, who wore his left arm in a sling, was treated with extreme deference by his companions. Under the guns of the German cruiser they strolled to and fro along the strand. The "Hertha" fired no guns; no signal of any kind had been given; but when the six men from the German cruiser appeared on the shore a wild tumult broke out in the town. The Turks poured out of their houses, crying, "God is great!" and firing at random. Djevad and his companions started toward the town. Admiral Pottier intercepted them before they had gone twenty steps. He stopped the pasha, whom he knew of old.



Abdul-Hamid II., the Sultan of Turkey

The accompanying photograph of the sultan of Turkey was taken in 1876, in his thirty-fourth year, when he ascended the throne. Since then no later photograph of him has been available for publication, although the ruler's vanity has led him to have a great many taken. The imperial photographer is not permitted to carry even a negative from the royal palace, and all the cameras, plates, and other paraphernalia are closely guarded. Abdul-Hamid II. now has the appearance of an old man; he is bent with age and suffers from hallucinations and disease. In his palace he generally wears a loose dress, as pictured by Mr. McCormick on page 547. In the folds of the dress are several pockets, each containing a tiny pistol, for the sultan is in daily fear of assassination and goes among his ministers, family, and servants—the very people who are supposed to guard him,—armed as with a small battery. He is, perhaps, the most despotic and unrelenting ruler in the world. A nod of his head signifies more than any written law of his empire. Gladstone called him "The Great Assassin." George Dorys, a son of the late Prince of Samos, one of the sultan's ministers, gives the following pen picture of him in his book, "The Private Life of the Sultan of Turkey:"—"Abdul-Hamid has never attempted to better his country. On the contrary, he has done everything for twenty-five years to ruin it. He stifled the budding liberalism which might be for his people a resurrection; he cut the throat of its independence in the cradle, seized power by intrigue, kept it by force and cunning, and concentrated it by violence. He has paralyzed patriotism, gagged truth, and put in chains independence of thought and conscience; he has massacred entire populations of his empire, parts of which he has also traded over to the foreigner. And, busy only with strengthening the throne, on which he has promised himself to remain at all costs, he has drawn the elements of his oppressive power from favoritism, espionage, ignorance, administrative anarchy, tyranny, cruelty, and corruption, and from every form of iniquity, violence, and injustice."

A European War Was Prevented

"This is no longer Turkish territory," he said, "but I shall be glad to entertain you aboard my flagship."

"Am I forbidden to land?" the pasha asked.

"Yes, both you and your companions," Admiral Pottier replied.

The German officer to whom the others showed such deference stepped forward.

"In whose name," he asked, abruptly, "do you assert such authority?"

"In the name of the council of admirals," the old sailor said, and bowed, as he added, "your majesty."

He with his arm in a sling was William of Germany. He had kept his promise to the sultan. The evacuation had been delayed until his arrival. His coming was the signal for a long-prepared revolt which should demonstrate to him—and, with him as a witness, to Europe,—that the admirals had failed to establish order, and that unpacified Crete was still Turkish at heart. It was to be a Turkish triumph of which the kaiser should be at once the witness and the accomplice. Already the Turkish soldiers were pouring over the sides of the transports in the harbor. In the town the clamor was spreading. The old admiral summoned Chevallier and his eight men.

"Escort these gentlemen to their boat and see them aboard the 'Hertha,'" he said.

The kaiser looked at the eight marines; then he looked at Djevad-Pasha; without a word he turned on his heel and marched back to the boat; the others followed. When they were safe aboard, the "Hertha" weighed anchor and sailed away. The Turks, confused and sullen, returned to their ships or houses. Admiral Pottier, with his eight marines and two officers, quieted the town. So came one of the prettiest conspiracies in modern history to naught. Had Djevad-Pasha reached the town and assumed command, nothing could have stopped the Holy War; had the kaiser been present,—and, as the sultan intended, by his very presence been made an accomplice,—war would have been loosed in all Europe, and Turkish diplomacy, working darkly in the tumult, would have held Crete and recovered, it may be, more than one lost province. All that was prevented only by the dogged decision of one man,—the stern old sailorman who did not hesitate to put the kaiser himself under arrest.

Admiral Pottier was not rewarded. He died last year. He was in command of the Mediterranean squadron when I saw him at Marseilles, a few months before his death. A crusty and modest old man, he would not talk much of the great events in which he had figured.

"Had my Armenian," he said, "not secured that letter, I should not have forced the Turkish troops to embark before the fifteenth,—and the day of the thirteenth would have had a different ending."

"I trust that he was properly rewarded."

"He was," said the admiral; "they tied a greased cord around his neck and pulled on the two ends."

Thriftier or more fortunate, the kaiser secured a more profitable reward. If you will look at a map of Turkey, you will see that Macedonia is, for Germany,—essentially a land power,—the doorway of the Levant. You will see that the two great German railway routes from Hamburg and Frankfort converge at Budapest, and, trending thence toward Constantinople, pass through Macedonia. This great highway of trade, still uncompleted, is the payment for William's darkling visit to Crete.

[The October installment of Diplomatic Mysteries will deal with the intrigue which led up to the death of Felix Faure, President of France. It is a thrilling story of big and little stratagems and secret artifices, revealing the manner in which the plot was formed and carried out. It is one of the darkest and most astounding conspiracies in the history of politics,—not only of France, but of Germany and Italy. That, in the heart of the world's civilization, the sovereign of an enlightened people should be taken out of his palace, killed and brought home dead, is remarkable; when that man is Felix Faure it is dramatic. This will be the first time the story has been told, and all those who took part in the plot to do away with M. Faure are living.—The Editor]

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Educated Men in Politics

By ALTON BROOKS PARKER
[Democratic Candidate for President of the United States]

SUPERFICIAL observers of present political conditions, which too often disclose local leadership to be in the hands of selfish men who use the power they possess to accomplish results hostile to the public interests, frequently assert that there is no opportunity for the educated, thoughtful, unselfish, and independent man in politics; but, if such persons would only sound the depths of political history, the fact would be revealed to them that, whenever a great question of public importance has arisen, it has been presented and championed through the press and on the rostrum by the educated thinkers of the country, who, for the time being, are the real leaders, and under whose banners the organization leaders hasten to marshal their forces lest their power shall be overthrown by the impelling force of an idea: for the power which an idea possesses to move the people is no less now than it was in the time of Henry III. of France, when his cousin, the Duke of Guise, was urging him to bring about the formation of a great Holy Union to combat the forces of the Huguenots. The king regarded his army as quite sufficient protection. The duke, however, is said to have pointed out that, in as much as men are visible and mortal, they can be attacked and subdued by force; but, said he, "Ideas you can not oppose in that way, sire. They glide unseen; they penetrate; they hide themselves, especially from the sight of those who would destroy them. Hidden in the depths of the soul, they there throw out deep roots. The more you cut off the branches which imprudently appear, the more powerful and inextirpable become the roots below. An idea, sire, is a young giant, which must be watched night and day, for the idea which, yesterday, crawled at your feet, to-morrow will dispose of your head. An idea, sire, is a spark falling upon straw. There is need of good eyes to discover the beginning of the conflagration; and this is why, sire, millions of watchers are necessary."

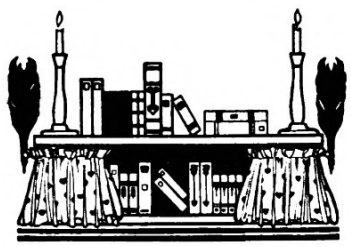
Civil Service Reform Proves the Power of Educated Men in Politics

It has often happened in the past, and in the future will continue to happen, that organized forces, under the leadership of individuals having for the time no more lofty ideal than their own personal advancement or that of some of their followers, are made most effective instruments for the accomplishment of results wholly foreign to the leaders' purpose and often hostile to their desires. This is well illustrated by the fortunes of civil service reform, the principle of which, by the way, early found expression in a letter by President Jefferson, dated July 12, 1801, which was in reply to a committee of merchants of New Haven, who had protested against two appointments made by the president, and in which, after stating in substance that the members of his party had been excluded from office and expressing regret that difference of opinion had been deemed sufficient to interdict half of society from the rights and blessings of self-government, he concluded as follows: "But their total exclusion calls for prompter corrections. I shall correct the procedure; but, that done, return with joy to that state of things where the only questions concerning a candidate shall be, 'Is he honest? Is he capable? Is he faithful to the constitution?'" Many years later a movement in the direction of civil service reform was instituted by students of political affairs, who were not affected by the question whether two great political parties were fairly represented in the public service. The leaders in that movement, which included many thoughtful, unselfish, and public-spirited citizens like the late George William Curtis and Dorman B. Eaton, who believed that the public service would be greatly benefited by permanency of tenure and selection because of fitness, rather than because of caucus efficiency, entered upon a systematic campaign of education having for its purpose the upbuilding of a public sentiment that would command the necessary legislation to establish on a firm basis such a system of civil service as the public needs require.

It Was Advanced Leadership That Demolished the Notorious Tweed Ring

They were denounced as cranks by the organization leaders of both parties, who laughed at their arguments and attributed to them personally no higher motive than revenge for lack of desired organization recognition. But it was all in vain; for the scheme had merit, and belief in it, under a vigorous, skillful, and persistent presentation of the reasons for the reform proposed, soon took possession of the public mind, and, when the fact was discovered, the organization leaders of both great parties struggled to make such appropriation of the idea as would win the support of the multitude that had come to believe in it. The result was favorable legislation, which has progressed along the lines laid out by the original promoters, but to a far greater extent than was advocated by them at the very outset.

Many instances might be cited in which educated men of energy have initiated and led movements against forces organized under the leadership of strong men in both parties for the purposes of gain at public expense, and those movements have resulted in the almost undisputed leadership of the educated initiators, with great offices entrusted to them by the people as a reward for their distinguished services, and also instances in both state and nation in which men have achieved the highest official station because of their having championed measures that met the approval of a majority of the people.



I invite your attention to a few of the more remarkable instances in each class, such, for example, as the great struggle in the city of New York in 1871, under the leadership of Samuel J. Tilden, which resulted in the overthrow of the Tweed Ring and released that great city from the clutches of an organized band of plunderers. Thus was the foundation laid broad and deep for his election as governor in 1874. Both his nomination and election were bitterly opposed by many men who were prominent in his own party, but they could not check the tide of public sentiment which set in in favor of a continuance in the state at large of the methods that had rescued the metropolis. The election over, some of his friends feared that his aggressiveness against those who were defrauding the public might cease, and among them was his close friend, Charles O'Conor, at one time the recognized leader of the American bar, who, throughout the long and bitter fight against the Tweed Ring, had stood shoulder to shoulder with Tilden, giving him at all times and in all places the benefit of his great legal ability and mature judgment. The fear that Tilden's zeal might abate was very frankly expressed in a letter from O'Conor to the governor shortly after the latter's election, in which he quoted this couplet from Moore:—

> To place and power all public spirit tends;
> In place and power all public spirit ends.

O'Conor's fears proved to be groundless, for he who had fought the Tweed Ring as a private citizen at once grappled with and overthrew the canal ring as governor. His enemies within the party were legion, and on every hand Democrats were to be found who denounced him for conduct which they were pleased to assert was disrupting his party. But before his short term of office as governor expired he had been nominated by his party for the office of president and later received a majority of the votes of the people, an experience that had not fallen to the lot of any other Democratic candidate for the presidency in twenty years.

In the other class may be said to belong Abraham Lincoln, whose popularity with the people, which made possible his first nomination by the Republican Party for the office of president, took its rise, it is true, in the series of great debates with Stephen A. Douglas; but it was not due to the skill displayed in the debate, great as it is conceded on every hand to have been, but to an idea upon which he had pondered deeply, in which he believed with all the strength of his earnest nature, and which found expression in the opening address of his canvass for senator. "I believe," he said, "this government can not endure permanently half slave, half free." Friends who were ambitious for him sought to persuade him that he would be misrepresented as a disunionist, but he was confident that he had read the future aright, and his conscience commanded him to speak the truth as he divined it to be, and so he maintained his position throughout that famous debate, in which the arguments on both sides were confined to the slavery issue.

The Force of an Idea Was the Basis of Lincoln's Political Achievements

The instances to which I have alluded, and which might be multiplied were it desirable to do so, tend to show what all the history of this country proves, that the real leaders, who live on after their life-work is done, have claimed and received the support of the people because of their championship of some cause or principle that they believed to be, and were able to persuade others to believe, was in the public interest. The achievements of the pioneers in civil service reform are, however, especially instructive, not only because they illustrate what may be accomplished by men who advocate a meritorious cause, even when at the outset substantially all local party leaders oppose it, but also because the men who achieved that great triumph had no other purpose in view than the public good. They were not led on by personal ambition. Indeed, no one knew better than they that their course would absolutely prevent them from obtaining those offices of trust and honor for which many of them were admirably fitted. It is service of this character, prompted solely by an unselfish desire to serve the country, patriotic service that seeks no other reward than the consciousness of helping in even a humble way toward bettering the condition of government in town, city, county, state, or nation, that is most needed. And those who can best appreciate the opportunities through which, and the method by which the general public interest can be advanced, are the men possessed of trained minds, broadened by sound reading, careful study, and association with men of thought and action, the best foundation for which is laid in our colleges and universities. My observation has led me to the conclusion that there are many cultivated, patriotic men who would gladly contribute something of their time and effort to the improvement of public conditions, if they but saw the opportunity, but this they often fail to see, for the sole reason that they look for it, at the very outset, in the larger field of state or national affairs, instead of analyzing the conditions in the town, village, or city where they live, and then attempting to correct the errors of local government to be found there. The latter task should be the first attempted by those who are willing to surrender some portion of their time from their usual vocations for the public weal. If their work at home be wisely done, not only will they be better prepared for a broader field of usefulness, but their

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success will quite likely result in their being called to it; because, in political as well as in business affairs, for the commanding position there is always a demand for men who are known to be preëminently qualified to fill them, men with records to which party leaders can confidently appeal in support of the claim that their candidates are not only capable men, but also worthy of the higher trusts sought for them: for in important contests, the issue of which is doubtful, the conventions of great parties, local as well as state and national, assiduously seek for their nominees the strongest possible candidates; and, being composed of practical men in the main, they regard the candidate as the strongest whose record and personal character are such as will most strongly appeal to the good sense of the people.

Do What Nature Best Fits You For

A man who would succeed in business should begin at the bottom and work toward the top, which he may reach if he master every detail of it and prove himself more skillful than those who are vying with him in the struggle for its ultimate control. The same rule applies in politics. There are exceptions to the rule, but they tend to prove it, as exceptions usually do; as where a fond father makes the fatal error of putting his young and untrained son at the head of a great business about which he knows nothing, or an accident in politics places a man without experience in public affairs in an office of great power and responsibility. The result, in either case, is disappointment and failure, and the penalty of creating an exception to a well-founded rule is visited not only on those so prematurely, and therefore unfortunately selected, but also on those who unwisely entrusted them with a responsibility that they were not in any possible measure prepared to assume.

You who have outrun my argument are naturally asking yourselves, "Where at home, when my education is completed and I have entered upon my chosen pursuit for life, shall I find the opportunity to render even a modest service toward bettering governmental conditions?" I answer without hesitation that, wherever your home may be, there you will find, upon investigation, a chance for helpfulness. In nearly every town, county, and city government, the expenses are rapidly increasing. Although, for considerable portions of the increase, corresponding benefits are being received, the tendency to wastefulness and extravagance is not only marked, but it already threatens our municipalities, in the not far distant future, with a burden that will be borne with exceeding difficulty. This is due largely to the fact that men of education, supplemented by professional and business training, are unwilling to contribute, as did their fathers in the past, some portion of their time and ability toward the duties of local government.

Too Many Men now Seek Legislative Offices with Unfortunate Results

The result naturally is that too many men with but little at stake, and without any ambition to be useful to the community in which they live, seek for and obtain local executive offices, as well as those of a legislative character, with most unfortunate results. This is to be seen on every hand, and as a rule it is not the fault of the local party leaders, who are too often unjustly censured and held responsible for such conditions.

As a general thing, they would have it otherwise if they could, and to that end often make strenuous efforts to persuade able men to accept such offices, knowing full well that such acceptance would be beneficial to the community and become a source of strength to the party with which they are allied; but of late years their efforts have been too often unavailing, owing, I think, to a failure of appreciation of the fact that every American owes to the government which protects him, and of which he is justly proud, such aid in addition to that of mere voting as his other duties will permit. In England a different view is held of the duty of capable men of affairs in respect to the administration of the systems of local polity, with a necessarily beneficial result in municipal government. Instead of imitating their example, or following in the footsteps of our own forefathers, our tendency is to ignore our local responsibilities until the time arrives when abuses are no longer tolerable, when usually the aid of legislation is sought. This, of late, has generally taken the direction of depriving common councils of cities of some of the power that formerly belonged to them, and vesting it in the mayor and his appointees, thereby confessing that, in municipal affairs, at least, representative government has not in practice proved entirely satisfactory. In a majority of cases, certainly, this would not have happened had the educated, professional, and business men taken such an interest in the administration of municipal affairs as our governmental system necessarily requires of all citizens. It is difficult to account for the neglect and apparent indifference when we stop long enough to realize that the greater part of direct taxation is levied for the purpose of defraying local governmental expenses.

Now, having pointed out the public field in which there is a great opportunity for usefulness, I ask whether there can be any doubt of your duty as educated men to occupy it in so far as those private interests that inexorably demand your attention will permit? It is just as much the duty of a patriot to contribute of his effort, so far as practicable, toward improving governmental conditions in "a government of the people, by the people, and for the people," as it is his duty to bear arms in defense of his country against an enemy in time of war. I do not mean by that, of course, that the citizen should sacrifice his vital business interests and the claim of his family upon him for the public, save in great emergencies, or that he should submit his own judgment as to the direction his public services should take, or as to their extent, to the judgment of others, however numerous, but simply that he should be willing to contribute as much unselfish effort toward the betterment of local conditions as circumstances and his environment permit.



Judge Parker's birthplace, near Cortland, New York

Judge Parker's early footsteps were guided by a devout and intelligent mother, who is still living. She taught him his lessons every day, and helped to prepare him for a schoolmaster. When he took charge of the school, in the "Glazier District," near Cortland, New York, he had to be content with a meager salary

The schoolhouse where Judge Parker taught



Reform May really Bring Results

The inquiry naturally follows whether a movement to improve local government can be best undertaken and carried on within party lines or without. My observation persuades me that, as a general rule, useful measures can be more promptly and effectively put in operation within party lines. But there are exceptions to the rule, notably in the great cities of the country, where, oftentimes, the power incident to many official places and to the disbursement of large sums of money makes it possible to build up an organization that, if unwisely led, may refuse to institute reforms in local government, because such reforms are opposed by strong men within the organization who might be unpleasantly affected by their adoption as the settled policy of the party. In such situations independent movements oftentimes afford the only method of bringing about much needed improvements. Nevertheless, in a majority of towns, cities, villages, and counties, a wise measure boldly and persistently presented by unselfish, public-spirited citizens in whose sincerity of purpose the people interested have confidence, until a healthy public sentiment has been built up in favor of it, will find one or both party organizations ready to adopt it and to nominate men for local positions who will carry it out. It has always happened, and always will, when men of thought as well as of action persistently labor for the development of an idea helpful to the public interests, that after a time their project will be picked up and carried on by a competent party organization which hopes to gain strength from it, and in return will make it effective, just as the party organizations in state and nation have given effect to civil service reform, although it did not in the first instance originate with them, and was not taken up by them until public opinion had become established in its favor. Efforts to improve local government in directions much needed may not be at once accomplished, even under the most intelligent, unselfish, and skillful leadership. Men who ought to join in the movement may be indifferent, at the outset, or unwilling to take part in what seems to them a doubtful struggle, and local leaders may prefer to wink at the abuse aimed at rather than to eradicate it, and so the first election may pass without favorable result. It is at this point that well-intentioned but oftentimes weak men, unheeding the lessons of history, abandon their cause in disgust, instead of persevering in the battle, which, if well fought and in good cause, must end at length in victory and triumph.

[The foregoing article, based on an address delivered by Judge Parker at the commencement of Union College, Albany, New York, in 1901, was authorized by him for publication in SUCCESS. In it he gives strongly his views on certain subjects on which the country has been anxious to hear him speak. It is, therefore, an article of considerable importance and timeliness.—THE EDITOR]

Lord Kitchener Prefers Single Men as Soldiers

"I FIND that in the United States, Lord Kitchener has the reputation of being heartless and cold-blooded," said an Englishwoman now in this country, whose husband is an officer on the British commander's staff. "The truth is that in social life he throws off military austerity and can be charming when he wants to be, and he is fond of telling and hearing good anecdotes.

"We were speaking of Irish traits, one evening, when Lord Kitchener told me that during the Boer War a certain Irish colonel of much zeal and considerable impetuosity had some of his men out scouting, one dark night, and ran across a detachment of British soldiers whom he took to be Boers. The fire which he opened upon them was returned. There were several volleys before the mistake was discovered, but, owing to the blackness of the night, there were no casualties beyond the fatal wounding of a mule. Lord Kitchener summoned the colonel before him.

"'Why did you fire on my men?' he demanded.

"'Begorra,' exclaimed the colonel, becoming excited, 'did n't you fire on mine?'

"It is well known that Lord Kitchener prefers single men in the army. I twitted him once on being a woman-hater. He answered, smilingly, that he was just the reverse. Then he became serious, and said that experience had taught him that single men, as a rule, make better soldiers than married men. The latter, he informed me, are bound to keep in mind the welfare of their wives and children, and on this account are apt to draw back from dangers that would not cause them an instant's hesitation if they had only themselves to think of. Therefore a wife, though she may be very ambitious for her husband's success, impairs his efficiency as a soldier in action."

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Melville E. Stone,

General Manager of the Associated Press

The Associated Press is the largest news-gathering bureau in the world, having a representative in almost every city. Melville E. Stone is ranked among his associates as a "judge of news," and after years of activity in the field of journalism he announces that women are largely responsible for what is known as "yellow journalism." He declares that the female demand for highly-colored news and gossip is the principal cause for sensationalism. The subjects which moralists inveigh against, he declares, are written for women and not for men. The charge is an unusual one. Through his efforts the czar of Russia withdrew the rigid censorship governing war telegrams.

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Madame Réjane,

the Eminent French Tragedienne

After an absence of nine years, Mme. Gabrielle Réjane, the distinguished French *tragédienne*, will visit this country. Her *répertoire* will include the best plays of the French dramatists. Mme. Réjane, who is the daughter of M. Réju, a Parisian actor of some note, has been on the stage since 1875, when she made her first appearance at the Vaudeville Theatre, Paris, which her husband, M. Porel, now manages. Her magnetism and ability early manifested themselves, and she made rapid progress, until to-day she is regarded as one of the most accomplished actresses before the public. Her career has been very closely identified with the history of French dramatic art.

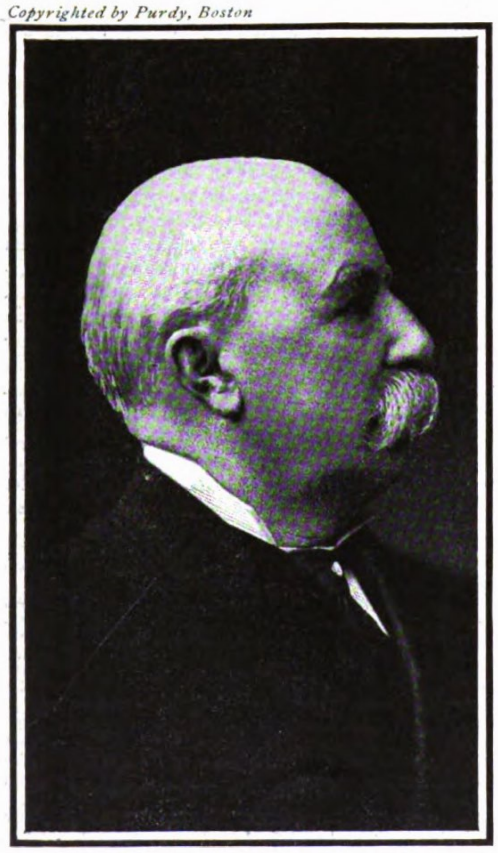


Brigadier General F. W. Funston, U. S. A.,

to Command the Division of the Lakes

General Funston has been promoted to the desirable and important post of commander of the Division of the Lakes of the United States Army, with headquarters at Chicago, Illinois. He has risen by hard and meritorious service from plain citizenship to a place of honor in Uncle Sam's army, and his deeds of bravery, which have always been minimized by his own modesty, are known to all the world. When he captured Aguinaldo, in 1901, after one of the most trying and elusive chases in the history of warfare, he crowned an already brilliant career. There is always an element in our country that criticizes the civilians who have become great soldiers, but the flag knows only the fighting man.

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United States Senator J. H. Gallinger,

Head of the Merchant Marine Commission

Jacob H. Gallinger, head of the merchant marine commission, which is planning new methods to rebuild the American shipping industry, is the senior United States senator from New Hampshire, and has been a leader for many years in the politics of his state. He was born in 1837, in Cornwall, Ontario, was a printer in early life, and then studied medicine, receiving his degree in 1858. He began the practice of his profession at Concord, in 1872, and the same year was elected to the legislature, being president of the senate in 1879 and 1880. He was elected to the national senate in 1890. It is expected that the commission will advocate a national bounty to help shipping interests.



Madame Nellie Melba,

Who Was Recently Decorated by King Edward VII.

King Edward VII. recently conferred on Madame Melba a decoration for eminence in Science, Art, and Music. This is one of the rarest honors in the gift of the British sovereign, and Madame Melba is the first woman on whom it has ever been conferred. She was a poor young woman in Melbourne, Australia, when she decided to study for grand opera, and had never sung except in a little country church concert. She did not hear a grand opera until she was past her twenty-fifth year. When she appeared in Madame Marchesi's famous class-room in Paris, she was considered a gawky, unaccomplished person. She was repeatedly advised to return to Australia, but she stuck to her studies.



Rear Admiral William K. Van Reypen, U. S. N.,

the New Head of the Red Cross Society

Rear Admiral Van Reypen, (retired,) who has been chosen to succeed Miss Clara Barton in the Red Cross Society, is admirably fitted for the position. He was appointed to the navy from New Jersey, as assistant surgeon in 1861, and served in the naval hospital in New York City in 1862, and on the frigate "St. Lawrence," of the East Gulf blockading squadron, in 1863-64. He served as chief of the bureau of medicine and surgery for five years, from 1897 to 1902. He represented the medical department of the navy at the Twelfth International Medical Congress held at Moscow, in 1897, and during the war with Spain he fitted out the ambulance ship "Solace," the first ever used in naval warfare.

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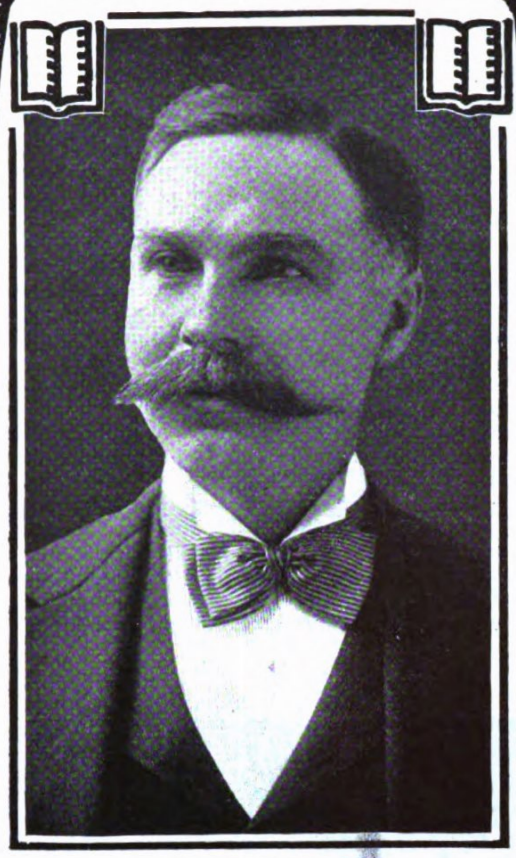
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Ignace Calderon,

the New Bolivian Minister to the United States

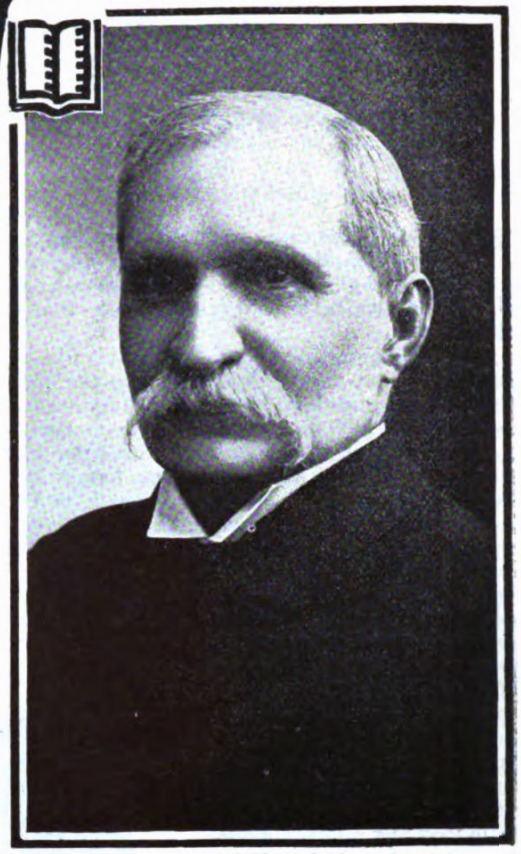
One of the most representative citizens of South America has presented his papers at Washington as minister from Bolivia. Señor Calderon is not a stranger to the diplomatic circles of this country, and his government has honored him with the United States portfolio because of his keen and complete knowledge of the state affairs that agitate both the Americas. Señor Calderon expressed some strong views during the Chili-Bolivia War of 1879-80, and also during the Venezuelan troubles. He is a man of fine education, and a good speaker. He is known throughout South America as a progressive leader rather than a politician, although he is a candidate for high honors in his country.



Thomas Taggart,

Chairman of the National Democratic Committee

Thomas Taggart of Indiana, chairman of the Democratic National Committee, was born in Waterford, Ireland, in 1856. He was brought to this country when very young. He settled in Indianapolis where he passed many years of hardship and was glad to work as a waiter in order to get a start. In course of time young Taggart became the proprietor of a small hotel close to the railroad station in Indianapolis, and he is now chief owner of one of the largest hotels in that city. Mr. Taggart served as a ward worker and step by step rose to prominence in the councils of his party in Marion County, Indiana. He twice carried it, a heavy Republican district, for his party.

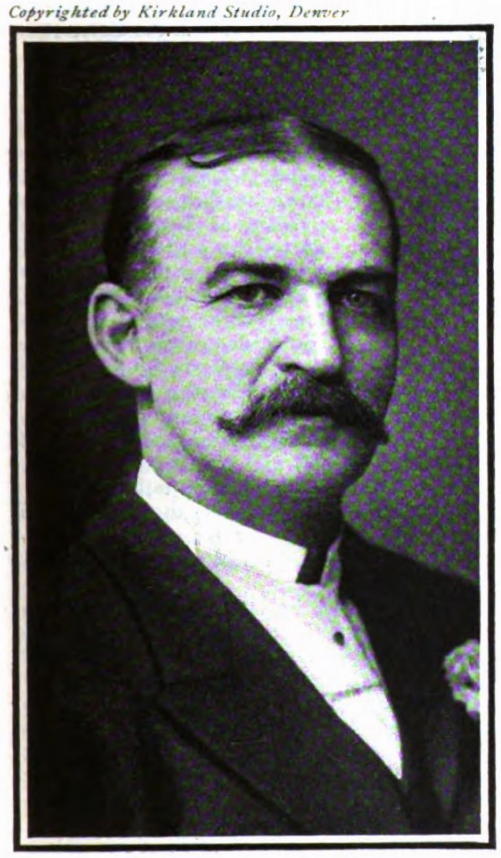


J. D. de Obaldis,

Minister to the United States from Panama

Panama, having taken its place as a national power, through the efforts of President Roosevelt to hasten the building of the Panama Canal, is quickly establishing her various state departments and has already selected the men who are to constitute her diplomatic corps in the countries that have recognized her independence. Señor de Obaldis was sent to the United States because of his intimate knowledge of canal affairs. For many years he has advanced very liberal views concerning the policy of certain Central American republics in retarding the construction of the water way. Panama has commissioned Señor de Obaldis to give our government every possible assistance in furthering the work.

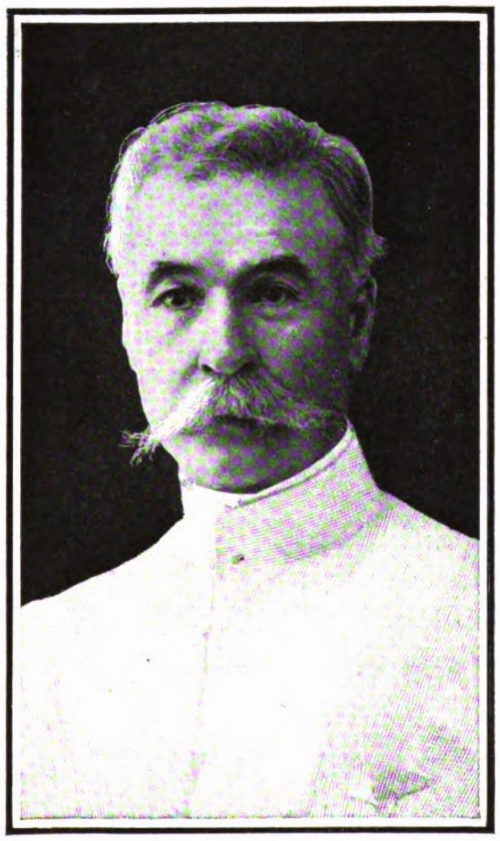
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James Hamilton Peabody,

the Governor of Colorado

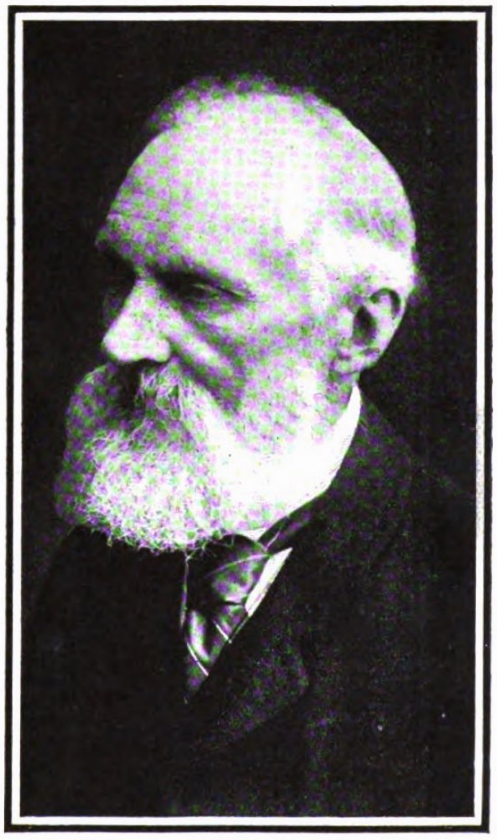
Governor Peabody, who has become prominent in the public eye, through the labor troubles in his state, was born in Topsham, Vermont, fifty-two years ago. He emigrated to Colorado when a young man, and there found work as a bookkeeper with a small Denver firm. He became a merchant and then a broker, rising quickly to prominence as a progressive citizen. Governor Peabody defends his course in calling military law into service to maintain order in the sections where the miners' troubles were at fever heat. He claims that the state was never placed under martial law, and that the trouble is not between labor and capital, but is the work of a lawless organization.



Hugh Bonner,

Chief of the Manila Fire Department

Chief Bonner left this country about two years ago, bearing a commission from Washington to establish a fire department in Manila, after a long service as chief of the New York Fire Department. The undertaking was one of herculean dimensions. Mr. Bonner found himself in the midst of a lot of men who had never known discipline and were without any apparatus except a few ancient hand engines. He at once ordered from the United States a complete equipment, including chemical engines and water towers. It took a year to get everything shipped to Manila, and it took fully that amount of time to create a proper water supply and to drill the Filipinos, who are not generally inclined to work.



William Thompson, (Lord Kelvin,)

the Eminent British Scientist

Lord Kelvin's recent contributions explaining the possibilities of radium, which he considers only an old theory in a new guise, have attracted considerable attention. He was born in Belfast, Ireland, eighty years ago, and has figured prominently in nearly all the great scientific events of the past fifty years. He acted as electrician for the Atlantic Cable Company, in 1857-58, and in 1865-66; invented the mirror galvanometer and siphon recorder in connection with submarine telegraphy; and acted as electrical engineer for the French Atlantic Cable Company, 1869; for the West India Cable Company, 1875, and for the Mackay-Bennett Atlantic Cable Company, 1879.

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THE VICTORY OF THE VALIANT

The Romance of a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor during the Days of the Louisiana Purchase

WALTER BARR

[Illustrations by Charles Sarka]

WHEN old Chloe came from the door, she carried to Elizabeth Blythe a card engraved with the name of Henri La Vellette and a tangle of titles of which she understood only that of chevalier.

"It is Colonel La Vellette," she said, with an accent of discovery; "show him into the front room, Chloe, after Mrs. Ralston and Mary get out, —and tell them I want to see them there later."

It was two months before that the letter had come to Elizabeth Blythe from the fort of Dubuque, up the river. She had taken it to Dr. Ralston, partly because the learning of the late surgeon, United States army, was able to translate its French sentences. She had learned to lean heavily on the scholarly, energetic, resourceful, generous man who had resigned his commission to become, by virtue of his force of character, head of all affairs around the mouth of the Des Moines River. She had come to him from the convent at New Orleans, when she found that the notice of her heirship failed to state how little food and raiment could be obtained from her thousands of acres in the Half-breed Tract. She had come to claim her own,—hers by virtue of her Indian mother,—and went first to the hand that always reached out to the farthest confines of civilization and beyond to help its children. The priest was the first to light the candles of his faith at the mouth of the Des Moines, and had solved the problem of architecture by building his own chapel and carving his own altar. At his wit's end, for once, he took her to Dr. Ralston.

She was tall and willowy, with the complexion of her Indian mother mellowed by the light color of her father and paled by twenty years in a convent, and a gloss to her black hair which rivaled the brightness of her black eyes. Her beauty was undeniable; but, like her ancestral acres of virgin forest, it did not help to solve the problem she brought the priest. Moreover, she was quick to understand.

"I am strong," she said, "and I can work. I can cook, I can sew,—the sisters say I can sew beautifully,—I can help the ladies, I can do anything to make a living. Won't the doctor or the father get me work, that I may live here?"

The twinkle in the eye of Dr. Ralston rebounded from the wrinkles in the brow of Father Cloquet. Then the twinkle became a straighter, softer gleam, as he said:—

"My girl, people here do their own work for themselves. All the women cook; the ladies in the log houses and frame mansions have not heard of maids; each does her own sewing after spinning and weaving the cloth. Some of the women work too hard,—my wife, for instance. It would be better if she had less to do. If you like, you can come into my family and sew—you will be given half of a room and the clothes considered necessary here, which are not many nor fine."

The girl breathed her thanks from her expressive eyes, but quickly shifted them to the priest. The brow of the latter had cleared at the answer to his unspoken appeal to the greatest man on the upper Mississippi. That was three years before Elizabeth Blythe took to her foster father the letter from Fort Dubuque. She had absorbed a full share of [illegible] and refinement permeating the sphere of Dr. Ralston. She had acquired [illegible] that made her feet seem to scorn the ground. Straight as an arrow and willowy as a reed, she was both plump and tall. She might have posed for a Greek statue, if the sculptor had in mind a joyous feast,—she had a charming laugh, and, as a result, laughed often, for, after all, she was a woman. She retained the ignorance of the world, and the innocence of the girl isolated in the convent at New Orleans, for she kept herself apart in her new home. Men kept their eyes on her when she walked in the little settlement, and it made her blush.

When he had glanced through the letter from Fort Dubuque, Dr. Ralston looked at Elizabeth thoughtfully for what seemed to her a long time. A letter was an event, and Elizabeth was curious. It was the first letter she had received since that one she read in the convent, telling her of her inheritance. And this one looked very different, because its lines were very straight and the writing full of long curves and many flourishes. Not a single word stood out by itself, and the whole sheet seemed to Elizabeth to be a monogram. She said this to Doctor Ralston, and with a little start he replied:—

"Yes, it is a monogram. Listen to it carefully." He read slowly, translating word for word:—

MADEMOISELLE BLYTHE:—

I have the great honor to address you with the most honorable of intentions and in the spirit of a gentleman and much *noblesse oblige*. The fame of the very beautiful mademoiselle has reached this great distance, and I do myself the very great honor to offer her my hand and my palpitating heart. I beg that mademoiselle will allow me to visit her at her place of residence and make my devotions in person, for I have the great hope that the heart of mademoiselle is not so bad as to withstand the ardor of my suit when she shall see the warmth of my admiration and love for her.

Permit me to state to mademoiselle and her family that I am of the family of the old *règime*, although my fortunes took me to follow the great Napoleon. I served on the staff of that incomparable general, who honored me with the cross of the Legion of Honor and made me a chevalier. I left beautiful France to draw my sword where there should be danger found and have been at this fortress for several years. The commandant will be pleased to say to mademoiselle's family that I am a gentleman of the strictest honor.

If mademoiselle will deign to grant me the honor and great happiness of paying her a visit to make my addresses in person, I shall start quickly and make haste to her to make every effort to induce her to accept my heart and my hand, which I lay at her feet.

HENRI LA VELLETTE.

After the name was the list of titles inherited by the soldier of fortune who had encamped at Fort Dubuque, after being a colonel on the staff of the Little Corporal and keeping that position throughout the great whirl of war in which Napoleon sifted men as women sift meal.

"He wants to marry you, Elizabeth, and he seems honorable about it. What are you going to do?"

"What do you think I ought to do?" The lack of *tremolo* in the girl's voice pleased her self-appointed guardian, who, with a delicacy of diplomacy which he had not used since coming to the wilderness, replied:—

"You must decide for yourself; but I would let him come down, to see what he is like; then you can decide whether you want to marry him or not."

There was plenty of time, before a messenger was available, to compose the reply to the Chevalier La Vellette. It told him, in Dr. Ralston's best French, that Mademoiselle Blythe would be honored by a visit from him and felt highly complimented that he should come so far to see her. She felt that the trusted friend of the great Napoleon was a man of honor, and as such she would receive his attentions. She was heart-free, but promised nothing now, yet, when Monsieur the Colonel came, the great admiration she felt for the writer of that letter might grow into affection. Her guardian was pleased with the letter of the noble chevalier and would be pleased to meet Monsieur the Colonel to talk over the matter with him further.

And now he had come. The doctor's wife saw only the dress of a Parisian, who, in some mysterious way, had flown into the parlor fresh from a *salon* at Versailles. The doctor saw a frank and determined face, with steady eyes full of the courage which breeds directness of purpose and leads charges of cavalry. Elizabeth saw a stalwart, soldierly figure, hiding the years past middle age with the grace of the ballroom and a smile which was captivating, starting toward the mouth from eyes that were full of kindness. His speech was that learned at court; the French which he used when talking to Dr. Ralston was the purest Parisian; the English of his talk to Elizabeth and the ladies of the household had only a trace of accent and little hesitation for words.

The next morning he showed to Dr. Ralston the documents which attested his standing. He spent most of the next fortnight talking with Elizabeth. He was much impressed with her strong, appealing beauty, which had the additional force of the unexpected. He had heard that she was one of the few unmarried girls of the frontier; that she was the ward and foster daughter of the leading man of all the country west of the Mississippi; and that she owned, in her own right, many leagues of land where the tide of emigration was running strongest. That her greatest heritage was a beauty that would make her famous in any court in Christendom, he had not suspected. That this beauty was sufficient in itself to make him eager to win her, he would not have believed when he started on the long pirogue journey from Dubuque to Keokuk. That it must replace the dowry he expected her to bring him, he did not stop to fully realize.

"I wish now that I had come first, before writing you," he told her; "for then you would have



"His wooing went on like a campaign of his old commander"

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believed me better when I told you how great is my admiration for you, and the warmth of my passion. The grand ladies of the beautiful Paris have not the beauty of yourself; and I should like to take you to Versailles to show them what a really beautiful woman is,—but that is impossible." He sighed, for his finances were at the lowest ebb; he had passed by the opportunity to make a new niche for himself in France, and had brought his sword and his courage to the Mississippi country, in the hope of carrying back enough of the Spanish silver to exchange for his old position in society in Paris.

"You are a fine gentleman," Elizabeth replied, "and I am only a half-breed. I know nothing of polite society, and, although I was reared in a convent by the good sisters, like a hothouse plant, I really belong to the woods and the soil."

"You have the manners of the *salon*," he interrupted, "and I could teach you to shine like a jewel at a grand court; but it would spoil you to take you there, as it spoils a wild flower to put it in a pot in a window. You are better as you are." He said this with the manner of a courtier and the sincerity of a frontiersman. Elizabeth blushed, but her tone was practical.

"Let us not trade compliments," she said, in a low voice; "let us consider whether it is well for us to marry, or better for us to part and for you to find a wife somewhere else."

"But you misunderstand me," he insisted, "and I was a fool to write before I came. When I wrote, I had heard of you as a charming woman. Now I know you are a lovely girl. When I wrote the letter, I thought you would make me a good wife; now, I love with desperation, and I want you to marry me because I love you. If you will marry me I will teach you to love me also. Let us not talk like parents arranging a mercenary marriage, but let me tell you that I love you, and let us marry, like these Americans, because we love."

His wooing went on like a campaign of his old commander. Compliments were his cavalry; open admiration was his infantry; and his heavy artillery was his finery, his distinguished appearance, and his courtly manners. The attack, like one of his beloved Napoleon's, could not be withstood. Elizabeth capitulated on the terms made by the staff colonel, Henri La Vellette. She made her own *trousseau* in the flutter into which the visit of the grand chevalier had thrown the household, now intensified by the near approach of the most elaborate wedding to be conceived along the Mississippi. Colonel La Vellette went back to Dubuque to close up his affairs there, and he returned to Keokuk in a month.

They were married in the chapel, by Father Cloquet. It was a pioneer, primitive chapel in the front room of the priest's house. The missionary had fashioned with ax and crowbar a house with a lean-to shed behind, a room five yards square, where he read, ate, slept, and prayed. On one side was an altar carved with a hunting knife and lit with candles molded in auger holes. Thither went Elizabeth Blythe, and thence walked Madame La Vellette. She was gowned in white, with a long train, and from her superlatively black hair a long white veil hung to the hem of her skirt. Her hands, small and shapely, because of unusual lack of toil, were covered with white gloves. Her face appeared more swarthy than usual, framed in this mass of white and slightly reddened by the blush beneath the brown cheeks that told of her Indian blood. She was magnificent with a regal poise, there at the crude altar,—magnificent in her grand figure, her elegant costume, and the oriental quality in her high color and chiseled Indian face.

Chevalier La Vellette sustained his own tone in the harmony of the picture. He was dressed in what was left of the old uniform which he had worn to Moscow and back. He wore it as one trained in the university of fashion, standing with all the pride of an old French family. He was filled with a sense of the dramatic, which never entirely leaves a Frenchman, and his bearing made him easily the center of the scene. He had carried all through his wanderings the cross and ribbon which Napoleon had given him, and he wore them in a way that destroyed their incongruity with some parts of his costume,—for his shirt front was of coarse, blue flannel, and his boots were the heavy ones that the trappers of that day wore.

Elizabeth's head was bent slightly and her eyes were on the hewn plank floor, but Chevalier La Vellette held his chin high and his eyes shone straight forward, as they walked the few steps to the little altar rail where stood the priest. The roughhewn timbers to which the clapboard sides of the house were fastened projected into the room in straight lines. The pallet of the priest in the corner was covered by an Indian blanket in gray with bright red stripes. All the light came through the open door at their backs, but they were in a halo of the bright sunlight forced into the little room by the excess of pressure from the May weather outside. The shaven priest, the carving on the altar, and the candles burning there, all reached out from the heritage of the Bourbons to the man wearing the decorations won in overthrowing the last Louis and replacing the



"A long look at the Mississippi from Fort Dubuque"

fleur de lis with the letter "N." And Chevalier La Vellette was as proud of his bride as of his ribbon of the Legion of Honor.

"We will have a *soirée* this night in honor of the most beautiful and most lovely bride this country has ever seen," he said. "They tell me it is a custom of the country to have a grand ball in honor of the nuptials. This ball shall be of the measure of the merit of the bride. I have invited all to come to drink to the health of my bride as long as the candles shall be reflected in the sparkle of the champagne."

He accepted the not altogether disinterested prompting of somebody who exaggerated the necessity of a grand ball at the Rapids Hotel, for this harmonized with his own tastes and inclination. Years after, the hotel under the bluff had that wedding reception as its most cherished tradition. The army circle and all the aristocracy of the settlement were there. The banquet was simple, for it had only two courses, and one of these was venison; there was only one thing in the glasses, for nothing except champagne could be found in St. Louis by the steamboat captain who had *carte blanche* and bought the whole stock west of the Alleghany Mountains for the wedding feast of the Chevalier La Vellette. In an hour, the tables were taken from the dining room, and the large floor was cleared. One of the tables was placed in a corner of the room and on it sat two of the most strenuous fiddlers of the river country. Pretty girls in linsey-woolsey danced with sergeants of dragoons of the very old army; fur traders danced with grand dames in muslin gowns; the tallow candles before tin reflectors on the walls shone on as fair women and as brave men as ever beguiled a soldier, or changed the map of a continent.

"You say it was never before equaled? But never before was there a wedding reception for so charming a bride! I have had much; now I have only her; but I am content,—never was I so content as now."

The Chevalier La Vellette said this to Dr. Ralston when the candlelight became sickly in the glow of the sun rising over Fort Edwards and the Illinois hills across the river, and the realities of the day followed the poetry of the night. The Chevalier La Vellette had spent his last franc for the fiddlers and the champagne. He and Madame La Vellette began their married life penniless, except for some thousands of acres of land producing nothing. He built a log house on the land. He made a garden there and sold enough from it to keep the wolf a few feet from the door. As he wore his Legion of Honor ribbon on his breast at his wedding, so he wore the badge of his poverty on his back afterwards. He became shabby, but he never lost his military bearing and his nerve.

Then came a boy and a girl to brighten the life of Elizabeth with a sense of mother love. Then there came the cholera. When the scourge had passed, they found Henri La Vellette lying quiet and nearly starved across the grave of his wife, deep in the forest. They could not take him back to the town until they brought the two children to him; then he gave each a hand and led the way to his cabin. After that day he never left the little boy and the smaller girl.

"The little boy has brought you some radishes, Doctor Ralston," he would say; "they are very early in our garden, and the little boy insisted that he be permitted to carry some to the gentleman who gave him the meal last week. The meal made excellent bread and I hope you will find the radishes good."

The people of the settlement provided the commissary department of the colonel with bread and meat, and the colonel out generaled the spring frosts and brought radishes and lettuce and vegetables to table slacking in these relishes to the feasts of the frontier. To the chevalier, this barter was an exchange of courtesies; to the others, it was a charity to the Frenchman and a necessity for his children. Every day in the summer he walked along the paths, through the miles of wilderness which was Elizabeth's estate, to the little clearing where he tended his garden around her grave. The boy held to his right hand, and the tiny fist of the girl tightly clasped a finger of his left hand. Only once did he tell them to go on alone, and that time he stopped Dr. Ralston and said:—

"I keep the children with me always. But there will come a time when my orders will take me away from them,—when we crossed the Alps, the weak were left behind, and when I cross,"—his voice became tremulous and then broke,—"when I go, who will—will take care of,—will watch over the children?"

"I will," replied Dr. Ralston, with a gruffness of voice that was heartiness modified by a lump in his throat. "The trusted officer of Napoleon and the children of Elizabeth Blythe sha'n't want as long as I live. I'll take care of them as I took care of their mother."

"The doctor is,—what shall I say? If the doctor had been born in France, he would have been the Napoleon of victories and the love of millions. If the doctor would be the emperor of another empire,"—the old man, with a new fire in his eye, swept the western horizon with his arm,—"I will become young again and carry the flag of the doctor to the Pacific." The attitude and

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straightened figure of the man brought a memory of the day when he came to Keokuk to make his campaign for the heart of Elizabeth Blythe.

One day, Henri La Vellette lay on his pallet of corn husks, very weak. He called, gently:—

"My children, come to me; take my hands and hold fast, for I am going on a long journey. If you fail to follow me, go to the good doctor, who will tell you how to meet me again. And the priest will—"

He stopped speaking, for the walls of the cabin suddenly opened out and he saw halfway around the world. There was the *chateau* of the old *règime;* there were the rumble of the car of the Reign of Terror and the crackle of the defense of the assembly by the young Corsican lieutenant; there were the Bridge of Lodi and the crossing of the Alps; there was Italy, and the young officer, Henri La Vellette, was by the side of the conqueror of the world; there were Elba and the after delirium, and Waterloo; there were a short glimpse at Quebec and a long look at the Mississippi from Fort Dubuque; and there was an angel beckoning him southward.

There was a half-breed girl in a white dress *en train* setting off her magnificent beauty, and a long white veil; there were a rude chapel in a hut and a bridal procession with the half-breed girl walking to a rude altar by the side of a man wearing on his breast the cross and the red ribbon which had been put on again before he lay down on his pallet and called the children; the magnificent half-breed girl beckoned again to the man with the red ribbon across the breast of his shabby coat. The man on his pallet of husks raised his head and shoulders as he saw the vision stretching from the *chateau* in France to the cabin in the wilderness near the Mississippi. His face glowed with happiness as it did that other morning in the sunlight shining through the open door toward the altar. His voice rang vibrant, as in a successful charge of cavalry, as he cried:—

"*Vive Napoleon! Vive la mort!* Elizabeth, Je——"

As he fell back on his pillow, his face was in harmony with the laughter of the children clasping his hands, for his joyous tones made them laugh in sympathy with his happiness.

The Silence of the Culbersons

SI H. PERKINS

AT one of the dinners of the Gridiron Club, in Washington, Senator William B. Allison, of Iowa, was referred to as the great conciliator, the man who always does his work well and who avoids making enemies by the simple expedient of remaining silent when any public question is being debated. It was pointed out in that connection that this plan has enabled him to stay in the upper house for over three decades, and has made his position wholly impregnable, so that he can remain in the service as long as he likes.

This brought up the name of another senator,—a younger man, from a section widely distant from Senator Allison's home,—who adopts the same plan of silence and conservatism. He is Charles A. Culberson, of Texas, who, before being made a member of "the greatest legislative body on earth," was attorney-general and then governor of the Lone Star State. While acting in the latter capacity he called a special session of the legislature, at an enormous expense to the commonwealth, in order that a law prohibiting a prize fight might be passed. The legislation was enacted, and the physical culture exponents were compelled to cross over into Mexico.

Since going to Washington, Senator Culberson has settled down to the policy which the senior senator from Iowa has followed with apparent satisfaction to himself and his constituents. The Texan's associates say that it is very difficult to prevail on him to express a positive opinion or to discuss any questions on which his views might not be thoroughly acceptable to all Texans. They recall that his father, David B. Culberson, who was a member of the house for years, being regarded as one of the greatest constitutional lawyers in that body, was equally non-committal. It was historic in Texas that "Old Dave," as he was affectionately called, could not be induced to give voice to a positive, unequivocal expression. One day a crowd of loafers in front of a livery stable near the elder Culberson's home discussed the matter, and Mr. A—— bet Mr. B—— that he could induce the old gentleman to make a direct declaration. The money was posted, and the chance to decide the wager soon presented itself. Culberson joined the loungers, and had scarcely settled himself in a seat when a farmer drove a flock of sheep down the street. The animals were closely cropped and bore every indication of having just come from the shearer's.

"Uncle Dave," said A——, "those sheep have just been sheared, haven't they?"

"Well, Bill," drawled the old gentleman, eying the flock critically, "it looks like it from this side!"

A man's strength should be like the momentum of a falling planet, and his discretion like the return of its due and perfect curve.—RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

The highest culture has a direct tendency to command sincerity in others.—PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON.

The golden age is yet to come. The golden opportunity to work comes every day.—SELECTED.



"Back, next morn, o'er the placid bay"

THE DOCTOR FOR DORYMAN DAN'S

HOLMAN F. DAY

[Illustrations by Charles Sarka]

There's a solemn, red buoy off Grand Manan,
And it hoots, "Oomp-hoo-oo!" as the surge kicks by;
Now it seemed to be moaning, to Doryman Dan:
"She's a-going to die! She's a-going to die!
There's no one to help her, now you are gone;
For the love o' the Lord, pull on,—pull on!"

There's a powerful rake for the wind, in the reach,
And it noses a dory as a dog gnaws a bone;
'Tis a heartbreaking pull through a storm to the beach,
But the doctor is yon, and the woman's alone;
And, unless they be back ere the night is by,
There'll be death in the cottage, and two will die.

The doctor was slippered and cozy within,
And a storm is drear when it spacks at the pane;
He cocked up his ear and he harked to the din
Of the rote on the Nubbles, and slash of the rain:
"Oh, no!" snapped he, to the spray-spattered Dan,
"Not across, this night, for king or man!"

Now even the rudest finds tongue, at need,
And the man who had come to him, drenched and wild,
Searched deep in his heart for the words to plead
For the lives of a wife and, God willing, a child;
But the doctor harked to the sea, instead,
And the red buoy warned,—and he shook his head.

If a fisherman pledges his boat and his trawl,
And his next month's haul from the stingy sea,
And even his home, he has promised all
That a doctor may ask as an honest fee;
But when it was pledged the word was "No!
Not for man or king would I dare to go."

There was bellowing yawl of a voice that cried,
"Live or dead, you'll go for a woman, then!"
There were wrestle and reel to the night outside,
And the shoreward stagger of struggling men,—
Then a man who cowered in sullen fright,
And a man who rowed with his teeth set tight.

And the wind in its laughter shrieked to Dan,
"Ho, for a landlubber, downed at last!"
The solemn, red buoy off Grand Manan
Hooted its glee as they galloped past;
The rote and the wind and the waves declared,
"Don't mind our bawling; we're with you, lad."

And back, next morn, o'er the placid bay,
The doctor surged 'neath a sun-kissed sail;
A smile in his eyes, in his hand his pay,—
An early catch in a battered pail:
"All happy and well," to his wife said he;
"It's a boy," he added; "he's named for me."


"It hoots 'Oomp-hoo-oo!' as the surge kicks by"

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Drawn by H. G. Williamson



What It Costs to Elect a President

The Methods Used by Political Managers to Raise Funds for Conducting a National Campaign—Why Some Corporations Give freely of Their Vast Hoards, and why Others Must Be Solicited—How Millions of Dollars Are Spent by a Silent System, so Mysterious that even the Bookkeepers Can not Tell Who Receives the Money

WALTER WELLMAN

IT is money that makes the political mare go. Politics is the great American game, and the players of it are ready to spend their money upon it. Many who engage in political activities do so with hope of gain, of personal advantage, or of securing fat offices as compensation for their labors, it is true, but it is not so with the majority. Seven out of ten of the men who are in politics, who attend primaries and conventions, devote their time and their money to this pursuit because they love the game, and for no other reason. After years of intimate study of politics and politicians I assert that most of our active men are not mercenary. They are in politics for the pleasure of it, for the opportunity it gives them to do something outside the ordinary routine of their lives, and for the satisfaction they feel in acquiring power in their county, their district, their state, or the nation. Most men play politics for the same reason that others fish, or hunt, or join secret societies, or race horses, or engage in athletic contests. It is the great American game; a game at whose foundations are honor and fair play; it is a game in which trickery and double dealing and failure to stand by one's word and one's fellows never yet won success and never will. There is a tradition that to go into politics lowers a man's moral standard, makes him careless of his word, and leads him into bad company. Broadly speaking, and having in mind politics of the higher sort as distinguished from mere ward or municipal politics, quite the reverse is true. A successful politician must be an honest man, good citizen, and good fellow, cultivating all the qualities of honor and fair play and generosity and tolerance which make a well-rounded man.

For the most part the men who attend our great national conventions do so at their own expense. How much money it costs to nominate a candidate for the presidency no one has ever yet been able to figure out. It must run into the millions. First come the local primaries and the county conventions. Scores of thousands of delegates must pay hotel bills and railway fares and meet other expenses, not large in any individual case, but in the aggregate reaching a very large sum. Then come the state conventions in all the forty-five states and five or six territories; here the expenses mount higher, as longer distances are to be traveled and hotel bills are necessarily larger. Finally come the national conventions, those great occasions which for a week engross the interest of the American people,—huge gatherings without legal *status*, unforeseen by the fathers of the republic, unknown in any other country than ours, and yet of such vast potentiality in our system of government by party and by the people.

To each of the national conventions go something like one thousand delegates and perhaps half as many alternates. Many travel halfway across the continent, and some from the distant islands of the sea and far-away Alaska. It would be fairly accurate to say that the average expense of these one thousand, five hundred actual members of the convention is two hundred dollars, for many take their wives or other members of their families with them. Then there are the other visitors, thousands in number, most of them spending smaller sums and hailing from the regions round about. Sight must not be lost of the wealthy men who attend conventions unofficially, from pure love of being in the midst of things, paying lavish sums for their hotel parlors, their dinners, their automobile excursions and entertainment of their friends. I know one such whose bill at the St. Louis convention ran to six thousand dollars. Add the newspaper contingent, the vast sums spent for correspondents, reporters, telegraph service, artists, and engravers. One of the marvels of modern organization and enterprise is the completeness, the skill, the good writing, and the copious letter press and admirable illustrations with which the modern press pictures one of these great events to the public. It is no longer necessary to go to a convention to have its innermost workings and its most graphic outward features constantly before the mind's eye; and it is literally true that often a man who stays at home and carefully reads a good newspaper knows more about what is going on than does one who attends

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a convention and has his eyes and ears confused by the multiplicity of movement and confusion of sound.

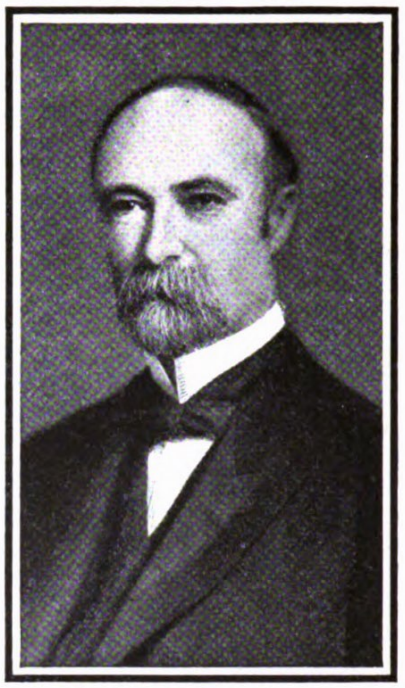
Finally, there is the direct expense of the convention,—the preparation of the hall, the printing, the music, the hotel bills of all the members of the national committee, the carriages, doorkeepers, ushers, clerks, and what not,—generally borne by the people of the city in which the convention is held by contract with the national committee, the funds for this purpose being subscribed by the hotels, the railways, the street car lines, and other interests, which, as a rule, manage to get all their money back, and much more besides, from the expenditures of the visiting multitude.

From first to last, I should say that it cost two millions of dollars to go through the multiplicity of motions which organized and carried on the convention which nominated President Roosevelt at Chicago, and two and a half million dollars to create the extraordinary body which nominated Judge Alton B. Parker at St. Louis. This was the aggregate cost to the many thousands of individuals and newspapers participating in the gatherings, witnessing or reporting them. The cost to the federal government was nothing, for these great assemblages, absolutely essential to our political system, in a way more potential than the houses of congress at Washington, are wholly unknown to the letter of the law. They have no statutory existence or recognition; they are merely the devices by which is expressed the will of a people which has carried the art and the machinery of self-government to a state of perfection the world never before saw.

THE REPUBLICAN NOMINEES



For President,
Theodore Roosevelt



For Vice President,
Charles Warren Fairbanks

The Presidency of the United States Is not to Be Bought at Auction

In the foregoing estimate no allowance is made for the expenditures of candidates for the presidency. There is appearing in our politics, unfortunately, a tendency on the part of rich and ambitious men to use their fortunes or a part of them in efforts to attain the great honor of a nomination for the highest place in the gift of the American people by one of the great political parties. W. R. Hearst, a newspaper publisher who inherited a large fortune, conceived the plan of making himself the Democratic nominee. He was not called for by the people; he called upon the people to rally round him. He encouraged them by means of lavish expenditures. He organized innumerable clubs bearing his name. He hired hundreds of professional politicians to travel about the country and devote all their time and energy to the business of getting delegates for him. He had remarkable success, considering that he was only a self-made candidate.

It became my duty, as a public journalist, not because I harbored ill will toward Mr. Hearst, to inquire, on the first day of the present year, "Can the presidency of the United States be bought? Is it possible for a rich and ambitious man to make a chattel of the nomination of a great political party for that high office?" It was afterwards my duty as a purveyor of information to the public to carefully watch the progress of that remarkable campaign. Its conduct showed genius of the highest order. It was a fine, even if perverted example of the skill of Americans in perfecting elaborate organizations, in setting thousands upon thousands of men to work, and in attaining results in the face of the most discouraging obstacles. At the St. Louis convention about two hundred and nine votes were cast for him as a candidate for the presidency,—he was second to Parker in the number of ballots on the one and only roll call taken. Trustworthy information is to the effect that for these two hundred delegates Hearst had put out a sum of money aggregating more than a million and a half dollars, or nearly seven thousand, five hundred dollars for each delegate.

Neither Roosevelt nor Parker Will Spend much

It would be wrong to assume that all of this money was improperly spent, or that all of his delegates were bought. Many worthy men supported Mr. Hearst because they believed in him as a friend of the people. Many others, belonging to the class technically known as "political grafters," simply worked for him for all they could get. Inasmuch as he had at St. Louis, reckoning the delegates which voted for him, but a fifth of the whole convention, it is necessary to record this answer to the query which I put months ago: "The presidency of the United States is not to be bought." I for one am glad that this is the answer. It was humiliating to be compelled to ask the question; there is reassurance in the reply. I am not unjust to Mr. Hearst, for I only write of his phenomenal personal pursuit of the presidency as I would write of any other peculiar and picturesque phase of our modern life. Nor do I wish to be understood as saying that there is nothing of good in him, or that he may not yet have an honorable and successful career in politics. He may even be president after he has added years to his age and efficient public service to his record.

But little money was spent by other aspirants to presidential nominations this year. So far as Mr. Roosevelt is concerned, I do not believe he paid a dollar out of his private pocket for the nomination, nor did Judge Parker. A few of the friends of each of the successful candidates provided the modest sums that were needed for the ante-convention campaigns. In Judge Parker's case, August Belmont, Maurice M. Minton, and a few others who attended to the early organization, paying the expenses of workers, and supplying printed matter and stereotyped plates to the country press, did not spend, probably, more than a hundred thousand, or, at most, two hundred thousand dollars.

Much has been written of the power of railroad corporations in our politics. It is true that in many states certain railways maintain a political staff. With them it is a business matter. They seek to protect their property from the unjust exactions of legislatures and public officials. It must be remembered that a certain class of politicians and legislators is constantly endeavoring to "strike" railroads. That is, certain people get up adverse bills and demand pay for defeating or dropping them. The railroad officials fight fire with fire. Sometimes they stop blackmail by gathering within their own control the power which shall make attempts at blackmail harmless. Being thus led into political activity in self-defense, now and then a railroad having on its staff men of genius for politics overplays its hand and seeks to control with absolute sway the actions of one or both of the parties within a state, setting up or pulling down men at will. Doubtless it is true that in at least one third of the states railroad influence is paramount in the affairs of one or both of the political parties, but it is not directly through the use of money that these roads operate. The pass—the little pink slip of magic charm,—is their instrumentality. Imagine the pervasiveness of free transportation in the tribe of politicians who are ever on the move from town to town, attending local and state conventions and fixing up their little schemes. In many a state a politician who pays his way is a curiosity. The railroad pass is one of the potentialities of government in our great and glorious country.

Six Million Dollars Were Raised in 1896 to Defeat William J. Bryan

Twenty years ago the manager of a presidential campaign who had in hand a fund of three or four hundred thousand dollars to defray the expenses of his operations thought himself opulent. Gradually the sum required by national committees grew and grew, until, in 1896, high-water mark was reached by the late Marcus A. Hanna in his manipulation of the campaign for William McKinley. Through Mr. Hanna's hands, that year, passed a sum falling but a little under six millions of dollars. I am well aware that the amount has been often given much higher figures, reaching, in some instances, to fifteen or sixteen millions of dollars. W. Bourke Cockran said in the house of representatives, last spring, when his own campaign expenses were under discussion, that he understood that Mr. Hanna had used a total of about fifteen millions. But my information comes from good authority. The actual sum raised and expended by Mr. Hanna was within a few thousands of the sum I have named.

There is little doubt that, if it had been deemed necessary to compass the defeat of William J. Bryan, twice as much could have been raised. So great was the alarm among men of means over the danger which menanced the standard of values that all Mr. Hanna had to do was to write down on a slip of paper the amount he thought a bank, a corporation, or an individual should pay, and in nearly every instance the assigned sum was promptly checked to Cornelius N. Bliss, the treasurer of the committee. The largest subscription, I have been told, came from an insurance company, and amounted to two hundred thousand dollars. One railroad company gave a hundred thousand dollars. Eight or ten railway companies subscribed one fourth as much each. Probably a hundred or more banks and trust companies sent their checks for from ten to twenty thousand dollars apiece.



Mrs. Roosevelt

The Debauch of 1896 Will Remain a Mystery

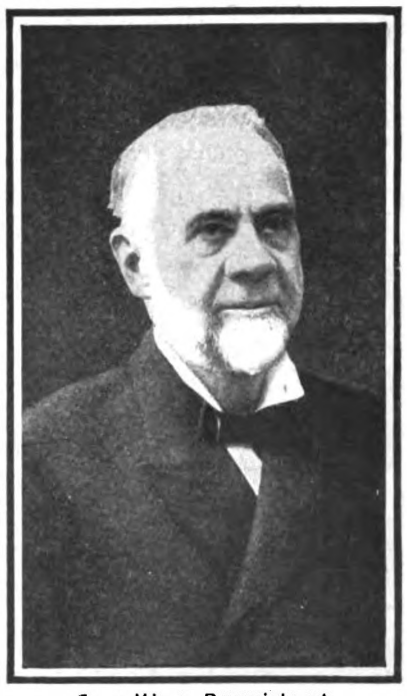
How this vast sum was spent by Mr. Hanna is a story of American politics that has never been written, and never can be fully written. There is a widespread belief that much of it was used in the actual purchase of voters, and that, but for the influence of the golden streams flowing from Mr. Hanna's war chest, McKinley could not have been elected. This is not the view taken by well-informed practical politicians of either party. As a

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THE DEMOCRATIC NOMINEES



For President,
Alton Brooks Parker



For Vice President,
Henry Gassoway Davis

matter of fact little if any money was used by the Republicans in actual purchase of votes. To buy a man's vote is a clumsy method. It is out of date in our politics. The modern way is to hire a man to work for the ticket. It is a fact that a very large part of Mr. Hanna's expenditures was devoted to hiring Republicans to work for McKinley. Many Democrats were also employed, and independents, and "floaters." It rested wholly with the conscience of these men, this vast army of stipendiaries, whether they should vote one way or another. They could do as they pleased without detection. The probabilities are that the great majority of them cast their ballots for the cause they were promoting by their labors.

In that memorable campaign the Democrats were compelled to get along with a campaign fund much smaller than that of their opponents. Chairman James K. Jones, of the Bryan committee, had no more than a million and a half dollars, all told, or about one-fourth the sum expended by Mr. Hanna. Most of the wealthy men and firms in the country gave their money to the Republicans and refused to subscribe to the Democratic fund. In ordinary campaigns the big railroads and industrial trusts and other corporations subscribe to both funds, on the principle that such contributions are a sort of insurance premium against interference with their business. But in 1896, the fear of a change of the standard of values amounted almost to a panic among the men of property and affairs. Mr. Hanna found plenty of places to disburse his great hoard. He is said to have paid more than one million dollars into the treasury of the Gold Democrats who were headed by Palmer and Buckner. He financed to some extent a "sound money" league, and supported a vast number of minor organizations, railroad men's clubs, commercial travelers' associations, and societies composed of citizens of foreign birth. The printing bill of the Republicans in 1896 ran nearly to a million dollars. The postage bill was three or four hundred thousand dollars. I have never heard just how much Mr. Hanna spent for speakers, but it must have been a considerable sum. Speakers do not cost so much as is generally supposed. It is only in rare instances that spellbinders accept fees for their services. Thus much they contribute to the cause, as other men subscribe money. But their expenses are paid. In some instances these expenses run to very tidy sums. Last winter there was a great deal of discussion of the money alleged to have been paid W. Bourke Cockran for his speeches for McKinley in 1896. Mr. Cockran solemnly asserted that he was not paid one dollar by Mr. Hanna or anyone else, and that he paid his own expenses while touring the country. Mr. Cockran told the truth. He was not paid for his speeches, and he did pay his own expenses, at least his personal hotel bills. At the same time it is true that the cost of the special trains and other expenses pertaining to Mr. Cockran's tour were defrayed indirectly by Mr. Hanna's committee, working through another organization. "Talk about the luxuriousness of the tour of a Patti or other *prima donna*," said Mr. Hanna, during the campaign, to one of his friends; "the *diva* is nothing compared to Bourke Cockran for making the money fly."

Contributions—from Five Cents upward,—Came from Private Sources

Most of the large subscriptions to the Democratic fund that year came from the rich mine owners in the West, who were naturally interested in the effort to make silver a basic money metal and thus keep its value at a somewhat higher level through government support. But Chairman Jones had no such easy road to wealth as that which Mr. Hanna's feet so eagerly followed. If it had not been for more than a hundred thousand small subscriptions by letter, probably Mr. Jones would have been compelled to close his offices and give up the fight. When the battle was raging most fiercely, the Democratic coffers ran dry, and Mr. Jones and his assistants sent out appeals through the Democratic press for popular subscriptions, no matter how small. The faithful and patriotic members of that party responded nobly. For several weeks a stream of letters containing all the way from twenty-five cents to five or ten dollars poured in upon the managers for Mr. Bryan, and saved the committee from the bankruptcy with which it had been threatened.

When Campaigns Close, the Books Are Burned

At the close of the campaign of 1896,—which was by long odds the greatest political contest ever seen in this country,—Mr. Hanna rested from his arduous labors. At the last moment there came an urgent appeal from Nebraska for another allotment of funds. "If we had fifty thousand dollars more," telegraphed the chairman of the Republican committee in that state, "we would carry Bryan's own state for McKinley." Mr. Hanna wanted to help the men who had made such a gallant struggle for the electoral vote of Bryan's home, but he did not suppose there was a dollar left in his treasury, and it was too late to get out and raise more. He was about to wire his refusal, when Secretary Heath remarked:—

"If it is only lack of funds that troubles you, you need not stop, Mr. Hanna. We have more than a hundred thousand dollars on hand."

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Hanna, "the campaign at an end and money still in the treasury? I never heard of such a thing. Are you sure?"

Mr. Heath produced the books to prove his statement, and the Nebraska committeemen got the fifty thousand dollars they wanted, though they were not successful in carrying the state with it.

During national campaigns, the books of the treasurer and manager are kept in a peculiar way. Instead of entering accounts by name, each account is given a number, and is thus carried throughout the campaign. The key to this legendary system is known only to two or three trusted men, and the accountants who keep the books have *not* the slightest knowledge of what state committee or other organization or individual stands behind the number. After the campaign is over the books are *burned* and all the records, except possibly some private memorandum kept by the manager, are wiped out of existence. Such a thing as the auditing of campaign expenditures was never known, and probably never will be known, so far as national campaigns are concerned. Everything is trusted to the honor of the responsible men, and I have never heard that any of the managers of a national campaign were suspected of betrayal of their trust in any way.

Mr. Hanna Was the most Successful Fund-raiser the Country Has Known

In 1896, about two thirds of the six millions of dollars raised by Chairman Hanna came from the four states of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Illinois. The metropolis contributed a vastly larger sum than any other city. Not less than three millions of dollars poured into Mr. Hanna's strong box from New York City alone. Mr. Hanna was noted as the greatest raiser of campaign funds the country ever saw. This was in part because of the extraordinary issues presented at the time he was in the saddle, and was in part due to his personality. He knew most of the rich men of the United States. It has been truly said of him that his acquaintance was larger than that of any other American citizen, and that his personal friendships and the true affection men had for him did more than anything else to make a success of his career. These personal intimacies stood him in good stead when he went into the field as a raiser of campaign funds. Cornelius N. Bliss, who worked with Mr. Hanna as treasurer of the national committee, was also an adept in this line, especially in New York City. Mr. Bliss is still in harness, but it is a fair assumption that he is finding this year one of the most difficult periods in the history of the Republican Party for the raising of money with which to carry on the Republican fight. Business men and financiers say they are no longer alarmed as to the future of the government. The money question is settled; the tariff issue is not sharply drawn between the two parties, and only here and there a manufacturer, with a special interest in some schedule, permits himself to get excited over the menace of a revision of the tariff by the Democrats.

The Republican managers, knowing that it would be impossible to raise much money from the financial interests this year, had planned to enlist the sympathy and support of the manufacturers, as in the old days, on the plea that, inasmuch as public opinion demanded a revision of the protective schedules, it behooved the manufacturers to make sure of having friends at court. But this plan, to some extent, at least, has been interfered with by the shrewdness of the Democrats in laying out a general plan which involves no threat of drastic tariff revision.



Mrs. Parker

Both Parties' Mills Will Grind Similar Grists

As the Democratic platform was first drawn at St. Louis it contained a little joker which virtually promised that no man's financial interests in the protective schedules should be interfered with, or, if at all, only a very little. "We must always bear in mind existing conditions, no matter how wrongfully or unjustly brought about," was the substance of the language employed. This remarkable bid for the support of the high tariffites was too bold and bald for Mr. Bryan and some of his friends who believe in real tariff reform, and they secured a modification, so far as the wording of the tariff plank was concerned. But they did not succeed in changing the spirit which animates the dominating faction

[*Concluded on pages 584 and 585*]

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DRAWN BY OLIVE RUSH

Are Marriage Ties Growing less Sacred?

Why Divorce, Which Was so Rare in Olden Days, Is now Considered Commonplace

REBECCA HARDING DAVIS

THERE can be no doubt that the marriage tie grows less sacred in this country with each succeeding generation.

Why?

Let us go back and look into the matter a little and find how much we women are to blame for it.

Divorce was so rare in old times that before I was thirty I had seen but one divorcee. That was Constance O. The O's were a family of quiet gentlefolks, influential in the church and in the social life of the town. Constance, after only two or three weeks' acquaintance, became the bride of a showy young fellow from New Orleans. He turned out to be a sot and professional gambler,—in short, a thorough-paced scoundrel. He was convicted of forgery, and was sentenced to the penitentiary for a term of sixteen years. Judge O. procured a divorce for his daughter, declaring that it was not right that her whole life should be blighted because of a mistake in her youth. But the community saw no force in this reasoning. To them nothing was more sacred than the vow she had broken. She had taken the man for better or for worse until death should part them. No crime of his, they held, could justify her in throwing him off. They never forgave her. She lived secluded in her father's house and bore herself as a widow. I remember seeing her, a pretty, pale girl, dressed in black, timidly hurrying through the streets, always alone. No one spoke to her. She was a guilty thing, accursed, as if, like Hester Prynne, she bore the scarlet letter on her breast.

The reverence felt then for the marriage tie was so deep that it made this community take part with the thieving sot of a husband against the innocent wife who had thrown him off.

"The Union Which No Man Can Sever" Is no more

Now, how many women are there to-day in the large towns of this country whose social position is not a whit affected by the fact that they have two husbands living? If you were told that the charming girl, or the kind, motherly woman who sat next you at dinner last night was divorced, would not your first impulse be to pity, not to blame her, because her luck had been so hard?

I only wish to call attention to this change. I have nothing to say as to its morality, one way or the other.

But what is the cause of the change?

It is not because we are more charitable to ill-doers than were our grandfathers, but because, not holding the marriage tie so sacred, we do not regard the man or woman who legally breaks it as an ill-doer.

Why is it less sacred to us?

Is it not because marriage and its duties and dangers and delights are not now the chief things in life to American men and women, as they were to their grandparents?

For the girl of Constance O's day there was but one outlook open in life,—a lover and a husband. When a girl baby was born there was a chest put aside somewhere in the house in which her mother began at once fondly to store choice bits of linen and lace for her marriage outfit. As she grew up she was taught to sew, to cook, and to take care of a house and of the sick with the frank understanding that she was being trained for her future work, with her own home and children. What better work—the world thought then,—could a woman hope for than to marry, to make a happy home for a husband, and to bring forth and rear children for God's service?

The woman who missed that work was looked upon with pity and secret contempt.

Woman's "Advanced" Life Has Lowered Her Ideals

Men made out very much the same schedule of life for themselves. If a young fellow worked hard and saved his money, it was that he might marry the girl that he loved and have a home and standing of his own among men.

But all that was long ago. Strange changes have lately taken place among us.

The close of the Civil War drove many women out into the world to earn their living. Their success went to their heads. It crazed them. They began to think that to oust some man from his working-place to earn her own living is a woman's real mission in life, not just to be a wife and mother. A large minority of them think so still. Girls are urged by the "New Woman" to become artists, journalists, machinists, doctors, or what not, and to take up every and any craft by which money can be made. Marriage and motherhood, they insist, are mere accidents in life. Our true business here is to make money. I saw in a religious journal, the other day, an earnest appeal from one of these advanced women to young girls to take up the profession of preaching,—not, according to the old idea of the apostles and the old-fashioned preachers, that they might, through God's mercy, so save some poor soul, but because it "is one of the surest and most respectable ways of earning a good living income, and is unpopular with young men just now."

That is a significant symptom of the present condition of the "New Woman!"

With American men, too, marriage is not now the business, the end and crown of life, as it was with their grandfathers. Jack, very likely, is in love with Priscilla, but he does not hamper himself with her as soon as he takes his diploma. He wants "to earn a million or two, or to gain a little reputation first." He "must have a free foot for a year or two."

If he and Priscilla ever become husband and wife, certain considerations besides love or religion—such as money and position,—will probably come into the marriage tie and make it a much less sacred thing to them than was that old-time holy bond which was so reverenced by their grandparents.

About a year ago a collection of opinions on divorce was published in New York. A host of authors, doctors of divinity and of medicine, bishops, and leaders of society testified to the frailty of the marriage bond in this country, and the widespread unhappiness in our homes.

If this be true, why is it true? Who is to blame?

After all, men and women are still—men and women. After all these centuries, Jack with his millions and his new knowledge, and Priscilla with her degree as M. D. or Ph. D., have just the same red blood in them, the same human hunger for love and comradeship as had that first naked man and woman in the empty earth. If this hunger for a mate be not satisfied, not all the millions or the degrees, the knowledge, or the costly bric-a-brac which they may crowd into their lives will keep them from starving.

If this tragedy is going on in so many of our American homes, and if love dies out in them so soon, as these witnesses assert, I am tempted to think that it is Priscilla who is to blame, more often than Jack.

There are several reasons for this.

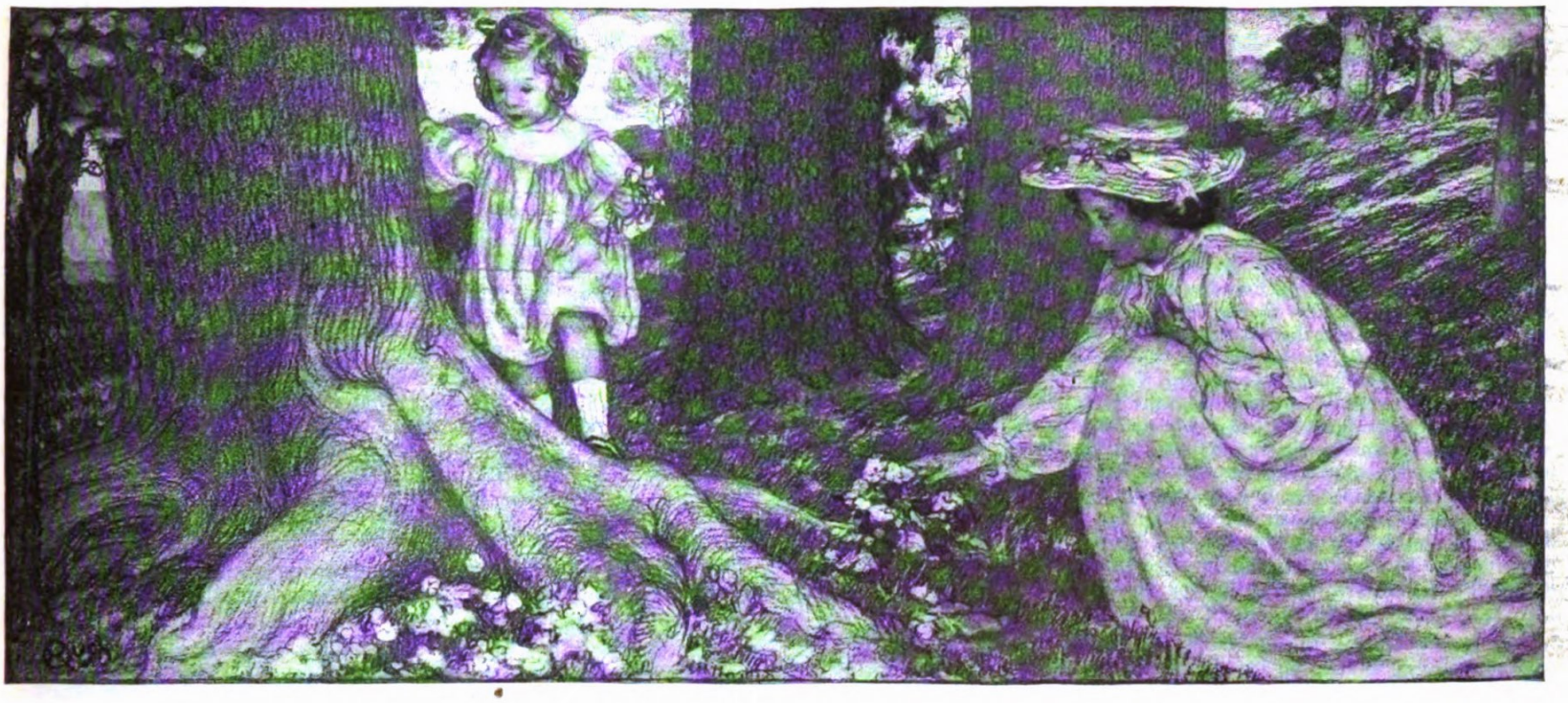
Common Sense often Rekindles the Fires of Love

Take little Rose B——, for instance. Marriage for the immature little girl was only a romance, or poem, or door into fairyland. Her courtship, her wedding and her new home were bathed for her in a roseate glow. Sky and earth throbbed and burned for her with warmth and brilliance. So she went on living a romance or a poem, when the time had come for hard prose. Nothing else keeps the fire of love so bright on the family hearth as an occasional breath from the bellows of common sense. Rose has no common sense, and neither borrows nor begs it. She cries if Ben does not bring her roses every day, and forgets to keep his coffee hot for breakfast or to mend his golf gloves.

Ben, whose rapture in her really was based on her dimples and waltzing step, finds these charms pall after six months, and begins to look for something else.

So far, there is nothing else.

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There are many Roses, who do not learn that marriage is a long, difficult road, or that a good waltzing step or Titian hair is but a meager provision for the journey.

Very few Bens want to stay permanently upon their knees after the first year of married life. Their love for their wives is much deeper and higher than it was at first, but the perpetual rôle of a lover bores them. Now, very few Roses or Lilys are willing for them to stand upright.

Molly is cut to the quick because Joe, when he comes home, does not notice her new silk waist, or listen while she sings "My Honey!" He used to dote on her in rose color! He thought nobody could give the old darkey songs with such pathos. She understands! He loves her no longer!

Now, Joe's mind is on the evening paper and its news. Why does not Molly also turn her thoughts to Korea or to Roosevelt's chances? The path he treads may seem mean and commonplace to her, but, if she does not choose to keep at his side in it, she soon will be left behind altogether, never, it may be, to keep step with him again.

"Can two walk together," cries the prophet, "except they be agreed?" How, we may ask, can they be agreed unless they walk together?

It is this failure of wives to keep step with their husbands that destroys the happiness in a large number of our homes.

Several years ago, I happened to be present at a reception where the guests were the owners and the employees of a great publishing house. The men, from the partners living in their stately palaces on Madison Avenue to the pressmen in their tiny cottages in Jersey City, all came and brought their wives. It was a kindly effort, very common among us, to bring together, socially, men and women whose education and circumstances have been widely different, in order to convince them that they all are equal, and that there is no such thing as class distinction in this country. I don't know how that end was answered in this especial effort.

The Men Were Reserved; the Women, Ill at Ease

The marked feature of the assemblage, and it was very marked, was the superiority of the men to the women. The men, with scarcely an exception, were quiet and simple in their manners, their clothes, and their language. Most of them had grave and kindly faces. They accepted, with cordial pleasure, the hospitality offered them and, if they noticed at all certain signs of luxury and fashion about them, were only good-naturedly amused for the moment.

Their wives, on the contrary, were, as a rule, self-conscious and ill at ease. Most of them were overdressed and carried their cheap satin trains and plumes with would-be courtly airs, turning, now and then, anxious, mortified glances on their husbands and their decent Sunday suits. They seemed to be taking an inventory of the gowns of the wealthier women, greedily calculating how they could copy them cheaply at home.

"These women," I said to my host, "actually seem to belong to an inferior and more ignoble race than their husbands. Can you explain it?"

"The men and their wives," he said, "were probably on a level when they were married. But our business tends to educate and develop every man employed in it. He is brought every day into contact with the news of the world, and learns much insensibly of books and of the great movements in science, politics, and religion. His wife, on the other hand, keeps her interests shut in her house, her kitchen-maid, her clothes, and the gossip of the neighborhood. Very likely they do not realize that one of them is walking out of doors and the other in a dark little tunnel. But so it is. You see the result."

Could not each of these women, if she chose, have kept step with her husband, enough at least to take an intelligent interest in the things which so absorbed him? She would not have been a worse home-maker, or baby-nurse, because she knew of something outside of her home and babies. Our little house is only the warmer and brighter when we cut windows in it and let in the sight of the sea or of Mont Blanc beyond.

Don't Throw the Blame on a Few Foolish Millionaires

In the symposium on marriage and divorce of which I spoke there were many loud and savage arraignments of our so-called "leaders of society." We are assured that they habitually neglect their homes and children; that, owing to their mad absorption in luxury and display, they have lost their hold on both virtue and religion; and that, in consequence of their shortcomings, our American home life is now the scorn and derision of all other civilized peoples.

There is seldom much truth in wholesale abuse of any person or class. To throw the whole blame of our defective home life on a half dozen foolish millionaires and their wives is like stoning a weather-vane when we want to demolish the whole building. It is true that the entire body of American life is just now corrupted by the love of money and display as by a creeping malignant cancer. But the poor mechanic's wife, the shop-girl and the mulatto chambermaid are just as apt to hanker after these things as is the queen of society. It is quite as criminal in them to sacrifice their lives to making a tawdry show as it is in her to waste her time and strength in making a show that is magnificent.

To be quite just, however, to my own sex, I believe that in the majority of cases the husband is at first to blame when there is extravagance in the household. Men are apt to make a secret at home of their business affairs. The young wife is left in ignorance of the amount which it is right for her to spend, and gratifies her foolish tastes until such folly has become a fixed habit. If her husband had been wiser and more frank she would probably have taken as much pleasure in making small hoardings as in making small outlays.

There is Mary C., who has recently settled down into her nest with Tom after their wedding journey. They are a healthy, intelligent, fun-making pair, heartily in love with each other, but as unlike in some of their habits and beliefs as a Jew and an Irishman. What can the young wife do to make them one and to keep their home always like a corner of heaven,—as it seems to her now?

First, let her keep all of their kinsfolk out of it for at least a year. She and Tom need thus much time to reveal their jagged points of difference to each other, to rub them down, and to knit their lives together. But they should have no alien eyes watching them while they do it. After a year or two, when love and habit have made them one, let them open their doors wide, if they choose, and let them bring in friend and foe to be warmed and fed. But, for the first year, if they are wise, they will bar out every spectator and play their little comedy or tragedy alone.

Mary, if she have common sense, will not want to take possession of the whole of her husband's life, as if it were a stage on which she alone is to play a great part. Let Tom keep his friends and his hobbies unquestioned. He will be much more likely to take her into his confidence about them. A generous comradeship is the best kind of marriage. Let her leave him, too, his hour of retreat alone every day unquestioned, and let her claim her own. The life in which there are no reticences, and no spaces of solitude, soon shows itself lean and vulgar to its owner and to everybody else.

The young wife will laugh, perhaps, as at the perfunctory talk of an old woman, when I tell her that her surest hold upon her husband is through his religion. Tom, she assures me, has no religion. He is a modern man, and very busy. He regards the work of the old churches as narrow and bigoted. Some day, having more time, he means to look into Theosophy or some scientific theory, or the views of certain advanced German theorists.

Now, the fact is that, whoever Tom is, whatever Tom may be, whether a greedy money-grabber or a silly slave of fashion, nothing else interests him so much, under all, as his religion. What is this thing called his soul? Where did it come from? Who is it—yonder in the dark,—that controls his life? Every man asks himself these things secretly and hopes to find the answer some day in the prayers which his mother taught him at her knee long ago, and in the old Bible which she read. Most men believe that women come closer than they to the Power beyond.

Perhaps the Old-fashioned Faith Has Been Forgotten

Young as he is, Tom sometimes finds life hard to bear. Is it a kind Father or a merciless tyrant that metes out his part to him? Can his wife help him to understand this thing? The dull fellow would be glad if she would read the old Bible to him sometimes, or draw him down to kneel with her at night. Does she do it?

I can only hint at these matters.

But if it be true, as we are told, that many of our American homes are given over to the sordid pursuit of money or show, if the husband and wife find life together each day more vapid and dreary, and if the fire of love goes out at last and the hearth is left cold, may it not be because the old-fashioned faith has been forgotten?

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Keeping Up Appearances

ORISON SWETT MARDEN
[Editor and Founder]

A NEW YORK mother, with high social ambitions, recently lost her home and all her property in her efforts to introduce her two daughters into fashionable society. The family could have lived in comfort on their modest income, had not the mother, in her eagerness to force her daughters into the society of those who were far above them in worldly wealth, overleaped herself. She spent a great deal of money in giving smart entertainments in order to show her girls off to the best advantage. Thousands of dollars were squandered in buying beautiful dresses, hats, laces, and all sorts of other expensive finery for them, so that they might shine as brilliantly as other young ladies who had a hundred times their means. In the insane attempt to keep up appearances far beyond her income, and to secure, as she hoped, wealthy husbands for her daughters, she became hopelessly entangled in debt and was forced into bankruptcy, and the daughters, instead of winning the prizes they sought, are mortified and chagrined to find themselves without even a home.

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Almost every day we read in the papers stories of those who have been ruined in trying to keep up appearances beyond their means, or to get into the stratum of society above them. The tremendous strain these people put upon themselves, and the inconveniences, embarrassments, and humiliations to which they subject themselves in order to make people believe that they are better off than they really are, are pitiable.

We can understand how shallow, silly men and women lose their heads and do all sorts of foolish, contemptible things, in their attempts to make a false show and glitter, but we can not understand how people with good judgment in other matters, and with sound minds and level heads in business, can keep themselves perpetually in hot water, go into debt, and embarrass themselves in their business,—tying themselves up so that they can scarcely move,—for the sake of doing things because somebody else with treble or ten times their means does them. Yet the mad struggle to appear as prosperous as their wealthier neighbors is often waged as fiercely by sober, common-sense business men as it is by the shallowest and most foolish young men and women. Urged on, in some instances, by their wives, they move into fine houses in fashionable neighborhoods, give lavish entertainments,—or their wives give them,—keep horses and carriages and liveried servants, and surround themselves with all the luxuries of wealthy establishments. By questionable, long-headed schemes, by plodding incessantly in their offices, without taking a vacation for years, by risky speculations, and by all the other devices they can think of, they try to maintain the extravagant expenditure in which they have little or no share. All their efforts are usually made for the sake of their wives or daughters.

I know of fathers who have mortgaged their property, and even their homes, to get money to force their daughters into the society of those far above them, in the hope that they may make "brilliant matches." Business and professional men with small incomes employ expensive caterers and florists to furnish entertainments so that they can invite people of wealth and fashion to be their guests. Socially ambitious fathers and mothers pinch and economize and make innumerable sacrifices in their homes, during the greater part of the year, in order that they may be able to send their daughters to a fashionable resort hotel for the summer, where they will have opportunities to meet and become acquainted with people moving in fashionable circles, with a view, of course, to wealthy marriages for them in the future.

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One of the many unfortunate results of this straining for wealth and the appearance of it is to make extremely selfish the young women for whom such superhuman efforts are made. When a girl knows that all in her family make sacrifices to give her that which they can not afford, and when she knows that others go without necessities in order that she may have luxuries, she begins to think, after a while, that she must be somebody of great importance, and that everything must point toward her and all the family arrangements be made with reference to her comfort and convenience. Too often she becomes dissatisfied with her humble surroundings, and thinks her home a bore, a place to be avoided as much as possible. Not long ago I heard a young woman of this kind actually say that she was ashamed of her home, although her mother had made untold sacrifices for her, and had robbed herself and her home of many things they should have had, in order to enable the daughter to make a fine appearance. This catering to their vanity is what ruins many girls, and makes selfish wives of those who, under different training, would be thrifty and industrious.

On the other hand, a girl of delicate and refined nature must suffer intensely when she knows that her parents are making great sacrifices and going to expense which they can not afford, in their efforts to marry her to some one above her in station. It must mortify and pain her to see her mother make her own old clothes over many times, and the whole family deny themsleves the most ordinary comforts, that she may be decked out with plumes and finery which do not of right belong to her, and are wholly out of keeping with her home and surroundings. Think what a humiliation it must be to a modest girl to be conscious that her parents are putting her up to the highest bidder in the matrimonial market, and hinting by everything they buy her, and by everything they say and do, that she is expected to "catch" a man who is better off than her poor family! Think what a sensitive soul, who has not the strength of character to oppose or break away from such conditions, must suffer when forced to endure them for years! She feels that the only way she can repay her father and mother for all the self-denial they haver pacticed for her sake is to try to marry somebody with money. She knows that they expect this of her, and so, when the opportunity offers, she obediently sacrifices herself to what she considers her duty.

Where will this insane mania to appear what we are not, to get wealth at any cost, or to make people believe we are rich when we are poor, or in moderate circumstances, carry us, if it is not checked? In too many instances, as the daily papers testify, it leads to bankruptcy and disgrace. How many of the defalcations, the embezzlements, and the petty stealings of cashiers, of bookkeepers, of treasurers, or of people in various other positions of trust, are due to this terrible craze to make a showy appearance! All classes are becoming infected by it. From the millionaire to the clerk and the factory girl, the overmastering idea seems to be to make as much display as possible. You can not tell by the dress or appearance of many young wage-earners anything about their real incomes or their homes. Many of the poorer among them will even wear showy and costly garments outside, without reference to cleanliness or decency in the clothing that is not seen.

I know of young men who live in attics, in the midst of poverty of surroundings, and deny themselves all but the bare necessaries of life in order that they may appear two or three evenings a week in dress suits in the Waldorf-Astoria, or in some other fashionable hotel or restaurant in New York. Young women who work for small salaries in department stores will go without proper food for months in order that they may be able to purchase cheap imitations of an elaborate garment they have seen on a wealthy woman in some public place.

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It is pitiable to think of the devices that people resort to in order to live a lie and to foist themselves upon the public for what they are not. There seems to be no limit to the depths of silliness, meanness, falsity, and dishonor to which the straining for appearances will not lead. Not long ago a "smart" young man was heard bragging how he had not paid a dollar for room rent in three years. He said that all he had to do was to dress well, take a large, good-looking trunk to his room, stave off the landlady with smooth words as long as he could, and then leave an empty trunk and steal away to another part of the city to work the same game. A young lawyer says that, by adopting similar means, he has been able to dodge his rent for many months. Another boasts how skillfully he can dupe fashionable tailors into giving him credit by the plausible stories he tells them.

It is deplorable to think how many naturally noble young men and young women owe their downfall to the foolish idea that, unless they live in a certain style, they will be looked down upon, and will not be able to get on in the world.

Dressing or living beyond one's means is nothing less than absolute dishonesty. If you are trying to do what you can not afford to do you are living a lie. If you are wearing clothes that you can not afford, they are perpetual witnesses against you. They are labeled all over with falsehood. If your jewelry, your carriages, your furs, and your costly gowns tell me that you are rich, when you live in a poverty-stricken home, and when your mother is obliged to make all sorts of sacrifices to enable you to make this false display, you lie just as surely as you would if you should try to deceive me by your words.

The consciousness of being well dressed and yet owing for it, of riding in carriages which one can not afford, of wearing jewelry and tailormade suits which are beyond one's means, or of patronizing expensive hotels and restaurants which one can not by any stretch of imagination or sophistry afford, is destructive to self-respect, to truth and honesty, and to manhood and womanhood. You can not afford to wear lies on your body or eat lies at expensive cafés any more than you can afford to tell lies with your tongue.

There is only one possible result upon character of falsehoods, whether acted or told, and that is perpetual deterioration and demoralization. No one can act a lie or live a lie without being dishonest. When a man sacrifices his honesty, he loses the mainspring of his character, and he can not be perfectly honest when he is lying by frequenting costly restaurants or hotels, by wearing expensive clothing, or by extravagant living in any of its varied expressions, when he can not afford it.

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There are a thousand ways of lying, but all lead to the same end. It does not matter whether you wear lies, tell lies, act lies, or live lies, your character is ruined all the same.

There is no more demoralizing influence in modern life than the unnatural straining to seem other than we are. Nothing else so quickly lowers self-respect, takes the fine edge off honor and blunts the conscience as the sense of being a sham, a gilded fraud, or an unreality. It cheapens standards, lowers ideals, saps ambition, and takes the spring and joy out of living. No man can make the most and the best of himself until he is absolutely honest with his own soul, and unfalteringly true to his highest ideals, and this is impossible while he is living a lie.

One must have a strong, level head, indeed, to live in a great city without being dazzled or led away by the glitter and show, the false display, and the flaunting of wealth on every hand. It takes a well-poised mind and a steady, well-balanced character to cling to one's aim, to keep dead in earnest through it all, to keep plodding, and to remain true to one's ideals. It takes courage to live a simple, natural life in the midst of superficiality, or to be true to oneself in the midst of unreality, but in the final balancing of accounts it is the only thing that pays.

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"'I can allow no personalities here,' said Mr. Blodgett, tapping the table vehemently"

The Brotherly Love, Limited

The Story of a Little Deal in Denver

ROBERT MACKAY

[Illustrations by George B. Fox]

THEY sat in the lobby of a Denver hotel. Abraham Chorttle, bullet-headed, fiery of face, and jerky of gesture, nibbled at the margin of an envelope in a discontented fashion. The other man, Edward, sometimes called "Colonel" Wharley, smoked with deliberate relish, blowing filmy spirals of equal length, and occasionally examining the ashes of his perfecto with the eye of a connoisseur and the air of a man whose mind is freighted with no care heavier than the little gray cone itself. The colonel was tall and straight, with a mild blue eye, a droopy mustache, and a voice as gentle as the coo of a dove.

Mr. Chorttle looked as does a man who, having had trouble in the past, is undergoing trouble in the present, and expects trouble in the future. Mr. Wharley seemed like unto one whose ways are ways of righteousness and whose paths are peace. Mr. Chorttle's features were for once a truthful index to their owner's state of mind. Mr. Wharley's lineaments were as innocently inscrutable as if he were in the presence of a crowd of innocents, instead of in that of one of the few people who knew his face in mufti, so to speak. The men were meeting their worries.

The colonel and his companion were members of that clever, well-dressed class that can flourish only where communities are rich and laws are laxly administered. Like most of their tribe, they called themselves promoters or capitalists, organizers, agents, or brokers, as the case demanded and the occasion required. Terms other than these were usually given them by persons with whom they had business dealings. Certain citizens of a Texas town had made preparations for an old-fashioned tar-and-feather bee for their delectation. "There is evidence of too crude civilization in this section," said the colonel to Mr. Chorttle, when he heard of the coming festivities. So the pair boarded the next freight train going north, taking with them much of the currency of the country and leaving several unpaid board and other bills.

As a rule, however, the firm—as the two were known to gentlemen of like kidney,—kept just inside the limits of the law, and, consequently, just outside of prison walls. But where the statutes fail in the protection of the public a curious and persistent press not infrequently succeeds. Hence arose the trouble cloud that hung over the rubicund Chorttle, for it was through the efforts of a certain well-known Middle West newspaper that the Equatorial African Fruit and Produce Company, with its prospective concessions, plantations, fleet, and gigantic profits had been rendered fruitless and nonproductive so far as the "firm" was concerned,—that, too, in less than a week, and just as the gudgeons were beginning to bite at the bait of gorgeous prospectuses and alluring advertisements.

Simultaneously, another of their promising schemes—the Metallic Alloy and Electric By-products Company,—was investigated by a scientific journal, and its consequent demise was quick, but by no means painless, when the colonel and his "pal" were considered, for the alleged enterprise succumbed while in the stages of an expensive infancy, and before it could work (the public) on behalf of its parents. Lastly, and incited thereto by the complaints of many enraged but impotent victims, the post office authorities had refused the use of the mails to the San Georgio Coöperative Sheep and Goat Ranching Association,—a concern whose office was in Denver, whose ranches were nowhere, and whose persuasive circulars were to be found everywhere.

"Well?" growled Chorttle, taking a vicious nip at the envelope.

"Well?" replied the colonel, blandly watching, with dreamy content, a smoke ring.

"Ed.," replied the other, "come back to earth and say or do something. You act as cursedly comfortable as if you were on Easy Street."

Wharley smiled indulgently. "Two—ah,—gentlemen—of our talents, who have three or four hundred dollars between them, and are good for as much more at half a dozen gambling joints in the borough, *are* on Easy Street, I think, Abe," he said. "Besides, you're playing off my ball, ain't you? I'll *do* something all right when the time comes and I feel like it. You look out for your end and leave mine to me, unless you can do the thinking better than I can. Suppose you try, anyhow, and give me a rest."

Chorttle threw up his hands deprecatingly. "I did n't mean it that way," he said, "but—oh, well,—it is n't in me to take these jolts as you do. Wish I could. Sorry I can't."

"All right," replied the colonel, apparently mollified. "And now that you're talking sense once more, I'll talk sense to you. We're going in for something that'll make our other little efforts look like—like their stocks on dividend day."

Chorttle grinned. The simile appealed to his warped sense of humor.

"We are going to float the Brotherly Love Gold Reef Mining Company in New York," continued the colonel, deliberately.

Abe looked at him with a mingling of disgust and amazement. Wharley smoked on with the placid expression of a good man who has voiced a righteous resolution.

"Well," said Chorttle, after a time, "if anybody but you had told me that Eddie Wharley thought of springing such a moss-thatched job as that,—and from New York, too,—I'd,—I'd—!"

"Let him in on the ground floor?" prompted the colonel, with a chuckle.

"Worse than that," grumbled the other. "I suppose it will be the usual thing,—write-ups in the mining journals, estimates, assays, pretty prospectuses, lots of baby books, yards of granger and hayseed name lists,—and a dead frost because the graft has been worked until there is hardly a man between Maine and Mexico that has n't had the hook in his jaws. Even fools get wise, you know."

"Then they do more than you do, my dear Abe," retorted the colonel. "These remarks of yours go to show that you've learned nothing—about me,—in spite of the jobs we've been in together. They also show that, while you're all right to do hand work, you're shy when it comes to the use of brains. For instance, you don't seem capable of imagining any way but the old way of calling the attention of the public to the advantages of native gold mines as rapidly remunerative investments. Your failure to do so emphasizes the difference between your gifts and mine—"

"Cut it short, Ed.," suggested Mr. Chorttle.

"Now, there's no man in the world I'd sooner trust than you with the stamp drawer when we're sending out our fairy tales, and I'd leave you alone with the petty cash in the dark. In short, Abe, as an ideal office boy, you're not to be beaten. But Nature never intended you to sit in a little office with 'Private' painted on the door."

"Perhaps she did n't," admitted Mr. Chorttle, sullenly, "yet even an office boy—"

"Sometimes talks of matters he does n't know anything about," broke in the colonel.

"All right, all right," said Chorttle, impatiently, "but what are you getting at?"

"The fly New Yorkers, or I hope to. Now listen. It's quite true that gold mines don't seem promising propositions from our, or, rather, from your, point of view. But even an old horse may be made to look and act like a two-year-old for a short time if he's properly fed and painted. Same idea about your mustache. It's been gray under its black dye for twenty years, to my knowledge."

The colonel stopped to laugh and flick a speck of dust from his trousers.

"Now," he resumed, "say we reach Gotham all cocked and primed for business. But do we try to spring our mine on those agricultural friends of ours who, as you very properly say, have been hooked so often that their gums are sore? Not much we don't. We go for the citizens of the metropolis themselves."

Chorttle here shook his head slowly as if not daring to trust himself to speech.

The colonel went on. "Why do we go for them? First, because the average New Yorker thinks that he's the most knowing thing that walks. 'What I'm not up to or on speaking

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terms with,' says he to himself, 'is n't in the dictionary or can't talk.' Now people of that kind are easier than Si Sprouts of Cabbage Corners. They are so cocksure of their know-it-all-ness that they never stop to investigate if you once get them interested. Si, in his chuckle-headed way, tries to find out if the game is on the level. The New Yorker argues that, because he likes the game, it must be on the level, because he's too clever to mix in with anything that's crooked. Then, again, the New York man believes that his reputation for shrewdness is so well established that nobody would dream of offering him green goods of any brand. In other words, his conceit works out in just the same way as does the thickness of Si down at the Corners. Of course a proposition has to be specially framed for the metropolitan market, but that does n't alter the facts as stated."

Abe replied not.

"That," continued Wharley, "applies to Gothamites as a whole. But when you go out fishing you usually try for one particular kind of fish. I propose that our tackle—line, sinker, hook, and bait,—shall be fixed up for the benefit of one of the fattest and finest things that swims in the stormy sea of speculation."

"Getting poetical, are n't you?" said Abe.

"No, that's from our latest book on the Patagonia Prospection Company."

"Well, what's this fine fish of yours?"

"The truly good man who is n't above carrying a side line for Mammon and Company," replied the colonel. "I've always noticed that the people who put in the first day of the week—to say nothing of Tuesday and Thursday evenings,—in laying up for themselves treasures in heaven spend all their other time in trying to add to their bank accounts on earth. Kind of playing their horse both ways and hedging the bet besides, you know. And the money can't come too fast for them, at that. They'd faint if you'd ask them to take a turn at the wheel or a dollar-limit game. But how they do love a little session in a bucket shop, when the market is sizzling, or how they do enjoy a flyer on the street on the strength of the 'inside' whispered by Brother Shearem at the last deacons' meeting."

"Umph!" said Abe, doubtfully.

"So," said the colonel, rising, "I propose that the Brotherly Love Mine—that's a great name for it,—directorate shall consist of truly good people, who shall run it for the benefit of truly good people, with the assistance of many truly good people. Now, Abe, step over to Wilkinson's and see if he's got a hole in the ground anywhere forty or fifty miles off the line of the Santa Fé road. Do n't give more than fifty dollars for it. Hunt up Krags, Bilkins, and some more of the crowd, if you make out all right with Wilkinson, and tell them to get ready for reports. You'd also better notify Doc Levine and Bates. We shall want a few sworn assays, you know. I'll see how many of the boys I can touch for a loan, this afternoon, and, if things shape out all right, we'll start for New York in about a week. By the way, if you've got time, drop into the 'Bugle' and 'Universe' offices, and tell 'em that before long you'll give 'em, on the quiet, a good story of a strike. Do n't do that, though, till you've seen Wilkinson. Now go, for I've got a busy time ahead of me."

* * * * * *

Some two weeks later, Henry Barnard and Alfred C. Pierson, on the strength of letters of recommendation furnished by a western bank, C. F. Levine, M. D., Roger S. Wilkinson, a mining engineer, T. G. Bates, an assayer, and others, all of Denver, secured a lease of offices in New York City in a Broadway building that was not given to accepting as tenants people whose commercial morality or financial standing was not of the soundest. The offices were quietly but massively furnished, the two typewriters engaged were austere of feature and uncertain of age, and the high-backed ebonized chairs in the reception room prepared the visitor for the almost "churchy" atmosphere of the rooms beyond. "Visitors will please not smoke," hung like a text on the wall to the left of the entrance. A small table was strewn with printed matter, including some religious weeklies and a number of well-selected books. The main doors had inscribed on them, in imposing angular letters of black and gold:—

THE BROTHERLY LOVE GOLD REEF MINING COMPANY,
FAIR WATER CREEK, COLORADO
Capital, $5,000,000
HENRY BARNARD, President — ALFRED C. PIERSON, Treasurer
C. J. JONES, Secretary

In the president's office sat Messrs. Barnard and Pierson,—the colonel and Abe, respectively.

* * * * * * *

About this time there began to drift from the westward rumors of a big strike that had been made by the lucky purchasers of a certain abandoned "prospect" near Fair Water Creek. Simultaneously the financial-district reporters of the New York dailies had it borne upon them that the president of the Brotherly Love might possibly be able to throw some light on the reports. They called, and found him to be a courteous gentleman who gave his friends excellent cigars, but who deplored the publicity that was to be turned on the mine. Was it not possible to suppress the story? Sorrowfully the reporters said that it could n't be suppressed. Reluctantly, then, did the president recite how [Here maps were produced.] he and certain colleagues had long had theories about the dips, faults, and other things relative to a well-known gold-bearing quartz vein that seemed to vanish in a highly uncalled-for fashion. These theories were to the effect that if shafts on the abandoned "prospects" were sunk deep enough, the vein would be relocated. An experimental shaft had proved the truth of the belief. As a final favor, would the reporters say as little about the matter as possible? He begged to assure them that newspaper publicity was the last thing that he desired in connection with the mine, in view of the efforts of the company to acquire other and adjoining properties. Thanks! Would they accept some tiny specimens of the Brotherly Love ore as souvenirs? They would. "Another cigar, gentlemen. Good-by, but cut it all out if you can."

The colonel, being left alone, smiled at his reflection in the mantel mirror and raised himself stretchingly on his toe tips, as a man does who feels that he has done a commendable piece of work.

* * * * * * *

Like the good general that he was, the president of the Brotherly Love knew the weight and influence that minor matters exercise in a campaign. Hence, when he and his companion reached New York, instead of taking up their quarters at a hotel, they became inmates of a high-priced and exclusive boarding house on the Park Slope in Brooklyn. The colonel managed to secure half a pew in a neighboring church by paying a seceding parishioner a handsome premium for the balance of his unexpired lease. Abe, who was not in the habit of going to church, protested somewhat against being compelled to occupy the pew twice on Sunday. But the colonel was obdurate, as he also was in the matter of a prompt and early appearance at breakfast, and an equally punctual attendance at dinner.

"Do n't forget the game we have in hand," said he. "I'm not going to have you queer it by any bad breaks. We are two quiet, respectable business men from the West, to whom the temptations of the metropolis do not appeal, and who are only too glad to return to the peace and security of this, our home, after the stress and labor of the day."

The treasurer laughed hoarsely. "All right, Ed.," he replied, "but remember that I draw the line at sitting and listening in the parlor after dinner to the cackle of the chickens in this coop."

"That's a most disrespectful way of alluding to the dear brothers and sisters with whom we are privileged to associate here," was the reply; "but, as a typical rough diamond of the eastern slopes of the Rockies, whose heart is as sound and big as his bank account, you are privileged somewhat."

"Am I all that?" asked Mr. Chorttle.

"You assuredly are. Take care that you do n't do anything to spoil this pretty picture that I've drawn of you. And, Abe, you've got to stop chewing tobacco in bed."

* * * * * * *

On the morning following the reporters' call on the colonel, that worthy and his colleague were purposely later at breakfast than usual. On entering the room a flicker of a smile passed over Wharley's face as he saw that more boarders than usual were still dallying with their coffee, and also that old Mr. Blodgett, a wealthy retired grocer, who sat on his left, and young Mr. Dickie, who sat on his right, who had a wealthy papa somewhere in the South, and who was "reading" with a minister of the New Mind Church, a new cult in the neighborhood, were still in their places.

Abe's curt nod was of an inclusive nature. But the colonel was careful to distribute individual salutes. Then the pair began on the cereals.

Mr. Blodgett, after some preliminary fidgeting, at length blurted out:—

"See you've got your name in the newspapers, Mr. Barnard."

"My name?" queried the colonel, blandly; "you're joking, surely."

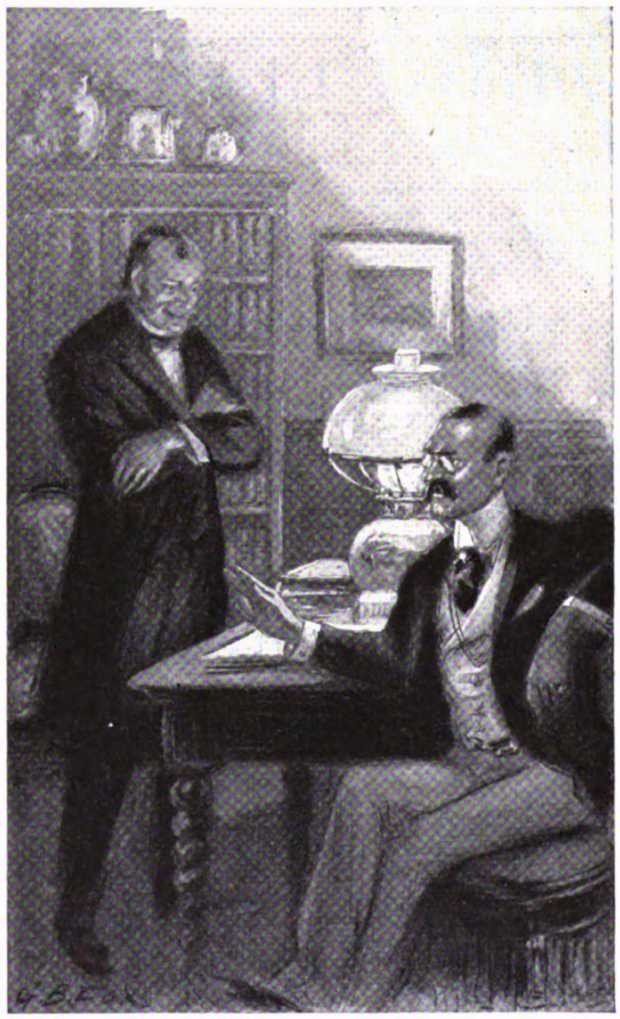
Mr. Blodgett passed him the "Luminary." There was a half column devoted to the luck of the Brotherly Love owners.

"It's in the 'Sphere,' too," chimed in Dickie. "Confound those reporters,—I beg your pardon, ladies," rumbled Abe.

"After their distinct assurance that not a word of my confidential statement to them should be published!" added the colonel, dejectedly.

"Then it is true," piped Miss Shravel, a spinster, who was splashed with diamonds, young as was the day.

"You are to be cordially congratulated," came the rich mayonnaise-dressed voice of Rev. Charles Waykeham from the end of the table. He had resigned his pulpit in order to attend to an estate and the editorial department of a religious publication of which he was half owner.



"'I'm afraid it can't be done,' replied the colonel"

"On the contrary, my dear sir," replied the president, "I'm afraid that this premature publicity will cost us a great many thousands of dollars. We had nearly succeeded in getting options on adjacent—but, ladies, I must apologize for talking business thus early. Will you excuse me?"

He rose, his breakfast still untasted. "See you at the office later, Mr. Pierson, or will you come now?"

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Mr. Pierson cast a regretful glance at his bacon and eggs and rose also. When the two were well away from the house, Abe remarked that they might just as well have finished breakfast. He did not see any absolute necessity for starving, just to complete a little deal.

"Are you very hungry?" asked the colonel.

"I could eat a steer raw and chase the driver."

"Well, I've left that crowd hungrier—for information about the Brotherly Love. That's why I hauled you away when I did,—did n't want them to lose their appetites too soon."

* * * * * *

A week passed, and, with the assistance of some of those adroit methods that are part and parcel of the stock in trade of persons of the Wharley ilk, the interest in the affairs of the Brotherly Love Mine increased visibly rather than diminished among the dwellers in the boarding house. Mr. Blodgett, too, introduced the colonel and his pal to the pastor of the church of the expensive pews and to its deacons and officers. Neither Barnard nor Pierson ever put less than a five-dollar bill in the collection plate, and the former made the pastor's wife a present of a large pin fashioned from "the first gold ever taken from the Brotherly Love Mine." Social attention began to be paid to the "firm," too. Likewise the colonel, by a little flattery and yet another scarf pin made from "the first gold," etc., had secured, through young Mr. Dickie, a meeting with the New Mind rector, and, by careful "nursing" of the latter, had still further extended his acquaintance among the godly-wealthy. A judicious absence from his pew, one Sunday, and a corresponding appearance at the New Mind church, led the young rector of the latter to drop in on him in an informal fashion, one evening, for the purpose of hoping that he might add him to his permanent flock. The colonel had placed a ten-dollar note in the offering basket. The same evening, the pastor to whom the colonel paid pew-tribute called, trusting that sickness was not responsible for his non-appearance at church. The colonel made confession. The pastor looked a trifle hurt.

"It would be a matter of keen regret to me and my associates if I thought we were going to lose you," he said. "You have not been among us very long, Mr. Barnard, but—ah,—I beg to assure you that you and your excellent friend, Mr.—ah,—Pierson, have both won our confidence and regard."

"That's very kind of you," replied the president, "but you need not fear my seceding. I like a good sermon better than I do a good dinner. Consequently, I remain with you."

The pastor nodded modestly, and then added: "Some time, when you've nothing better to do, spend a quiet evening with me in my study. I want to get an intelligent idea of how mining is conducted to-day in the West. I am terribly hazy on the subject. I intend to preach, not long hence, on 'Hidden Riches,' and you can readily assist me by giving me illustrative points on some parts of the subject. Good night."

* * * * * * *

"It's panning out, Abe," laughed the colonel, that night, as the pair sat in the privacy of the latter's room; "it's panning out a thousand to the ton, and I'd hate to say how much there is in sight."

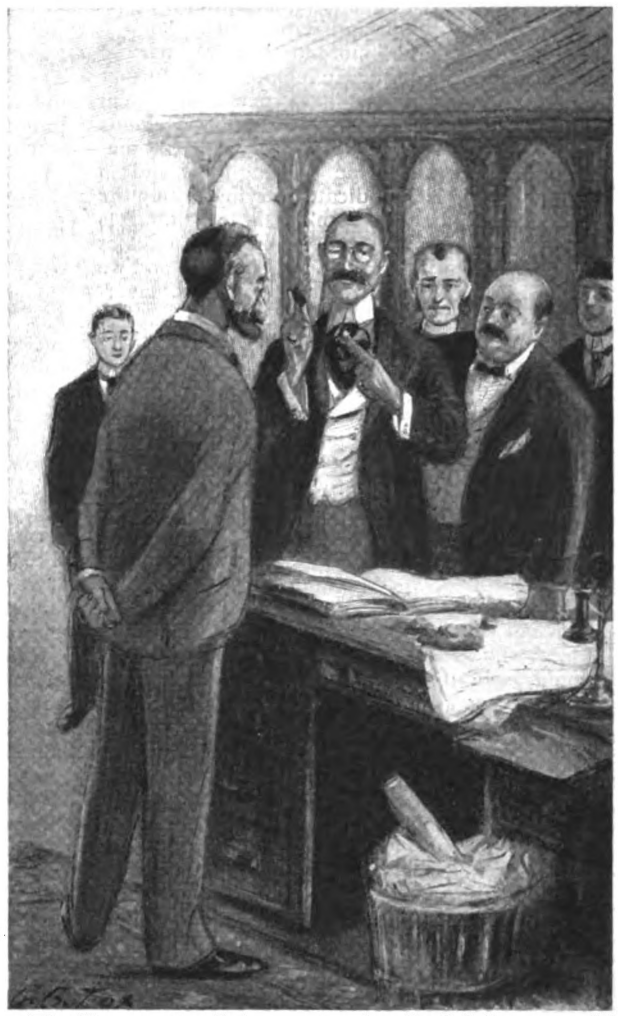
"It needs to show color pretty soon," muttered Mr. Chorttle; "we're down to our last hundred and fifty, and the office rent comes due next week."

* * * * * * *

The colonel spent the quiet evening with the pastor, in due course of time. In due course, too, mines in general, and the Brotherly Love Mine in particular, were discussed. The colonel knew that the fish was nibbling, and, being a master of angling, he soon brought about a bold bite at the yellow bait.

"Out of my—ah,—stipend," said the pastor, "I have managed to save a small, a very small—ah,—nest egg. I have often desired to invest it to advantage. But it has seemed to me that the risks that attend the average commercial enterprise are many, also that the profits are by no means commensurate with such risks. What is your opinion?"

"You can't eliminate the element of risk from any investment, no matter what it is," replied the colonel, determined that the pastor should make the first direct overture.



"'That'll pan out a little over two hundred dollars a ton'"

"True. But I suppose that the wise investor is he who gets the maximum of profits with the minimum of risks?"

"Quite so," answered the colonel, gravely.

"Um," mused the pastor. "Now what—if you will permit the question,—is the average profit or dividend per cent., *per annum*, on an enterprise such as the Brotherly Love?"

The colonel smiled as one smiles when a child asks an innocently impertinent question.

"My dear sir," he answered, "you will of course realize that a reply to that question means the revealing of the private affairs of myself and associates. Yet,—"

"I really beg your pardon," said the pastor.

"Yet," went on the other, "as you are not likely to be a business rival of ours, or a holder of any of our stock, and as I have implicit confidence in your discretion, I don't mind telling you that the Brotherly Love, at the present showing, actually guarantees us a minimum return of from two hundred to two hundred and thirty per cent. on the money we have invested."

The pastor's cheeks paled and his pupils narrowed to pin points.

"Can it be possible!" he exclaimed, at length. "But I don't quite understand how—"

"Well," interrupted the colonel, with blunt heartiness, "now that I've said so much, I may as well say a little more, and tell you just how we stand in this matter. One of the richest gold-bearing veins in Colorado takes a dip about fifteen miles north of our property. It apparently comes to the surface again about the same distance to the southwest. Prospectors have for years been trying to locate the lost interval of the vein. I'm a bit of a mining geologist, myself, and, on tackling the problem, came to the conclusion that the quartz might be struck on a claim that had been partially worked and abandoned. This claim,

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and three others adjoining, Mr. Pierson and myself bought for a song. We then spent some thousands of dollars in deepening the original borings, and, on going down another hundred feet or so, struck the vein, sure enough. Ten specimens of the quartz assayed from one hundred and fifty dollars to nearly three hundred dollars a ton. We managed to secure other claims before the news leaked out, but those unlucky newspaper articles, which, perhaps, you've seen, have, I'm afraid, killed our chances on other options."

"Yes?" said the pastor, impatiently.

"There is n't much more to tell. My partner and myself have formed a company to further develop the mine. We have personally spent about seventy thousand dollars on it as it stands to-day, and we want more money for more machinery, an increase in the working force, and so forth. An English syndicate is trying to buy the mine outright, but we do n't want to sell. It's too good a thing. Two rival American syndicates are negotiating with us for a half interest, and we are considering their propositions somewhat favorably. That's about all, I think."

The pastor drew a deep breath. "I should—ah,—like to put my nest egg in the keeping of Brotherly Love," he said, insinuatingly.

"I'm afraid it can't be done," replied the colonel. "Pierson's a good fellow, but he's a crank, and—well, I'll talk it over with him. Even if he should consent, which is questionable, I should very much prefer for you to take outside advice in the matter." He paused. "Suppose you talk it over with Mr. Blodgett and some other men of business experience whom you can trust. But do n't give them the impression that I'm trying to sell you shares in a gold mine, for I'm not. Indeed, and as I said before, it's questionable if I could, even if I would." With this he bade the pastor good night.

Two days later, at breakfast, Wharley received a message from the pastor, by Mr. Blodgett, asking for an early interview.

"Look here, Mr. Blodgett," he replied, "I've engagements for both this and to-morrow evening. Suppose you and the pastor and two or three other friends, if you wish to bring them, meet me at my office at noon, and lunch with me. I'd like for you to come, for I've some objects of interest there that I want you to see."

It was so arranged, and at noon that day the pastor, Mr. Blodgett, and three friends were duly on hand. Lunch was served in the president's room, and a capital lunch it was. After lunch, the colonel—Abe having gone to his own room,—talked entertainingly of life in the West. This naturally brought the conversation round to the Brotherly Love. That resulted in the production of photographs, newspaper clippings, and specimens of gold-bearing reef, all having to do with the mine.

"And," asked one of the party, a Mr. Smibby, who had an inquisitive nose and a watery eye, "how much gold a ton would this specimen assay?"

The colonel touched a "buzzer." An eminently respectable office boy responded.

"Bring me the last assay and letter books," said the president. They were brought. The colonel referred to the number on the ticket pasted on the specimen and turned to the corresponding number in the assay book. The visitors saw his finger run over the columns of technical description until it paused on that character so familiar to every American,—the dollar sign.

"That'll pan out a little over two hundred dollars a ton," said the president, "but it's proper for me to add that all of the vein does n't run so rich as that particular bit."

Then he read them some of the later letters from the experts engaged in superintending the development of the mine, gave them an interesting little lecture on the art of prospecting, another on ledges, reefs, drifts, pockets, and so forth, and let the conversation flag.

There was a rap at the door.

"Mr. Pierson would like to see you for a moment, sir," said the office boy. The colonel excused himself. He returned in ten minutes or so. A glance at his visitors' faces showed that a whole shoal of fish was ready to enter the net.

"Mr. Barnard," said the pastor, "we want to thank you for a most pleasant and illuminating—ah,—season. And have you had an opportunity of conveying the sense of our last conversation to Mr. Pierson?"

The colonel glanced inquiringly at Mr. Smibby and the others.

"I have taken the liberty of taking these gentlemen into my—I should say our,—confidence, as you suggested," said the pastor, who had caught the meaning of the look.

"That's all right, then," remarked the president. "Well, my dear sir, I have had a couple of talks with Mr. Pierson, and, while he has n't absolutely refused to accede to your request, I can't get him to positively promise to let you in with us."

The pastor's face fell.

"However," went on the colonel, "suppose we all beard the bear in his den. It's barely possible that a delegation like this may succeed where I alone have failed,"—and he laughed heartily. The others laughed also. Mr. Blodgett whispered to Mr. Wopman that Barnard was a fine and typical product of the breezy West.

The treasurer received the visitors in a somewhat curt fashion, but requested them to be seated. Mr. Barnard again recited the wishes of the pastor.

"Look here, gentlemen," said Mr. Pierson, when his partner had concluded, "I have n't got the gift of putting things prettily, as the president has. I'm only a miner, you know, who's been lucky enough to make a few strikes. So, if I say things that seem rough, you mus'n't mind me. Well, then, I want to say, first, that I never believe in mixing up friendship and business. We've got a good thing in this mine, as I suppose you know,—Mr. Barnard and myself own nine hundred and ninety of its one thousand shares. 'S'pose he's told you that. We're not looking for money in the sense that we really need it, but, like most men who've got a big thing, we're trying to make it bigger. To do that means getting more money—heaps of it,—for developing purposes. That's why we're in New York. What we need has been offered to us, but not at our terms. Now, as a business man, I do n't see the sense of selling little dabs of stock to oblige friends. Splitting up stock into kindling wood is not the way to induce the other man to buy it by the cord. Then, too, it's the chap who owns one peanut—no offense meant, pastor,—who is the first to yell that his nut has been burnt, if anything goes wrong. The man with the bagful can afford to keep quiet."

"But,"—began Barnard.

"Now, that's 'number one' side of the question," went on the treasurer, unheeding his partner; "but it's only a fool that can't see 'number two' side of the question. I'm not quite a fool. So I can see that a man gets no harm, and may get some good, by mixing up in business and private life with gentlemen. As I take it, there are no finer gentlemen than those who preach to us."

The pastor bowed.

"It was this idea," went on the treasurer, "that kept me from shutting right down on the proposition at first,—not that I approve of it now, in the way Mr. Barnard put it to me. I would vote against selling a picayune five thousand or ten thousand dollars' worth of this stock to any man, no matter how much I might think of him. But I do say this,—that, if a few of you get together and make up a little pool of a reasonable amount, I won't stand in the way of your getting your rake-off of the Brotherly Love earnings."

"By 'reasonable amount' you mean—" began Mr. Blodgett.

"Oh," answered the treasurer, with a slight yawn, "fifty or a hundred thousand dollars. But you'll have to hurry, gentlemen, if you want to come in at all. It will be too late if we carry out our expected arrangements. Isn't that so, Barnard?"

The president nodded. Mr. Pierson rose, to indicate that the interview was ended. "By the way," he added, as an apparent afterthought, "you do n't know much about us except what we've told you and what you've read in the newspapers. You'd better look us up before you go further. Barnard, will you give the pastor the names of some of the people we've had to do with? Do n't forget the Mining Inquiry and Credit Bureau,—the same kind of thing in the West as Bradstreets is in the East, gentlemen."

The visitors filed out, the eminently respectable office boy standing at attention at the entrance doors. The colonel accompanied the party to the elevator.

"Pierson is like our pay rock," he said, with a smile; "he's hard and rough, but he's full of gold, just the same. I'll see that you get the references he alluded to to-morrow. I would suggest that you allow your investigations to be conducted by some reputable lawyer in whom you can place implicit confidence,—such a man as Mr.

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Pilhill, for example, whose *status* is unimpeachable."

Mr. Pilhill was an ancient and amiable old party, one of the boarding house brigade. The care of two fat estates constituted his sole and, incidentally, his fairly lucrative practice. The colonel had gotten into his good graces by presenting him with a box of minerals from the Rockies,—mineralogy being his hobby. This the colonel did because he foresaw that Mr. Pilhill might be of possible use to the Brotherly Love.

"By Jove, a capital idea!" said Mr. Blodgett.

"One worthy of Mr. Barnard himself," smiled the pastor.

"That's business, and good business, too," assented Mr. Smibby.

And it was so agreed.

"Abe," said the colonel, when he returned to the office, "you spoke your piece like a little soldier. Those letter books and assay reports and fixings generally do you credit. As I said, once before, you can't be beat on matters of detail. Now I'll dictate the letters to our 'references,'—ha! ha!—so that they can figure on the copying book. You'd better send a dispatch to Mr. Doe, telling him to raise and wire us two or three hundred bones. He can easily put it through, now things are coming our way."

* * * * * * *

Mr. Pilhill received replies from all the mining companies, mining engineers, machinery manufacturers, prominent citizens, professional men, a Colorado bank and the Mining Inquiry and Credit Bureau that Messrs. Barnard and Pierson had given as references. These replies were made on imposing-looking letterheads, in the cases of the business concerns, and on stationery of a severely elegant type in the instances of the private individuals. Furthermore, the writers of such communications vouched, without reservation, for the personal integrity and the financial soundness of Henry Barnard and Alfred C. Pierson. Mr. Pilhill and the clients he represented never dreamed that these firms, prominent citizens, etc., were just a couple of the confederates of the Brotherly Love owners, and that they had been carefully "planted"—stationery and all,—by the colonel, before he left for his New York campaign. Even the Mining Inquiry and Credit Bureau was the outcome of his misdirected ingenuity.

Within a fortnight the pastor's syndicate of eight persons had acquired, at seventy-five per cent. of par value, about forty thousand dollars' worth of the stock of the Brotherly Love Mine. The syndicate paid cash. Likewise Mr. Pierson took occasion to again remind the syndicate that he disliked picayune operations, but he took the sting out of the remark by hinting that he'd like to see the pastor on the board of directors.

As a distributer of news a church is nearly as effective as a boarding house. The story of the deal soon spread. Mr. Dickie told the New Mind rector. The rector dropped in at the Brotherly Love offices, one day, and jocularly reproached the colonel for not letting him in on the ground floor. The colonel smiled, but did not pursue the subject. Many members of the church which the Brotherly Love firm attended also got the habit of calling at the offices. Nearly all of them said that the pastor and his associates were lucky men. The colonel replied, "Perhaps so," and changed the conversation. Occasionally he read to Mr. Blodgett or Mr. Pilhill extracts from alleged reports of the mine superintendents. He also cultivated the reporters, and the reporters reciprocated in the columns of the dailies. Inquiries came from such outsiders as were nosing around the stock. To these he turned deaf ears, but he took care that some of the letters and the replies were seen by the pastor and the others.

One day he caused formal notes of invitation to be sent to the syndicate, to a selected list of those people whom he knew had money and a platonic interest in the Brotherly Love, and to the New Mind rector and a few of the latter's friends. Every man and woman responded. The colonel's remarks to the gathering were preceded by a cold collation. Likewise they were brief and to the point. The capitalists with whom he and his colleague had been negotiating to the end of raising the funds needed for the full development of the mine had exhibited such grasping tendencies that it had been determined to have nothing further to do with them. He had, in the interval, succeeded in personally obtaining half of the amount required, and a Western institution had offered to furnish the balance. But he felt that, in view of the satisfactory business and personal relations that the firm had already formed in the East,—here he bowed to the pastor,—it was not only his pleasure, but also his duty to lay the matter before these good friends of his, whom he knew were interested in the welfare of the Brotherly Love, before moving in other directions. To that end, he had called the meeting. About one hundred and fifty thousand dollars would be needed, all told. As he had already said, he had raised seventy-five thousand dollars of that sum. If there was a disposition among his friends before him to consider the matter, he would be glad to show them how and when and where the money would be spent, and the results that would wait on its expenditure.

The gathering expressed itself as anxious for information, and the president read voluminous correspondence from the mine,—the work of Abe,—also a letter from the Mining Guarantee Insurance Association offering to subscribe the money needed. This concern was another of the children of the colonel's fruitful brain. Furthermore, he gave a mass of technical statements which were impressive and puzzling. Then he bade his hearers not to act hurriedly, but with deliberation, and, dropping the rôle of president, became the genial host once more.

Much of the rest is recent newspaper history. How the pair cultivated the "brotherly love" of their dupes to the end of unloading more Brotherly Love shares on them, how thoroughly they succeeded in so doing, how clever were the excuses for levying more and yet more and again more assessments, how plausible and detailed and effective was the copious correspondence between Messrs. Barnard and Pierson and their confederates in Colorado, how fake orders for fake machinery were filled by fake firms who sent fake receipts for thousands and thousands of real dollars, how, "yielding to persistent pressure," a whole flock of outside gulls was permitted to enter the trap, how by slow degrees some of the biggest stockholders were made unwittingly to shoulder the responsibilities and subsequently much of the *onus* of the concern, and how, finally, the president and treasurer departed on a "tour of inspection,"—from which they never returned,—has all been told in the columns of the daily press.

* * * * * * *

It was six weeks after the inception of the "tour," and a meeting of the stockholders of the Brotherly Love was in progress in the Broadway offices. Brother Blodgett was in the chair,—*the* chair, literally, for it was the only one in the office. Two days subsequent to the departure of the colonel and Abe, the van of a certain furniture installment house cleared out the offices, leaving behind one bent wood chair with an atrophied cane seat, one aluminum cuspidor, the text, "Visitors will please not smoke," and a rather rickety little desk whereat was accustomed to sit the eminently respectable office boy, drawing caricatures of the severe and original typewriters.

Brother Blodgett looked sad. So did the rector, Messrs. Smibby, Pilhill, Dickie, Rev. Mr. Waykeham, and the other victims, who crowded the main office and held overflow meetings in the officers' rooms. The chairman tapped his pencil on his chair back.

"Please come to order and be seated," he said. A titter of mournful laughter followed.

"There are no carpets on the floors," replied a gentleman who, having been bitten but a little, could afford to be facetious.

"This is no place for jesting," responded the chairman, glumly, although to all the humor of the gathering was apparent; "we are here to—er,—adjust the affairs of the Brotherly Love Company."

"What on earth has happened to us?" asked a pale little woman in the rear of the gathering.

"We've been buncoed," shouted a stout man with a tuberous nose; "yes, buncoed, like a lot of fools that we are!"

The chairman rapped for silence.

"It is my very painful duty to inform you," said Brother Blodgett, "that we have discovered that the Brotherly Love Mine is, or was, a six-foot hole in an inaccessible western region barren of gold so far as the history of mining goes. Is it the sense of this meeting that we begin criminal proceedings against Barnard and Pierson?"

"Let us throw no more money away on the slippery scoundrels," said Mr. Pilhill, tremblingly.

"They will obtain their reward in due season," moaned the pastor.

"They have obtained it,—to the tune of a

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quarter of a million," muttered the stout man with the tuberous nose.

"The assets," continued the chair, "consist of the furniture you see in these rooms. What is your pleasure in regard thereunto?"

"I'd be glad to purchase the desk at a fair figure," remarked a Mr. Peternek, a real estate man, "to keep as a kind of string-around-my-finger to remind me not to go into any fool speculations in the future."

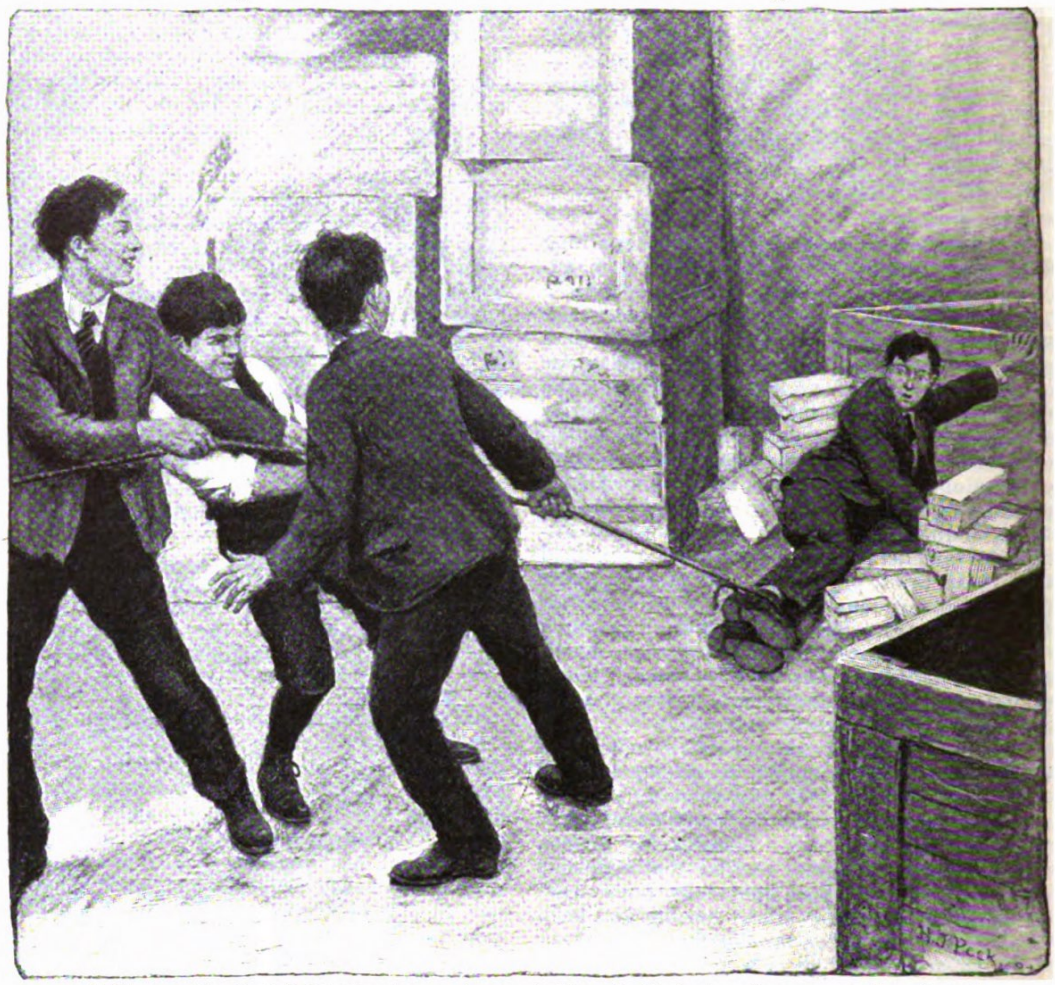
"And I," suggested a lady of vinegary aspect, "would like to buy the sign and send it as a memento to any pastor who tries to lead his flock—"

"I can allow no personalities here," said Mr. Blodgett, tapping the table vehemently.

"I move that the entire outfit be sold to a second-hand furniture dealer, and that the proceeds be divided among the stockholders, share and share alike," said Mr. Smibby.

The motion was unanimously but lifelessly carried, and Mr. Blodgett was appointed a committee of one to transact the sale. After a day's hard work arguing with various dealers, he was paid twenty-nine dollars and seventy cents for all the visible assets of the Brotherly Love Gold Reef Mining Company. There were twenty-three stockholders in all. It took Mr. Blodgett some few hours to figure out the exact *pro rata*, and he sent each stockholder a check for his share. Most of them did not cash in, but framed their checks and hung them conspicuously as little reminders of the old saying that all is not gold that glitters.

Our Boys and Girls' Department



"With a yell of delight the boys dragged the startled Jonathan over the floor"

The Stupidity of Jonathan

J. GEORGE FREDERICK

[Illustrations by H. J. Peck]

[Beginning with this issue, SUCCESS will publish, each month, a special story, fully illustrated, for its younger readers, in "Our Boys and Girls' Department." These stories will be contributed by the best fiction writers in the United States and England, and will represent all phases of story-telling, particularly those of adventure, courage, and heroism. We want our many younger readers to know that we are not going to fail to make this junior story one of the most attractive features in SUCCESS.—THE EDITOR]

THE assistant superintendent of the great department store suggested that they might put him in the shipping room, when he applied for a position, because of the fill of his sturdy frame.

"No," replied his superior, looking sharply at the young man before him, "I believe we'll put him in the shoe stock room, and give him a chance at the business. How old are you, Jonathan?"

"Sixteen," replied the lad, with flushing diffidence.

"I thought you were more. Country?"

"What, sir?" stammered the lad, uncomprehendingly.

"Are you from the country?" asked the manager, smiling.

"Yes, sir; just moved in," replied Jonathan, brightening.

"Well, you may report Monday, in shoes," said the busy official, turning briskly to his desk, "at five per."

Jonathan's eyes slowly opened wider, and a dull expression hung in them. Then he looked in a puzzled way at his shoes. The assistant laughed in a way which drew the attention of the manager.

"Did you understand me?" he asked, quizzically.

Jonathan slowly shook his head, his face very red.

"I said that you can have a job in the shoe department stock room, at five dollars a week, and that you should report Monday there. Do you understand *now*?"

"Yes, sir," replied Jonathan, with great satisfaction. He smiled, and still stood rolling the rim of his soft hat.

"That will be all," said the manager, pleasantly, while his assistant grinned offensively; "you may go, now."

Jonathan walked slowly out of the big institution, a shade of red still clinging to his cheeks. He was vaguely aware that he had given amusement to the smart men in that office, and that city life had already proved itself to be far more complicated than the simple rustic duties that he had been accustomed to.

But when once given a definite duty to perform,

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and when he saw the shoe boxes before him that were to be opened and sorted, and was quite alone in a corner of the great building, his confidence revived and he performed the duty with the same methodical absorption with which he had always performed everything else he undertook. The days sped on, and Jonathan saw little but boxes and shoes and trucks and elevators. He did not often get down to the busy salesrooms. Sometimes there were circulars in the cases, and he carefully perused all of them at home. There was no particular ambition at work in the boy. A steady job and daily wages,—that was all the idea present in his mind. He saw no future,—he only had the frugal instinct of his ancestry to guide his industry. He was not indifferent to new ideas,—on the contrary, he was as eager as his phlegmatic constitution allowed him to be for knowledge,—but he was not capable of assimilating more than one simple idea in a certain time.

The shoe buyer was a little nervous, always in a big hurry, and ever in a state of exasperated excitement toward his employees.

"Confound it! I told you to check that special lot of sizes before you mixed them with the others, and to make out a quantity list of both," said the busy shoe man, with gesticulative irritation, as he glared angrily at Jonathan. "Can't you keep anything in that knot of yours? You're always blundering. Up again with them!"

Now the truth was that Jonathan had tried with all his might to grasp what the buyer had hurriedly and indistinctly said as he flew past him in the morning; but, though he caught the words, the idea did not come with them, and in thinking out their meaning he hopelessly confused himself. A few days later the buyer came to where he was working, and said, swiftly, "Did that case of special sizes contain the right percentages?"

Jonathan had carefully checked the case, and knew all about it; but the sudden question and the impatient frown of the buyer were too much for his wit, and he blinked in self-conscious confusion and silence.

"Well, are you going to answer me?" said the shoe man, with exasperated impatience.

"Did you say—" began Jonathan, with painful uncertainty.

"I asked you whether that special-sized case from Philadelphia had the percentages right," repeated the buyer, loudly. "I wonder what they mean by sending this department a block of wood like you? If you don't get a move on yourself I'll give you your walking papers."

Jonathan went to work with a dull ache in him. He was trying harder and doing more work than two of the other boys, but he was not so skillful in pretending and not so quick in comprehending situations. The other lads in the stock room loafed incessantly and eluded the boss, bungled their work, and cleverly hid traces of it; but Jonathan toiled painfully and slowly, all the time,—and many times received the blame for what he didn't do. His fellow workers soon "caught on" to his "greenness," and made him the butt of both their ridicule and their shortcomings. They were stunted, over-bright, unscrupulous city boys, smart with their tongues, and quick with their wits, but indifferent alike to principles or progress; and successful, not in accomplishment, but in evasion of work. They worked only exactly enough to keep their jobs, and never thought of the morrow.

They gathered one afternoon, when the floor was deserted, to play a more daring practical joke on Jonathan than they had before attempted. They made a noose in the end of a rope, and crept behind him. He was on his knees, before a case, and one of their number ran up and put his feet into the noose and gave the signal to his companions to pull taut. With a yell of delight the boys dragged the startled Jonathan over the floor, banging him against cases, finally rounding up at a pillar, and securely fastening him to it before he could help himself.

"Hello, country, how's corn daown your way, hey?" they mimicked, and kept up a continual fire of taunts. But suddenly the awkward country youth whipped out a knife, cut the rope in the twinkling of an eye, and was upon his tormentors before they could think. He dealt the leader a heavy blow on the nose, and landed another on someone else before they could begin to run, and then he chased them and planted his boot so firmly against two that they did not appear at work the next day. That was the end of torment and practical jokes, but it only marked the beginning of a long and laborious struggle with himself.



"'Are you going to doubt my word?' asked the buyer"

He labored painfully to master his business, not that he might achieve some great success, but that he might earn his wages. His parents, his teachers,—everybody had expressed impatience and contempt as well as ridicule for his dullness and what they called his stupidity; and he was thoroughly imbued with a sense of his utter incompetency. He had a worshipful awe for the quick, bright, and decisive men whom he saw in the employ of the big store, and he rated even the boys on his floor above him in capability. He stuck humbly and doggedly to his task, because that was all that life seemed to offer to his low ability. He had no imagination,—and this was the psychological diagnosis of his dullness,—and he could see no future but steady toil and no further success than a humble competency.

But soon the thousands of shoes that passed under his hands began to have an intelligent interest for him; they became an absorbing world in themselves, and resolved themselves into personal charges. His habit of attentive and orderly neatness took shape in careful and systematic arrangement of the entire shoe stock. It was not long before he knew more about the large store's shoe stock than he knew about any other one thing in the world.

The buyer was continually poking fun at him and making sarcastic references to his stupidity. Jonathan took them meekly, for a long time, and accepted them as well deserved. The buyer was one of those men of small caliber who pour their nervous irritability upon those who, they know, will make the least defense. One day he came up into the stock room in a great rage, hurling maledictions at "that blockhead" even before he hove in sight of Jonathan at work.

"Why didn't you tell me that those H. and S. shoes had n't arrived, you dull, hayseeded blockhead?" he exclaimed, explosively. "Here we've advertised a big sale for Thursday and everything's laid out and fixed, and no shoes are in sight! What's the matter with you, anyway?

New Fall Suits

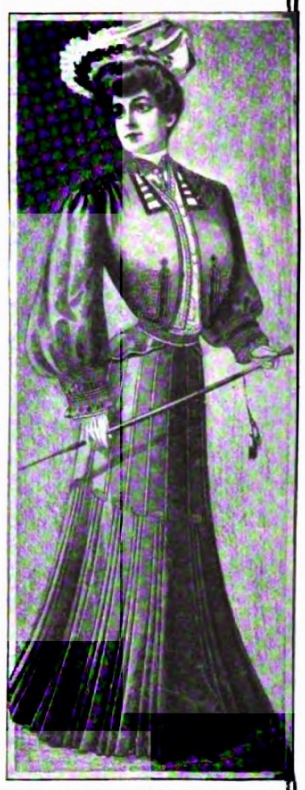
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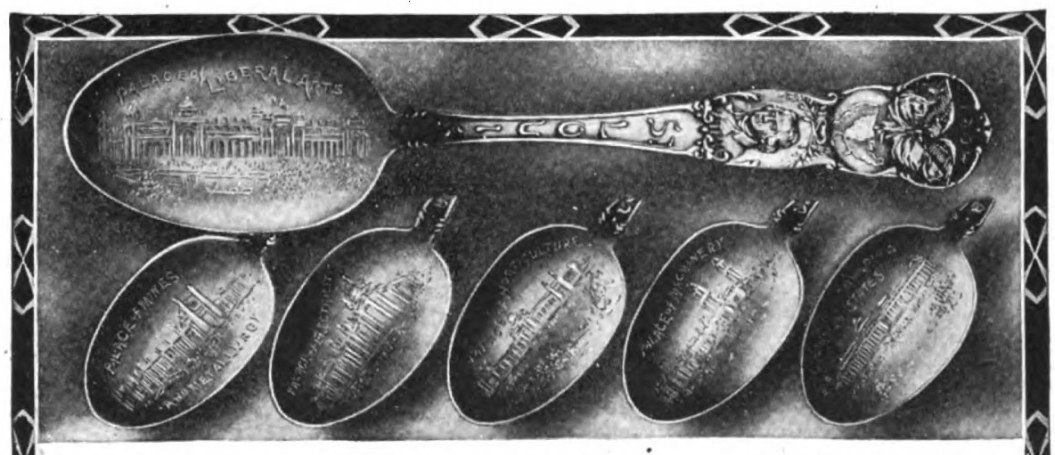
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Isn't there an ounce of brains in your pumpkin-head? Do you want to make me ridiculous before the people? Why can't you attend to your business and report to me when goods don't arrive on time? You're about the dullest woodenhead that this firm has ever swindled me with, and I've a notion to fire you this minute. Here, Sam, run to the office with this telegram and tell 'em to get it off quick! Where were your wits, anyhow? You ought to have stayed in the country and hoed corn. You haven't got brains enough to be a shoe-string peddler!"

Here the buyer paused from exhaustion. He had run his hands through his hair, and pounded upon the table in extreme and nervous exasperation.

"The shoes are here," replied Jonathan, with matter-of-fact calmness, just as soon as he got a chance to speak.

"They *are*?" the buyer exclaimed, glaring impotently at the young man before him; "well, why in the name of sense didn't you tell me at once? You're a hopeless case. See that you get them ready quickly." Then he hurried to the office to intercept his equally explosive telegram to the manufacturers.

Very rapidly Jonathan was beginning to see through the shallow veneer of smartness, and to learn the ineffectual worth of cleverness. He was forming a contempt for the nervous excitability and feverish, irresponsible actions of the men whom he had supposed were immeasurably his superiors. By experience, not by presumptuous egotism, he was finding that his own judgment was very safe, and that his slow, careful methods of work and of thinking were more reliable in average cases than the spasmodic endeavor of not only his fellow employees, but also of his superiors. He never forgot anything after it had secured lodgment in his mind, and the four sides of his business and every detail in it were always clearly in his mind's eye. He could not think in streaks and flashes; his thought was on his business all day long, not with fervor or intensity, but with steady and cumulative industry.

One day the buyer and the junior partner came up into the stock room. The buyer was gesticulating excitedly. "I am doing the best I can," he said, in a somewhat injured tone. "You must remember, if I don't turn my stock as fast as the other fellows do, that I've got more difficult stuff to handle."

"Well," said the junior partner, "all we want is that you should popularize the department more, and get the public to know and like it better."

"Just to show you what some of the difficulties are that we are under," plaintively continued the buyer, "I'll show you our stock accounts."

He called Jonathan, who kept them, and made a long and pathetic explanation.

"I am afraid you keep too many copyrighted makes,—too many shoes with a name. What will you have for the midsummer clearance sale?" asked the partner.

The buyer made a gesture of despair. "You can't get any special lots that amount to anything, any more. There isn't a special lot in the house now,"—and he looked at Jonathan as if he was afraid that he was wrong.

"There are two cases of patent Oxfords; that's all," said Jonathan, quietly.

The junior partner looked at the young man for the first time.

"Are there a great many odd lots and left-overs in the stock?" he asked, directing the question to Jonathan.

"There are not more than a few hundred pairs," the buyer made haste to answer.

"I—I know there are a great many more," said Jonathan, hesitatingly.

"There are?" replied the junior partner, still speaking to Jonathan.

"I know there are *not*!" asserted the buyer, with irritation; "that dullard doesn't know anything!"

"It ought to be very easily ascertained," replied the partner, mildly, as he gave the book to Jonathan.

"Are you going to doubt my word against that of that stupid country woodenhead?" asked the buyer, heatedly.

"Don't get excited, Parnell," said the partner, with a smile; "the book has the information."

Jonathan made rapid and sure jottings on a pad, as he went through the book, and showed the buyer the added total,—fourteen hundred pairs.

"It's a fine lot of shoes for a special sale, sir," ventured Jonathan to the buyer, "to sell at one

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time. The sizes are well evened up, and they're just the styles that have been selling all summer."

The junior partner was still looking at Jonathan. "Yes," he said to Parnell, "have a rousing special sale *now* with them, and get people interested in the department more than they are."

After that the buyer became caustic and vindictive in his treatment of Jonathan. The young man was slowly but surely widening his range of knowledge about the house's shoe business, and he was securing a judgment on leather and on the buying and selling market that mystified the buyer to know its source. He took no account of the hundreds of small and seemingly insignificant opportunities that the young man had eagerly seized upon to learn more of his business. Other employees in the department came and went, and drifted into other parts of the store, but Jonathan was always at his post, always working with a sense of personal responsibility for the success of the plans on foot. Although the unfriendly and irritable buyer placed no opportunities in his way, he was obliged many times to trust a great deal to the "dullard," and, though he never confessed it to himself, the buyer never worried when he knew that Jonathan was "arranging things."

It was in this small way that the country lad, dull, prosaic, and hardly able to comprehend anything that was not simple and material, first developed his dormant imagination and quickened it to usefulness. He had been left alone with no small responsibilities, and forced to his wit's end to conceive a way out of difficulties which, though small in the beginning, grew steadily as his duties widened, and had by rigorous necessity stimulated his imaginative powers to a point of utility. Even now it took many minutes of hard thought to devise a plan to meet a difficulty.

For a number of weeks the buyer complained of illness, and from sheer necessity he was driven to leave much responsibility upon his assistant and upon Jonathan; and one day his wife telephoned that he was seriously prostrated nervously, and that he would not be able to be at the store for a week, at least.

There was no one in the department but Jonathan who did not get much excited over this. In three days the heavy midsummer sale was to begin, in which shoes always figured conspicuously, and the preparations were very hazy. Some one carried the information to the firm and the superintendent some hours later.

"What?" said the latter official, with exasperation and dismay; "not Parnell? I was just going to send for him. A shoe store has opened just across the street, and we've got to meet its competition."

"Boy," said the junior partner, "get Parnell's residence and see how sick he is." A few minutes later the boy reported that the doctor would not let anyone into the room.

"We're up against it," said the superintendent, blankly.

"Send for Stone and—what's the name of that well-built young fellow with red cheeks, down in the stock room?" said the junior partner.

"His first name is Jonathan," grinned the superintendent; "I remember when we hired him,—he was just in from the country."

Stone was the shoe buyer's assistant, a reliable but nerveless sort of man, and he came up with Jonathan, bearing a very dismayed and troubled expression.

"How are preparations for the sale?" inquired the junior partner, shortly, of Parnell's assistant.

"Everything is all mixed up, and I don't know just how we stand," replied the assistant, with plaintive uncertainty.

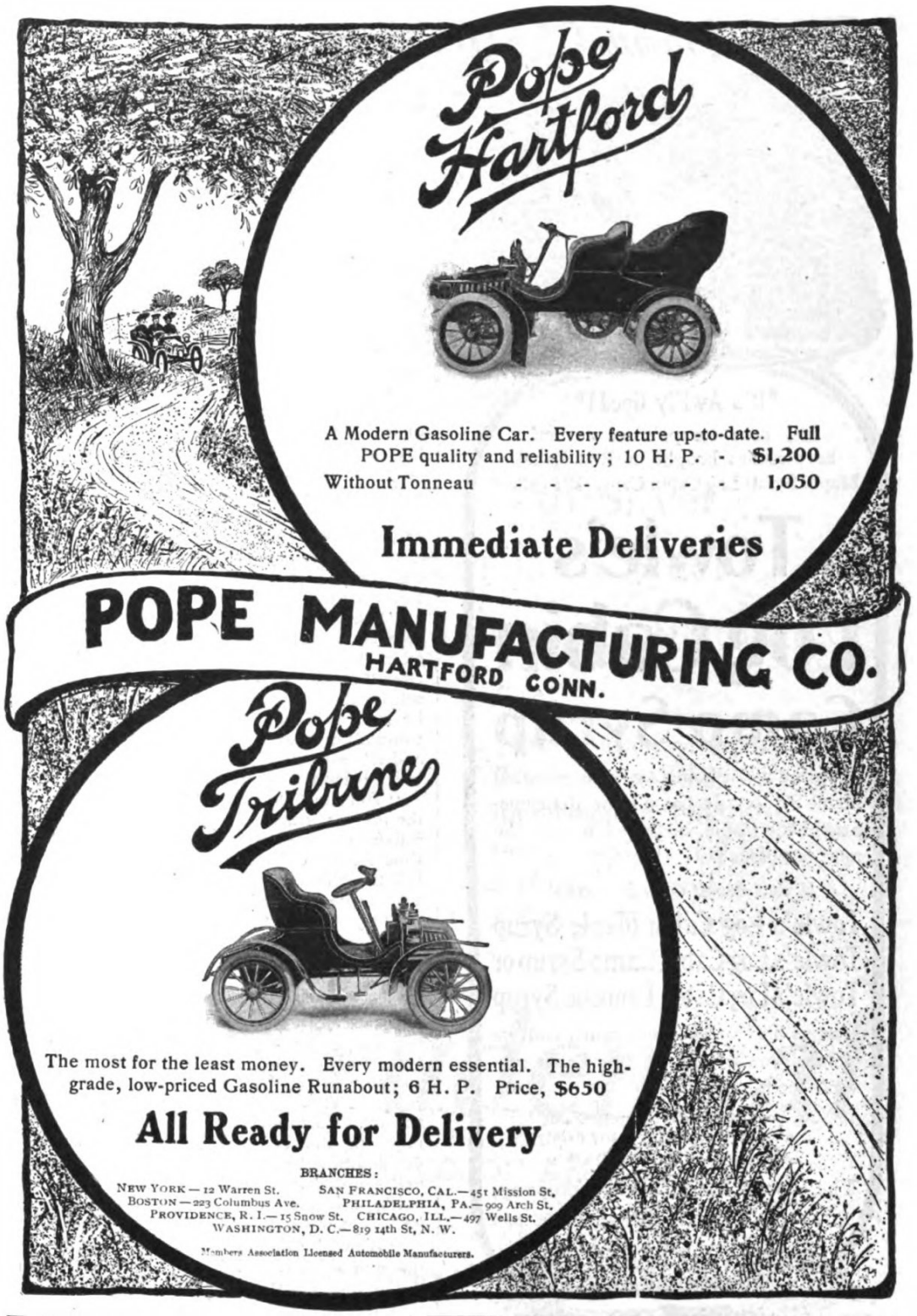
"Well," said the partner, frowning, "what *have* you gotten ready that is sure?"

"Mr. Parnell bought a lot of box-calf Oxfords, I know, but I don't know what his idea was about them. He said something about selling all the broken lines of summer weights, too."

"Jonathan, what do you know about the sale arrangements?" said the partner, turning with visible irritation to him.

"We have a good stock of both men's and women's Oxfords that we can come out nicely on at two dollars, and then we have a number of odd lots for children, and some poorer leather for men and women, to sell at one dollar and twenty-five cents. We also have some fine regular shoes, that we can put out at two dollars and twenty-five cents, that ought to make a hit."

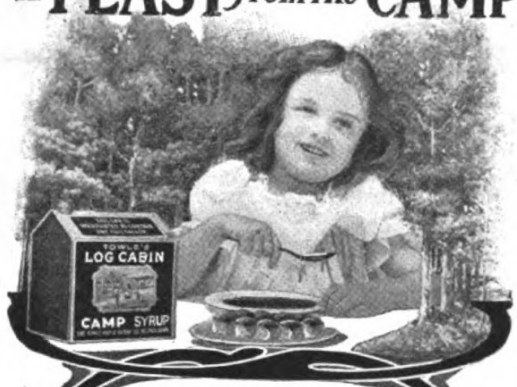
"Well," said the junior partner, promptly, and with obvious relief at the confident and ready manner of the young man, "get things moving





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briskly, now. Engage a couple of windows for a display,—"

"I have already, sir," replied Jonathan.

"Write out some good window cards for the marker—"

"Yes, sir; he's at them now," answered the young man, quietly.

"Well, give the ad. man a write-up of what you have,—the truth and straight to the point. And Mr. Stone, you *assist* this young man in getting things in shape. You can go now,—I want to see Jonathan alone."

The befuddled assistant went out with a look of hurt surprise on his face.

"Well, Jonathan," said the partner, watching him sharply, "we've got a job on our hands. On the same day that our sale opens, a big shoe store opens right across the street, backed by a rich syndicate."

Jonathan's face betrayed no surprise. "I know," he said; "they're going to sell every shoe they keep at three dollars, and they're going to advertise heavy."

"How do you know?" asked the partner.

"I went over and saw a fellow that lives in my neighborhood unpacking cases, and he told me."

"Well, what are *we* going to do, Jonathan?" The junior partner looked with expectant interest out of his half-closed eyes at the young man.

"Why, buck 'em," replied Jonathan, with surprise. "The King shoe man was here the other day, and I told him we ought to have a first-class three-dollar-and-a-half shoe like his make to sell for three dollars, for a couple of months, and he said he'd telegraph his house and see if he could n't arrange it. He was here this morning, and it's all right; but I told him he'd have to wait till Parnell could see him."

"You close that deal with him at once," said the junior partner, briskly, his eyes snapping with satisfaction; "send him up here. We'll sell that shoe for two dollars and ninety cents, and we'll lick those fellows across the street before they've sold a dozen pairs."

The junior partner's enthusiasm was infectious, and Jonathan's eyes brightened, too. "He ought to telegraph for a case at once," he said, with enthusiasm,—an unknown quality to him, before,—"so that we can have the reduction the very day they open."

"That's the idea," said the junior partner, surveying the young man with satisfaction; "now you go up and get to work fast and hard."

When Parnell came back a month afterwards and reported to the firm, the junior partner, after inquiring after his health, said, briefly: "We've decided to put you in your old department, Parnell,—upholstery. That young Dillman has been doing such good work while you were away that we've concluded to let him continue to manage it."

"What!" said the astonished buyer,—"not that stupid Jonathan?"

The junior partner nodded.

A cynical sneer spread over the buyer's face, as well as a look of damaged pride. "We'll see how that works," he said, with sarcastic insinuation.

But Jonathan "made good," with satisfaction to spare; and the bookkeeper credited many more profitable things to his department than stupidity.

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WE want to secure photographs of children, good, healthy, robust American children, from little babies up to boys and girls of ten or twelve years,—and we shall ask our juvenile readers to enter into a prize contest and supply us with such photographs. We shall give prizes for the best fifteen photographs. Clearness, pose, expression and finish will all be taken into consideration. The winning photographs and those which receive special mention will be published in SUCCESS, in an elaborate manner, so that the world may see some of the wonderful children that are growing up in the United States and Canada.

The name, age, and address of the contestant must be written on each photograph. All photographs must reach the editor not later than October 1, 1904. The announcement of the winners will be published in the November SUCCESS.

The prizes for successful contestants will be different from anything heretofore offered by any magazine. You are to select your own prize. When you receive a notification from this office that you have won a prize, let us know what you want most in the way of books, toys, games, or useful articles, up to the value of two dollars and fifty cents, and we will send it to you. Some boy may want a baseball and a bat, some girl may want Louisa M. Alcott's splendid book, "Little Women," or a comb and a brush. Make your own selection and we will send it to you. But try to make this photograph contest a notable one.

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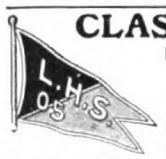
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The "Greatest Show" in Europe

JAMES A. BAILEY

PEOPLE often tell me that they like the old-fashioned one-ring show much better than the big three-ring aggregation, in which they feel impelled to keep their eyes jumping from ring to ring in a vain effort to see it all. Until three years ago I thought there might be something in what they said. That summer I put on the road the best one-ring circus ever organized, and lost sixty thousand dollars on it. In the same season our three-ring show took in over six hundred thousand dollars, about half of which was profit.

It was the bigness of our circus that made it such a sensation on our last tour abroad. They have had little circuses for centuries over there, but ours seemed to them a marvelous but characteristic example of the enterprise of Americans. In recent editions of the French dictionaries you will find the word "*barnum*," signifying *remarkable size.*

The rulers of almost all the countries we visited were at the show several times. The royal box which we set aside was filled at nearly every performance, but the kings and emperors themselves were more interested in our organization than in the circus proper. King Edward, then the Prince of Wales, was very fond of wandering about behind the scenes and watching the performers and horses make their entrances and exits from the dressing tent. He was very democratic back there. It could n't have been otherwise. In the hurry and excitement of giving the performance, we could n't have entertained him with a brass band or anything else of that kind. A member of the executive staff would be assigned to look after him, but beyond that we paid no attention to him. He preferred it that way, and was well content. He remarked to one of our men that the show was the greatest example of organization and discipline he had ever seen.

Kaiser Wilhelm saw the show in the rings only once, and that time he came *incognito*, in civilian's dress, and sat in one of the ordinary boxes, with the result that few recognized him. But almost every day he would ride along the road that ran past the tents, and rein in his horse and watch the routine work. One day we gave him an *impromptu* exhibition in horse training and riding. He was so much interested that he wanted us to repeat it before some of his cavalry officers. We consented, of course, and a few mornings afterwards he was there with what looked like a small army. Our boys naturally laid themselves out, and it was about the best private exhibition of horsemanship ever given. Besides this we taught the officers of the German army some new tricks in the quick loading of cars, and in the bountiful yet economical feeding of a large number of men. Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria was no less interested in the show, when we were in Vienna.

The Soldiers Were Called out to Keep Order

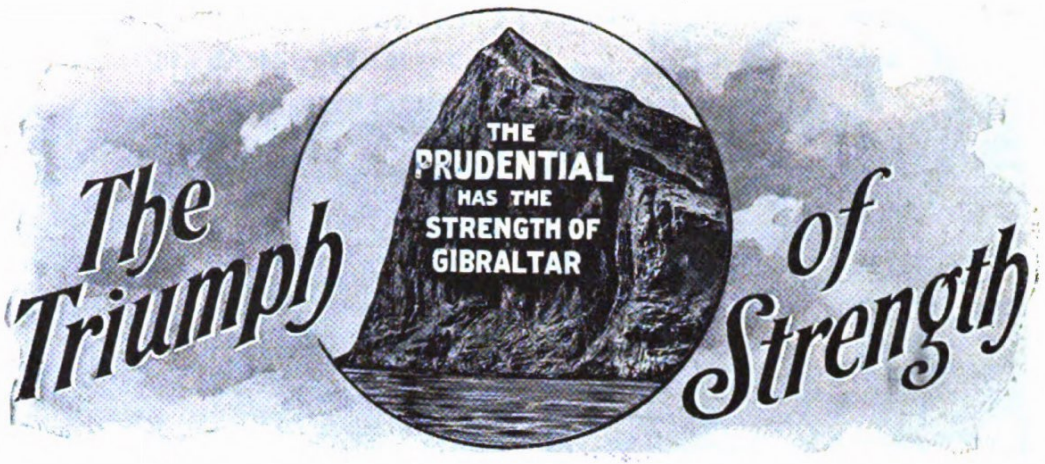
Everything was smooth sailing for us on this European trip, except in the south of France. In one of the first cities at which we gave a performance after striking south from Paris, we pitched our tents a little way outside the city limits under the brow of a hill. At one o'clock in the afternoon we had made up our minds that we were going to have one of the slimmest audiences in our experience. Things had a very dead look. But at half past one the people began to swarm over the hill top. It seems that at noon a half holiday had been proclaimed and the citizens had been finishing the work of the day, preparatory to the afternoon at the circus. The whole population was coming to see the show. In twenty minutes all our seats were sold, and yet the people kept swarming in upon us. We shouted to them that there was no more room inside, but this made little impression. They were there to see the show, and did n't propose to be disappointed. They began to get excited. What had been merely a peaceable throng of merrymakers was taking on the appearance of a mob. Our best interpreter made a speech to them, in which he asked them to name one of their leading men. Full of curiosity, they shouted out the names of several. Finally one came forward, and he was requested to select a committee of four, who were to go inside to ascertain for themselves and report to their friends whether or not the tent was completely filled.

The committee was appointed, and was escorted inside. The men came out in a few minutes and one of them mounted a ticket-seller's stand and announced that it was as we had said. A howl of disappointment went up. A woman with a baby in her arms called out something and rushed past the ticket sellers. This was in the Joan of Arc country, you know, and this woman seemed to possess the spirit of the Maid of Orleans. Instantly the mob was surging in behind her. Many began to cut the guy ropes and crawl in beneath the canvas. The circus was being raided, and we were very fearful that there might be a panic and great loss of life. But meantime one of our men had galloped to the town, and just when things were looking most ominous, and we began to be sure that they would pull the tent down upon their heads, half a regiment of cavalry came racing over the hill. With drawn sabers they cleared out the people who were not seated, and then they surrounded the tents. Finally, after a long delay, we were able to give the performance. That was the most exciting time I ever experienced in the show business. To make sure that there might be no repetition of it we had a detail of four hundred soldiers around our tents at all subsequent performances in the south of France.

My experience in Europe showed me very plainly that everybody over there, from monarchs to peasants, regards Americans as the most wonderful people in the world.

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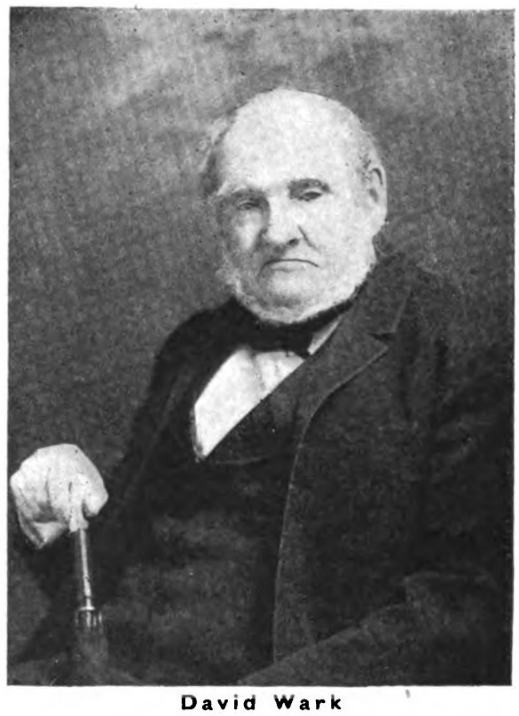
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Canada's Oldest Legislator, David Wark



David Wark

CANADA claims the oldest legislator in the world, in David Wark, senator for the dominion, who entered his second century on February 19 last, and expects to be present at the parliament now in session at Ottawa. The aged senator always waits until the preliminaries of opening are over, and the senate settles down to business before he takes his seat. In fact, he has protested again and again against the time wasted on opening days, which, he claims, might be usefully employed in furthering the legislation before the senate. His absence is thus a continued protest against delays, and at one hundred years of age he gives such practical lessons to his fellow legislators.

He was born in Donegal, Ireland, and at twenty-one years of age he left his father's farm and went to Canada. Not finding the employment in bookkeeping, clerking, or teaching which he desired, he went to the nearest shipyard at St. Johns, New Brunswick, and obtained work. Soon afterwards he secured a position as a teacher, which he held for some years. When his savings were large enough he began business in the same village where he had taught. Six years later he entered the provincial assembly for New Brunswick, where, at a formative period in the history of the province, he was instrumental in promoting much useful legislation. For nearly a quarter of a century he continued active, either in the assembly or in the legislative council of his adopted province. His wider work in the dominion began at its confederation, when, in 1867, he was appointed to the senate. Of seventy-two charter members then appointed only Senators Wark and Miller survive.

Looking back upon his legislative experience, Mr. Wark notes with pleasure his interest in education and agriculture. The schools of New Brunswick he found to be most inefficient, and, through his influence, the legislature took the matter up with the result that many of the improvements in vogue to-day were then instituted. King's College was also lifted out of its inefficiency, and, in recognition of Mr. Wark's services, that institution, a few years ago, honored him with the degree of LL.D. Services equally useful to agriculture were given to the province, the most important of which Mr. Wark thinks was in bringing the celebrated agricultural chemist, Professor Johnson, to New Brunswick. To Mr. Wark, while in the provincial legislature, belongs the credit of bringing about free trade between the different provinces of the dominion.

Mr. Wark is bright, cheerful, strong, and vigorous. In Fredericton, where his home has long been, he still walks about the city as in years gone by. In a letter to the Toronto "Globe," at the request of the editor, on the occasion of Mr. Wark's one hundredth birthday, the aged senator extols the benefits of simple and temperate living.

The Tragedy of the "Quick Lunch"

WHO can write the life-tragedies that may be traced to the "bolting" of luncheons at "quick lunch counters?" Yet it would seem that even a "quick lunch" is becoming too slow for us. Recently I saw a sign in the windows and over the door of a New York restaurant, announcing "The Quicker Lunch." "The quickest lunch" will probably soon follow. Indeed, many young business men do not take time even to go to a lunch counter. They have luncheon brought to their offices, where they talk business while they dine.

Has life become so rapid that a man can not take time to eat? Is it possible that he can allow himself only ten minutes for luncheon; and that, even while eating, he can not take time to smile, or to turn off the steam, but must keep the throttle valve of his thinking machine wide open,—planning, planning, thinking, thinking?

We have become mad in the matter of dollar-chasing. Not long ago I heard a business man say that his partner, who had recently married, "took his wedding trip on an elevator in a New York sky-scraper." It was the only time he felt he could take to celebrate such a minor affair as his marriage!

A man can not be normal, and can not reach his best while living at such a high rate of speed. We Americans can not, under existing conditions, attain that exquisite poise of character, that mental balance, and that harmonious bearing which should distinguish a great people, of a highly civilized race.

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References—Continental Nat. Bank of Chicago; Dun's and Bradstreet's.

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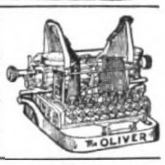
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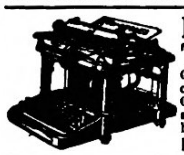
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The Influence of Good Manners

How to Give and Accept an Invitation to Dinner, and a Code of Deportment for the Table

MRS. BURTON KINGSLAND

So, MADEMOISELLE DÉBUTANTE, you have received an invitation for your first "dinner party,"—as we used to call dinners to which guests are bidden,—and are feeling a little nervous lest you may make some mistake that will betray you as a novice.

That is quite natural,—young girls are more often invited to dances, and everyone goes to his or her first dinner at some time; but there is nothing else that gives one such ease and confidence as to know "the proper thing to do." Be it known, for your comfort, that the conventions are few and simple that you are expected to know, and that, in complying with them, you will be doing just what everyone else does,—there will be no situation in which you must depend upon your own initiative.

Of course, you have sent your answer within twenty-four hours of the receipt of the invitation, worded in the degree of formality used in the latter. If the note began, "My dear Miss ——: Will you give us the pleasure of your company at dinner," etc.? your answer will be, "My dear Mrs. ——: It gives me much pleasure to accept your invitation to dine with you," etc. If the invitation is ceremonious, as,—

> "Mrs. ———
> requests the pleasure of the company of
> Miss ———
> at dinner on ——— the ——— of ———,
> at ——— o'clock.
> *Fifty-two, Fifth Avenue.*

your reply should follow the same form, thus,—

> "Miss ———
> accepts with much pleasure
> Mrs. ———," etc.

The date and hour of the dinner should be repeated in the answer, thereby giving assurance to the hostess that there has been no misunderstanding. You should not write that you "will be" happy to accept. Your promise to be present *is* your acceptance.

The burning question of "what to wear" depends somewhat upon the length of time between the receipt of the invitation and the function. A long interval—three weeks, perhaps, or even two,—imposes the selection of the best that your wardrobe affords,—a low-necked gown and white gloves, in all cases,—but an invitation at short notice permits the wearing of one's "second best" at the entertainment.

Men are blissfully free from the necessity for these considerations. The rule of full evening dress, wherever ladies are to be present after six o'clock in the evening, leaves them in no embarrassing uncertainty.

When the important evening arrives, try to be just in time,—it is the courtesy due your hosts. It is better to be a little late than a moment too early, however. In a city where one is liable to be blocked and detained *en route*, a belated guest is accorded fifteen minutes' grace,—but not more, in justice to the rest,—not to mention the cook.

A young girl is usually accompanied by her maid, who leaves her in the dressing room and returns thence to fetch her home. This is not a necessity, however,—if some responsible person leaves her at the door and calls for her again.

The servant opening the house door will direct you to a room where a maid will be in attendance to help you to remove your wraps. The gentlemen are also directed to a dressing room.

At your entrance, if you happen to see a silver tray presented to some gentleman, whereon are some tiny envelopes, do not fear that you might have been expected to take one also. Each little envelope is addressed to one of the masculine guests and contains a card upon which is written the name of the lady whom he is to take in to dinner, thus sparing the hostess the trouble of "pairing" her guests.

Do All the Necessary "Prinking" at Your Home

Do all your "prinking" at home, and go down to the drawing-room as soon as you are ready. Your hostess will welcome you at the door and present someone to you, with whom you should chat for a few moments.

When all the guests have arrived, the servant announces dinner, addressing the hostess, who has meanwhile made an opportunity to ask the gentlemen if they are acquainted with the ladies whose names they have found upon their cards. If so, they are asked to seek them; if not, she presents them.

When all seem to have found their partners, the host offers his right arm to the lady who is the most honored guest and leads the way to the dining room. The rest follow his example, the hostess remaining to bring up the rear of the procession with the gentleman whom she is to compliment by asking him to sit at her left hand. The one to whom she desires to show attention as well is given the seat at her right.

Cards bearing the names of the guests indicate their places at table.

The gentlemen assist the ladies whom they have accompanied to seat themselves, before they take their own places.

You now remove your gloves, placing them upon your lap. The men wear no gloves. You take your napkin, and, unfolding it to half its amplitude, lay it across your lap.

Raw oysters are first placed before you, and a small fork with a blade next the tines is used in eating them.

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One takes a whole oyster into the mouth. There has been so much said, of late, about raw oysters giving typhoid fever that many hostesses serve grape fruit in their stead, to eat which you use a dessert spoon.

You chat with your neighbor, first with the man who took you in, and then, after ten or fifteen minutes, your right-hand neighbor probably addresses you, peeping surreptitiously at your place-card to learn your name, if you have not been introduced. All guests are supposed to know each other when placed within speaking distance.

If you do not take wine—and it is in better taste that a young girl should not,—you make a gesture with your hand, as of covering your glass or slightly waving the wine aside,—which will be understood. Never reverse your glass or put your gloves in it, as has been done sometimes by those who should know better.

When the soup plate is removed the one under it is left, and the *hors-d'œuvres* are passed,—radishes, celery, etc., which are taken as daintily as possible in the fingers.

The forks are generally placed in the order in which they are needed, the one farthest from you is used first.

You will only require to use a knife for the roast and for game. Retain your fork in your left hand with the tines curved toward the plate as you take the meat upon it, and then convey it to your mouth, while your right hand slightly relaxes its hold of the knife. Lettuce is not cut with a knife, but folded with the fork in pieces of convenient size, with the aid of a piece of bread if necessary.

In eating bread, a small bit is broken from the piece, or the roll, and held in the fingers, not more than would make two mouthfuls.

When asparagus or artichokes are served the stalk or leaf may be taken in the fingers, dipped in the sauce, and the tender part bitten off.

Cheese is eaten by putting a small bit on a cracker or piece of bread, and so conveying it to the mouth.

It is equally correct to use either a fork or a spoon in eating ices, but the two are never used together as auxiliaries.

It is always a mystery how we manage to do justice to our dinner while apparently putting nothing into our mouths. The morsels are, naturally, so small that one is never inconvenienced to reply when spoken to, but in our efforts to be entertaining one should not be altogether oblivious of the good things that the hostess has been at pains to provide, nor so monopolizing in our devotion to our neighbor as to prevent him from satisfying his claims of appetite.

The London "Punch" once represented a young and pretty girl who had chatted so incessantly, all through dinner, that the man, with a look of hungry desperation, asked her if she knew that their host had one of the best cooks in London and would be furious if they did not appear appreciative of his culinary triumphs.

It is customary to take some of every dish that is passed,—however little. To refuse is to imply criticism of the over-bountiful provision, or else the hostess thinks that she has been so unfortunate in her choice of viands as to fail to please your taste.

Whenever You Want Anything, Call a Waiter

Do not offer to pass anything or ask that service of any other guest. Salted nuts are frequently passed among the guests, but that is the only exception to the rule. You may always call the servant's attention, very unobtrusively, to your need. When the finger bowl is placed before you, lift it off your plate, and the little doily beneath, and set them just beyond it on the table. The fruit and bonbons are then passed. After enjoying these, dip the tips of your fingers in the water, and use your napkin—not the doily,—to dry them.

At a signal from your hostess, who tries to catch the eyes of her women guests, you rise as she does, placing your napkin, as neatly as possible, though unfolded, at the side of your plate. Take your gloves in your hand and so avoid dropping them or your fan on the floor, for some poor man to grope for under the table.

The gentlemen rise from their chairs as you do, and remain standing until all the ladies have left the room. The one nearest the entrance holds aside the portière to permit them to pass. It does not matter which goes first, but a young girl should make way for a married woman, if both are near the exit at the same time.

In many houses, the gentlemen accompany the ladies to the drawing-room and find seats for them; then, bowing politely, excuse themselves to return to enjoy a cigar, coffee, and liquors, and "talk honest male scandal" with their host.

The women gather together or sit in small groups to enjoy each others' conversation. Black coffee in small cups is brought to them there, followed by green mint or some other liquor in tiny glasses. Sometimes, later on, glasses of iced mineral water (but without ice,) are offered.

Meanwhile, the men smoke and talk for half an hour or less, and then rejoin the ladies in the drawing-room. Each man seeks the woman with whom he wishes to talk, or some circumstance or convenience seems to indicate the one to whom he shall try to make himself agreeable.

After half an hour or so—unless some special entertainment is provided,—some one makes a move to go, and the others follow shortly after.

Everyone takes leave of the hostess first, then of the host, with assurances of having spent a delightful evening. The more spontaneous and unhackneyed these expressions of pleasure, the greater is the gratification of the hosts.

It is sometimes a problem how to be polite and truthful at the same time, but a kind heart—or a quick wit,—will usually come to the rescue and teach the tongue to say that which it will give pleasure to hear.

[This is the eighth in the series of articles on the subject, "If You Are Well Bred,"—articles that show how correct social etiquette should be maintained. In the future, Mrs. Burton Kingsland will specially contribute to "Success" the articles in this series.—The Editor]

You traverse the world in search of happiness, which is within the reach of every man; a contented mind confers it on all.—HORACE.

Circumstances,—the man of genius creates them; the man of talent uses them; the fool looks at them without seeing them.—NARREY.

Our real measure of ability and willingness is in our doing the little that we can do, and not the great deal that we would like to do.—TRUMBULL.

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Letters from the Business Doctor

Diagnose Your Business Disease

I.

IF you are discouraged at the state of your business, or wondering why you do not get on faster, and if you can stand a little plain advice, I think I can help you. If there is a lack of growth in your business, or deterioration anywhere, look for the disturbing element; remedy it or remove it.

Do you know, or do those who represent you know, that there is absolute efficiency in every department of your business, or that there are not leaks which are gradually sinking your business ship? Worms sometimes completely honeycomb the inside of the timbers or planks of a ship without any evidences of this fatal destruction on the surface. If your business is declining or does not grow as it should, look out for the leaks, which may have seemed trifles to you.

I have noticed that business men who get into ruts and lose business do not make a study of the most successful men or firms in their line. They seem to be indifferent and careless of their comparative standing. The result is that they lose ambition. Before they realize it, they get into old-fogy methods. They get used to their slipshod surroundings, and do not realize that their standards are dropping, or that they are deteriorating, until paralysis has become so chronic in their business that there is no chance of reviving it.

I advise you to visit the stores of your successful competitors, compare your own with theirs, and find out what they do that you do not. See how they dress their windows, display their goods, and arrange their shelves. Study their class of customers, and compare them with your own. See if their clerks are not more attractive, more attentive, or more obliging; see if they do not dress better and make a better appearance. See if your competitors have not better systems, and are not more up-to-date, or progressive. The constant comparison of yourself with the best in your line is one of the most effective prods to ambition. You will, in this way, find out what has been paralyzing your business all these years.

Your Competitor May Be Better Able to Win Trade

You may find that your competitor shows his goods to much better advantage and more attractively than you do, thus tempting customers. He may be a better judge of human nature, especially of women. This is a great point in your business, because women buy most of the things that go into the household for the entire family.

You may be in a bad locality, not in the current of traffic. It oftentimes makes a great difference whether you are on the right side of the street or not. The current of traffic often changes from one side of a street to the other in an inexplicable way. This is such a powerful factor that it often makes a store on one side of the street worth almost double what the same store would be worth opposite. It is easy to say that there is no sense in this, and that it ought not to be; but, if you are a level-headed business man, you will take things as they are. You will study tendencies,—facts, not theories.

Young merchants often make great mistakes in locating. They start out with limited capital, and will often take stores on side streets because they think the rent will be much less, and they reason that they will be able to deflect the traffic and attract the tide of customers to their stores; but many a young merchant has met his ruin in trying to draw trade out of its natural channels. It makes a great difference whether you take advantage of the natural current of trade or depend upon the tributaries of the side streets and unfrequented thoroughfares. A store right in the current of traffic and on a great thoroughfare may be cheaper at fifty thousand dollars' rental than one at three thousand dollars two blocks away on a side street. It may be better for you to pay what seems an enormous rent, in the right location, than to get free rent in a bad location.

An Artistic Entrance Is often a Means of Attraction

You may not know the pulling power there is in an attractive entrance. If patrons must ascend or descend several steps to enter your store, it may be a serious drawback. In some sections of one large city, it has been found that even three or four steps may keep away hundreds of customers, since people do not like to climb steps. Is your store badly lighted, or poorly ventilated? This has a great deal to do with your patronage. Everything that makes your store a pleasant place to visit, and makes examining goods there easy and satisfactory, is important, and every defective arrangement kills trade.

Do you realize that half the people working for you are driving away business instead of attracting it? Do you realize that your indifferent, overbearing, "chesty" clerks, whose hearts are not in their work, and who do not seem to care whether you succeed or fail, are disgusting your customers and sending them to your competitors?

Do you know that your buyers have poor taste, and that they are sending you "off" colors and styles and unpleasing fabrics, that are not popular with women of taste? Perhaps you have wondered for years why you have a cheaper class of customers than other concerns. Ladies of taste, refinement, and culture do not come to your store, because it has the reputation of carrying "off goods," cheap goods, auction goods, or bargain goods. If you should ask these ladies why they do not trade at your store, they would probably tell you that you do not have anything they want.

Perhaps your idea of economy is to pay the smallest wages possible, and employ the cheapest kind of help. Remember that you can not get a buyer with exquisite taste and fine judgment for half the salary that your successful competitor pays. A manager who is just able to

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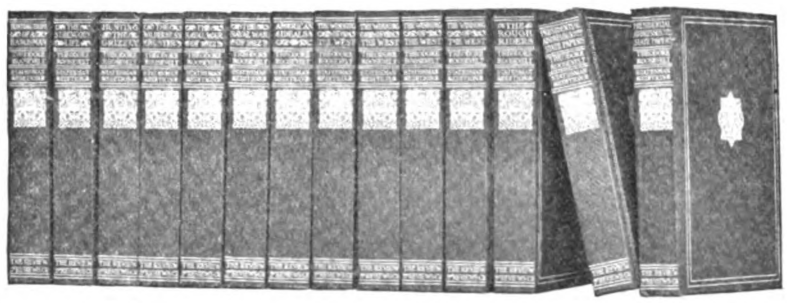
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get a living in your employ, and who knows he is saving you thousands of dollars by shrewd watchfulness and careful planning, will relax his efforts when he feels you are not paying him what he is worth, or as much as men in similar positions receive.

Perhaps you are not a good judge of men and are trying to do a first-class business with second-class help. How many people have you in your employ who are not really earning their salaries? Perhaps, just to help them along, you have taken in a few relatives who are destroying the discipline of your establishment by carrying the air of favoritism about with them, making all other employees feel that the relatives are not expected to be particular about punctuality, or as to conforming to the regulations of the house, or even in regard to doing a full day's work.

Perhaps your son in your office, or at the head of some department, does not hesitate to make everybody feel that he is your son and that he can do as he pleases. Perhaps he tries to give the impression that he is to be your successor, and hence is not to be called to account for an hour or two off during the day, a few weeks' vacation now and then, or a little trip abroad. Perhaps you have "pets" around the establishment whom you retain or favor because they happen to please you or amuse you, and who not only do not earn what you pay them, but are also absolutely demoralizing to your whole institution. Your employees will not run to you with complaints about such things, unless driven to exasperation, but it is most demoralizing for employees to know that people are put over them because they are relatives of the proprietor, or have some special "pull" with him. It takes away the ambition of those who are struggling for promotion, and, as a rule the practice is inadvisable, excepting when the relatives or favorites have very superior qualities. Many a man's business has been entirely ruined by some upstart of a son or other relative whose imperious, disagreeable, domineering ways have disgusted the employees until they have ceased to take an interest in their work.

There are a thousand and one reasons why a customer goes to one store and does not go to another. Make it a study to find out the reasons, and you will be able to apply the remedy needed in your case. Many a patient who has died might have averted the fatal disease if he had had courage to ask for a proper diagnosis by a specialist, but he did not dare to. He was afraid that it would be unfavorable, and that knowledge of the fatal fact would kill him. The actual knowledge of what the trouble is in your business, a scientific diagnosis of what is causing the falling off of trade, no matter how unpleasant or how humiliating it may seem, may save you from something worse.

One of the dangers to a large establishment comes from the fact that the immense volume of business, the vast number of employees and the infinite detail make it difficult to recognize the thousand and one enemies which are indirectly undermining its growth or healthy progress. By ceaseless study of methods and comparison with your competitors you will, however, be able to meet the situation, and, putting your lessons into practice, you will soon discover that you are a more progressive merchant. People will say that everything has a more up-to-date appearance about your store, that it is neater, more attractive, and more orderly; that you have a better class of clerks than you used to have; that they are more polite and more accommodating; that they are more inclined to please; that there is evidence of new blood in your business; and they will wonder whether you have taken in new partners or new capital, or gotten a new lease of life yourself, because all these things are evidences of excellence and business ability, and reputation for these will bring you trade.

[While the Business Doctor can not promise to solve every problem, he will endeavor to answer as many questions as possible that may be asked by readers of SUCCESS, and especially those questions whose answers will prove helpful to people in various lines of business.—THE EDITOR.]

Can Railroad Trains Travel Faster?

GEORGE H. DANIELS

[General Passenger agent, New York Central Railroad]

WE hear a good deal about very high speed tests for short distances on railroads. A train equipped with electric power was run at the rate of one hundred and thirty miles an hour over a stretch of fourteen miles in Germany, recently, and the indications were that this speed could have been made even greater. The train went so fast that houses and fields and woods along the track seemed a mere long-drawn-out blur. An interval of only half a minute elapsed between the time when spectators saw the train appear as a speck on one horizon and fade into nothingness on the opposite horizon. Such experiments are, of course, very interesting, but they have no important practical value. In spite of the prophecies as to rushing across the continent in a day or two, and going to Chicago in the time it now takes to make the trip to Albany, it is the opinion of myself and most other railroad men that it will be a matter of many years, at least, before regular running schedules will materially exceed those of the fastest trains of to-day. The development now is not in the direction of increased speed, but in the direction of increased safety, comfort, and economy. Within the next three years the New York Central railroad will have trains operated by electric power for a distance of one hundred and forty miles outside of New York City, and the same power will be used for the switching and other operations in the Grand Central Station. If it proves successful the use of electricity will be greatly extended on the road, but there is no intention to try to increase speed. Every minute taken off the fastest running schedules of the present means a disproportionate increase in danger and expense. In this matter there is no more progressive railroad than our own. We have the swiftest trains in the world, and would be quick to seize opportunities to make them still swifter if such development were practical, but we have come to the conclusion that it is not. The speed limit seems to have been reached.

A young man, who went to his uncle's law office to study law, returned home after two days and said: "Mother, law is not what it is represented to be. I am sorry I learned it."

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The World's Water Power

ACCORDING to the estimates of an eminent civil engineer, the water running from the present land surface of the globe to sea level would produce, if all utilized, 10,340 million horse power, day and night. On the other hand, the present output of coal for a whole year, (two hundred and twenty-five million tons,) if so burned as to produce this horse power, could keep it up for only half a day. In other words, the world's water power is over seven hundred times its present available coal power, and can not be used up as the latter can,—a fact which may comfort those who are anticipating with fear the time when our coal supply will have been exhausted.

A Combined Electric Fan and Electric Heater

A FAN that gives out, instead of a cooling breeze, a blast of hot air, has been invented by M. de Mare, a Belgian. The blades are of mica, on which are arranged resistance coils that are electrically heated to a high temperature. M. de Mare finds that compressed air absorbs the heat from the coils with great rapidity, and he accordingly incloses his fans in a casing with an opening through which the blast issues. He is thus enabled to pass through the coils a current which, when the fan is at rest, would melt the thin wire, but which, when it is in motion, does not even make it red-hot. The current of hot air issuing from the opening in the casing is said to be almost insupportably hot.

How a Telephone Membrane Vibrates

THE membrane of a telephone, whose vibrations are what physicists call "forced,"—that is, they are maintained by the speaking voice, and the disk is not left to itself to vibrate freely,—takes only about a thousandth of a second to get into full swing. This has been ascertained by Dr. R. Kempf-Hartmann, a recent German investigator, who studied the motion of the membrane by reflecting a spot of light from a mirror, attached to it, so that the light would leave its record on a moving photographic film. From such records he obtained a set of curves for vowels, diphthongs, and consonants, and also for other sounds. The membrane takes only two swings to attain its full movement, and after that the curve is steady.

An Electrical Insect-exterminator

AS a Bavarian electrician, M. Hugo Helberger, was experimenting on the drying of an ingot mold in the ground by means of the electric current, he noticed that worms issued from the ground near by, writhing as if in pain and seeming in a great hurry to get away. Following this up, he has devised an apparatus to rid soil of worms and noxious insects, by means of which, by planting numerous brass electrodes in the earth at proper intervals, he has succeeded in driving all crawling things from a considerable space in a very brief time. These experiments are expected to result in much practical benefit. The soil itself is not injured by the current, but, on the contrary, the salts set free by it act as fertilizers.

A Big Umbrella for a Sail

THAT a boat sail shaped something like a flat Japanese umbrella would practically do away with all danger of capsizing, since the force of the wind exerted upon it would have no tendency to incline the boat, has long been known, but until last summer no practical form of umbrella sail was devised. An English inventor has now, we are told, constructed a usable "cyclone sail" which gives results superior to the ordinary sail with equal spread of canvas, and can be carried in any gale. The sail resembles a huge flat sunshade pierced with holes and tilted slightly to one side on its handle, which is represented by the mast of the boat. If the reports of this sail are justified it will doubtless soon be a familiar object to yachtsmen.

The Durability of Steel-frame Buildings

CRITICS of the modern "sky-scrapers," with their frowning steel frames, have predicted that these lofty buildings will be short-lived, and that they are all destined to crumble away. The steel skeletons of these structures are mostly hidden from observation, and no one can tell whether they are intact or rusting away, but experts conclude, from examination of the frame of one that has recently been demolished in New York, that such fears as those mentioned are groundless. In this building, which had stood four years, the only rust in the frame was that acquired during construction, and it is concluded by "The Iron Age" that the structure would have stood, if unmolested, as long as a brick or stone edifice under the same conditions.

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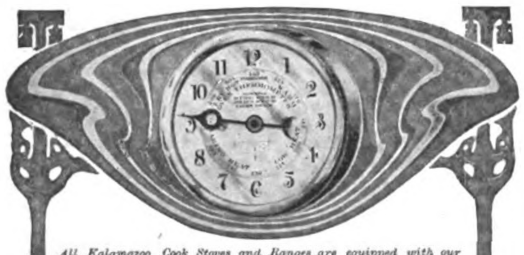
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When Work Is Play

A FABLE BY DOROTHY DIX

ONCE upon a time, upon a fine morning, when the grass was waving, and the little birds were singing merrily, and all nature seemed to be rejoicing, a philosopher, taking his morning constitutional, happened upon a horny-handed son of the soil who was planting potatoes in a beautiful field.

"How fortunate you are," cried the philosopher, addressing the farmer, "to be able to amuse yourself with outdoor sports in this glorious weather! Life for you must be a perpetual picnic and round of healthful pleasure."

"Go to!" returned the farmer, "this is not play. It is hard manual labor, and if you think that I am enjoying myself you are vastly mistaken. Nothing could be more tiresome and dull than walking around the same field all day, and if I were not paid for it I should not plant another potato."

These words greatly surprised the philosopher; but, being a wise man, he did not attempt to teach the other man his business, but passed on. He had not gone far, however, before he came to a grassy meadow in which was a stout man in a red coat, who appeared to be trying to pulverize a small ball with a heavy hooked cane. Perceiving that the man had been working strenuously, and was greatly fatigued in consequence, the philosopher drew nigh and began to sympathize with him.

"My poor man," he said, "what a sad lot is yours, compelled to toil far beyond your strength at the monotonous occupation of pounding a ball! Tell me, I pray you, the story of your misfortunes, in order that I may interest the society for succoring the worthy poor in your behalf, for I apprehend that only necessity could have driven you to this sad plight. Doubtless you have a wife, and seven small children, or, mayhap, an aged mother to support, and you are nobly sacrificing yourself in their behalf."

"Sir," exclaimed the man, when the philosopher had made an end of speaking, "this is not work; it is play, and I am now engaged in the hilariously exciting and expensive sport of golf. Save your pity for the unfortunate creatures who have to sit up in offices, and do not waste it upon the lucky individuals who can indulge themselves in rural pastimes."

"I do not see," said the philosopher, "why planting potatoes is work, and playing golf is fun, since both are carried on in the open air, in a small field, and seem to me to require about the same amount of physical exertion."

"One is profitable to do, and the other it takes property to do," replied the man, but, esteeming this a vulgar conundrum, the philosopher gave it up and continued his stroll.

This soon brought him to a city, and, observing the rapidity and ease with which the electric cars moved in and out, he boarded one and fell into conversation with the motorneer.

"How I envy you the excitement of guiding and controlling this swift steed of the street!" he exclaimed; "what rapture must thrill you as you gaze upon the ever-shifting panorama of the city! How your blood must leap and tingle as you annihilate distance, as you fly over the shining rails! What a sense of power must be yours as you see people's faces blanch as you barely miss running them down! Oh, the life of the gay motorneer is the life for me!"

"Say," returned the motorman, "do you want me to stop and let you off at the nearest retreat for the hopelessly insane, for I opine that anybody who thinks there is any fun in running an electric car is a candidate for a straight-jacket? Where do you suppose the sport comes in, in standing with your hands on the lever, your heart in your mouth, and your nerves in fiddlestrings while you try to dodge the old women and children that will run across the track? Running a car isn't a parlor game. It's slavery."

"I see," reflected the philosopher, "that I was mistaken in thinking it amusing to run a horseless carriage," and even as he spoke he saw a fearsome figure, clad in a long dirty leathern coat, with goggles over its eyes, and a mask on its face that caused him to weep large tears of pity.

"Ah," reflected the philosopher, "if the sufferings of the motorneer who runs upon a nice, safe steel track, and who wears a fine clean uniform are so great, how much more terrible must be the fate of this poor creature left to the mercy of country roads and crowded thoroughfares!" Thereupon he approached the amateur *chauffeur*, and said:—

"My unfortunate friend, I see that you are one of those doomed by their poverty to risk their lives and shatter their nerves driving automobiles, but I trust that you receive a large salary for engaging in such a hazardous occupation."

"You err greatly," replied the millionaire motorneer, "if you think that running an auto is work. It is ripping fun, and, so far from receiving a salary for doing it, I pay out a fortune every year for the privilege of doing it."

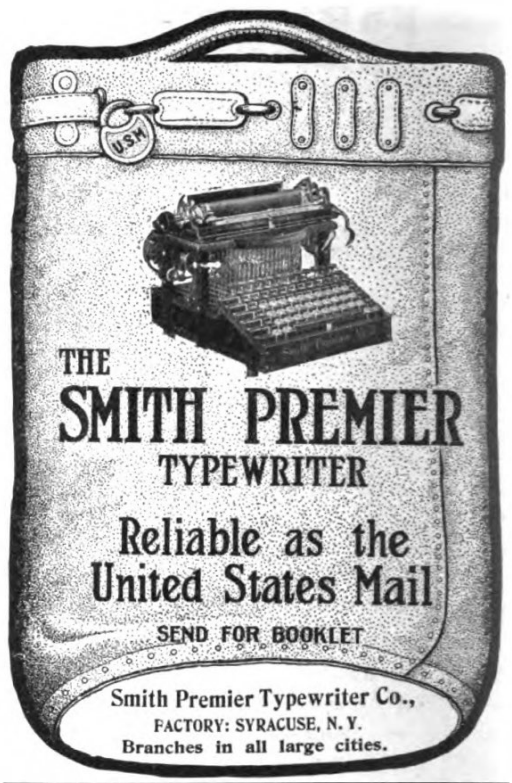
This caused the philosopher to ponder deeply. "Ha!" he said, at length, "I perceive that a thing is work when we are paid to do it, but it is play when we pay to do it."

Moral.—This fable teaches that the difference between work and play is the point of view.

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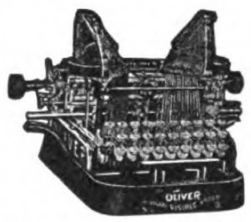
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6176

What to Wear and how to Wear It

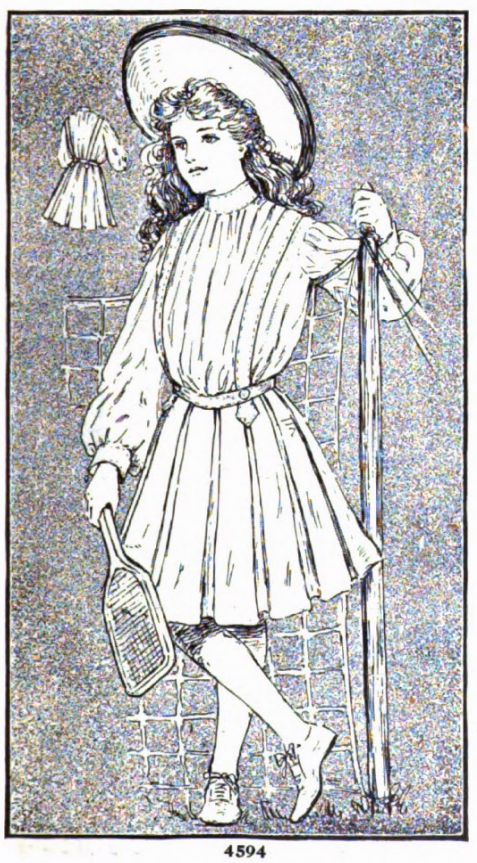
MARTHA DEAN

EVERY woman knows that the end of August brings about a general dissolution of clothes, and that the fluffy, filmy creations, suggestive of summer days, must give way to warmer tones and heavier fabrics. This would all be very well if September were a cool month, but September days are apt to be as warm as any during summer. Then, too, the fall fashions are not clearly established. Rumor says this and that, and some of the ideas advanced may turn out the success of the season, and, again, they may not "take" at all. Fashion is a logical dame, and many vogues are introduced which fail to receive her sanction. Of course, where dress is carried upon extravagant lines, a mistake will not matter much, but where economy is necessary, no such risks can be tolerated. The safest thing for persons of limited means to do is to keep within conventional lines. It does not follow that, because summer has passed, the summer styles have been abandoned. As a rule, the designs shown late in the summer may be regarded as authoritative for those of early fall. The same general lines are carried out, the models varying only in the materials and in the minor details of trimming.

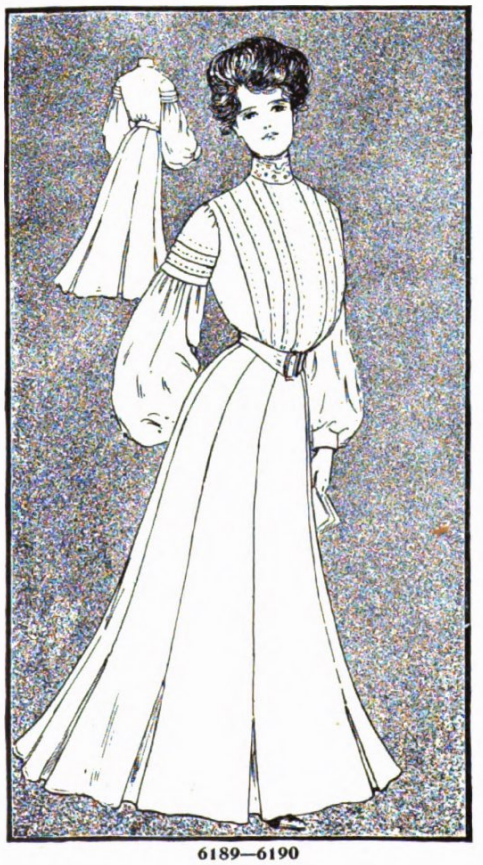
The *bouffant* effect in skirt, bodice, and sleeve is displayed on every side. The introduction of the *directoire* modes indicates that the sleeves are to be smaller. The fullness has moved about, until now it is above the elbow. We are slowly but surely getting back to the days when the masculine element thought itself greatly imposed upon for having to carefully stow away a yard or two of material inside a tiny armhole every time my lady's coat went on. These sleeves are not yet called the "leg o' mutton," but, in view of their size and shape, they may safely be dubbed the "leg o' lamb." One sees more and more of the pointed bodice with material gathered from neck to point in the center of front. There are also gathers at the front of the armhole, and a few scant gathers at the under-arm seam. These bodices are made on a tight-fitting lining, with either front or back closing, which is decorated with ribbon bows, rosettes, or velvet buttons.

The style is becoming to most figures. If one be slight and long-waisted, the point is not made so long. If the wearer is inclined to be short-waisted and stout, the sheath-like bodice, with long point in front, defines the waist and bust lines and makes the figure appear *svelte* and slender above the amplitude of the full skirt. The sleeve accompanying this style of bodice is a very full, puffed affair, shirred from the shoulder to the elbow. There it is finished by a deep cuff, from which fall ruffles of soft lace. With such a sleeve the old-fashioned lace mitts are worn. If a lower sleeve is desired, it is made tight-fitting from the elbow down, and usually fastened the entire length with metal or velvet buttons.

Simultaneously with this style comes the transparent yoke. Quite the newest is in square outline, although some find the pointed yoke more becoming. The yokes are made of lace or eyelet embroidery, with stock attached. The square yoke has also made its appearance on the strictly tailor-made. Here, however, it is of the starched chemisette order, with upright collar such as used to be worn exclusively with severe shirt-waists half a dozen years ago. At the front of the collar, in each corner, is embroidered a beautiful motif, such as a flower, butterfly, or a design in eyelet embroidery. This gives a truly feminine touch to so uncompromisingly stiff an affair.



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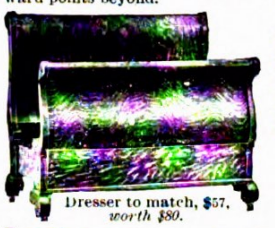


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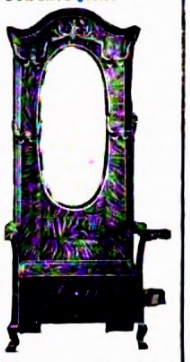


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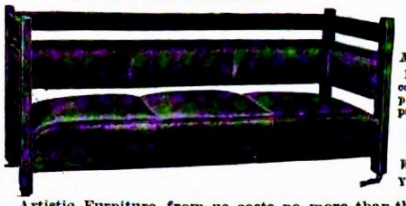
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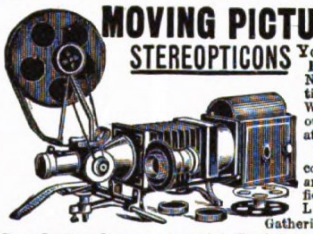
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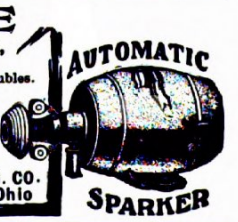
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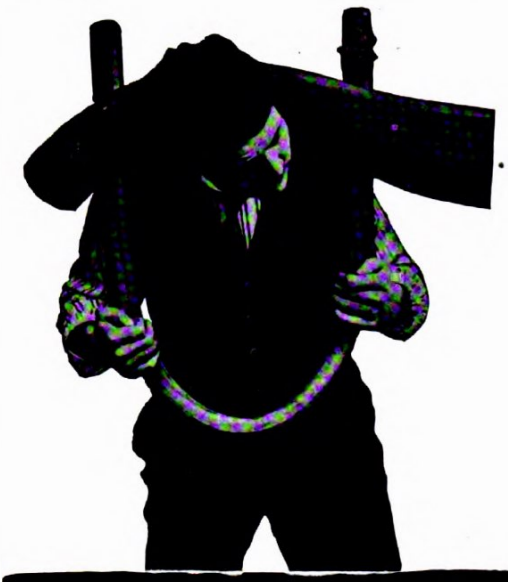
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4576

A style which is gaining ground as the season advances is the fichu in surplice effects. The crossed-over ends are made of puffings, ruffles, or shirrings. They are fastened at the waist with fancy buckles, rosettes of ribbon, or big velvet buttons, from which falls a frill of soft lace. Skirts do not show any decidedly new features. Although full, they are short and round. The length may be two inches from the floor, or just touching. These short skirts prove a double blessing: first, for health and its handmaid, cleanliness, and, second, for economy. A short skirt not only requires less material in the making, but it also wears much better than a long one.

To state what colors will be worn is impossible. There is a perfect craze for vivid shades of yellow and orange which comes under the name of *coque-de-Roche*. A touch of it is generally flattering to the face, its brilliant coloring often bringing out hidden charms of color in complexion, hair, and eyes. It combines particularly well with blue, black, white, and certain shades of brown. The last named color will be worn again this season, as well as the different shades of blue. Speaking of blue reminds me



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4577

of blue serge dresses for little schoolgirls. Vacation days are nearly over,—and we might say the same of girls' clothes,—but no matter what the state of their returning wardrobe, it behooves a mother to see that her little maids are becomingly and appropriately attired by the time school begins.

There is no other material that is so serviceable as serge. It may be washed again and again, if it is made separate from the lining. The sailor blouse is a good model for such a dress. Whatever new decree Dame Fashion may formulate, she is always true to this favorite. No other design has yet superseded this for practical, every-day wear, and season after season it is included in the school wardrobe. Dresses with suspender straps over wash waists will be worn until cold weather comes, when the wash waist will give way to one of light-weight flannel. Plaids, which have unfortunately been out of style for some time, are now seen again, and the variety of all the clans of Scotland leaves no narrow choice in colors or designs. Plaids are not only pretty for entire dresses, but as trimming also they brighten up an otherwise somber costume, especially if it be of a plain, dark color.

The former mode of wearing dainty white aprons over the school frocks is being revived for little girls, and, aside from their pretty, fresh appearance, aprons are useful in protecting the fronts of dresses and the elbows from rubbed spots and ink stains that "just will come" with the school work. There are a number of styles that are both new and attractive.

As regards little boys' clothes, there is very little change. For the schoolboy, the Russian styles hold first place. For the little men who have not yet attained to the dignity of knickerbockers, we have the one-piece dresses, with patent-leather belt worn well up to the waist. Russet shoes, which have been so fashionable this summer for both little folks and big folks, will be worn in the heavier grades all winter.

4594. Girl's Suspender Dress.—Full blouse waist and box-plaited skirt.
Sizes:—6 to 14 years of age.

6189 and 6190. Ladies' Shirt-waist Suit.—The blouse is in tucked style, and the skirt is in seven-gore flare style, with under-plait at the lower edge of each seam.
Sizes:—(6189,) 32 to 46 inches, bust measure; (6190,) 22 to 36 inches, waist measure.

6184. Ladies' Blouse.—The fullness in front is supplied by tucks. This pattern is to be worn with or without a fancy collar.
Sizes:—32 to 44 inches, bust measure.

6176. Ladies' Negligee, made in drop-shoulder effect and with angel sleeves.
Sizes:—32 to 42 inches, bust measure.

4576. Girl's Princess Frock.—A simple little pattern, with body fitted by gores, and circular sleeve cap. It may be made high or square open neck, and worn with a guimpe.
Sizes:—5 to 12 years of age.

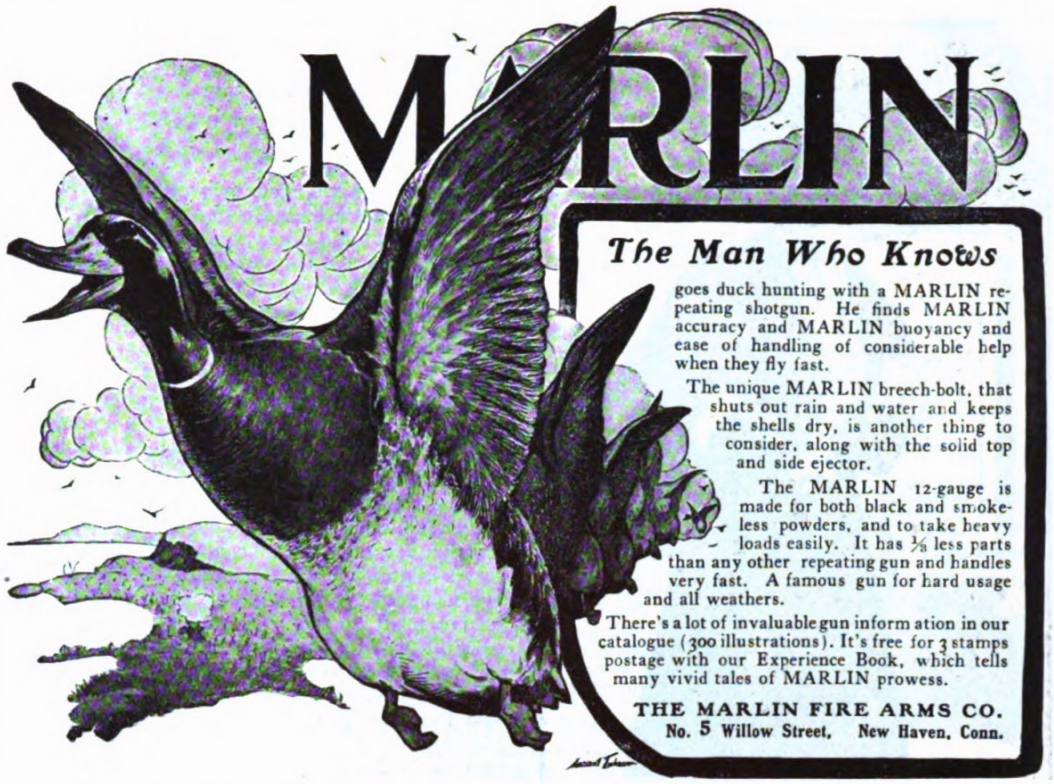
4577. Child's Plaited Norfolk Dress, with closing at the front.
Sizes:—2 to 6 years of age.

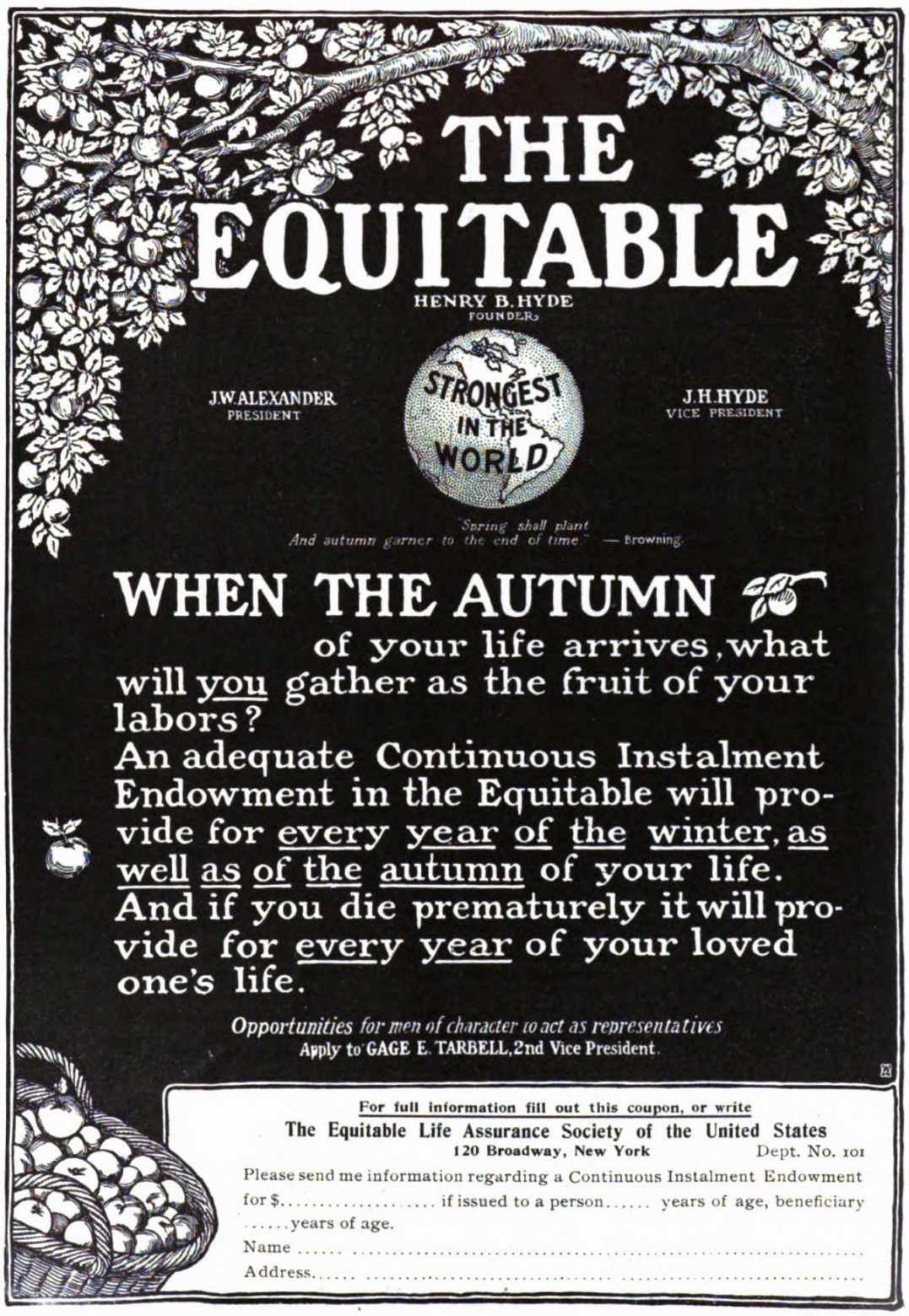
6177 and 6178. Ladies' Costume.—The waist is made with full blouse and fancy bertha, finished by shaped frills. The skirt is in seven gores, with front gore plain and fullness at side and back, and a ruffle at the lower edge.
Sizes:—(6177,) 32 to 42 inches, bust measure; (6178,) 20 to 30 inches, waist measure.

▲ ▲

NOTICE

[For the convenience of our readers, we will undertake to receive and forward to the manufacturers orders for patterns of any of the designs on pages 581 to 583 which may be desired. A uniform price of ten cents a pattern will be charged by the pattern manufacturers. In ordering, be careful to give the number of the pattern, and the size, or age, desired, together with your full name and address.
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What It Costs to Elect a President

WALTER WELLMAN

[*Concluded from page 559*]

in the reorganized and rejuvenated Democratic Party. It is well understood by all who have knowledge of the inner workings of the two political parties that this year the Democratic managers expect to "stand in with" the protected interests almost as much as their rivals. That was the meaning of the selection of former Senator Henry G. Davis to be the running mate with Judge Parker. Mr. Davis is a high-tariff Democrat. It was due more to him than to any other man that the Wilson-Gorman tariff bill, which so disgusted Grover Cleveland and those Democrats who stood with him for real tariff reform the only time since the Civil War the Democratic Party has been in power in White House, senate, and house of representatives, failed to put coal on the free list. Mr. Davis is now depended upon by the Parker managers to see to it that the beneficiaries of the protective tariff do not become alarmed over the possibility of Judge Parker's election, and already, as I write, there are signs that the protectees know they are safe, no matter which party triumphs,—that they are going to catch their same old coon "a-comin' or a-gwine." So it comes to pass that, as the Republican campaign fund raisers start out among the protected manufacturers, they discover, to their dismay, that the Democrats are also trying to work that side of the road.

The Manipulation Went on gaily

One of the heavy demands upon a national campaign fund is the help which the manager feels called upon to give to the close states. In 1896 Mr. Hanna had to provide funds for the state committees in perhaps a dozen states where the fighting was fiercest. Of course he had no trouble in the East, for there no doubt was felt as to the result. But in the West, states ordinarily Republican by heavy majorities had to be looked after. For instance, it is an open secret that, a month after the nomination of Mr. Bryan, in 1896, the silver craze was running over the western prairies like a grass fire in a dry autumn. Iowa was at one time clearly lost to the Republicans. The local managers in Iowa sent up a cry of alarm, and Mr. Hanna went to their rescue. He threw many thousands of dollars into that state, not to be used in buying or even in hiring voters, but solely in what was called the campaign of education. Tons and tons of "literature" were scattered among the voters, and speakers were sent out by the thousands to make the echoes of sound money ring in every schoolhouse in the state. As election day drew near he made assurance doubly sure by sending out nice little pots of money to be used by the local people in getting out their vote; which means, in plain English, the hiring of carriages and wagons and the employment of men to drive them and to hustle about and make sure that every voter is at the polls. As it was in Iowa, so it was in Nebraska, Minnesota, Kansas, and other states about which the Republican managers had not been accustomed to worry.

There Has Been a Reaction

In the campaign of this year, neither political party will use as much money as the Republicans used in 1896. There has been a reaction. Leading men of both parties have spoken out against the tendency to swell campaign funds to unreasonable proportions. Last fall, Elihu Root, then secretary of war, authorized me to publish an interview with him inveighing against large campaign funds. He said the leading men of both parties should set their faces against the practice of employing millions upon millions in efforts to influence the electorate. If a check were not put upon this practice, he foresaw that a great national scandal would soon assail our nostrils. While very little money was actually used in corrupting voters, he said, and past practices had not been as disgraceful as many believed them to be, it was time to call a halt and to go in for cleaner and more wholesome campaigns. Mr. Root pointed out the fact that a large proportion of the campaign fund of any party was really thrown away; that it was used to pay the salaries of the army of employees and the wages of a still larger army of canvassers and workers, nine of ten of whom would vote the ticket for which they worked even if they were not employed. If a halt were not called the time would come when half the members of a party in the closely



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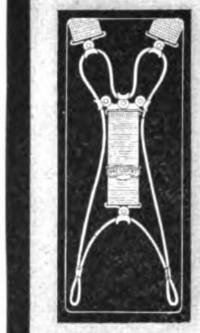
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contested states would refuse to get out and work for the national ticket unless they were paid for their services. Honest and upright men who had never dreamed of accepting pay for party activity, regarding such labor as a patriotic duty, would learn that others were drawing pay and would naturally conclude that they might as well get something out of it if their neighbors were doing so.

Mr. Cortelyou Expects to Be Economical

It was well understood at the time that Mr. Root spoke for his friend and chief, President Roosevelt. The President has since made it known that these were his views also. His selection of George B. Cortelyou to be chairman of the national Republican committee and manager of the Roosevelt campaign signifies in most marked fashion that the President wishes to call a halt in large campaign expenditures. Both the President and Chairman Cortelyou stand for wholesome politics, and for abandonment of all practices which directly or indirectly may be looked upon as attempts to unduly influence voters, including the hiring of your own men to work for the ticket. When he began his campaign work Chairman Cortelyou frankly said to the rich men of New York and other cities that he did not want a huge fund in his treasury. He asked for only enough to defray the ordinary and legitimate expenses of the campaign, the printing of documents, sending out of speakers, promoting organizations, and helping the regular committees in hard-fighting states. I happen to know that, when the present national Republican committee was reorganized, the leaders said they believed a war chest of two millions of dollars would be ample this year; and as it looks now the total to pass through Mr. Cortelyou's hands before election day will be considerably smaller than that early estimate.

Only once in recent years have the Democrats had a larger campaign fund than the Republicans, and that was in 1892, when William C. Whitney was the manager for Grover Cleveland and the Democrats were successful at the polls. Reasoning by analogy from the experience of 1892 and 1896, the party with the biggest fighting fund winning out, one might conclude that a preponderance of cash insures victory at the polls. The inference would be misleading. It must be borne in mind that, as a rule, when the general conditions in the country make for the success of a certain party, it is easy for that party to raise money, and *vice versâ*. It would be much more accurate to say that the accumulation of a large campaign fund is a symptom of success rather than a cause. I give it as my opinion, as an observer of politics, that nine out of ten of all the dollars spent by national committees in presidential years are thrown away.

The Democrats Will Have the Larger Fund

This year, according to present indications, the Democrats will have a larger campaign fund than their rivals. It is no longer a secret that the new leadership of the Democratic Party has adopted the methods of Samuel J. Tilden and discarded the methods of William Jennings Bryan. It is the Hudson River school of politics that now controls the Democracy rather than the school of the River Platte. This means that the Democratic managers of this year intend to engage the enemy with his own weapons; to fight fire with fire; to have thorough organization and rigid discipline; to go in for "practical politics" instead of trusting to sentiment, high-sounding rhetoric, and eloquent speeches. For eight years the South has had an alliance with the West, and has found sentimental politics a road that does not lead to the White House. Now the Solid South is in alliance with the East. A campaign conducted on business principles, contesting every inch of the ground by the same methods which the Republicans have employed and found generally successful, is to be waged. The principal battleground is to be New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Delaware, Maryland, and West Virginia. These states, with the Solid South, would carry Judge Parker to within six electoral votes of success. The six may be had, the Democratic managers feel sure, from Nevada and Montana. Illinois and Indiana will not be surrendered without a fight. But the principal contest is to be in the East, and there will be little Democratic chasing of prairie rainbows. For such a campaign as this the Democratic leaders need money, and a good deal of it. As I write the understanding is that they are getting it, and that during the next two months a fierce battle will rage on the political field.

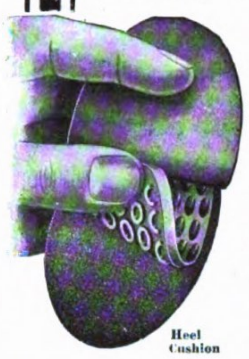


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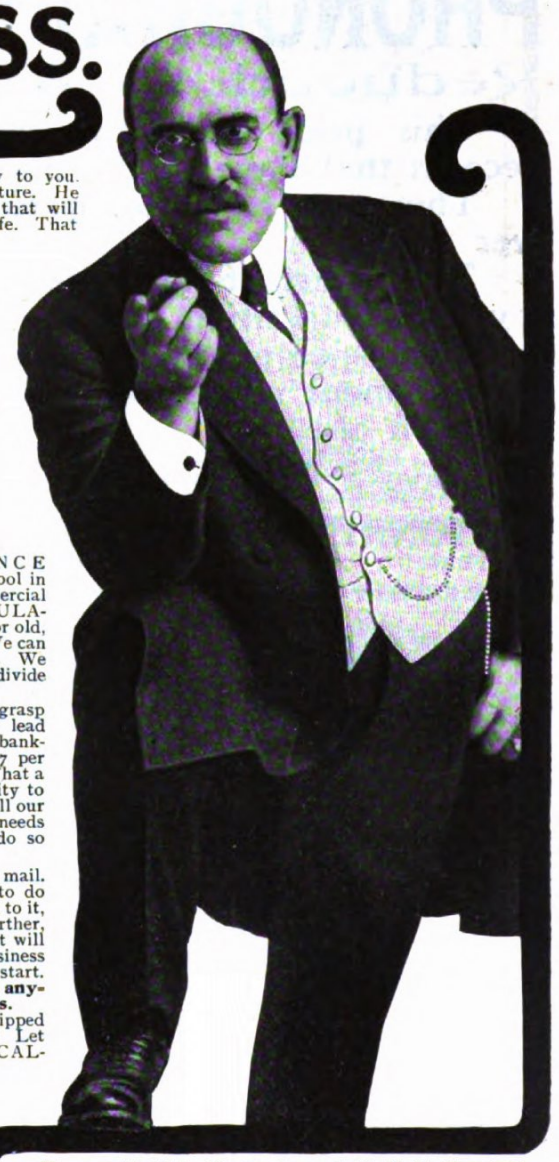


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"The public school system is enough to drive a man wild," said a prominent business man to me the other day. "My boy is twelve years old, nearly as tall as I am, and he's learning to sew! That same boy can do all kinds of fearful stunts with equilateral triangles and cube roots, but he can't add a column of figures to save his neck. He's busy now writing a critical essay on Shylock, and if I were to ask him right quick: 'How much is seven and four?' he would most likely say 'ten.'"

When your boy leaves school for business, his employer won't give a rap whether he can recite Homer's Iliad, or tell in what year some Roman emperor reigned. But he **will** want him to be able to add up a bill of goods correctly, or be able to figure out the interest on a 60-day note. This is the kind of knowledge on which his salary will be based and his advancement depend.

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Jiu-Jitsu embraces a system of physical training by which a man may become as strong as he likes without artificial means. Its practice develops every muscle and tissue and strengthens every organ in the human body. The Japanese, though small of stature, possess the most perfect physical development of any nationality, and they attribute their wonderful strength and power of endurance solely to the practice of this method of self-development.

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When once a person skilled in the art effects one of the Jiu-Jitsu "holds" it is utterly useless for an opponent to offer resistance. It makes no difference how unequally matched in point of size or strength the contestants may be, a knowledge of Jiu-Jitsu will enable a child of fourteen years to overcome and render powerless a man of twice his strength.

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The Cartilage system builds up the entire body harmoniously. It not only increases the height, but its use means better health, more nerve force, increased bodily development and longer life. Its use necessitates no drugs, no internal treating, no operation, no hard work, no big expense. Your height can be increased no matter what your age or sex may be, and this can be done at home without the knowledge of others. The system is based on strictly scientific principles, and has received the enthusiastic endorsement of physicians and instructors in physical culture.

If you would like to add to your height, so as to be able to see in a crowd, walk without embarrassment with those who are tall, and enjoy the other advantages of proper height you should write at once for a copy of our free booklet **"How to Grow Tall."** It tells you how to accomplish these results quickly, surely, and permanently. Nothing is left unexplained. After you read it, your only wonder will be, "Why did not some one think of it before?" Write to-day

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Sermons in Stones

YEARS ago, a vessel was wrecked on one of the South Sea islands, and the owners could not get their insurance because the account of the shipwreck was written in the chirography of the islanders, and could not be translated. The paper was even sent to the professors of Harvard and Yale, but they could not read it.

The owners heard of a remarkable young blacksmith in the city of Worcester, Massachusetts,—Elihu Burritt,—who was educating himself, who thought he could translate the account of the shipwreck. He did not know the dialect, but he set himself to work in dead earnest to do what the great college professors had failed to do. He did it, and the shipowners got their insurance.

Here was a boy who had secured his education from books studied at the forge during his spare moments, and in his half holidays, who had succeeded in doing what the learned professors thought impossible. He succeeded because he had made every occasion a great occasion, as he could not tell when fate might be taking his measure for a larger place.

▲ ▲

During the Revolutionary War, Richard Jackson was accused of intent to join the British army and admitted that it was true. He was committed to jail to await his trial. So great was the confidence of the people in his word that the sheriff allowed him to go out of the jail and work days on his promise that he would return at night. When the sheriff prepared to take him to Springfield to be tried for high treason, Jackson told him that that was needless expense to the state, that he could just as well go alone, which he was allowed to do.

Mr. Edwards, of the council of Massachusetts, met him on the way, and asked him where he was going. "To Springfield, sir, to be tried for my life." Jackson was true to his word; he went to Springfield and gave himself up and was condemned to death.

When the president of the council was asked if a pardon should be granted, member after member opposed, but his character spoke so powerfully in his own story of going out to work while in jail and returning at night, and, although a prisoner, coming to Springfield and giving himself up, that he was pardoned.

▲ ▲

In the legends of the Talmud there is a story than when the fallen man was driven out of the garden to till the ground, he asked the angel who tended the gate: "What shall I bring back to God when I return?" The angel replied, "Bring Him back the face He gave you in the garden, and I will let you in."

It is said that as the man was thrust out of Paradise and wandered away in the midst of his agony and sorrow, there appeared above the walls seraphim singing, "Bring Him back the Divine look He dowered you with in Eden, and you shall enter in." In his despair the man said, "How can I now for I am fallen?" But the seraphim sang on, "To the ends of the world, we will follow you and with flaming sword shall guard the doorways of your soul." Then there appeared in the midst of them, the very face he was fashioned like and a voice said, "Go and refashion that Godlike face in your Paradise lost and I will receive and glorify it in your Paradise regained."

▲ ▲

A syndicate of Englishmen became bankrupt in mining for coal. They could have saved their money if they had known that no coal is ever found below a stratum which contains a certain fossil, which they found in large quantities. Their money was lost below this stratum, a fact which any student in a school of mines or technology today would have known. Would an education have paid these men?

▲ ▲

A watchmaker said that a gentleman gave him an exquisite watch to regulate. It was as perfect a piece of work as was ever made. The watchmaker took it apart and put it together again twenty times, and could not find any defect, yet the watch did not keep good time. At length it struck him that the balance wheel might have been near a magnet, and he applied a needle to it; he found his suspicions true, for there was all the mischief. The steel works in the other parts of the watch were in perpetual friction, yet with a new wheel the watch kept perfect time. If the soundest mind be magnetized by vicious associations, it must act irregularly.

▲ ▲

An infidel German countess, more than a century ago, when dying, ordered that her grave be covered with a solid granite slab, that around this should be placed solid rocks, that the entire mass should be fastened together by strong iron clamps, and that this inscription should be cut on the stone: "This burial place, purchased to all eternity, must never be opened." A little seed, however, sprouted inside this covering, and a tiny head pushed its way up between the slabs and grew and grew until it burst the iron clamps and lifted the immense block so that the entire structure became broken, confused stones, "among which, in verdure and beauty, grew the great oak which had caused the destruction."

▲ ▲

Dr. Guthrie met a little girl one morning, in the Scottish Highlands, carrying in her arms a little boy, nearly as large as herself. The good doctor said to her, "Let me help you, my lass, the lad is too heavy for your little arms." "Oh, no," she replied, with a smile," he is my brother." She could not imagine that her brother could be a burden.

▲ ▲

"How foolish is the pessimist,
Despondent and forlorn,
Who always, when he gets a rose,
Goes hunting for the thorn!"

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Tales of Teaching by Mail

The Struggles of many Men and Women—Old and Young,—to Secure an Education

R. T. MILLER, Jr.

[President of the American School of Correspondence at Armour Institute of Technology]

THE serious task of correspondence instruction is not without its odd flashes of humor, its curious revelations of the quips and pranks of human nature, and its side lights upon the picturesque and the pathetic in the lives of those who, from varied and diverse points of vantage, are reaching out for that which bears the alluring name, "education."

Scarcely is it too much to say that, as an instructor in a correspondence school reads one letter after another, in the ever-changing tide which passes over his desk, smiles and tears play alternates, comedy gives quick place to tragedy, and romance mingles with the ridiculous.

▲ ▲

"Here is something which demands the united wisdom of the entire faculty," declared the secretary of the school, one day. The sly smile which wreathed his lips hinted that the morning's mail had brought a letter widely out of the rut of routine correspondence. A faculty council was playfully called; the officers and instructors gathered for momentary relief from the tedium of serious work. Certainly the letter gave a fresh conception of the functions of the correspondence school. If his definition of the term was a trifle too liberal, the writer of the letter at least went straight to the point and stated his case with admirable ingenuousness. Briefly, his confession was this: he had just met a young woman who had won his heart at first sight. His lack of confidence in his personal address would not warrant him in risking his suit by a personally conducted courtship, and he had therefore determined to rely upon laying epistolary siege to the young woman's heart. But here he was again confronted with his limitations. His education was meager and he was unskilled in the art of polite correspondence. Consequently he had determined to pay his fee for "correspondence" instruction and call to his aid a school that "made a business of such things."

The first point upon which he desired instruction was how to entrap the mistress of his heart into opening the way for an exchange of letters. As a result of the faculty conference, a certain instructor was delegated gratuitously to give the enamored young man as much assistance as possible; but he was cautioned to treat the matter with proper seriousness and sincerity. His letter suggested that, perhaps, the gift of some flowers, accompanied by his card, would bring a response from the young woman which would open the way for further correspondence. In case she should reply, her letter was to be forwarded to the school and the instructor would frame an answer.

▲ ▲

In the course of a fortnight another letter, filled with undisguised delight, was received from the school's only student in the "matrimonial course." With it was forwarded the lady's polite acknowledgment of the flowers. From that time forward the exchange of letters in this course of study was followed by the faculty of the school as eagerly as if they were the installments of an absorbing serial. Interest in its progress increased as the tone of the letters became more acutely personal. To conduct a course of study whose goal is a diploma in the form of a marriage certificate is not the privilege of every instructor, and the outcome of this romantic experiment held the attention of the entire executive staff and all who were in the secret. When it came time to cast the die, the little romance assumed a more serious aspect than its manipulators would have believed possible at the start.

There was an excited gathering of the staff when the next letter from the suitor arrived.

"He 's scored!" exclaimed the instructor, waving the letter above his head. "Who says a correspondence school is not equal to an emergency?"

A month or so later the school was notified that the marriage had actually taken place,—but thus far the happy husband has neglected to intimate that he has, in his domestic confessions, given the school due credit for the part which it played in his epistolary courtship.

▲ ▲

As I have suggested, tragedy often follows fast upon the heels of comedy in the experience of a correspondence school official. Together with a half-finished instruction paper, I took from the morning's mail, one day, a newspaper clipping which told a tale significant of the kind of stuff of which the representative correspondence school is made.

The young lad concerned was a pupil of rare promise, and his progress was watched with exceptional interest by the faculty members who were called to pass upon his papers. Not only did he do hard labor through the day, but at night he served as watchman in the village bank, his duties permitting him to put in several hours of hard study. When the bank was opened, on the morning to which I refer, the lad was found dead at the end of the long counter behind which he had been stationed. Under the lamp was his correspondence instruction paper, spotted with ink from the pen which had dropped from his hand as he had looked up into the muzzles of the revolvers pointed at him by the robbers who had forced a stealthy entrance into the bank.

Several bullet holes in the walls showed that he had immediately drawn his own revolver and fought in a running fire until, riddled with shots, he had fallen with his weapon in his hand at the end of the counter.

▲ ▲

Many an experience less picturesque than these has peculiar interest and significance in the eyes of the student and the man actively engaged in the trade which he is trying to master. Repeatedly the correspondence pupil

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finds himself suddenly confronted, in the course of his daily occupation, with a problem of vital importance with which he finds himself unable to grapple single-handed and alone. If he has a lively interest in his school, he is almost certain to appeal to it for practical assistance in his difficulty; but, if he is an indifferent student, this source of aid will probably not occur to him. This frequently occurring situation is well illustrated by the experience of a young southern student who was employed in a small and isolated electrical station. Heavy rains flooded the site on which the plant was located: the dynamos were "drowned;" their speedy restoration to service was important, and the local engineer was in doubt as to the best means of treating them. At once the resourceful correspondence pupil wired his school for advice. It was instantly given and applied, with the result that the plant was put in operation almost as soon as the waters receded enough to expose the dynamos. Appeals of this kind are numerous, but, as I have intimated, they are almost invariably from the most faithful and conscientious students.

▲ ▲

Like the large colleges and universities, the correspondence schools have their museums, but they are of a far different sort. Probably the term "curiosity shops" would be more accurately descriptive of their character. Because the students of the large correspondence schools are scattered over the face of the habitable earth, and also because they are encouraged to feel that their instructors have a personal interest in their individual affairs, the school is deluged with curious gifts from almost every portion of the globe. While the scientific value of such a collection is doubtful, probably few depositories can compete with the correspondence school museum on the score of the cosmopolitan character of its display. The one with which I am most familiar contains almost every "curiosity" that imagination can suggest, from a barnacle off the keel of the battleship "Oregon" to the model of an "improvement" on the Corliss engine, invented by a boy in the first six months of engineering study. Other proof that young students are not discouraged by precedent is offered by the museum in the form of perpetual-motion devices and marvelous multiplex-telegraph machines.

But there are other models which tell a more practical, if less ambitious, story. One model, for example, is that of a somewhat intricate "triple winding machine" now in active use in one of the largest electrical supply manufactories in America. It was invented by a correspondence student as a direct result of the mastery of mechanical principles afforded by his course of study. This useful invention performs in one operation the work which formerly required several processes.

▲ ▲

The experience of another correspondence pupil illustrates the unexpected opportunities that often arise for profitable application of the knowledge gained under the midnight lamp. Shortly after a certain student in good financial circumstances had finished his courses in electrical and mechanical engineering, he was offered an option for the purchase of an electric railway operating eight miles of lines. There was little opportunity for leisurely and expert examination of the property, and he therefore concluded to make his decision on his own judgment. This he did, with the result that he bought the road and found that the knowledge gained as a correspondence student had guided him safely, to his substantial profit.

▲ ▲

At the time when an extensive lumber district of the Northwest was swept by forest fires, the mails brought to many an instructor letters reading not unlike this: "All the work that I have done for the last month was destroyed in the fire that burned down our house. Will you send me new instruction papers so that I may do the work over again? I can not give up the course now that there is all the more necessity of increasing my earnings."

Many of the instruction papers sent out by correspondence schools penetrate to the "dark places of earth," in the most liberal sense of the term. From the category the prisons and penitentiaries are not excepted,—and it must be confessed that the average convict, as a rule, makes a rarely able student, probably for the reason that the close and absorbing application necessary to successful study is to him a welcome diversion rather than an irksome task. In these dealings with the denizens of the "shady side of life" many strange and startling revelations come to correspondence instructors.

▲ ▲

I will recall one letter astounding in its frankness. Its writer asked for permission to begin a certain course on the payment of a small advance fee,—the remainder of the tuition to be remitted in small installments, as his circumstances might permit. He then added that, as he did not wish to obtain such credit under false pretenses, he would explain that he had already served one term in a certain penitentiary, and, unless he was happily surprised, his permanent address was likely to be the state prison of another commonwealth. His expectations proved well founded, for a later letter was soon received from him bearing the penitentiary imprint. Whatever may have been his other failings, he made an excellent student and paid his tuition in strict conformity to his agreement.

Still more interesting is the history of another convict student. He wrote from the prison, under an assumed name, asking if he would be given instruction on the pledge that he would pay when he could, after his term of servitude was over. This request was readily granted, and he proved himself a model student, taking his examinations regularly and passing them with high credit. After his liberation he called in person at the school and confidentially disclosed his identity. Employment was found for him; he made a new start in life, and acquitted himself honorably. The completeness with which he disclosed to his instructor the secrets of his life aptly illustrates the confidential relationships which are possible between the correspondence student and his instructor, despite the fact that their relations, at least in the beginning, are maintained at long range. This man, who voluntarily confessed his identity to his instructor, had been tried and incarcerated under an assumed name, and his plight was unknown to his parents, who lived in a distant part of the country.

▲ ▲

The history of human ingenuity might be greatly enlivened by many stories of the ingenious devices to which

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correspondence students resort in order to facilitate study under extreme difficulties. One young man, doing night service in a small engine room, determined to employ his intervals of leisure in study. Connected with the engine room was a small unused coal bin, through which passed a gas pipe. He converted the bin into a study by building himself a bench and a table of rough boards and tapping the gas main for his light. As his duties consisted mainly in examining the steam gauge and the machinery at regular intervals, his studies were a help rather than a hindrance to him in his nightly toil, as they overcame the intense desire to sleep which had before afflicted him.

▲ ▲

A plucky young telegrapher, in Boston, lost his arm and faced the fact that he must find a new means of livelihood open to one with his disabilities. Finally he chose engineering and began a correspondence course. Although he had but one hand, he offset this lack by several ingenious mechanical devices, and made very satisfactory progress in his studies, completing his course in an unusually short time, and securing a position of large responsibility and good pay. Since that time he has been a consistent recruiting officer for the school,—and all of the students he has enlisted are men who have suffered the loss of an arm.

▲ ▲

"Politics," as the old saying has it, "makes strange bedfellows." With equal accuracy it may be said that "correspondence instruction makes strange beds." The first merchant ship sailing from Chicago to England carried among its crew a young correspondence student who secured his position directly as a result of the technical training gained by his studies. With him he took the instruction papers for another full course, and his bunk, on shipboard, was made one of the most novel and picturesque of student "dens." These floating study bunks are on all the seas from Cape Horn to the Arctic Ocean. One young student in the Yukon country writes that he can not take his books and instruction papers on a certain expedition because of the certainty that they will be stolen, while another sailor student cruising off Honduras humorously complains that he suddenly finds his tuition expensive because the revolution of that energetic country has made twenty-five dollars represent sixty-one dollars, and, not having had a surplus on hand, he "feels the financial rise."

▲ ▲

Hundreds of parents who had long cherished an ambition to give their children "the benefits of a good education" have finally found in the correspondence school the boon they elsewhere have been unable to grasp; but in one instance, at least, the tables were curiously turned in this respect. A fond father secured for his son a scholarship in a correspondence school. The lad's progress was indifferent. Then it began unaccountably to improve; but with this improvement was noticed a change in the handwriting of the lesson work. Finally the explanation of this came in a somewhat exultant letter from the boy's father, stating that, as the lad had grown weary in well doing, he had himself taken up the work with a determination to show that there was some one in the family with enough push and progress to carry forward the course and make a creditable record. As this man was advanced in years his good work as a student was especially interesting. Starting out to "educate the boy," he had finally himself enlisted in the student ranks to save the family honor!

▲ ▲

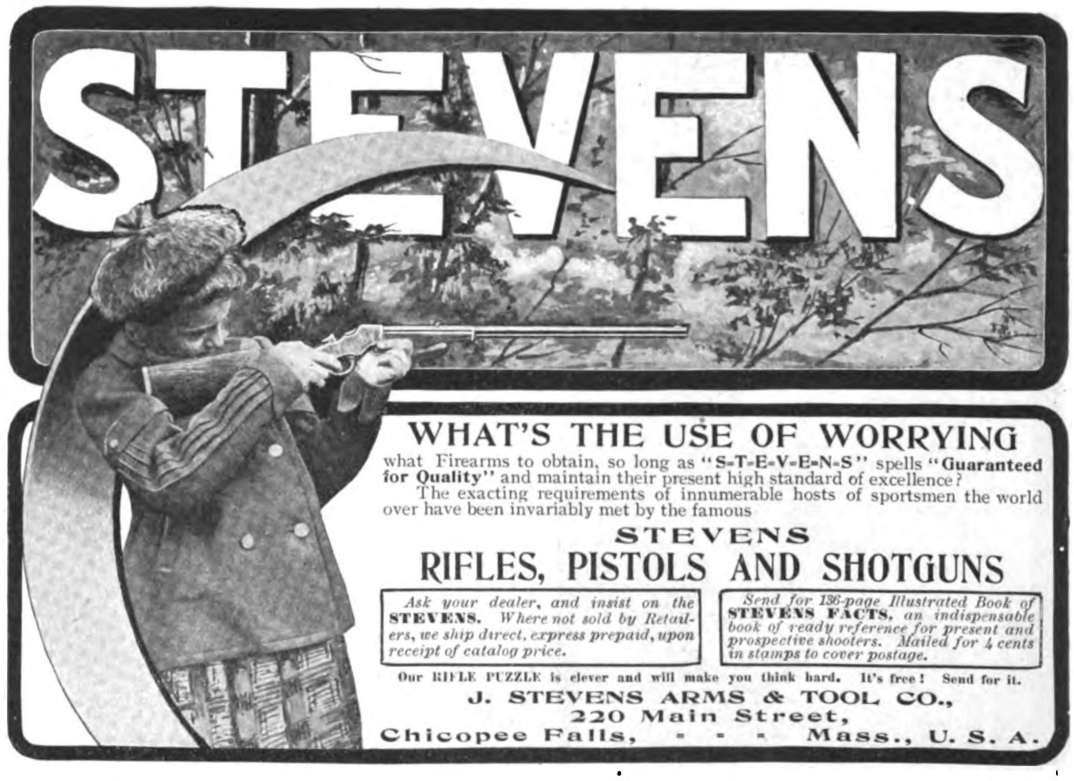
Many curious testimonials are received by any well-conducted correspondence school, but perhaps the most unexpected of those coming under my personal observation was a letter from a fourteen-year-old boy, who wrote that he had been able to take, in one year, a two-years' high school course, because of the correspondence course which he was carrying along with his double work in the high school.

That conscientious correspondence study results in a sturdy independence and self-reliance of character can not be questioned by any person familiar with the work. It is an admirable builder of backbone, because the solitary student must, of necessity, and to a peculiar degree, "work out his own salvation," if he is "saved" at all. But this work of character-building occasionally shows itself in most unexpected ways. When a certain man of middle age successfully completed a correspondence course in engineering, the secretary of the school was surprised to receive, from the wife of the student, a letter poorly written but eloquent in gratitude, telling this simple story: her husband had fallen into dissolute habits, lost his interest in his work and in life itself, and had sunk into drunkenness and loafing. During this period she supported the family by taking in washing, hoping that something might finally recall him to his better self. One night he chanced to see a correspondence school instruction paper in the hands of a friend. It appealed to a long latent ambition to master the theory of mechanics, and he expressed a desire to take up a course of study. The slender family fund was drawn upon for the initial installment of the tuition fee, and the experiment was begun. Almost immediately, so wrote the wife, his dissolute and idle habits dropped away from him, he became steady and industrious, and his evenings were occupied in study instead of carousing. The wife's letter closed with the touching note of triumph: "No more washings for me!"

▲ ▲

Another man, close to eighty years of age, is finding, according to his own confession, one of the chief delights of his declining days in pursuing, by correspondence, the courses of study impossible to him through work in a resident school.

Above all else, the correspondence school is cosmopolitan. Here all extremes meet. In the same mail that carries the corrected work of an ambitious patriarch goes forward an examination paper to a twelve-year-old student, the lessons of an obscure German fireman who can with difficulty master a command of English sufficient to haltingly carry forward his course, and the papers of an engineer whose name has been widely known for more than a decade meet upon the desk of the same instructor, and the "exams" of the sailor boy cruising among the far southern Falkland Isles and those of the scientist in frigid Moscow signal each other in their passage through the correspondence school.



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Fig 1 Fig 2.

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THE EDITOR'S CHAT

Put Beauty into Your Life

WHEN children do not get a sufficient or proper variety of food, when they are deprived of any element necessary for the nourishment of brain, nerve, or muscle, there is a corresponding lack in their physical or mental development. For want of a properly balanced diet they grow up lopsided, unbalanced, and unsymmetrical.

If, for instance, a child does not get enough phosphate of lime in his food, Nature can not build strong, firm bone; the framework of the body is consequently weak, the bones are soft, and the child is liable to have "rickets." If his diet is lacking in nitrogenous or muscle-making material, his muscles will be weak and flabby,—he will never have "the wrestling thews that throw the world." If the phosphatic elements, the builders of brain and nerves, be deficient, his whole organism will suffer,—brain and nerves will be incomplete, lacking in energy, undeveloped.

Just as the body of a growing child requires a wide variety of physical food to make him strong, beautiful, and perfectly healthy, so man requires many kinds of mental food to nourish his mind and make it grow strong, active, beautiful, healthy.

A man is a very broad, omnivorous animal, and needs a great variety of food, both mental and physical. No matter what element we omit in his bill of fare, there is a corresponding loss, omission, or weakness in his life. You can not get a full, complete man on half a bill of fare. You can not nourish his body and starve his soul, and expect him to be symmetrical, well-balanced, poised; nor can you starve his body and nourish his soul, and expect him to be a giant on the physical as well as on the spiritual plane.

The marvelous material resources of our country have so stimulated the national ambition for wealth that we are in danger of over-stimulating the material faculties at the expense of the higher and finer ones. It is a danger which we must constantly guard against in our individual life.

It is not enough for us to develop mere physical and intellectual strength. If the æsthetic side of one's being,—an appreciation of all that is beautiful in nature and art,—is not cultivated, the life will be like a country without flowers or birds, sweet scents or sounds, color or music. It may be strong but it will lack the graces that would adorn its strength and make it attractive. The life that would be sweet and sane as well as strong must be ornamented, softened, and enriched with love, beauty, and truth.

If you would be a man in the larger sense of the word, you must not be content to make one small clearing in the forest of your nature and let all the rest remain unreclaimed. The pursuit of merchandise, of material gain in any form, develops only a very small part of one's being, and that the selfish and coarser side.

The Creator has not covered the world with loveliness, filled it with music, and spread the beauties of earth and sea on every hand for nothing. Man is the explanation of this lavishness of beauty. It is all for his development. It is to help him in his character-building, soul-growth, progression. These things were intended to fill out his life, to balance and sweeten, to beautify and uplift it.

Character is fed largely through the eye and ear. The thousand voices in nature, of bird and insect and brook, the soughing of the wind through the trees, the scent of flower and meadow, the myriad tints in earth and sky, in ocean and forest, mountain and hill, are just as important for the development of a real man as the education he receives in the schools. If you take no beauty into your life through the eye or the ear, your nature will be hard, juiceless, unattractive.

A love for the beautiful has a refining, softening, enriching influence upon character which nothing else can supply. It is most unfortunate for a child to be brought up in an atmosphere in which it is missing, and where only a money-loving spirit is manifested, where he is trained to think that the most important thing in life is to get more money, more houses and lands, instead of more manhood, more nobility, more sweetness, more beauty.

It is cruel to twist a young life out of its God-intended orbit by such false training, to wrench it from its spiritual center and set it toward a material goal, while the mind is plastic and capable of being molded to any impression, good or evil.

Children should live in the midst of beauty, in art and nature, as much as possible. No opportunity to call their attention to a beautiful object should be lost. In this way their whole lives may be enriched by treasures which no amount of money in after years can purchase for them.

Nothing else can ever quite take the place in life of the development of the faculty for appreciating the beautiful in nature and in art. It is a connecting link between man and the Great Author of the beautiful. At no other time do our spirits come into such close touch with the divine as when we are lost in the contemplation of the sublimity, the grandeur and perfection of the universe. Then we actually seem to see the creative processes of the Infinite Mind.

Just try the effect of putting beauty into your life,—a little every day. You will find it magical. It will broaden and light up your outlook upon the world as the acquisition of money never can. Put variety into your mental bill of fare as well as into your physical. It will pay you rich returns. No matter if you are strong and rugged and able to work every day in the year, your mind needs a change even if your body does not. An annual vacation is as much a necessity from a character as from a health point of view. If you feed upon the same mental food, if you have practically the same experiences every day of the three hundred and sixty-five, year in and year out, there will be disaster somewhere in your life.

Unfoldment of the æsthetic faculties is one of the most important factors in our success and happiness, in the ennobling and uplifting of our lives. Ruskin's love of the beautiful gave his whole life an indescribable charm and loftiness. It kept him looking upward as well as outward. It purified and exalted, while it held him spellbound. It was the constant reaching out after the beautiful in nature and art, in his divine interpretation of all that man and nature mean which gave zest and enthusiasm, earnestness and divine significance to his great life work.

Put beauty into your life. It is the twin of love. The union of the two in their highest form would make earth a paradise and man, indeed, only "a little lower than the angels."

▲ ▲

Frankness of Manner

THERE is no more delightful trait in the young or the old than absolute frankness and openness of nature, that transparency of character which lets us see the best and the worst in them, their strong and their weak points, without any effort at concealment.

Everybody admires the open-hearted, the people who have nothing to conceal, and who do not try to cover up their faults and weaknesses. They are, as a rule, large-hearted and magnanimous. They inspire love and confidence, and, by their very frankness and simplicity, invite the same qualities in others.

Secretiveness repels as much as frankness attracts. There is something about the very inclination to conceal or cover up which arouses suspicion and distrust. We can not have the same confidence in people who possess this trait, no matter how good they may seem to be, as in frank, sunny natures. Dealing with these secretive people is like traveling on a stage coach on a dark night. There is always a feeling of uncertainty. We may come out all right, but there is a lurking fear of some pitfall or unknown danger ahead of us. We are uncomfortable because of the uncertainties. They may be all right, and may deal squarely with us, but the trouble is that we are not sure, and can not trust them. No matter how polite or gracious a secretive person may be, we can never rid ourselves of the feeling that there is a motive behind his graciousness, and that he has an ulterior purpose in view. He is always more or less of an enigma, because he goes through life wearing a mask. He endeavors to hide every trait that is not favorable to himself. Never, if he can help it, do we get a glimpse of the real man.

How different the man who comes out in the open, who has no secrets, who reveals his heart to us, and who is frank, broad and liberal! How quickly he wins our confidence! How we all love and trust him! We forgive him for many a slip or weakness, because he is always ready to confess his faults, and to make amends for them. If he has bad qualities, they are always in sight, and we are ready to make allowances for them. His heart is sound and true, his sympathies are broad and active. The very qualities he possesses—frankness and simplicity,—are conducive to the growth of the highest manhood and womanhood.

▲ ▲

Training That Crushes Individuality

DOG trainers tell us that they get their best results by training a dog to do a thing because he wants to do it; that is, they give him a motive for doing it, until he does it spontaneously, without being forced. A noted trainer says, "My dogs work for me more because they want to please me than because they are afraid of a whipping if they don't obey. If, before a dog comes to me, he has been bullied for every little failure, it is next to impossible to make anything of him."

If an animal trainer can not get the best results by forcing an animal to do a thing against its will, how can a parent or teacher expect to get the best results from a child by the employment of fear or force? A normal boy and girl, if properly trained, will not need to be forced to do things. A young mind longs for activity and expression, but, if spontaneity is crushed out of the life by slave-driving methods, ambition may be ruined and the natural power of self-expression entirely destroyed. Many sensitive children have been ruined by being nagged and bullied for every little fault. Their natures became warped and twisted by being compelled to do things, instead of being so led that they were not only willing, but also anxious to do them.

Just as a dog trainer, by proper training, gets the best results from a highly organized, intelligent dog, but finds that the animal is all the more easily spoiled because of his very intelligence and sensitive organization, so, finely organized, sensitive children, while capable of the highest degree of development, are, on that very account, more likely to be ruined by harsh, compulsory methods.

Spontaneity is absolutely necessary to originality, and, unless a child is allowed to develop along the lines nature has marked out for him, it is impossible for him to be original and to preserve his individuality.

Parents should stop and think when a child does not show enthusiasm in his studies, or in his work. There is something wrong, for enthusiasm is as natural to child life as song is to a bobolink, or as play is to a young puppy.

Encouragement, praise and sympathy will do more to develop naturalness and self-expression in a boy or girl than any amount of threats, compulsion, or restraint.

Some parents try to fit a boy to a certain pattern, and to mold him into such a shape as they desire. They leave no room for the expression of his individuality, but try to con-

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form him to some fixed and old-fashioned idea of their own.

The way to develop a child properly is to study him from the standpoint of what he is, not of what you think he ought to be. He may not at all fit into your conception of what a boy should be, but he may be much better and larger in every way. Find out what is in him, and help to draw it out. Encourage him every time he does well. lead him to free, untrameled development of all that is best in him, and you will find the result will be far more satisfactory than if you had tried to cast him in your particular mold.

Buried under Their Own Rubbish

SOME people spend a large part of their lives beginning things and then dropping them. They squander their energy and waste their efforts in rushing from one thing to another, without ever accomplishing anything. They have the faculty of beginning things, but do not seem to have the inclination or the ability to finish them. They are the victims of spasmodic enthusiasm. A new plan is suggested, or a new idea strikes them, and they are all vigor and enthusiasm when they first begin to put it in action, but very soon their interest cools, their ardor dies out, and the thing, whatever it is, is left unfinished.

Such people give you the impression of being suffocated by the rubbish about them. Everything is lying around in an uncompleted condition, begging to be finished,—half written letters and manuscripts, half executed plans, work of all sorts in various stages of development, and all in a state of utter confusion.

How to Be Happy

MANY of us miss the joys that might be ours by keeping our eyes fixed on those of other people. No one can enjoy his own opportunities for happiness while he is envious of another's. We lose a great deal of the joy of living by not cheerfully accepting the small pleasures that come to us every day, instead of longing and wishing for what belongs to others. We do not take any pleasure in our own modest horse and carriage, because we long for the automobile or victoria that some one else owns. The edge is taken off the enjoyment of our own little home because we are watching the palatial residence of our neighbor. We can get no satisfaction out of a trolley ride into the country or a sail on a river steamer, because some one else can enjoy the luxury of his own carriage or yacht. Life has its full measure of happiness for every one of us, if we would only make up our minds to make the very most of every opportunity that comes our way, instead of longing for the things that come our neighbor's way.

What the World Wants

Men who can not be bought.
Men whose word is their bond.
Men who put character above wealth.
Men who possess opinions and a will.
Men who see the divine in the common.
Men who "would rather be right than be president."
Men who will not lose their individuality in a crowd.
Men who will not think anything profitable that is dishonest.
Men who will be as honest in small things as in great things.
Men who will make no compromise with questionable things.
Men whose ambitions are not confined to their own selfish desires.
Men who are willing to sacrifice private interests for the public good.
Men who are not afraid to take chances, who are not afraid of failure.
Men of courage, who are not cowards in any part of their natures.
Men who are larger than their business, who overtop their vocation.
Men who will give thirty-six inches for a yard and thirty-two quarts for a bushel.
Philanthropists who will not let their right hand know what their left hand is doing.
Men who will not have one brand of honesty for business purposes and another for private life.
Young men who will be true to their highest ideals in spite of the sneers and laughter of their companions.
Clergymen who can hear a louder call than that of public applause, larger salary, or a fashionable church.
Statesmen who will not pack caucases, pull wires, or be influenced in their policy by personal motives.
Magnanimous souls who do not look upon everybody they meet for the possible use they may be to them.
Men who are true to their friends through good report and evil report, in adversity as well as in prosperity.
Single-hearted people who do not look at every proposition from the point of view of "What is there in it for me?"
Journalists who will not write scurrilous, scandalous articles merely because their editor-in-chief wishes them to do so.
Young men and women who can stand erect and independent while others bow and fawn and cringe for place and power.
Men who do not believe that shrewdness, sharpness, cunning and long-headedness are the best qualities for winning success.
Merchants who will not offer for sale "English woolens" manufactured in American mills, or "Irish linens" made in New York.
Lawyers who will not persuade clients to bring suits merely to squeeze fees out of them, when they know very well that they have no chance of winning.
Men who have the courage to do their duty in silence and obscurity while others about them win wealth and notoriety by neglecting sacred obligations.
Physicians who will not pretend to know the nature of a disease when they do not, or experiment on patients with drugs with which they are not familiar.
Men who are not ashamed or afraid to stand for the truth when it is unpopular, who can say "no" with emphasis, although all the rest of the world say "yes."
Men who have the courage to wear threadbare clothes and to live simply and plainly, if necessary, while their competitors revel in luxury purchased by crooked methods.
Men who have gained such complete control of themselves that they can pass through the most exasperating situations without doing or saying an unpleasant thing, without losing their temper or flying off their center

"Men who can stand before a demagogue
And scorn his treacherous flatteries without winking."



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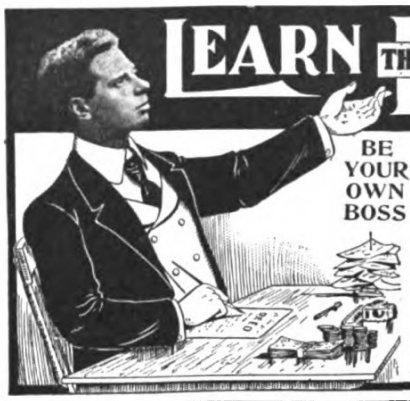
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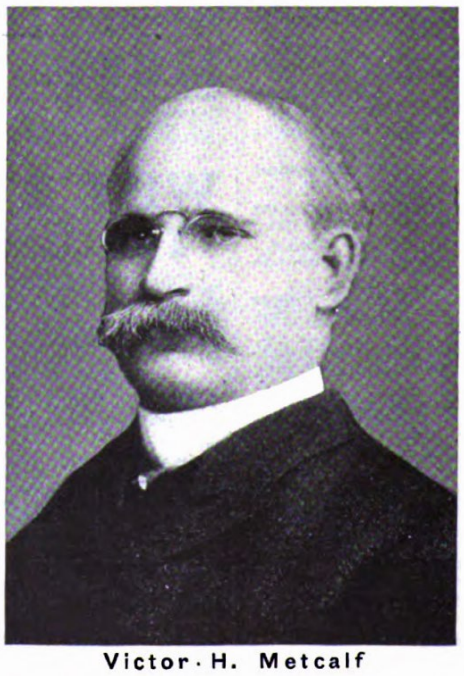
Paul Morton, the New Secretary of the Navy

J. D. WHELPLEY

THIRTY years ago the Burlington and Missouri Railroad Company had in its employ an office boy sixteen years of age who received for his services each month just the number of dollars he had years to his credit. During the past year this same office boy, now grown to a man, one of the best-known in the practical railway world, sold for the Santa Fé Railway Company sixty-three million dollars' worth of transportation, and received for so doing a yearly salary approaching that paid the president of the United States.

Ten years or more ago the now great Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, so well known to the financial and industrial world, was a struggling concern of limited capital, small facilities, and credit at a low ebb. Among its resources, however, were a half dozen of the most determined, cool-headed, daring, and optimistic business men in the West, who were its active officials. One of these was Paul Morton, the office boy of the Burlington and Missouri Railroad Company twenty years before, and in 1893 vice president of the then struggling Colorado Company. On June twenty-fifth, Mr. Morton was appointed to President Roosevelt's cabinet, to succeed William H. Moody as secretary of the navy. In accepting that office he sacrificed a promising position, but as he is a strong supporter of Roosevelt and the Republican Party,—although up to eight years ago he was an equally enthusiastic Democrat,—he believes that his work will not be in vain. He knows but little about naval affairs, but he has a knack of taking hold of situations and mastering them as the following incidents in his life-story will show.

Mr. Morton, while on a trip skirmishing for business, found that a big contract for steel was to be had by underbidding the giant concerns of the East. He consulted by wire with other officials of the company in Denver, and, securing their consent, bid for the job and got it. His company then had neither plant nor money with which to fulfill pledges. On the strength of this contract, however, the materials were secured. The employees of the concern were called together and told of the situation. Their coöperation was asked and secured in the form of delayed pay rolls, and to this day the men who founded this great concern show considerable emotion in speaking of the readiness with which their wage-earners risked their earnings that the company might get upon its feet. The contract thus boldly taken was filled according to agreement, and resulted in establishing a concern which has grown in a decade from a doubtful experiment to the greatest industrial enterprise in the United States, of which Andrew Carnegie has said that it is the only rival that the great United States' Steel Corporation need fear.



Victor H. Metcalf

Two or three years after the Colorado Company thus made itself felt in the industrial world, President Ripley of the Atchinson, Topeka, and Santa Fé Railway began his tremendous task of the financial reorganization of that great system, and he immediately called Mr. Morton to his aid and made him the second vice president, in charge of all traffic on the system. In 1896, when these men began their work, the operations of the Santa Fé showed a deficit, while in the fiscal year of 1903, or ten years later, a surplus of fourteen million dollars was earned. The gross earnings of the road grew in that period from thirty-four million dollars, in 1897, to sixty-three million dollars, in 1903.

Paul Morton was born in Detroit, Michigan, in 1857, and was taken to Nebraska City, Nebraska, by his mother, in the year of his birth. At that place they joined his father, the late J. Sterling Morton, once secretary of agriculture in Mr. Cleveland's cabinet, and always prominent in state and national affairs. In sight of the Morton homestead was signed the treaty of peace and cession concluded by General James W. Denver with the great Pawnee tribe of Indians, and it was here, prior to his sixteenth year, that young Morton absorbed what he now terms his very common school education.

Boys began life early, in those frontier days, and at sixteen he commenced his railroad work. He won his promotions step by step, worked through all the departments of the then small railroad, and thus acquired a knowledge of detail which now stands him in good stead as chief of the commercial brigade of the Santa Fé Railway.

The work of a great railroad is organized something after the fashion of a division of an army. The president is the major general, and the three vice presidents are brigade commanders. The first vice president has charge of the legal department, the lands, titles, contracts, taxes, and like matters. The second vice president is charged with securing the business, making rates, adjusting tariffs, and maintaining proper commercial relations with the public. This is really the sales department. The third vice president is the operating man, and his is the manufacturing department. He manufactures the transportation and the second vice president sells it.

The office held by Mr. Morton, therefore, as second vice president of the Santa Fé, is the one with which the public is brought most in contact, and one in which certain qualities such as decision, energy, and an enormous capacity for disposing of business must come into play. The railroads do not get their business by blandishments or social graces, but rather by sharp competition, satisfactory service, and, carrying out the simile of a commercial organization, by the sales department offering the best goods for the least money.

Extending, as it does, from Chicago to California, the Santa Fé passes through almost every variety of country and climate known to the United States. Its freight ranges over every conceivable field of production, and its passenger traffic deals with the Chicago commuter as well as the overland tourist. All of these

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conditions must be considered by the commercial brigade, and to their chief the hundreds of more or less important assistants look for ideas, suggestions, and encouragement.

"There are a thousand positions on the Santa Fé open to men of ability," said Mr. Morton once; "not that I mean there are a thousand vacancies, but that it is apparently impossible to keep a railroad supplied with the men who can do the work the way it should be done and better than others could do it." Once, when asked by some one to give a recipe for success in railroad work as exemplified in his own life, Mr. Morton said: "I do not know as there are any special features connected with my rather humdrum career. I think that I have always rendered faithful and intelligent service to my employers, and they have always understood that when there was anything for me to do I was always looking after it. In other words I have been industrious, and attended closely to matters for which I was responsible."

In the great Burlington strike of 1887, in which was involved the all-powerful Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, Mr. Morton acted as spokesman for that railroad, of which he was then general freight agent. He adopted a policy of publicity, then considered an innovation, with the result that the railroad held the good will of the press and the public, greatly to its advantage, and the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers before long acknowledged itself to be in error.

Mr. Morton has ever been fearless in his advocacy of the rights of railroads to manage their own affairs. He is one of the most strenuous advocates of legalized pooling, and long ago predicted consolidation as the inevitable alternative. He believes that labor and capital have equal rights, and that, at some not distant day, each will constitute a great organized and concrete power, treating with the other for advantages, and that thus each will hold the other in check in a wholesome way.

Victor H. Metcalf, the New Secretary of Commerce and Labor

HOSMER WHITFIELD

VICTOR HOWARD METCALF, who succeeded George B. Cortelyou as secretary of commerce and labor, is a resident of California. He was born in Utica, New York, fifty-one years ago, but, shortly after being admitted to the bar, he moved to the West, where he built up a law practice in Oakland, California. He studied under Horatio Seymour, who was the Democratic nominee for president of the United States, in 1868, but was defeated by General Grant.

Mr. Metcalf is known to Californians as a vigorous and brilliant lawyer. He has served in the past three congresses as a member of the ways and means committee. He was a member of the McCall special committee, which, during the closing days of the recent session, investigated the relations of members of congress with the post-office department.

Like Mr. Morton and Mr. Moody, Mr. Metcalf is a hard worker, a man who is at his desk from early morn till late at night, and his work is not made noticeable by publicity effects. When Mr. Roosevelt first met him, he was greatly impressed with this one quality, and several times he has said to his friends, "There is a man in congress, named Metcalf, who knows how to do things." The President's persistence in getting "men who do things" around him is proverbial.

William H. Moody, the New Attorney-General

GEORGE WILKINSON

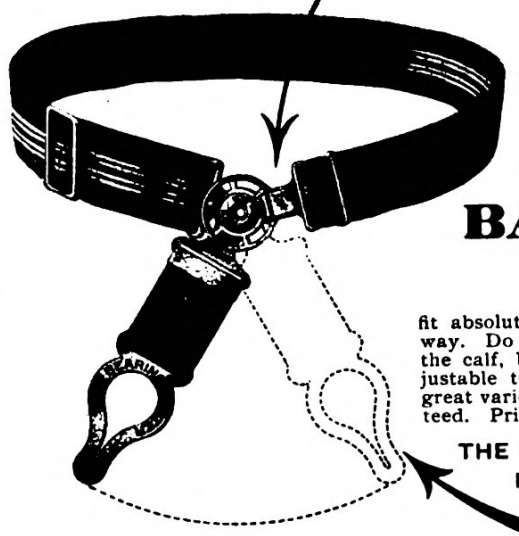
WILLIAM H. MOODY, who succeeded Philander C. Knox as attorney-general of the United States, is a man whom President Roosevelt upholds as an exemplary American. He climbed to the attention of the chief executive in a little law office in Haverhill, Massachusetts, where, up to the time of his appointment to the Roosevelt cabinet as secretary of the navy, he was almost unknown. Like Joseph W. Folk, of Missouri, he came into his first prominence by attacking corruption. He was the district attorney of Haverhill when a boodle ring in that city was exposed, and Mr. Moody was obliged to prosecute men whom he had supposed to be honest, and whom he had numbered among his best friends. His idea of duty is particularly strong, and he believes that moral obligation in public office is the first principle of an officeholder. When the Haverhill boodle cases were brought to trial, he was put to the test. Like Joseph W. Folk, of Missouri, temptations were thrown in his path, and, when he refused them, threats followed. But down in his heart he was doing his duty. Had he lived in a larger municipality, his fame might have spread with leaps and bounds. As it was, it was taken as a matter-of-fact performance, and efforts were being hatched to ruin his political future, but President Roosevelt ruled otherwise.

Mr. Moody was born and reared on a farm. His father, Henry L. Moody, was one of the best farmers in Essex County, Massachusetts. The best proof of this is that he made a good living out of a farm that did not promise much. The elder Moody was a hard, untiring worker, and he instilled the essence of thoroughness into his children.

William H. Moody learned to be a debater at Phillips Exeter Academy. He was considered one of the best debaters in that school, and he followed up his record in Harvard, where he paid his college expenses by tutoring. When he left college, he took up law. His early struggles in that field were marked by many humorous incidents in the courts.

Mr. Moody managed to secure a number of small cases, and he went in to win as if his clients were the most important personages on earth. His forensic ability was noised about, and, whenever Lawyer Moody was to plead for some poor fellow who was being sued because his neighbor's goat trespassed on his green, the crowded courtroom attested his popularity. Mr. Moody is now in his fifty-second year.

The Garter That Walks With You



All that a garter *should be* the Ball Bearing Garter *is*. The only garter in the world that has another means of flexibility than the elastic in the web. The Ball Bearing pendant gives it a swinging support that yields with every motion with every step. Therefore we say "The Garter that Walks with You."

BALL BEARING GARTERS

fit absolutely smooth. They cannot fit any other way. Do not have to be worn tight. Cannot bind the calf, because of Ball Bearing pendant. Adjustable to any leg. Made of finest web in great variety of patterns. Every pair guaranteed. Price 25c. at dealers or by mail.

THE C. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO.
Box 401, Shirley, Mass.

WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICK



Luxury Shaving Tablets, Yankee Shaving Soap, etc.

Stand for perfection in Shaving Soap

WILLIAMS' "JERSEY CREAM" TOILET SOAP

possesses the same creamy, softening and antiseptic qualities that have made Williams' Shaving Soaps so famous. An exquisite Toilet Soap. Prevents chapping, and keeps the hands soft, smooth and white.



Williams' Swiss Violet Toilet Water
Williams' Talcum Powder
Williams' Pine Tar Soap

Sold by druggists everywhere.
Write for Booklet.

"Just Like Cream"

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, Glastonbury, Ct.

LONDON PARIS BERLIN SYDNEY



ALT. F. CLARK NOW SAYS:

"My Directors have voted to issue Credit Scholarships in order that ambitious people who can ill afford to pay a cash fee of $40.00 may begin at once the study of their chosen profession and pay their tuition when they have completed the course. A Credit Scholarship presents the sole means for securing an education on credit."

I Will Trust You For Your Tuition

I am so positive that you will be pleased and benefited by our instruction that I am willing to trust you—until you have completed a course—trust you until you are thoroughly satisfied that you have received full value. I require no security—no references—no interest. Your mere word, that you will pay when satisfied, is the only requirement.

Settle When You Are Satisfied

We teach by mail ILLUSTRATION, ADVERTISING, JOURNALISM, PROOF-READING, SHOWCARD WRITING, BUSINESS CORRESPONDENCE, ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING, BOOKKEEPING, STENOGRAPHY, and the ENGLISH BRANCHES. Full information in regard to these courses will be sent to any person upon request.

Pay When Course Is Completed

You may have a Credit Scholarship, no matter who you are, where you live, or what your vocation may be. The only immediate expense is a small sum for text-books, postage, instruction, etc., these can be paid for as needed. I guarantee satisfaction or lose tuition fees.

A Large Book Absolutely Free

Upon receipt of your address I shall send, absolutely free, carriage charges prepaid, a big illustrated book that may mean both money and success to you. If you are a discontented man or woman, you should write for this helpful, instructive book, which is entitled "Struggles with the World." It contains about 200 illustrations and consists of 148 large pages. You cannot well read it without being benefited in your life work. Did you read my Free Prize Offer on page 535 in the last month's issue of this magazine? The offer is still open. To secure an education on credit mention the profession you wish to study, and write me immediately—before you forget it.

ALT. F. CLARK, President

CORRESPONDENCE INSTITUTE OF AMERICA,
Box 630, Scranton, Pa.

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The "GOSSACK"

The Florsheim SHOE

Bench made; on a foot form last, that follows perfectly the foot's natural lines; leather damp-proof, carefully selected, the Florsheim is a delight to particular men.

In style, genuine comfort and lasting shape, it stands for shoe satisfaction, while its 200 foot form lasts assure a perfect fit for almost any foot.

Most Florsheim styles sell for $5.00. You may pay more, but a more perfect combination of comfort, style and fit cannot be had.

FREE—Write for our booklet, "The Florsheim way of Foot Fitting." Facts that will interest every shoe wearer. If you cannot get the Florsheim at your dealer's, send us his name and we will make a pair specially for you.

FLORSHEIM & COMPANY
Chicago, U. S. A.



THE BEST ENTERTAINER FOR THE HOME?

Some people would tell you the Regina Music-Box, others a Talking-Machine. All would probably agree that the ideal combination of the two is the Reginaphone. Write to us for the name of your nearest Regina agent, or if you prefer, we will ship you any Regina instrument on approval.

THE REGINA COMPANY,
15 East 22d Street, NEW YORK. 265 Wabash Avenue, CHICAGO.

Makers of Reginaphones, Regina Piano Players, Regina Coronas and Regina Concertos.

THE Griffon

Griffon STROP-AIDE

Griffon Strop-Aide

Sharpens the dullest razor—makes a poor razor good—good razors better and self-shaving a positive luxury. "Just rub it on the strop"—cools the steel. Costs 25c—performs priceless and necessary service. Sent direct on receipt of price, or to be had on demand wherever cutlery is sold. **Firm of**

A. L. SILBERSTEIN,
421-452 Broadway, · New York.

STROP-AIDE

Glimpses of Progress

ELECTRIC express trains are to run between Rome and Naples. The system will cost twenty-two million dollars. Power will be obtained from waterfalls along the route.

In 1896, American immigration into Canada amounted to only 44 people, and in 1903 it amounted to 47,780 people. The homestead entries in Western Canada in 1896 were 1,857, and in 1903 they were 31,343.

Complete combustion of coal is accomplished by burning it in a chamber surrounded by a water-jacket separated from the boiler. The gases do not come in contact with the boiler until all solid matter is completely burned; thus there is greater heat and no smoke.

Rise in the temperature is the great obstacle in sinking mines deeper. Sufficient progress has been made so that engineers expect to mine coal and metal seven thousand, five hundred feet below the surface, before long. At present, five thousand, four hundred feet in the copper mines of upper Michigan is the maximum depth.

Henry S. Harkness recently covered the distance from Boston to New York, 243.7 miles, in 6 hours and 55 minutes, in an automobile. The time made compares favorably with that of the fastest express trains, and is the best ever made by an automobile on the road in America. At times Mr. Harkness claims to have made as much as 83 miles an hour.

Mexican capitalists are on the lookout for a man who can invent some process or machinery for making soap from the castor bean. This plant grows extensively in Mexico, and a fortune awaits the man capable of utilizing the bean for this purpose. Some time ago the owner of a plantation spent a small fortune in machinery for the double purpose of extracting the oil from the castor bean and for the manufacture of soap. The attempt, so far as the soap was concerned, failed. The market for such a product is unlimited.

Great Salt Lake, the Dead Sea of America, is gradually drying up. The opinion now almost universally prevails among scientists that this mysterious body of water, located at an altitude of 4,210 feet above sea level and 1,000 miles inland, and which has but a single rival,—the Dead Sea of Palestine,—is certain, within the course of a half century, to disappear from the map. Some scientists, who have made a careful study of the fluctuations of the lake for the past several years, even declare that it will be dried up within a quarter of a century.

The population of St. Louis is 612,279. This estimate is made assuming that the city has grown normally since 1900, when the population was 575,238, allowing nothing for the stimulus of the World's Fair. More than 75,000 people are in St. Louis now, directly dependent on the fair and drawing pay from either the fair or the thousands of exhibitors; so the population of the city at present, at least, is near 700,000. By the census, however, St. Louis is the fourth city of the United States, following New York, Chicago, and Philadelphia, and being a few thousand ahead of Boston.

Farmers throughout the United States, especially in regions traversed by swift-flowing streams, are beginning to realize that close to their doors is an opportunity to apply electricity to the work on the farm. The old dams along neglected waterways which years ago supplied the small mills with power, are now being rebuilt, and the old mill-races have been dredged and cleared of rubbish. Each dam and race may yield several horse-power; and the generating plants, poles, wires, etc., are simple and inexpensive. Farmers, who, a few years ago worried along with a score of kerosene lamps and lanterns, now light their houses, barns, and barnyards with electricity, and use the same power to pump water for house and stock.

The longest and largest cableway is to be constructed on the Argentine side of the Andes Mountains by the engineering firm of Adolf Bleichert and Company, of Leipsic, Germany. This cableway is to extend from the Chilecito station of the Argentine Northern Railroad for a total distance of thirty-two miles. Its termination at this end will be 14,933 feet above sea level, and the engine station that will be erected at this point of the cableway will be the highest in the world. No less than eighty-seven miles of rope will be required for the cableway. The project will necessitate many remarkable engineering difficulties being surmounted, since at one or two points the cableway will have to span gorges two thousand eight hundred feet wide by six hundred and fifty feet deep.

Scouting with the aid of the telephone has become one of the features of modern warfare, and is now being made use of by the Japanese. The operations are conducted in the following manner: Two scouts proceed from the lines toward the enemy, one, the observer, is a skilled army officer who makes the observations, which are transmitted back to headquarters through a telephone line paid out from a reel carried by an electrician of the signal corps. A ground return is used, the ground being made by thrusting a bayonet or hatchet into the earth and attaching one end of the line to it. The electrician carries a battery on his back. He also makes the connections and does the talking. A special conductor is used, which will stand the rough usage. In this manner a scout may be able to stay out a long time and give valuable information without being obliged to make a number of hazardous trips to the front.

Only One Mother

"Hundreds of stars in the pretty sky,
Hundreds of shells on the shore together,
Hundreds of birds that go singing by,
Hundreds of bees in the sunny weather;
Hundreds of dewdrops to greet the morn,
Hundreds of lambs in the crimson clover,
Hundreds of butterflies on the lawn,
But only one mother, the wide world over."

DO YOU WANT TO DRESS STYLISHLY



Do you want an **all-wool** suit or overcoat **made for you,** and **to fit you,** from the newest fashionable fabrics? Do you want to be **absolutely satisfied** before you pay for the garments? Do you want a pair of **all-wool,** stylishly made

$5 TROUSERS FREE

of cost to you for doing us a favor? Then **read carefully** and **act promptly** on this

Special Offer:

We will send you samples of all-wool Clay Worsteds, Thibets, Serges and Cassimeres, in black, blue, brown and fancy mixtures, from which we will make you a suit or overcoat for $10.00, **the equal of which you cannot buy for $15 anwhere else.** and give you an extra pair of $5.00 All-Wool Trousers **without charge,** providing you will hand ten sets of samples (which we furnish you free), to ten men who will be likely to buy suits on our **exceedingly liberal terms.**



Don't take our word for it. Just give us the opportunity to **prove** that we can and will **save you money** and **give you absolute satisfaction.** You take no risk. We make your suit, send it to you and give you ten days time to **actually wear the garments** to prove their positive worth. That's fair, isn't it? Write to-day for our New All-Wool $10 Suit Samples—also ask for our Superb special prices—our New Imported All-Wool Fall Fabrics at $12.50, $15.00 and $18.00 Fall Style Book and Complete Instructions for taking measures, **all sent free,** together with our Presidential Proposition, that **pays you $2.50 in cash before you get your suit.**

OWEN T. MOSES & CO., 215 MOSES BLDG., CHICAGO
References: Your friends, or Milwaukee Ave. State Bank, Chicago. Capital $250,000.



"99% of Camera Value is in the lens."

There isn't a photographic dealer in the country who can tell the quality or value of a lens by looking at it—he can tell you this, though—Goerz lenses are the standard for the world, and, after all, as the lens is the only part of the camera that makes the picture, your only safeguard is the reputation of the manufacturer. Ask about the Goerz.

Sample photograph sent on request.

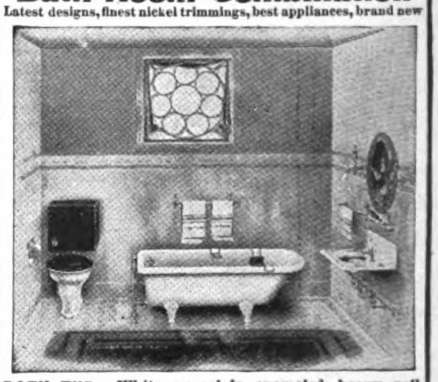
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Main Offices, Berlin-Friedenaw, Germany.
Branch Offices, 4 and 5 Holborn Circus, London, England. 22 Rue de l'Entrepot, Paris.

C. P. GOERZ,
Room 82, 52 E. Union Square, New York City.

Bath Room Combination

Latest designs, finest nickel trimmings, best appliances, brand new



BATH TUB—White porcelain enameled—heavy roll rim—seamless cast iron.
LAVATORY—Genuine "Italian" marble countersunk slab and back—patent overflow porcelain bowl.
CLOSET—Syphon wash down vitreous porcelain bowl—perfect working—best wood work.

Price $55.00

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Any ordinary mechanic can do the work. We furnish working plans on application. **ASK FOR BOOKLET F 533**—tells all about Plumbing and Heating Apparatus.

Address CHICAGO HOUSE W. CO., 1250 35th Street, Chicago

SHORTHAND IN 30 DAYS

WE GUARANTEE to teach our course in Shorthand complete in 30 days study of 5 hours each. No ruled lines; no position; no shading, dots, nor dashes. No long list of word-signs to confuse. Easy, simple, speedy, practical. **Students in high-grade positions. Employers pleased.** Lawyers, doctors, literary folk, club women, can now acquire Shorthand with ease for use in their callings. No need to spend months, as with old systems. **"Boyd's Syllable System."** 20th century wonder, is the best.

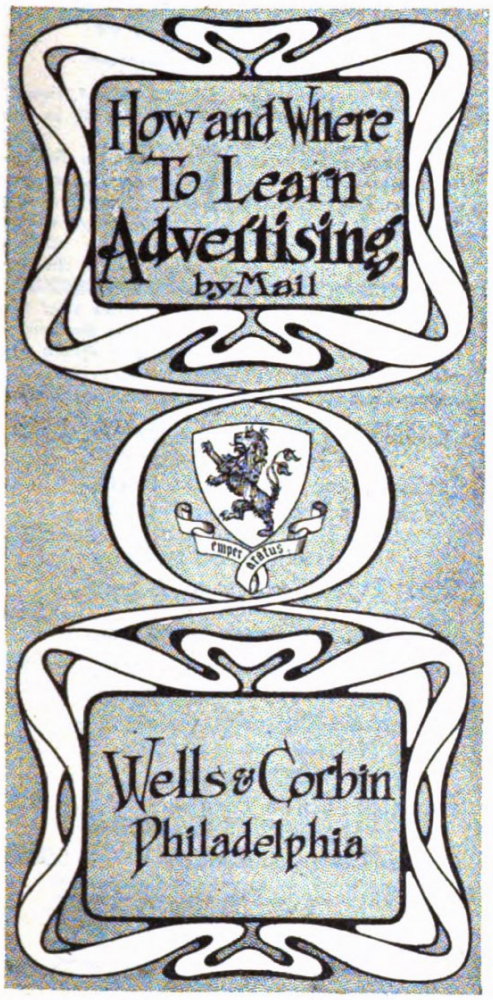
Write to-day for testimonials and booklets.

CHICAGO CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS (Incorporated)
44 National Life Building, Chicago, Ill.

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Free Book About Advertising

A Postal Card Secures It—Write To-day



This 36-Page Book Tells:

1st—What a knowledge of advertising will do for you.

2d—What you can earn and why you can earn it. (Advertising men earn from $25 to $200 a week.)

3d—Why advertising is the most desirable of the leading professions.

4th—Why the field for advertising men and women is practically unlimited.

5th—Why this very profitable and fascinating line of work is not overdone (and the field will not be crowded for many years to come) although it can be easily and quickly learned at home, by mail, during spare evening hours.

6th—Why advertising men are better paid than almost any other class.

7th—Some interesting things about converting simple ideas into cash.

8th—What the New York *Times* says about the prominence of the advertising man and the great future for him.

9th—Why we, after fifteen years' experience, and after spending about a million dollars in successful advertising, are better qualified to teach than any other instructors.

10th—What great advertising experts, and successful graduates throughout the United States think of our course.



C. TOWNSEND WELLS



HOLLIS CORBIN

A CHANCE TO GET A FREE COURSE.

We are going to publish a booklet containing several hundred reasons why a knowledge of advertising is essential to the modern business education.

We want "Success" readers to contribute to this booklet.

We want **you** to write and send us one good, strong sentence.

Each reason is to be given in a single sentence of not more than 25 words.

To the person who writes the best sentence we will award our complete course of instruction absolutely free of charge.

Every one else who sends in a sentence good enough for our booklet will be awarded a special $10 prize certificate which may be sold for cash or applied on a course of instruction.

Here are three sample sentences which will appear in our booklet:

"Advertising is essential to a business education because advertising is really the science of selling."

"By studying advertising one learns to tell his business story to the many instead of the few."

"A business education is incomplete without a knowledge of advertising because many employers now give preference to the advertising student."

You should be able to think out a much better one. It costs nothing to try and the mental exercise will do you good even if you should not win the free course or one of the prize certificates.

This contest will not close until October 31st, 1904, but you should send in your sentence **at once** so as to give us plenty of time to compare it with others.

YOU CAN EARN A TRIP TO EUROPE

We believe that **most any** reader of "Success" can find twenty people among his friends and acquaintances who are **already** interested in the study of advertising and who will take our correspondence course when shown that it is the best. You can **EARN** the trip to England and France (all expenses paid from any point in the United States) by securing only twenty students for us. This is NOT a prize contest—any one who secures twenty students (according to instructions which we will furnish upon application) will be entitled to the trip. If you should not get the full twenty students we will pay you a liberal cash commission for all you do get.

FREE TOUR OF ENGLAND AND FRANCE

We offer you a chance to **WIN** a free trip to England and France by securing only **TWO** students. This **IS** a prize contest—an interesting and very liberal one. Write at once for full particulars.

We offer permanent employment to good agents.

WHAT OTHERS SAY ABOUT OUR COURSE

Miss Lula M. Bickel, 22d and Edgemont Ave., Chester, Pa., says: "Three months ago I was doing nothing but plain stenographic work. To-day most of my time is devoted to the preparation of advertising matter. This work is much easier and more interesting, and my success in handling it has resulted in a fifty per cent. increase in salary. This advancement is due entirely to your instruction."

H. D. Ford, Central Valley, N. Y., says: "Your instruction and practical assistance enabled me to greatly increase my business and has proven of much more value than I anticipated."

H. E. Pilgrim, Hamilton, Ohio, says: "I want to express to you my real appreciation of your course in ad-writing and management. You teach the how and why, including every detail, and the lessons are so interesting and the criticisms are so judicious that a man does not mind the work involved."

John O. Powers, North American Building, Philadelphia, formerly John Wanamaker's ten-thousand dollar a year advertising manager, says: "Your wide and varied experience as advertising managers has thoroughly fitted you for this work; and the course itself, so far as I have gone over it, seems to be exactly what is needed."

W. S. McIlvaine, 3146 N. Broad St., Philadelphia, says: "My recent experience with a leading advertising school was not entirely unsatisfactory, but the instruction cannot be compared with that received from you. You certainly have a rare faculty for making things clear and interesting and for eliminating the dry and unessential topics which constitute such a large portion of the course above referred to."

Dr. J. Neuwirth, St. Charles, Mo., says: "I must say that your course was a material help to me in building up practice."

Wells & Corbin, Advertising Experts

Suite B, 22nd Floor, Land Title Building, Philadelphia

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LAST CHANCE

TO SUBSCRIBE FOR

Country Life in America

IN LOW-PRICE CLUBBING OFFERS

"COUNTRY LIFE IN AMERICA" is undoubtedly the most exquisitely illustrated and printed periodical in the world. It is filled to the brim with beautiful pictures of fine estates, old homesteads, country scenes, nature studies, gardening delights, etc. Its articles on special culture of plants and farm products have become famous.

Its regular subscription price is $3.00 per year, for which the subscriber obtains, without extra charge, the three great annual Double Numbers, the Gardening number, the House-Building number, and the Christmas Annual, each sold on the news-stands at 50c.

The publishers of "Country Life in America" have notified us that, after September 30th 1904, they will be unable to allow this beautiful and expensive magazine to appear in low-priced clubbing offers, and little or no reduction from the full price, ($3.00), even to "Success" subscribers, will hereafter be possible. We have secured, however, the right of accepting orders for the next thirty days, (September only,) in connection with other magazines, at the following extraordinary clubbing rates:—

OUR PRICES

	One-Year Subscriptions	Two-Year Subscriptions
1. Country Life, Success, and Leslie's Monthly,	$3.00	$6.00
2. Country Life, Review of Reviews, and Success,	4.00	8.00
3. Country Life, World's Work, and Success,	4.00	8.00

OTHER SUCCESS MAGAZINE OFFERS

Our special contracts with the magazines included during the season of 1903-1904, in the Success Magazine Clubbing Offers, *expire September 30.* Some of them will be renewed others will not. In no case will the prices for the coming season be less than at present and you are therefore entirely safe in entering your subscriptions in September rather than deferring action until later in the fall.

For the benefit, however, of those who prefer to place their permanent orders for magazine subscriptions in December or January we are making the following **special four months' offers** which will serve the purpose of trial subscriptions and will enable you to read and study the magazines offered in advance of placing your final annual order.

SPECIAL SEPTEMBER CLUBBING OFFERS

	REGULAR PRICE	OUR PRICE 12 mos. Subscriptions	OUR PRICE 4 mos. Subscriptions
Leslie's Monthly Magazine, and Success =	$2.00	$1.50	$ .50
Pearson's, Cosmopolitan, and Success =	3.00	2.00	.67
Review of Reviews, and Success = =	3.50	2.50	.84
World's Work, Good Housekeeping, and Success	5.00	3.00	1.00
Outing, Current Literature, and Success =	7.00	4.00	1.34

ALTERNATIVES

In the above offers, any one of the following magazines, viz.: *Leslie's Monthly Magazine, Cosmopolitan, Woman's Home Companion, Good Housekeeping,* and *Pearson's* may be ordered instead of another (of the five); and any one of the following magazines, viz.: *Review of Reviews, World's Work, Country Life, Current Literature, Outing, Lippincott's* or the *Independent,* may be ordered instead of another (of the seven).

Address all orders to

THE SUCCESS COMPANY,

University Building, Washington Square, New York

SUCCESS

A Monthly Home Journal of Inspiration, Progress, and Self-Help

ORISON SWETT MARDEN, *Editor and Founder*

THE SUCCESS COMPANY, Publishers
University Building, New York City

FOREIGN OFFICE:
10 Norfolk Street, Strand, London, England

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE:
In the United States, Canada and Mexico:—
$1.00 a year. Ten cents a copy.
In all other countries of the postal union, $1.75 a year, postage prepaid.

OUR ADVERTISEMENTS

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

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

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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

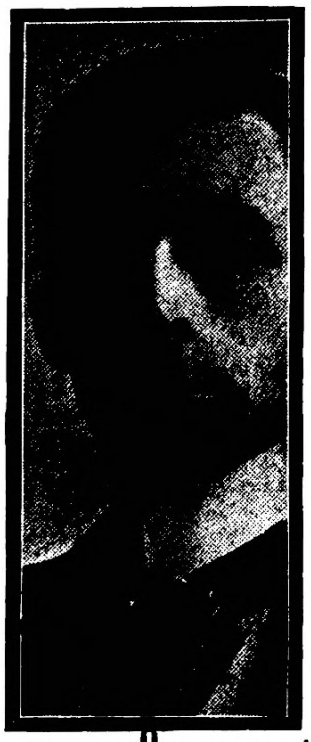
LET'S GET ACQUAINTED.

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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T. J. KIERMAN
25 TROWBRIDGE ST.

To-day is the Day

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