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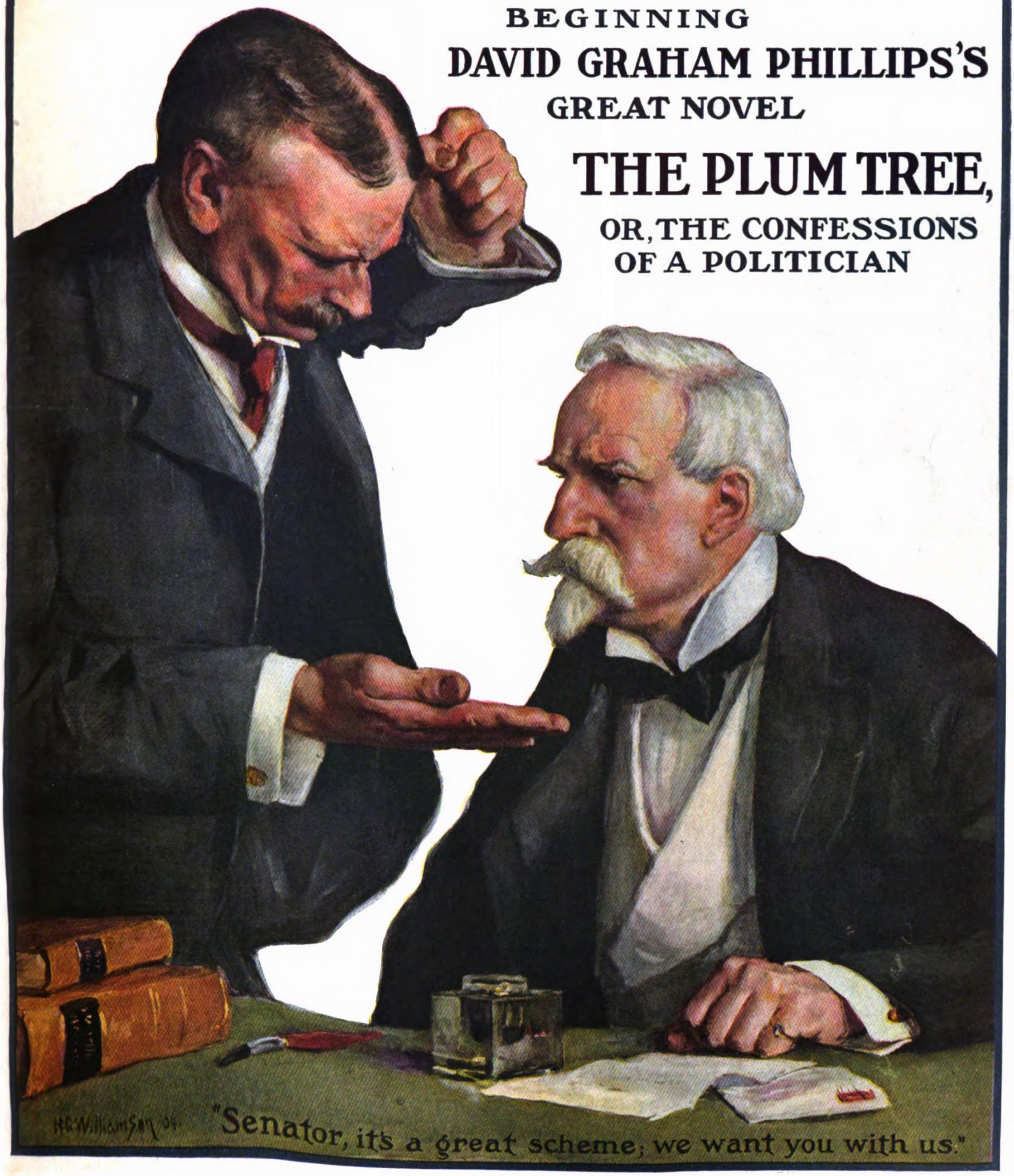
OCTOBER 1904

BEGINNING

DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS'S GREAT NOVEL

THE PLUM TREE,

OR, THE CONFESSIONS OF A POLITICIAN



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In order to secure 15,000 shareholders within 30 days we will make you a **SPECIAL PROPOSITION** whereby you will be entitled to an **EXTRA DIVIDEND WITHOUT COST.** Write us to-day, mentioning this paper, and ask us about the extra dividend.

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GREATER ATLANTIC CITY



The Story of How the Popular Watering Resort is Making Poor Men Rich and Rich Men Richer.

FIFTY years ago Absecon Island was a stretch of surf-washed sand on the Jersey Coast. To-day the same island is celebrating its Golden Anniversary as the greatest watering resort on the globe, the Mecca of millions of tourists seeking health and pleasure. Its wind-blown dunes have become the site of beautiful Atlantic City, with its permanent population of 35,000, and an estimated summer population of 250,000.

Busy streets, handsome cottages, palatial hotels, cover the Island from shore to shore, from the Inlet to Longport, making it necessary for Atlantic City to seek a new direction in which to expand.

Wonderful Growth

Little did Jeremiah Leeds think, when paying forty cents an acre for Absecon Beach, little did his family think when selling it for $17.50 an acre, that to-day a moderate valuation of the real estate within Atlantic City's limits would total $70,000,000. Yet such is the fact.

This wondrous growth is due apparently, not to booming or speculation, but to entirely natural causes which exercise a peculiar fascination over visitors. So long as her beach is the finest, her surf the coolest, her skies the brightest, her breezes the balmiest, her boardwalk the gayest, access to her glories the easiest, so long must Atlantic City hold her sway, and so long will sweltering inland millions crowd her healthful shores. With this combination of excellences, the growth and prosperity of Atlantic City are practically as certain as the rising and setting of the sun.

Within ten years land in the heart of Atlantic City has risen 800 per cent., and Atlantic City is yet in its infancy. Unlike some shore resorts, as Newport, which was made by millionaires, Atlantic City has made comfortable fortunes for almost everybody who has invested in her real estate. The next ten years, in the judgment of those who know best, is bound to see as great a rise in the city's surburban property.

City Must Expand

A glance at the map bears out this opinion. There rests Atlantic City on Absecon Island as on a throne—beauteous Queen City of the Coast, but with no room for expansion. Land is just as scarce about her as water is plenty. The salt marshes, five miles in width, stretch toward the mainland, affording no outlet for growth. To build on these is to build on mud washed by tide-water.

But Atlantic City must expand; homes must be built somewhere. There is but one direction—on the highland at Pleasantville Terrace, adjoining the town of Pleasantville. In this direction is absolutely all the natural high ground unoccupied within seven miles of the city. Accordingly attention is now being turned to this section.

This large tract of highland, formerly known as the Doughty Estate, belonged to General Doughty, of Revolutionary fame, whose log cabin still stands, a relic of that stirring period. This estate has remained in the Doughty family until this spring, when they sold it, thus allowing it to be placed on the market for the first time in over a hundred years.

On the Highland

Situated sixty feet above the ocean, Pleasantville Terrace affords the only natural outlet for the growth of Atlantic City, and promises an opportunity to investors not unlike that which made the wealth of the early owners of property on the Island.

Here the tonic air of the pines mingles with the healing ocean breezes, making it a natural resort of persons seeking restoration to health. Here also a beautiful natural lake, one mile in length, provides boating, fishing, swimming. The woods of pine and oak afford hunting in season, and artesian wells furnish the purest water.

Easy of Access

Access is easy, the handsome new station being just twelve minutes' ride on the Reading Railroad from the famous Boardwalk. All trains, except through express, make regular stops. A trolley line runs from Pleasantville, tickets being sold at the rate of six for twenty-five cents. The Delaware and Atlantic City Trolley line is surveyed direct through the property, and the Washington Avenue trolley will pass nearby.

The Atlantic City Estate Company, who are the purchasers of this property, have divided it into lots, 25 by 100 feet, which they are offering to investors and home-builders at prices that will seem insignificant five years hence. Since this is nearly all the unoccupied land there is within seven miles, such an opportunity to secure a home-site suburban to the world's greatest shore resort is not likely to occur again.

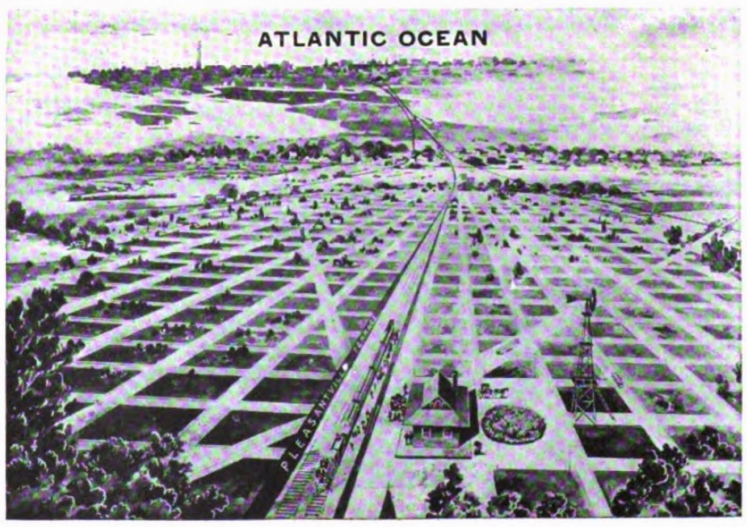
The price of lots within two squares of the Reading Railroad is $40. Those beyond two squares from the railroad are $30, but for a short time only the company will deduct $10 from every other lot. Corners are $5 extra.

The terms are $1 down for each lot, and $1 per week. It would be advisable to take 3 to 5 lots, and the company will make a special rate of $2 weekly on payments. Five lots, including a corner, will only cost $135, or if within two squares of the railroad, $185. No charge for deed; no mortgages; no interest; no taxes until 1906.

It should be remembered that this is within easy reach of the wonderful Boardwalk, twelve minutes' ride by rail, and a five-cent fare by trolley.

Safety of Investment

It can be readily seen that a fortune is not required to own a valuable piece of real estate. One may become an investor or a home-builder on a very small capital. Here a family may live inexpensively, amid quiet shade and cooling breezes, within a few minutes' ride of the world's greatest Ocean Sanatorium.



Birdseye view of Pleasantville Terrace, looking toward Atlantic City—reached by Reading R. R. in 12 min.; trolley fare, 5 cents.

So sure are the Atlantic City Estate Company of the goodness of the investment that they give a black and white guarantee that the lots will increase in value at least 25 *per cent.* within one year, based on the price at which their corps of salesmen will then be selling similar lots, or money will be refunded with six per cent. interest. Titles are guaranteed by Integrity Title and Trust Company of Philadelphia. Should the owners of property in Pleasantville Terrace die before their lots are fully paid for, their heirs will receive a clear deed thus insuring them against risk or loss. Should they desire to build before January 1st, 1905, half the purchase price will be returned, and every assistance given them in their enterprise.

In this way those of moderate means may invest on the easiest terms and under the safest guarantee, with practically no risk. It is certainly a most unusual proposition. Land is the safest form of investment. It cannot burn, be stolen, or affected by financial panic. Pleasantville Terrace is the only land convenient to Atlantic City which can be bought as low, or on such terms.

Franklin P. Stoy, Mayor of Atlantic City, was among the first to recognize the advantages of Pleasantville Terrace, and among the first to purchase. He has consented to reply to all inquiries as to the standing of the Company and the goodness of the investment. Prominent officials of the Reading Railroad, clergymen and hundreds of business men, have also purchased largely. Property is sold under wise permanent restrictions, and to white people only.



Every facility is offered for investigation. Excursions are run every Thursday and Sunday from Atlantic City, leaving the Reading Station at 3 P. M. Agents furnish tickets at the station, or they may be had at the Company's offices.

Free Booklet and Map

To those who cannot visit the property in person, an illustrated booklet and plans, from which to make selection, will be sent upon request; or, by enclosing $1 with name and address as many lots may be secured as desired, up to five, which is all that can be sold to one person. Satisfaction is guaranteed or the dollar will be returned.

Send for booklet, and further information to Atlantic City Estate Company, Victor J. Humbrecht, President. Home Office, Dept. C., 1039–1050 Drexel Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

BRANCH OFFICES:

1615 Boardwalk, and 410 Bartlett Building, Atlantic City, N. J.; 304 Market Street, Camden, N. J.; Frick Building, Pittsburg, Pa.

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THE founding of this University is an event of more than ordinary importance in the educational world.

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THE educational control and management of the University will be under the active, personal direction of Channing Rudd, D.C.L., President of the University; John Franklin Crowell, Ph.D., L.H.D., Educational Director, and William Torrey Harris, LL.D., Chairman of the Advisory Faculty. These three prominent educators will be assisted in the active conduct of the work by a fully equipped University organization of colleges and departments, with able deans, professors, text writers and instructors.



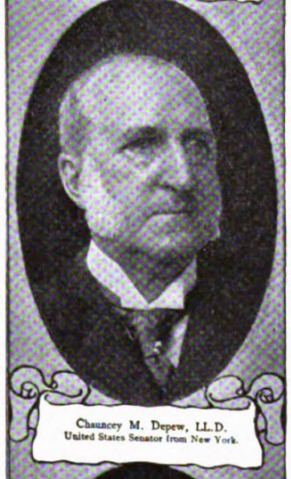
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Why You Need this University

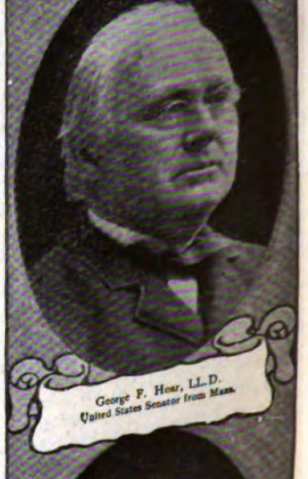
WE have founded this University to meet the various educational needs of men and women, young and old, in all parts of the world.

If you are a young man or young woman who needs an education and cannot attend a resident institution on account of financial or other reasons; or a college student who wishes to continue an unfinished course; or a college graduate who wishes to specialize in any chosen subject; or a business or professional man whose work demands the best and latest general or specialized knowledge; or one who has had no early advantages and wishes to secure a better education; or, in short, if you want to obtain a complete general education, or a part of an education, or a special education, *write* to me, and I will show you that the I. C. U. offers exactly what you need.

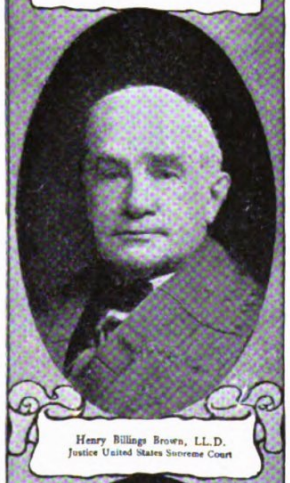
You should bear in mind that you may start at any time. There are no regular classes; you will be a class by yourself. You will be under the individual guidance of the faculty of your department. You may start at any time in the calendar year which is most convenient to you. There is no age limit. You may begin at any time in your life when you feel a desire to add to your knowledge and education. With most people that time is NOW. Your progress will be just as rapid as your time and ability permit.



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I FIRMLY believe that you who read these lines must be vitally interested in this University, for its plans are so wide and so far-reaching that they must necessarily include you. I have written a book in which I have told the story of the I. C. U. in detail, just why and how it was founded, what it means for you, personally, or through you for your family, your friends or your employees. I have called it "The Personal Statement of the President." I am sure you will be interested in this book. Write me, and I will take pleasure in sending you a copy, with my compliments. If, in addition, you will state any course of study in which you may, might, could, would or should be especially interested, I shall be glad to write you a personal letter showing just what this University can do for YOU.

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For the Trustees.

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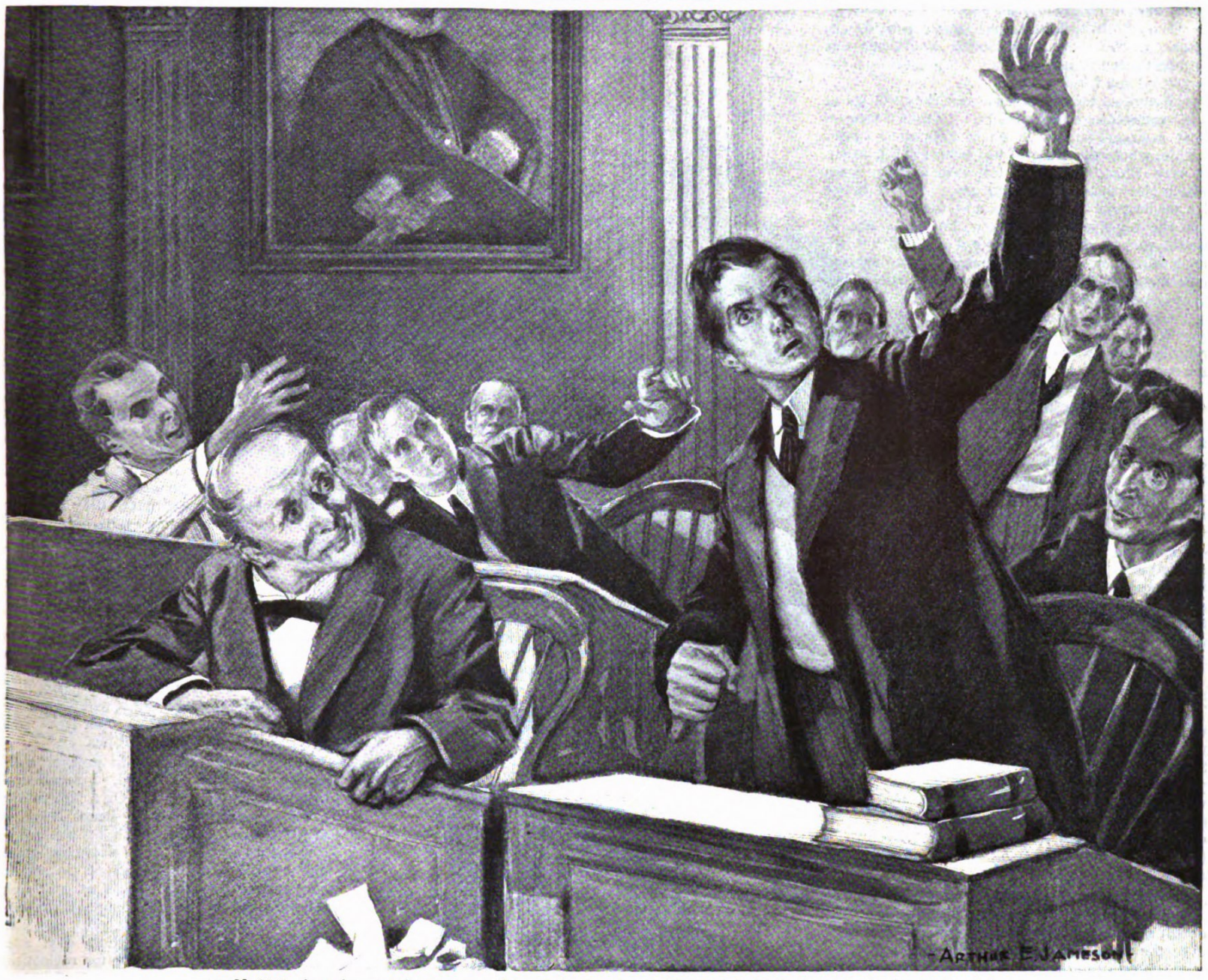
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SUCCESS

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VOLUME VII. NEW YORK, OCTOBER, 1904 NUMBER 125



"'No!' I shouted,—not in answer to the clerk, but in denial of that insolent, master-to-dog command"



THE PLUM TREE

The Confessions of a Politician

DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS

[Author of "The Master Rogue," ("The Confessions of a Crœsus,") "The Cost," etc.]

[*Illustrations by Arthur E. Jameson*]



PART I.

"WE can hold out six months longer,—at least six months." My mother's tone made the six months stretch encouragingly into six long years.

I see her now, as vividly as if it were only yesterday. We were at our scanty breakfast, I as blue as was ever even twenty-five, she brave and confident,—with no mere pretense to reassure me, no cheerless optimism of ignorance, but with the through-and-through courage and strength of those who flinch at no bogy that life or death can conjure. Her tone lifted me; I glanced at her, and what shone from her eyes set me on my feet, face to the foe. The tablecloth was darned in many places, but so skillfully that you could have looked closely without detecting it. Not a lump of sugar, not a slice of bread went to waste in that house, yet even I had to think twice to realize that we were poor, terribly poor. She did not hide our poverty; she beautified it, and dignified it into Spartan simplicity. I know it is not the glamour of the past that makes me believe there are no such women now as that race to which she belonged. The world, to-day, yields comfort too easily to the capable; it takes hardship to form character, and in those days, in this middle-western country, even the capable were not strangers to hardship.

"When I was young," she went on, "and things looked black,—blue and blue-black, as they have a habit of looking to the young and inexperienced,"—this she added with a teasing smile for me,—"I used to say to myself, 'Well, anyhow, they can't *kill* me.' That thought used to cheer me up wonderfully. In fact, it still does."

I no longer felt desperate. "Judge Granby is a dog," said I; "yes, a dog."

"Why 'dog?'" protested my mother. "Why not simply 'mean man?' I've never known a dog that could equal a man that set out to be 'ornery.'"

"When I think of all the work of various kinds I've done for him in the past two years,—'

"For yourself," she interrupted; "work you do for others does n't amount to much unless it's been first and best for yourself."

"But he has benefited by it, and has taken life easy, and has had more clients and bigger fees than he ever had before," I persisted. "I'd like to give him a jolt. I'd stop nagging him to put my name in a miserable corner of the glass in his door. I'd hang out a big sign of my own over my own office."

My mother burst into a radiant smile. "I've been waiting a year to hear that," said she.

Thereupon I had a shock of fright,—inside. I'd never have dared to show fear before my mother. There's nothing else that makes you so brave as to live with some one before whom you have n't the courage to raise the white feather. If we did n't keep each other up to the mark, what a spectacle of fright and flight this world-drama would be! Vanity, the greatest of vices, is also

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the greatest of virtues, or the source of the greatest virtues,—which comes to the same thing.

"When will you do it?" asked my mother, and then I knew I was in for it, and that the suspicion that had made me keep my lips tight-shut upon my dream of independence was well founded.

"I'll—I'll think about it," was my answer, in a tone which I hoped my mother would see was not hesitating, but reflective; "I must n't go too far,—and too fast."

"Better go too far and too fast than not go at all," retorted my wise mother. "Once a tortoise beat a hare,—once. It never happened again, yet the whole timid world has been talking about it ever since," and she fell into a study from which she roused herself to say, "You'd better let *me* bargain for the office and the furniture,—and the big sign." She knew, but could not, or would not, teach me how to get a dollar's worth for a dollar; would not, I suspect, for she despised parsimony, declaring it to be another virtue which is only becoming in a woman.

"Of course,—when—" I began.

"We've got to do something in the next six months," she warned. And now she made the six months seem six minutes.

I had at my tongue's end something about the danger of dragging her down into misfortune; but before speaking I looked at her, and, looking, refrained. To say it to *her* would have been too absurd,—to her who had been left a widow with nothing at all, who had educated me for college, and who had helped me through my first year there,—helped me with money, I mean. But for what she gave besides, more, immeasurably more, —but for her courage in me and round me and under me,—I'd never have got my degree or anything else, I suspect. I looked at her. "They can't kill me, can they?" said I, with a laugh that sounded so brave that it straightway made me brave.

So it was settled.

But that was the first step in a fight I can't remember even now without a sinking at the heart. The farmers of Jackson County, of which Pulaski was the county seat, found in litigation their chief distraction from the dullness. Still, a new lawyer, especially if he was young, had an agonizing time of it convincing their slow, hard, suspicious natures that he could be trusted in such a crisis as "going to law." To make matters worse, I fell in love.

* * * * * *

Once—it was years afterwards, though not many years ago,—Burbank, at the time governor, was with me, and we were going over the main points for his annual message. One of my suggestions—my orders to all my agents, high and low, have always been sugar-coated as "suggestions,"—started a new train of thought in him, and he took pen and paper to fix it before it had a chance to escape. As he wrote, my glance wandered along the shelves of the bookcases. It paused on the farthest and lowest shelf. I rose and went there, and found my old schoolbooks, those I had pored over so often when I was in Public School Number Three, too near thirty years ago!

On the shelf one book stood higher than the others,—tall and thin and ragged, its covers torn, its pages scribbled, stained, and dog-eared. Looking through that old physical geography was like a first talk with a long-lost friend. It had, indeed, been my friend. Behind its broad back I had eaten forbidden apples, I had aimed and discharged the blowgun, I had reveled in blood-and-thunder tales that made the drowsy schoolroom fade into an open wilderness, the scene of breathless struggles between an Indian and a settler, or into an open sea where a pirate, or worse-than-pirate, Britisher, after a desperate struggle, went down before the deadly fire of an American privateer or man-o'-war.

On an impulse shot up from the dustiest depths of memory, I turned the old geography sideways and examined the edges of the cover. Yes, there was the *cachet* I had made by splitting the pasteboard with my jack-knife. How the old memories thronged through my brain! I thrust in my finger-nail; out came a slip of paper. I glanced at Burbank,—he was still busy. I—somewhat stealthily, you may imagine,—opened the paper and—well, my heart beat much more rapidly as I saw, in a schoolgirl scrawl:—



I was no longer master of a state; I was a boy in school again. I could see her laboring over this game of "friendship, love, indifference, hate." I could see "Redney" Griggs, who sat between her and me, in the row of desks between and parallel to my row and hers,—could see him swoop and snatch the paper from her, look at it, grin maliciously, and toss it over to me. I was in grade A, was sixteen, and was beginning to take myself seriously. She was in grade D, was little more than half my age, but looked older,—and how sweet and pretty she was! She had black hair, thick and wavy, with little tresses escaping from plaits and ribbons to float about her forehead, ears, and neck. Her skin was darker then, I think, than it is now, but it had the same smoothness and glow, —certainly, it could not have had more.

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I think the dart must have struck, that day,—why else did I keep that bit of paper? But it did not trouble me until the first winter of my launching forth as "Harvey Sayler, Attorney and Counselor at Law." She was the daughter of the Episcopalian preacher; and, as everyone thought well of the prospects of my mother's son, our courtship was undisturbed. Then—in the spring, when fortune was at its coldest and love at its most feverish,—her father accepted a call to a church in Boston, eight hundred miles away.

To go to see her was impossible,—how could the money be spared,—fifty dollars, at the least? Once—when they had been gone about four months,—my mother insisted that I must go. But I refused, and I do not know whether it is to my credit or not, for my refusal gave her only pain, whereas the sacrifices she would have had to make, had I gone, would have given her only pleasure. I had no fear that Betty would change during our separation. There are some people you hope are stanch, and some people you think will be stanch, if—, and then there are those, many women and a few men, whom it is impossible to think of as false or even faltering. I did not fully appreciate that quality then,—for my memory was not then dotted with the graves of false friendships and littered with the rubbish of broken promises, but I did appreciate it enough to build securely upon it.

"Build!"—no, that is not the word. There may be those who are stimulated to achievement by being in love, though I doubt it. At any rate, I was not one of them. My love for her absorbed my thoughts, and paralyzed my courage. Of the qualities that have contributed to what success I may have had, I put in the first rank a disposition to see the gloomiest side of the future. But it has not helped to make my life happier, invaluable though it has been in preventing misadventure from catching me napping.

So another year passed. Then came hard times, —*real* hard times. I had some clients,—enough to insure mother and myself a living, with the interest on mortgage and note kept down. But my clients were poor, and poor pay, and slow pay. Nobody was doing well but the note-shavers. I—. How mother fought to keep the front brave and bright!—not her front, for that was bright by nature, like the sky beyond the clouds; but our front, my front,—the front of our affairs. No one must see that we were pinching,—so I must be the most obviously prosperous young lawyer in Pulaski. What that struggle cost her I did not then realize, —no, could not realize until I looked at her face for the last time, looked and turned away and thought on the meaning of the lines and the hollows over which Death had spread his awful peace. I have heard it said of those markings in human faces, "How ugly!" But it seems to me that, to anyone with eyes and imagination, line and wrinkle and hollow always have the splendid somber beauty of tragedy. I remember my mother when her face was smooth and had the shallow beauty that the shallow dote on. But her face whereon was written the story of fearlessness, sacrifice, and love,—that is the face beautiful of my mother for me.

In the midst of those times of trial, when she had ceased to smile,—for she had none of that hypocritical cheerfulness which depresses and is a mere vanity to make silly onlookers cry "Brave!" when there is no true bravery,—just when we were at our lowest ebb came an offer from Bill Dominick to put me in politics.



"She was near the window, kneeling in the moonlight"

I had been interested in politics ever since I was seven years old. I recall distinctly the beginning. On a November afternoon,—it must have been November, though I remember that it was summer-warm, with all the windows open and many men in the streets in shirt-sleeves,—at any rate, I was on my way home from school. As I neared the courthouse I saw a crowd in the yard and was reminded that it was election day, and that my father was running for reëlection to the state senate, so I bolted for his law office in the second story of the Masonic Temple, across the street from the courthouse.

He was at the window and was looking at the polling place so intently that he took no notice of me as I stood beside him. I know now why he was so absorbed and why his face was stern and sad. I can shut my eyes and see that courthouse yard, the long line of men going up to vote, single file, each man calling out his name as he handed in his ballot, and Tom Weedon—who shot an escaping prisoner when he was deputy sheriff,—repeating the name in a loud voice. Each oncoming voter in that curiously regular and compact file was holding out his right arm stiff so that the hand was about a foot clear of the thigh, and in every one of those thus conspicuous hands was a conspicuous bit of white paper,—a ballot. As each man reached the polling window and gave in his name, he swung that hand round with a stiff-armed, circular motion that kept it clear of the body and in full view until the bit of paper disappeared in the slit in the ballot box.

I wished to ask my father what this strange spectacle meant; but, as I glanced up at him to begin my question, I knew I must not, for I felt that I was seeing something which shocked him so profoundly that he might take me away if I reminded him of my presence. I know now that I was witnessing the crude beginnings of the money-machine in politics,—the beginnings of the downfall of parties,—the beginnings of the overthrow of the people as the political power.

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Those stiff-armed men were the "floating voters" of that ward of Pulaski. They had been bought up by a rich candidate of the opposition party, less scrupulous than our party, which was in the flush of devotion to "principles," and was led by such old-fashioned men as my father, with old-fashioned notions of honor and honesty. Those "floaters" had to keep the ballot in full view from the time they got it of the agent of their purchaser until they had deposited it beyond the possibility of substitution,—he must see them "deliver the goods."

My father was defeated. He saw that, in politics, the day of the public servant of public interests was over, and that the night of the private servant of private interests had begun. He resigned the leadership into the dextrous hands of a politician. Soon afterwards he died, muttering: "Prosperity has ruined my country!"

From that election da my interest in politics grew, and but for my mother's bitter prejudice I should have been an active politician, perhaps even before I was out of college.

Pulaski—indeed, all that section of my state,—was strongly of my party. Therefore Dominick, its local boss, was absolute. At the last county election, four years before the time of which I am writing, there had been a spasmodic attempt to oust him. He had grown so insolent—and had put his prices for political and commercial "favors" to our leading citizens so high,—that the "best element" in our party reluctantly broke from its allegiance. To save himself he had been forced to order flagrant cheating on the tally sheets; his ally and fellow conspirator, M' Coskrey, the opposition boss, was caught and was indicted by the grand jury. The Reformers made such a stir that Ben. Cass, the county prosecutor, though a Dominick man, disobeyed his master and tried and convicted M'Coskrey. Of course, he made the trial errors necessary to insure reversal in the higher court, and he finally gave Dominick's judge an opportunity to quash the indictment. But the boss was relentless,—Cass had been disobedient, and had put upon "my friend M'Coskrey" the disgrace of making a sorry figure in court. "Ben. can look to his swell Reform friends for a renomination," said he; "he'll not get it from me."

Thus it came to pass that Dominick's lieutenant, Buck Fessenden, appeared in my office one afternoon in July, and, after a brief parley, asked me how I'd like to be prosecuting attorney of Jackson County, with four thousand a year for four years, and a reëlection if I should give satisfaction, and afterwards the bench or a seat in congress. I could pay off everything; I could marry!

It was my first real vision of the plum tree. To how many thousands of our brightest, most promising young Americans it is shown each year in just such circumstances!

That evening, after supper, I went to see Dominick. In the lower end of Pulaski there was a large beer-garden known as Dominick's headquarters. He received half the profits in return for making it his loafing place, the seat of the source of all political honor, preferment, and privilege in the third, sixth and seventh congressional districts. I found him enthroned at the end of a long table in the farthest corner of the garden. On one side of him sat James Spencer, judge of the circuit court,—"Dominick's judge;" on the other side, Henry de Forest, principal owner in the Pulaski Gas and Street Railway Company. There were several minor celebrities in politics, the law, and business down either side of the table, then Fessenden talking with Cowley, our lieutenant governor. As soon as I appeared Fessenden nodded to me, rose, and said to the others generally, "Come on, boys, let's adjourn to the next table. Mr. Dominick wants to talk to this young fellow."

I knew something of politics, but I was not prepared to see that distinguished company rise with not a shadow of resentment on any man's face, and, with only a respectful, envious glance at me, who was to deprive them of sunshine for a few minutes, remove themselves and their glasses to another table. When I knew Dominick better, and other bosses in this republic of ours, I knew that the boss is never above the weak liking of the monarch class for a rigid and servile court etiquette. My own lack of this weakness has been a mistake which might have been serious had I been of the common type of political ruler. It is a blunder to treat men without self-respect as if they were your equals. They expect to cringe; if they are not compelled to do so, they are very likely to forget their place. At the court of a boss are seen only those who have lost self-respect and those who never had it. The first are the lowest, though they rank themselves and are ranked above the second.

But—Dominick was alone, his eternal glass of sarsaparilla before him. He used the left corner of his mouth both for his cigar and for speech. To bid me draw near and seat myself, he had to shift his cigar. When the few words necessary were half spoken, half grunted, he rolled the cigar back to the corner which it rarely left. He nodded condescendingly, and, as I took the indicated chair at his right, gave me a hand that was fat and firm, not unlike the flabby yet tenacious sucker of a moist sea creature.

He was a huge, tall man, enormously muscular, with a high head like a block,—straight in front, behind, and on either side,—with keen, shifty, pig eyes, pompous cheeks, a raw, wide mouth, and with slovenly dress, with a big diamond as a collar button, and with another on his puffy little finger. He was about forty years old, had graduated from a blacksmith too lazy to work into a prize fighter, thence into a saloon keeper. It was as a saloon keeper that he founded and built the power which had become absolute,—a go-between for our two great political powers, those who buy and break laws and those who aid and abet the lawlessness by selling themselves as voters or as officeholders.

Dominick had fixed his eyes upon his sarsaparilla. He frowned savagely into its pale brown foam when he realized that I purposed to force him to speak first. His voice was ominously surly as he shifted the cigar to say: "Well, young fellow, what can I do for you?"

"Mr. Fessenden told me you wanted to see me," said I.

"He didn't say nothing of the sort," growled Dominick. "I've knowed Buck seventeen years, and he ain't no liar."

I flushed and glanced at the distinguished company silently waiting until they could return to the royal presence. Surely, if those eminent fellow citizens of mine endured this insulting monarch, I could,—I, the youthful, the obscure, the despondent. Said I: "Perhaps I did not express myself quite accurately. Fessenden told me you were considering making me your candidate for county prosecutor, and suggested that I call and see you."

Dominick gave a gleam and a grunt like a hog that has been flattered with a rough scratching of its hide. But he answered: "I don't give no nominations; that's the province of the party, young man."

"But *you* are the party," was my reply. At the time I was not conscious that I had thus easily dropped down among the hide-scratchers.

"Well, I guess I've got a little something to say about it," he conceded; "us young fellows that are active in politics like to see young fellows pushed to the front. A good many of the boys ain't stuck on Ben. Cass,—he's too stuck on himself. He's getting out of touch with the common people, and is bootlicking in with the swells uptown. So, when I heard you wanted the nomination for prosecutor, I told Buck to trot you round and let us look you over. Good party man?"

"Yes,—and my father and grandfather before me."

"No Reform germs in your system?"

I laughed,—and was really amused,—such a relief was it to see a gleam of pleasantry in that menacing mass. "I'm no better than my party," said I, "and I don't desert it just because it does n't happen to do everything just according to my notions."

"That's right," observed Dominick, falling naturally into the rôle of a political schoolmaster; "there ain't no government without responsibility, and there ain't no responsibility without organization, and there ain't no organization without men willing to sink their differences."

I looked my admiration,—I was most grateful to him for this chance to think him a man of intellect. Who likes to admit that he bows before a mere brute? The compulsory courtiers of a despot may possibly and in part tell the truth about him, after they are safe; but was there ever a voluntary courtier whose opinion of his monarch could be believed?

He forged on: "Somebody's got to lead, and the leader's got to be obeyed. Otherwise what becomes of the party? Why, it goes to hell, and we've got anarchy."

This was terse, pointed, and plausible,—the stereotyped "machine" argument. I nodded emphatically.

"Ben. Cass," he proceeded, "believes in discipline and organization and leadership only when



"What shone from her eyes set me on my feet, face to the foe"

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they're to elect him to a fat job. He wants to use the party, the hog that he is, but when the party wants service, in return, up goes Mr. Cass's snout and tail, and off he lopes. He's what I call a cast iron—" I shall omit the vigorous phrase wherein he summarized Cass. His vocabulary was not large; he therefore frequently resorted to the garbage barrel and the muck heap for missiles.

I showed in my face my scorn for the Cass sort of selfishness and insubordination. "The leader has all the strings in his hand," said I: "he's the only one who can judge what must be done. He must be trusted and obeyed."

"I see you've got the right stuff in you, young man," said Dominick, heartily; "so you want the job?"

I hesitated,—I was thinking of him, of his bestial tyranny, and of my self-respect, unsullied—but also untempted,—theretofore.

He scowled. "Do you, or don't you?"

"Yes," said I,—I was thinking of the debts and mother and Betsy,—"yes, indeed; I'd esteem it a great honor, and I'd be grateful to you." If I had thrust myself overhead into a sewer I should have felt less vile than I did as my fears and longings uttered those degrading words.

He grunted, "Well, we'll see; tell the boys at the other table to come back." He nodded a dismissal and gave me that soft, strong grip again.

As I went toward the other table each man there had a hand round his glass in expectation of the message of recall. I mentally called the roll,—wealth, respectability, honor, all on their knees before Dominick, each with his eye upon the branch of the plum tree that bore the kind of fruit he fancied, and I wondered how they felt inside,—for I was then ignorant of the great foundation truth of practical ethics, that a man's conscience is not the producer but the product of his career.

Fessenden accompanied me to the door. "The old man's in a —— of a humor, to-night," said he; "his wife's caught on to a little game he's been up to, and she's the only human being he's afraid of. She came in here, one night, and led him out by the ear. What a fool a man is to marry when there's a chance of running into a mess like that. But—you made a hit with him. Besides, he needs you. Your family—" Buck checked himself, feeling that drink was making him voluble.

"He's a strong man, isn't he?" said I,—"a born leader."

"Middle-weight champion, in his day," replied Fessenden. "He can still knock out anybody in the organization in one round."

"Good night, and thank you!" said I. So I went my way, not elated, but utterly depressed,—more depressed than when I won the first case in which I knew my client's opponent was in the right and had lost only because I outgeneraled his stupid lawyer. I never was an idealist, but I suppose any young man, however practical, must feel a shock when he begins those compromises between theoretical and practical right which are part of the daily routine of active life, and without which active life is impossible.

I had said nothing to my mother, because I did not wish to raise her hopes. I now decided to be silent until the matter should be settled. The next day but one Fessenden came, bad news in his face. "The old man liked you," he began, "but—"

I had not then learned to control my expression. I could not help showing what ruins of lofty castles that ominous "but" dropped upon my head.

"You'll soon be used to getting it in the neck, if you stay in politics," said Fessenden; "there's not much else. But you ain't so bad off as you think. The old man has decided that he can afford to run one of his reliable hacks for the place. He's suddenly found a way of sinking his hooks in the head devil of the Reformers and Ben. Cass's chief backer, Singer,—you know him,—the lawyer."

Singer was one of the leaders of the state and superintendent of our Sunday school.

"Dominick has made De Forest give Singer the law business of the Gas and Street Railway Company, so Singer is coming over to us." Buck grinned. "He has found that 'local interests must be subordinated to the broader interests of the party in state and nation.'"

I had been reading in the morning papers what a wise and patriotic move Singer had made in advising the putting off of the Reform campaign,—and I had believed in the sincerity of his motive!

Fessenden echoed my sneer, and went on: "He's a rotten hypocrite; but then, we can always pull the bottom out of these Reform movements that way."

"You say it isn't as bad as it seems," I interrupted.

"Oh, no! You're to be on the ticket. The old man's going to send you to the legislature,—lower house, of course."

I did not cheer up. An assemblyman got only a thousand a year.

"The pay ain't much," confessed Buck, "but there ain't nothing to do, except vote according to order. Then there's a great deal to be picked up on the side,—the old man understands that others have got to live besides him. Salaries in politics don't cut no figure nowadays, anyhow. It's the chance the place gives for pick-ups."

I at first flatly refused, but Buck pointed out that I was foolish to throw away the benefits sure to come through the "old man's" liking for me. "He'll take care of you," he assured me. "He's got you down for a quick rise." My poverty was so pressing that I had not the courage to refuse,—the year and a half of ferocious struggle and the longing to marry Betty Crosby had combined to break my spirit. I believe it is Johnson who says the worst feature of genteel poverty is its power to make one ridiculous. I don't think so. No; its worst feature is its power to make one afraid.

That night I told my mother of my impending "honors." We were in the dark on our little front porch. She was silent, and presently I thought I heard her suppressing a sigh. "You don't like it, mother?" said I.

"No, Harvey, but—I see no light ahead in any other direction, and I guess one should always steer toward what light there is." She stood behind my chair, put her hands on my shoulders, and rested her chin lightly on the top of my head. "Besides, I can trust you. Whatever direction you take, you're sure to win in the end."

I was glad it was dark. An hour after I went to bed I heard someone stirring in the house,—it seemed to me there was a voice, too. I rose and went into the hall, and so softly to my mother's room. Her door was ajar. She was near the window, kneeling there in the moonlight, praying, her cheeks wet with tears.

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I had not been long in the legislature before I saw that my position was even more contemptible than I had anticipated. So contemptible, indeed, was it that, had I not been isolated among those as basely situated as myself, it would have been intolerable,—a convict infinitely prefers the penitentiary to the chain gang. Then, too, there was consolation in the fact that the people, my fellow citizens, in their stupidity and ignorance about political conditions, did not realize what public office had come to mean.

I soon gave up trying to fool myself into imagining I was the servant of the people by introducing or speaking for petty little popular measures. I saw clearly that graft was the backbone, the whole skeleton of legislative business, and that its fleshly cover of pretended public service could be seen only by the blind. I saw, also, that no one in the machine of either party had any real power. The state boss of our party, United States Senator Hopkins, was a creature and servant of corporations. Silliman, the state boss of the opposition party, was the same, but got less for his services because his party was hopelessly in the minority and its machine could be useful only as a sort of supplement and scapegoat.

With the men at the top, Hopkins and Silliman, mere lackeys, I saw my own future plainly enough. I saw myself crawling on, year after year,—crawling one of two roads. Either I should become a political scullion, a wretched party hack, despising myself and despised by those who used me, or I should develop into a lackey's lackey or a plain lackey, lieutenant of a boss or a boss, so-called—a derisive name, really, when the only kind of bosship open was head political procurer to one or more rich corporations or groups of corporations. I felt that I should probably become a scullion, as I thought I had no taste or instinct for business.

I turned these things over and over in my mind with an energy that came from shame, from the knowledge of what my mother would think if she knew the truth about her son, and from a realization that I was no nearer marrying Betty Crosby than before. At length I wrought myself into a sullen fury beneath a calm surface. The lessons in self-restraint and self-hiding I learned in the first of my two years as an assemblyman have been invaluable. When I entered upon my second and last winter, I was outwardly as serene as—as a volcano on the verge of eruption.

In February the railways traversing our state sent to the capitol a bill that had been drawn by our ablest lawyers and reviewed by the craftiest of the great corporation lawyers of New York City. Its purpose, most shrewdly and slyly concealed, was to exempt the railways from practically all taxation. It was so subtly worded that this would be disclosed only when the railways should be brought to court for refusing to pay their usual share of the taxes. Such measures are usually "straddled" through a legislature,—that is, neither party takes the responsibility, but the boss of each machine assigns to vote for it all the men whose seats are secure beyond an ordinary attack of public indignation. In this case, of the ninety-one members of the lower house, thirty-two were assigned by Hopkins and seventeen by Silliman to make up a majority with three to spare.

My boss, Dominick, getting wind that Hopkins and Silliman were cutting an extra melon of uncommon size, descended upon the capital and served notice on Hopkins that the eleven Dominick men assigned to vote for the bill would vote against it unless he got seven thousand dollars apiece for them,—seventy-seven thousand dollars. Hopkins needed every one of Dominick's men to make up his portion of the majority; he yielded, after trying in vain to reduce the price. All Dominick would say to him on that point, so I heard afterwards, was: "Every day you put me off, I go up a thousand dollars a head."

We who were to be voted so profitably for Hopkins, Silliman, and Dominick learned what was going on,—Silliman went on a "tear" and talked too much. Nine of us, *not* including myself, got together and sent Cassidy, member from the second Jackson County district, to Dominick to plead for a share. I happened to be with him in the Capital City Hotel bar when Cassidy came up and, after much hemming and hawing, explained how he and his fellow insurgents felt.

Dominick's veins seemed cords straining to bind down a demon that was struggling to escape. "Its back to the bench you go, Pat. Cassidy,—back to the bench where I found you," he snarled, with a volley of profanity and sewage. "I don't know nothing about this here bill except that it's for the good of the party. Go back to that gang of —— wharf rats, and tell 'em, if I hear another squeak, I'll put 'em back where I got 'em from."

Cassidy shrank away, with a furtive glance of envy and hate at me, whom Dominick treated with peculiar consideration,—I think it was because I was the only man of education and of any pretensions to "family" in official position in his machine. He used to like to class himself and me together as "us gentlemen," in contrast to "them —— muckers," meaning my colleagues.

Next day, just before the voting began, Dominick seated himself at the front of the governor's gallery,—the only person in it. I see him now as he looked that day,—black and heavy-jawed and scowling, leaning forward with both forearms on the railing, and his big, flat chin resting on his upturned, stubby thumbs. He was there to see that each of us, his creatures, dependent absolutely upon him for our political lives, should vote as he had sold us, *en bloc*. There was no chance to shirk or even to squirm. As the roll call proceeded, one after another seven of us obeyed that will frowning from the gallery,—jumped through the hoop of fire under the quivering lash. I was eighth on the roll.

"Sayler!" How my name echoed through that horrible silence!

I could not answer. Gradually every face turned toward me,—I could see them, could feel them, and, to make bad enough worst, I yielded to an imperious fascination, the fascination of that incarnation of brute power,—power of muscle and power of will. I turned my eyes upon the amazed, furious eyes of my master. It seemed to me that his lips must give passage to the oaths and filth swelling beneath his chest, and seething behind his eyes.

"Sayler!" repeated the clerk, in a voice that exploded within me.

"No!" I shouted,—not in answer to the clerk, but in denial of that insolent, master-to-dog command from the beast in the gallery.

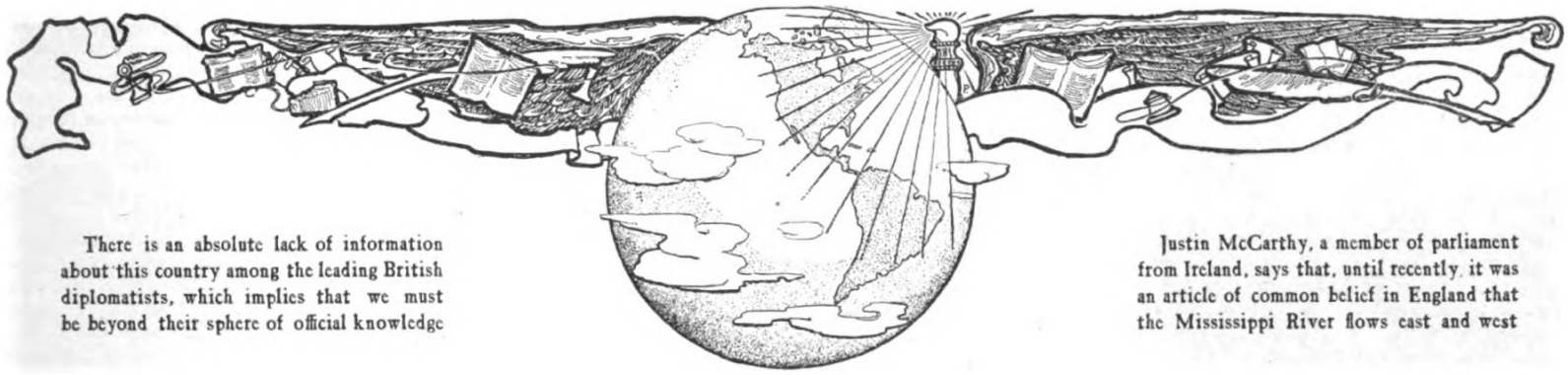
The look in his eyes changed to relief and contemptuous approval. A murmur of derision rose from all my fellow members. Then I remembered that a negative vote was, at that stage of the

[*Concluded on page 656*]

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Foreign Ignorance of American Affairs

SYDNEY BROOKS



There is an absolute lack of information about this country among the leading British diplomatists, which implies that we must be beyond their sphere of official knowledge

Justin McCarthy, a member of parliament from Ireland, says that, until recently, it was an article of common belief in England that the Mississippi River flows east and west

I WAS lunching one day at the United Services Club, in Pall Mall, with an English member of parliament who has the rare, almost unique, distinction of really knowing and understanding America. He was for a time attached to the British embassy in Washington, but his interest in American conditions and opinions stretched far and wide beyond the humdrum routine of officialdom. He got among the people, and the people, I may add, were glad to have him among them. He knew precisely how to take them, had nothing whatever of the traditional stand-offishness and "condescension" of the average Englishman about him, but just met them in the broad and frank spirit of equality that they like. The result was that he unconsciously "absorbed America." He became three parts Americanized without knowing it. He got to feel by instinct just what the average American would be saying or thinking on any given question. His partiality for the Americans used at times to get him into trouble with his official superiors. Especially during the Spanish-American War his outspokenness made the late Lord Pauncefote fidget with nervousness.

"My dear fellow," said that excellent diplomat, "I really must ask you not to call all foreigners 'Dagoes!' "

"But, confound it!" came the answer, "they *are* 'Dagoes!' "

A man who could say that and mean it and act on it was a man after America's own heart; and this *attaché*, clever, capable, alert, and the best of good fellows, became an almost national favorite. American officialdom had no secrets to keep from him. He was allowed to see more of the inside workings of the United States government than all the rest of his colleagues put together, to inspect arsenals, navy yards, and fortifications, without let or hindrance; in short, to go and do precisely as he pleased. It was a fine compliment, finely earned, and, I may add, finely reciprocated, for the services he was able to render the American cause and the American troops in Cuba were of dramatic and most undiplomatic utility. Soon after the war was over he married an American wife, returned to England, abandoned his profession, and entered parliament. He is now a member of Mr. Balfour's ministry, doing excellent work, and on the highroad to cabinet rank,—the only Englishman, I suppose, who ever entered politics with the express object of improving Anglo-American relations. He still keeps up close correspondence with the leaders of American opinion,—with the President, for instance, Secretary Hay, and the army chiefs; he subscribes to and reads through two American papers every day; and on the whole he is the Englishman I would soonest turn to for a clear-cut, well-informed judgment on any and every American happening.

Even Chamberlain and Balfour Know little about Us

I mention all this that his opinion may carry its just weight. We were lunching, as it happened, in the very thick of the squall that arose from the Anglo-German coöperation against Venezuela. He had hotly protested against it in the house of commons and our talk naturally drifted toward it. "I would have voted against it," he said, "even if I had turned the government out by doing so,"—an emphatic statement to come from a good party man. I asked him what he thought lay at the bottom of Lord Lansdowne's action. "Ignorance," he replied,—"just pure, naked ignorance. He knows no more of America than an unborn babe, and simply can't make out why Americans should object to our allying ourselves with Germany in an attack on a South American state. I really think that at this moment he's the most surprised man in the British Empire." "But surely," I said, "there must be some one in the cabinet who could put him straight." "Not a bit of it: Lansdowne's the rule, not the exception. None of them knows anything worth knowing about America. Look at Balfour. If you were to ask him whether Washington is north or south of New York, do you think he could tell you? Chamberlain? I can easily give you an idea of how much Chamberlain knows of America. I was talking to him, not long ago, about the state of American opinion toward England, and his comment was, 'Well, I'm glad to hear all this. It's better than I expected, with such an Anglophobe as Roosevelt at the head of affairs!' He simply would n't believe me, and neither would Balfour, when I said that Roosevelt is anything but an Anglophobe, but is merely an American first, last, and all the rest of the time. The fact is that America lies outside the sphere of official knowledge. Heaven above knows why, as for the last ten years Washington has given our diplomats more to do than any other capital in the world. But there the thing is. It's not considered a disgrace even for our foreign secretary to be ignorant of the elements of American policy and opinion, and as for the ordinary member of parliament he neither cares nor pretends to know anything at all about it. Interest in America is not part of the equipment of a public man in this country."

Justin McCarthy Tried to Convince His Countrymen

He was perfectly right. I have heard the same complaint for years from the very few Englishmen of position who have visited and really studied the United States. That pleasant writer and much-buffeted politician, Justin McCarthy, used at one time to be an almost annual visitor to America. He once told me that he had spent years in trying to convince English statesmen that there was a very vital connection between the Home Rule question and the hostility of American opinion toward England. His arguments and pleadings, so he said, were entirely without effect; nobody would take the trouble even to appear interested in them. I well remember one afternoon in the lobby of the house of commons when, in his soft, musical Irish voice he held forth on the English ignorance of America as a real political danger. He illustrated its extent by a yarn, the skeleton framework of which is all I can now reproduce. An English cabinet minister came to Mr. McCarthy to learn something of the strange land from which he had just returned. "And did you visit Chicago, Mr. McCarthy?" [He pronounced the "Ch" as in "chicken."] "Oh, yes." "Now, let me see, is n't there a lake of some sort at Chicago?" "There is." "Ah, I was sure of it. Now tell me, is it a pretty little lake?"



"The wise do always govern their own fate"

Vessels Were to Go down the St. Lawrence into Lake Erie

Remember that this man who thought that Lake Michigan is something like the Serpentine in Hyde Park was a 'varsity man, cabinet minister, and leading authority on foreign affairs. Mr. McCarthy was not surprised. He could remember the times, he said, of the Civil War, when it was an article of common belief in England that the Mississippi flows east and west, neatly separating the seceding states from the states of the North. He could remember, too, hearing a high naval authority of those days proposing that British men-of-war should be sent down the St. Lawrence and into Lake Erie. How they were to circumvent so considerable an obstacle as Niagara Falls he did not explain. But blunders as inexcusable are committed to-day as readily as forty years ago. It was only a few months ago that John Morley was warning Lancashire that the Americans might retaliate on Mr. Chamberlain's fiscal policy by imposing export duties on raw cotton. He was genuinely amazed to learn that the constitution of the United States forbids export duties. "An unrelieved blunder" were his words when I pointed out the error. I suggested to him that, after all, the mistake would do no great harm, and that the odds were great that nobody would notice it. As it turned out I was all but right. Nobody in England did detect it. Even in the stress of this great controversy between the advocates of protection and of free trade, when every statement is microscopically examined, every doubtful point challenged, and every figure disputed, Mr. Morley's astounding blunder went absolutely uncorrected. The point he raised was one of vital moment; his warning, if it was based on facts, could not but gravely concern English traders, and all the rest of his speech was vigorously assailed by the protectionists. Yet not one of them exposed that flagrant and fundamental error, for the very good reason that none of them knew it was an error. The correction, when it did come, came from America.

Run over in your mind the history of Anglo-American questions during the past decade. You will find that in almost all of them the keynote to the British attitude has been, at bottom, lack of information. Britons were enraged by the Venezuelan episode of 1895,—enraged, but still more surprised. They could make neither head nor tail of it; sheer stupefied bewilderment was the state of mind in which the country received Mr. Cleveland's message and the outburst of Anglo-

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phobiac invective that followed it. A year later they thought the time appropriate for the negotiation of an Anglo-American arbitration treaty,—another instance of honest, blundering ignorance. They never understood the doctrines of William Jennings Bryan, and they always underrated them; they never realized the strength of American feeling in the matter of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, and it was only the persistence of one powerful journal, the London "Spectator," that roused the government to the necessity of abrogating it; they were in the greatest danger of repeating the same mistake over the Alaskan Boundary difficulty; they offended America quite unwittingly by putting pressure on Venezuela in alliance with the nation of all nations that Americans most suspected and disliked; they wrote and spoke as if the United States was a third party to the Anglo-Japanese alliance; and they actually thought that American opinion was strongly in favor of the British side of the Boer War. Indeed, besides the *ex-attaché* whom I began by mentioning, I know of only one member of parliament who is at all qualified to speak for America, and he is Henry Norman. I can not regard James Bryce as an altogether trustworthy authority on current American opinion. He knows the American constitution and the broad aspects of American life and government better, perhaps, than most Americans, and certainly better than all other Englishmen. But his views on the American politics of to-day are invariably the views of the New York "Evening Post." I once greatly offended him by telling him that I always read the "Evening Post" if I want to know what America will be saying ten years from now, but not otherwise. He reads it to find out what America is saying to-day. The consequence is that he is, as a rule, out of touch with the real and determining opinion of the country, of the "man in the cars," the average man. I noticed this especially when American imperialism was more or less a disputed question. Mr. Bryce's views were those of Mr. Bryan, or, let us say, of Senator George F. Hoar, and he seemed entirely unaware that the immense majority of Americans altogether rejected them.

Sensational Journalism Creates Many False Impressions

Curiously enough, this pervasive ignorance coexists with a great deal of interest in America and a really national friendliness toward the country. No English politician ever thinks of mentioning the United States in a public speech without some complimentary adjectives, and the British public always cheers rapturously any allusion to "our cousins beyond the sea," and agrees heartily with the speaker that "blood is thicker than water." The utmost degree of friendship and sympathy with America is the national policy and the national desire. The British people have put the possibility of a conflict with the United States out of their heads as something flatly unthinkable. An American who tries to persuade himself that his country has a political foe in England would better stay in America if he wishes to keep his faith whole. It would hardly survive a fortnight in England itself. Again, as the London editors have just begun to discover, there is far more interest about America than there used to be. The "National Review" prints a long article every month from its American correspondent; the "Times" is picturesquely served by George W. Smalley; the "Morning Post" has an admirable representative in A. Maurice Low; the "Telegraph" is rarely without its half column of American events, and the habit of sending over special correspondents to report on new developments in American industries has of late years enormously increased. It is at length becoming possible for an American in England to find out something of what is going on in his own country. The epidemics of Anglo-American marriages, American imperialism, the trusts, J. Pierpont Morgan and President Roosevelt have all in their several ways contributed to and stimulated this interest. But as against all this there are several counteracting influences to be borne in mind. One is that Englishmen are utterly befogged by American politics. I do n't blame them. The American constitution, the ghastly complexity of the governments that contrive somehow to exist under its folds, the whirl of primaries and nominating conventions, and the perpetually recurring elections are things that only one who has devoted years of study to American affairs can hope to get the hang of. But the average Englishman is not a great student of American affairs. He never learns anything of American history in school,—

Dinkelspiel's Success Eppy Grams

GEORGE V. HOBART

A beer beginning makes a viskey finish.

Der man dot is looking for trouble alvays has goot eyesights.

A hypocrick is a man dot alvays says vot he means backvards.

Success vas der sugar of life, but der lazy man alvays prefers lemons.

Some mens try to be self-made, but dey nefer get furder den digging der cellar.

No man vill efer critickize your bad grammar ven you use it to pay him a compliment.

Ven a man gets all dot is cameing to him in dis vorld he chenerally gets it in der neck.

Dare vas five vays to vin success. Der fairst vay vas hard vork, und der udder four vas ditto.

It vas a strange coinchidence, but great glory nefer comes to a man until after he has gone to glory.

Some mens doan'd know ven dey vas licked, but vunce in a vile dey look a leedle suspicious arount der eyes.

I had not even heard of the War of 1812 till I landed in New York and met an Irishman; he is not taught American geography; from the Revolution onwards, with a slight break at the time of the Civil War, the history of the United States is a sealed book to him, and of the general form and workings of the American system of government he knows worse than nothing. What a man gets out of a newspaper is in proportion to what he brings to it, and the ordinary English reader, I fear, is more dazed than helped by the cablegrams from New York that seek to unfold the mysteries of American politics. Apart from politics, the American correspondence of the English papers is for the most part merely a reproduction of the "fake" yarns and impossible trivialities with which a certain section of the American press delights to pad out its columns. Get hold of the average Englishman and you will find his knowledge of America to be in the main a jumble of lynchings, lady saloon smashers, faith healers, Tammany bosses, presidents with revolvers in their hip pockets, chambermaids who refuse to make Booker T. Washington's bed, politicians "on the make," society women who entertain pet monkeys at luncheon, big railway smashes, a tornado or two, half a dozen floods, strikes that read like civil war, Mr. Dooley, J. Pierpont Morgan, Andrew Carnegie, and a "yellow" press, but from such material as this it is difficult for him to picture America as it really is.

All this, of course, might be corrected and brought into focus if only the ordinary Englishman would visit America. But this is precisely what he does not do. America lies outside of the world's holiday routes, and until it is discovered and exploited by some tourist agency it must always be misunderstood. An Englishman who has visited America, or an American who is staying in England, finds himself bombarded by questions of a kind that would tax the patience of an angel. "Is n't every one corrupt over there?" "Are n't all the papers sensational?" "Did you ever meet an American who did n't speak through his nose?" and so on. If you attempt to give a picture of the country as it really is, you are listened to with the politest kind of incredulity, that breaks out, the moment your back is turned, into some frank comments on your powers of observation. It is difficult enough to explain England to America, but that is child's work by the side of attempting to explain America to England. American tourists add to the difficulties. A good many Americans in England spend most of their time running down their country, its society, and its politics. American duchesses are especially noted for their anxiety to drop America as a conversational topic. Other Americans, despairing of being able to let light into the chaos of ignorance that surrounds them, do not trouble themselves to correct the statements they hear. When I first came back from America I thought this unworthy; now I think it wise. I started out by disputing every piece of misinformation that came to my ears. I waged war on British ignorance at dinner parties and at homes. The result was that I did not convert anybody, and spoiled everybody's temper by a hot international wrangle. I now make it a rule not to mention America unless I am quite sure of my company. There is another class of American tourists that confirms the Englishman's worst estimate,—the romping American girl who races up and down the corridors of London hotels and wears the American flag on Regent Street, and the American man who chews an unlighted cigar and puts sugar in his claret. They are the ones who are remembered and talked over and pass muster as the true representatives of their country.

He Does not Envy American Brides Their Experiences

The English fasten on them all the more readily from a suspicion that in other ways America is getting ahead of the Old Country. With American boots, bridges, steel rails, and machinery flooding the English market beyond dispute, English people feel that they have to get even somehow. They accordingly take it out in comments on American manners and social life and are patriotically resentful of any attempt to portray things as they really are. I have found this spirit the strongest in families in which an Anglo-American marriage has taken place; and on the whole I do not envy any American bride's early experiences among her English relatives. Already one may perceive a sort of revolt against American domination in English society, a revolt inspired by a good deal of jealousy, much ignorance, and still more by a determination not to see, or at any rate not to acknowledge, the facts.

[Sydney Brooks, author of the foregoing article, is one of the most prominent journalists in Great Britain. He has traveled extensively over the world and has made a wide study of men and affairs. In his own country he is considered one of the most efficient writers on diplomatic subjects. We wish to assure our readers that, in presenting the foregoing article, we desire to offend no one. Mr. Brooks is sufficiently well known to warrant the omission of any apology for his views.—THE EDITOR]

A PROBLEM

Lillian Townsend Taylor

HAVE you ever watched a fellow, when he's working by the day,—
How his slow feet move more slowly when the boss has gone away,
How hard he tries to save his hands by using up his brains,
How the shady spots seem always to be needing special pains,
How resting spells come often, and how long he eats at noon,
How late he gets to working, though he always quits too soon?

Just watch the next one, and you'll find
There's truth in what I say,
For he's working by the day,——day,——day,——
He's—working—by—the—day!

Have you ever watched a fellow, when he's working by the job,—
How his violent gyrations fairly make your pulses throb,
How he never stops to whistle and he never stops to sing,
And, no matter how the boys call, he does n't hear a thing;
How he gives the "lick and promise" to the work he's set to do,
And you think he's scarcely started till, behold! the fellow's through?

There's no doubt the face of nature
Will be marred by many a daub,
For he's working by the job, job, job!
He's working by the job!

Judge Parker on Red Hair

JUDGE ALTON BROOKS PARKER, the Democratic candidate for president, was recently chatting with an auburn-haired visitor on his veranda at Rosemount, New York. Naturally, the conversation turned to the subject of red hair, which is a characteristic of the Parker family.

"When I was your age," said the judge to his guest, "my hair was redder than yours,—it was fiery red, in fact, and, in consequence, my fighting instincts were overdeveloped while I was in school. In the country district where I learned my 'three R.'s,' it happened that I was the only red-haired youth. When I first attended school the boys had a good deal of fun shouting 'sorrel' and 'red-top.' It never failed to rouse my fighting blood, and I lived a strenuous life."

"But you would n't have changed the color of your hair, would you?" asked the visitor, blandly.

"No, indeed," said the judge; "red hair is all right. My daughter has it, and my little grandson there is as red as he can be. They say it is a sign of a high temper, but it is also a sign of numerous excellent qualities."

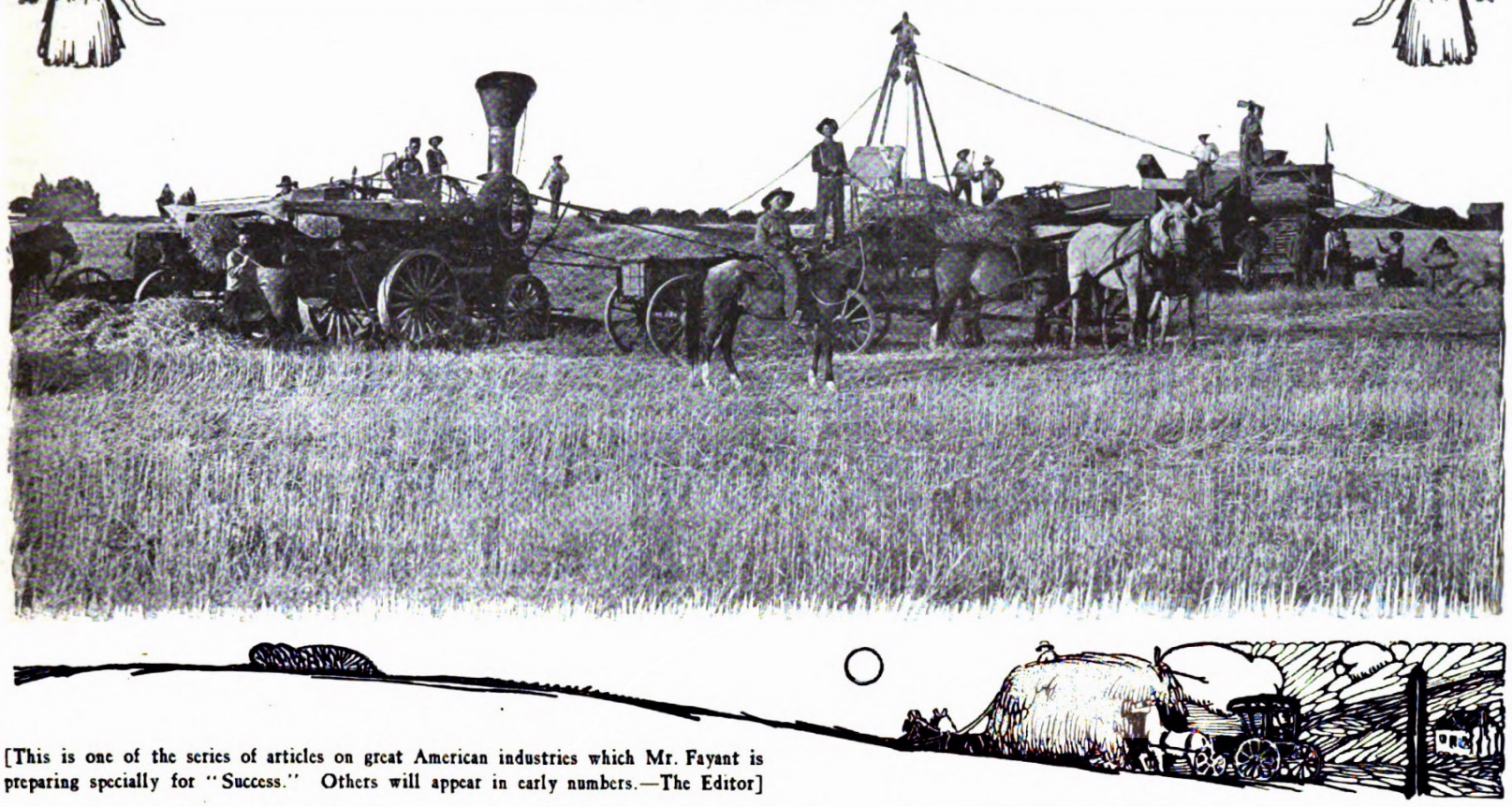
"We've had two red-haired presidents," said the visitor,—"Jefferson, and Jackson, and they were both Democrats."

"That's true," said the judge, "and do n't you think it's about time we had a third?"

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What American Crops Mean to the World

FRANK FAYANT



[This is one of the series of articles on great American industries which Mr. Fayant is preparing specially for "Success." Others will appear in early numbers.—The Editor]

The Grain Crop of the United States and Its Relation to the Financial Centers of the World. All the Gold Coin at Present in This Country Could not Purchase One Year's Harvest of Corn and Wheat alone: It Would Cost All the Gold Mined in Six Years

AS THE American harvest approaches, the eyes of the world are drawn to our western farms and southern plantations, for between the two oceans we raise one fifth of the world's wheat, four fifths of its corn, one fourth of its oats, and four fifths of its cotton. This harvest is at the foundation of our prosperity. True it is that our manufacturing industries have grown more rapidly in recent years than our agricultural, but agriculture this year will add about four billion dollars to the country's wealth, and foreign customers will pay us not far from nine hundred million dollars for our agricultural products shipped to them over the sea.

The abundance of the American harvest is of vital importance to the railways and domestic shipping lines, that carry sixty million tons of grain to inland towns and seaboard shipping ports; to ocean shipping lines, that carry half a billion dollars' worth of grain and cotton to foreign lands; to bankers, who are called upon for many millions of dollars to "move the crops;" to the cotton spinners of the English Midlands, who buy a quarter of our enormous cotton crop, paying for it one hundred and fifty million dollars; to the makers of agricultural implements, whose annual output is valued at a hundred million dollars; to England's forty million people, who need one hundred million bushels of our wheat and flour for bread; to political leaders in America and in Europe, whose policies are shaped by the ebb and flow of agricultural prosperity.

The West, with its billion-dollar corn crops, its half-billion-dollar wheat crops, and its quarter-billion-dollar oat crops, has been the country's bulwark in the storms of inflated finance. To form an adequate conception of the magnitude of the crops, one must turn to the figures. The volume in bushels of our six leading cereal crops, in the past three years, has been as follows:—

	1901	1902	1903
Corn,	1,522,000,000;	2,523,000,000;	2,244,000,000
Wheat,	748,000,000;	670,000,000;	637,000,000
Oats,	736,000,000;	987,000,000;	784,000,000
Barley,	109,000,000;	134,000,000;	131,000,000
Rye,	30,000,000;	33,000,000;	29,000,000
Buckwheat,	15,100,000;	14,500,000;	14,200,000
Totals,	3,160,100,000	4,361,500,000	3,839,200,000

The farm value of these cereals has been as follows:—

	1901	1902	1903
Corn,	$ 921,000,000;	$1,017,000,000;	$ 952,000,000
Wheat,	467,000,000;	422,000,000;	443,000,000
Oats,	293,000,000;	303,000,000;	267,000,000
Barley,	49,000,000;	61,000,000;	60,000,000
Rye,	17,000,000;	17,000,000;	16,000,000
Buckwheat,	8,500,000;	8,600,000;	8,600,000
Totals,	$1,755,500,000	$1,828,600,000	$1,746,600,000

Adding to these totals the value of the cotton and hay crops, we have these remarkable results:—

	1901	1902	1903
Cereals,	$1,745,000,000;	$1,828,000,000;	$1,746,000,000
Cotton,	469,000,000;	414,000,000;	453,000,000
Hay,	506,000,000;	542,000,000;	556,000,000
Totals,	$2,720,000,000	$2,784,000,000	$2,755,000,000

All the gold in America—the greatest hoard of the yellow metal ever gathered in any country,—could not buy one year's harvest of our corn and wheat. To buy one season's wheat crop would take all the gold mined in this country in six years. In the past seven years all the gold mines of the world have only produced enough to buy one year's yield of our six leading cereals. The cereal, cotton and hay crops, more than one hundred and fifty million tons, could not be bought with all the money in the country, as our stock of money—gold, silver, and paper,—has not yet reached the stupendous total of two and three quarters billion dollars.

The American harvest, from another viewpoint,—the world's foreign trade,—stands out in gigantic proportions. In these recent years of marvelous business expansion the index of our prosperity has been the steadily increasing volume of our foreign trade. Our trade over the seas has grown by leaps and bounds until now we are the greatest exporting nation in the world. The sure foundation of our export trade has been in our shipments of the products of agriculture. It is the American farmer who has paid off our huge indebtedness to Europe, who has brought back our securities from foreign banks, and who has sent American capital around the world looking for investment. The enormous volume of our shipments of agricultural products to foreign buyers is shown by the fact that their money value exceeds that of the total export trade of any other nation, excepting England and Germany. In the past three years, while our exports have averaged more than fourteen hundred million dollars, agriculture's share in this trade has been nearly nine hundred million dollars. A mighty fleet of merchant ships is engaged in carrying our flour and corn and cotton, and our pork and beef and bacon, to foreign lands.

More than one third of all our export trade is in the two great crops,—wheat and cotton. We have been shipping abroad about one third of our wheat crop, either as wheat or as flour, and about two thirds of our cotton crop. The exports of these two great staples have averaged four hundred and seventy-five million dollars in the past four years, considerably more than half of our total agricultural exports. Cotton is assuming a more and more commanding position in our foreign trade. Our southern plantations, producing all but a fifth of the cotton of the world, have a monopoly of the trade. Our wheat position is not so strong, because foreign fields are developing more rapidly than our own, and Europe is depending less and less on us for her bread. Our wheat exports have been contracting while our cotton exports have been expanding. As a larger and larger proportion of our people engages in manufacturing, it is probable that we shall have less and less wheat and cotton to sell abroad. We are probably approaching the zenith of our wheat production, and the day is probably not far distant when we shall have no surplus of wheat for export. Last year we shipped only one fifth of our wheat abroad. The decline in wheat exports is shown in the following table:—

	WHEAT, BUSHELS	FLOUR, BARRELS	VALUE
1898,	148,000,000;	15,300,000;	$225,000,000
1899,	139,000,000;	18,400,000;	177,000,000
1900,	101,000,000;	18,600,000;	141,000,000
1901,	132,000,000;	18,600,000;	166,000,000
1902,	154,000,000;	17,700,000;	178,000,000
1903,	114,000,000;	19,700,000;	162,000,000
1904,	44,000,000;	17,100,000;	104,000,000

The combined value of the cotton and wheat exports for these years

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using the figures given in the United States government reports, has been:—

	COTTON	WHEAT	TOTAL
1898,	$230,000,000;	$225,000,000;	$455,000,000
1899,	209,000,000;	177,000,000;	386,000,000
1900,	241,000,000;	141,000,000;	382,000,000
1901,	313,000,000;	166,000,000;	479,000,000
1902,	290,000,000;	178,000,000;	468,000,000
1903,	316,000,000;	162,000,000;	478,000,000
1904,	370,000,000;	104,000,000;	474,000,000

For six years prior to 1902 our exports of corn were very large, mounting as high as two hundred million bushels, valued at eighty-five million dollars, in 1900, but during the past three years the corn exports have dwindled to an average of fifty million bushels. Despite bumper crops, we have little corn to spare for export, because it is needed in the West to feed cattle and hogs. Three fourths of the corn crop does not leave the counties in which it is raised. The western farmer finds it more profitable to feed his corn to his cattle and hogs, and to sell them, than to sell his corn directly. England, Germany and Holland were large buyers of our corn from 1898 to 1901, but since then their purchases have fallen off very rapidly.

Great Britain Expends annually nearly Half a Billion Dollars for American Products

England is our greatest customer. She buys from us with lavish hand. Every year nearly half a billion dollars' worth of the products of American farms is shipped across the Atlantic to provide living necessities for the English people. England depends on our farmers and planters and cattlemen for her wheat and corn, her cotton, and her beef and ham and bacon. English roast beef comes from cattle raised on Texas ranches; English cottons, worn the world over, are woven from cotton grown on southern plantations; English bread is baked from flour ground in Minneapolis mills. England long ago forsook agriculture for manufacturing. The great factory towns have been built up at the expense of the farms. The industrial energies of the country, years ago devoted to agriculture, are now given up to iron and shipbuilding and textile industries. The English people find it profitable to run a workshop for the world and buy their food abroad with the products of their manufacturing.

What England would do, and how her people would subsist, if deprived suddenly of her American source of supplies, it is difficult to imagine. It is no secret in European politics that England normally has in store only a few weeks' supply of food, and, at times, this reserve would last but a few days. England lives on what ships fetch her. For this reason, if for no other, she would be compelled to keep a great navy in commission to protect her foreign commerce. Were Great Britain at war with one or more of the greater nations, a naval force formidable enough to seal her ports would starve her into accepting any terms the invaders might see fit to offer. Both on account of England's dependence upon America for subsistence and on account of our own growing naval strength, English statesmen are anxious to preserve the friendship between the two countries. Several years ago the Russian government made inquiries in Washington as to our opinion of the wisdom of forming a Russo-American wheat agreement for the purpose of upholding the price of export wheat. The argument was that, in view of the fact that England buys two thirds of her wheat from these two nations, it would be no difficult matter to make her pay any reasonable price agreed upon by the dual alliance. Our government did not take kindly to the plan of organizing an international wheat "corner."

Many Western Railroads Depend entirely on Crop-transportation for Their Income

Four out of every five loaves of English bread are made from foreign wheat. England consumes two hundred and sixty million bushels of wheat a year, and she raises but fifty million bushels on her own farms. Within a few years the English yield will probably sink to twenty million bushels, while the consumption will be more than three hundred million bushels. Thirty years ago England raised one hundred and twenty million bushels, and imported only sixty million bushels. The two hundred million bushels which she now imports she gets from America, Argentina, Canada, and Russia.

Our own wheat exports to England appear to be steadily declining, partly because our domestic consumption is increasing faster than the production, and partly because our foreign rivals, Argentina and Canada, in particular, are bidding for the English market. How large a purchaser of our three great crops, wheat, corn, and cotton, England is may be seen from the following records of six years' exports:—

	WHEAT	CORN	COTTON	TOTALS
1898,	$117,000,000;	$29,000,000;	$105,000,000;	$251,000,000
1899,	96,000,000;	27,000,000;	99,000,000;	222,000,000
1900,	82,000,000;	34,000,000;	90,000,000;	206,000,000
1901,	98,000,000;	37,000,000;	147,000,000;	282,000,000
1902,	90,000,000;	6,000,000;	128,000,000;	224,000,000
1903,	73,000,000;	17,000,000;	124,000,000;	214,000,000

American railways handle about twelve hundred million dollars' worth of grain a year. But this is only a portion of the enormous traffic received by the railways from the harvest. Hundreds of millions of bushels of corn, which are not handled by the railroads as corn, are fed to cattle and hogs, which later swell the railway tonnage. The outflow of grain and grain products from the farms to consumers throughout the country, and in foreign lands, creates a corresponding inflow of products needed in the farming communities. If the railways, which carry the enormous tonnage of grain and grain products from producers to consumers, did not have a corresponding return tonnage of exchange products, they could not offer the present low rates of freight. Their freight cars would move away from the agricultural country heavily laden and would go back empty. This would not be a profitable traffic. In addition to the freight traffic created by the harvest, there is a correspondingly large passenger traffic. The opening of a new farming country in the West is a signal for active railway competition for the freight and passenger traffic that is sure to be created. Our greatest western railway builders have striven to encourage the development of farming communities, for they know that every new settler in the West adds his share to railway traffic and railway earnings. The wonderful story of the upbuilding of our western railways has as it chief character the farmer who has gone West to till the soil. The farms and the railways have been developed side by side, and each depends upon the other.



One can only hazard a guess at the amount of money yearly received by the railways from the harvest. Taking the grain crop at ninety million tons, it is safe to say that a third of this tonnage is kept by farmers, giving sixty million tons to the railways. The average rate received by the railways for this traffic may be placed at one dollar and a half a ton, making a gross revenue of ninety million dollars. Most of the wheat is carried to the mills,—a hundred million bushels to the mills of Minneapolis and Duluth alone,—and is afterwards shipped to consumers as flour. A very large part of the railway grain tonnage is carried all the way from the western farms to the seaboard for export. With a ninety-million-dollar primary grain revenue as a basis, and taking into consideration the many more millions of revenue received by the railways for transporting grain products, and then the further revenue received from carrying back to farmers the products they receive in exchange for their grain, and then adding the receipts from the passenger traffic which is developed side by side with the freight traffic, it is probably safe to say that the harvest brings to the railways a gross revenue approaching four hundred million dollars, or one fifth of their entire revenue. Many of our western roads depend almost entirely on the harvest for their income. A quarter of the freight earnings of a great railway like the St. Paul or the Southern Pacific is derived directly from transporting agricultural products. Successive crop famines in the West would bring bankruptcy to some of our greatest railways. Our agricultural interests are now so diversified and cover so large an expanse of territory that we need have little fear of widespread crop disaster, but every year the earnings of our western roads rise or fall with the varying volume of the crops. A shortage in any particular crop, or in the crops in any particular section, always gives anxiety to the owners of the roads affected. Prosperous farmers make prosperous railways.

Grain Is frequently Carried from New York to Liverpool for Two Cents a Bushel

The railways have done much to encourage the movement of grain by a steady reduction in the rates charged for transportation. The competition of water routes has, of course, forced this reduction. Thirty years ago the cost of shipping a ton of grain from Chicago by railway to New York, and then by steamer to Liverpool, was about sixteen dollars. The same service is now performed for about four and one half dollars. On a twenty-million-ton export movement this great reduction represents a saving of nearly a quarter of a billion dollars. In the years following the Civil War the all-rail rate on wheat from Chicago to New York was above forty cents a bushel; now the rate is only one fourth as large, while the rate for wheat consigned to steamers is less than nine cents. The rate for carrying a bushel of wheat from Chicago to Buffalo on the Great Lakes, and then from Buffalo to New York on the Erie Canal, was between twenty-five and thirty-five cents a bushel just after the Civil War; the lake-and-canal rate is now only about five cents a bushel. The charge for carrying grain from New York to Liverpool has been reduced at times to very low figures, and the rate now is only about two cents a bushel. These low freight rates have enabled the American wheat-raiser to sell his product thousands of miles away in competition with foreign-grown wheat. The great wheat-shipping ports on the Atlantic Coast are New York, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and Boston; on the Gulf, New Orleans and Galveston have assumed a most important place in the export trade; while, on the Pacific, the great outflow of our wheat and flour to the Orient is through San Francisco, Puget Sound, and the Willamette valley of Oregon.

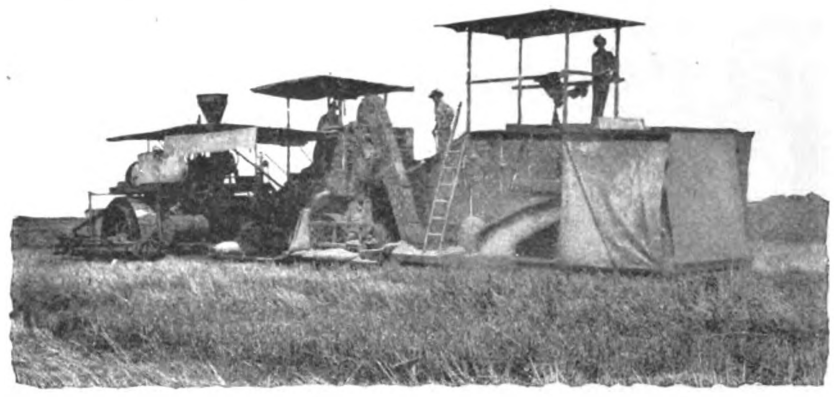
The West Can not Market Its Grain without Making Use of Eastern Currency

The harvest movement of more than a billion dollars' worth of grain and of half a billion dollars' worth of cotton from the fields to the markets creates a heavy demand for money in the agricultural sections. Every year, when the crops begin moving, the West and the South call on New York for money. The movement of money to and from the interior is just as regular as the ebb and flow of the tides. Last year the West was so rich, after several years of bumper crops, that it thought it could move its grain to market without the aid of New York banks, but when the harvest came money began to flow westward. The West could not market its grain without the aid of the East. The flow of money into the interior begins in August and runs on to January. The loss of the New York banks during this period last year was thirty-six million dollars; in 1902 it was twenty-eight million dollars, and in the preceding year it was twenty-two million dollars. This year the movement is expected to be much heavier. After the harvest has gone to market the money tide begins to turn eastward and bank surpluses pile up in New York. This year the eastward flow of money was unusually large, probably because of the contraction in trade, and New York banks accumulated more than fifty million dollars in surplus reserves. The heavy flow of money into the interior to move the crops usually advances money rates in New York. Sometimes the call money rate advances to very high figures. Eight years ago it advanced to fifty-one per cent. in October; five years ago it reached forty per cent. in September, and two years ago it advanced to twenty-five per cent. in September, and to thirty-five per cent. in October. During the past year, on account of the great accumulation of idle money in New York, the rate for call money has hovered around one per cent., and when the crops began to move last summer it was not thought that there would be much advance in the rate.

To understand the position American wheat holds, one must study the world movement of wheat. The world's wheat crop may be roughly stated at three billion bushels. Europe raises one half; the United States and Canada, one quarter; India, one tenth; while the remainder is raised in the southern part of South America, North Africa, and the southwestern part of Asia. The wheat-raising countries may be divided into two groups,—those that raise more than they need, and those that raise less than they need. The two

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great factors in the wheat market are the export surplus of the first group and the import requirements of the second group. The great exporting countries are America, Russia, the Balkans, Argentina, and India; the great importing countries are England, Germany, Belgium, and Italy. England must buy abroad more than two hundred million bushels of wheat a year, while importing nations on the continent must buy from other countries about an equal amount. The needs of these countries are in part supplied by a hundred-million-bushel surplus from the Russian wheat fields and a fifty-million-bushel surplus from the Balkans. The remaining two hundred and fifty million bushels Europe buys from three great sources,—America, Argentina, and Canada. This country, because of our increasing home consumption, is becoming a less important factor than she has been in this shipment of wheat to Europe. Argentina, which exports two thirds of her crop, is bidding for a large share of the European trade, and Canada, by reason of the remarkable development of her new wheat fields, is becoming more and more an important factor in this trade. The decline in our own wheat exports is the natural outcome of our growing importance as a manufacturing nation, and it should give no anxiety so long as our farmers are able to market their crops at good prices. England does not fret because she buys abroad four times as much wheat as she raises on her own soil.



The demand for American wheat all over the world became so great that the old methods of threshing proved wholly inadequate. It was then that master minds devised the machinery which is now indispensable in threshing the wheat of every grain-growing nation



Our home consumption of wheat for food is about five and one quarter bushels a year for each of our eighty-one million inhabitants. This *per capita* consumption appears to be increasing. The high prices of meats are probably increasing the demand for bread. The distribution of the American crop is shown graphically by the following table :—

SUPPLIES, 1903-04	BUSHELS
Wheat and flour in second hands, July 1, 1903	35,000,000
Wheat in farmers' hands, July 1, 1903	43,000,000
Crop of 1903	638,000,000
Total	716,000,000
DISTRIBUTION	
Food	447,000,000
Seed	76,000,000
Wheat and flour in second hands, July 1, 1904	35,000,000
Wheat in farmers' hands, July 1, 1904	37,000,000
Total	595,000,000
Wheat and flour exported	121,000,000

This was the smallest export of wheat in thirteen years. Two years ago we exported two hundred and thirty-four million bushels, and in the past twenty-six years there have been only seven in which our exports of wheat declined to so low a figure as last year. In mid-August of this year it seemed probable that this year's wheat crop would be much smaller than last year's, and that we should have less than one hundred million bushels for export. Because of this belief, together with the prospect of short crops in Europe, the price of wheat for future delivery in Chicago advanced to a dollar a bushel.

The Flour Mills of Minneapolis Turn out Sixteen Million Barrels of Flour yearly

Flour-making and wheat-raising go hand in hand. During the past twenty years the milling industry has been revolutionized. The substitution of rolls for millstones in grinding wheat into flour wrought as wonderful a change in the milling industry as the reaper did in agriculture. Five years before the introduction of rolls a great impetus was given to milling in the northwest by the discovery that by the use of a purifier the best flour in the world can be ground from the then despised spring wheat. Since then Minneapolis has grown to be the greatest flour-milling city in the world. Twenty-five years ago the Minneapolis mills had an annual output of about one million barrels; now they turn out sixteen million barrels. The Minneapolis mills have a daily capacity of seventy thousand barrels of flour, and a single mill, "Pillsbury's A," the largest flour mill in the world, has a capacity of fourteen thousand barrels a day. When the Minneapolis mills are running at their full capacity they use one million, seven hundred and fifty thousand bushels of wheat a week. Enormous steel elevators have been erected to store the wheat as it is brought by the railways. From the time the wheat is received at the mills until it is put aboard cars or ships as flour it is handled entirely by machinery. Twenty years ago the average profit on a barrel of flour was seventy-five cents, while to-day it is not more than ten cents, and meanwhile the price of flour to the consumer has been cut in two. The flour mills of the country use about half a billion bushels of wheat a year, from which they grind more than a hundred million barrels of flour. The development of the milling industry in America has enabled American millers to ship their product all over the world. Our annual flour exports are nearly twenty million barrels, valued at nearly eighty million dollars. One half of this output goes to England. The Orient, in the past few years, has grown to be a big buyer of our flour, the shipments now amounting to two and a half million barrels a year. James J. Hill, of the Great Northern Railway, has been largely responsible for the growth of our flour export trade to the Orient.

Every summer the financial markets of the world watch with anxiety the growth of the crops. Because this country raises more wheat and more cotton and more corn than any other country in the world, it is to the American farms and plantations that the eyes of the world are turned. The price of bread in Europe depends in a great measure on the amount of wheat we have for export. The cotton manufacturing industry of Europe is almost entirely dependent on our cotton crop. The price of beef in England hangs on our corn crop.

From the time the wheat first sends its shoots above the soil in Texas until the last bushel is harvested in Minnesota, every bit of news having a bearing on the probable American yield is eagerly sought after on both sides of the Atlantic. The government has a staff of experts, in touch with correspondents throughout the wheat country, to prepare monthly reports on the condition of the crops, from which its estimates are made as to the probable yield. Other grain experts, in the employ of railways and banking houses, make private estimates on the crop. Some men make it a life vocation to study the wheat and corn crops, for the purpose of making estimates as to the yield. These estimates, by the government and private citizens, are a very important factor in the grain trade. A few of the leading crop experts travel every year through the wheat country, from state to state from the Gulf of Mexico to the Canadian border, inspecting the wheat in the fields. These experts are able, early in the summer, to make fairly trustworthy estimates of the crop. Similar estimates are made, month by month, in all the great wheat-raising countries, although not so carefully as they are made in America, and long before the world's wheat crop is harvested the probable yield and the probable export movement are fairly well known.

No Other Staple Agricultural Product I so Important to Finance as Wheat

The amount of such information is astounding. We have a daily record of the number of bushels of wheat received at the interior towns,—Chicago, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, Duluth, St. Louis, Toledo, Detroit, Kansas City, and Peoria,—and of the shipments from these towns, and also a record of the receipts and shipments at the ports of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, New Orleans, Galveston, and Newport News. We have detailed statements, day by day, of the receipts and shipments of flour and grain at Chicago by each of the transportation lines. Once a week we have the report of the amount of grain exported from all ports of the world, called "clearances." We have also a report weekly of the amount of wheat "on passage" for European ports; another on the "visible supply" in America and Canada, which includes all grain in public elevators, and still another on the world's "visible supply." Every field of wheat, every bushel harvested and every barrel of flour are so closely watched by the trade that on any day the statistical position of wheat the world over is accurately known.

Wheat, because of the great rôle it plays in the world's commerce, attracts enormous speculation. No other commodity holds so large a place in the world's financial markets. Great fortunes are won and lost in the Chicago and Liverpool wheat markets, by speculators who attempt to foresee the course of prices. In the Chicago wheat pit the great speculation is in "futures;" that is, in contracts for the future delivery of wheat. In the hands of speculators, wheat prices swing through a very wide range. In 1888, the price of wheat was advanced to two dollars a bushel, and the price has frequently risen above a dollar. Eighty cents a bushel is now usually considered a normal price. Last summer a bull campaign was carried on in this grain for the September delivery which carried the price past the dollar mark the first week in August. Early in July, September wheat was selling at eighty cents a bushel. A well-known grain expert, who had been traveling through the wheat fields, made a preliminary estimate of the season's harvest, which showed a very considerable shortage in the crop. He believed that this shortage, coupled with the decreased yield in Europe, would greatly advance the price. His opinion was accepted by many operators in the market, who began buying for September. As the days went by the expert gradually reduced his estimate of the yield, and other grain people began to credit his views. The result was that prices steadily advanced, and, helped along by floods in the southwest which damaged the winter crop, and rust in the northwest which damaged the spring crop, September wheat climbed steadily to ninety cents a bushel, and then rushed up to a dollar. The operators who acted on the grain expert's opinion were able to sell at a profit of hundreds of thousands of dollars.

Cotton is also a great speculative commodity. We have recently had wild speculation in this staple such as has never before been seen. A very bold speculator, who gathered around him a powerful following, carried the price upward from nine cents to seventeen and three quarters cents a pound. Great fortunes were made and lost in the frenzied speculation on the Cotton Exchange, but in the end the leader of the campaign was crushed.

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"She would come early and stay late, and we spoiled her dreadfully"

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF LITTLE MARY

T. JENKINS HAINS

[Author of "The Wind-Jammers," "The Strife of the Sea," "The Wreck of the 'Edna,'" etc.]

[*Illustrated by Albert Hencke*]

I WAS commander of quite a little fleet, but did not feel much elated at the prospect. The largest vessel was a steamer of two hundred and fifty tons, which carried something like three hundred tons of stones for the jetty, and the two sloops put together were not over one hundred and fifty tons. The working crew, all told, was less than twenty men, and they were the roughest and toughest "stone-men" on the Maine coast. The steamer used her own steam from the marine boilers for hoisting the heavy pieces to lay in position, but the sloops had little boilers fitted up in their forecastles, and these boilers ran ramshackle engines of the cheapest hoisting pattern. With a makeshift derrick set in a wooden socket without bolt or pinion, it was too much like a case for life insurance to work in their neighborhood. I was not elated.

But with the command came orders to occupy quarters in the old fort near the point. I could have the "commanding officer's" quarters. The garrison of the fort consisted of one sergeant, his wife, and his three-year-old daughter. They lived in "officers'" quarters and kept a cow and a flock of chickens, and had the only drinking water on the bit of an island. The commanding officer's house was several hundred yards away, placed directly between two large warehouses which held many thousand rounds of twelve-pounder ammunition, hundreds of Springfield rifles, and four Napoleon brass guns.

The quarters had been built previous to the second war with England, and had not been occupied often since, except during the Civil War, when they had been used as a hospital. Many soldiers had died there, and the quarters were said to be haunted by many ghosts. That was the common talk of the island, and my boatman, who slept there near an open fire, the first night ashore, before I could purchase a bed, had dashed wildly forth about two o'clock in the morning and asked permission of the sergeant to sleep in his kitchen the remaining hours of darkness, as the noises were too much for him. The quarters were very comfortable, and, after we had occupied them for a few weeks, Card, who could cook as well as row, was the most envied of the entire crew. The two of us wandered over the dozen or more rooms, occupying whichever suited us best, the large one below being used for an office to transact the work of building the jetty at the harbor mouth.

To decorate the walls and make the place look more habitable, I used groups of bayonets, spreading them into sunbursts of glistening steel upon the bare plaster. The rifles we crossed in pairs above and beneath, and remnants of the garrison ensigns were festooned over all. Around the fireplace we stacked piles of four-inch ordinary and shrapnel shells, with great six-inch rifle projectiles at the corners of the hearth. Bayonets we used for pokers. There was little else in the way of furniture, but the few rough, comfortable chairs drawn up to a roaring fire in the chill evening made the place attractive.

Little Mary, the sergeant's daughter, soon found us out. She would come early and stay late, and we spoiled her dreadfully, for she was a very sweet and pretty child. Even after all these years I can almost feel her tiny soft fingers pulling at my whiskers, and her baby voice demanding "Stawberries an' team," in no uncertain tones. We soon looked for her in the mornings when the stone-boats were waiting for the tide and her father had gone to Portsmouth for a supply of rum.

"Papa's d'unk an' mamma's cryin'," would be her comprehensive answer to all questions. This, told in her matter-of-fact manner, was sure to call forth a guffaw from Card, who was an old man-o'-war's man, still a bachelor. He saw only the humorous side of everything, and for this reason alone could I abide him, although he was a good man and as able as any that ever trod a ship's deck. On most questions he was entirely too taciturn and silent for a companion alone. Little Mary would instantly follow up her information with a demand for sweets which could not be delayed or denied. After getting her hands and face properly covered with stickiness, she would call out, "Take Ma'y, take Ma'y," and I would have to take her in my lap and let her pull my whiskers until they fairly shone with sugar. Her strength was good and she pulled with a will, but in spite of the pain I would not have put her down for much. After we would go forth she would get into the desk among the government documents relating to building jetties, and when we returned at night they would be somewhat scattered. Once I found a tiny rubber shoe among some very important papers, and then, and only then, could I get the heart to lock the door. She resented this very much and stayed away two whole days.

The sergeant we saw little of. Only on Sunday mornings would he come slinking toward the quarters and knock timidly at the back door. "Sergeant Green would like to see you, sir," old Card would announce, with much ceremony, and I would have to go down to listen to a tale of trouble and pleadings for "just a little nip, sir." But we were patient,—and the cow gave us good milk and the chickens were plentiful. Sometimes I would dilute a pint of whisky with as much Hunyadi water, and the soldier would not be seen again that day.

Upon these holidays the men, who lived ashore in a rough shack built of boards covered with tarred paper, found time to indulge in considerable mischief. The better element spent the time mending clothes in sailor fashion, but most of them took to the small boats and went hunting for liquor. They generally found it in large quantities, and were in debt to the townspeople up the river. Several desperate affrays had occurred, and two houses within a mile of the jetty had been broken into and robbed, but the grim fellows usually came back sober enough to report, so until direct charges were made against some of them there was nothing to do but to let matters take their course. The government must have a jetty, and the men would desert in a body if any restraint were placed upon their liberty. They were not soldiers, and there was no way to hold them except by appealing to their pleasure.

The sergeant's wife did not show herself to anyone if she could help it. She spent all her time working hard, taking care of the quarters where she lived, and it was only in the early morning that she could be seen milking the fat cow. After that she would disappear in her kitchen to remain there during daylight. She was good-looking, and Card found some excuse for lingering about the kitchen every morning he went to get the milk. The sergeant, to encourage him, used to get out his service revolver and casually begin target practice upon the corner of the shed where he expected Card to appear suddenly. It was manifest that he wished for an accident to happen to the one turning the corner suddenly and coming into view while a bullet was on its way to the corner post. All this Card took good-naturedly, greeting the bleareyed and sullen soldier with a cheery "Good morning!" and always complimenting him upon the steadiness of his hand in the practice.

"Why don't you go around the other way?" I inquired, after hearing the matutinal firing.

For answer my boatman reached under his jumper and lugged out a long Colt.

A couple of good-looking pullets came into view about thirty yards away, nipping into the grass near the shore and out of sight of the soldier's quarters.

Card fired twice so quickly that the reports were almost as one explosion. Both chickens flopped about the ground for a few moments, and when my boatman brought them to me they were without heads. "He owes us this much, anyhow," said the philosophical sailor; "will you have them broiled or fried, sir? I once kept a little shooting gallery outside the navy yard," he added, in explanation.

When the July fogs came in the place grew more dreary. The lighthouse a mile and a half out to sea upon the half-tide ledge had a siren which kept

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going at regular intervals and sounded like the bellowing of a giant cow in distress. Halfway between us and the iron tower was a buoy, and between the rifts of vapor we took snap shots at the iron monster bobbing in the tideway, for the rifles were new and the ammunition lying around in countless thousands of packages tempted us to the only amusement at hand. No work could be done by any of the vessels, as the danger of striking the ledge was too great to allow them to approach the jetty. Shortly after one of these foggy spells the inspecting officer came around.

Ten thousand rounds of rifle cartridges and ten barrels of powder were missing from the returns of the sergeant.

The soldier explained how we had kept up a fire at the harmless buoy in the tideway, but at the same time he failed to explain how we could have used up a hundred dollars' worth of ammunition in the practice without injuring the buoy in any manner. We were looked upon with suspicion by the officer, for soldiers naturally stand together. Afterwards the sergeant went off on a week's debauch. The sergeant's wife came to see me in the morning.

"I have a little money my mother left me," she said, "and I'll have to make good the cost of the ammunition. If you think any of your men took the powder,—"

"No, none of my men took that powder," I broke in; "I used a dozen or two cartridges. Here is enough to pay for them," and I handed over a five-dollar bill.

She turned red, dropped the money on the floor, and walked quickly away. I caught up with her in a moment.

"Did the sergeant send you to me for information?" I asked.

She nodded tearfully.

"Does he expect you to make good the loss?"

She nodded again.

"If you have a little money you are trying to keep, don't think of paying it," I said.

"But he will be forced to make good the loss," she said, looking up quickly; "I can not see him court-martialed."

"It will be much the best thing for him," I said, emphatically; "take my advice and hold to the little money you still have."

She finally promised that she would, for the child's sake, and I left her. At the end of a week the sergeant came slinking up to our quarters. "Have you seen anything of little Mary?" said he, as I met him at the door.

"No," I said, "she is not here; she hasn't been around for several days."

"Well, she's disappeared since yesterday, and I got this note this morning,—found it stuck on the gatepost." He handed me a dirty piece of paper written upon in a scrawly hand. It read thus: "We will hold the little girl until you pay us one hundred dollars. If you do not put the money in a bottle and leave it upon the end of the jetty by midnight, Saturday, you will never see the child again."

"Kidnaped," I said, and he nodded gravely.

"What do you make of it?" I asked.

"Looks rather bad,—I went over to the jetty and found that Tom, the Dago sailor, and Bull England had gone away yesterday without saying anything to any one. They took about all there was in the shack, and they might have gone in the fisherman that came last week."

"How about the money, then?" I asked.

"They could arrange that easy enough," he answered; "some of the fellows left could attend to that without any trouble. There was ten cartridge cases over by the shack," he added, looking up at me quickly.

"The doors of the warehouse are pretty strong," I ventured, glancing across the green parade ground to where the long building holding the greater part of the supplies of rifles and ammunition stood. The heavy bars across the thick wooden doors were in place and the glint of a brass padlock shone in the sunshine. There were no windows on the lower floor, and those on the second were closed.

"I'll try them, anyhow," he said,—"could you loan me the money? There will be little danger of your losing it,—you can come and watch it, you and your boatman."

"Thanks, and sit up all night?" I asked.

"She is a mighty pretty little child,—I would put up ten times that if I had it," he said, slowly and sorrowfully. "My wife will put up any amount, but I thought you might want to catch those fellows, yourself. They are your men, you know, not mine."

"I'll put the money there to-night," I answered, "but you need n't stay up for it. Card and I will look out." I disliked the fellow so heartily that I would not have him around.

That night it was foggy and black as the inside of a smokepipe when my boatman and I rowed to the end of the jetty with a bottle containing one hundred dollars. We also carried two rifles and plenty of ammunition. We landed a quarter of a mile from the shack containing the working crew, which was half a mile from the outer or seaward end of the jetty. There we hauled the boat up and made our way to the end, walking gingerly over the gaps in the stones, where the work was unfinished and where the sea roared in and out with the rise and fall of the heave from outside. Reaching the end of the long stone pile, we placed the bottle in the middle of the laid-up stones which were to mark the extreme end of the work. We then went back shoreward and took our positions near the inner end upon the sand and ledge of the shore, about one hundred and fifty yards from the bottle. There we were sheltered from the breaking seas and we stretched out upon the beach to wait.

"It would have been just as well not to have put that money in the bottle," said Card, as he rested his rifle and drew a sight upon the end of the rocky pile,—"can't see much except when it lifts a bit."

"Well, I wanted the money to be taken," I explained. "The bills are all marked, and when we find them in the possession of some one, to-morrow, we will have some excuse for making a target of them."

"No boat can come alongside without our seeing it,—maybe it will lift a little and get clear before midnight."

We could see the loom of the rocky wall, and the fog soon cleared away, working offshore until we could see the flash of the lighthouse. Nothing as large as a man could pass along that jetty without our bringing it into close range. One would have to pass within ten feet of us to make the land. With my night glass I could see the end of the jetty distinctly and could almost distinguish the bottle.

It was just about eight bells, when I was looking through the glass, that I suddenly became aware of a figure walking upon the end of the jetty.

"Get a fine sight upon him," I said to Card. Then, dropping the glass, I stood up and hailed the figure.

"Come in or you'll get it," I called, through the stillness, which was intensified by the low murmur of the sea.

The answer was a bright flash of light followed by the sharp whistling of a bullet. Then came the crack of the report, followed instantly by the whipping snap of Card's rifle. I took a careful sight and fired also. Then we rammed in fresh cartridges and made our way along the jetty to where we had seen the figure. We halted every now and then, and Card covered the jetty while I searched it carefully with the night glass. Nothing showed except the bare stones. We finally reached the end and looked for the bottle. It was gone.

There was no sign of a boat, and no one could have passed us, as the top of the jetty was barely wide enough to allow us to walk along it abreast. We searched the sea, but the black water gave up no sight or sound of anything living.

"Killed him, all right," said Card; "must have fallen overboard and sunk."

"He took the bottle with him," I said, somewhat ruefully, for the money was apparently gone.

"Been better to have put out an empty, as I suggested," said Card.

There was nothing more to be done or said. We made our way to the boat and rowed home, stopping at the sergeant's house to tell him of the affair. He came to the door and greeted us surlily, seeming to be very sleepy and resenting being aroused at that late hour. "I put the money in that bottle," I said to him, "and by everything that's bad we'll have the fellow that took it,—if we haven't already got him."

I fancied there was just the faintest flicker of a smile about the corners of his mouth as I finished.

"If I ever get my hands on him it'll go hard enough," he said; "I notified the police at Portsmouth, and there'll be some officers down in the morning. I'll come and see you, sir, before breakfast, if you don't mind."

In the morning the sergeant appeared. He was more grateful for what we had done than before, and showed a little flickering of decency. He held in his hand a note. It ran thus:—

> "Owing to the firing upon the jetty last night, we will want one more hundred before the child is returned. Failing to get it by midnight, we will make an end of the business."

The note was not signed. The handwriting was the same as before. Card came out and looked at the note.

"We did n't get him, then," he remarked.

"I saw the foreman this morning. No one was absent from the shack last night," I said.

"It's mighty strange. I reckon I'll take a lookout to-night, myself," said the sergeant.

During that day there was much work done upon the jetty. I had little time to give to the child or to its mother, who spent the day weeping in her kitchen. At night the men of the working crew, who had heard all the details of the night before, were indignant at the suspicion cast upon their two absent members. They roundly denounced the kidnapers, but stood up manfully for both the Dago and England. They did not know how the cartridge cases came to be near the shack. The foreman, once mate of the steamer, cursed the sergeant roundly for being a drunken loafer. He did get very drunk before dark, and his wife put him to bed before nine o'clock.

I detailed Card to watch the shack from a short distance, to see if any one left it during the early part of the night. The two detectives who came from town took up their position near the inner end of the jetty, under the pilotage of the foreman, and I sat up myself watching the shore to see if it were possible for a boat to approach the little island from the mainland without any one seeing it.

It was quite warm that evening. The fog came in early, blotting out the shore line. The breeze died away and everything took on that damp-like



Drawn by Albert Hencke

"'Come in or you'll get it,' I called, through the stillness, which was intensified by the murmur of the sea"

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quiet which is characteristic of the eastern coast. I sat smoking until late, letting the fire in the fireplace die low on account of the warmth.

Just before midnight I was dozing, when I heard the distant crack of a rifle. It came from the direction of the jetty. I started up and went outside. All was quiet and the fog wreaths swirled in the lamplight which streamed forth into the blackness from the open door. I looked over toward the long warehouse, whose somber outline loomed through the gloom. All was dark and quiet. Suddenly I thought I heard a cry. I listened intently. It came again and sounded as if it came from a great distance, somewhere from the black space about me and above. I could hear the clock ticking back there in the kitchen, and every now and then noises of a peculiar nature sometimes heard in very old houses. Once I almost recognized a step upon the stairway leading to the rooms above.

I finally went back into the room and placed the lamp on the table, making ready to turn in. Before doing so I brought out the day's stone reports and looked them over to see if there had been any light material put in place where the contract called for especially heavy work. A half hour must have passed, and I had just shoved the papers aside to take off my coat, when I distinctly heard that distant cry again. It seemed to get on my nerves and I glanced quickly about the room. The crossed rifles upon the wall took my glance and I instinctively raised my hand to one, taking it down and ramming a cartridge into it. I was not naturally nervous, but, if there was anything to do in the darkness outside, it seemed just as well to have a rifle ready. The lamplight shone upon the polished steel barrel and glinted upon the sunbursts of bayonets upon the wall, making the whole place seem very military and warlike. I took off my coat and hung it upon a chair, placing the rifle at the head of the makeshift bed. I took a look at the black squares of glass in the window frames, and, as there were no curtains, it seemed to me as if some one might be outside looking in. I put out the light and waited a moment, but, instead of jumping into my bunk, I took the rifle and went softly to the front door and opened it, going out on the little front porch. The fog was thick and the blackness outside was dense. I could hardly make out the outline of the long warehouse.

While I looked at it the upper windows were suddenly illuminated. A flash of light shone from them and I distinctly saw the stands of arms and the various accouterments which hung upon the walls inside. There was no sound save the low murmur of the sea upon the ledges, and I looked steadily at the windows until all grew dark again. In a little while the windows were lit up again. Then, with the same regularity, the light faded out and intense gloom took its place. Three times did this occur without my seeing anything to show the presence of any one. Then, as the light flared up again, I saw a form inside the window just above the heavy door. I raised my rifle and drew a sight upon the figure, when the light faded again, leaving nothing but the dull indistinct loom of the long building.

I was now nervous and determined to do something. I had just lowered the rifle when the light flared again. Quickly throwing it up I sighted it upon what looked to be a man. I pulled the trigger and the report sounded like that of a cannon in the stillness. The flash blinded me for an instant, and during that time I heard the tinkle of the falling glass of the smashed window where the bullet tore through. Then silence, deep-feeling silence, settled over the blackness.

I waited some time before deciding what to do. There had been no sound to show that I had hit any one,—nothing but the tinkle of that broken window to show that the bullet had gone pretty near to where I had intended it. To go over to the building now would be to invite attack from any one nidden there. My eyes, from long practice at night upon the sea, were remarkably keen, for a sailor uses them at this time more than at any other. I was certain I had seen some one in the wareroom among the military stores.

Finally, after waiting half an hour, I decided to investigate. Taking a candle in one hand, with a box of matches ready to light it, I grasped the rifle and started across the grass to the door of the warehouse. On reaching it I felt for the lock. It was gone. I pushed strongly upon the heavy panels and they slowly gave way and swung inward. The blackness was impenetrable within, and I stood at the entrance for some moments, deciding whether to go in or turn back. It seemed rather finicky not to go on after going thus far, so, with the rifle poked ahead, with my finger upon the trigger, I went softly inside. Nothing occurred until I brought up against the inner wall with the muzzle so suddenly that I came near firing the piece. The knock resounded through the still house, and I waited, listening for sounds of some one breathing or moving. After waiting a little I located the stairs and advanced upward. Slowly and stealthily I went until I reached the upper landing. I could not see my own rifle, and I stopped to hear my breathing, which sounded like a whale blowing in the silence. It seemed that, if any one were within a mile of me, he must know of my presence by the noise of my heart pounding against my ribs and the air rushing through my nose and mouth. I waited for some moments to hear signs of life, but the only thing which rose above my own breath was the noise of the outer doors closing softly. I was inside. The strain was now getting great. I determined to light up at any cost. Backing along the wall until I came to a corner, I prepared to strike a light. I fully expected to receive the fire from at least one rifle, at the first stroke of the match, for I would be in plain view while my enemy would be in total darkness. Putting my rifle under my arm, where I could throw it up to my shoulder in an instant, at need, I drew forth a match and struck it.

The tiny flare lit the surrounding blackness. A pair of fierce eyes in a sullen face glinted at me along the barrel of a rifle which shone polished and clean, with the muzzle pointing directly at my breast. Quick as lightning I snuffed the match and sprung aside, while the flash of the weapon lit the gloom and the report thundered in my ears. The crash seemed to awake a million echoes within the building. Nothing struck me, and I fired and sprung forward for the grapple.

In an instant I was struggling with a powerful man whose snarling and cursing sounded like the savage fury of some wild beast. It was as if I had tackled a tiger, the furious snarling growing louder and more frenzied with each tremendous exertion. It spurred me to greater effort, and I fought on in silence with not a thing to show me what I had tackled in the blackness. Around and around we went, knocking over stands of rifles and upsetting piles of haversacks in the blackness, and all the time the fierce snarling, cursing fiend struggled with increasing power. His hand reached my throat, but I had not hauled lines for nothing during the past five years. I tore his grip loose and flung my right arm around his neck, drawing his head downward until my left hand found his windpipe and closed upon it with the grip that had held many a weather earring in a freezing gale at sea. Gradually the snarling grew less. The form began to stagger and wobble under me. Then it gave way and we fell to the floor with a crash. His grip relaxed and I felt about me for something to make him fast.

Groping about among the leather things, I came upon a haversack, and, taking the shoulder strap, I bound the fallen man's hands fast behind him. Then I felt for the matches.

It was fully five minutes before I found these and struck a light. I came forward with the bit of candle and looked at the fallen man. It was the sergeant.

He was half dressed, wearing a pair of dungaree trousers, and he was soaking wet with salt water, some of which I had gotten upon my face during the struggle. While I stood there looking down at him I heard a hail from outside. I sprang out of the candlelight and hastily rammed a cartridge into my rifle. Soon the hail sounded close below, and I recognized Card's voice. I bawled loudly for him to come up.

"How's this? What's the matter?" asked the sailor.

"I think we have the thief, at last," I said.

"He's bleeding,—you've shot him, sir," said the sailor, in alarm.

We bent over the prostrate form, and, as we did so, the fellow's eyes opened. He drew a long breath and started to rise, but he suddenly realized his position.

"Curse you," he snarled, "what have you done?" Then, seeing the two of us, he began to beg for mercy.

"You are dying, shot through the body," said Card; "you might as well tell the whole of it before you go."

Then, for the first time, the fellow saw that he was wounded and bleeding, and a terrible fear came upon him.

"Where is the child?" I asked.

"Safe, safe," he muttered, gasping.

"Then you hid her yourself to get your poor wife to pay the money for you?"

"Yes,—I must have whisky,—I'll tell you all if you will give me a drink, sir."

"You'll tell all now, before you die, drink or no drink," I snapped.

"Little Mary is all right,—I hid her in the casemate,—near the small magazine. I go to her every day,—"

"Where is the money you took from that bottle?" I asked.

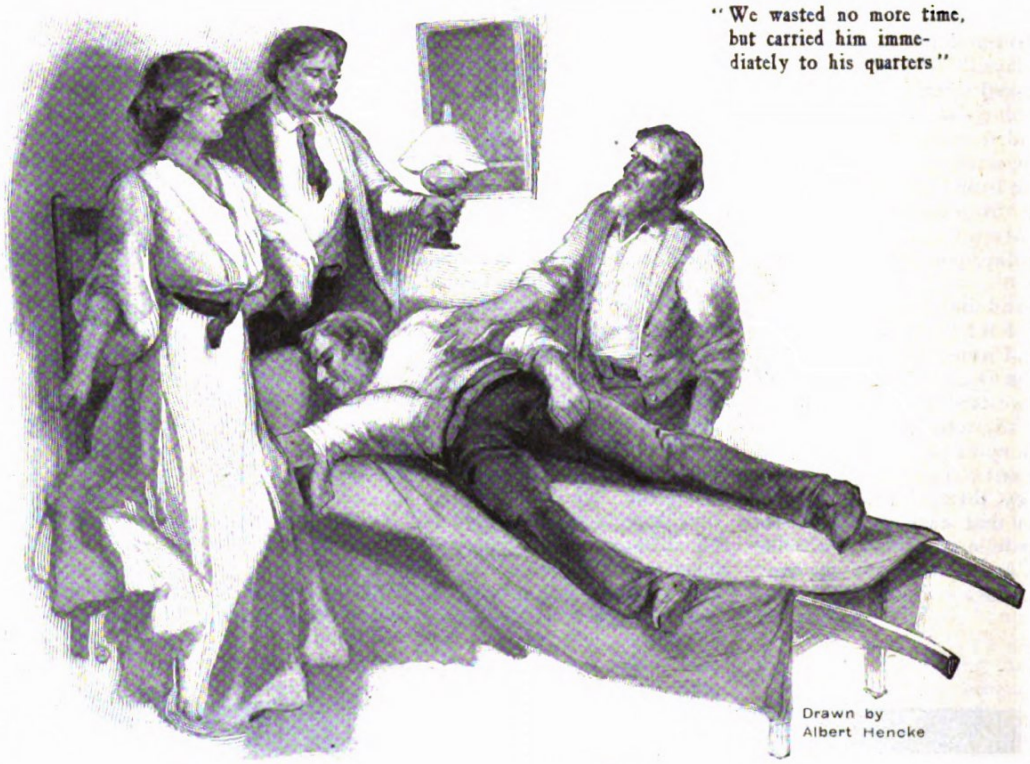
"What's left of it is in the house, sir,—I'll make it good,—don't tell, sir,—let me die in peace, sir."

He seemed very faint, so we wasted no more time, but carried him immediately to his quarters, where his wife received him, thinking him drunk.

"The child is in the casemate," I said; "you'd better get her. The money you'll find in his clothes you'd better use for the doctor."

She did not realize what had happened for some moments. Then she broke forth and cursed us, calling down everything evil upon our heads. She grew hysterical, and swore she would live to see the murderer of her gallant husband hung.

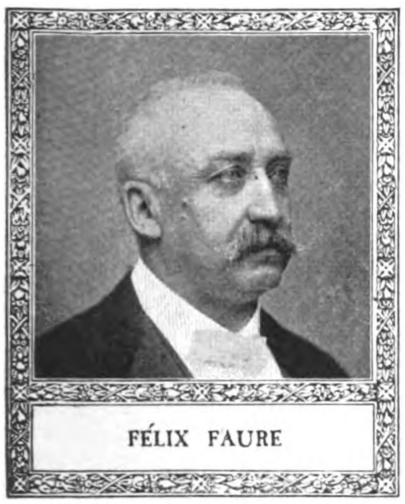
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"We wasted no more time, but carried him immediately to his quarters"

Drawn by Albert Hencke

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FÉLIX FAURE

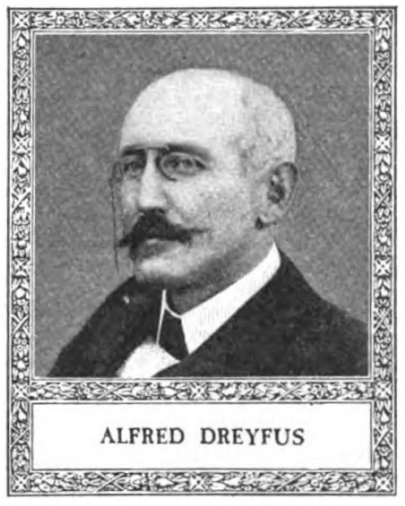
Diplomatic Mysteries

V.—How the Plot Was Hatched That Ended the Life of President Faure

VANCE THOMPSON

[Compiler of "The De Blowitz Letters"]

[*Illustrations by H. G. Williamson*]


ALFRED DREYFUS

I.—The Secret Police in France

ABOUT the words, "the secret police," there is a pretty air of mystery. They summon up pictures of cloaked figures, of men waiting in dark alleyways, and of stealthy steps behind the curtains of corridors. They are woven into nine tenths of popular French fiction. The woman *concierge*, sunning herself in what Parisian doorway you please, feeds her imagination on tales of multiple disguises. For her the *agent de la sûreté*, who comes to inquire about her lodgers, is dark with mystery; he is "of the secret police." As a matter of fact this branch of the police, though dressed in plain clothes, is not at all occult. It has to do with plain and simple crimes. Most of the agents of the *sûreté* are old soldiers, honorable men. They are supplemented, however, by a band of quasi police, known as *indicateurs*. These people, who are permanent auxiliaries of the service, are recruited among the street fakirs, the idlers of the barriers, and all the homeless and masterless rogues who foregather in Paris. Criminals themselves, they furnish most of the information upon which their fellows are arrested.

But behind these humdrum agents and those gloomy outcasts, their aids, there is a mighty and mysterious "secret police" about which not one Parisian in a hundred has definite knowledge. The real secret police —to-day, as under the empire,—is that which is known as the *brigade des recherches*,—that is, the brigade of investigation. The members of this force are recruited in a far higher rank of society than the fellows of the *sûreté*. Indeed, there is no class—from the old nobility to the new feudality of finance,—which does not contribute to this occult system of espionage. It is not my purpose here to describe in detail the many ramifications of this ancient and potent order of spies. A foreigner in France, if he associates frequently with people of importance, comes in time to know them well. They follow him in his comings and goings, report upon his acts and opinions, and sift his life, with a care unknown in our careless republic. One of those who was sent out on my trail I came to know very well. What I was suspected of I know not, though during the troublous days of the Dreyfus Case I fraternized with many men,—one of whom, the Comte du Temple, an ex-deputy, was an aggressive royalist. Anyway, my spy and I came to know each other very well. He played a good game of billiards and was a companionable gentleman. A little later Dr. W. J. O'Sullivan, the assistant corporation counsel of New York, visited me in Paris. He was greatly interested in the secret police. I could hardly persuade him that, from the moment we met and shook hands in the Gare du Nord until his departure from the Gare St. Lazare, every act of his had been noted. I got the evidence from my friend (my own pet spy,) in the *brigade des recherches*. The doctor's record was singularly complete. He had not spoken with a man, he had not chatted with a woman, he had not dined out or breakfasted in my garden, he had not bought a pair of yellow gloves, unseen by some ubiquitous spy. The amazed gentleman, when he learned how close had been the watch upon him, shuddered as if he had walked in peril, and went back to New York, wondering. So close are the meshes of this police net that not even a casual visitor slips through.

At present, however, my interest—and yours, I trust,—lies on the political side of this omnipresent agent of republican government. In every sense of the word it is a creature of the government that is, for the time being, in power. It not only watches the politicians of the opposition, creeping among the conservatives, royalists, Bonapartists, and nationalists, but as well it foments those disorders which the government—with a great show of energy,—represses. It sets on foot ready-made riots. Nine tenths of the disturbances incident to the expulsion of the monks and nuns of France were planned and created in the prefecture of police,—that fantastic building of the pointed towers, which lies along the Seine. Many of the incidents of the Dreyfus Case were begotten there. You may remember that Monsieur Labori, an advocate for the defense, was shot in the back as he walked the streets of Rennes. There was tremendous excitement; but no arrest was ever made. This "crime" was of police manufacture, and it served its passing purpose of injecting into the case a new thrill of sympathy for the government.

Skilled in all languages, able to enter any society, the agents of the *brigade des recherches* have their fingers on the pulse of public life and know the men of high place as well as if they had gone through them with lighted candles. In a large measure it is through them that France is governed. It is a mistake, though not an unnatural one, to assume that, because France is a republic, the people have much to say in matters of government. The word of the people is of little weight. The republic is parliamentary. It is intrenched behind privileges and buttressed by an irremovable senate, which selects the presidents. In later years it has become largely a government of financiers. It has abrogated the right of trial by jury and denied to the people the right of plebiscital suffrage. The French Republic is ruled from the top down. The prefect of police is the agent of this oligarchy, as he was in the time of Louis XVI. The secret police is its obedient servant. Presidents come and go; liberal ministries are succeeded by radical ministries, and socialists follow the radicals, but always the secret police remains, and always the oligarchy governs. The very man who is chief of state may be ranked among the enemies—at least the adversaries,—of this occult ruling power. There was a spy upon Thiers all his life. For a long time his private secretary was an agent of the *brigade des recherches*. Thiers knew it.

"I want him where I can watch him," he said.

In the background lurked his *valet de chambre*, another spy. At the present moment, among his secretaries, it may be, certainly among his personal attendants, President Loubet has watchers, who report his words and deeds and ways of life. He has, to be sure, his counter police. The *brigade de l' Élysée*—that palace which housed Marie Antoinette and now harbors Monsieur Loubet,—is supposed to be under the president's orders. It reports, however, to the prefect of police; and, though it watches over the safety of the chief of state, it watches also over his official and private conduct.

So much may be said by way of making clear the police situation in modern France,—this tumultuous nation, which, in spite of much shouting and confusion of parties, is coldly governed by a few old financiers, who speak ventriloquistically from the money-thrones of London, Frankfort, and New York, as well as from that of Paris. French history is in the archives of the "Pointed Tower,"—there, and in those memoirs which will see the light some day, though it would be suicidal to publish them now. Not once nor twice only have I lifted a corner of the dark curtain.

There is, in Paris, a former diplomat. He is an Alsatian, of fine culture and rugged honesty. Indeed, it was his lack of dishonesty that drove him out of the diplomatic service. He refused to take part in the administrative looting of Tunis, and his public career came to an end. This was at the time of the first Tunisian loan which was put through by the Baron d' Erlanger, of Paris. It was agreed that, in return for the concession, the baron should fortify Tunis and clothe the beylical army. The thrifty financier disembarked at Tunis several old cannon, dating from the time of Napoleon I.; rusty and useless, they lie now by the Porte de la Goulette; the military furnishings consisted of a stock of children's bathing-shoes, which Erlanger tranquilly offered to the bey for his black troops. Who was punished? The honest servant of the state, who denounced this characteristic roguery. As he told me the story, the old diplomat smiled grimly.

"It was exactly what I expected," he said.

We were chatting together in the little garden behind his house in the Boulevard Berthier; it was an idle and confidential afternoon; he told me of a moment when Europe hung on the edge of war,—a war that might have come, swift and bloody, had not the secret police checkmated an old president, who, for once in his life, ranked patriotism above finance. It was this way: the diplomat, who had fulfilled many important functions at European courts, represented France in Bavaria. One day, in a hunting party with the king, the Bavarian general, Von der Thann, said to him: "So it seems we are going to measure swords again."

"What do you mean? What jest is this?" the French diplomat asked.

"Simply this: Monsieur Thiers has held a council of war at Versailles, to consult the generals on the advisability of declaring war on Germany. Here is the opinion of Canrobert, of Ducrot,—"

Leaving the party, the French minister telegraphed to Thiers. Three hours later, he received a dispatch summoning him to Versailles. He found Thiers in a state of great excitement.

"How did you hear of this?" the president asked.

The diplomat explained.

Thiers acknowledged that the facts were exact. He was a patriot, this old Thiers, in spite of his timidity and his occasional lapses into roguery. At the moment of paying over the last one thousand, five hundred millions of the war indemnity to Prussia, he had thought that the money might better be spent in opening a campaign; he knew that Europe, repenting the heedlessness with which it had permitted France to be crushed, was in a mood favorable to his project; so he planned to recommence the war. Now, in order that the council of war might be held in utter secrecy, the president had ordered Madame Thiers and Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire to guard the doors of the room wherein the consultation was held. Yet within a few hours Prussia was informed of everything that had taken place behind those closed and watched doors; within ten hours it was gossip in a Bavarian hunt. How? This is one of the little mysteries of contemporary history. Thiers puzzled over it till his dying day. He dared not mistrust his generals; Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire was above suspicion; Madame Thiers

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had kept faithful watch,—but he studied them all, even his old wife, with weak and wandering eyes. Of course, when his project of a sudden and offensive war was known, it had to be abandoned; the millions were paid into the war chest of Germany, and France, less hopefully in later years, awaits the *revanche*.

That old man, De Blowitz, had been a *protégé* of Thiers and knew him well; he gave me the name of the man who sold the secret,—a man not yet dead, and still prominent in affairs of state.

"He was the man," said De Blowitz; "he always reminded me of Lucius Munatius Plancus, Mark Antony's lackey, whom the historian called a temperamental traitor,—'*morbo proditor*.'"

Against such a background, then, of intrigue, treachery, police surveillance, and tangled ambitions and crimes, a president of France must take his stand,—a puppet, if he is a weak man, and, if he be strong, a man foredoomed. Your Casimir-Périer, hare-hearted and docile, slips away into anonymous safety; your Félix Faure, being of the burly and obstinate sort, is done to death.

Will you read the story? I will spare you a name or two,—notably that of a great artist's wife; but I shall tell you the truth about the taking-off of Félix Faure,—a strange, true story.

II.—The Making of a President

THERE is something humorous about monarchies. With fine impartiality fate puts on the throne heroes, idiots, philosophers, or epileptoids. Nor are republics quite beyond the reach of this impish destiny. The wisdom of collective ignorances—men call it universal suffrage,—picks out all kinds of rulers. Thus France (after Casimir-Périer, the invertebrate creature that fluttered feebly over history for a while,) chose Félix Faure as chief of state.

Shall we look on for a moment, to see a president in the making?

It is in Versailles, that mute and noble city, with its old houses and its fringe of ancient woodland; the statesmen—old, old senators, with deformed stomachs and white beards,—throng into the red and gray palace, and the lackeys, in amaranthine waistcoats, coax and prod and guide them into the great voting hall. In the *salle du vote* are many pillars; among them is a tribune. The statesmen mount the tribune, one after another, and talk,—Dupuy, fat and monstrous, comes bearing Greek gifts for the mournful Brisson; Rouvier proses solemnly, dreaming of himself. If you stand in the press gallery here, next to this fat, egg-shaped little man, (he is Monsieur de Blowitz,) you can see very well. The statesmen promenade their deformed stomachs to and fro; they smoke and confer; they babble and vote.

Suddenly there rises a thin, queer clamor; it is the noise of old, old senators, cheering; all is over, and Félix Faure is president of France. Out of doors, in the faded city, rise the cheers of quasi patriots. Guns boom from the barracks, and are echoed from far-away Saint-Cyr, and the new president rides back to Paris in the presidential landau, the center of a clanging mass of cavalry, steel-cuirassed, with revolvers in hand and sabers flapping.

The natural issue of universal suffrage is mediocrity; its natural choice, a mediocre man, who is midway between the two poles of intelligence and unintelligence. Even the condensed suffrage of a mediocre senate goes straight to mediocrity. On the assumption that he was inveterately commonplace, Félix Faure was made president of France, in the first month of 1895. He was thought to be a sound man, and dull. Brisson, who has more brain than principle, could not prevail against him; the Conservatives and the Moderates voted solidly against the Brisson brain. They wanted a man who could be trusted not to do anything. In the tanner of Havre they fancied they had found their man. He dressed well; he had a learned daughter who wrote his letters for him and taught him beautiful thoughts; he was a man of profound phrases,—surely here, if anywhere, was a sound, round man, mediocre, conservative, safe, and ideal as a sovereign of the collective sovereignty. Moreover, he had been a tanner,—that was at once delightful, democratic, and commonplace. France accepted Félix Faure in a spirit of joyous gratitude.

"He is," said France, "a point of equilibrium."

Glorious, pompous, solemn, the tanner rode into his capital city, amid the flapping sabers and trampling horses of his cavalry. Oh, he was a solemn figure of a man! Who would not have thought him a point of equilibrium? He was a big man, spangled with orders, with the broad ribbon of the commander of the Legion of Honor slanting across his breast,—with a close-cropped white head, with receding forehead and chin, a head that ran up to a point; and with ragged mustaches, bulbous eyes, and a long and dignified nose; and he stared, the while, through his eyeglass,—a monocle that arched and glittered; somber and self-approving, he was, to all appearances, mediocre,—mediocrity incarnate and all the presidents of republics rolled into one, the essence of universal suffrage.

But they knew him not.

Félix Faure was born of a middle-class house in Paris. His father was a cabinetmaker, well to do in his modest way. The son was educated in a commercial academy. He was sent into England for a while. He learned to smoke a wooden pipe, learned English business methods and the English art of boxing, and learned even to enjoy the chilly pleasures of the bath. On coming again to France he was apprenticed to the trade of the curriers and tanners. When he had mastered the craft he bought his way into a large firm of leather merchants in Havre. He married the mayor's daughter. He gained a fortune. He bought ships and traded with the East. He studied. He practiced (like Chamberlain,) public speaking at evening schools and mechanics' clubs. He dabbled in the lower kind of politics. He was a successful man. He was twenty-nine years of age when the war with Germany broke out; he went into the Gardes Mobiles and did his duty. The Communists fired Paris,—he rushed a fire engine to the rescue and received the cross of the Legion of Honor. He was made deputy mayor of Havre; in 1881, he was sent to the chamber of deputies; he joined the Opportunist followers of Gambetta; he was made under secretary of state for commerce. Meanwhile he sold hides; his ships plied east and west; his wife opened a *salon;* his daughter wrote verses; he endowed hospitals



"Within a few hours Prussia was informed of everything that happened"

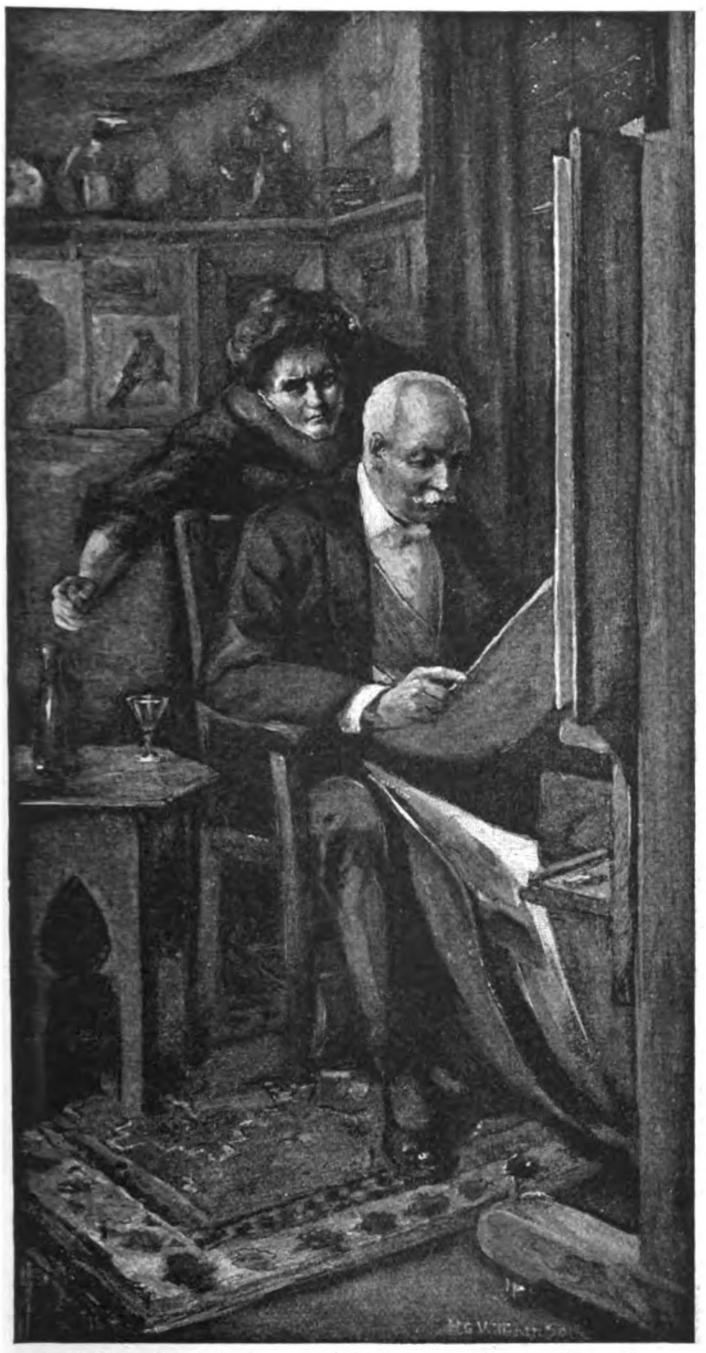
and asylums, and fortune seemed to wait upon him at every turn. On reviewing his life, he was amazed; his success seemed more than natural, so he sought an explanation. At length he said,—calmly, proudly, magnificently he said,—"I have a star!"

He had a star.

He scanned the blue, beneficent heaven over his head; there it was, twinkling, five-pointed, golden,—his star; and he waited. His time came. The Dreyfus Case—a thing of black cloud,—stretched over France like an awning; Casimir-Périer, a feeble creature, picked up his skirts and ran squealing for shelter. Out of the darkness shone the star of Félix Faure, whom we have seen being made president. And this Dreyfus Case went ricocheting through France, bowling over reputations right and left, [There were still left a few reputations in France, even after the exposure of the Panama scandal.] but Félix Faure held his own. More than that, for four years and a fortnight he had his own way in spite of all the occult forces that govern and misgovern the great, chivalric French nation. He was no mediocrity; he was strong and obstinate, with the bull-like courage of him who has a star. In spite of his ministers he went to Kiel and made, with the czar of Russia, the great Franco-Russian treaty. It was aboard a French cruiser, and the czar was the tanner's guest; they drank to Russia and they drank to France; they drank to each other,—and neither man seemed the worse for it. Now to the treaty, thus made, the tanner, more autocratic than the czar, added a secret clause—of which his ministers knew nothing,—making it offensive as well as defensive. Long ago that clause was destroyed; the fact that it was once inserted shows how far "Félix Premier" dared to go, following his star. This was the man who ruled France in the dark period of the Dreyfus Case. The senate had chosen, as it thought, a painted lath, but Félix Faure proved to be a grim man, all obstinacy and self-approval. No one could bend him; therefore, in due time, he was broken.

I have no intention of discussing the "*affaire*;" I lived for four years in that hornet's nest and have no desire to revisit it; only this may be said, that the Dreyfus Case was merely an incident of the great political war which is being fought, not only in France, but the world over. At first it was a rallying cry. Sympathetic people, everywhere, who saw in Dreyfus a victim of injustice, threw their influence into the scale of the party that supported him. Admirable, indeed, was the great wave of sentiment that swept across the world. It showed that the heart of humanity is in the right place. Perhaps the fact hardly needed demonstration. Humanity

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"Every hour, by day and night, he was under surveillance"

has always sympathized with the victim,—whether that victim were Dreyfus or Poland, Kossuth or Cuba. The misfortune is that always the finest sentiments are shamelessly exploited by the politicians and the self-seekers. In the train of the honest Dreyfusards straggled a motley train of Pyms and Pistols, a veritable Falstaff's army,—the unscrupulous Clemenceau, the sectarian Pressensé, Jaurès, the shifty word-monger of socialism, disreputable anarchists like Sébastien Faure, roguish speculators in popularity, and discredited adventurers, who swarmed up from the cellars and down from the garrets of public life. Under the sympathetic banner of justice to Dreyfus the war was waged against the two great conservative forces, the army and religion. (In thinking this over it is worth bearing in mind that in England or America the Jaurists, socialists, anarchists, and internationalists, whose avowed purpose is anti-patriotic, would be stoned in the streets.) So the Dreyfusard banner was degraded to a party rag by the fanatic mob that chants the "International,"—that black pæan of dynamite and picric acid.

Against this party Félix Faure stood out, bull-like, obstinate, and immovable as his fixed, five-pointed star. With a dull man's lack of discrimination, he judged the Dreyfus Case by the company it kept. He threw all the power of his high office in its way. He blocked its natural legal outlet. Now there were those in France, and elsewhere, they who govern the governments, who had determined that the Dreyfus Case should be heard in open day, and that the secrets of the general staff should be laid bare, no matter what head fell. Since this tanner (with a star,) would not step aside and let the chariot roll on, he had to go down under the wheels.

Time had come round to the February in 1899. Dreyfus was a prisoner on Devil's Island. The clamor for his return and retrial grew hourly more imperious. Between him and rehabilitation there stood, it was thought, one man, the president of France. One obstacle there was to the success of that party which had seized upon the banner of Dreyfus,—Félix Faure. And this poor creature—though he knew it not,—was already condemned and sentenced; over his pompous phrases and his eyeglass and his star "*hic jacet*" was already written.

III.—The Making of History

GREAT ladies, whose wants outrun their means, and the famous actresses who are favorites in society of a certain kind, have always been useful members of the secret police. That was true under the first Napoleon, and under the Bourbons who succeeded him; it is true to-day. The most conspicuous member of the Comédie Française—formerly of the Odéon,—is an actress who has played a part in two dark political crimes. Incidentally she was a spy set upon Félix Faure, with which mention she may pass on down her road of celebrity. She counted for nothing in the tragedy.

Casimir-Périer, who preceded Félix Faure as president of France, was driven from power six months after he took the oath of office. In sheer fright he ran away into the anonymity of private life, when the police record of his career—as a man and politician,—was laid before him. There were too many episodes—too many political adventures,—that would not stand the light of day. A similar system of "investigation" was applied to Félix Faure. Every hour, by day and night, he was under surveillance. He could not smoke his wooden pipe, made in England, he could not walk abroad in his capital city, and he could not lie down unseen of watchful, undiscoverable eyes. Not alone the *officier de paix*, the *brigadier*, and the twenty *inspecteurs* of the *brigade des recherches* were detailed upon this business; among those with whom he dined and sat at cards and played billiards, among his social companions and official collaborators, were subtle auxiliaries of the police. Oddly enough, for Félix Faure was a Frenchman like any other, they trapped him in no evil-doing. They carded the wool of his past life. That, too, had been honorable. He was a laborious, honest, pompous man—loved and laughed at by his good Parisians,—and there was no scandal on him big enough to pull him down. He had not robbed or forged or done murder in the night. So he held his own, blocking the way of the political movement which was (as a mere incident,) to free Captain Dreyfus, and (more importantly,) to admit the Socialists to the public feeding-trough, and, through them, deliver the riches of France to international "finance."

Every man has one unguarded side. There was never a suit of mail without a chink in it. Of all public men, at least of our contemporaries, Félix Faure was the vainest. The streak of vanity had hardened in him early.

"Do n't stand in front of me," said Francis I., "*je veux paraitre.*"

This president had an imperious need of "appearing," and his vanity was kindly. He loved to pose as a patron; King Cophetua was not more ready to leave his throne to aid the beggar lass. By this side they took him.

There is in Paris an illustrator, whose work, in black and white and in color, has lifted him into prominence; everyone knows his pictures,—these sad, accurate glimpses of nocturnal Paris, these scenes of daily life, brutalized by labor and deformed by coarse delights. His wife gained the acquaintance of Félix Faure; what unhappy tale she told the old, kindly man neither you nor I may know. He had helped many troubled folks; he liked, too well, to pose as the father of his people, and this occasion tempted him. The evening of the sixteenth of February, 1899, he left the palace of the Elysée and drove to this home of art and intrigue. The house was not far from the Gare Saint Lazare, not far from the Lycée Condorcet; it was in a street that led into Rue Caumartin. In his own carriage, surrounded by a cloud of police agents, the president of France drove to the house. The door was opened; he went up the stairs—to his death.

There are certain truths which no journalist or publicist is quite willing to tell. Like Kipling's story of the blind white sea serpent which he and other journalists saw, the facts are too monstrous in their truth to be believed. Truth, as the French say, is not always probable. Only when the blunt facts are seen in historical perspective do they take on an air of likelihood. To scores of men in Paris the mystery of Félix Faure's death is no mystery at all. One of the most accomplished of European publicists, Henry Dumay, lifted the curtain for a moment; then, remembering how improbable the truth may appear, he let it fall. It was a problem every journalist has faced. Indeed, at that time, when Paris was keyed up to an extremity of excitement, when there were nightly riots in the streets, and when the troops rode abroad and you knew not what man at your elbow was a spy,—at that time, to have told the truth about the death of the president would have been a crime against public order and, as well, a swift way of "committing suicide."

Truly, in five hundred years, the Latin world has changed very little. What was darkly done in the caves of the doge's palace in Venice was done in a Parisian house,—above the noise and glitter of an evening street,—a moment's walk from the Place de l'Opéra, which is the shining heart of nocturnal Paris. The poison that snapped the life-cord of Félix Faure, president of France, was sudden and violent. He was dead fifteen minutes after he went up the stairs. It was ten o'clock. For one hour the body lay on the sofa in the little parlor,—gaudy with *art moderne*. A brigadier and three agents of the *brigade des recherches* carried it down to the door; two men walked it across the sidewalk and placed it in the carriage. What had been the sixth president of the "Third Republic" rode back to the Elysée, huddled in the corner of his *coupé*. When the body was decently laid out in a bedchamber, it was officially announced that Félix Faure had died of apoplexy,—stricken in his bed. While the lying dispatches flew abroad to every newspaper office and to every financial center, couriers raced to every European court bearing the true story of his death. The truth was heard in Vienna—I happen to know,—within twenty-four hours, and was confirmed within forty-eight hours. It was known at the Vatican within forty hours. But these things are not printed.

Who, pray, would believe in the white blind sea serpent?

With Félix Faure out of the way, the socialists and financiers, the humanitarians and internationalists went on, making for France what history you know. The French police—that famous secret police,—does more than detect crime and repress disorder; it deflects the course of history, now and then. The occult government of France hides in its police; the agents who work its will come and go in the dim corridors of the House of the Pointed Towers, there by the Seine. Of these agents, not the least regarded is the dark-browed, cerebral woman who gave into the hand of Félix Faure the cup from which he drank death.

All is not well with the man who has a star: the star of one Napoleon led to Waterloo, that of another Napoleon to Sedan, and the five-pointed star of the tanner's apprentice—to what that led him we know. They buried him, and a new president reigned in France,—a mild, little, timid man, who stood in no one's way,—and the secret police watches over his safety.

[Mr. Thompson's November installment of "Diplomatic Mysteries" will make public for the first time the real causes which have produced the present strained relations between France and the Vatican.—The Editor]

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The Grandest Thing in the World

ORISON SWETT MARDEN
[Editor and Founder]

IT is said that the most hardened criminal can not help admiring the jury which convicts him and the judge who pronounces the sentence which costs him his life, for there is something within him which answers to justice, applauds the verdict, and speaks even louder than his own selfishness.

That the human mind is constructed along the lines of truth and intended to represent truth, and truth only, is also shown by the fact that, in the midst of the greatest corruption and bribery, at a time when dishonesty seems to be at a premium, when a real man appears upon the scene, falsehood cowers and evil slinks out of sight. So powerfully do truth and honesty appeal to the human mind that, no matter how corrupt and base men are, they can not help applauding when they hear their accents. When character speaks the world listens.



Although Joseph W. Folk has done everything in his power to convict men, no matter how rich or powerful or influential, who have been guilty of bribery and other forms of corruption, so great is the admiration of all classes for his honesty and courage in unmasking vice that his party has nominated him for governor of his state.

"I have been fighting the political corruptionists with all the power at my command," he says, "and have lashed them with the whip of the law. I have no favors to ask of them and no quarter to give. It is unrelenting war to the end."

Think of this, you politicians who resort to trickery, bribery, and fraud of all descriptions in order to get votes and patronage; think of this for a political platform upon which to launch one's campaign in asking for the suffrages of his state! Think of a young man taking such a position at the very beginning of the contest,—deliberately antagonizing the most powerful element in the community.

No one has fought the enemies of law and order harder than this young man. He has handled the ballot-box stuffers, the bribe-takers and givers, and the graft-mongers, without fear or favor. He has flung the whole weight of his zeal and energy against the lawbreakers, whether high or low. He has landed four or five millionaires in the penitentiary for robbing the people by buying city franchises, and driven a dozen others from the state. He has made municipal stealing a dangerous game in Missouri.

Smooth, oily politicians will tell you that this justice-loving young lawyer is a fool, and that he has thrown away all his chances for future promotion, but history does not read so. The power of truth and honesty triumphs over all corruption and fraud. The right is ever more powerful than the wrong.

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We hear a great deal about corruption and fraud; graft and bribery are rampant everywhere, yet there never was a time before when right spoke so loudly, or when character spoke with such commanding authority, as to-day.

Judge Alton B. Parker's brief, simple telegram to the leaders of the Democratic Convention, at St. Louis, sent a thrill through the whole country, simply because there was a man behind it,—it was character speaking. That little telegram caused more comment in the world's press and more talk than all the rest of the proceedings of the convention. It was not because it was great, not because it was profound or scholarly, but because it was honest. People believed there was a man behind it who would rather be right than be president. A man had spoken, and the world listened.

The splendid tribute paid by the press and pulpit and individuals all over this country to the memory of the late Samuel Jones, the "Golden Rule" mayor of Toledo, Ohio, who died recently, proves to us anew the hold that character, even in this money-worshiping age, has upon the people.

Men who did not believe in his methods, and newspapers which had denounced and criticised him, united in praise of the real man, because he was honest. Even the liquor men of Toledo, whom he had fought so bitterly, showed their respect for the character of the man by closing their saloons while his body lay in state in Memorial Hall and during the funeral. The whole city was draped in mourning, and a hundred thousand people viewed the body while it lay in state.

Editors who were the most bitter in their denunciations of his methods, and who refused even to print his name during one of his campaigns, were the first to acknowledge his sterling worth as a man. All are now agreed on this,—that his character was unstained, that he lived and worked for the good of the people, whom he really loved, and that he was a man deserving of all honor and praise. Truly, character is success, and there is no other.

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In a great public meeting, after the audience has been held spellbound by the eloquence of brilliant orators, we have seen a plain, blunt man step to the platform and, with a few brief, pointed sentences, carry more weight than all the eloquence that preceded him. Everybody knew that the man had no gift of eloquence, but they knew also that what he said represented force and power, and that there was a man back of the words.

There ought to be something in a man greater than any book he ever writes, than any sermon he ever preaches, than any plea he ever makes at the bar,—greater than any invention he ever devises, and greater than his most famous discovery,—something which will live after every material evidence of his existence has been annihilated,—something which will persist while time lasts,—and that is his character, that indestructible principle of his manhood.

Emerson said that those who listened to Lord Chatham felt that there was something finer in the man than anything he said. "Character must stand behind and back up everything,—the sermon, the poem, the picture, the play. None of them is worth a straw without it," says Holland. This is the philosophy to teach the child of to-day, that "There is nothing in the world great but man, and there is nothing truly great in man but character."

Manhood overtops all titles; character is above all riches, and greater than any career. This motto should be framed and hung in every home and in every school in the land. Mothers should engrave it on the hearts of their children.

There was not a throne in Europe that could stand against Washington's character. When war with France was imminent, in 1796, President Adams wrote to him at Mt. Vernon, where he was then living as a private citizen, "We must have your name. There will be more efficacy in it than in many an army."

If the hand of a crooked, self-seeking politician had been at the helm in those stormy years when our country was struggling to gain a foothold, would America stand where it does to-day? The chances are that it would still be a colonial dependency of the mother country. It was the power of a great, pure personality, that gathered the scattered units together and welded them into one nation.

At a later period in our history, another colossal character stepped to the front, and saved from disruption the Union which Washington had established. The greatest potency in American history for the last half century, that which has done more than anything else to mold the character of our civilization, has been the influence of Abraham Lincoln.

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Character is the greatest fact in history. A few great names have ever been the salt which has preserved the nations from decay. Every country perpetuates, embalmed in the love and admiration of its people, the names of those of its sons who have rendered the greatest service to the state or to humanity, while it buries in oblivion those who were noted only for their great accumulations of wealth, and their colossal greed and selfishness.

It is a good thing to get an education, or to gain a fortune, if honestly done, or to get honorable fame; but the triumph of nobility and the victory which inheres in a spotless character are greater than all else.

What measure of fame or fortune could have ennobled the late George Jones as did that flawless integrity which made him spurn the offer of the notorious Tweed Ring when it attempted to buy his silence in regard to its infamous plunderings? Mr. Jones, founder and editor of the New York "Times," had in his possession evidence of the guilt of that gang of municipal thieves. A minion of the "Ring" approached him with the offer of a bribe of five million dollars if he would suppress the facts in his possession. "Well," said Mr. Jones, "I don't think the devil will ever make a higher bid for me than that." The tempter went on to draw a glowing picture of what a man could do with five million dollars, and ended by saying, "Why, with that sum you can go to Europe and live like a prince." "Yes," was the reply, "but I should know that I was a rascal. I can not consider your offer, or any offer not to publish the facts in my possession."

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If every politician, and every other man, were to say, with Channing, "My road must be through character to power; I will try no other course," our country would not be disgraced by disclosures like those recently made, showing how corruption is flourishing everywhere, how unscrupulous financiers are battening on dividends wrung from poverty's hard earnings, millionaires are buying privileges from senators and statesmen, who, in their turn, are purchasing their path to power, not by serving to the best of their ability the people whom they were elected to represent, but by betraying them and debauching others through their necessities by buying the votes that elect them to office. This is the spectacle that is being held up to us by magazines and newspapers all over the country.

What a pitiable picture it is to see a man who has been long in public life and who has the divine gift of eloquence, the power to stir and sway people, but who has so forfeited his right to public confidence by debauching his word, and by breaking his promises, that he carries no weight whatever! People may still listen to him and applaud, but they do not trust him, for they feel that when a man has bartered for patronage, or for business, the best that is in him, he is like a noble building that has been burned out. His heart and his character are gone. He is simply an empty shell.

What is a man good for when you can not tell where he stands, or what he stands for, or whether he stands for anything or not? Of what use can a man be when he has betrayed his dearest friends, when he has sold out his party, when he has forfeited the approval of his own conscience, and when he is known to stoop to anything which will give him a seeming personal advantage? Would any one trust a Judas who has betrayed his Master?—a Benedict Arnold who has sold his country?

People do not put their confidence in property, or in position; they put it in the *man*. That man only is rich who has the confidence of his fellow men, who has never betrayed his trust, who has never gone back on his word, or smirched his honor, and who can look his conscience squarely in the face without flinching.

There is only one thing that persists through all history, and through all changes, which not only is not tarnished or dimmed by time, but will grow brighter through all eternity, and that is character. Nothing can annihilate it; nothing can stop its onward march and its increasing power. It is a living principle, as indestructible as the laws of mathematics.

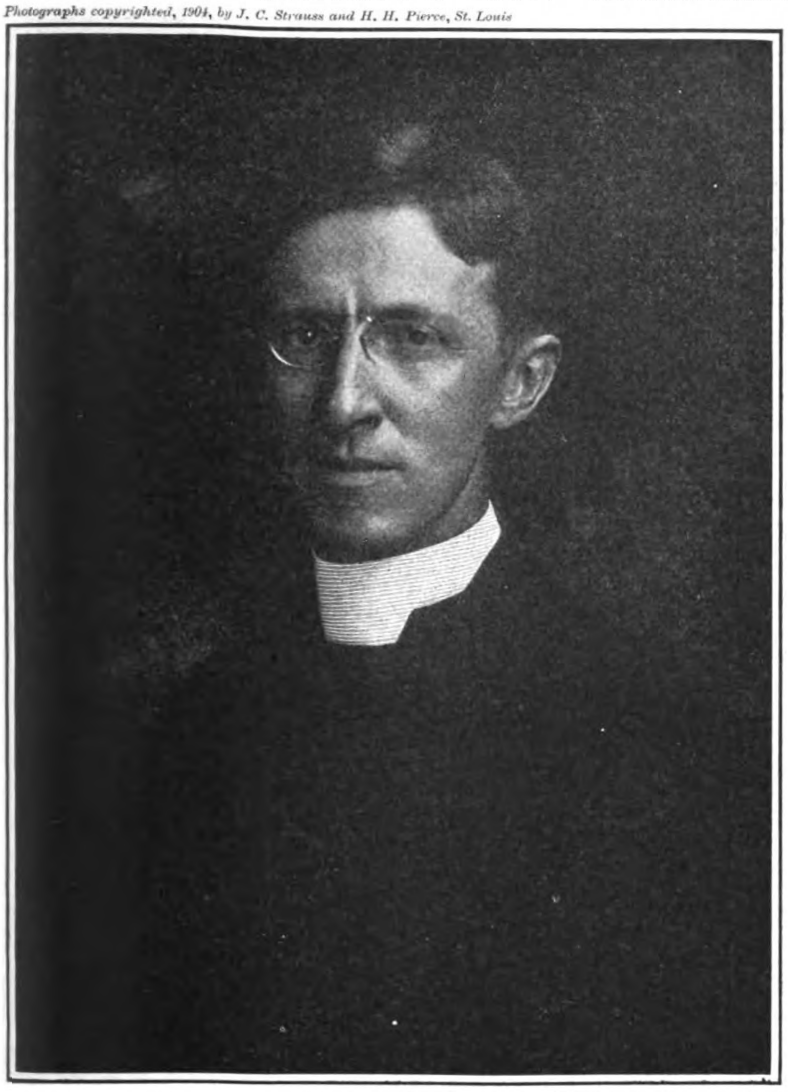
A stronger incentive to virtue and honor and to high living than the finest sermon that ever was preached, the greatest book that ever was written, or the finest code of maxims that could be compiled is the life of a noble man or woman.

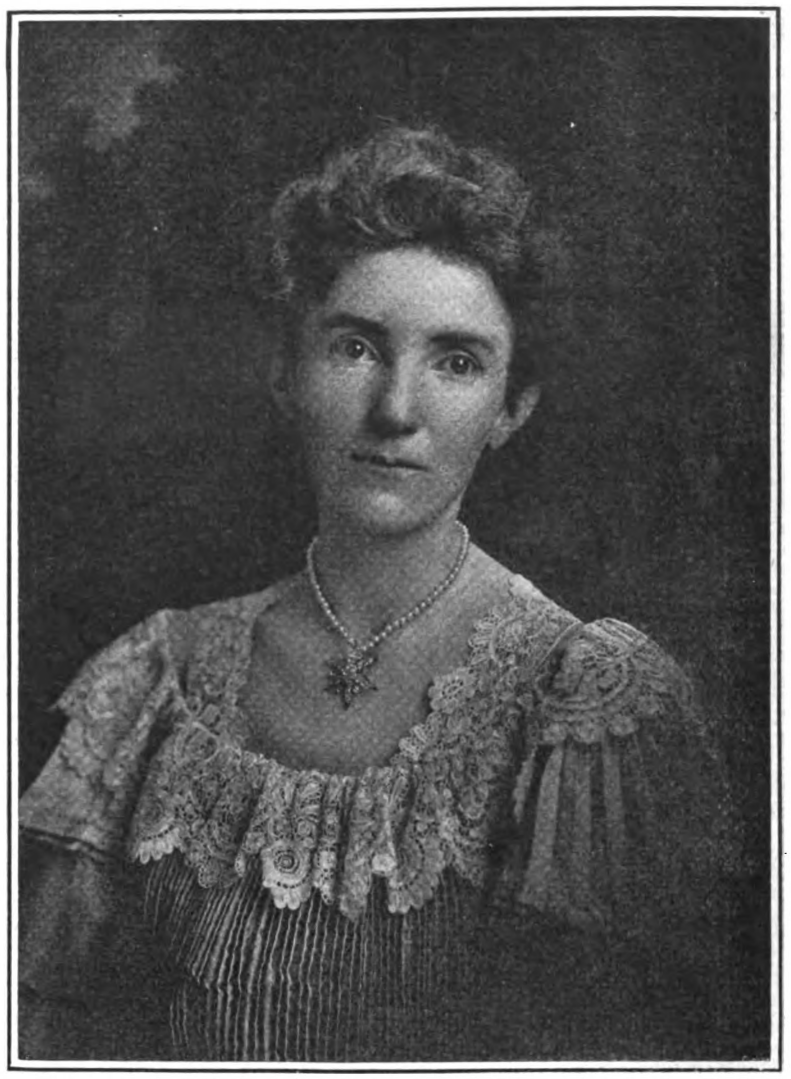
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PEOPLE WE READ ABOUT

The Children and Grandchildren of Alton Brooks Parker

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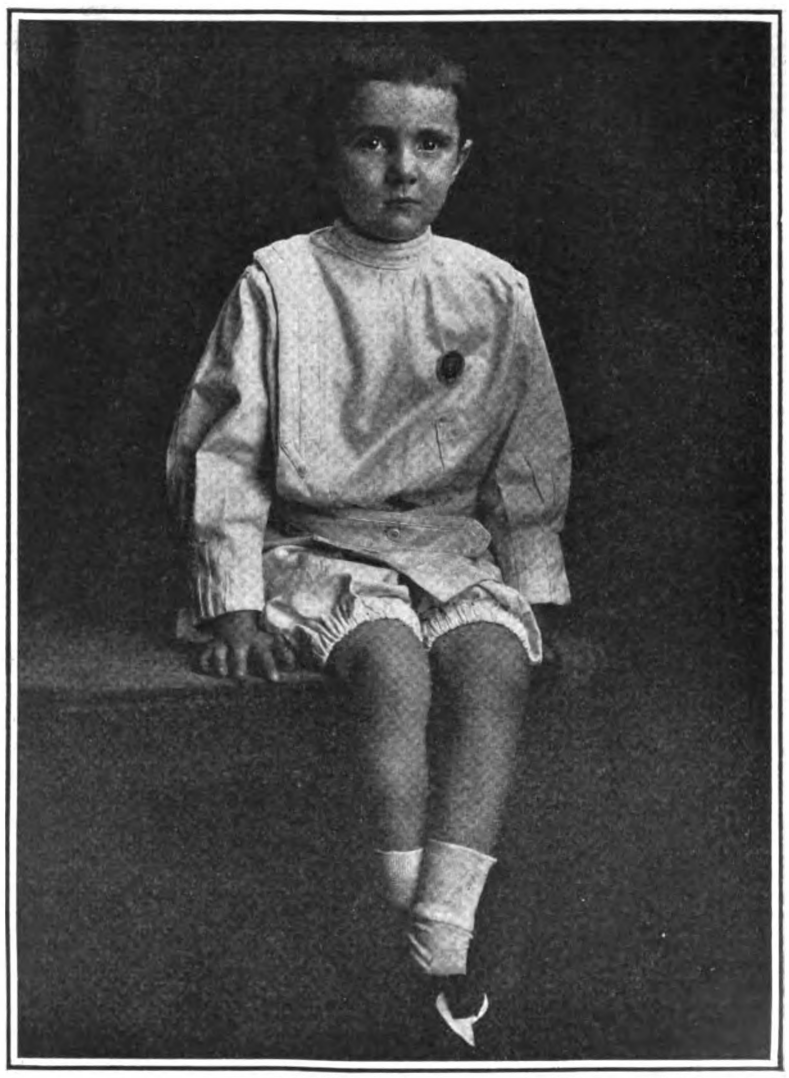




REV. AND MRS. C. M. HALL, SON-IN-LAW AND DAUGHTER



MARY McALISTER HALL



ALTON PARKER HALL

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VICE ADMIRAL KAMIMURA.

The Japanese Leader Who Scattered the Russian Fleet

The sons of Nippon have placed Kamimura above Togo. As commander of the second squadron of the Japanese navy, he met the Vladivostok squadron and, in an open fight, defeated it gallantly. His memorable battle practically drove Russia from the waters of the Far East. Kamimura's victory will rank with the world's greatest sea fights. Although the Russians fought him with wonderful strategy, their guns hit wide. The marksmanship of the Japanese was particularly noticeable for its accuracy. Kamimura is a child of the great fighting clan, Satsuma Samurai, and is known as the "lion-hearted." He began fighting for the mikado during the Japanese civil war of 1867, when he was sixteen years old.

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MRS. CHARLES W. FAIRBANKS.

Wife of the Republican Nominee for Vice-President

Mrs. Fairbanks was formerly Miss Cornelia Cole, of Marysville, Indiana. She first met her husband at Wesleyan University, Ohio, where both were students. Miss Cole admired the fortitude with which young Fairbanks met the hardships of his college life, and especially so when other students took exception because he was willing to work for a colored contractor. She began then to help him with his studies, and to her is due a great deal of the credit for Mr. Fairbanks's present position. She is the president-general of the Daughters of the American Revolution. At the reception tendered Senator Fairbanks, after his return from Chicago, she was referred to as a "woman beloved by all women."

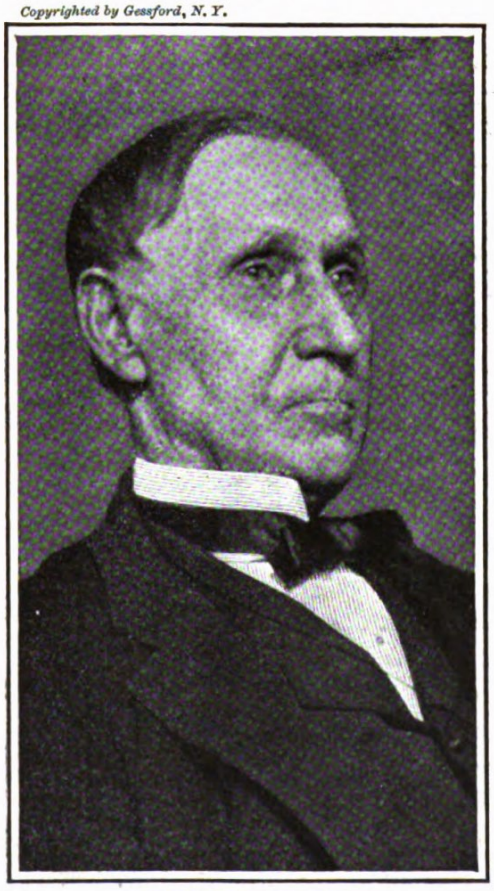


HENRY S. PRITCHETT.

President of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology

One of the busiest educators in the country is Dr. Pritchett, and the great New England institution, of which he is the head, is one of the busiest in the country. He was born near Fayette, Howard County, Missouri, in 1857. He was graduated from the Pritchett School Institute, Glasgow, Missouri, in 1875, subsequently studying astronomy. For over twenty years he was one of the foremost astronomers in the country, and was connected with nearly all of the large observatories. For years Dr. Pritchett was one of the little band of astronomers that observed famous eclipses in distant parts of the world. He was elected president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in 1900.

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RUSSELL SAGE.

Eighty-eight Years Old, a Wall Street King

The photograph of Mr Sage reproduced above was taken on August 4, last, the day that he reached his eighty-eighth birthday. The venerable financier is one of the most prominent figures in the "street," and his elastic step, keen mind, and knowledge of men and affairs cause wonderment among men who know him intimately. Mr. Sage says that he owes his long, active life chiefly to his interest in affairs and to his horror for tobacco and liquor. He is a director in twenty-four large New York corporations. He has not taken a vacation, he boasts, in sixty years, and says that he does not believe in taking it easy. Work, he declares, can be made such a pleasure that no recreation is necessary.



H. W. GOODE.

President of the Lewis and Clarke Exposition

The Lewis and Clarke Centennial Exposition, which will be held at Portland, Oregon, next year, will be the first great fair of the Northwest, and will commemorate the valorous deeds of the famous explorers for whom it is named, as well as the progress and industry of the Pacific Coast. The directors have persuaded the United States government to give considerable pecuniary assistance, and valuable concessions have been promised by foreign countries. Mr. Goode, who has been elected president, is one of the leading business men of Portland. For a number of years he has been president of the Portland General Electric Company, one of the largest electric transmission plants in the world.

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GEORGE FOSTER PEABODY.

Treasurer of the Democratic National Committee

About thirty years ago a young man left his home in Columbus, Georgia, and came to New York to become a banker. At that time George Foster Peabody had only a public-school education, but his mind was bent on finance and he allowed nothing to stop his progress. To-day besides being treasurer of the Democratic national committee, he is a director of the General Electric Company, the Morton Trust Company, and about twenty other banking and railroad companies. He is one of the best authorities in financial and commercial matters in America. He is also interested in education, being a trustee of the Hampton (Virginia) Normal and Agricultural Institute, and the Colorado College.

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MRS. PRENTICE

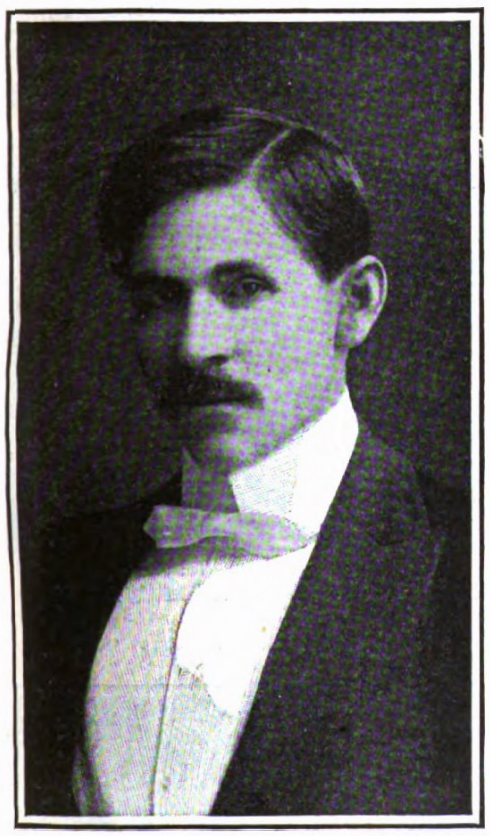


MRS. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER AND HER DAUGHTERS



MRS. STRONG

Mrs. John D. Rockefeller enjoys the distinction of being the wife of the wealthiest man in the world. To her many friends, however, she has other and greater distinctions. She is a charitable, Christian woman, good wife, and loving mother, into whose peaceful life the vexing questions of finance never enter. She is not inclined to appear in society, and abhors the glitter of moneyed functions, preferring her own *coterie* of personal friends, many of whom are in ordinary circumstances. Her maiden name was Laura Celestia Spelman. She first met her husband fifty years ago, when they attended the same school, near Cleveland, Ohio. Her father was H. B. Spelman, a Cleveland merchant, a leader in anti-slavery and temperance movements during his day. She was married to Mr. Rockefeller in 1864, just after he had formed the firm of Andrews, Clark, and Rockefeller, for the purpose of refining petroleum, and had contributed his savings—four thousand dollars,—to the enterprise. The Rockefeller home is near Tarrytown, New York, and Mrs. Rockefeller is so unostentatious that she goes and comes at will. Hardly a score of people in Tarrytown, besides her own household, know her by sight. She attends the First Baptist Church occasionally, but it is a question if many members would know her on the street. Mrs. Rockefeller seldom visits New York City. She claims Cleveland as her home and prefers that city to her eastern abode, but lives at Tarrytown because the climate suits Mr. Rockefeller better, and because he must be close to his business interests which have centered in New York. Mrs. Rockefeller, notwithstanding reports, is a charitable woman, but few of her kindnesses become public. She is quietly interested in a number of charities, and has helped many worthy people, although few know that she is really their benefactor Mrs. Rockefeller's elder daughter, Elizabeth, is the wife of Charles A. Strong, professor of psychology in the University of Chicago. The other daughter, Alto, is the wife of Parmelee Prentice, of New York City.



STRICKLAND W. GILLILAN,

President of the American Press Humorists

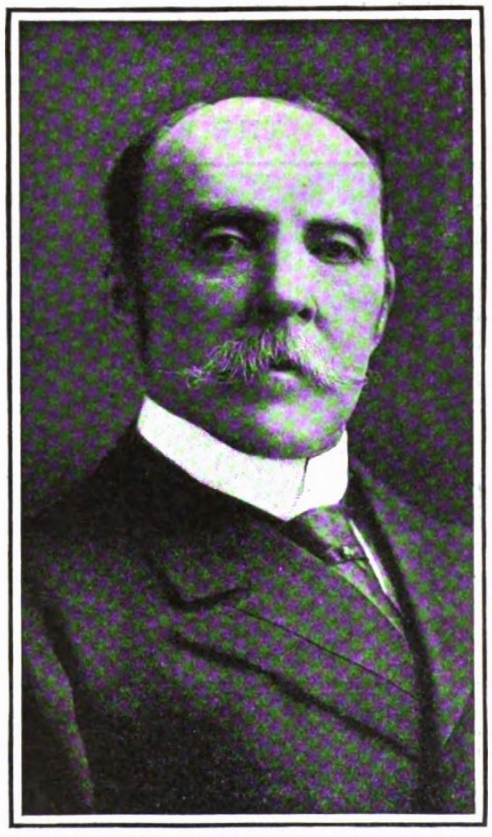
Mr. Gillilan became a humorist after twenty-three years of farm life alternated with school-teaching and college work at the University, Athens, Ohio, and eleven years of active daily newspaper work. The last year or so of his preparatory newspaper work had been with the "Herald," Los Angeles, California. His work attracted the attention of "The Baltimore American," which brought him east. Mr. Gillilan is thirty-four years old, and is a native of Ohio. He says that the above photograph is his wife's favorite one, "which means a great deal to a homely man." He adds that he has "struggled along so far without profanity, tobacco in any form, or intoxicants, and likes the plan so well that he will try it a while longer."



MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE,

Author of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic"

Mrs. Howe, who was born eighty-five years ago, is still hale and hearty, at her old Boston home. Her famous hymn, beginning with the well-known words, "Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord," it is now claimed by the National Educational Association, has been printed more times than any other American poem. It is estimated that the poem has been printed no less than two hundred and fifty thousand times, that it has been translated into nearly every foreign language, and that it appears in the school readers of almost every nation. It is as fresh to-day as when it first appeared, forty-three years ago, and proved one of the greatest solaces to the Union soldiers in the southern battlefields and prisons.

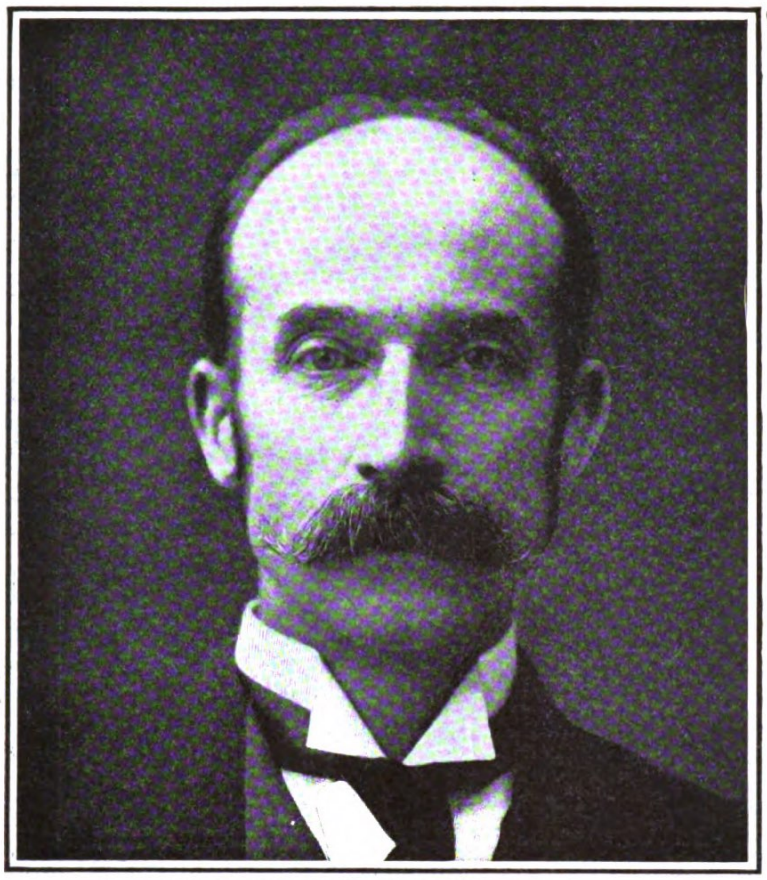


HENRY MORTIMER DURAND,

The British Ambassador to the United States

Sir Henry Durand, who succeeded the late Lord Pauncefote, in Washington, is a man whose broad human views and diplomatic tendencies will tend to further establish the condition of peace that should always exist between this country and Great Britain. Indeed, when Sir Henry was transferred from Madrid to Washington, he said that he felt as if he were being sent home, and that it had always been his ambition to represent his country in America. Sir Henry has been in the British consular service since 1873, when, in his twenty-third year, he entered the Bengal Civil Service. He was the political secretary to Lord Roberts, the head of the British army, in 1879; foreign secretary in India, from 1884 until 1894. He conducted a campaign in Afghanistan in 1893.

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THE MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE,

Foreign Secretary of Great Britain

Lord Lansdowne has had a difficult task in adjusting the diplomatic relations of his country with Russia, whose action in the "Malacca" and "Knight Commander" incidents created a *furore* in England. The settlement of the "Malacca" case followed by a promise of full reparation of the "Knight Commander" affair, was regarded as a diplomatic triumph for the Foreign Office and strengthened the Balfour ministry.



HENRICK IBSEN,

The Famous Norwegian Poet and Dramatist

Ibsen is writing a new play in which he will expound his views on war. He will express opinions that are diametrically opposed to those of Count Leo Tolstoy, who recently wrote a striking article denouncing all forms of war. Ibsen will attempt to prove in his play that conflicts between nations are useful and even necessary for the development of the human species, because they sustain ideas of discipline, courage, will, and personal action.

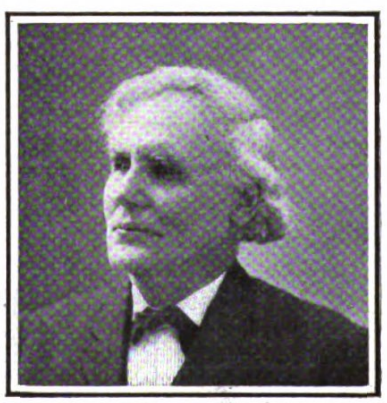
The Minor Presidential Candidates

Few people except those directly interested in the principles that they represent, really know that there are presidential tickets in the field besides those of the Democratic and Republican parties. This year records four other well organized parties, as will be seen by a perusal of the article by George Wilkinson, on page 659 of this issue. The photographs of the candidates are given below. As is well known, the Populist Party has the promise of an unusual amount of support this year because of the conservative stand taken by the Democrats. The radical wing of that party which is largely made up of the many stanch supporters of William Jennings Bryan, will throw considerable support to Watson and Tibbles, and the Republicans now find that it will be a good move to encourage this idea in order to draw votes away from Mr. Parker. Mr. Watson's speech of acceptance was the most logical and vivacious of the campaign. His open assault on the Democracy is telling for him. Mr. Debs will secure a number of the Bryan votes, and will appeal largely to the labor unions. Mr. Corregan and Dr. Swallow lead parties that draw an increasing vote with each election. Besides these parties, two others will endeavor to nominate candidates and get on the ballots. One is the Industrial Progress Party which is being organized in Chicago, and the other is a Populistic-Silver Party which is being organized in the West. In order for presidential candidates to get a place on the ballots of a state like New York, they must first secure the names of fifty voters in each county, to a petition.

THE POPULIST PARTY



For President,
THOMAS E. WATSON

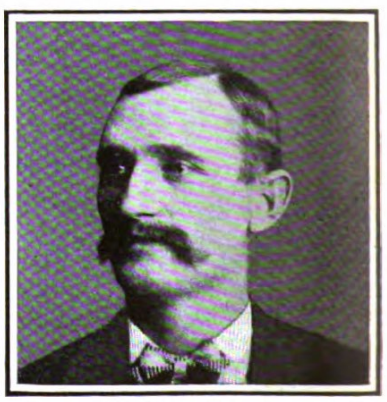


For Vice President,
THOMAS H. TIBBLES

THE SOCIALISTIC-LABOR PARTY

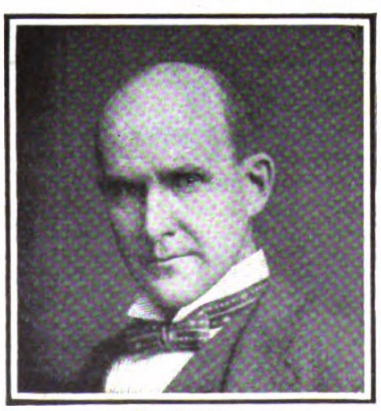


For President,
CHARLES H. CORREGAN

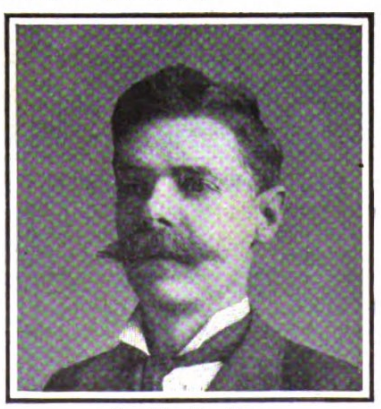


For Vice President,
WILLIAM W. COX

THE SOCIALISTIC PARTY



For President,
EUGENE V. DEBS



For Vice President,
BENJAMIN HANFORD

THE PROHIBITION PARTY

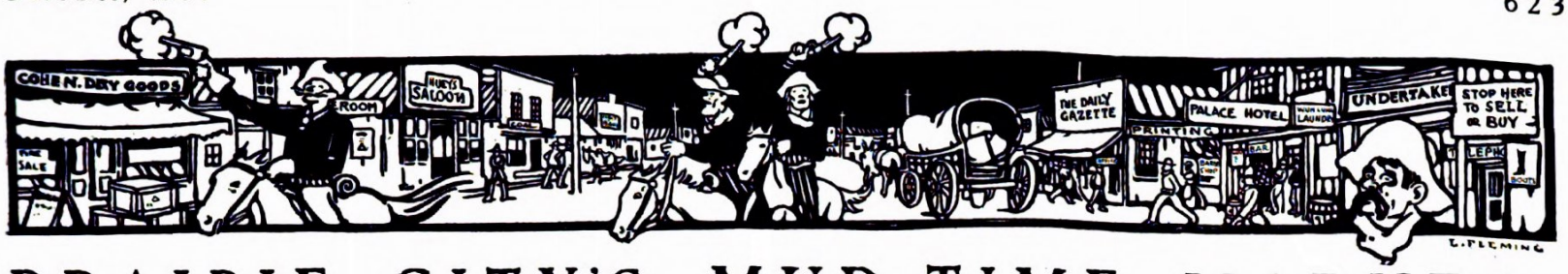


For President,
DR. SILAS C. SWALLOW



For Vice President,
GEORGE W. CARROLL

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PRAIRIE CITY'S MUD-TIME MADNESS

The Story of Colonel John Brimp's Efforts to Boom a Promising Town

HOLMAN F. DAY



"'Do n't you dare stop here in this slumgullion, driver!' bawled a tall man who thrust out his knob-like head"

Illustrations by Will Crawford

THE new and enthusiastic mayor of Prairie City, in his first address before the enthusiastic and new board of trade, dubbed their budding metropolis "The Ganglion of the Camas Garden Land." That happy name was thankfully adopted for the caption of the boom literature that the board of trade immediately circulated.

One approaching the "Ganglion" across Camas Prairie, and beholding in the wavering distance an uncertain dotting of residential cubes, a single flicker of industrial smoke from the twenty-by-forty brewery, and a huddle of one-storied arcades about the main square, might marvel at the optimism of the board of trade. But even in pretentious cities every one always exhibits a certain amount of cynical amazement at the boasts and prophecies of boards of trade. It is the natural penalty for being something else than "a man with soul so dead" that has followed each progressive optimist ever since Cheops predicted to sneering Egyptians, squatting on their haunches, that his pyramid would attract a profitable tourist traffic.

With two dry goods stores, ten wet goods stores, three wide-opens for the Buffalo Hump contingent, and a new classical academy, the Ganglion's board of trade felt that it could both "point with pride" and "hold out hopes for the future."

Therefore the literature was sown generously as far north as the Cœur d' Alene country, and then Prairie City's "brains and business interests" sat down to wait for the passing of the industrial eclipse known as "Camas's Mud-time."

It was *adobe* mud, understand!—black and sticky as tar, and deep enough to quiver like jelly in a bowl.

In the council of the gods, one day, when Minerva let fall a joke regarding the business confidence of Prairie City's board of trade, Mercury, to emphasize the jest, drew aside a *cirrus* cloud and showed the Prairie City stage just starting from the railroad terminus in the depths of the cañon at Stites. 'T is twenty-five hundred feet by a whiplash road up to the level of the Camas Prairie, whose jutting rim rock frowns over Stites. At Mercury's elevation, Billy Butts's six horses and his coach resembled a muddy caterpillar zigzagging up the side of a bowl, only to tumble over at the top into an expanse of treacle,—and then, ho, for the wallowing of it!

* * * * * * *

"E-e-e-e, yah! E-e-e-e, yick!"

Billy Butts stretched down his muddy leg and kicked the wheel horses. He slashed the swing team with his spacking lash, threw himself back upon his box, and volleyed at the leaders a handful of stones that he had hastily scrabbled from under the canvas boot.

"Yah, he-e-e-e, yah! Ho-o-o-o, hup!" he screamed.

But the honey-pot sucked at the chuckering wheels of the clay-burdened coach. Twenty-four floundering legs plunged into the clinging ooze, and churned there wearily. The coach careened in a slow, sickening, soggy way.

"Aw-w-w!" screamed a rear-seat "inside,"—a woman bound to Salmon River,—"Massy, lud, aw-w-w, we're goin' over!"

"Do n't you dare to stop here in this slumgullion, driver!" bawled a tall man who thrust out his knob-like head and revolved it on his gaunt neck so as to turn his gaze on the much-occupied Billy.

"Keep your settin' inside there!" bellowed the driver. He clinched his corncob's stem between his yellowed teeth, pounded the wheelers with the butt of his whip, braided the swing team murderously with the lash, and, having exhausted his store of stones, desperately grabbed out his pipe and catapulted it at the floundering right leader's rump. The sparks streamed along the muddy back, but, after a final, convulsive effort, the thucking feet of the six horses ceased stamping and sank discouragingly into the sticky mess. The coach lurched and then turned leisurely upon its side with a squashing of mud that sounded like a comfortable grunt of relief.

Billy Butts, kneeling on the edge of his box, faced the four countenances that protruded through the windows and doors of the coach. The passengers had scrambled nimbly as the vehicle turned and now were standing with feet treading nervously on the submerged side.

"Wal, lady an' gents," said Billy, who was first to regain his self-possession, "ten minutes for lunch. Will ye have your coffee with or without?"

"Gr-r-r, yah-h-h!" snarled the tall man, suddenly shooting his long arm up through the window, after a struggle to work his elbow out; "it's lucky for you, sir, there's a lady present." He pointed his wavering forefinger at the sunbrowned, agitated face of the Salmon River woman.

"Leddy'll prob'ly excuse remarks offered for the good of the order,—seein' the circumstances is sech as they is," replied Billy, affably.

"You ought to be mallywhacked by the hind legs of jackasses for getting us into this bog-wallowing scrape," roared the gaunt man. He got out his other arm and hooked his elbows across the window casing.

"I git paid extry for entertainin' patryons this way," explained Billy, with a fine appearance of candor, "an' so ye need n't waste compliments or resylutions of thanks on me at this time. Say, hain't got a chaw handy, hav' ye, kurnel? I've got to do some roominatin', an' a chaw alwa's helps me roominate."

"I see ye've got sense enough to know my

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rank," sputtered the tall man. His gaze traveled meaningly to the faded four strips of braid on his muddy coat sleeve.

"We call ev'rybody kurnel out here, when we are borryin' terbacker," returned the driver, looking at the sleeve adornment without enthusiasm. "Reg'lar, milish, or insurance order uniform rank?" he inquired, listlessly.

The colonel snorted in disdain and gruntingly lifted himself out of the window, braced his foot against the dripping wheel, and lowered himself into the mud. He picked up a battered leatherette valise that had been tipped off the top of the coach and started away.

"Goin' fur?" inquired Billy, with very pronounced satire.

The colonel turned and shook his fist. "I'm going to walk to Prairie City, and I shall there write an article for the press showing up this stage route as the worst collection of jack rabbits and soda-cracker boxes between the Bitter Roots and the Rio Grande. You ought to be prosecuted, that's what! Seven hours for ten miles from Stites, and now tipped over in a mud puddle! Bah! Yah!" He started on. "I'll walk to town in order to emphasize my strictures. No more risking my life, to-day!"

"Would n't resk it, if I was you, stranger!" called Billy, meaningly,—so significantly that the pedestrian whirled. He faced the driver's "reasons fur an' ag'in'," as Billy called his weapons.

"Ye may be coyote enough to go off and leave us here one man shy on a lift, but ye do n't go away shy on them two dollars' fare," explained Billy, calmly.

"I shall not pay for what I do n't get," roared the colonel.

"Ye need n't," stated the driver, "but ye'll pay for what ye've had, or ye'll git what ye have n't had. I really do n't want to punch a ticket at this distance, but I shall if ye obleege me to. Now dig for the stuff. I see your leetle game!"

The tall man gazed a moment at Billy's inflexible, jaw-bulging face, and then he went back, counted the sum from a handful of small change, and banged it into the driver's fist.

"Hold on, there's the discount back for the two miles furder into Prairie City," said Billy, shoving back a coin. "I'm firm, but I'm square. Now make your pasear! Ye're goin' to walk, now, anyway, see? Seven hours of your jaw in one day has been wuss'n gittin' pull out o' them,—wal, marm, I won't say it jest that way. But them leaders hain't what they ought to be. Now, keep your settin', inside. There's a *ranchero's* house over that roll of land, an' I'll fetch a gang an' a rail." Then he and the colonel struggled away in different directions.

This incident, though simply preliminary to Colonel Brimp's advent into Prairie City, had much to do with the nature of his reception, and the reception pitched the key of succeeding events. He wallowed in at dusk, his leatherette valise banging against his thin legs. His trousers were so mud-smeared that they "whisped" when he strode across the office of the Prairie Peace Hotel. He had beaten the stage by an hour.

He spent that hour so effectively in self-introductions, explanations, and dignified promulgations in the office of the Prairie Peace, and later in the "loafer's corral" of Mayor Duff's general store, that, when Billy Butts came floundering and creaking to the store's outside platform, like a mariner reaching a wharf through a sea of mud, he found little of the usual good cheer that signalized his daily conquest of the *adobe* wastes. The prominent men who had gathered for their mail gazed on him sourly. For the first time that season the mayor allowed him to walk up and buy his cigar.

Colonel Brimp stood with his back against a tier of boot boxes, braced by his elbows, a muddy boot cocked airily over his instep. The mayor, the cashier of the bank, the president of the board of trade, and others stood about him, listening with respect and murmuring echoes of past apologies.

"Yes, gentlemen of the board of trade," the colonel was saying, all over again, "there's nothing like circulating good literature,—nothing like the power of the press! As far north as the Cœur d' Alene country I heard of the progress of Prairie City, its prospects, and its enterprise, and I said to myself, 'I'll go down there to that budding metropolis, for it sounds like my kind. I'll go down there, look it over, and add the aid of my pen, my tongue, my experience, and, most of all, my influence to its further development, for there's something there to build on,—brains and enterprise a-plenty there, only waiting the touch of the Midas wand to blossom into perennial bloom."

"We're mighty glad to have a bus'ness man appreciate what we've got here," the mayor hastened to say. The colonel tucked a gift cigar under his mustache with calm gratification.

"And now, as to the Midas wand," he went on. "I remarked to Charles Francis Adams, only lately, when I was east in Boston at the Harvard *alumni* banquet, 'Why put all your money into the Snake River and Clarkston project? Why develop any more sagebrush land when Nature is already smiling at you from Camas Prairie? Mr. Adams, you took my word of advice for Dakota, and for Tacoma,—will you take it now for the Camas territory?'

"You know what the Adams money has done north of here, gentlemen. If you want to know who brought it there I refer you to Mr. Adams himself. But enough! I never believe in blowing my own horn. My business is to do that for other people. I am simply a man of fair,—*fair* judgment in development investments and in whom my friends among eastern capitalists put business confidence.

"'You've made money for me and the syndicate wherever your eye has lighted and rested,' said Mr. Adams,—and I tell you, gentlemen, a humble old soldier appreciates a word like that. 'Go down there,' said he, 'and, when you report to us, Colonel, you understand, of course, that we shall be ready to act to general and mutual advantage,'—a conservative promise, gentlemen, but as good as gold.

"Yet I will confess to you, Mr. Mayor, that the manner of my advent here was not just the way I, as the representative of eastern capital, would have chosen to introduce myself to the town. First impressions on both sides are always strong, and mine were distinctly disagreeable."

He looked down on his legs, and, with the sole of his shoes, scraped off more flakes of the black mud. "I venture the statement that the first thing you need is an electric railroad from here to Stites and the subsequent lynching of a few stage-drivers who do n't know a business man and gentleman when they see him!"

His gaze turned on Billy Butts. That transportation autocrat leaned on a distant counter, self-consciously outside the pale of this assemblage of the brains and business interests of Prairie City. The eyes of the mayor and the others followed the colonel's gaze.

"Bill," said the mayor, severely, "you've disgraced this place to-day. You ought to be booted out of town. Here you've been and treated Colonel Brimp, the emissary of eastern capitalists and developer of industry, as though he was Jim Rowse, the hoss rustler. First impressions, as he has just said, are all and ev'rything, and you've produced first impressions that would give a Potlatch mule the epizoötic. We're all disappointed in you."

Butts, the natural choler of mud-time on him, bridled. "Em'nent citizens," said he, "can stand here on terry firmy an' genially criticise drivin' stage an' parlor manners out on that muck bed, but how would it be if them same em'nent citizens tried to team six balkers hitched to a gob of 'dobe an' was bein' damned wholesale by a certain puffick stranger at one an' the same time? I want to say respectf'ly an' firmly that *my* disposition hain't sech as will stand it,—not between March an' June." Billy's tone was stubborn.

"Ye're a setback to the town," cried the mayor, angrily, astonished at the driver's lack of diplomacy. "We're going to send a joint letter to the comp'ny demanding your discharge, and the colonel is going to write a letter for the paper."

"Look here, I only stood up for my pus'nal rights," shouted Bill, thwacking his fist on the counter. His treatment and the talebearing of the colonel had stirred his temper.

"Your rights do n't include spoiling the bus'ness interests of this city," roared back the mayor. "The webbin' welters on this line have played autycrat of the Rooshies long enough to suit citizens who are sacrificing and trying to build up a town. There's one thing you can do to square yourself: apologize to Colonel Brimp, here, and pay back that fare that you robbed him of."

"Haul a man an' then pay his fare to the comp'ny out o' my own pocket?" yawled Billy, his blood up in earnest; "wal, not so's the court would notice it. If it's all he's got an' he needs the money, it's a diff'runt thing I've seen them kind of skins before."

The mayor led the rush toward the driver. But the colonel precipitated himself between and herded back the indignant citizens.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen!" he called, soothingly, "I needed to be in your city only a few moments to perceive that this ignorant individual represents in no degree the spirit of progress and intelligence rampant here. My heart is as magnanimous as the stars that wheel above us. We, as business men, have other things to think of besides this momentary slight offered by a person who knows no better. Really, gentlemen,"—the colonel's blinking eyes swept them all into his benevolent regard,—"I am now thoroughly glad that the little episode has occurred, for it has brought about me a true and tried circle that otherwise might not have been attracted so genially and sympathetically. One touch of trouble makes the whole world kin."

He blandly turned his back on the muttering Bill, and the citizens followed suit, each casting a last malevolent glance on him who had formerly been the admired center of the Prairie City forum. And Bill, after buying another cigar for himself with a defiant mien, surveyed the hostile backs for a while, then grew sorrowful and slunk away to drown his sorrows and air his resentment in the Palace



"He dragged along a chair, climbed up, and grasped the tempter"

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"The colonel wiped his eyes, . . . and stammered: 'There seems to be some excitement here.' 'There 'll be more in a minute,' the editor shouted"

Saloon, next door, his customary evening retreat.

Late that night, when the colonel, after wabbling moist handshakes all 'round, retired to his bed in the best room of the Prairie Peace, it was with the comfortable consciousness that the "brains and business interests" of Prairie City had certainly done everything in reason to remove the unpleasantness of his early impressions. Several zealous representatives of the apologetic brains and business interests had removed all their own impressions so thoroughly by midnight that they did not re-collect their faculties until the middle of the next forenoon.

At that time Colonel Brimp was well settled into the life of Prairie City. The mayor had taken him around to the office of the Camas Prairie "Exponent." Its proprietor was a job printer to whom the weekly struggle of preparing his one column of "City Chat" to supplement the twenty-three boiler-plate columns was a task of mental anguish.

"It's the one thing we lack here," explained the mayor, on their way down the street to the printery. "Our editor can strike off a fair handbill, but he is not a trained journalist. He can't write anything outside of a personal item to save his soul from tophet. What Prairie City really needs is a touch of fire on the pen point of the press. I hate to suggest it, but you, being a college man, as you are, I take it,—you 'd better write your own puff for this week's issue."

The journalist was also anxious to assist in eradicating early impressions. He was effusively obliging when the mayor suggested that their distinguished visitor might like the courtesy of the columns in order to say a word about his important errand to town and to properly scarify Bill Butts and the transportation system that was keeping Prairie City back from its own.

Therefore the colonel proceeded to scathe those twin institutions in two columns filled with double-barreled words. That afternoon an impromptu meeting of the Prairie City board of trade convened behind the big stove in the mayor's emporium and the colonel read the article in manuscript with fine effect, commenting sagely on each clause. Whenever the shaft struck and the quarry bled, the mayor thwacked the colonel's cringing shoulder-blade and a demonstrative board of trade member pounded the stove top with the poker.

The article closed with an elegant prophecy of what Prairie City would be as soon as the eastern syndicate should have finished its labors. Immediately the mayor led an adjourned meeting of the board of trade down street and presented the members before a man who wore a white apron.

That evening one cross-angled look from Bill Butts, or one incautious word of disparagement would have raised a mob and sent him whurooping out of town on a rail.

The next day the colonel read the proof of his article in the "Exponent" office, and then, in a sudden burst of generosity, offered to write up the local news of the week simply as a matter of personal amusement.

"You understand," he explained to the rapt printer, "with a pen once in my hand all the literary fervor of dear old Boston comes back to me. I must write. I would be unhappy if I did n't write. Why should n't I fill in my idle moments by writing for the journal that represents this land that we hope to make the garden spot of nature? Furthermore, as every gift brings good to the donor, I can use the papers to supplement my reports to the syndicate. The 'Exponent' shall bear the first glad tidings to my people that I have discovered this land of promise. Charles Francis Adams will make this sheet a daily, my boy, for the good of his cause, and will back you for fifty thousand, if you need it. Without the press there is no progress, you understand! My people know it. First step of development is to establish the press. Eastern capital is right from the halls of learning,—understand that."

That issue of the Camas Prairie "Exponent" emphatically clinched the popularity of Colonel Brimp. He gave all the city officers a separate and fulsome compliment, every local business enterprise a puff, and even mentioned by name all the "genial and popular" bartenders.

Every ounce of body type in the "Exponent" office was used, distributed after the "inside" was printed, and used over again for the outside. That week the proprietor of the "Exponent" vied with Sam Moy, of the laundry next door, in the amount of midnight oil burned, and in continuity of application to labor.

The colonel's handwriting was execrable. He scribbled on crumpled pieces of paper against dry goods boxes in the stores, on sloppy bars, on the outside of buildings, with an obliging bystander to hold his paper for him, and with the populace grouped about gaping at his facility in composition. Every ten minutes during the day a boy burst into the "Exponent" office with more copy from the colonel. The printer would wrench off another chew and fall more desperately to his work. Orders for job work accumulated on the spindle, but there was not a spare moment in which to strike off so much as a handbill. Press day was an inexorable date, and the colonel's copy hook puffed ominously before the gaze of the proprietor, his smudgy-fingered girl, and the lank apprentice.

By a last, despairing all-night session the little force accomplished the task, and their impetus even carried them to an overset of half a column. Sam Moy, aching with the long labors of his Friday night ironing, dropped in to make a call in the gray Saturday dawn, and to investigate this astonishing increase of business in the shop next door. With oriental disregard of the pecuniary difference between the art preservative and the laundry business, he said, insinuatingly:—

"Wolkee allee timee, glittee lich, hey?"

"Mebbe," said the printer, curtly, the picture of that munificent eastern syndicate propping his glazed eyes.

But the first week's experience did n't convince him thoroughly. The colonel ordered five hundred extra copies printed. That nearly broke the back of the apprentice, who furnished power for the crank of the old-style country cylinder press. Then the colonel, with a capitalist's blind obliviousness of the necessity of profit in small things, graciously distributed the five hundred papers with his own hands, as gifts to those whom he had gratuitously puffed.

"My dear boy," he said, to the silently rebellious printer, "you'll have the most popular institution in this state in a month's time. Understand, it's all free to you, what I'm doing for your business. I'm just putting your paper on its feet. I can't help promoting and developing,—just live on it,—dream of it! It's policy to make yourself popular at temporary sacrifice. Just let me alone. I'll see you a millionaire when that syndicate gets its feet placed here."

But somehow, most of the "Exponent" popularity seemed to attach to the colonel. He wrote the free notices, he said the nice things, and he smilingly distributed the free papers. He gave the citizens to understand, as he made his rounds, that the real province of a progressive newspaper is to boom its community, first, last, and all the rest of the time. The citizens drew the inference that the editor had not been doing his full duty, and had therefore kept Prairie City from progressing. At length some people seemed even disposed to ascribe the mud season to his maleficent influence. When he occasionally found a moment's respite to run upon the street, he found the

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populace regarding him as sourly as they looked upon the hated Bill Butts.

He discovered, to his amazement, that he was not getting a bit of credit for his days of labor and his nights of blinking vigil over the case. The popular verdict was that, unless Colonel Brimp had come along, and had simply forced him to do his editorial duty by his town, Prairie City would still be wallowing in general ignorance and business sloth. But Colonel Brimp knew what was what, said they, and what was demanded of a newspaper, too!

The editor meditated, but he worked on doggedly, injected every now and then with a dose of ginger from the colonel's stock of breezy optimism.

The colonel had reason to feel optimistic.

He went into the "gent's clothing emporium" to buy a hat.

"No, sir! Why, not at all, sir. No, no; we could n't think of taking the money for a hat from a man who is doing so much for the town. Hope you like that style,—or would one a little higher in the crown suit? By the way, that was a remarkably fine article about my store, last week. If you have occasion to make further mention this week you may say, etc., etc."

The colonel could not spend money for his clothes.

—Nor for his shoes.

—Nor for his cigars.

—Nor for his board at the hotel.

—Nor for his drinks at any bar.

Business men vied in thus eradicating all uncomfortable first impressions he might have formed concerning the enterprise and kindly intentions of Prairie City.

To be sure, there were a few curmudgeons who would not join in this new dream of prosperity, and would not pledge support to the syndicate which now seemed only to be waiting for the prairie mud to dry in order to come to Stites in a special train and descend on Prairie City in a blaze of opulent enthusiasm.

The colonel attended to the case of these doubting recalcitrants in some newspaper articles that were gems of satire and invective. There were grumblings and muttered threats in some dark corners, but about this time the colonel took to tossing his coat tails in public so as to show the handles of two revolvers, one in each hip pocket. Occasionally he carelessly allowed a coat tail to hang a while on the butt of one or the other weapon as he lounged at a bar.

He never permitted any gossip of his own prowess to escape his lips. but on several occasions the old sport and prospector, Cype Brunel, when in liquor, affirmed that he had heard of a Colonel Brimp up in the Le Roi country who dropped five men in a street fight once and had never turned a hair. Cype said this must be the same man, for his party was also an eastern college graduate and represented a lot of money. Cype, being in Prairie City, mud-bound, was in liquor most of the time, and, being in liquor, was communicative. Therefore he had a good deal of spare time and inclination to chat about the doings of Colonel Brimp.

The temper of the community toward its eminent capitalist was shown in sharp colors when a drunken prospector from the Evergreen spat on one of the colonel's shiny boots one day. The prospector did n't know who the colonel was. He always spat on shiny boots from principle long ingrained. But the bystanders, disregarding his legitimate claims, rolled him in the mud and made him cinch his cayuse and go back to the hills, though his week's spree was only half finished.

At the end of two weeks the printer emerged sufficiently from his rapt admiration and awe of the colonel to hint that job work was piling up and was usually ready cash. He hunted the colonel up at board-of-trade headquarters, behind the mayor's big stove, and whispered this in his ear.

The colonel suffled his mustache thoughtfully, and then, in resonant tones, and with the mayor and general business brains of Prairie City as auditors, began to rebuke the printer for thinking of mere job work now, in the heat of lifting the place from the slough of business depression.

"It makes me think," said the colonel, mournfully, "that you do n't appreciate the efforts that I am giving free—absolutely free to you,—for the good of this community, whose prospects I have so much at heart. The blows struck now on the hot iron mean much in forging the interest of my eastern friends."

Then the mayor dragged the printer to one side and told him that the place had already found out that he was a hog, and had been holding back Prairie City like a hound in the leash, but that, if he tried on any more of it, he, the mayor, would have him tarred and feathered.

Then the printer went back gloomily and humped over his case once more.

The next week the colonel, accompanied by the president of the board of trade and the mayor, dropped into the printing office and told the editor that the sentiment of the business community was that he should devote still more attention to the interests of the city. They ordered him to buy more body type, for the colonel was hampered by lack of it. They explained that he ought to do it, for no enterprise in the place would be helped more than the "Exponent" by the syndicate when things got to moving. The printer attempted to object feebly, but the colonel, in aggrieved tones, told him that making a hitch over a few dollars in that style was a mighty poor return to render for his own free services.

He reminded the editor that he had promised to intercede with the eastern capitalists in behalf of the projected daily. He said that lack of courage and persistence causes dynasties to topple. Every one in Prairie City was making some sacrifice,—why not he, the editor, who would reap such direct benefits from the growth of the place?

When the editor, his troubles rankling still, attempted to plead his personal, pressing needs once more, the mayor and the president of the board of trade were with difficulty restrained from cuffing the mercenary wretch. But when they left him he was sufficiently abashed and was writing an order on the type foundry.

"I can see where we have to have our meals brought to us after that new type comes along," he said, disconsolately, to his crew. "And what puffs we do n't get into the regular columns the board of trade 'll prob'y make us tie on the outside of the chases when we go to press. That's about in line with the rest of their common-sense ideas of running a newspaper." But printers always were grumblers!

It was when the advertisers began to drop out that the editor was nerved to more determined rebellion against his obsession. Advertisers calmly informed him that nobody ever read the big-type, paid-for notices. Therefore they preferred the colonel's free write-ups, they said. When asked if they did not think they ought to give up some cash to support their local paper that was doing so much for the city, they said that he ought to be willing to wait like the rest of them, for they had gathered from what the colonel had let drop that this write-up business was part of the grand scheme of the syndicate, and the paper would get its share all in good time. Once more it was talked around town that the editor's mean and grasping disposition was growing on him.

Then, one morning, when the printer's nerves were worn to a frazzle by his toil of the night before, the colonel walked in, thumbed the litter on the copy hook discontentedly, and inveighed at the laziness of all printers since Gutenberg. The ground of complaint was that the editor had not yet put in type all the speeches delivered at the board of trade banquet in honor of "our eminent guest, Colonel John Brimp."

Worms turn,—why not printers?

The editor clanked his stick on the case, left his stool, and advanced upon the colonel, waggling a smutty forefinger.

"Who owns this paper, anyway?" he yelled. The sneers, scorn, blame, and contumely of the past few weeks had sunk in and smoldered deep. The little volcano was in eruption.

"A newspaper, like a public office, is a public trust," the colonel gurgled, benignantly. He tossed back a coat tail and draped it over a revolver butt.

"Nobody won't trust me," quavered the editor. "I hain't been able to pay my boy and girl their wages for two weeks, paper concerns won't send me no more stock, everybody I owe is onto my neck, and here I'm setting up nights working like a Chinese washee-washee. Where's your infernal old syndicate? Where's your blamed millionaires? Bring on your millionaires. I need 'em."

"All in good time, my dear boy, all in good time," purred the colonel; "I'll run my own business. You run yours." He exhibited the butt of the other revolver by a graceful flip.

"Ye won't let me run it," shrieked the editor. His wavering eyes sought the revolver butts, looked away uneasily, and then sought them again. "I do n't have a chance to say my soul's my own. I—"

"The discussion is unprofitable," interrupted the colonel, coldly. "I'm the agent, merely, of the syndicate and the community. I'll simply refer this matter to the brains and business interests of Prairie City."

He retired in a dignified way and the delegation arrived ten minutes later, the mayor at its head. It was the largest civic demonstration witnessed on Camas Prairie since the cattle rustlers were lynched. When its errand had been completed the editor, who had defended himself as long as possible with an iron side-stick and a mallet, was left panting under the press with an injunction upon him to get the "Exponent" out on time, with all those speeches entire, or be prepared to take consequences more serious than this sociable visitation of friends interested in correcting the error of his ways. Again it was pointed out to him that only a hog will not await its own turn but wants to get into the trough ahead of every one else.

When the editor had taken the pledge, six months before, he had set a quart of whisky on a high shelf in his office and labeled it "Poison," so that it might stand there as a constant and warning reminder of his evil days. Now he dragged along a chair, climbed up, and grasped the tempter.

"I have alwa's said," he declared to his trembling crew, "that no man has a good excuse to drink the stuff that ruins and destroys. But I've changed my mind." Then he applied himself sedulously to the business in hand.

After a silent and solemn half hour he struggled to his feet. Two hours later the Camas Prairie "Exponent" "came out."

There was but one sheet of it, six columns wide, with the regular heading at the top, and it consisted of blank columns bordered with turned rules to give a mourning effect. At the head of the first column was the subjoined explanatory note: "In examining its orthography due allowance must be made for the editor's mental agitation and the fact that alcohol takes a desperate clinch after a six-months' abstinence. Furthermore, owing to circumstances over which the editor had no control, he dictated this pronunciamento to the apprentice, who set it in type from the dictation, and dumped it into the forms without correction:—

"VALYTUTORY

"It havein' ben maid knone to Mee that I Cuddent be Allowd to run Mi Pappur that I owne, I hereas lett this Towne kno I kan stop it. This is to the Publick as Warnin that this Pappur is Stopt and Stopt suddin. This is fare warnin' not to trust Nobuddy on mi akount after this. An I mene the ole Bum that has ben gittin his livein offen me. He is a Frord an I kan prove It latur. Ile bet munny, an this Spaise is all russurved for what I find out an also for mi opinyun of Him, the ole Ded Bete an of the Peepul that have been Fools enuf to belev what he Sais. Ime sick of this Towne—there are to manny fools here."

Leaving the girl to feed the press and the boy to turn the crank, the editor strapped two guns to his hip, took a last long pull at the bottle marked "Poison," and sallied out.

"There'll be shootin'," remarked the apprentice, stopping a bit to slick the sweat from his forehead. "An' it's time the' was," he added, soulfully.

The editor knew the route to take. Five minutes later he burst into the barroom of the Prairie Peace. His editorial mop of hair was standing on end, his eyes blazed redly, and he bore in his hand, like the oriflamb of war, the amazing current issue of the Camas Prairie "Exponent."

Before the mayor or any other anxious citizen could prevent the insult, he had welted the loose chaps of the colonel with the crumpled paper and had dashed it into the capitalist's eyes. Then he leaped back, pulled both guns, and shrieked:—

"Out with them charlesfrancisadamses of yours and square it, ye old bum!"

In the East, or even in the Middle West, bystanders rush in between and wrest away dangerous tools. In the Far West, when the insult is squarely and publicly given, the spectators simply clear a path. Furthermore, unless a man wants to be run out of town as a caitiff, he gives his antagonist a fair show. The editor knew the Prairie City code, and he was standing in the presence of its most stalwart advocates.

"Out with 'em!" he yawled.

But, to the astonishment of the crowd, the colonel wiped his eyes, smarting from the impact of the paper, and stammered:—

"There seems to be some excitement here."

"There'll be more in a minute," the editor shouted, jumping up and down and swinging his

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weapons wildly. The crowd still gazed with amazement on the colonel's toleration.

"I—I think,—I do n't think I quite understand," he murmured. His face was white. His watering eyes shifted uneasily from the frenzied assailant to the mayor.

"A moment!" said the latter. "Gents, a moment, please!" He picked up the crumpled paper, smoothed it carefully on the bar, and read aloud the astonishing arraignment.

"Gents!" His mien was stern as he faced about. "It seems to me like a general insult to the brains and the bus'ness interests of this city, not to be excused because the coyote is drunk. But our distinguished friend here, as a guest within our gates, certainly has first call. Colonel!" He spoke with significant inflection, bowed, and stepped to one side. But the capitalist still grasped the bar rail and looked at the frantic editor with a vacant gaze. His chin trembled.

"For God's sake, wake up," yelled some one on the outskirts of the crowd, evidently unable to stand the suspense longer.

A man sidled up behind the colonel. This man was Bill Butts. He leaned with a whisper, "Grab 'em when I pass 'em." There have been various explanations advanced as to the reasons why Bill Butts proffered this service, but none is satisfactory. At the moment of his whisper Bill thrust both hands into Colonel Brimp's hip pockets, yanked out the weapons whose butts had so often enchained the fascinated gaze of the populace, and poked them through the colonel's listless elbows. But that gentleman made no move to grasp them, and they dropped to the floor with a suspiciously queer rattle.

Every one, even the editor, looked at them, and the mayor, after a pause, picked them up. He handled them gingerly, turned them over and over, and then, running an astonished gaze over the throng, said:—

"Gents, wood, by Judas!"

There was a moment of blank silence, and then the strained nerves relaxed and a premonitory cackle of laughter swelled into a guffaw that jangled the beer bottles.

"Mebbe he fights with putty balls an' a ping-pong racket," chirped Billy Butts, the first time his voice had been raised in public for weeks. The mayor put up a deprecatory hand and quieted the laughter.

"Colonel," he said, gravely, "some kind of an explanation is due these gents here. Or—" he took two revolvers from his hip and tendered them to the silent capitalist,—"you can attend to this little matter with the journalist now, and explain the joke later. Those tools are O. K.," he added, graciously.

But Colonel Brimp did not accept the generosity. His face grew whiter, and he finally gulped:—

"As a capitalist—and representing capital,—eastern capital,—and, of course, holden for my acts in that capacity,—as the close friend of Charles Francis Adams, of Boston,—an associate of mine,—who does not approve of affrays,—I—now,—you must see,—I—"

But at this painful juncture old Cype Brunel, general rover and mud-bound prospector, lurched forward and interrupted.

"As a sport, I never sp'iles another man's game so long 's his lip is stiff," he said; "but I hates a quitter. Durn your Boston! I knows ye!" he roared, chugging his fist at the shrinking colonel, "an' ye can't back even the lies I told for ye. Ye washed bar glasses at Dutch Jake's place in Spokane after they ketched ye on that revivalist racket ye played on the Walloway webfoot towns. Ye was a fly bum in Butte, for I see ye there, and it was in the papers the time ye stole that off'cer's co't ye're wearin'."

There was a solemn pause.

"But ye've been tellin' right along that you knew him, and of his—" began the mayor, glaring at Brunel.

"Aw-w-w, cain't you fellers take a joke down here?" snarled the old prospector. "Ev'rything goes for entertainment when we're tied up here in mud-time. Call it a joke, an' the drinks is on the board o' trade. I'll buy next!"

That the advice of this worthy humorist should have been accepted was admitted, some weeks later, when the bills for one J. Brimp for surgical treatment and care at the Spokane Hospital were audited in an executive session of the Prairie City board of trade. The expense naturally fell on that body. So did the expense of the testimonial banquet of belated repentance tendered to the editor of the "Phenix,"—that's the name of the paper now,—when the after-dinner speeches placed him on the plane of an intellectual and belligerent cross between Ralph Waldo Emerson and Napoleon Bonaparte.

Note.—For the present, eastern capitalists happening to develop an interest in the "Ganglion of the Camas Garden Land" should, for the sake of health, carry along real money to be exhibited under glass in the board of trade windows during their stay in the city.

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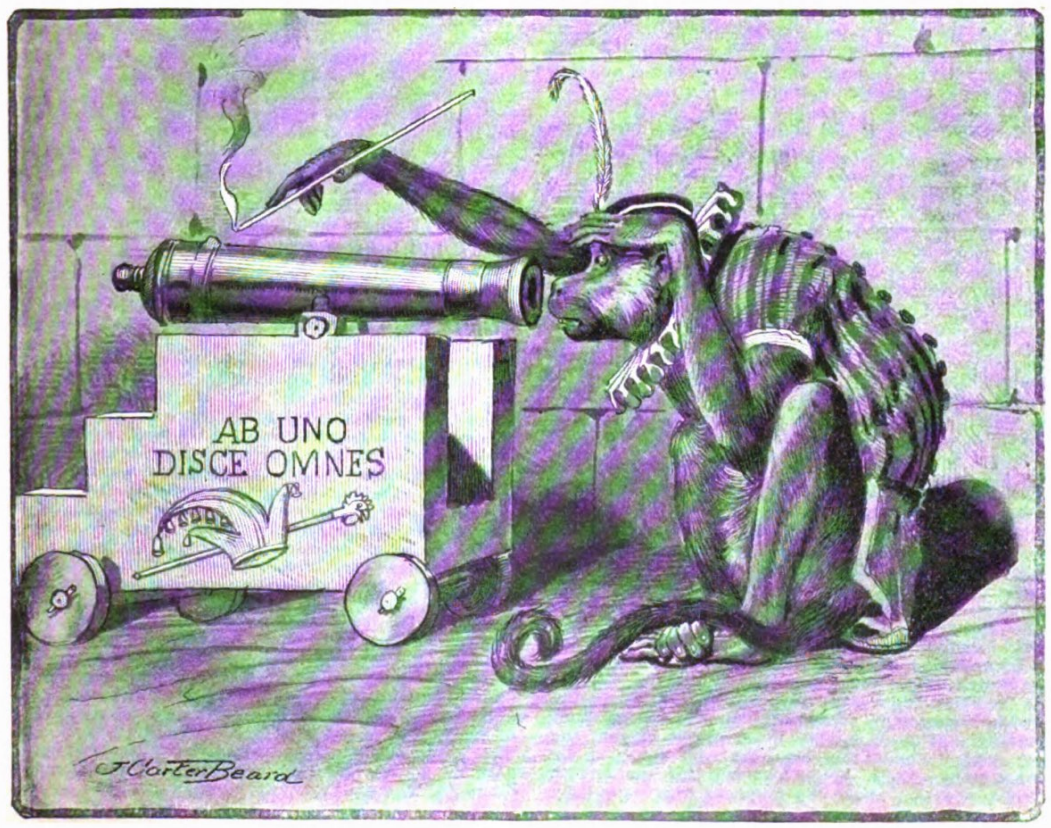
He Knew It "All"

HERE is the exact answer of a New York schoolboy to the questions, "What is the meaning of the word 'hall;' how many other words are there that sound like 'hall,' and what are their meanings?"

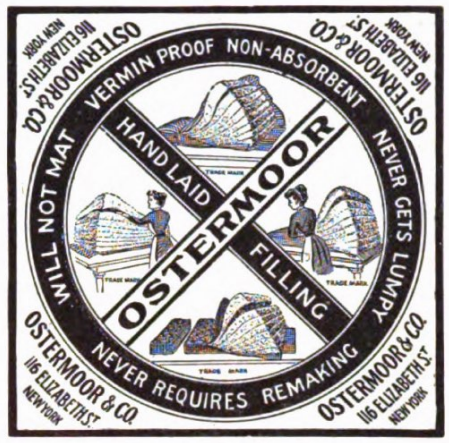
"Hall, were you open the dore and go in; hawl, hawling along a boy what won't go to skool; aul, what the shomakker chargis you twenty-five sents for to aul your shoe; all, all, everybody in the wurld."

Curiosity Is sometimes too fully Gratified

Drawn by J. Carter Beard



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THE SUCCESSFUL HOME

How to Make It Beautiful

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD

The first sure symptoms of a mind in health,
Is rest of heart, and pleasure felt at home.—Young's "Night Thoughts"

THERE are moralists who regard beauty as a snare of the senses, and there are others who look at it as the good farmer looked at his wife's desire for a new bonnet, saying, "What's the good of it? You can't eat it."

But a finer class of thinkers is persuaded that beauty is one of the great features of civilization, that the uses of beauty are infinite, and that one of its first and best uses is in making the home beautiful,—the home, which is the nest, and in whose environment character is built.

We foresee, in some degree, the varying quality of grace and culture that people may possess, if, on entering the house, they meet beauty at every turn, or, on the other hand, find a merely bare and ugly usefulness. Although there may be, and often is, a love of beauty that can not gratify itself, yet, wherever it can be gratified, people are apt to be gentler and more gracious than where they are indifferent to the spell that it casts.

What the Maker of the universe thought of beauty is apparent everywhere: in the microscopic shells that make the chalk cliffs, each one of whose myriads mimics the beauty of the stars above; in the bursting of the rose, in the dimpling of a baby's hand, or in the smile about his mother's mouth. If beauty was so important in every conception of the Heavenly Power that the worlds are wrapped in it, surely it is something with which we should everywhere surround ourselves, and nowhere more than in our homes.

The moment the outer door opens, for instance, the interior should give the idea of welcome and hospitality: if it be winter, of warmth and seclusion; if it be summer, of freedom and coolness, with open doors leading into green spaces, an effect natural to a country house, and to be had in any city house by means of a small balcony filled with green plants, which, even if an illusion, is a pleasant and soothing one. A hospitable air can hardly be given by a hall of narrow dimensions, and breadth and depth there always repay the builder, even if something else has to be sacrificed. Dark walls also further with gentle gloom the feeling of comfort and seclusion, as shadow lends mystery; and a bit of glittering brass or old silver, or jeweled glass in the hall lamps gives the necessary hint of brightness. Here, too, if there is space for it, should be a comfortable seat,—an Italian bench, or its compeer, if the scale is one of elegance; or else a divan, an old carved sofa, or a simple settee; and here, hung high on the wall, is the place for certain trophies, such as the sword of one's colonial grandfather; and here should be kept the greater part of the family portraits,—for, no matter how ugly they may be, the fact that one possesses them, and that their faces salute a person entering, and assure those passing and repassing them every day that they have a family behind them requiring them to live up to the old level, quite counterbalances poor art or tarnished frames. Of course, where the hall can be made a living-room with an open fire and tables and lamps, and the business of life, there is possibility of much charm, with or without a gallery running round the second floor; but the greater number of houses are built so that this is out of the question. But, whether small or large, square or long, the hall should be amply furnished; the walls should be covered with pictures, in the absence of portraits, and there can be brackets for bronzes, or for quaint lamps, and there can also be some of those great green plants that grow without direct sunshine and always impress the incomer with the sense of gentleness and care. The contrast on coming in from wide open air should be effective, and one should be made to feel, at first glance, that here is a lovely shelter, a place inhabited, that the atmosphere is that of home, and that the hand is to be grasped in friendly welcome.

The Chimney-place Is the Point of Chief Importance

Of course, in relation to the house properties, there will always be individual tastes in both purchase and arrangement, and these will inevitably be apparent. But these tastes are susceptible of culture; and, wherever there is time, it is advisable that every housemother should read certain books on house furnishing and on furniture, and visit those libraries where one can turn over books of plates and observe the interiors of great houses and places of note; not, of course, with any thought of imitating or emulating, but in order to classify taste and stimulate ideas. She will learn, among other things, if she studies the interior of an old castle of any period after the introduction of chimneys, that the chimney-place is the point of chief importance in the room. The chimney, when first known, was a luxury and marvel equaling to-day's marvels in electricity, and it was lavishly honored and decorated, faced and flanked with carvings of mottoes and coats of arms, with niches and shelves for flagons and for weapons; and, lest the blaze might burn her face, the fireplace was hung with drapery, called the mantel, which could be drawn aside at will,—whence our word mantelpiece. Thus, by tradition, as well as for convenience and the pride of the eye, the mantelpiece and fireplace form the central idea, and should be the most prominent feature, be the room a parlor (where one talks,) or a dining-room, library, or *boudoir*, and everything in the room should be subordinate and lead up to it. The fire is the old household deity, the disposer of heat and cheer, and is to be treated with reverence.

In the library, if there are books enough to line the walls,—and no furnishing is more beautiful than books, where a monotone of tint is varied with a mosaic of gold and color, while the house that overflows with them has not one too many,—there should be but one region left for pictures, and that above the fireplace, where one large picture or a number of related smaller ones may hang. But in the parlor a large mirror over the fireplace lends luster and distance and is as good as another window with its reduplication of light. Nevertheless, if one very beautiful and commanding portrait is owned, the hall may well be robbed of it in order to let it shed its charm over the whole room from this coign of vantage, instead of the mirror. On the mantelshelf below, the ornaments should be the best the house affords, few and fine, and in keeping with the character and color of the woodwork there. Of late years the mantel has been entirely of wood, but now the pendulum is swinging back and marbles are returning with a sort of appropriateness of descent and use. At the sides of the fireplace, or near at hand, there should be an armchair and a sofa, with screens and handscreens and footrests, and small tables not too far away. By following this central idea one will avoid that spotty appearance which is ruinous to everything. A spotty appearance, however, can be hindered, to some extent, by a homogeneous scheme of color, or by attention to the harmony of colors, either by blending or by contrast. Where this is considered, the matter of material is of much less consequence, for the room will be pleasant, whether the carpets be velvet or ingrain, the draperies silk or denim. Draperies do a great deal in harmonizing effects; for curtains and *portières* have a wonderful way of softening and mingling affairs that, without their graceful intervention, might seem to be swearing at one another.

Do not Try to Make Your Home an Exhibit of Wealth

Even where the room is large enough for the furniture to arrange itself in groups,—as where the piano is under a large, dark picture, with a table at the right, a lounge or chairs set diagonally at the left, all together making a mass of shadow there,—no other group is to be considered so important an object as the fireplace group, for the first glance. Where there is a rare picture or piece of sculpture, it may well be left by itself in dignified and serene space; but ordinary pictures are better if arranged together and in reference to one another. A charming result is sometimes obtained by grouping on one wall, or in a corner, several tiny miniatures, silhouettes, or small old-fashioned prints, and a screen, of plain drilling, or a superb brocade, half covered with these, is often very effective; choice bits cut from the magazines or from old books and framed at home in *passe-partout*, are often as rich in result as something a thousand times as costly. The desirable end in furnishing is not to have the house an exhibit of wealth, but to use the knowledge and appreciation of beauty and familiarity with the means of obtaining it, in giving and receiving enjoyment, and to maintaining the standards of taste and refinement. It is much better, now that finely finished photographs and casts of the loveliest things of ancient and modern art can be bought at moderate prices, to have in plaster a bust of Hermes, perhaps the most perfect thing in all sculpture, a bronzed Mercury, the Clytie, sometimes thought to be Iris rising from her lotus, the vine-crowned Antinous, which may possibly better represent Bacchus in reverie, than to have bare shelves and spaces or only one costly and genuine object keeping solitary state. If, however, there is but one of this latter sort, then it should be treated as if the whole room were nothing but a shrine for that single thing. I have seen the rooms of a multi-millionaire, holding paintings valued at hundreds of thousands of dollars, that looked like nothing but a shop; and I have seen the sitting room of a poor clergyman's wife, the furnishing of which would not bring fifty dollars, whose every corner suggested beauty and charm.

But in the endeavor to secure beauty in the home it should never be forgotten that the room of every child should be made attractive with pretty chintz and rare photographs, so that, on waking, and on going to sleep, the first and the last sensation may be of pleasantness; and that the mother's room, which is, after all, the principal room of the house, should be rendered memorable with its loveliness and its aspect of peace.

There Is Beauty in Tree Branches Effectively Placed

The very wealthy can secure beauty in the home with abundance and redundance of flowers. In summer even the very poor can do so. A single branch of beech or birch or sumach is a thing of beauty, and gives its own character to the place. With only a little money to spend one can work wonders with slips and bulbs of their own raising. By choosing those things which bloom at different seasons, such as the crab-cactus with its pendulous carmine blossom of November, as the gloxinias whose color and variety are glorious and infinite, the midwinter roses and carnations, the many-colored hyacinths of March, with the all-but-ever-blooming begonias and geraniums, one can have flowers from late fall to early summer.

The effect upon every member of the household of the beauty that has been brought into the home and made a part of it is something inestimable; for it not only educates, but it also acts like a powerful moral lever, softening the nature, soothing the nerves, heightening the aspiration, and obliging people to maintain its standard. It fosters, too, that other sort of beauty, without which marble and bronze and tapestry are of small account in a house,—the beauty of sweet temper, of mutual forbearance, of self-sacrifice, of the love that guards the interest of every other member of the family rather than one's own. With this beauty a cabin in the wilderness can be glorified, while without it a palace may be as ugly and as gloomy as a prison.

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GIRLS' PROBLEMS



A Practical Talk with the Engaged Girl

CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK

THE girl who has just entered upon a happy engagement probably feels that she is at the acme of bliss, and it is quite likely that she is. Since the goal of an engagement is marriage, there is a prevalent impression that the latter state will be more joyous than the first. It will certainly be different, but it is much to be questioned if it will be any more delightful. The preparations for marriage, pleasant as they are, yet bring one to it with a feeling of expectation. It is something that is planned for and discussed for months or weeks in advance. The betrothal, while it may not be totally in the nature of a surprise to the girl, is yet not a matter that has been under public consideration by her family and friends before it is an accomplished fact. So there is about it a glamour, a sweet novelty, that no other circumstances in life can produce.

The effect of all this upon the girl is varying, according to her individual character. To one it brings a great sense of responsibility, and the thought that she has taken the happiness of another into her keeping, will impress her as a solemn and sacred thing. In another girl, one of more frivolous tendencies, the result will be to heighten her sense of importance, while at the same time she may look upon the whole affair with a certain flippancy and gayety.

▲ ▲

The first girl needs no advice as to how she shall bear herself during the period of her engagement. There is no danger that she will not take it seriously. The risk in her case is that she will be so much burdened down with her new duties that she will lose sight of the lighter and more pleasurable side of it. That is not the happiest engagement which is conducted to the refrain of the "Dead March" in "Saul." A man may think it is very charming, for a while, to see his *fiancée* take almost a religious view of the new relationship, but it will not be long before he will crave the every-dayness that takes fun as well as solemnity into account.

Fewer girls of this type, however, are found than of the other. There are girls who consider all love affairs more or less as jokes, even those that lead to marriage. Their point of view is determined sometimes by their associates and sometimes by the part of the country in which they have been reared. In certain sections it used to be the custom not to announce an engagement until a very brief period before the wedding cards were out. Under those circumstances a girl seemed to take a keen pleasure in concealing her new relationship from those about her. I have known of girls who would not hesitate to deny point-blank the fact of their betrothal, even within a few weeks of their marriage. I once heard a girl say: "All my fun would be at an end if my engagement were announced. I shall have to live with one man for the rest of my natural life, and I mean to fly about a little before I settle down with him."

One would be tempted to condemn this sort of thing unreservedly were it not that those same flirtatious girls often become the most devoted wives and mothers, and never bestow a look or a thought upon other men after marriage. But, although there are instances of this kind, it is a decidedly unsafe rule to follow. More than this, it is unkind and unfair to all the parties concerned.

▲ ▲

I have a very clear recollection of an instance illustrating this sort of thing. The girl was very much in love with the man whose wife she had promised to become, but she had always been surrounded by a circle of admirers, who were quite as likely to be friends as lovers. Her engagement was not announced immediately after it took place, and before it was made known outside of the immediate families and friends the Christmas holidays came in. On Christmas Eve her lover arrived at his *fiancée's* house just as a box directed to her was being opened. It was full of holly and, when this was taken out, there appeared in the bottom a great box of candy and a magnificent gift book, accompanied by the card of a man who had been her devoted attendant during a visit she had recently made to another town.

The girl looked at the gifts half in enjoyment, half with a certain apprehension. Her betrothed stood silent for a minute. Then he laid his hand gently on her shoulder.

"You will let people know, *now*, that we are engaged, won't you?" he asked, quietly.

His position needed no explanation. This woman had given herself to him. It was not natural that he should stand by composedly and see her receive presents from another man who might wish to make her his wife. It was fair neither to the man nor to the girl.

If a woman really loves the man she has accepted it will be no hardship to her to give up affairs with other men. If she does not love him enough for that, she had no business to enter upon the engagement, and the sooner it is broken the better for all concerned.

▲ ▲

It is a pleasing theory that a girl engages herself to a man for one reason only,—love for him. But there are very few persons who really believe this. We have all seen too many illustrations of the other side. We have known of engagements that were little more than business contracts, of others that were made through pique or disappointment, and of others that were the result of propinquity rather than any real sympathy of taste and feeling. An engagement is a very serious affair, even in this day when so many serious things are treated flippantly. Like marriage, it should not be entered upon lightly or unadvisedly. The girl who promises to marry a man should be very positive that she knows what love is, and equally sure that it is the feeling she has for him.

In Shakespeare's and Marlowe's day it may have been safe to ask, "Who ever loved who loved not at first sight?" That has been put away, like a good many other things of the past. We have learned, in this wiser time, that a love based upon congeniality is much more likely to last than one which is the result of what may be, after all, a mere physical attraction or the result of a pleased fancy. The last may and very probably will change. The first will deepen and strengthen, as time goes on.

If one takes this basis for an engagement, he disapproves rather decidedly of those bonds that are entered upon after a very slight acquaintance. I once heard a woman say that she thought an engagement should be only a time of probation, during which the contracting parties could decide whether or not they were really suited to one another. If they were not, the bond could be dissolved with no discredit or reproach to either party. But we have not yet arrived at that point of practicality, and as matters now stand, it is assuredly well for a girl to learn her mind before she becomes engaged rather than afterwards.

▲ ▲

It is a bad plan for a man to ask a girl to be his wife on a very slight acquaintance, and a still worse plan for her to accept him under these circumstances. If they keep their heads it is surely not a very hard thing for them to conclude to wait until they know one another a trifle better before they decide that they are the two persons out of the whole world who are best fitted to live each with the other. When they have made this perfectly clear to their own minds, and not until then, should they become engaged and announce the fact to the world at large; and, when they are engaged, they should understand the responsibilities of their position and not seek to evade them.

The engaged man is not at liberty to go and come as he pleases, and lavish upon other women the attentions he was once free to show them. He has given to one woman a mortgage which entirely covers the value of the property. Her position is the same. She belongs to one man, and, unless with his full consent and with the knowledge of her engagement on the part of the other, she should not receive even the so-called harmless attentions to which, up to the time of her betrothal, she had a perfect right.

▲ ▲

This does not mean that either the man or the woman must make a total break with all other friends. That would be foolish. But it does mean that the relationship with others is completely changed, and that the sooner this is recognized all around the more rational and righteous the state of the case. The engaged pair feel that they have made a great gain. They must also appreciate that there are other things which they have lost. Each must resign some measure of freedom. The time has gone by when either may go for an outing with some one of the opposite sex, may make or receive small gifts, or may carry on a merry correspondence. All these things are innocuous in themselves, under disengaged conditions. They are another affair when the two people who have done these things have given themselves to one another

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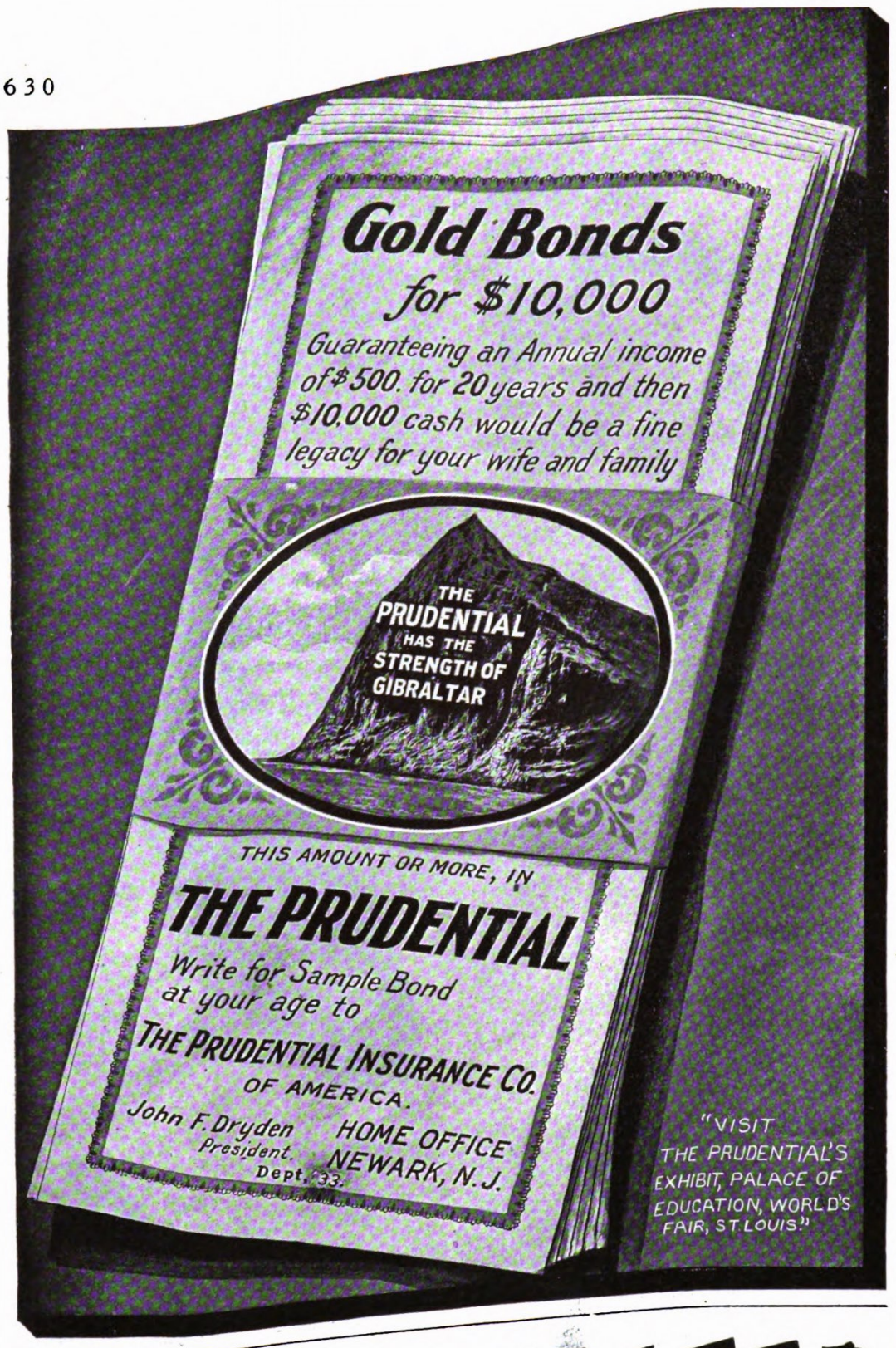
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for life. Before they definitely make up their minds on the matter, all these small renunciations should be weighed and sifted, and the decision made if the reward is worth the renouncement. If it is not, there should be no engagement to announce. There can be no serving of two rulers if one is an engaged man or woman.

Various are the methods of announcing the engagement. What these shall be is usually determined by the environment of the couple. In some circles it is the fashion to announce the betrothal by a tea or a dinner at which it is made known that Mr. Blank and Miss So-and-so are engaged to be married. This, after all, is more or less of a formality, for it is usually pretty well understood beforehand what the true state of affairs is, and the feast or function given in honor of it is only a public endorsement. In some places the engagement is announced in the papers, either in the society columns, or, in other cases, in the columns devoted to the records of marriages, births, and deaths. But this is not done except to a limited extent. More usual is it to make the engagement known by verbal communication or by notes to friends. When it has been told to a few, there is no need to spread the news further. It will travel of itself.

▲ ▲

The engaged girl's demeanor is sometimes charming and sometimes distinctly amusing. If she is a well-poised and well-bred young woman she is not likely to be very self-conscious in manner and speech. It is to be hoped that she will have enough sense of proportion to recognize the fact that this is not the only engagement that has ever taken place, and to bear herself accordingly. The less she talks of it the better, unless to her very intimate friends, and, while she and her *fiancé* should be on easy terms in public, there should never be anything different in their bearing from that which would appear in the conduct of two good friends toward one another. The sentimental glances, and the covert or open caresses in which some engaged couples indulge are not only ridiculous, but, in some cases, almost nauseating to an indifferent onlooker.

The engaged girl should struggle hard to retain her perception of comparative values. Because the great event of her life has come to her she should not forget that there are other things in the world. Her happiness should make her more unselfish and more considerate of others. She should be on the lookout to defer to the conventions. When she receives notes or flowers in congratulation of her engagement, she should not be slow to acknowledge the attention and to do it gracefully. When she is invited to meet the friends and family of her *fiancé*, she should not be so much absorbed in him that she can not defer to them and by all means in her power show respect and kindly feeling for those who are so much to the man she is to marry. At the entertainments given in her honor, she should again forget herself in the effort to bring enjoyment to others.

[In the November SUCCESS, Mrs. Herrick will contribute to the Girls' Problems Department a paper on the important subject, "When a Girl Marries"]

THE ARRIVAL

HERBERT FLANSBURG

'Liza, fotch dem skil'uds, hyah me!
Don' you know, chile, whah dey's at?
Want to weigh dis bran' new baby,
Goodness lan's! but ain't he fat?
He done come erroun' dis mo'nin',
Rekon fu' to stay a while;
Feel him growin' eb'ry minute!
Whah dem skil'uds? Hurry, chile!

Seem lak if he weigh a hunderd!
Lawsy, 'Liza, but you'se slow!
'Less'n you don' come dis minute,
'Spec's I'll drap him on de flo'.
Hyah dey is. Now quit dat squhmin',
Li'l' manny. Stop, I say!
H'aint you cu'ious, you rascal,
Fu' to know how much you weigh?

Lay still now an' lemme tie dis
Hyah ol' knot up in yo' dress;
'Liza, poke dat hook right froo it,—
Keerful, now! don' skun his ches';
Hol' him stiddy; help me lif' him;
Goodness, how dem skil'uds boun'!
Now I's got you, li'l manny.
Bress de Lawd! Jes' fo'teen poun'!

Dah, now, h'aint you glad I weigh you?
Whut's the use to kick an' cry?
See yo' sister 'Liza laughin',
We gwine whup her, by an' by;
Put yo' arms erroun' yo' pappy,
Lem' me kiss dat teah erway,
Cos I kiss you, dat's de meanin',
Dat I welcomes you to-day.

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Mrs. Burton Kingsland's Talk

IX.—The Etiquette of Calls and Cards

IN the press of many engagements, one is sometimes tempted to wonder in what evil moment Dame Fashion decided that it is "the proper thing to do" for women to call upon one another, whether they have anything particular to say or not, or any special reason or desire to meet.

Second thoughts are best, and the pessimistic mood passes when we realize that, usually, the better we know people the better we like them, that even a call once a year keeps alive our interest in one another, and that anything which increases our sympathy and stimulates our liking for our kind makes the world a happier place and ourselves its worthier denizens.

To have no friends is a doleful, desolate thing, and the "chances and changes of this mortal life" make it necessary to try to hold our own place in our little social circle, if we would not be forgotten. The courtesy also puts us among the candidates for invitations when any pleasure is on foot; and, whether we care to accept or not, everyone likes to be asked.

According to the present custom, a woman is expected to make a personal call once a year upon all her acquaintances. In large cities, where the distances are great, people in the same neighborhood have been considerate enough, in many instances, to agree to have the same reception day. It makes a gay little center in that locality, and the ease of making several calls at places near together tempts many visitors to be present.

Persons of undoubted social prominence, whose visiting lists are of such proportions that personal calls upon all their acquaintances would leave time for nothing else, or those who may claim immunity from strict obligation on account of age, delicate health, work, or art, may leave cards at the doors of houses without inquiring if the ladies are at home.

"Polite Fibs" Are not wholly Necessary to Etiquette

A call, however, is incumbent upon all who have received invitations for any form of hospitality except for afternoon receptions. In the latter case the presence of the guest is the proper recognition of the invitation, and no after call is expected. If unable to attend, then, indeed, besides sending one's card, to be received on the day of the function, a call within a fortnight, or a month, at farthest, is the courtesy due one's hostess or hostesses. An invitation for an afternoon tea is merely a request on the part of the hostess for all her friends to call upon her at a time when she will be "at home,"—which is the old formula.

An evening reception, or one given for the special object of introducing a daughter, a bride, or a visiting friend, does impose the obligation of after calls, at which cards are left for the daughter, bride, or friend, and their names are added to one's visiting list.

If a woman has a reception day, her friends should make every effort to call at that time. She is under no courteous obligation to receive them at any other. Those who have no day, but tell their friends that they will be glad to see them at any time, should be careful to keep their servants informed whether or not they are at home. Some little signal on the hall table may be agreed upon between mistress and servant,—to avoid the discourtesy of keeping a visitor waiting to find out whether or not she will be received. The caller can not help feeling that the hostess has discriminated, to her exclusion, and that her attention has met with a slight rebuff. All messages of excuse should be given at the door, when all appear to be treated alike.

"Not at home" is said to be a conventional phrase, implying no falsehood, any more than a regret expresses real disappointment or reluctance, but a conscience of Puritan descent relucts at any more "polite fibs"—if there be such things,—than are absolutely necessary.

Well-trained servants take the card tray in their hands before opening the door, if the lady of the house is not at home. If she is in, they take it up to receive the cards after giving the answer to the visitor's inquiry.

If, in modest establishments, a member of the family comes to the door in answer to a visitor's ring, cards are not handed to him or her, but laid upon the hall table, with the request, "Will you be so kind as to say to Mrs. —— that Mrs. —— is here?" or, if the lady of the house is out, "Please say that I was sorry not to see her."

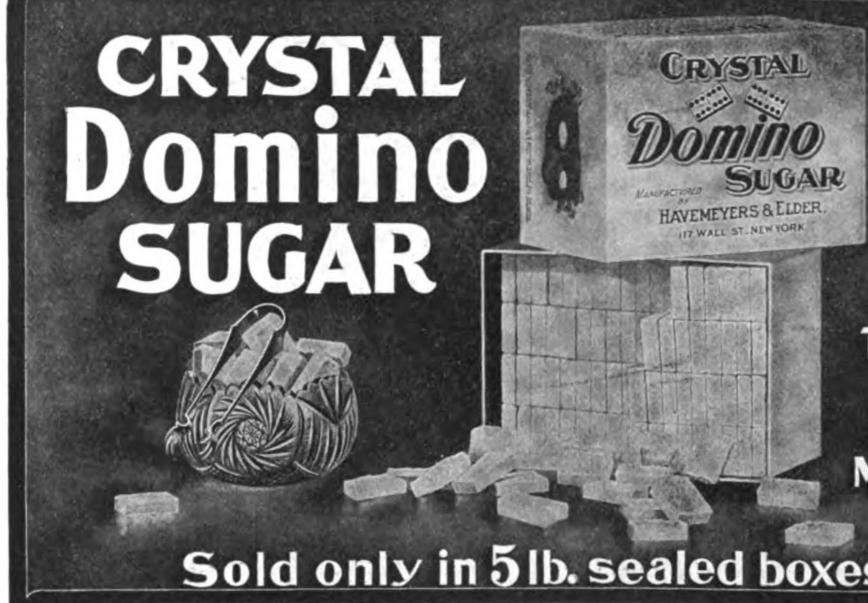
It is the almost universal custom to offer callers a cup of tea, if the visit is made at about five o'clock. Earlier or later, one may consult one's pleasure about serving it or not. A touch of a bell should be understood by the servant to mean that tea is to be brought. Nothing but very thin bread and butter or wafers need accompany the "cheering cup." It has been the custom to have the tea table, with all its pretty furnishings, in the drawing-room, when but the hot water, cream, and bread and butter needed to be added, but many now imitate the English fashion and have the servant bring all the paraphernalia upon a tray, which is set upon a small table placed in front of the hostess.

It Is only the "Snobs" Who Affect Foreign Manners

Only those who affect foreign manners overmuch omit the presentation of the guests to each other. All do not know the etiquette that prescribes that those gathered under the same roof are supposed to be friends, whether they are or not, and may converse freely and not know each other when beyond the house portal. Introductions set people more at ease. When the visitor rises to go, it does not show any lack of courtesy to refrain from urging her to stay longer. The hostess also rises, but not with too much alacrity, and may say, "*Must* you go?" while accepting the proffered hand of her guest. She should then touch a bell to summon the servant to open the street door, if the visit is a formal one, or in more friendly fashion may accompany her guest and open the door herself.

If they stand a moment to say a few last words, for

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which our sex has a proverbial fondness, the hostess turns the door knob only when by some gesture the guest intimates her desire to go. A visitor should be considerate and not linger at the door. It is a provincial custom.

The fashionable hours for calling are between three and six P. M. Morning calls are permissible in the country, but in town only intimate friends or those who call in the interest of some charity, or business, or to make inquiries about a servant, or after a friend's health, perhaps, are privileged to call in the morning.

It is always a compliment when one woman asks another to call upon her. It is tantamount to saying, "I like you and want to count you among my friends," but it is considered more becoming for the older woman to ask the younger, if a real difference in age exists, or the one whose social position is well known to be the better takes the initiative. So it be well done, the younger may sometimes ask permission to call upon the elder woman. If there is a marked difference in age the request will be appreciated as a flattering one.

The Most Practical Rules of Calling

Brides or newcomers to a town or neighborhood are entitled to the attention of first calls.

These should be promptly returned. A month is the longest interval between a first call and its return that is consistent with a courteous recognition of the attention. The same thing may be said of the acceptance of an invitation to call. To defer the call over long is to appear indifferent concerning the acquaintance.

At the first calls of the season or after an invitation for any hospitality which has included her husband, a married woman leaves two of his cards, with one of her own, when calling upon a married friend, which are intended for the host and hostess. Should the family include other adult members, or if there are daughters, she may leave a card for each, or one only for these young women inclusively.

It is customary also for a woman who has sons, to leave their cards with her own at houses where there are young ladies. The young men are thus put upon a footing of acquaintance and are candidates for any hospitality even though they may never have met any of the family. The same number of cards should be given to the servant whether the persons called upon are at home or not.

When calling upon a friend who is visiting at a house where one is not acquainted, a card should be left for the hostess without asking to see her. If the hostess is also a friend, it is necessary to ask for her as well, but no lack of courtesy is shown if she excuses herself,—the inference being that she will not intrude upon your visit to her guest.

When leaving cards at hotels, it is well to write upon them the names of those for whom they are intended. This is never done at a private house.

At receptions and "days at home" the visitors leave their cards upon the hall table, before entering the drawing room. They may also leave those of the other members of their families, as the expression of their regret at not being able to be present.

Invitations to church weddings unaccompanied by a card for the reception or breakfast following the ceremony require no recognition, since no house address is given. If unable to accept the invitation to a wedding breakfast or reception cards are sent to the bride's parents, unless the "R. s. v. p." imposes a written answer,—and a call should be made upon the mother and upon the bride within a month or so of the marriage.

Friends of the bridegroom, unacquainted with the brides' parents, may leave cards at their door without further obligation.

Persons visiting a place where they have acquaintances send their cards to notify them of their arrival. A prompt call is due on the part of the residents and some little hospitality is usually extended.

At the news of a death, friends hasten to leave cards at the door of the house of mourning, without asking to see anyone. After the funeral it is more kindly to give the bereaved friends the option of seeing one or not, as they please. Intimate friends call promptly; formal acquaintances do not call until a month after the funeral.

A change of residence should be announced by sending one's card with the new address to all one's acquaintances. The same custom obtains when one returns home after a long absence.

Before leaving home for a period of some length, one sends cards by mail to all friends, with the letters, "P. P. C." written in the lower left hand corner,—standing for the French words, "to take leave."

Fashion is proverbially fickle, but at present a woman's card is about three and a quarter inches long by two and a half broad, engraved in script, Roman, or Old English lettering. A *débutante* has her name engraved on her mother's card, but later on she may have her own as well. It never bears the reception day. The prefix, "Miss," is used on a girl's card, after schooldays are past. Sisters often have a card in common, with the form, "The Misses Blank." Diminutives are never used.

A widow retains her husband's full name. If a married son bears his father's name, the mother's card may read simply, "Mrs. Blank,"—her seniority entitling her to that distinction. Divorced women have their cards engraved with their Christian names followed by their married surnames, either spelled in full, as, "Mrs. Mary J. Smith," or, better, the initials may represent the two first names, and the card may read, "Mrs. M. J. Smith." The "Mr. and Mrs." card is rarely seen, and the turned down corner that formerly indicated a visit in person is obsolete.

Women who have professions should have two sets of cards,—one set for social and the other for professional use.

Men's card conventions and calling etiquette must be reserved until another time, when their interests shall have special consideration.

[This is the ninth in the series of articles explaining how correct social etiquette should be maintained. In the future, Mrs. Burton Kingsland's "talks" will constitute a regular feature in "Success." Good manners are important to all, and Mrs. Kingsland's information is concise, practical, and valuable.—The Editor]

True wisdom is to know what is best worth knowing, and to do what is best worth doing.—E. P. HUMPHREY.

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What to Wear and How to Wear It

MARTHA DEAN

ALTHOUGH the early autumn with its Indian Summer days brings a lull in fashions, there are heralds of the coming cooler days in the shop-window showing of suitings and heavy woolen fabrics. It is just this display, oftentimes, that reminds the fair apostle of fashion that there has been a change of seasons and that the dainty *frou-frou* dresses must now be put aside for a style more suitable to the season. With this thought one immediately begins to speculate upon coming winter fashions and to wonder just how well the camphor-bound suits and wraps that are stored away will fit into the changes in store for them,—whether they are to meet radical departures, that will tax one's ingenuity in remodeling, or easily manageable ones. As yet, there is nothing startling in the new fall models. Of course, there are some slight modifications that mark each recurring season. New twists or turns here or there—advance hints of the winter modes,—are added to our present fashions and we have our mid-season or autumn styles. Authoritative advices fr m designers in Europe, whose privilege it is, not only to exploit new fashions, but also to originate them, predict again for fall and winter modes, the continuance of the two periods that we are all more or less familiar with, the *directoire* and the "1830." There is no doubt there will be further modifications upon the same foundations, one or two months hence, for the winter fashions are not launched until quite late in the autumn. From present indications one may conclude that there will be the same lavish extravagance in both materials and trimmings, as characterized the summer styles.

One might well say that the "sleeve is the pivot of the fashion," and just now if one has the leg o'mutton style, it little matters how the skirt and bodice are made. There are no changes in the skirts, which are full. There are many variations of the charming surplice waist, which was introduced last season. It is a style that is becoming to most figures and, developed in light-weight wool or silk, with lace or linen *chemisette*, it makes a most attractive yet simple gown. There is no diminution in the popularity of the shirt-waist suit. For comfort, service, and appearance, it is not to be outdone. Other fashions may come and go, leaving but a passing pang of regret to mark their transmission, but the shirt-waist suit is of itself a thing apart, and having "come to us so readily and stayed with us so steadily," we are loath to let it go. The subject is little short of bewildering, the latitude in this direction being so great that it is difficult to say with any exactness which is the style *par excellence*.

There are plain blouses, plaited blouses, and tucked blouses; and there are plain-gored skirts, with ample flare at the lower edge, tucked skirts, and plaited gores. Here, indeed, is a choice:—nothing approaching monotony is seen, each differing from the other in more or less widely divergent particulars. The box-plaited, or Norfolk, model is the newest, however, and promises to be one of the most popular modes. With the full skirt the train is no longer in evidence. In fact, the short skirt is about the only kind one sees.

The new tailor suits, show the return of the tight-fitting, long-skirted Louis XV., coat. This style, with its pointed basque, broad revers, and smart little vest of brocade or gold embroidered satin is indeed a change from the short boleros and Etons that have enjoyed such favor the past season. The style is one that may be followed in the construction of the walking suit, using, instead of the embroidered vest and *lingerie* frills, a stiff *chemisette* and cuffs that just show a tiny white line at the sleeve edge. The sleeves themselves are rather close-fitting below the elbow, where they are finished by a large flaring cuff. Dressy sleeves usually have a fall of lace from this cuff. The lace may not be the net top kind we have been using, for silver and gold lace will play an important part in the decoration of these smart new models.

Women are devoting a great deal of time these days to accessories, for just now the wardrobe begins to show unmistakable signs of wear and it should be furbished up so that the change of the season shall not show too much shabbiness. A new collar or new sleeves will do much in the right direction. It is these little touches, suggestive of knowledge, that make or mar a woman's reputation for good clothes. The woman in the country or in the small town, who reads about these touches that make up the fashionable woman's wardrobe, may know how many gores a modish skirt calls for, and that skirts are short and full, and that old fashions have been revived, but without the help of a good pattern she would not be able to make her gowns look like those of her city sister. The charming models shown in this issue are so practical and so modish that they require no further commendation, beyond the attention of the readers.

6204. Ladies' Blouse, in drop-shoulder style. Sizes:—32 to 42 inches, bust measure.

6171. Ladies' Shirt-waist, with Raglan Sleeve. Sizes:—32 to 42 inches, bust measure.

4607. Girl's Frock, with waist and skirt attached to pointed yokes. Sizes:—6 to 14 years.

4608. Girl's One-piece Frock. Sizes:—2 to 10 years.

6208. Ladies' Surplice Waist, to be worn with or without the fancy collar. Sizes:—32 to 42 inches, bust measure.

6209. Ladies' Circular Skirt, with gathers or shirrs at the top. Sizes:—20 to 32 inches, waist measure.

4609. Boy's One-piece Suit, with regulation style bloomers. Sizes:—2 to 6 years.

4603. Girl's Tucked Dress, in guimpe style. Sizes:—5 to 14 years.

4604. Child's Square Yoke Dress.—Sizes:—4 to 10 years.

6206. Ladies' Blouse, in high or square neck. Sizes:—32 to 42 inches, bust measure.

6210. Ladies' Shirr-draped Waist, made in one piece. Sizes:—32 to 42 inches, bust measure.


4604


4603


4607


4609

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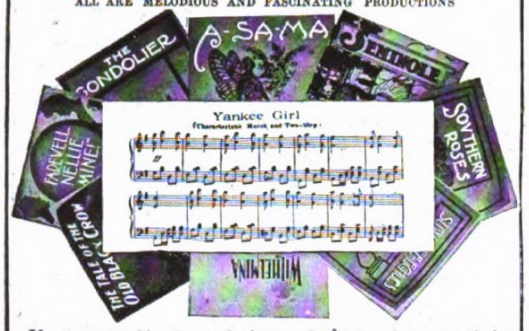
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PROGRESSIVE WOMEN OF JAPAN

YO UCHIDA

[Wife of the Japanese consul general at New York]



MRS. YO UCHIDA

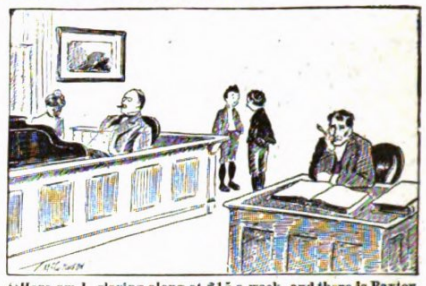
I HAVE been much interested in the going to Japan of Dr. Anita McGee and a party of trained nurses to render aid to our wounded soldiers. We accepted with gratitude the services of the nurses. The appreciation of their kindness has not been lessened by the circumstance that they are not really needed in Japan. We have many trained nurses of our own. They are educated in the hospitals in accordance with the latest and most approved methods, and, because our leading men have thought for some time that there would be a war, the nurses have been receiving special preparation in caring for the wounds and sicknesses of soldiers. Though the American nurses have been kind indeed to go to Japan, I would certainly not advise any more to go. They and the Japanese soldiers will not be able to speak each others' language.

The women of Japan have learned to be quite equal to all emergencies calling for their aid. There has been a great increase in education among them of late years, and they can do many things. We have women stenographers, clerks, and even doctors in Japan. One lady of my acquaintance is the very active and successful manager of the political campaigns of her husband, who is one of our leading politicians, or statesmen. She also makes public speeches for him. So, you see, some of our women are just as progressive, or what you call "new," as yours are. The matter in which they are most old-fashioned is their inclination to stay at home. They travel very little.

In New York and its vicinity, for example, there are about two thousand Japanese men, but only four Japanese women. Sometimes I become lonely for lack of the society of more women of my own race, but I greatly admire Americans, and would rather live in New York than in any other city in the world,—yes, than even in Tokyo. The reason is that life is so active here. I like very much to hustle. Often I have said that the United States is the land for the young, and Japan the land for the old. It is more peaceful there, and it is those of many years instead of those of few who are regarded as the wisest and most important.

The Whole Story

The famous illustrator and cartoonist JOHN T. McCUTCHEON preaches a whole sermon in these companion pictures which we reproduce from the CHICAGO TRIBUNE of August 21st. It is the story of nine out of ten successful men.



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Hints for the Busy Housewife

A clam shell is better and more convenient for scraping a pot or kettle than a knife.

Keep a bottle of salad oil well corked, in a cold, dry place, and always in the dark.

If ice is applied to a burned finger until it stops smarting, the skin will dry and leave no blister.

If stove polish is moistened with benzine, the blacking will last much longer and be brighter on the stove.

Fill used cans with cold water, but let them soak away from the stove, as heat makes them harder to clean.

Dissolve a little fine white sugar in the last rinsing water when washing fine lace, and do not use starch.

To remove a rusty screw, first apply a very hot iron to the head for a short time, then immediately use the screw-driver.

A very strong solution of alum and hot water applied to furniture and crevices in the walls will destroy vermin of all kinds.

A crust of dry bread dropped into a kettle of hot frying fat will keep it from burning until the cook can give it something else to do.

Keep a piece of newspaper scorching on the stove while frying doughnuts, and the paper smoke will drive away the unpleasant burned-lard odor from the house.

Beeswax, broken in pieces and put within the folds of white woolens and silks, will overcome the tendency to yellowness that white fabrics have when laid away for any length of time.

If a three-foot piece of inch hose is slipped tightly over the faucet of the kitchen sink, it will prove invaluable in filling boilers, tubs, teakettles, and other large or cumbersome vessels, besides saving steps and backaches.

On taking a cake from the oven, set it on a cloth wrung as dry as possible from lukewarm water. Let it stand on the cloth about five minutes, and then it can be easily removed from the tin without breaking or sticking.

Linoleum will wear longer and look better if it is given a coat of varnish three times a year. Let the varnish get very dry before walking on the floor. When cleaning, add a little kerosene to the water; it softens the dirt and hardens the linoleum.

Line a granite dish with tomatoes and place a large bell pepper or a red pepper in the center. Cover thickly with bread-crumbs, add salt and pepper, with small lumps of butter, and bake gently. Canned tomatoes and generous dashes of red pepper may be substituted.

When buying a lamp, get one or more extra chimneys and burners; also, a yard or two of wicking. This practice saves delays and annoyance, when one lives far from a store and kerosene lamps are the only kind used. If the lamps and burners are all alike, but one kind of supply need be kept on hand.

To get rid of bedbugs, first close all breaks in the wall paper, then thoroughly examine and clean the bedding. Then, with a soft, small brush, which will penetrate all crevices, go over the bedstead, springs, and woodwork, with a generous coating of hard oil varnish. Your bedbug troubles will be over. This same varnish is better for mending china and articles not frequently coming in contact with water than any cement, paste, or china-mending material.

A spoon rest attached to a kettle is a new device, singular as it may seem. It is made with a piece of wire so bent that it will clasp the edge of a kettle, and so shaped that a spoon may be slipped into it and removed again when needed for stirring. The device keeps the spoon from slipping into the kettle, keeps the handle of the spoon cool, and the spoon is always instantly to be found, which is not the case when it is removed and laid in any convenient place about the kitchen, when not in service.

In making buttonholes, a strong foundation is necessary. Leave at least half an inch margin in the cloth, at the outer end of the buttonhole, so it will not tear out. Cut to suit the size of the button. Darn around it with coarse thread, passing back and forth around the outer edge several times. Commence to work at the inner end, and buttonhole around the sides and outer edge with close, even stitches. When opposite the starting point, take two even stitches across the end, drawing the thread tight. Turn the garment, finishing on the wrong side with several stitches across the end. Use as coarse thread as the goods will allow, but do not take a double thread.

The Power of a Carrier Pigeon

SOME naturalists have been recently discussing the ability of a carrier pigeon to cross the Atlantic. Several years ago a pigeon post was actually established on transatlantic liners by a Captain Reynaud, a Frenchman. It has been long discontinued, but while it was in operation a pigeon released from a steamer in mid-ocean actually succeeded in reaching the American shore. This feat, it is asserted by a recent French authority, was achieved only because the bird was in the track of numerous steamers, on which it rested during the nights. Even thus, its passage took nearly a month. Unaided flight over the sea for more than sixteen hours or so, this writer says, is a physical impossibility for any pigeon, and the idea that one could cross the ocean is an absurdity. In spite of the great speed and endurance of this bird, the sensational performances with which it is often credited are, he says, mostly fictions.

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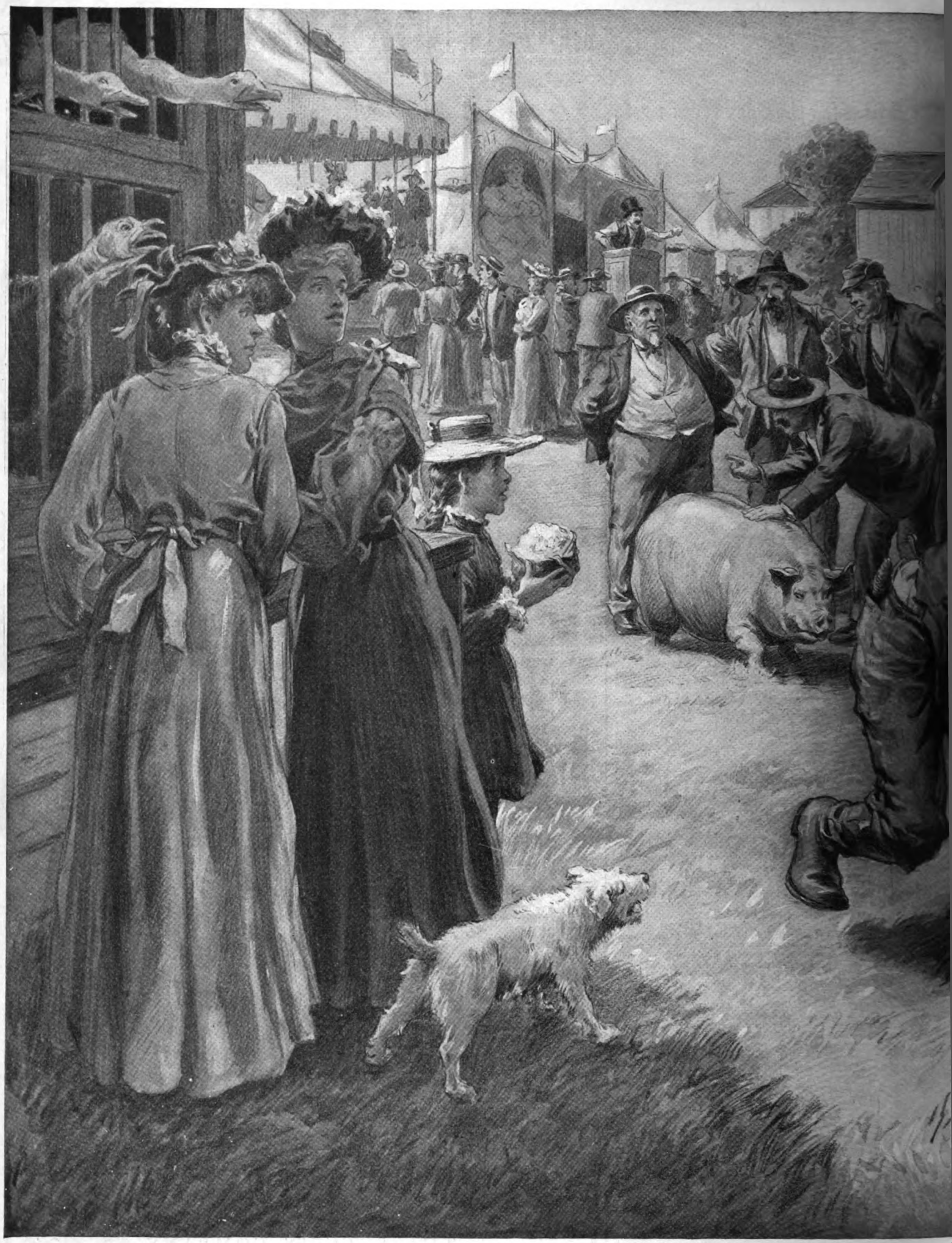
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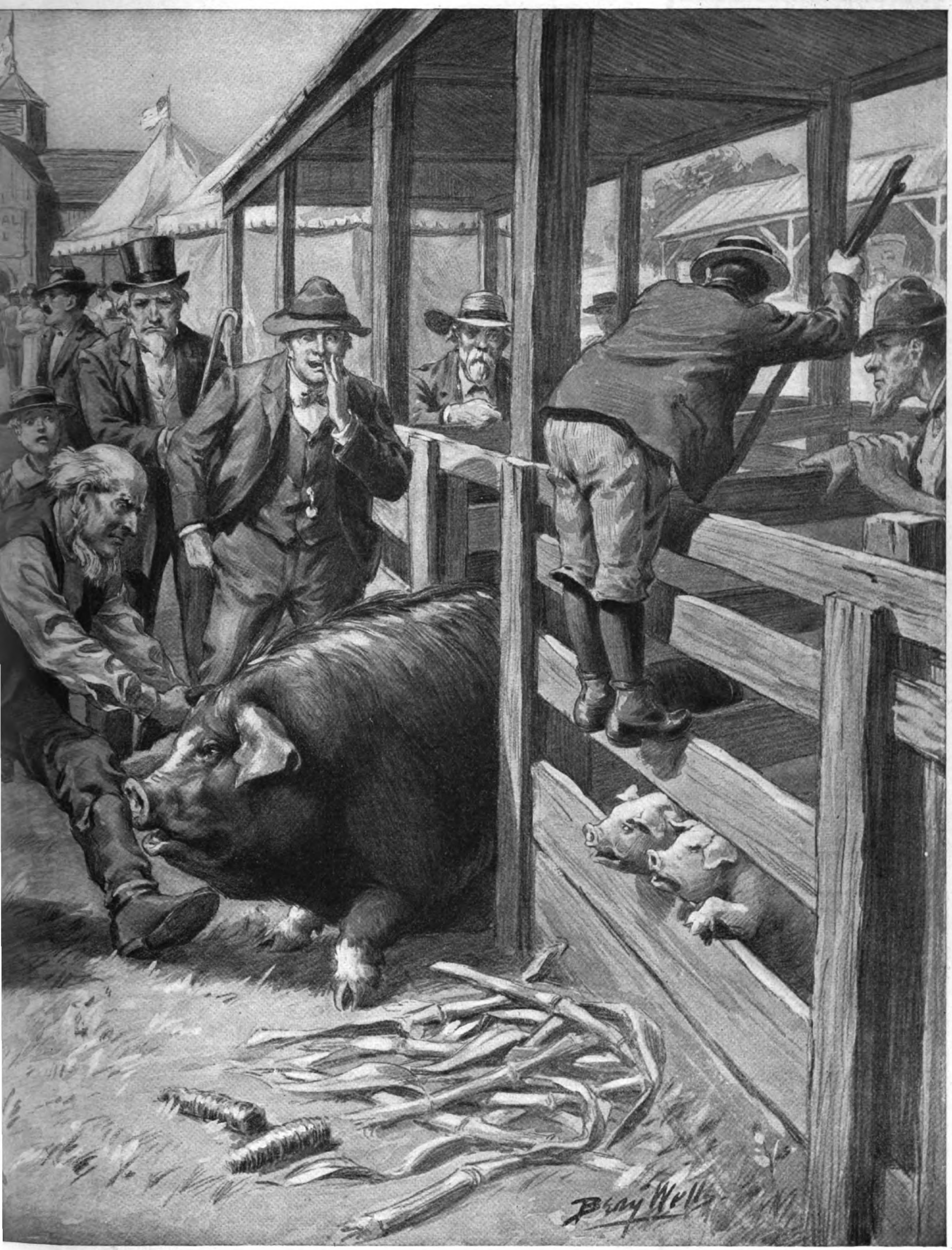
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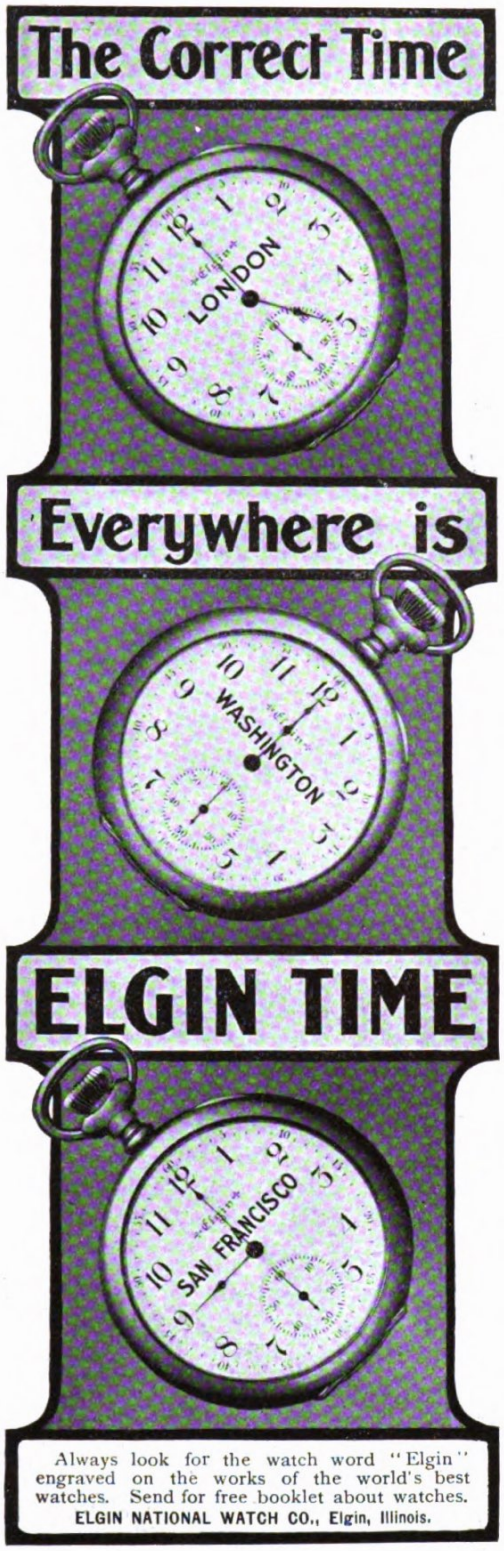
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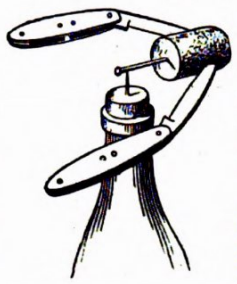
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Tricks That Are Instructive

Piercing a Pin



PLACE a pin in the end of a cork in each side of which a penknife has been inserted obliquely, as shown in the cut. The knives should be as nearly as possible of equal weight. By opening one or the other of them more or less, they can be made to balance.

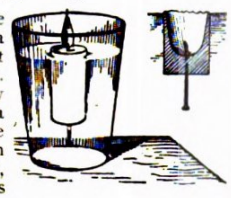
In order to bring them to the exact position required,—that is, to bring the pin, the cork, and the knives to a horizontal position,—place the head of the pin on the end of your finger and ascertain if the two knives are on the same level. If not, adjust them until they are so.

Then take the cork in your hand and lay the stem of the pin on the point of a needle, the head of which is fastened in the cork of a bottle. You must carefully change the point of support of the pin until you have found that position in which it remains perfectly horizontal when left to itself.

Now blow upon one of the penknives, at first gently, and then more strongly. You will thus cause the whole to rotate rapidly. After a time, the needle, being the harder, will have worn a tiny hole in the pin, and, if you continue the experiment, will finally pierce it entirely.

This experiment can also be made by placing the pin in a cork in the direction of its axes, while the needle penetrates it perpendicularly. The equilibrium is then obtained by means of two forks

A Floating Light



A VERY pretty effect may be produced by causing a candle to burn while almost immersed in water in a tumbler. The experiment, which is very simple, is as follows: Insert a nail,—not too heavy,—in the lower end of a short candle in order to make that end heavier, and place the whole in a glass containing enough water to reach the upper edge of the candle without wetting the wick.

At first thought nothing seems stranger than to expect a candle to be entirely consumed in such a situation, but it is simple enough. As the candle burns, it grows lighter, and lighter and rises gradually as it diminishes in length, so that the lighted end always remains above the surface of the water.

Moreover, the outside of the candle, being cooled, will melt much more slowly than usual, and the flame will make a little hollow in the center, as is shown in the accompanying design. This hollow place also helps in making the candle float, and preserves the wick from contact with the water. Thus the candle will continue to burn in its strange candlestick until the wick is consumed.

Overturned with a Breath



LAY on the edge of a table a long, narrow paper bag, and place some heavy weights—two dictionaries, for example,—upon the closed end, as shown in the cut. The books can be overturned without being touched, simply by blowing. The compressed air will swell the bag so violently that the weights upon it will be raised and thrown over. This experiment enables us to measure the strength of our breath by overturning objects of various weights, and will prove that a strong person can, without fatigue, raise with his breath a weight of at least twenty pounds.

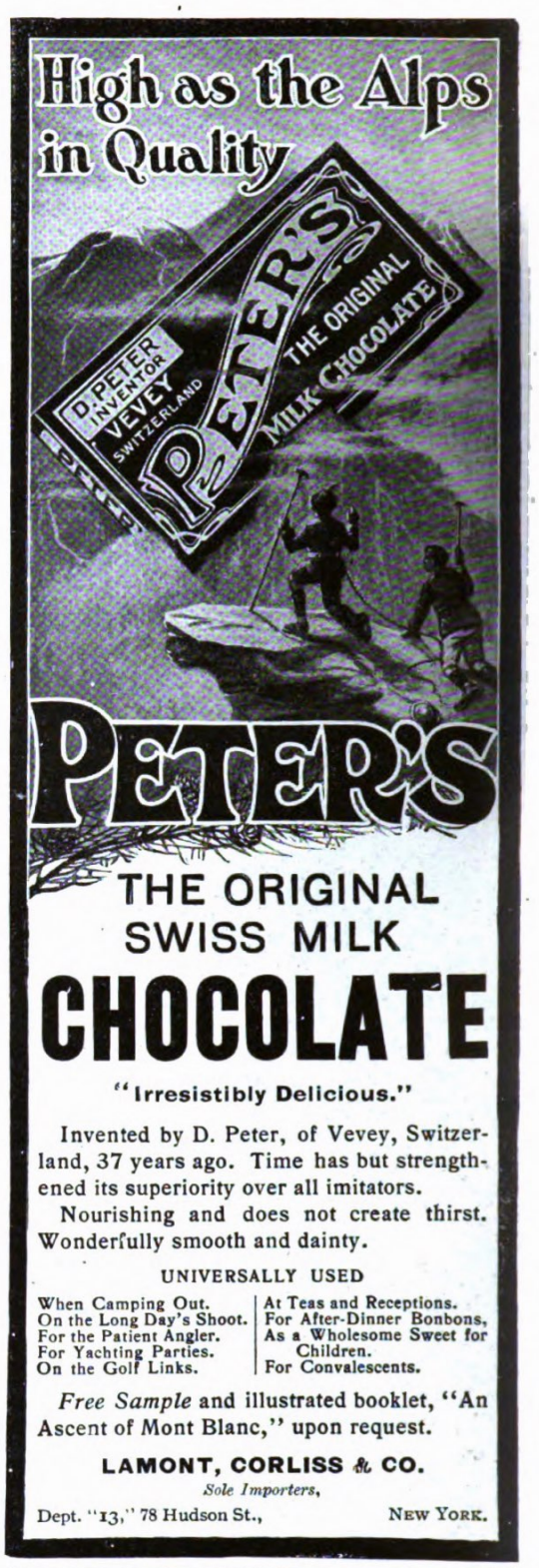
The Magic Fish



MAKE a very small hole in each end of a fresh egg, and, after blowing out the contents, close one end with a bit of sealing wax. Cut two pieces of cloth in the shape of the body of a fish, as shown in the cut, and sew them together on the edges so as to make a pointed bag, which is shown in white. Into this bag some sand should be put for ballast. The mouth of the bag must be exactly the size of the egg, which is to be fastened into it with sealing wax or glue, to form the head of the fish. Having prepared it in this way, paint two eyes on the egg with black paint, and the magic fish is ready to be put into a jar of water.

The weight of the sand in the bag must be such that the fish will float on the surface if left to itself, but so that a very light touch will cause it to sink.

Cover the jar tightly with a piece of India rubber, or any other waterproof, flexible substance. When you lay your hand on the covering, the pressure transmitted to the liquid will cause a little water to enter the egg, and the fish will dive; the heavier you press, the more quickly it will plunge. If you remove your hand from the India rubber the compressed air in the egg will force out the water, and the fish will come to the surface again.



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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS' STORY

Drowning the Canteen

M. E. M. DAVIS

[*Illustration by H. C. Wall*]



"Not a groan had escaped his companion's lips"

"WHEN," demanded Martin Bassett of his comrades, "when will we get into a fight?"

As a private, aged sixteen, he had come in with a batch of recruits a night or two before. His Confederate uniform was quite new; and, as he tramped along in the direction of Shiloh Chapel, he saw already, in fancy, the stars of a captain on his collar. "If I only get a chance!" he cried, impatiently.

"You'll have a chance soon enough, sonny," growled a grizzled veteran marching at his elbow.

The first shot of the battle of Shiloh threw him into a frenzy of expectation. From the wooded slope where his regiment had halted he could see nothing, but he knew the battle had begun, though for a long time its noises seemed very far away. At length a thick smoke crept over the brow of the hill and settled above him and his comrades where they lay. The roar of artillery was suddenly added to the rattle of small arms; a shell whizzed over their heads, and dropped, burst, and scattered its blazing contents around;—then another, and another.

"I'll never get a chance," muttered Martin, disconsolately. At that very moment an order to advance came. He was soon swinging up the hill with his eyes fixed on the man in front of him. He had barely caught step when he stumbled. It was over a log, he thought, picking himself up and running on, but not before he had seen, as in a flash, a pair of lifeless eyes staring up at him, and an outthrown hand clutching a gun. The "log" wore a gray jacket like his own, and there was a puddle of blood around it!

Martin was all at once horribly afraid, but he raced on with the others, firing, loading, firing, loading, and shouting hoarsely at an irregular but steady line of blue on the farther side of a field.

* * * * * * *

That night the Confederate army bivouacked on the ground which had been occupied at sunrise by the enemy. Worn out, but exultant, the men in gray kindled their messfires in the fields and on the slopes bordering the water-swollen ravines. From the high ridges, just in front of Martin's company, the twinkle of Federal campfires was plainly visible. The hostile picket lines were barely a quarter of a mile apart.

"Say, youngster, you! go and drown these canteens," said one of the men, addressing young Bassett, who was munching his bit of corn bread in the smoky shadows.

"Certainly, sir." Martin sprang to his feet, catching the half dozen or more canteens slung toward him. He started briskly toward a ravine some thirty yards distant, but he gradually slackened his pace. "What did he mean by drowning the canteens?" he asked himself, helplessly.

He retraced his steps. "Will you be kind enough to tell me, sir," he demanded, timidly, of a red-bearded giant who was striding about with a coffeepot in his hand, "how to 'drown' these canteens?"

"Cert'ny, sonny, cert'ny," was the grinning reply; "you jist lay 'em down in the branch an' pile rocks on 'em, an' leave 'em. They'll be drownded all right by mornin'."

"Thank you, sir," said Martin, politely, turning away.

Something in the lad's face, seen by the glare of the campfire, touched the man. "Durn the little idiot!" he muttered, "he ought to be home with his maw! Hi, boy!" he called, "I was jist foolin'. Fill them canteens with water. That's drowndin' 'em."

"Oh, thank you!" exclaimed Martin, with a smile; and thus enlightened, he marched on to the ravine. He followed the stream there for some distance. Tall trees and heavy underbrush lined the steep banks on either side. Selecting a still pool, he knelt and began his task. Half forgetting the camp whose noises came but murmurously through the darkness, he listened with boyish pleasure to the "google-google" of the water in the throats of the canteens, as they slowly filled. He was ramming the stopper in the last one when a vaguely heard noise disturbed him. It came from the thicket on the further side of the ravine. He rose to his feet and stood in strained attention. The noise was repeated,—a low groan, followed by the sound of weeping. Martin glanced up at the dark sky, slung the canteen he held over his shoulder, leaped the stream, and crept cautiously but unhesitatingly up the bank. The darkness was dense around him as he parted the bushes and advanced. He recoiled, startled, when the groan sounded once more, this time under his very feet. He dropped to his knees and felt about him with his hands.

"What's the matter? Who's here?" he demanded.

A fevered hand clasped his wrist. "Water! Oh, for Heaven's sake, give me some water!"

Martin, guided by the weak voice, lifted the wounded man's head and placed the canteen to his lips. "Who are you?" he repeated when the long draught was finished; "I can't even see what uniform you've got on." He took a match from his pocket and lighted it as he spoke. By its feeble gleam the two boys, for boys they were,—stared at each other.

"Oh, don't take me prisoner! don't take me prisoner!" sobbed the boy in blue.

"I won't," returned the boy in gray, gazing down at the pallid face of his foe.

The thin flame flickered and died, and then the wounded Federal soldier faltered out his story. His name, he said, was Jack Marsden. He was seventeen. His mother lived in Massachusetts. He was a recruit. This was his first battle. His uncle was colonel of his regiment. He was wounded in the side, he thought, at about three o'clock that afternoon. He had dropped, and had been afraid to call out for fear of being picked up by the enemy. He had been awfully thirsty. But he felt all right now. And if,—oh, if he could only get back to his regiment! His mother— Here he broke down and sobbed wildly, with his head on Martin's breast.

"Don't cry," whispered Martin, awkwardly, "It'll all be right. My name is Martin Bassett. I'm from Texas. I'm in Company F. See here, Jack," he added, with an abrupt change of tone, "I'm going away for a little while. You just keep still until I come back——"

"Oh, Martin, don't leave me! don't leave me!" implored the lad.

"I've got to," interrupted Martin; "I'm coming back directly."

"Will you come back, Martin? *Will* you?"

"I am a Bassett," said Martin, a trifle haughtily, and as if that settled the question. He repeated his injunction to Jack to keep quiet. Then he crept out of the thicket, and made his way stealthily to the wooded glade beyond. There he crawled, or darted warily, from tree to tree, and from log to brush heap, until he was so near the Federal picket lines that he had to hold his breath and seize a special moment for beginning his backward journey. As for his own guards, he had run their gauntlet by sheer good luck. Fortunately, a lowering sky plunged the world below into almost impenetrable darkness.

"I can do it! I know I can do it!" he exclaimed, exultantly, to himself, reëntering the thicket. His heart comes into his mouth to this day at thought of how he made that same dangerous trip again in company with poor Jack Marsden,—dragging the wounded boy, lifting him, jerking him back, and thrusting him forward,—until, once more, panting and reeking with perspiration in the chill night air, he reached the clump of bushes within hail of the Federal sentinels. Not a groan had escaped his companion's lips; two or three times a dead weight on his arm warned him that Jack had fainted,—but as often the plucky little fellow had rallied.

"Now, Jack," breathed Martin in his ear, easing him

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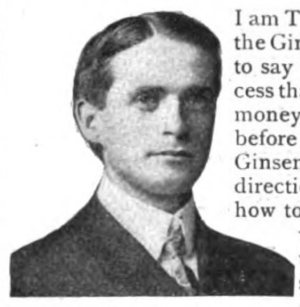
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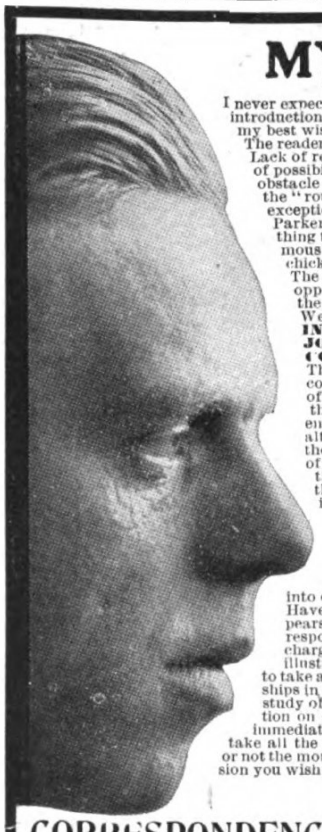
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down upon the ground, "you've got to keep still, you know, until I've had time to get back. Then you holler as loud as you can."

"Yes," whispered Jack, eagerly, "I'll keep still and I'll holler. I'm all right. You cut out, Martin."

Martin had already cut out. He slipped safely, at length, into the Confederate lines, dived into the thicket, leaped down to the pool, caught up the drowned canteens, and hurried with beating heart toward his own mess fire. He felt as if he had been absent a lifetime. He had, indeed, been gone more than two hours. He laid the canteens at the foot of a tree and glided noiselessly to his blanket.

"Did you drown the canteens?" the red-bearded man asked, observing him.

"Yes, sir," quaked Martin, prepared for the worst.

But the man only laughed good-naturedly, and returned his pipe to his mouth.

* * * * * * *

Martin awoke next morning to a new and strange sensation. He had become an old soldier! He realized this when the brisk rattle of musketry announced the renewal of the fight. He wondered at the calmness with which he kept on cleaning his gun, while his brigade, lying again behind a ridge, awaited orders. Later, he dodged bullets with the coolness of a veteran, laughing and jesting while the balls sang about his ears. But he failed to catch the meaning on the grim faces around him, about noon, when, to his inexperienced eyes, all seemed to be going well. It was at this moment that a crash like a lightning shock ran through him. He felt himself whirling dizzily around and around; then he fell as if from an immeasurable height.

The tide of battle swept back and forth, for a few moments; then it receded entirely. The Confederate army, in fact, was in full retreat, and details of men from the victors were soon humanely at work on the field, caring for their own and their foemen's wounded.

Returning slowly to consciousness, Martin moved his limbs tentatively; they were stiff and sore; his head felt bruised. A confused medley of groans, curses, and ejaculations saluted his reviving senses. A peculiar nauseating odor filled his nostrils; he had smelled that before,—it was blood! He tried to open his eyes, but the lids were heavy as lead.

"How came this rebel in here?" a voice beside him demanded, sternly.

"He looked so young, doctor," pleaded a second voice.

"It will not do, Given; we have not room for our own wounded. Well, well, let him stay for the present," grumbled the first speaker.

"I believe they are talking about me," Martin thought, his reasoning faculties suddenly alert.

He opened his eyes with an effort. They fell first upon two men in blue uniforms, just turning away from where he was lying. Then he looked up at the raftered roof, and at the chinked walls below. Finally, lifting his head painfully, he saw many blue-clad forms, lying row upon row, on the bare floor around him. Some of the faces were bloody; all were ghastly and distorted. In a far corner of the room, two men in shirt sleeves were bending over a rude table; the silent figure on the table was motionless. Martin shut his eyes; a swift instinct told him that he was a prisoner, that he was wounded, and that he was in some sort of hospital. He raised his hand; it dropped weakly back into a moist sticky mass upon his breast. He realized, instinctively, again, that this was his own blood. He shuddered; then, as if to stay himself, he murmured aloud, "I must n't let go: I am a Bassett!"

"Why, Martin! Oh, Martin!" The wondering cry arose close beside him, and Jack Marsden turned on his own rude pallet and dragged himself to the Confederate prisoner's elbow. His wounds had been dressed, and he looked younger and frailer than ever in the late sunlight streaming into Shiloh Chapel. "Are you hurt, Martin?" he asked, eagerly. "Are you a prisoner? Are you——"

"A prisoner!" echoed Martin, looking at him with glassy, fever-bright eyes, "not much! Listen how the water google-googles in the canteens. You lie still, Jack; then holler as loud as you can!"

Jack had raised himself on his elbow and was looking wildly around for help. A tall, gray-mustached officer just then stepped into the church, and came striding down the aisle, between the rows of wounded men. "Uncle! Uncle!" called Jack, frantically, "here he is! Here's Martin! Oh, uncle, don't let him die!"

Colonel Marsden stepped quickly over to where the two lads were lying. "Keep quiet, Jack," he ordered. He had knelt down and was already lifting Martin's head to his knee. "Poor little chap! And this is the boy who brought you into camp, Jack?"

"A Bassett!" murmured Martin, looking up into the kindly old face above him. Something there appealed to his wandering senses. "My father kissed me the day I left home," he said, wistfully.

The colonel, too deeply moved for speech, bent over and touched his lips to the lad's clammy forehead. Then he beckoned to the surgeons.

* * * * * * *

"Will they live, doctor?" he asked, after the operation had been performed which left Martin Bassett with but one arm. He was looking down at the two youthful forms lying side by side on the chapel floor,—the one in Union blue,—the other in Confederate gray. Both lads slept restlessly.

"Yes," said the wearied surgeon, slowly, "I think they will both pull through, but——"

Almost simultaneously the boys stirred, opening unseeing eyes,

"Mother, oh, mother!" breathed Martin, dreamily.

"Mother!" whispered Jack, like a soft echo.

"——They are what I call good samples of bravery," concluded the surgeon, with a suspicious huskiness in his voice.

Let every man be occupied, in the highest employment of which his nature is capable, and die with the consciousness that he has done his best.—SYDNEY SMITH.

Whether a boy is from farm or city, rich or poor, weak or strong, talented or not, *will* and *work* are sure to win. Wishes fail, but wills prevail.—WILBUR F. CRAFTS.

It is not work that kills men; it is worry. Work is healthy; you can hardly put more upon a man than he can bear. Worry is rust upon the blade. It is not the revolution that destroys the machinery, but the friction.—HENRY WARD BEECHER.

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Animals as Swimmers

J. HERBERT WELCH

IN spite of the fact that man is not an instinctive swimmer, as are most of the lower animals, he excels all of the latter that are not aquatic in endurance in the water. It is reported that, in attempting to swim across the English Channel recently, a man covered thirty miles before he succumbed to exhaustion. The only land animals that are known to be able to approximate such a feat are bears, which are probably the strongest swimmers among animals not specially adapted by nature for the water.

Deer and horses rank next to bears in swimming powers. Deer swim rapidly and gracefully, and it is not uncommon for them to cover a distance of ten or even fifteen miles in the water. Horses are powerful swimmers, and have none of the aversion toward entering the water which is often shown even by animals which can swim well when forced to. A number of horses that were pastured on the American side of the Niagara River once swam in company across this broad stream in order to return to their old stables. It may be useful to know that, in crossing a body of water with a horse, the best method, if the horse is expected to swim any considerable distance, is to slide over his back, hold the animal lightly by the tail, and allow him to tow you across. This relieves the horse of the weight of the body, and enables him to swim faster and much farther than otherwise would be the case.

Dogs vary greatly in ability as swimmers. The water spaniel, retriever, mastiff and St. Bernard excel all others. A retriever known to the writer once followed a canoe for nine miles. The dog was much exhausted, however, when drawn into the boat.

The elephant is a good swimmer, and the wild animals of the cat family, the tiger, the panther, the jaguar, and others do not hesitate to cross lakes and rivers. On the other hand, the domestic cat shrinks from immersion, and drowns quickly. The nostrils of some small animals are so placed as to render breathing very difficult when they are in the water. Among these are mice and rabbits, which will drown without sinking beneath the surface. Rats are excellent swimmers.

Almost all birds except those which are distinctly natatorial are nearly helpless in water. Small birds, in particular, have no power of propulsion, and, though they do not sink, they drown quickly. Even many species of waterfowl rise from the water with difficulty, or not at all, when their wings are wet. After a sea gull plunges and returns to the surface it stretches its wings so that they may be dried by the wind and sun before it attempts to fly.

All reptiles swim. Almost all snakes move through the water with as much ease and rapidity as on land. Rattlesnakes, for example, are much given to swimming in placid water if it is not too cold. In the Everglade lakes of Florida they may be often seen. It is well to know that to attack from a boat a poisonous snake in the water is a much more dangerous proceeding than to attack the snake on land. The reason is that the reptile will immediately make for the the boat, since it must have a solid base from which to strike. It half leaps and half climbs into the craft, and there is a fight at uncomfortably close quarters.

Heavy Brains and Powerful Minds

IT used to be considered that a large brain is the indication of a great mind. Statistics do not altogether uphold this theory, and it seems more probable that several factors coöperate to produce a brain of abnormal size. A recent French writer notes that, of about twenty-five thousand brains whose weight has been recorded, some of the largest were those of epileptics. Of sixty noted men whose brains have been weighed, only seven had notably large ones. Brain weight is evidently related to intellect and not to celebrity, for the two may depend on quite different factors. Even intellectual superiority is but one of the elements that may contribute to unusual brain weight. For instance, the size of the brain naturally increases with that of the whole body, though not proportionately. An increase of bodily weight of thirty per cent., for instance, corresponds to a brain-increase of twelve per cent. Intellectual superiority, too, seems to be proportional, not to the brain's mass, but to its extent of surface, and the latter is by no means proportional to the former.

Kermit Roosevelt's Prayer

DURING a recent visit of President Roosevelt's children to their aunt, Mrs. Cowles, in Farmington, Connecticut, Miss Alice Roosevelt started with Kermit for a walk to a river, which is a considerable distance below the house. Instead of following the accustomed path, she decided to take a short cut across the fields, not knowing that in this direction lay a swamp in which several lives had been lost. Pushing their way through the underbrush of what they thought was a mere bit of woods, they suddenly found themselves waist-deep in water and soft mud.

They tried to retrace their steps, but could not. Struggling desperately, they managed to drag themselves forward to a small piece of ground that supported them, and there they discovered that the swamp was on all sides of them. Again they plunged into the quagmire. Once the water was up to Kermit's armpits. They had started on their walk at eleven o'clock in the morning. At five in the afternoon, just as a searching party was to be organized by the panic-stricken household, they returned and told the story of their adventure.

"Whenever Kermit would get in deeper than usual," said Miss Alice, "he would pray, and his prayer was that the telegram would n't shock papa."

"A fine manner compensates for all the defects of nature."

Associate with men of good judgment, for judgment is found in conversation, and we make another man's judgment ours by frequenting his company.—FULLER.

When you set out to do anything, never let anything disturb you from doing that one thing. This power of putting the thought on one particular thing, and keeping it there for hours at a time, takes practice, and it takes a long time to get into the habit.
THOMAS A. EDISON.



Don't be a coward! Don't allow any shallow gossiper to fill your head with custom-tailor nonsense. You have harbored that chimera long enough. Get the facts! Learn of KUPPENHEIMER'S clothes progress! See what we have been doing while you have been sleeping in the shadow of tradition.



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"We further find that the school is well equipped and provided with competent instructors, and we do most heartily endorse the same, and recommend anyone desiring to learn the art of photo-engraving to take a course of instruction at this college.

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The Disappearance of Little Mary

T. JENKINS HAINS

[*Concluded from page 614*]

When we left the house and went for a surgeon we felt very bad indeed.

The doctor was a cool-headed fellow, and we waited for him until he had dressed the wound. It was daylight, and we had been forced to row him three miles from the mainland and back again.

"He'll be all right,—no fear. The bullet did n't hurt him much. It went through his stomach, and it will be a sorry day when he ever tastes whisky again," said he, as he left us. "The sergeant is a strong fellow and good swimmer. He swam all the way out to the end of that jetty for the money,—and I reckon he earned it all right. He'll be well in a month."

The next night Card and I stood upon the front porch of the quarters and the fog wreaths swirled about the parade. While we stood there, a few moments before closing up and turning in, a bright light shone in the windows of the long warehouse. We could see objects distinctly upon the wall inside. Card gave a start and rushed forward, racing for the door of the long gloomy building, and instantly I followed.

We found the heavy door barred and locked, as we had left it after closing it in the morning. On circling around the building we found nothing to indicate that an entrance had been forced.

"Climb upon my shoulders and try to reach the window ledge," I said, and in a moment the sailor was resting upon the sill of the window above.

Suddenly he burst out laughing, and, as he did so, a bright light lit up his face. His eyes were staring out over the roof of the low building across the parade, and he pointed in that direction. "It's the lighthouse, sir: the fog is low and the light flashes over it; wait fifteen seconds and you will have it again."

"Come down," I said, "you make this place too ghostly for me."

We watched the flash occur several times and then went back and turned in.

In the morning little Mary came to see us. She was pale and looked the worse for her confinement.

"Papa's sick," said she, sadly; "he can't d'ink no more. He locked me up 'cause I was a bad girl,—he's sorry."

That day we moved our belongings to the shack on the shore. Before the sergeant was able to walk about the work was finished and we had gone.

TO-MORROW

CY WARMAN

To-morrow! O to-morrow!
The day that I like best;
For, though my sunset's clouded,
It 's golden further west.
Observe the little sparrow;
Throughout the dark to-day
She sings of her to-morrow
And the egg she 's going to lay.

I hear a sad soul sighing
To leave this "vale of tears,"
But make no doubt he 's lying
About a hundred years.
I feel no twinge of sorrow
When his ship puts to sea;
The ship that sails to-morrow
Sails soon enough for me.

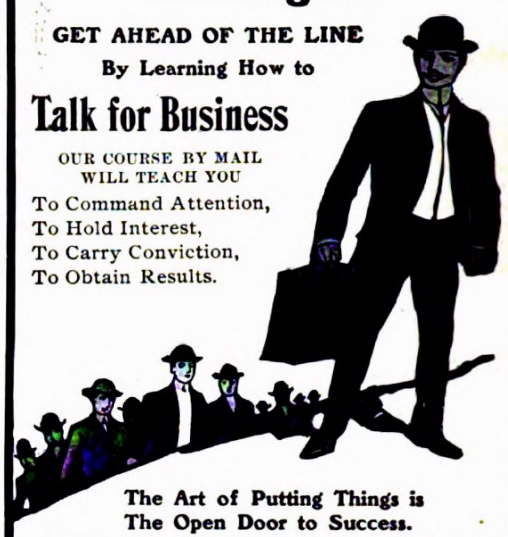
For, though my sun 's declining,
Behind yon hoary hill,
I know that it is shining
Beyond the summit still;
And, howso'er I sorrow,
I know 't will pass away;
God gives a glad to-morrow
For every sad to-day.

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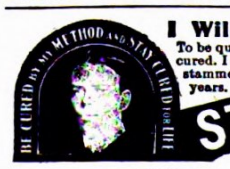
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Good-health Hints

Part V.—Practical Methods of Economizing Vital Force

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



Figure 3

VITALITY is the one essential reality underlying all activity, both mental and physical. Every act, whether of mind or of body, uses up a certain amount of vital force. At the same time the bodily organs, as I have explained in a previous article, are constantly engaged in generating vitality. So the processes of making vitality, and of expending it, go on simultaneously; and, just as one's financial condition depends not upon what he earns, nor upon what he spends, but upon what he saves, so one's vital condition depends, not so much upon how much vitality he generates as upon the extent to which that vitality is economized and conserved.

As a result of careful study and many exhaustive experiments, the writer is convinced that the average man or woman uses up, in the performance of ordinary everyday acts, from three to fifteen times the amount of vital force necessary. The vitality so wasted is, in many cases, sufficient to make all the difference between weakness and strength, between sickness and health, or between failure and success.

The ways in which vitality is wasted are many and various. For the purposes of this article we need consider but two,—incorrect posture of the body and excessive muscular action. Another, and most far-reaching factor, in nervous vital waste, is lack of control of the emotions, a subject so important that I shall discuss it in a special chapter of this series.

A fundamental and entirely logical classification of all people might be made by dividing them into the erect and the inerect, the straight and the crooked, the strong and the weak.

The straight-bodied are characterized by broad, deep chests, capacious bodies, and great vitality: they are the masters. The crooked-bodied are marked by flat, narrow chests, collapsed trunks of small capacity, and low vitality. They are constitutionally vitally, weaker than the straight-bodied class. They form the great bulk of the world's population,—those who serve.

Why does a straight, expanded body evince strength, and a bent, collapsed body betray weakness? First, because a capacious, expanded body, as explained in a former article, gives the vital organs sufficient space in which to do their work of generating vitality for the body; while in a bent and collapsed body those organs are

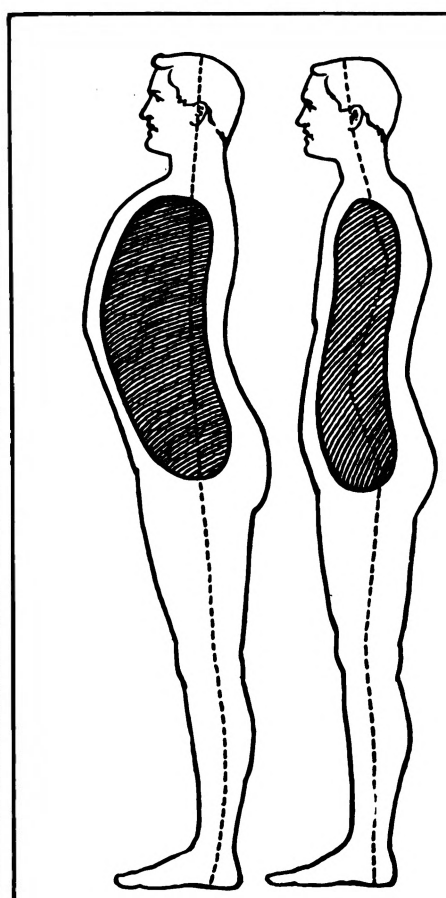


Figure 1 Figure 2



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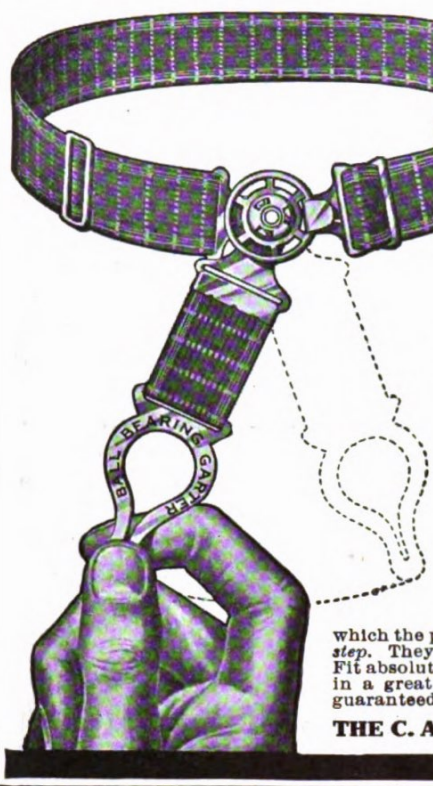
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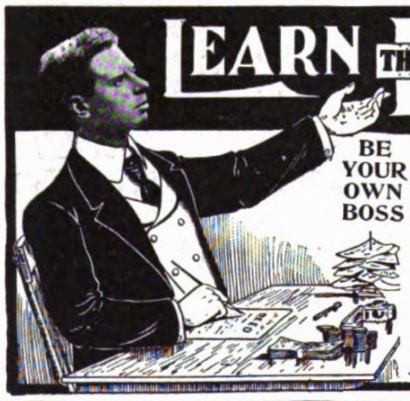
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Figure 4

crowded downward and against each other, and are, therefore, quite incapable of properly performing their functions. A glance at Figures 1 and 2 will show the great decrease in the space containing the vital organs caused by bending the body. These diagrams are reproductions of actual records made by the *panto-anthropometer*, an instrument constructed by the writer for reproducing the profile of the entire figure; and, so far from being exaggerated, neither of them shows an extreme attitude, although Figure 1 is rare and Figure 2 is very common throughout the length and breadth of our land.

Now, not only does a body such as Figure 2 cause a great decrease in the amount of vitality produced by the body, but it also requires an enormous addition to the work of the body. The dotted lines in the diagram show that in Figure 1 the body is held on a plane with the down-pulling force of gravitation. It is like a straight column. But in Figure 2 the body is bent into curves; and, just as a bent column can bear less than a straight one, so a bent body is strained by its own weight,—so we find that, among people having such bodies, the mere act of holding up the body in standing, walking, and moving about requires from four to ten times as much vital outlay as the straight body depicted in Figure 1. Thus we see that habitual bending and contracting of the body result not only in a decrease in the production of energy, but also in an enormous increase in its expenditure. Such being the case, we can easily understand why a man or woman with a small, contracted body, hollow chest, and rounded back, is weaker than is he or she with a straight, expanded body.

Waste of vital force is a subject the importance of which is realized by but few. In the first place it must be understood that every motion, no matter how slight, uses up a certain amount of vitality. At the same time each motion produces a certain amount of stimulation to the vitality-making organs, and, therefore, a certain increase of vitality. Now, in a general way, it may be said that the amount of vitality used up depends upon the force put into the motion. The amount of vitality gained from the motion depends upon the extent of that motion and upon the degree to which it causes a movement of the trunk. The movements, then, which are at once most free and most gentle will use up the least vitality, and generate the most; and movements which are cramped, stiff, and rigid will use up much and give back little vitality.

We can easily understand, from the foregoing explanation, that improper habits of moving may cause a heavy drain upon the vital forces without producing adequate increase. This is what occurs in the movements of the average person. He tires quickly, because he does not know how to move. To move properly is to gain as much vitality, or almost as much, as one uses up; and such movements can be kept up indefinitely. This simple principle accounts for the surprising endurance of children. A child will run, jump, tumble, climb, and shout, for six or eight hours on a stretch, without marked fatigue. In that time a healthy child could tire out a dozen strong men, for very few adults could follow the child for a half hour. The child is enduring because he moves so easily, and because all his movements are general movements, movements of the entire body. Of the many lessons which a man can learn from a child the art of movement is one of the most far-reaching and important. The mastery of this art insures strength, vitality, activity, endurance, grace, and expression. So it is a lesson that is well worth learning.

The greatest waste of vitality occurs through ignorance of this principle. In a paper published some years ago the writer described and named a condition of excessive muscular action, calling it hyperinnervation. This term implies the sending to the muscles of an unnecessary amount of force. It is shown by rigidity and stiffness, clinching of the hands, habitual frowns, and so on; by making useless and purposeless motions, working the fingers, twirling the thumbs, jogging the feet, facial grimaces, etc., and, lastly, by putting into necessary motions an amount of nervous motor force in excess of the resistance to be overcome. If a man, in order to lift a book weighing one pound, puts into the motion enough strength to lift a book weighing four pounds, he is wasting in vital force the equivalent of three pounds' weight. Of course the amount of vital force lost in any one of these acts is small; but, when we reflect that the same over-effort, the same hyperinnervation, is applied to each of the thousand and one movements of the day,—to signing one's name, to handling a knife and fork, to climbing a flight of stairs, to shaking hands,—when we reflect that he who cultivates a "strenuous," "energetic" mannerism uses up from four to fifteen times the amount of force necessary to accomplish his ends,—we can easily understand why he gives out so early in life. We can see that such men, although they present for a time the appearance of great force, are, in reality, draining their sources of vitality, and, other things being equal, will succumb to the strain of time earlier than their more easy-going fellows.

Now, among the practical measures by which vitality may be economized, the first is the practice of exercises to expand and straighten the body. Many of these have been devised by the writer, all based upon the principle of vital increase and economy to which I just referred. These exercises will give the most, and use the least possible, amount of vitality. Those described in the second article of the present series, if carefully and persistently applied, are fully adequate to straighten up and expand a collapsed and depressed body.

Movement is an art. To move so as, at once, to effect the object desired and to economize the natural force is an art that, although natural to children, is, with most adults, to be learned only by long and careful practice. But the practice is well worth while,—to be free from fatigue, to be strong, active, vital, graceful, and expressive.

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Figure 5

The art of movement is the art of adjusting with exactness the force put into the action to the resistance to be overcome. It enables one to lift a one-pound book with exactly one pound's force,—to lift it so that, if the book were an ounce heavier, it would not be moved, and to lift it not only with the arm, but also by a general swaying movement of the body,—that is the art of motion. The same principle applies, of course, to all actions.

To any man or woman who sees the logic of all this, and who desires to acquire the art of economizing vitality, with all its advantages, the writer may state positively that much vital economy may be gained in every case. Every man and woman can learn to move so as to adapt the force put out to the resistance to be overcome. How? First of all by the practice of the following simple movements. Secondly, by deliberately cultivating a habit of ease in all movements,—a habit of making a motion, whatever it be, with the least possible force. Results are certain, although how soon they will be fully attained, whether in three months or three years, depends upon individual temperament and conditions. Usually a fortnight of steady practice will produce a marked difference,—greater ease, freedom, and endurance, as well as a general sense of confidence and well-being.

The exercises are so gentle that they can not possibly strain or injure or fatigue the most delicate. On the other hand, they are especially valuable because of their power to relieve fatigue, nervousness, or excitability. Although very simple, these exercises are not always easy, at first, for the average adult. A child will do them at once with pleasure; for, in fact, those are merely modifications of movements common to children and to primitive peoples.

EXERCISE No. 1.

Stand easily, with your feet slightly apart, and your arms hanging limply at the sides. Now, turn the body easily, as on a pivot, from side to side, allowing the arms to swing as freely as they will. Gradually increase the movement, swinging the body so that the weight will be thrown on the foot of the side toward which you are turning. (See Figure 3.)

EXERCISE No. 2

Stand easily, with your feet somewhat apart, and your arms hanging at your sides. Now, begin to swing the arms gently forward and back. Gradually increase the motion, allowing the body to participate, by bending the knees and the body slightly as the arms swing forward. (See Figure 4.)

EXERCISE No. 3

Stand easily, with your feet slightly apart. Now, begin to swing the arms gently from side to side across the body in front. Gradually increase the motion until the arms are swung high in the air, turning the body in the direction in which the arms are swung.

All three of these movements are for one purpose,—to inculcate a habit of moving with the least possible effort. They are to teach one thing,—ease. Therefore, in doing them, think of but one thing,—ease. To do them best, to get the most rapid and most beneficial results, one should do them most easily. Few adults can "let go" enough to do them well at first. But with practice not only can they be learned, but there can also be learned a habit of performing all movements with equal ease, grace, and conservation of force, and this is, by all means, the most important factor in vital economy. (See Figure 5.)

Beecher and "the Rooster"

THAT Henry Ward Beecher was spared much embarrassment by his quickness at repartee is illustrated by the following story:—

One evening, as he was in the midst of an impassioned speech, some one attempted to interrupt him by suddenly crowing like a rooster. It was done to perfection; a number of people laughed in spite of themselves, and the speaker's friends felt that in a moment the whole effect of the meeting, and of Mr. Beecher's thrilling appeals, might be lost. The orator, however, was equal to the occasion. He stopped, listened till the crowing ceased, and then, with a look of surprise, pulled out his watch.

"'Morning already!" he said; "my watch is only at ten. But there can be no mistake about it. The instincts of the lower animals are infallible."

There was a roar of laughter. The "lower animal" in the gallery collapsed, and Mr. Beecher was able to resume as if nothing had occurred.

An anxious mother once brought her son to Princeton and consigned him to the tender care of the president, Francis L. Patton. With great seriousness he accepted the charge and said to the mother, "We guarantee satisfaction or return the boy."

Just before his death, William Cary, the great shoemaker missionary and noted linguist, said about his biographer: "If he gives me credit for being a plodder, he will do me justice. Anything beyond this will be too much. I can plod. To this I owe everything."

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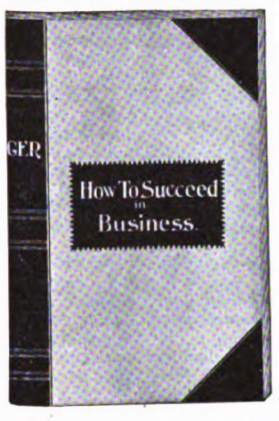
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Character-building through Thought

X.—Cheerfulness While at Work

EMPLOYEES can often make their situations easier, get more salary, and win promotion by always being cheerful and bright, besides having a happy, pleasant time themselves. Emory Belle tells how this worked in her own case:—

"I started out to my work, one morning, determined to try the power of cheerful thinking, for I had been moody long enough. I said to myself, 'I have often observed that a happy state of mind has a wonderful effect upon my physical make-up, so I will try its effect upon others, and see if my right thinking can be brought to act upon them.' You see I was curious. As I walked along, more and more resolved on my purpose, and persisting that I was happy, and that the world was treating me well, I was surprised to find myself lifted up, as it were, and my carriage became more erect, my step lighter, and I had the sensation of treading on air. Unconsciously I was smiling, for I caught myself in the act once or twice. I looked into the faces of the women I passed, and there saw so much trouble, anxiety, and discontent, even to peevishness, that my heart went out to them, and I wished I could impart to them a wee bit of the sunshine I felt pervading me.

"When I arrived at the office I greeted the bookkeeper with some passing remark, that for the life of me I could not have made under different conditions; I am not naturally witty; it immediately put us on a pleasant footing for the day: *she* had caught the reflection. The president of the company I was employed by was a very busy man, and much worried over his affairs, and at some remark that he made about my work I would ordinarily have felt quite hurt, (being too sensitive by nature and education,) but on that day I had determined that nothing should mar its brightness, so I replied to him cheerfully. His brow cleared, and there was another pleasant footing established, and so throughout the day I went, allowing no cloud to spoil its beauty for me or others about me. At the kind home where I was staying the same course was pursued, and where, before, I had felt estrangement and want of sympathy, I found congeniality and warm friendship. People will meet you halfway if you will take the trouble to go so far.

"So, my sisters, if you think the world is not treating you kindly, do n't delay a day, but say to yourselves: 'I am going to keep young in spite of the gray hairs, and, even if things do not always come my way, I am going to live for others, and to shed sunshine across the pathway of all I meet.' You will find happiness springing up like flowers around you, will never want for friends or companionship, and, above all else, the peace of God will rest upon your soul."

Sunny people dispel melancholy, gloom, worry, and anxiety from all those with whom they come in contact, just as the sun drives away darkness. When they enter a room full of people where the conversation has been lagging, and where everybody seems bored, they transform the surroundings like the sun bursting through thick, black clouds, after a storm. Everybody takes on a joyous spirit from the glad soul just entered. Tongues are untied, the conversation which has dragged becomes bright and spirited, and the whole atmosphere vibrates with gladness and good cheer.

This power to scatter sunshine, and to radiate gladness and good cheer, everyone should cultivate.

There is nothing else which you could put into your life, except service to others, which would pay you so well as the cultivation of sunshine in your business or profession, and in your social relations. Business will come to you instead of having to be sought, friends will seek you, and society open wide its doors to you. A cheerful disposition is a fund of ready capital, and a magnet for the good things of life.

Force yourself if necessary, to form a habit of seeing the best in people, of finding out their good qualities, and of dwelling upon them and enlarging them. Do not see the distorted, crooked, cramped, and burlesque man, but the man that God made. Ruskin says: "Do not think of your faults; still less of others' faults. In every person who comes near you, look for what is good and strong. Honor that; rejoice in it; and, as you can, try to imitate it, and your faults will drop off like dead leaves when their time comes."

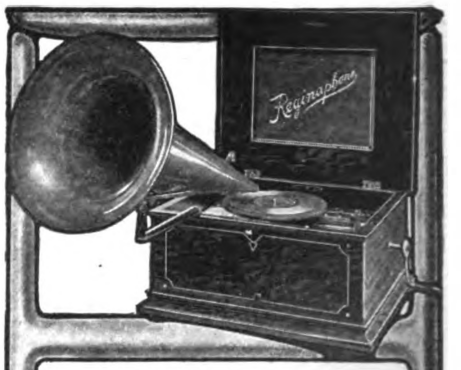
If you make up your mind firmly that you will never again speak unkindly of anyone, and that, if you can not find anything good in them, and can not see the best side, you will see nothing and say nothing, it will make a wonderful difference in life for you. You will be surprised to see how soon everything will respond with a message of joy and peace. If you always look on the sunny side of every incident, you will find that there is really very little trouble in the world for you, and even that little can be turned to goodness. Your vinegary countenance and cynical remarks will be cast off as an ugly mask which has been hiding your real, wholesome, happy self, and all the blessings of human experience will be yours.

Catch the sunshine! Do n't be grieving
O'er that darksome billow there!
Life's a sea of stormy billows,
We must meet them everywhere.
Pass right through them! Do not tarry.
Overcome the heaving tide,
There's a sparkling gleam of sunshine
Waiting on the other side.

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The Well-dressed Man*

ALFRED STEPHEN BRYAN
[Editor of "The Haberdasher"]

IT is a common misconception that, to dress well, a man must follow each whimsical winding of the mode. Nothing could be wider of the mark. The set of men which makes fashion its fetich can not be large in a country where everybody does something, and where the social lines of demarcation are not very sharply defined. On the Continent, the idle class (and "idle" is not used here in an unworthy sense,) is set apart from the class of workers and the aristocratic dawdler of many clubs and many clothes is a distinct type. Military and diplomatic life, with its accompaniments of luxurious living and abundant leisure, has bred class distinctions that we can not understand, because we do not know them here. True, we have our socially classified and our socially unclassified: but all come together in the keen race for business, and this tends to efface, or at least to dim social lines.

The men in the United States who pursue the mode to its uttermost vagary are known as the "'Varsity set." They are the well-born college youths with the time and the taste for the subtleties of dress that are sealed to the average man. They are essentially extremists, eagerly embracing each fresh fad only to drop it for the next. From them came the so-called military jacket and what are crudely but expressively termed peg-top trousers. Just what influence the college boy has on men's fashions is uncertain. Personally, I believe it is slight and fugitive. His tastes are too picturesque to be acceptable to the generality of men, and his judgment of what is becoming is less controlled by fitness than by a desire to be different, to flock by himself. He leans toward color and plenty of it, and he often affects a jaunty, breezy manner of dress that may suit his salad days, but which soberer years reject as savoring too much of prairie and camp fire.

The Satisfactory Fashions Are Fixed by Business Men

Men's fashions are largely fixed by the business man. He tempers the extreme ideas of the younger set with sense and fitness, borrows others from abroad, and contributes many of his own. Go into Wall Street, New York, and you will see the best-dressed men in the world. Their clothes mirror the fashions, not the fads, for there is a wide difference between the two. The fad is a fancy of the picked few and is doomed to the "rocket-and-stick" fate. The fashion, however, being founded on comfort and fitness, lasts through a season and frequently through several seasons. Every student of men's dress has noted the periodical recurrence of certain fashions and here is the point: if a fashion be worthy, it will survive, while if it be unworthy, it virtually dies "a-bornin'."

Let me record another phase of fashion. Time was when the accepted type of a well-dressed man was the exquisite of mincing gait and dandified mien,—in short, the fop. The comic papers made him their butt and he became the convenient target for every penny-a-liner at a loss for a theme. To-day the fop as a type is extinct and the thing that has brought this change is the spreading vogue of out-door sports. They sounded the death knell of the waspish waist, the sloping shoulder, and the "toothpick" shoe, for, the moment men became golfers, polo players, scullers and tennis devotees, they made athletics the mark of the man, and free, easy dress indispensable to his comfort. Tight clothes hindered the swing of the arm and the play of the muscles, and so tight clothes were promptly sent packing and the present reign of comfort in dress began.

The importance of correct dress as an asset toward a young man's success in life can not be placed too high. In nineteen cases out of twenty, the smartly dressed man gets the place. The salesman, the solicitor, the clerk, the reporter, the doctor, the lawyer, and so on through the list of occupations that bring a man face to face and under the scrutiny of his fellowman, must be well-dressed. Wholly aside from the effect upon others, the consciousness of looking one's best lends a poise of mind and an ease of bearing that are momentous factors nowadays in capturing life's prizes. The young man in business or in the professions needs every help that he can command to push him ahead. Business has grown as keen as a highly tempered blade, and the sloven in dress is like a swimmer ready for his plunge, but weighted down before the start.

What the Coming Autumn and Winter Styles Promise

Autumn and winter fashions exemplify the drift toward broadness and fullness that has characterized the mode for several seasons. Jackets, overcoats and trousers are loose and roomy, cravats are wide, collars are of the wing form for business and of the poke type for evening use, shirts have soft or stiff bosoms for day wear, and hose and handkerchiefs are cheerfully subdued in color.

The laced calfskin shoe is worn for business, and it may be high or low-cut. Formal dress demands the buttoned patent leather or varnished calfskin shoe. Brown in the deeper shades makes up capitally in jacket suits and is, besides, a true autumn color. It is not becoming to all men, however, whereas blue, for example, is.

The correctly cut business jacket for a man of normal size is about twenty-nine and a half inches long in the back, falls straight from the shoulders and has two side vents. The cut in front is decidedly square at the bottom, but is rounded off a bit.

The cutaway coat, the frock and evening dress, bring no important changes from last spring, save that the gray evening jacket, commonly called the "Tuxedo," will be

[*In this department SUCCESS will not attempt to create or advocate new fads for those men who look upon dress from the standpoint of the dude. We recognize the fact that it is important to the young men of this country to know how to dress not only fashionably but also plainly and in accordance with custom. With this in view we shall endeavor to make this department as helpful and practical as possible.—THE EDITOR]

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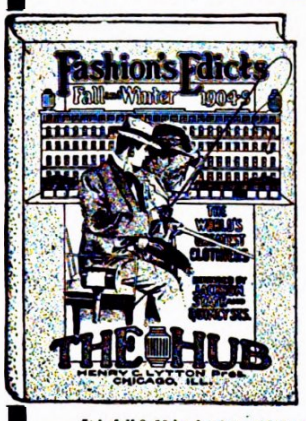
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Send No Deposit Just give us your height, weight, chest and waist measurements, length of arm from pit to wrist, length of leg, inside seam. Indicate your choice by the number given opposite the description of garment desired and we will ship by first express. Examine it and try it on and if it is all we claim for it and you are satisfied that it is the greatest value ever offered, pay the agent the amount mentioned above and the charges and the garment is yours. If not satisfied in every respect simply refuse it and we will have the agent return it to us at our expense. We are positive that you will agree with us that this is the greatest clothing offer ever made—that is how we can afford to assume all the risk.



Sample Clothing Catalogues Free

Ready-made Clothing—Our ready-made sample clothing catalogue contains sample swatches of all our latest styles of Men's Suits, Odd Trousers and Overcoats, and comprises the most remarkable values **The Hub** has ever offered. It will be sent you together with complete measurement blanks and tape measure upon request entirely **FREE.** Ask for Catalogue No 31

Made-to-Measure Clothing—In our made-to-measure sample clothing catalogue are included samples of the fabrics we cut and make especially to your measure, tailored by the best artist clothing designers in Chicago. It will be mailed you postpaid upon request entirely **FREE.** Ask for Catalogue No. 66

THIS CATALOGUE FREE

The new general catalogue of the world's largest clothiers, handsomest and most complete clothing catalogue ever issued, will be sent you postpaid absolutely **FREE.**

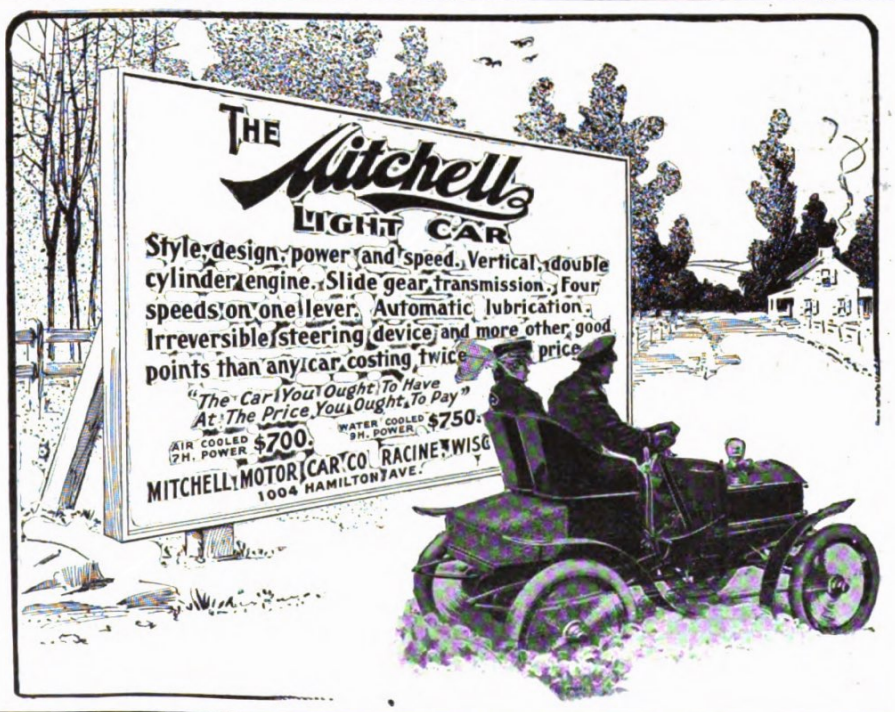
It is full 9x12 in. in size, with beautifully illuminated cover and contains 300 handsome drawings in colors and 2,000 other illustrations made direct from life, showing our latest style garments. It comprises departments of Men's Clothing, Boys' and Youth's Clothing, Men's Furnishing Goods, Boys' Furnishing Goods, Men's Hats and Caps, Boys' Hats and Caps, Men's, Womens and Children's Boots and Shoes, Canes and Umbrellas, Trunks and Traveling Bags, Ladies' and Children's Furs. This catalogue costs us mailed 30c. We want you to have one and for a limited time have decided to send the complete catalogue, exactly as described above to every reader of this paper that desires one absolutely **FREE.**

Send Only a Postal Card and say you want catalogue No. 6 and the complete catalogue will be sent postpaid by mail. It will show you all the latest styles in clothes of the world's largest and greatest clothiers and **it will save you money.**

There are about 300 concerns in this country named after this house. The Hub has no agents or branch stores

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HENRY C. LYTTON Pres.

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WANTED Strong Young Men for **Firemen and Brakemen** on all railroads. Firemen average $65 monthly, and become Engineers, averaging $125. Brakemen average $60, become conductors and average $105. Name position preferred. Send stamp for particulars. RAILWAY ASSOCIATION, Room 8, 227 Monroe St. Brooklyn, N.Y.

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Latest Suits or Overcoats $12

Fine All-Wool Made-to-Measure Garments

Suit Case Free



A large variety of the handsomest and newest weaves, colorings and patterns to select from. Made up as you choose from this year's fashion plates by expert tailors. **Style, Quality, Fit and Wear** woven fashioned and sewn into every garment.

Our Woolens The term "all wool" conveys no idea of the value of cloth. To have value for wear in men's suits the wool fibre must be of long staple, and be made into cloth having solidity, resisting power, tenacity and elasticity. This is the sort we use, as we get it direct from the mills where we know how it is made and of what character of wool. Any wool fibre that is "long enough to have two ends" can be used for woolen cloth, but it doesn't need an expert to know that such material has small wearing quality and no shape-holding character in the finished garment.

Our Worsteds These are the highest quality long staple wool fibres, the finished garment possessing lustre, softness of handle and fineness of texture. The threads in the fancy worsteds are composed of two and three fold twists, and in durability and color holding qualities our garments are superior to any offered at anywhere near our prices in made to measure garments.

Overcoatings The materials of which our overcoats are made are of the same high grade wool as our Woolen and Worsted Suitings. The characteristics are density and body without excessive weight. The object being combine warmth with style and comfort. Our measure blank will enable you to take your own measurement accurately, and a perfect fit is guaranteed. We are manufacturers, importers and custom tailors, and guarantee our $12.00 suits and overcoats to be equal in wear to the best you can obtain from your local dealer for Twenty Dollars, while in style and fit our garments are incomparably superior to any but the product of high-priced city tailors.

FREE Suit Case

In order to establish customers throughout the United States we are giving on the first order received from any one person a handsome suit case, which we use to ship the suit or overcoat. The suit case that goes with each order is most presentable, and would cost in your local store from $3 to $5. **A trial is all we ask.** You run no risk in ordering from us, as we guarantee absolutely a perfect fit. We do not ask you to pay for the goods before seeing them. We send them by Express C. O. D., with the privilege of examination at Express Office, and if the suit is not satisfactory in fabric, finish or fit, you need not accept it; it will be returned to us at our expense. The suit shown in the picture is our No. 217, and is a sensible, becoming suit to most gentlemen. The price is $12.00. It is entirely new, out of the ordinary and very stylish. Samples of cloth that make up nicely in this style are shown in our new catalogue, which contains styles and samples varying in price from $12.00 to $20.00. Our catalogue and

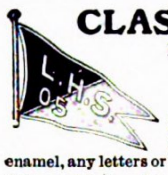
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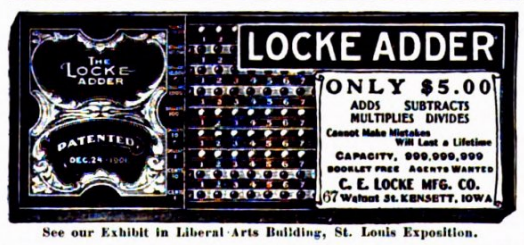
We make to order Gold, Gold-Plated, Silver, Silver-Plated Pins, Buttons or Medals of all descriptions. **Either** of the two styles illustrated in one or two colors enamel, any letters or figures if not more than shown.

Silver Plate, $1 doz. Sample, 10c.

Sterling Silver, $2.50 doz. Sample, 25c.

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worn more by young men. The black, however, is wholly correct.

Buying clothes of good material is, of course, fundamentally necessary to looking well dressed. Cheap clothes are always unsatisfactory, wrinkling and puckering very soon, and acquiring a hang-dog air that stamps them indelibly as the fruit of a bargain counter.

Two business suits are sufficient for a young man, and these should be conservative in cut to allow for the perennial variations of fashion. Extreme ideas are risky, for, while a suit may be of the mode modish this season, a revolution of fashion may send it to the attic next season. The cutaway or the frock coat is needed for formal occasions, weddings, receptions, or a promenade, and the evening suit of plain black worsted must be held in reserve for formal affairs after sundown.

Clothes respond wonderfully to care, and one will be surprised how far a little pains will go in doubling the life and appearance of garments. Brush your clothes with a soft brush, never with a stiff whisk broom, drape your coats over wire or wooden forms and fold your trousers in their creases. These little things, if remembered immediately after a garment is slipped off, help it to resume its pristine freshness and diminish your tailor bill.

Cravats should be smoothed free from the wrinkles that knotting gives them, folded in the center, and put in a drawer. Shoes should invariably be "treed" at night, and in the morning you will find the toes flat, not curling up. Gloves should be flattened out, blown into and lightly powdered to remove the stickiness due to perspiration and to make them cleanly and wholesome.

▲ ▲

What a Good Appearance Will Do

FOURTH PAPER

IN the course of an address on how to obtain success, Herbert H. Vreeland, president of the Metropolitan Street Railway, of New York, said: "Clothes don't make the man, but good clothes have got many a man a good job. If you have twenty-five dollars, and want a job, it is better to spend twenty dollars for a suit of clothes, four dollars for shoes, and the rest for a shave, a hair-cut, and a clean collar, and walk to the place, than go with the money in the pockets of a dingy suit."

Professional men, life insurance solicitors, traveling salesmen, and young men in general whose business brings them into frequent contact with others, say that it is the most short-sighted policy in the world to go about wearing out-of-date, shabby, or soiled clothing, when one can afford better. Experience has taught them that the mere appearance of prosperity has a great influence in drawing patrons and customers to them, and also in securing them invitations to places where they have an opportunity to meet prominent people who can advance their interests.

Many a man has failed because he tried to be too economical. He did not keep freshened up with new ties and clean linen; he tried to save on his clothes by not having them cleansed and pressed. By cutting down his laundry bills, and wearing shabby, greasy clothing long after it should have been discarded, he saved a few dollars at a cost which would have staggered him could he have realized it.

Economy is an admirable virtue, and should be especially encouraged in youth. Young men and women should spend less than they earn, and should never make themselves contemptible by over-dressing or dressing beyond their means or position. But there is a point at which economy ceases to be a virtue, and it is reached when one tries to economize on necessary clothing or clean linen.

Powerful for good or ill as is the effect of our clothing on others, it is of minor importance compared with the effect on ourselves. Not only does it help or hinder material success, but it helps or hinders character, self-respect, self-confidence, and moral power.

"The consciousness of clean linen," says Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, "is, in and of itself, a source of moral strength, second only to that of a clean conscience. A well-ironed collar or a fresh glove has carried many a man through an emergency in which a wrinkle or a rip would have defeated him."

It is impossible for any one to go about in soiled or ragged clothing, even though it be covered by a handsome outer garment, without a lowering of manhood or womanhood, a feeling of degradation, a consciousness of incompleteness, and a sense of loss in every way. He loses some of his self-respect, and with it some of his self-confidence and power.

"Adequate and becoming apparel," says Thomas B. Bryan, "makes a stronger impression on the person it clothes than on any who observes it. If every business man now going about his affairs in garments which are a little below the reasonable standard of presentableness could be clothed with those which fully meet this requirement, the business world would feel a sudden and unaccountable impulse of no mean proportions."

If a bright, clean-cut, successful young business man who has been very careful about his dress and person should try the experiment of going out some morning on an important mission without his usual bath, without being properly "groomed," and dressed in a slovenly, ill-fitting suit of clothes, the chances are ten to one that he would fail completely in his errand. The consciousness of his demoralized condition would paralyze his efforts. No amount of will power could overcome the handicap of his appearance. The feeling that he was making a bad impression would strangle his powers of expression, kill his spontaneity, and destroy his enthusiasm. Instead of the calm, assured air of a conqueror, he would have the bearing of one already conquered. His strong, positive self would be crippled, for the time being; his weak, negative self would be completely in the ascendant and would reduce all his powers to a minimum.

"The sense of being perfectly well-dressed," says Emerson, "gives us a feeling of inward tranquillity which religion is powerless to bestow." It is this "feeling of inward tranquillity" which enables us to do so well when properly dressed what we do so ill when improperly dressed. If you are neatly and becomingly dressed every morning when you leave your room, you can discharge the whole matter from your mind and be entirely unconscious of what you wear. This will save you great loss of energy, and leave you free to express the best that is in you.

Do noble things, not dream them, all day long.—C. KINGSLEY.

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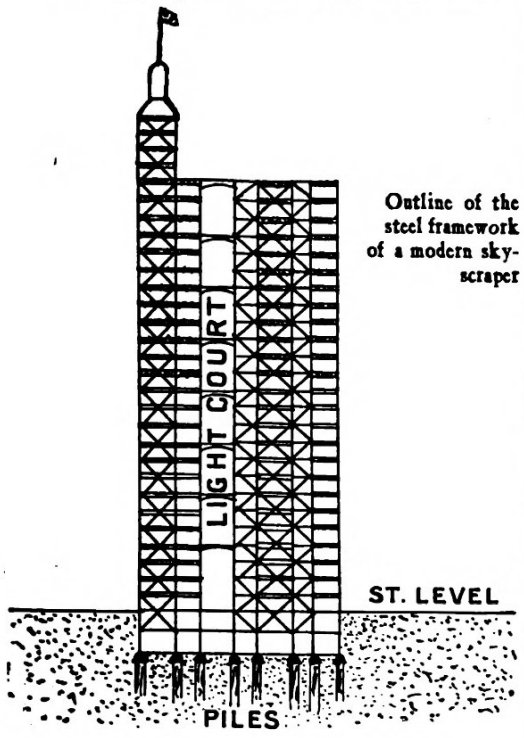
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Popular Science for the Home

Conducted by GARRETT P. SERVISS



Outline of the steel framework of a modern sky-scraper

Twenty-story Buildings in Tornadoes and Earthquakes

Why there Is really No Great Danger from the Severity of the Elements

THE recent New England earthquake and the advent of another period of tornadic storms serve to fix attention upon the safety of the enormously lofty buildings which now give so peculiar an appearance to the skyline of our large cities, and which, in New York, especially, have dwarfed the tallest church spires until they resemble slender plants struggling to reach the air amid a mass of overtowering vegetation of more vigorous growth.

It is not the intention of the writer of this article to awaken, or to increase apprehension concerning possible danger to such buildings from high winds and earthquake shocks, but rather to allay apprehension, by showing that engineering science is able to guard against these dangers, and to make structures fifteen or twenty stories in height as safe as, if not safer than, five-story or six-story buildings of the old type.

No one who has not studied this subject can form an adequate idea of the intensely interesting aspects which it presents. A modern steel building is a creation of the scientific imagination, so bold in conception and so wonderful in organic details that the story of its construction captivates the attention like an ingenious tale of fiction. The framework of such a building is as perfect in its way as the human skeleton. It is a complete unit, every beam and girder, truss-rod, sway-rod, or column taking its due share of the pressures and stresses, and helping to distribute them in such a manner that the entire strength of the building is brought into action to resist any force striving to overturn it, or to break it asunder.

Probably no person unaccustomed to such an experience ever stood on the roof of a twenty-story building, when a great wind was blowing, without a tremor of the nerves, and at least an imaginary sense of swaying in the huge structure beneath his feet. There *is* such a swaying, and it has been measured with great exactness. But it turns out to be far less than the excited imagination represents it.

Careful observations to determine the amount of oscillation of tall buildings in a high wind were made in Chicago, a few years ago, during a tempest in which the velocity of the wind reached eighty miles an hour. The Monadnock Building, two hundred feet in height, and unprotected in its upper part by neighboring edifices, swayed only one quarter to one half an inch from the perpendicular! Other lofty structures, better guarded by their surroundings, swayed even less.

But it should not be inferred from this that no special effort is needed to secure a lofty building from the effects of the wind. On the contrary the slight degree of oscillation mentioned above was due to the fact that the engineer-architect had calculated beforehand the atmospheric forces that his building would have to resist, and had provided against them by means of a system of "wind-bracing."

Wind-bracing Is One of the Vital Arts of Construction

This is one of the niceties in the modern art and science of building. Experiments and mathematical calculations, of which the general public can have little idea, have determined the pressures exerted against lofty structures by winds of various velocities, and also the best methods of enabling the buildings to withstand these pressures. When a building two hundred feet tall sways only a quarter of an inch out of the perpendicular, in the face of a hurricane pushing against it with a force of thirty pounds on every square foot of its surface, that fact is a testimonial to the

THE
JAMES MEANS SHOE
FOR MEN



Model No. 7596

Velvet Calf Bal. N. Y. Toe. Takes a high polish. Exceptional value. Heavy sole Price, delivery free in U. S., $2.50

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Model No. 7595

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TRADE MARK

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Kraknit Patent Leather Blucher, Military heel. Populus Toe. Very swell. Heavy sole. Price delivery free in U.S., $3.00

OUR EXTRAORDINARY OFFER

The above cuts show four immensely popular styles of the **JAMES MEANS SHOE.** Where not obtainable of dealers, we will send any of these or other stock styles, **delivery charges prepaid,** to any post-office or express office in the United States on receipt of $2.50 or $3.00, as indicated. See directions for ordering. No delay in filling orders.

We can fit you accurately. We inaugurated this system, and we had it in successful operation for years before other manufacturers thought of reaching out to the consumers.



Fig. 1 Fig. 2.

MAIL ORDERS.—Directions for Measuring.—Take a sheet of paper and place it on the floor. Place your foot upon it, and then, with a pencil held upright, mark the shape of your foot on the paper, (see Fig. 1). In doing this, press the pencil firmly against your foot all around. Then take the best fitting shoe you have and mark the shape of that on the paper in the same way. Then take a tape measure, or a narrow strip of paper, and measure **exactly** where you see the lines in Fig 2. In doing this let the tape touch at all points without drawing it tight. Be accurate; measure each foot, stockings on. You are now prepared to make out your order.

Directions for Ordering.—Take a sheet of ruled letter paper and number the lines from 1 to 16. Then fill in as follows: 1, Your name. 2, Street and No. 3, Post-office. 4, Express office. 5, County. 6, State or Terr. 7, Model No. and description of shoes wanted. 8, Amount of your remittance enclosed. 9, How many pairs ordered? Now the foot measurements follow. 10, Top. 11, Heel. 12, Instep. 13, Waist. 14, Ball. 15, Toe. 16, Size and width worn. Enclose diagrams of your foot and shoe with the above.

TERMS, CASH WITH ORDER.—Remittances may be made in any of the following forms: Post-office order, express money order or bank draft. If none of these are within your reach, send money by registered letter. In that case protect coins carefully by wrapping.

TO ALL RETAILERS OF SHOES. If the agency for this celebrated line of shoes has not been established in your vicinity, we are prepared to make you an interesting offer. Send postal to-day. Our large force of salesmen cover the U. S. Would you like to receive a call from the one in your district? Address Dept. 12.

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IRON TIRES



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NERO, with all his wealth and luxury, was obliged to thud through life with primitive sandals, heelless affairs that shook the human frame at every step and made walking little easier than riding in the ancient wooden-wheeled cart.

Later came the common hard leather heel and the iron tire. Both were instituted for durability alone—comfort and ease were forgotten. Walking on these lifeless leather heels is like traveling in a springless, iron-tired stage coach—jolting, nerve-racking, fatiguing.

When pursuit of comfort led to the adoption of solid rubber heels and solid rubber tires, it was *thought* perfection was reached. But it was only a single step. Both lack resiliency and life. The solid rubber heel is but little better than a leather heel. It slips, tracks dirt, is noticeably heavy.

"TRED-AIR" CUSHION HEELS

are perfection itself. They correspond to the up-to-date pneumatic tire. Of air-cell construction, they are light, resilient, ***absolutely cannot slip*** (on account of the patent fabric). Sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of 35 cents per pair.

Send for our booklet. It also tells about the famous "Tred-air" Heel Cushion, which fits inside the shoe, under the heel, absorbing all jar and preventing nervousness and headaches. 25 cents per pair.

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OLD FASHIONED SOLID RUBBER HEEL



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Solid Rose Wood Mandolin and Complete Outfit $4.95

M607—Here is the greatest value ever offered in a mandolin outfit. The mandolin itself is worth more than double the price which we ask for the complete outfit and could not be purchased from your local dealer for less than $12.00 to $14.00. The mandolin is made of solid rose wood. It has nineteen small and two large ribs with white holly strips between; white spruce top of finest quality. Edge and sides are bound with white celluloid fancy Marquetrie around the edges; the sound hole is bound and inlaid to match these edges. It has a beautiful French piano polish, mahogany neck with rose wood veneered head piece; ebonized finger board with raised frets and pearl position dots. The finger board and head piece is bound with celluloid guard plate, fancy bridge bone saddle, nickel plated patent head, nickel plated tail piece; an instrument of which any professional player might well be proud. We include with this outfit

A Free Instruction Book which teaches you scientifically, in an incredibly short time, to become an expert performer on this instrument, playing the most difficult music at sight.

Also fine canvas case as illustrated; two sets of strings; two picks; one mandolin tuner (set of four pipes). Outfit sold and shipped by us with the distinct understanding and agreement that after examining and trying it, if you do not find it satisfactory in every respect, you can ship it back to us at our expense and your money will be refunded.

Price complete $4.95

Complete Violin Outfit $3.95

M609—This handsome violin outfit has been made up especially for the requirements of violin players who desire to secure a first class instrument complete with all the accessories for a reasonable price. We recommend this outfit in every respect and guarantee it to be equal to outfits usually sold from $8 to $12 by other dealers. This outfit consists of one high-grade Stradivarius model violin. This violin is made especially for us in Germany by one of the leading manufacturers of high-grade instruments. It is made of the finest selected well seasoned wood, fine sounding spruce top, inlaid purfling around edges, solid ebony trimmings. The violin is beautifully shaded and highly polished. We ship this violin in an all wood violin case, case is lined throughout and finished with lock and key, handle and hooks. We include in this outfit, one Brazilian wood bow with ebony frog, one set of best German strings, one violin tuner (set of four pipes), one large cake of Vuillaume rosin; also



A Free Instruction Book which teaches you scientifically, in an incredibly short time, to become an expert performer on this instrument, playing the most difficult music at sight.

We send you this outfit with the distinct understanding that if you are not satisfied with it in every respect after examining it and trying it, you can return it to us at our expense and we will refund your money.

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success of scientific "wind-bracing." People who sit secure and indifferent in their offices, two hundred or three hundred feet above the pavement, and hear the wind howl and hurl its blasts about the steel cage that encloses them, think little of the mathematics on which their safety is based; but if that mathematics were not the surest product of the human mind, they might find themselves at the bottom of a tangled wreck.

"What is wind-bracing, then?" it may be asked.

It is a system of steel connections which, in the body of a tall building, serve a purpose similar to that of the interlacing muscles and tendons which bind together the bones of the human skeleton, and enable it to act all together, as a unit, in resisting forces tending to upset or crush it. In a scientifically constructed building the force of the wind pushing against its upper portion arouses a resistance which is transmitted downward from story to story, and distributed on all sides from member to member of the steel skeleton, until it is felt at the foundations, and thus the strength and weight of the lower portion of the building, lying in the shelter of the surrounding edifices, out of the reach of the wind above, are brought into play for the common defense, very much as the effects of a push against a man's shoulder are distributed throughout his muscular system, down to his feet, and are thus resisted by his whole body.

In the latest form of construction, called the "cage" system, the framework is made complete in itself, entirely independent of the aid or support of the stone, or brick walls that may be built to enclose it. This internal cage, if its members are of the proper strength and properly bound and riveted together, would sooner upset as a whole than break down in a hurricane. But no hurricane ever known would have power sufficient to overturn a cage building in that manner.

The worst that could probably happen in a tornado has been pictured by Julius Baier, of the American Society of Civil Engineers, who says:—

"It is safe to assume that in one way or another the framework will hang together sufficiently to prevent any considerable part of the building from falling down bodily upon the streets or buildings below. Even under the most extreme conditions it is difficult to conceive how such a building, or a large part of it, can entirely collapse. The general destruction of windows and walls will greatly relieve the wind pressure; the frame, partly bent, twisted, and distorted, must still hold together."

It is believed, moreover, that tall steel buildings in a city, instead of falling victims to a tornado, would subdue and conquer it, putting an end, perhaps, to its career. A tornado eddy encountering an isolated building of that description would, in Mr. Baier's opinion, have its gyratory energy destroyed, or so far reduced that it would need to recover power before it could continue its destructive course, and a succession of such buildings would effectively prevent the needed recovery.

As to earthquake shocks, the system of wind-bracing and of cage construction, would serve for protection as well as against hurricanes. A steel building, notwithstanding its height, is better calculated to resist the effects of an earthquake than are the old-fashioned brick-walled buildings, because, as already shown, it forms a united whole, and would rather upset than go to pieces. Its structure, in general, is just that which has been adopted in countries like Japan, where earthquakes are of frequent occurrence, but where bamboo poles take the place of steel rods and girders in binding the parts of buildings together. There was an interesting test of the power of a great steel building to resist an earthquake in the spring of 1898, when a shock that ran through the strata under San Francisco caused the Spreckels Building, three hundred feet high, to rock and sway, but left it practically uninjured.

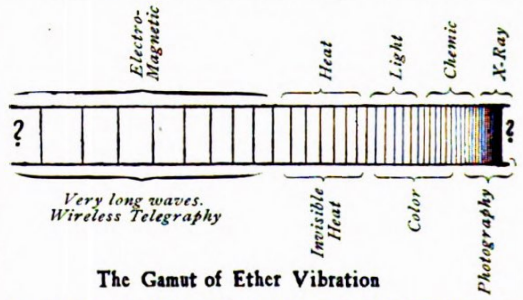
The modern tall building originated in Chicago, and, for a time, this style of architecture was regarded as a Chicago specialty. Now, however, New York has outstripped Chicago both in the number and the height of its tall buildings. Moreover, experience has shown that the solid rock foundation underlying Manhattan Island is particularly suited to render this kind of building safe.

▲ ▲

The Gamut of the Ether

Except for Wave Motions in the Ether, the World's Inhabitants Would Know Nothing of the Universe

MODERN science rests largely upon the study of waves in the ether, that invisible medium which is believed to occupy all space around us, and by virtue of which the



The Gamut of Ether Vibration

sun sends us light and heat and perhaps other forms of radiant energy, and the more distant stars make us aware of their existence. Except for wave motions in the ether we should know nothing of the universe, and would be as if shut up in a dark box.

But it is becoming more and more evident that our senses have thus far enabled us to utilize only a small part of the whole sum of the vibratory energy of the ether. If all the waves which are continually traversing that medium consciously affected us in equal degrees it is impossible for the imagination to picture the physical and intellectual conditions that would then characterize the human race. Apparently our powers of perception would be almost infinitely expanded in all directions. On the other hand, if the ether should suddenly become inert and motionless,—if we can conceive such a thing,—then not only would the sun and the stars and every other source of light be snuffed out, and all heat disappear, but life itself also would probably instantaneously cease throughout the universe.

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It is astonishing, when we come to think of it, how insignificant a proportion of the gamut of ether vibration is evident to us in our daily lives. The ether is like a violin with a million strings, out of all of which we have learned to play upon a paltry dozen!

The continuity of this vibration series is significant. We can figure it for the mind's eye in the likeness of an uninterrupted band stretched across infinite space. Beginning with long waves at one end it passes into short waves at the other end, and at one particular place, for a brief interval, it flashes into visibility, and displays a dazzling gleam of harmonious colors, only to fade into invisibility again as the waves continue to shorten.

Reaching out into the darkness, feeling carefully along this wonderful band of energy with the fingers of science, we can detect in one direction, as the waves lengthen, heat without light, and in the other direction, where the waves shorten and the last violet glimmer disappears, chemical action, as manifested, for instance, in photographic power, while beyond that the marvels of the X-ray effects begin to manifest themselves. But, as to what lies beyond the present limits of exploration in this direction, or in the other, we can only guess.

The accompanying figure will serve to indicate the manner in which the relative length of the ether waves determines, in a general sense, the effects that they produce. At each end stands a large interrogation point. But on the scale permissible for such a drawing it is impossible to represent things in their true proportions. The space allotted to the waves that produce the sensation of light for our eyes is, for instance, shown altogether too large in proportion to the entire length of the gamut of the ether, as it has already become known. That part of the series of waves is known as the visible spectrum, and within it are included the so-called seven primary colors, beginning with red at the longer wave end and closing with violet at the shorter wave end. Beyond the red the waves lengthen into the "infra-red," where light ceases but the phenomena of heat remain; beyond the violet the waves shorten into the "ultra-violet," where light again ceases, but chemical action continues and increases in intensity.

Within the visible spectrum the length of the waves varies between about one thirty-four-thousandth of an inch at the red end to one sixty-thousandth at the violet end. The waves that produce chemical and X-ray effects are still shorter. In the other direction, the invisible heat waves become larger and larger fractions of an inch in length, and after they have blended into electro-magnetic waves the length gradually increases until it is measured by feet instead of inches, the waves employed in wireless telegraphy being comparable in size with those that produce sounds in the air.

The study of electric vibrations has carried our knowledge of the gamut far beyond the limits of the visible spectrum on one side, and the study of such phenomena as the X-rays, far beyond its limits on the other side, but this new knowledge is not based, like that of light and heat, upon the ordinary experience of the senses. It is an intellectual extension of our powers. Yet we can imagine that there may be beings possessing senses which enable them directly to apprehend the effects of etheric waves too long or too short to affect us similarly.

Photographing by Telegraph

Progress in this Fascinating Possibility Is Leading to Good Results

INVENTORS are still at work with promising results on the problem of transmitting pictures by electric telegraph. The fascinating possibility is held before us of handing in a photograph at a telegraph office, as we now hand in a dispatch, and having it immediately reproduced in another office hundreds or thousands of miles away. Optimistic inventors, whose inventions in this direction, however, are yet in the dream stage, continue to predict the acquirement of a power of electric vision at a distance.

One of the leaders in experiments of this kind is a German, Dr. Arthur Korn. He has transmitted pictures over telegraph and telephone lines to a distance of eight hundred kilometers, or about five hundred miles. There seems to be no reason why the distance should not be indefinitely increased. But before the method can become generally available, like the sending of ordinary telegrams, the apparatus will need to be greatly improved with regard to the time required for the transmission of a photograph. At present it takes half an hour to transmit a half-plate picture. Reduce the time to half a minute, or less, and the telegraphing of photographs may become hardly less common than that of written messages. Many important news dispatches could then be accompanied by illustrations truly "made on the spot."

No doubt the comparative delicacy of the currents in oceanic cables would offer a difficulty in the transmission of photographs harder to overcome than in the case of land lines, but the method, when once established on the continents, would soon be extended to the seas also, and we should have pictures flying to and fro across the oceans until all the inhabitants of the civilized world would see each other face to face while sitting in their chairs at home.

The basis of this invention is the extraordinary sensibility of selenium to the action of light. It would almost seem as if nature had provided substances capable of working any wonder that may occur to the human mind, if we can only succeed in finding them. Accidentally, one by one, they come to light, and then there are revealed to us such marvels as the strange powers of radium, selenium, etc., and immediately invention takes a forward stride.

In Dr. Korn's apparatus a selenium cell is placed beneath a transparent photograph in such a position that a ray of light, passed in succession through all parts of the photograph, impinges upon the cell. The electric resistance of the cell varies with the intensity of the light falling upon it, and this intensity, of course, varies with the density of different parts of the photographic film. The varying currents from the cell pass into the electric circuit and are reproduced at the other end of the line, where they cause a corresponding variation in the illumination of a vacuum tube. This tube moves over a sensitized photographic paper in synchronism with the ray of light passing over the transparent film in the sending apparatus, and the result is a reproduction of the original.

Thus it will be seen that, incredible as the bare proposition of transmitting a photograph by telegraph may seem, the accomplishment of the feat is not more wonderful than the ordinary operations of telegraphy or telephony.



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IN THE MORNING OF LIFE

WILLIAM J. LAMPTON

Oh, youth of the rising dawn of work,
Be glad that to-day you have met it;
The world is full of the possible,
But you 've got to reach to get it.

Let your soul be filled with the morning air,
Turn your head and your hand loose in it;
The world is full of the possible,
But you 've got to fight to win it.

Stand fast on the faith in your own true self,
All effort is yours to choose it;
The world is full of the possible,
For you to gain or to lose it.

Oh, youth of the rising dawn of work,
The evening will be what you make it;
The world is full of the possible,
And it 's "up to you" to take it.

Grasping at too Many Things

WILLIAM MATHEWS

ONE of the most frequent causes of failure in life is excessive ambition,—that greediness which leads a man to grasp at too many of its prizes. There are some things the acquisition of which is incompatible with that of others, and the sooner that truth is acted upon the better for an aspirant. Much material good must be resigned, if one would attain to the highest degree of moral excellence, and many spiritual joys must be foregone, if he would win great material advantages. To strive for a high professional position, and yet expect to enjoy all the delights of social intercourse or of leisure; to toil after great riches, and yet to ask for freedom from anxiety and care; to live luxuriously, and yet to demand health and strength; to live for self exclusively, and yet to expect the love and esteem of one's fellow beings, or the delights of generosity and self-sacrifice,—to do these things is to seek for contradictory and mutually destructive advantages; in short, for impossibilities. The world is a market, where everything is marked at an invariable price. Choose whatever good you deem most desirable,—wealth, knowledge, fame, ease, or the promotion of other men's happiness; but, having made a choice, stand by it, and make the most of it,—extract from it all the satisfaction you can,—and not, like a pettish child, fret and complain because, when you have purchased one thing, you do not possess something entirely different from it, which can not coexist with it.

It has been justly said that a great deal of a man's wisdom is shown to-day in leaving things unknown, and a great deal of his practical sense in leaving things undone. The horizon of knowledge has so widened, and such vast territories, unknown before, have been discovered in the domain of mind, that the attempt at universality has become futile. A man must dare to be ignorant of many things, to avoid the disgrace of not really knowing anything. The press is deluging the world with books and periodicals, and they are so cheap to-day that thousands of persons, by trying to cope with too many branches of knowledge, master none. They do not seem to recognize that, as the famous physician, Dr. John Abernethy, said of himself, "there may be a point of starvation in the mind, where, if one takes into it more than it can hold, the only effect will be to push something else out." It was finely said of the literary universalist, Édouard Fournier: "*Cet homme-là sait tout; il ne sait que cela; mais ille sait bien;*"* yet how many persons, to-day, are familiar with his writings?

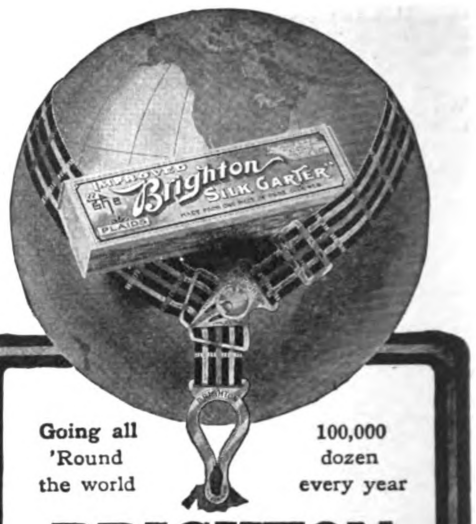
Authors, as well as readers, often make the mistake of attempting too much. "There are writers," says Macaulay, in one of his letters, "who can carry on twenty books at a time. Southey would write the 'History of Brazil' before breakfast, an ode after breakfast, then the 'History of the Peninsular War' till dinner, and an article for the 'Quarterly Review' in the evening; but I am of a different temper. I never write to please myself until my subject has driven every other out of my head." What is the result? Macaulay's works still delight, and will long continue to delight, thousands; but who now reads the ambitious histories and ponderous epics of the many-tomed historian, biographer, essayist, reviewer, and poet of Keswick?

Sir Joshua Reynolds used to say that a painter should sew up his mouth. Why? Because he must not try to shine as a talker, if he would excel in his art.

Guard, therefore, young man, against cultivating too many talents; only one can you hope to bring to perfection. Be "a whole man" at one thing, and not split into two or three middling ones. Thus, and thus only, may you hope to succeed in an age of merciless competition, when success taxes all one's powers.

* "That man knows everything; true, he knows only that, but he knows it well."

Poverty is uncomfortable, as I can testify; but, nine times out of ten, the best thing that can happen to a young man is to be tossed overboard and compelled to sink or swim for himself. In all my acquaintance I never knew a man to be drowned who was worth the saving.—JAMES A. GARFIELD.



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How to Get a Start

Practical Talks to Those Who Are Seeking Employment or Who Are Starting in Business on a Small Scale

I.—THE GROCERY BUSINESS

[This is the first of a series of articles intended specially for young men who are about to start out to earn their living or who wish to enter business on a small scale. This series will aim to instruct such beginners how to meet the growing conditions of the day. Progress makes rapid changes, and this is the most progressive age that the world has known. The facts for these articles will be supplied by representative business men in all parts of the United States and Canada, so that they will fit every commercial section of both countries.—THE EDITOR]

WHILE its drawbacks are not far to seek, the retail grocery business, based upon one of humanity's vital needs, has a rock foundation. Changing customs, fads, and fashions, new methods and inventions, industrial developments and reactions, and all of the other ever-shifting conditions that constitute for many businesses a tossing and engulfing sea, leave the stability of the grocery trade unaffected. Periods of commercial depression bring a falling off in the sale of table luxuries, but the demand for the staples, or food necessaries, remains nearly the same. Hard times depress the grocery trade less than almost any other.

In even pace with the extension of agriculture and manufacturing, and the growth of population, increases the bulk of groceries sold in the United States. This means that the grocery business, regarded in its entirety, is a constantly expanding one. It has grown larger and larger in outward form, and yet its most radical development, during the last decade, has been internal.

Big wheels in its machinery have been taking the place of a much larger number of small ones. That is to say, there has been a very marked tendency toward the concentration of the trade in fewer and stronger hands. The result is a changed outlook for the individual grocer. It may be set down as a general proposition that the conditions for an able and progressive grocer are better than ever before, and are harder for him who is apathetic and mediocre.

The reasons for this are easy to perceive. A leading one may be found in the wide extension, within the last few years, of trolley and telephone systems. These have annihilated distances. They have put the good and enterprising grocers in touch with consumers who, before, were too far away to be reached, and thus have greatly enlarged these dealers' areas of trade, to the detriment, of course, of those who are not wide-awake enough to conduct their stores in accord with the new standard.

Before the advent of the trolley and the telephone in the villages and the country districts, it was obviously impracticable for a housewife to seek out a distant grocery store. She was compelled to do most of her trading at one near by, whether it was good or not. Now she is independent of the latter. If her former grocer has not kept up to date, he sees her, in a trolley car, moving serenely past his store on her way to a better one. Her trolley trip does not greatly inconvenience her. She enjoys it, as a break in the monotony of her day. When she lacks time for it, she telephones. The natural consequence of this is that the business of the best stores is steadily growing, while that of the poor ones is as steadily dwindling.

The Department Stores Are not Dangerous Competitors

A conspicuous outcome of this development has been the tremendous increase, within a comparatively short time, in the scientifically conducted grocery trade of the great department stores. One huge establishment in New York City sells annually about eight million dollars' worth of groceries. Others in the East and Middle West have nearly as large a trade of the same kind.

With an enormous outflow of groceries from the department stores, it would seem that their competition would be a very real menace to the prosperity of the neighborhood grocer, but the prevailing opinion among the most intelligent men in the trade is that such is not the case. It must be remembered that, notwithstanding the many millions of dollars a year that go into the coffers of the department stores for groceries, this money is only a fraction of the several billions that the people of the United States spend in a year in the grocery stores. The "corner grocers" still have the bulk of the business, and, according to authorities, it will be their own fault if they do not keep it, just as it is usually a grocer's own fault when he loses the patronage of households nearer to his store than to those of his competitors.

The saving factor for small grocers in their fight to stem the drift of trade toward the big ones is to be found in the fact that the difficulties of gaining and holding customers are increased directly in proportion to the distance of the patronage from the store, and this is true in spite of the trolley and the telephone.

It is not the general custom in American families to look ahead to what the day after to-morrow, or next week, will demand in the way of groceries. Articles and produce are bought as the day's needs develop. From breakfast time to supper time there are, in the case of many households, numerous trips to the grocery store, and the buyer will go to one near by, of course, if it is just as good as one at a greater distance.

The Protection of Neighborhood Patronage Is Important

Thus a neighborhood grocer can hold most of his trade as against the department store, or against some large establishment a few streets away, if his stock is approximately as good, his prices as low, his place as attractive in appearance, and his clerks as intelligent and obliging. In the same way a village grocer can hold

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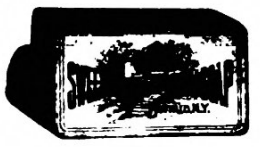
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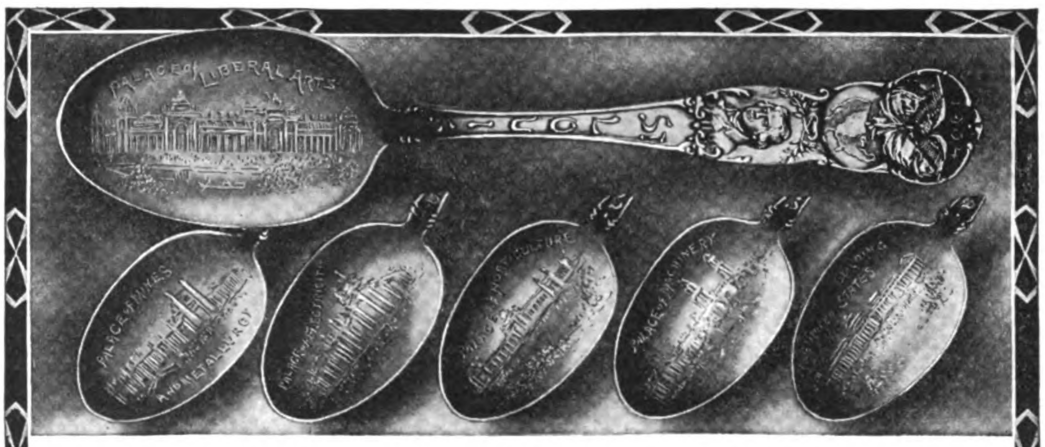
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References—Continental Nat. Bank of Chicago; Dun's and Bradstreet's.

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his trade as against his rival of the town. The great point is that the grocer who wants to protect his neighborhood patronage must conduct a store approximately as good as those of his larger competitors.

Not very long ago a small grocer could well ask,—"But how can I do this? How can I sell as cheaply as concerns that are buying and selling ten or twenty-five times the quantity of goods that I am?" This question has been denuded of most of its force, for which thanks are due to the rise and spread of buying associations, which constitute another of the important developments of recent years.

There are now, throughout the country, a great number of these associations, which have been organized by the live grocers of separate communities for the sole purpose of clubbing their orders, and thus being able, on account of the magnitude of their combined purchases, to deal directly with manufacturers, and to obtain a large part of their goods as cheaply, except for the one or two per cent. which goes to the maintenance of the association, as do the largest retailers.

Even without the advantage of a more favorable price in buying, the latter often attempt to attract trade from smaller rivals by special bargains. But the person who does the family marketing comes to understand, after a few visits to the big, cut-rate establishments, that even if she does get for five cents two packages of biscuits that sell at wholesale at four cents a package, she makes up for this bargain in the cost of other articles, and that, in the long run, she can buy as advantageously, and more conveniently, from a good grocer in her own neighborhood. The truth is that the greater part of the grocery business of many department stores comes not from regular customers, but from sporadic sales to persons who have come in to buy from other departments, or who have been drawn in by the lure of the widely advertised grocery bargains of the day. The majority of these purchasers fade out of the ken of the grocery salesmen, never to be seen again.

Not only in prices, but also in the quality, quantity, and appearance of his stock, the small grocer is in a better position than he used to be to keep pace with the big one. Almost all manufactured goods are now put up in packages or boxes to be sold to the consumer in this form, and the keen rivalry among the makers has raised the average quality, sold at reasonable prices, to a high standard. Owing to the perfection to which the preserving and canning processes have been developed, goods can be kept much longer than formerly without deterioration, and, therefore, the grocer who is building up his business can carry a larger and more varied stock than in past years; and, because the packages and boxes are more pleasing to the eye, he can, by tasteful arrangement, give his shelves and windows the distinct attractiveness of those in the largest establishments.

The New Conditions of the Business Are Stimulating

The new conditions in the grocery business should have a stimulating influence upon a young grocer of ability. His store may be yet small, but at his command are better facilities than in the past to make it big. His opportunity to get ahead lies in the fact that the majority of the three hundred thousand grocers in this country are too lethargic to make adequate use of the advantages at hand, and are too unprogressive to lift themselves from their ruts and get in line with the rapid march of progress in the grocery business.

Here is a picture of a small store of a type that still has many representatives in the United States, but which is more and more rapidly falling to the rear. The general appearance of the place is untidy. The floor is soiled, the windows are dirty, the counters and scales are sticky, the stock is arranged in hap-hazard fashion, the vegetables in front are wilting in the sun in an odd assortment of boxes and barrels, the window panes are plastered with signs, often of proprietory articles upon which there is little or no profit, and the displays in the windows consist of unsightly heaps of scrubbing brushes, bits of ugly crockery, and other articles the reverse of attractive.

A store like this indicates that its proprietor has no idea of store economy and no system, that he has failed to learn anything from his successful competitors, and that he is quite out of touch with the notable advances in the trade. In it he no longer has a chance, except to eke out a bare existence. This is the kind of storekeeper who stands in his doorway watching former customers whizzing by on trolley cars, and who bemoans the existence of trolleys and of telephones, of department stores and big town establishments, because, on account of these things, "the grocery business has gone to the dogs."

The man who has a better chance in the trade than ever before is the one whose idea it is to have his store always sweet and clean, his windows shining, with the displays behind them calculated to attract the eye and arouse the appetite of the passer-by, his shelf goods neatly and systematically arranged, his scales and counters glistening, and he himself and his clerks engendering, with a cheery briskness, an atmosphere that so affects the customer that he is glad to enter and to buy. Instead of viewing his competitors with an eye of suspicion, which is a very common practice among grocers, he joins the progressive element in a buying club, and becomes a member of the state or national association, thus obtaining much material benefit, much instruction, and great stimulus from co-operation and contact with other minds with kindred interests. This is the sort of grocer who observes the outreachings of the grocery departments and the large houses with a philosophic calm, and thanks his stars for the trolley and the telephone that bring him customers.

A young man who has in him the making of a grocer of this stamp can start a store of his own to-day with excellent prospects of success, on a cash capital of a thousand or twelve hundred dollars. It is presumed, of course, that he has served as clerk in some good grocery store, and thus has acquired a knowledge of the fundamentals of the business.

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One of his first moves is a trip to a great center—New York, Chicago, Baltimore, St. Louis, or San Francisco, for instance,—to buy his stock, and from the moment he faces the salesmen, and, very likely, the credit man in a wholesale establishment, he begins to build up his reputation, good or bad, as a grocer.

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Francis H. Leggett Company, to the writer. "We listen in a very friendly spirit to their pleas for credit, so they can make a good start. But, while it's friendly, it is also a very observing and critical spirit. If the man is a beginner, and, therefore, has no business record, we must base our judgment on his character, as it impresses us, and upon his statement of his prospects. The instant he begins to color this statement, or to lie, we know it, through an intuition developed by long experience, and we turn him down. He has made a bad beginning in the grocery business.

"If, on the other hand, he is perfectly straightforward with us, and if he informs us frankly and openly of what he expects to do, and why, putting us in possession of all the salient facts, he will get credit to the extent that his prospects warrant. Thus honesty and directness add materially to his resources at the outset. We continue to watch him as time goes on, and when he next applies for credit we act according to our observations. What we do, or don't do, for him in the way of credit this time is by no means wholly dependent upon the amount of business he is doing. It depends more upon his methods. Frequently we allow a greater credit to a man with a small business than to one with five times as much trade, which means that good credit is equivalent to cash in hand. Moreover, we gladly carry over the hard places a man whose methods we like, where we may make another man pay or go into bankruptcy."

It will be seen from this that it is very important for a young grocer to strive from the beginning to establish good credit with wholesalers. He can not hope to do this, however, unless he commends himself to the people of his own locality. They come in contact with him daily and are bound to detect questionable methods. There can be no lasting success in the grocery trade without absolutely fair dealing.

The location of a grocery store is, of course, a matter of much importance. A young grocer should be careful to establish himself in a community that is growing and not at a standstill. Even the side of the street for the store is a matter to be considered. Seeming trifles often turn the tide of a retail business. For instance, when the grade of a certain New York street was lowered, making necessary a couple of steps at the entrance of a grocery store, there was a very marked falling off in trade, which was attributed to the fact that customers had to mount the steps to enter.

The Little Details Must always Be closely Watched

A grocer must ever be alert to details. His business is made up of them. His mind must be on them from morning till night, from one year's end to another's. If he handles them effectively he is practically certain of a comfortable living and a competency in old age, and there is always a possibility that he may rise to the ownership of a great retail store, or of a chain of stores, and live to count his millions. Numerous men have hewn large fortunes out of the retail grocery business, within the last twenty-five years, and a larger number will doubtless do so within the next quarter of a century.

The largest grocery stores of the future will probably be considerably more extensive establishments than the largest of the present. It has been prophesied that, with continued improvement in the processes of manufacturing foods of high quality at low cost, families will look more and more to grocers for their supplies of both raw and prepared edibles, and that establishments will arise which will have staffs of experts in chemistry and cooking, and will become great centers for the dispensing of food, not only raw or prepared and preserved in sealed packages, but also freshly cooked. Whether or not any of us will live to see the realization of this dream, it is a fact that the trend of development is in this direction. The retail grocery business is on the up-grade, and each individual grocer has himself and not the conditions around him to blame if he does not go up with it.

The Philosophy of Felix G. Pryme

Platitudes are the paste diamonds of wisdom.

The professional advice-giver rarely advises himself.

An auger and a man of many anecdotes are alike perfect bores.

It is usually safe to be suspicious of the man who is suspicious of others.

The possibilities of a fool are naught when compared with his impossibilities.

To know what is right and not to do it is as bad as to know what is wrong and to do it.

Do not forget that it is n't necessary to be disagreeable in order to disagree with the other man.

When a man admits that he is never too old to learn you may be sure that he is getting pretty old.

Life is like a ripple,—your hind sight and your foresight must be in accord if you would hit your target.

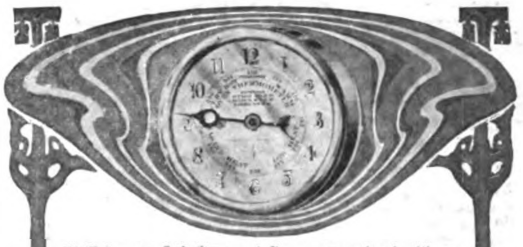
A man usually begins to appreciate his wife about the time that he has killed her appreciation of him.

One point which this old, gray world has as yet failed to learn is that truth is infinitely better than falsehood.

If we took as great pains to say kind things as we do to think unkind ones, life would be one long, metaphorical May.

Never to-morrow, always to-day,
This have I learned as I went on my way,—
Words to be spoken, something to do,
Smiles that will banish the sorrow and rue;
Now is your choice of the God-given way,—
Never to-morrow, always to-day.

Mrs. De Grace wept copiously during a melodrama; but, when a mother and her child starved to death in the second block from her residence, she said, "How shocking!" and immediately asked a guest to describe Mrs. Le Bullion's new hat. Mrs. De Grace is an excellent woman, but sometimes I wonder if she is not lacking in the sense of proportion.



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The Plum Tree

DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS

[*Concluded from page 606*]

bill, a vote for it,—I had done just the reverse of what I intended. The roll call went on, and I sat debating with myself. Prudence, inclination, the natural timidity of youth, the utter futility of opposition, fear, above all else, fear,—these joined in bidding me let my vote stand as cast. On the other side stood my notion of self-respect. I felt I must then and there and forever decide whether I was a thing or a man. Yet, again and again I had voted for measures just as corrupt,—had voted for them with no protest beyond a cynical shrug and a wry look.

When the roll call ended I rose, and, in a voice that I knew was firm and clear, said: "Mr. Speaker, I voted in the negative by mistake. I wish my vote recorded in the affirmative. I am against the bill."

Amid a fearful silence, I took my seat. With a suddenness that made me leap, a wild and crazy assemblyman, noted as the crank of that session, emitted a fantastic yell of enthusiastic approval. Again there was a dead silence; then the assembly, floor, and crowded galleries burst into a storm of hysterical laughter.

I wish I could boast how brave I felt as I reversed my vote, how indifferent to that tempest of mockery, and how strong as I went forth to meet my master and hear my death warrant. But I can't, in honesty,—I'm only a human being, not a hero, and these are my *con*fessions, not my *pro*fessions. So I must relate that, though the voice that requested the change of vote was calm and courageous, the man behind it was agitated and sick with dread. There may be those who have the absolute courage some men boast,—if not directly, then by implication in despising him who shows that he has it not. For myself, I must say that I never made a venture,—and my life has been a succession of ventures, often with my whole stake upon the table,—I never made a venture that I did not have a sickening sensation at the heart. My courage—if it can be called by so sounding a name,—has been in daring to make the throw when every atom of me was shrieking, "You'll lose! You'll be ruined!"

I did not see Dominick until after supper. I had nerved myself for a scene,—indeed, I had been hoping he would insult me. When one lacks the courage boldly to advance along the perilous course his intelligence counsels, he is lucky if he can and will goad someone into kicking him along it past the point where retreat is possible. Such methods of advance are not dignified, but then, is life dignified? To my surprise and alarm, Dominick refused to kick me into manhood. He had been paid, and had the seventy-seven thousand dollars, in bills of large denomination, warming his heart from the inner pocket of his waistcoat. So he came up to me, scowling, but friendly. "Why didn't you tell me you wanted to be let off, Harvey?" he said, reproachfully. "I'd 'a' done it. Now, — you, you've put me in a place where I've got to give you the whip."

To flush at this expression from Dominick was a hypocritical refinement of sensitiveness. To draw oneself up haughtily, to turn on one's heel and walk away,—that was the silliness of a boy. Still, I am glad I did both these absurd things. When I told my mother how I had ruined myself in politics, she began to cry,—and tears were not her habit. Then she got my father's picture and kissed it and talked to it about me, just as if he were there with us, and for a time I felt that I was of heroic stature.

But, as the days passed, with no laurels in the form of cases and fees, and as clients left me through fear of Dominick's power, I shriveled back to human size, and descended from my pedestal. From the ground-level I began again to look about the matter-of-fact world.

I saw that I should have to pay for the manhood to say "No!"—not too dearly, but still dearly.

I wrote Betty, explaining it all and releasing her from our engagement finally and absolutely. The answer came by telegraph,—"Please do n't ever again hurt me in that way." My burden seemed heavier than before.

I sent no reply.

[*To be continued in the November* SUCCESS]



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Exercise for Business Men

ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE

SOONER or later the business man who leads a sedentary life is brought to a realizing sense of his physical ailments. The change is a gradual one, for the body is long-suffering, but the penalty for neglect is absolutely certain, and it happens too frequently that this fact is recognized only after the chance for repair is past. Men are growing old before their time, in the commercial atmosphere of America, by letting their bodies go to seed. Constant competition, requiring the expenditure of nervous force only, soon demands definite stimulation, which is bound to lead to excess or utter collapse. We seem to be living in a concentrated age of small pills warranted to cure any difficulty, so that every man has some such temporary remedy always at hand. Thousands are working, day in and day out, on the abnormal energy created by intoxicants, and feel the need, that actually exists, for increased vitality. Again, there is liability to disease resulting from a neglected body, and serious illness is a sure consequence of delay. Continually recurring headaches, almost total loss of appetite, which requires constant pampering, absolute physical collapse at the end of the day and lack of any refreshing vigor from sleep are but the premonitory symptoms of a much more serious condition, and, sooner or later, typhoid fever, pneumonia, or something worse causes intense physical suffering in addition to the necessitated neglect of business.

The numerous advertisements of systems of physical culture are an evidence that this state of things is recognized, and that there is at least a spasmodic attempt to correct the evil, but the majority of men soon lose interest in the monotony of these methods; they are tried for a few weeks, to be utterly neglected later. There is no doubt that this sort of physical culture is of benefit; in fact, anything that will encourage exercise is valuable, but the purpose of what may be called patent methods is so evident that it must of necessity become a bore. A man soon begins to hate the thought of the daily routine of uninteresting exercise, and then it is but a question of time when it will be abandoned. An ordinary business man has no desire to become athletically "fit," to have hard muscles, or to be able to lift heavy weights; he only desires to keep his physical condition such that he may not be conscious of any particular organ. Many a man would gladly dispense with his body entirely if he were able. Unquestionably there is need for exercise every day of such a nature that it will not become irksome, and for an amount that will require but little time, and the intention of which is not necessarily obvious. The problem is difficult, and must, to a great extent, be solved by each individual; for no single method, no matter how excellent, will be applicable to everyone. The great majority of men can not be hampered by clubs which necessitate the loss of many hours from business, so that games demanding expensive equipment are barred, and golf and the like offer no relief.

Physical Training That Requires Little Outlay

The question resolves itself into what things a man can do to give himself physical training that requires but a small outlay of money and time. At once the thought arises,—how much exercise is necessary?—and here again the individual element is involved. But, as a general rule, any method that will make a man perspire freely every day will be found of inestimable value. This suggestion applies also to the winter months, when the weather makes out-of-door work impossible. There is no need to go into scientific arguments, for this rule will appeal at once to anyone as reasonable. How to accomplish the desired end without making it a labor is a difficult problem. The objections to the physical-culture methods are obvious, and the pulley weights and patent exercisers are open to the same criticisms. Bag-punching is, however, less likely to grow monotonous than any similar exercise; and, if done in the winter months only when it is impossible to do anything of the kind out of doors, it would lessen the tedium, while ten minutes' vigorous work every morning, followed by a bath, would soon bring a physical equipment that would mean joy in living. Another method that is novel and active is skipping rope, and these two may be alternated.

With spring, summer, and autumn, opportunities are afforded for out-door amusements in which the fresh air plays no small part in the benefit obtained. Swimming is one of the most universal exercises, by which is meant that many muscles are brought into play. If a man does not know how to swim, he should learn at once, for the good of his health if for no better reason. There are *natatoriums* always within reach, and, although dressing and undressing entail certain trouble, the pleasure obtained compensates for that.

If there is a small plot of ground available, no matter how small, it should be dug up and planted with something that will grow. A rose garden, requiring just enough care to afford a little labor in the open air, well repays the effort expended upon it. If there is enough land, a vegetable garden will give splendid returns in health if in no other way.

Rowing is good sport and does not necessarily require that one should belong to a club if a river is near. Two or three men can buy a small sailboat for little money, and cruise about Saturdays, or go on protracted cruises during their holidays.

Bicycle riding need hardly be mentioned, but it is to be regretted that of late it seems to have lost interest for many people.

The writer can think of no better plan than that every business man should cultivate a fad of some kind that will be interesting and at the same time take him out of doors in the pursuit of it. There are many such that suggest themselves at once, such as collecting butterflies, insects, or beetles; studying botany, and making a collection of the flora of the immediate neighborhood; photographing birds and animals, and learning their habits; in a word, anything that takes a man away from his business and the excessive civilization of the cities, keeping him in the open air.

There are, of course, objections that may be raised to any of the above suggestions, caused by individual cir-

Why the Gang Missed McHale



Down in the shaft of a Pennsylvania coal mine, five years ago, there toiled a miner by the name of Michael J. McHale.

McHale worked hard—and made $2.00 a day. That is, when there was work for him. In some months he would get only five or six "shifts," and that meant but $11 or $12 for his month's wages.

On this meagre income McHale supported his wife and two children.

It is needless to say that McHale belonged to no clubs, and the cheapest theatre was too expensive. So when he wanted to spend an evening out he went down town and played seven-up and euchre with "the gang."

"The gang" were all like McHale, and played for a very small stake—they did not try to outdo John W. Gates or the Dalys. Nevertheless, when McHale pulled out five cents ahead he had won two and a half per cent. of a day's pay.

But one March night McHale didn't show up at the gang's social session. Nor did he on the next night, nor the next. For two weeks the gang missed McHale before they found out the reason for his absence. Then there was much merriment in the camp of the gang. But McHale ignored their chaff with a twinkle in his eye that would have said to the keen observer, "He that laughs last laughs best." And the gang continued to shuffle the cards without McHale.

The following October they saw their old friend appointed a fire boss—then the merry laugh of the gang became less audible, and McHale's twinkle brightened. In June, 1902, McHale was given a position as mine foreman. It was now McHale's time to laugh.

On the evening of April 14th, 1904, at a meeting and smoker held at the I.C.S. Assembly room, 18 West Market Street, Wilkes Barre, Pa., Michael J. McHale made a speech—and here is what he said:

"Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen: I'm not very much of a speaker, but if you will give me your attention I'll try and tell you in my own way what the I.C.S. has done for me.

"I think it was about five years ago I met a man when I was coming from the pay office, and he said to me: 'Did you ever hear about the International Correspondence Schools of Scranton?' I told him I had heard something about it, but I could not see that education could help me any, and, what was more, I could not pay for it if I thought it could help me. I showed him my pay envelope. It contained $11.00 for the month's pay, to support a wife and two children on for the month, and I asked him if he thought that I could afford to take any education on that kind of a pay. But that did not make any difference to that man—he stuck to me, and finally persuaded me to let him go down to the house and talk it over with the wife.

"Well, we went down to the house and the man explained what he had come for, and my wife said: 'Mike, I don't see how we can spare any money for education. It might be a good thing for you, but I don't see how we can spare any money this month.' Well, before that man left the house he had five of the eleven dollars, which only left us six. I promised him that I would study an hour a day, and I put in three hundred and sixty-five hours that first year, from which you can see that I didn't miss any Sundays. I used to go down on the green of an evening and flip the pennies and shuffle the cards, playing seven-up and euchre with the gang. Sometimes I'd win five cents, or maybe I'd lose five cents, but about three days after I paid the $5.00 the first lessons came from the Schools, and I started to study my hour a day, *and the gang missed McHale.* About two weeks after that the gang found out that I had joined the International Correspondence Schools and they all gave me the merry laugh, but I promised that man that I would study an hour a day, and I intended to do it, and I did do it. While at my work I'd see the mine foreman and the fire boss come through the mines and measure this way and that way, say a few figures in their heads, and I used to say to myself, 'Well, they're smart men;' but I could do the same thing and didn't know it.

"I went to work in the breaker when I was eight years and a half old, so you see I didn't have much of an education. Of course, I knew that six and two made eight, but that is about all that I did know.

"After I had studied the first year I could do the examples as good as any of them. I don't want to be braggin', but I think I can figure cube root and the square root with any of them now. You can go down there on the green now and you'll find nearly all of the same old gang shuffling the cards and flipping the pennies, but if you want to find McHale, come up to Mineral Spring Colliery of the Lehigh Valley Coal Company—a well-paid mine foreman, *who owes all his success to these Schools.*"

The story of McHale is but one of thousands of stories of success through the I. C. S. which are being furnished us constantly. If the I. C. S. could do what it did for McHale, can it not do as much for you?



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cumstances, but there comes a time in every year when the business man takes a holiday, and then it is absolutely a duty to find an opportunity for physical exercise, for it gives the best possible rest to a brain-worker. It is change of environment and occupation, rather than complete cessation from all activity, that such men need to make a holiday worth while. A keen man of business can not sit down for a stated period and do absolutely nothing, but he must have entire change of interest to derive any benefit from his summer outing. A camping trip in a wilderness where even a telegram can not penetrate, as uncivilized as possible, and beyond the need for conventional clothes, is by far the best thing for complete recuperation. Here a man is out of doors continually, tramping the entire day through the woods or climbing bowlders along a trout stream, and coming into camp in the twilight, tired from head to foot, ready to lay his head down and sleep on anything. The necessary duties attendant upon such an expedition, coupled with life in the open air, insure the storing up of energy that will carry a man a long way through the following year of office work, so that a constant recourse to the pill boxes will no longer be necessary. If such a trip is impossible, for financial or other reasons, there is always an opportunity for a man to spend his holiday on a farm and do actual work in the field. He can go as a "hired man" to do the "chores" about the place for his bed and board, and the absolutely different environment, the incidental discomforts, and the daily labor in the open air will produce much physical improvement while increasing the appreciation of modern conveniences.

At the seashore, the more a man can live in his bathing suit the better. Let him take his daily plunge in the ocean after lying about in the sand.

Climbing mountains brings many unused muscles into play. After a day or two the stiffness wears off, and there is much genuine pleasure in exploring unknown paths.

Of the games that may be played without the necessity for much preparation, tennis seems the best. It is vigorous, and, unless one desires to become an expert, the conditions of the court are of little moment. The very work of preparing a place to play, the marking of the lines, and the filling or leveling uneven places on the lawn will afford exactly what is needed in the way of exercise.

Thus it will be seen that a business man, to obtain any return for his summer outing, needs, first of all, a change of outlook and an entirely different occupation. In addition to this, if he will overcome the natural dislike to physical labor that comes from a relaxed body, for a day or two, and work at anything, he will shortly come to enjoy it more than he realizes, and, when once he has recovered from the muscular soreness, he will take an absolute delight in it. Headaches and all the incident ills of a poor physical equipment will disappear, and he will return to his office to plunge into the daily routine with the energy of renewed youth.

The Benefits of Service in the Cabinet

"FORMER ATTORNEY-GENERAL KNOX was talking to me," said Julien T. Davies, "about the meagerness of the pay of cabinet officers in comparison with the earnings of most of them when engaged in their private business or profession. While he did not say so, I know that he himself left in Pittsburg a law practice of about one hundred thousand dollars a year to take the place of attorney-general at eight thousand.

"Yet he told me that he was by no means sure that a cabinet position, in addition to the honor and national recognition it brought, was not usually an excellent thing financially, even for a man whose earnings in private life were many times greater than his salary as a cabinet officer.

"Elihu Root was mentioned as an example. Mr. Root, of course, derived a very large income from his law practice in New York before he went to Washington as secretary of war. But now that he has returned to practice his earnings will be even larger. He has stepped into one of the most desirable practices that any lawyer ever enjoyed.

"It comes not so much from individual clients as from leading law firms. When the latter have a particularly difficult or important case they call Mr. Root in consultation. He has formed no partnership, nor has he identified himself closely with any prominent firm since his return to New York from Washington. If he had formed a connection of this kind the heavy weights in the profession who are now giving him business would probably have been influenced by rivalry and other considerations against retaining him for special work. As it is, he is free to lend his services to any of them, and the demand for them has already become so great, not only in New York, but also in other cities, that he can exercise a wide choice in selecting the work which is most congenial to him."

Water That Can Magnetize

A REPUTABLE scientific publication is sponsor for the statement that there exist in at least three places in the state of Indiana springs or wells whose water possesses marked magnetism and is able to impart it to steel objects dipped therein. This property has been reported of other springs in various parts of the world, but such tales have been received by scientific men with caution. In this case the magnetism seems to arise from the fact that considerable quantities of carbonate of iron are dissolved in the water. When it stands for some time this decomposes into carbonic acid gas, which escapes, and magnetic iron oxide, which falls to the bottom of the containing vessel as a powder. When the decomposition has ceased, the water is no longer magnetic. These springs are said to cause perceptible deviation of a compass needle, and a knife blade immersed for five minutes in one of the springs is magnetized sufficiently to sustain needles by its point, retaining this property for thirty hours. The water corrodes locomotive boilers, but, when allowed to stand till the carbonate has all decomposed, can be used with impunity.

"Woman's happiness will be increased in proportion as the means of education gives to her a habit of *drawing upon her own resources.*"

The light of friendship is like the light of phosphorus, seen when all around is dark.—CROWELL.

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The Minor Parties in the Presidential Race

Sketches of the Candidates Who Represent Principles Opposed to Those of the Republican and Democratic Parties.—Their Possible Strength and Their Supporters

GEORGE WILKINSON

IN the dramatic battle for the presidency between the two great political parties, the Republican and the Democratic, the contests carried on by the minor parties are apt to be overlooked, except by their adherents. But these, too, are fights well worth watching.

The Populist, the Socialistic, the Socialistic-Labor and the Prohibition parties all have presidential candidates in the field. Each represents clearly defined ideas and sentiments, which, in the opinion of its members, are vital to the safeguarding and advancement of the welfare of our Republic. These parties are contending for principle alone. None of them has hope of electing any of its candidates to high office, but they all hope to make a showing at the polls that will impress legislatures, and the country at large, as to the strength of opinion behind their ideas and policies. Inspired by more intense convictions than are general in the two leading parties, they are pressing forward, to goals which they do not see close at hand, but in the distance. The animating spirit in them all is discontent with the conditions of the present.

One of the strongest and most active of the minor parties is the Socialistic, which polled about eighty-two thousand votes in the presidential election of 1900, and has since grown. Its members assail with great vigor the existing industrial system, which, they say, is putting the fruits of labor and the machinery of government in this country into the hands of a comparatively small capitalistic class, while it leaves the great mass of the people in a state of dependence and of physical and intellectual misery.

What the Socialists Aim to Do

The party pledges itself "to watch and to work for each successive immediate interest of the working class, for the insurance of the workers against accident, sickness, and lack of employment; for pensions for aged and exhausted workers; for public ownership of the means of transportation, communication, and exchange; for graduated taxation of incomes, inheritances, and land values; for the complete education of children and their freedom from the workshop; for the prevention of the use of the military against labor in the settlement of strikes; for the free administration of justice; * * * and for every gain and advantage for the workers that may be wrested from the capitalistic system, and that may relieve the suffering and strengthen the hand of labor."

The presidential nominee of the Socialists is Eugene V. Debs, of Indiana, who has a high reputation as an organizer, and is one of the ablest and most aggressive of the labor agitators in the United States. Mr. Debs was born in Terre Haute, Indiana, in 1855, attended the public schools, and at the age of sixteen went to work in the railroad shops of his native town. At nineteen he became a locomotive fireman, and at once joined a labor union. He was very soon elected to office in the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, and served continuously for twenty-two years. During this period he organized the Brotherhood of Railroad Brakemen, now the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, and helped to organize the Switchmen's Mutual Aid Association and a number of other organizations, of which the American Railway Union became the strongest and most conspicious. Besides his labor activities Mr. Debs was for four years an employee in a wholesale grocery house, was city clerk of Terre Haute, and served one term in the Indiana legislature. He came into national prominence as president of the American Railway Union when it won a strike on the Great Northern Railroad, and as manager of the great

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strike on western lines in 1894. Mr. Debs enjoys the respect not only of the rank and file of railroad employees, but also of many high officials. He is tall and commanding in personality, and is an effective orator.

The nominee for the vice presidency on the same ticket is Benjamin Hanford, of New York, who is a printer, and has long been identified with movements for the betterment of the condition of working men. Mr. Hanford is small and thin in physique and reticent in disposition. In many respects he is the antithesis of Mr. Debs, yet he, too, is an agitator of force and reputation, and as a speaker he has a notable gift for arousing and swaying audiences.

A Printing-office Foreman for President

The Socialistic-Labor Party is an older but smaller organization than the Socialistic Party. Its fundamental principles are much the same as those of the latter, except that they have an added degree of radicalism. The main purposes of the party are "To put an end to that barbarous struggle (of competitive industry,) by the abolition of classes, the restoration of the land and of all means of production, transportation, and distribution to the people as a collective body, and the substitution of a coöperative commonwealth for the present state of planless production, industrial war, and social disorder; a commonwealth in which every worker shall have the free exercise and full benefit of his faculties, multiplied by all the modern factors of civilization." This party polled over thirty-two thousand votes in the presidential election in 1900.

Its nominee for the presidency is Charles Hunter Corregan, foreman of the printing office of "The New York Daily People," the official organ of the party. Mr. Corregan was born, in 1860, in Oswego, New York, where he went to school and studied law. He found the profession uncongenial, and after two years as a law clerk he became a reporter on a local newspaper. For twenty years he has been connected with the printing business, serving about half of this time as foreman in newspaper offices in Auburn and Syracuse. He joined a typographical union, in 1888, was president of the Central Trades and Labor Assembly of Syracuse, in 1892, and was first vice president of the State Federation of Labor of New York, in 1894. In the same year he joined the Socialistic-Labor Party, and was its candidate for the governorship of New York in 1900. Mr. Corregan has suffered for his socialistic activity. Because of fines imposed by the union and a determined effort to deprive him of membership, and thus of a chance to earn his living, he has been compelled to seek employment outside of Syracuse, where his family still lives. A suit against the union for two thousand dollars' damages and reinstatement was decided in his favor in the supreme court of New York, but has been appealed. Mr. Corregan's associate on the ticket as the candidate for vice president is William W. Cox, a coal miner of Illinois, in which state he was born, in 1864. He has been prominent in the activities of the United Mine Workers of America, and has several times been nominated for office by his party.

The Populist Party Works on Sound Logic

The Populist Party, which has a strong following among the farmers of the country, desires the public ownership of means of transportation and communication and other public utilities, the free and unlimited coinage of both gold and silver, a graduated tax on incomes and inheritances, the election of president and vice president of the United States, federal judges, and United States senators by the direct vote of the people, and various other measures which, it is believed, would result in a more equitable distribution of power and wealth. As a large number of the Populists voted for William Jennings Bryan in the elections of 1896 and 1900 it is impracticable to attempt to estimate the party's present strength.

Thomas E. Watson, of Georgia, the Populists' nominee for the presidency, has attained national fame as a writer, orator, lawyer, and politician. He was born in Columbia County, Georgia, in 1856, and lives within three miles of his birthplace. His father was a planter of ample means until the Civil War crippled him financially and the panic of 1873 reduced him to bankruptcy. Thomas E. Watson attended a common school and the high school in Thomson, Georgia, where he stood particularly well in history, biography, and general literature, subjects in which he has since won distinction. At fifteen he became a clerk at a country store, but did not like the work,

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so he resigned and entered Mercer University, at Macon, Georgia. He was unable to complete his course, on account of the increasing poverty of his father, and tried to find another place as clerk, but failed. He then turned to school-teaching, establishing a very small school in the "backwoods" of Screven County. This did not pay his expenses. He tells of exchanging a silver cup that had been in his family fifty years with a storekeeper for a pair of cotton "pants," worth about a dollar. He says that he "could n't wear the cup."

Not Sufficient Business to Feed Himself and Horse

Feeling that the end of such school-teaching would be the poorhouse, he began to read law, chiefly at night by the light of pine knots, and was admitted to the bar, in Augusta, Georgia, in 1875. His license fee was ten dollars and was issued to him on credit. He located near a flour mill in Screven County, where he got some business, but not enough to feed both himself and his horse. "It has happened," he has said, "that on the long, lonely rides after fellows who owed on notes and accounts I would be out all night, having no money to pay for lodgings. I became sorry for my horse, after a while, and sold it to a man who seemed to be able and willing to feed it."

Deciding that there was not a fortune in practicing law beside a gristmill, Mr. Watson made a proposition to a former school-teacher to give him a year's board on credit at the latter's home in Thomson. The reply was favorable, and in 1876 young Watson began to practice law in Thomson. The first year he made two hundred and seventeen dollars and considered himself lucky; the second, his earnings were four hundred and eighty-four, and the third they were nine hundred and eighteen. It seemed to him that such a shower of gold could not possibly last. "I shall never forget," he has said, "the month of November, 1878, when my cash receipts actually ran up to seventy-five dollars. It seemed too good to be true. Often since I have made thousands in a month, but the taste has never again been so sweet as in that month, away back yonder, when the golden tide rose to seventy-five dollars. I feared that I was getting rich with a rapidity that was sinful."

Mr. Watson's law business doubled yearly, for many years. He relieved the necessities of his parents and younger brothers and sisters, providing for the education of the latter, and bought back one of the family estates. He was sent to various political conventions, where he attracted much attention as a speaker, and was elected to the legislature in 1882. He declined a renomination, and, resuming the practice of law, did the most extensive and lucrative business ever done in his part of the country. He advocated the principles of the Farmers' Alliance, in 1898, and was elected to congress by it. When the organization merged itself into the People's Party, he went with it,—a move which aroused the strong opposition of the Democrats and defeated Mr. Watson for a reëlection to congress. One term, however, was sufficient for him to make his mark there. He was a strong advocate of such measures as the Automatic Car-coupler Bill, the Anti-option Bill, the Eight-hour Law, the election of senators by the people, an income tax, and the putting of the necessaries of life on the free list. He also attacked the congressional barroom, in a fight which aroused intense feeling on the floor of the house. One of his most important activities while in congress was his work for the free delivery of rural mails. In 1892 he introduced the resolution and secured the appropriation which initiated the system, which has rapidly extended, and now has become a fixed national institution.

Mr. Watson Originated the Rural Free Delivery

In fact, Thomas E. Watson is the father of the rural free delivery system, and to him farmers, and commercial interests as well, owe a debt of everlasting gratitude.

After his congressional service Mr. Watson again took up his law practice, and in the intervals of courthouse work wrote "The Story of France," a brief biography of Thomas Jefferson, and a "Life of Napoleon," both of which have had a large sale and have given him high standing as a historian. He was nominated for the vice presidency by the Populists, in 1896, and was tendered the gubernatorial nomination in Georgia, in 1898, but declined. He is now devoted to literary and lecture work, and to the management of his large landed interests. He is engaged on a history of the United States.

The Populists' nominee for the vice presidency

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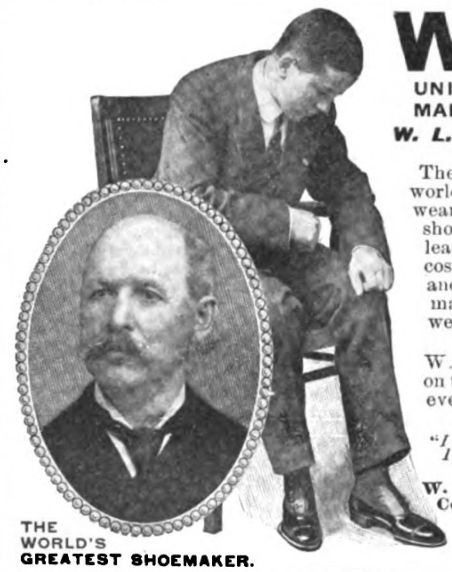
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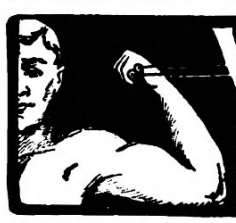
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is Thomas H. Tibbles, editor of "The Independent," a weekly newspaper published in Lincoln, Nebraska. Tall and gaunt, with aggressive features, Mr. Tibbles possesses a picturesque personality, and he has had a picturesque and romantic career. He was born in Washington County, Ohio, in 1840. He ran away from a farmer to whom he was bound as an apprentice, and, when he was fifteen, was doing chores and studying law in the office of a lawyer in Iowa. He joined one of Henry Ward Beecher's emigrant trains, was captured by the Border Ruffians, and was sentenced to be shot as an abolitionist, but was saved at the last moment. He determined to gain an education, and started East, lecturing, as he went, on life in the West. He finally reached Mt. Union College, in Ohio, and was a student there when asked by John Brown, who had heard of him in Kansas, to join him in an endeavor to establish a new republic. During the war he was a secret service agent and scout, and at its close became a newspaper man and religious exhorter in the wild country of the West, where he had numerous thrilling experiences. He became an editorial writer on the Omaha "Herald," and there began a fight for the Indians as against official aggressions that led to many exciting happenings, and finally to his marriage to Bright Eyes, a daughter of the chief of the Omahas, a highly educated young woman who excited great admiration on the part of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

The Prohibition Party, which believes that the liquor traffic is the country's most menacing evil, has nominated for the presidency Dr. Silas C. Swallow, editor of the Pennsylvania "Methodist." He was born at Plains, Pennsylvania, in 1839, and was educated at Wyoming Seminary, Kingston, Pennsylvania. He published in 1896, an *exposé* of Pennsylvania politicians, which attracted wide attention and caused him to be arrested and tried for criminal libel, of which charge he was acquitted. As candidate for state treasurer on the Prohibition ticket, in 1897, he attracted many independent voters, and received one hundred and eighteen thousand ballots. As the nominee of the party for the governorship, in 1898, he polled one hundred and thirty-two thousand votes. In 1902 he was again a candidate for the governorship. In the last presidential election the Prohibition ticket received about two hundred and four thousand votes.

George W. Carroll, the nominee for the vice presidency on the Prohibition ticket, is an influential citizen of Beaumont, Texas, where he has oil and other interests. When notified of his nomination he was acting mayor of Beaumont. Mr. Carroll has been for years a stalwart fighter in the cause of prohibition.

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THE most wonderful sight I have ever seen in New York City was a girl reading a wireless message from a steamer still at sea, as she rode by Cleopatra's Needle, in Central Park, in an electric automobile. The most pathetic sight was a dead horse in the street that had fallen in the harness from sheer exhaustion, dumbly faithful to the last. The sweetest sight was the poor children dancing on the crowded sidewalk to the music of a hand-organ. The most terrible sight was at midnight on a Christmas Eve, when six hundred men out of work,—too honest to steal and too proud to beg even a nickel,—stood shivering for two hours in the snow and freezing sleet around the dark, cold magnificent pile of Grace Church, waiting for a bakery to give away half a loaf of dry bread, worth one penny, while the bells pealed forth on the bitter air: "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men." The most lovely sight was the Hudson River during a still, balmy night, when the city slept wrapped in moonlight.

Bryan's View of the Czar

WILLIAM J. BRYAN is as democratic in his views of things in general as in his politics. Recently, while dining with the family of Dr. J. H. Canfield, in New York City, he told of his trip to Europe. In the conversation, the vivacious daughter of the host suddenly asked the question, "Well, Mr. Bryan, what do you think of the czar?"

Promptly, and with as much simplicity as if speaking of his next door neighbor's son, Mr. Bryan replied, "Well, Dorothy, I think the czar is really a very well-meaning young fellow."

That was all, but it was quite a refreshing view of the "little father" of all the Russias.

A Mixed Menu

ALFRED HENRY LEWIS and former Sheriff Thomas Dunn were lunching in a New York restaurant owned by a German named Haan. Looking over the bill of fare, Mr. Dunn read aloud; "*Filet de bœuf, aux champignon, a la Haan!* How's that for a mixture? Dutch restaurant keeper, French name for food; Irish accent. Truly cosmopolitan, eh?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Lewis; "regular verbal succotash."



Fox Quality
The success of the Fox Typewriter is due to the fact that it is the highest grade, piece by piece, of any typewriter manufactured to-day, surpassing them all in mechanical construction.
COST OF MAINTENANCE
The Fox costs practically nothing for repairs. Thousands have been sold that have never required the attention of a repairman. "Four Fox Typewriters in the Chicago Post Office three years cost only 50c for repairs."

Dealers Wanted
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Write for our proposition. Our *free trial plan* enables any one to test the merits of the Fox Typewriter.
Our new handsome catalogue will be sent for the asking.
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Price **$19.90** F. O. B. Factory



48 in. long, 32 in. deep, 51 in. high. White oak, finished golden. Has built-up writing bed and panels, moulded stiles, framed extension slides. All side drawers have movable partitions, and are locked, including center drawer, by closing curtain. In top, four oak-front file boxes; one letter file; two card-index drawers; private compartment with door and lock; blotter racks, pen racks, small drawer, bracket drawers, book stalls, etc., as shown. The depth of this desk, (32 inches), and the case's being well up from the bed, makes it, with all its conveniences, a **MOST PRACTICAL DESK.** Sent anywhere on approval.
Send for 100-page Catalogue Desks, Chairs, Files, etc. Also ask for large Catalogue Library and House Furniture and get Factory Prices.
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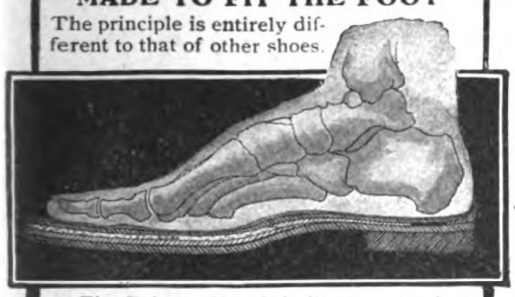
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The principle is entirely different to that of other shoes.



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CATALOGUE showing 20 styles FREE. Where we have no agent, we will sell to you direct. Satisfaction or money refunded. 25c. extra for delivery.

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....Louisiana Waltz (St. Louis Expo)	Regular price		$ .50
....St. Louis Expo, March, Two-Step	"	"	.50
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McKINLEY MUSIC CO. 293 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

Please send me your free catalogue, also pieces marked X in this ad. (Enclose 10c for each piece wanted).

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200 EGGS A YEAR PER HEN.

How to Get Them

The fourth edition of the book, "200 Eggs a Year Per Hen," is now ready. Revised, enlarged and in part rewritten. 96 pages. Contains among other things the method of feeding by which Mr. S. D. Fox, of Wolfboro, N. H., won the prize of $100 in gold offered by the manufacturers of a well-known condition powder for the best egg record during the winter months. Simple as a, b, c. The book also contains recipe for egg food and tonic used by Mr. Fox, which brought him in one winter day 65 eggs from 72 hens; and for five days in succession from the same flock 64 eggs a day. Mr. E. F. Chamberlain, of Wolfboro, N. H., says: "By following the methods outlined in your book I obtained 1,496 eggs from 91 R. I. Reds in the month of January, 1902." From 14 pullets picked at random out of a farmer's flock the author got 2,999 eggs in one year—an average of over 214 eggs apiece. It has been the authors' ambition in writing "200 Eggs a Year Per Hen" to make it the standard book on egg production and profits in poultry. Tells all there is to know, and tells it in a plain, common-sense way. Price 50 cents, or WITH A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION, 60c.; or given as a premium for FOUR YEARLY SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE AMERICAN POULTRY ADVOCATE at 25c. each.

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CLEANSES AND BEAUTIFIES THE HAIR
PROMOTES A LUXURIANT GROWTH
Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color
Prevents scalp Diseases and Hair Falling
50c. and $1.00 at Druggists

For Those Who Laugh

He who is boasting of his ancestors is like the potato plant: the best part of it is down in the ground.

▲ ▲

"Is Congressman Wirepuller a popular orator?" "Not very. He don't talk nothin' but common sense."—Exchange.

▲ ▲

TOURIST:—"Can I have a couple of towels?"
LANDLADY:—"Are you going to stay here all summer?"—"Lustige Blätter."

▲ ▲

KNICKER:—"Yes, Johnny, there is only one way to learn, and that is to begin at the bottom."
JOHNNY:—"How about swimming?"—New York "Sun."

▲ ▲

EVELYN:—"Yes, my great-grandmother eloped with my great-grandfather."
CHOLLY:—"Just fancy! Old people like that!"—"Smart Set."

▲ ▲

"I do n't have to work for a living," said the shiftless individual. "Of course you do n't," rejoined the busy man; "if you did it's a safe bet that you would n't be living."—Chicago "News."

▲ ▲

The Situation

CLARA:—"I understand that their parents are bitterly opposed to the match."
CARRIE:—"Yes, but there is no serious obstacle."

▲ ▲

Then He Turns

"That young chap who calls on our Myrtilla reminds me of Patti," said the old man, in the dining room.
"Why so?" asked his wife.
"He has so many farewell performances in the vestibule."—Baltimore "Herald."

▲ ▲

An Advantage

"Yes, he was in literature before he went into politics. He's in Congress now."
"Does he like it better?"
"Oh, yes. Congress gives him leave to print while the publishers, as a rule, would not."

▲ ▲

Inevitable

SHE:—"But you know that some of my presentiments come true."
HER HUSBAND:—"Of course. You have so many of them that it would be mathematically impossible that some of them should not come true."

▲ ▲

He Was too Late

He had fallen in love with her, but he was afraid of proposing too soon.
"If I now spoke to you about marriage, after having known you only for three days, what would you say?"
"Never postpone until to-morrow what you should have done already the day before yesterday!"

▲ ▲

Dueling in France

HUSBAND:—"My dear wife, I do n't wish to alarm you, but I am engaged to meet an opponent upon the field of honor."
WIFE: "Oh, dear! I hope you won't take cold! Dueling is so dangerous, you know. The grass is apt to be wet, and it may even rain."—Boston "Transcript."

▲ ▲

He Was Engaged

"So you want to get this man a position as conductor?" said the street railway president.
"Yes."
"What are his qualifications?"
"He has n't been in the city two weeks, does n't know the name of a single street and can say 'step lively' in his sleep."—Washington "Star."

▲ ▲

The Effect of Teaching

UNCLE JOSH:—"You've heerd of them agricultural colleges, have n't you?"
UNCLE SILAS:—"Yes, but what do they amount to? I read where one of them graduated a lot of fellers the other day and not one of them is willin' to take up farmin' as an occupation."
UNCLE JOSH:—"Well, that kind of looks as if they'd learned a good deal about it."

▼ ▼

The Doctor Did n't Know All

DR. GEORGE F. SHRADY, one of the best known physicians in New York City, tells this story about a brother physician to whom a patient came suffering from general debility.

"You are working and living too hard," said the doctor. "You must take a month off in the woods, cease to think about your business, eat simple food, and smoke just one cigar a day."

In a month the patient returned.

"Well, how did the prescription work?" asked the doctor.

"Fine," replied the patient; "I enjoyed my vacation very much. In the excitement of walking and rowing I forgot business cares, and had a good appetite for the plain fare of the camp. But the cigar a day became rather hard at first. You see, I had never smoked before."





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ALWAYS restores youthful color to gray or faded hair. Stops hair falling. Positively removes dandruff. A high-class dressing, keeping hair soft, glossy, luxuriant. Does not soil skin or linen.

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SAMPLE BOTTLE FREE

Enclose 5 cents postage and we will send you free Hairhealth, Skinhealth Treatment, with Harfina Soap, and Illustrated Books, 32 pages, "How To Have Beautiful Hair and Complexion."

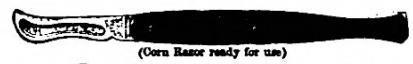
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Ask for Hay's Hairhealth. Refuse substitutes

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Copy it as well as you can, send to us and we will give you a handsome art portfolio of drawings by the noted artist, Charles Lederer. A course of lessons by mail, at home, will qualify you to earn a good salary as an artist and cartoonist. Instruction individual and exactly adapted to your talent.

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Manufactured by Kampfe Bros. (manufacturers of the original and only Safety Razor of merit).

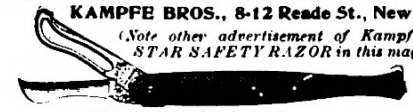
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No skill required in using this corn razor. It is **Simple, Safe and Sure,** and will do its work quickly, relieving the sufferer at once. The directions which are sent with every Safety Corn Razor give clear instructions as to its use.

Please note illustrations carefully. They will give you some idea of this wonderful invention, which will absolutely remove **any corn,** no matter how hard it may be, without cutting the foot. Price, $1.50. Full descriptive catalogue mailed on request.

KAMPFE BROS., 8-12 Reade St., New York.

(Note other advertisement of Kampfe Bros. STAR SAFETY RAZOR in this magazine.)



(This cut shows guard partly opened)

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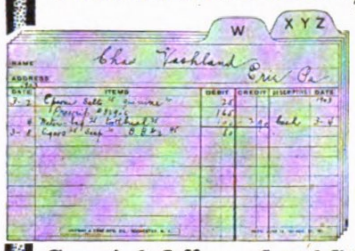
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To the Progressive Business Man the "Y and E" Card Ledger

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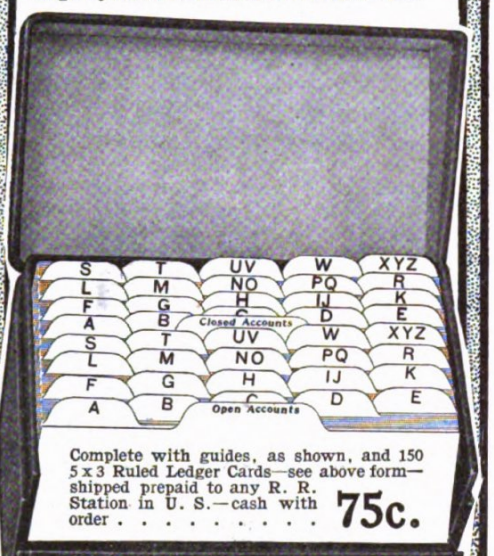
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NO MATTER HOW LARGE OR HOW SMALL YOUR BUSINESS—WRITE FOR COMPLETE CARD LEDGER FOLDER No. 761.

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WHY HAVE GRAY HAIR? SIMPLY COMB IT!



If your hair is gray, faded or streaked, restore it to its natural color and youthful gloss or any desired shade by combing it with the

IDEAL HAIR DYEING COMB

Most practical device and only method endorsed by physicians. Recommended by thousands. Lasts a lifetime. Its application is GUARANTEED NOT INJURIOUS and cannot be detected. Interesting booklet and valuable information, including testimonials, sent FREE, if you state natural shade of your hair.

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Electrolysis, X-ray and Depilatories are offered on the BARE WORD of the operators and manufacturers. De Miracle is not. It is the only method which is indorsed by physicians, surgeons, dermatologists, medical journals and prominent magazines. Sent sealed in plain wrapper on receipt of $1.00. Your money back without question (no red tape) if it fails to do all that is claimed for it. Booklet with indorsements mailed, sealed in plain envelope.

DE MIRACLE CHEM. CO., 1924 Park Ave., N. Y.

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The Robert Simpson Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

Plain living, rich thought, and grand effort are real riches



THE EDITOR'S CHAT

When Is a Man Poor?

TIME and again, I have traveled a long distance to visit a very humble home in Amesbury, Massachusetts. The whole property is worth but a few hundred dollars, but the fact that John Greenleaf Whittier lived there makes it absolutely priceless. Men and women cross continents and oceans to visit it. Enthusiastic admirers of the poet carry away from the spot bits of wood, wild flowers, leaves and all sorts of souvenirs to remind them and those who come after them that a man lived there,—one of nature's noblemen.

Thousands of people in this country look upon Whittier, the simple poet, as one of the richest treasures America has produced, and yet, considered from a commercial standpoint, all he left in the world was worth but a song.

Be careful how you laugh at men and women who think there is something better in the world than making money, and who refuse to worship it. Their monuments in parks and public places may proclaim the story of their heroic lives for centuries after you, with your millions, have been forgotten. Selfishness has no immortality in it. Greed has no quality to propagate itself, its children are all short-lived. Who ever saw people making pilgrimages to the homes of millionaires, men who never did anything for the world? Who would insult the memory of Whittier by asking if he were rich? Who would desecrate the name of Lincoln by asking how much money he left, or who would dare say that he was not a success because he was poor? Hundreds of men and women have lived and died in wretched homes, in attics, and even in poorhouses who have enriched the world by their lives, who have given greater uplift to civilization than many a millionaire. Men who never had a thousand dollars have left names which the world will not let die.

Do you regard a man as really poor who may not happen to have money, but whose character is so juicy and whose career is so succulent with the sweet things of life and experience that he has enriched a whole community? Do you regard a man as poor whose neighbors feel enriched by his mere presence? Do you regard a man as poor who lives in an attic, but whose very existence enhances the value of every acre of land and every home for miles around him? Do you regard a man as poor when every child in his neighborhood loves him and considers it an honor to be recognized by him on the street or to receive an invitation to visit him? Do you regard a man as poor when his home, no matter how humble, is looked upon as a shrine?

To be engulfed in one's occupation, swallowed up in a complicated life, harassed by the striving and straining, the worry and anxiety which accompany a vast fortune, is not to be rich. Time and opportunity and inclination to help others are the most valuable things in the world, and if you can not seize these, if you can not utilize them to your own enlargement, your own betterment, you are poor indeed, although you have millions in the bank.

A man is rich when he has put himself in touch with all that is good and great, when he has put himself into a position where he can grow to the largest maturity, when he has time and opportunity for cultivating friendships, for helping others. He is not rich; on the contrary, he is very poor indeed, when he is so preoccupied with selfish interests that he has no time to sympathize with the unfortunate, no time to help those who are suffering and in need, no time to do anything but make money. He is poor when he has no time to improve his mind, to elevate his ideals, or to cultivate his tastes.

Soul expansion is the only thing which measures real wealth. The greatest aim of life should be to absorb into one's being the largest amount of sweetness and beauty it is capable of absorbing. The highest riches are beyond the reach of money, and are independent of fortune. They can not be burned up, or lost in the ocean, or destroyed in a railroad wreck.

Much of what is called success is but the most vulgar kind of prosperity; it is the success of the brute faculties, at the expense of the divine. To develop a few of one's brain cells, and these the lowest, by everlasting digging and grinding for money, to cultivate one huge gland which secretes nothing but dollars, and the exclusive cultivation of which crushes out of life all the finer sentiments, all that is sweet and beautiful and worth while, makes a man as dry and barren as the great Sahara Desert. He who follows this course can not be rich, no matter how much money he may have. A man is rich when every faculty within him has been developed to the utmost along normal lines, when he has followed his highest ideals, when he has pushed his horizon to its farthermost limit.

A man is poor when he has lost the confidence of his friends, when people who are nearest to him do not believe in him; when his character is honeycombed by deceit, punctured by dishonesty. He is poor when he makes money at the expense of his character, when principle does not stand clear-cut, supreme in his idea. When this is clouded, he is in danger of the worst kind of poverty. To be in the poorhouse is not necessarily to be poor. If you have maintained your integrity, if your character stands foursquare to the world, if you have never bent the knee of principle to avarice, you are not poor, though you may be compelled to beg bread.

▲ ▲

The Power to Make Ourselves Do Things

SUCCESS receives a great many letters from young people asking for advice as to what they should do under certain conditions. Judging from the intelligent, clean-cut letters that many of them write, we are confident that they do not need advice half as much as they need the discipline of forcing themselves to do what they know they ought to do.

Some people are all the time asking for advice when they know perfectly well themselves what they ought to do. It is not advice they want; it is somebody or some power to make them do what they know to be right. They ask for advice because they feel condemned for not living up to the light they have.

We are accompanied through life by an unseen guide which tells us to do this and not to do that, which condemns or approves, says, "Yes," or "No," to every thought or act. But when it says "No," or "That is wrong," most of us take no heed. We are weak, and follow our inclination instead of the admonitions of our guide. It is a rare thing to find a person who has enough "sand" and force of character to compel himself to do what is right as he sees it. We are not sufficiently manly and spiritual in our make-up, not far enough removed from the brute to be beyond the power of the brutal instincts.

Compelling himself to do what he knows he should do, is what makes a strong man. A weak man is the one who follows his appetites, who can not say "No," to his passions. It is denying the brute in us that keeps him down. If we feed him he will keep us down.

What can a man hope to make of himself, how can he expect to grow stronger and purer and more manly when he resolutely stifles the warning voice of his guide, and feeds the brutal instincts with everything that excites and makes them uncontrollable? Our state prisons are full of people who followed this course. They knew just as well as any one could tell them what they should do, but they did the very opposite. They drifted into crime because they would not heed that little inward monitor which says "Yes," to a right act, and "No," to a wrong one.

No, we do not need somebody to tell us what to do half as much as we need the power to compel ourselves to do what we know we ought to do. The victim of gambling, the victim of drink and other life-destroying vices knows very well what he ought to do. He does not need advice. He has learned through untold suffering what he should not do, yet he continues to do it.

When a man obeys implicity that little monitor guide which never leaves him, he needs no advice from others. He can not go wrong. He will grow stronger and stronger each day. Instead of allowing his passions to master him, he will be master over them. He will be king of himself.

▲ ▲

Trust, if You Would Be Trusted

ONE'S manner of greeting friends is a very good indication of character; it shows whether he is a starved, narrow, pinched nature, or hearty, whole-souled, and generous. Your narrowness or your breadth, the poverty or the wealth of your soul is indicated in your salutation. If you greet your friend with a guarded reserve, or if you shake his hand in a cold, perfunctory way, he very quickly reads your feelings and is chilled by them. On the other hand, if unselfishness runs in your veins, and you are animated by a hearty good will and cordial generosity, your greeting will go straight from your heart to the heart of your friend. He will be warmed and cheered by it.

A great many people are too suspicious, small-minded, and selfish to have real friends. Being narrow and selfish themselves, they can not understand how another can render service without thought of return. They are always on the lookout for motives. They betray their suspicions in their hesitancy and coldness of manner. Always on the defensive, they have their guards up on all sides. Everybody who approaches them or shakes hands with them knows it, and, of course, will be thrown on the defensive also. By cultivating this attitude of suspicion and reserve they rob themselves of the highest joys of life. They trust no one, and no one trusts them. They cut themselves off from all real and permanent friendships. Love and friendship demand frankness, trustfulness, and reciprocity.

If you wish to be loved and to have friends, throw away your reserve and your suspicions. Believe in your friends for pure friendship's sake. When you meet one, do not offer him the tips of your fingers, or give your sympathy stingily and grudgingly, as if you were afraid you would commit yourself by being cordial. As New Englanders do, even at a first meeting, grasp you friend's hand warmly. Put your heart into your fingers. Do not give him a cold, formal "How do you, do?" but a hearty, whole-souled salutation. Throw your personality, love, and good-will into your "How are you?" Do not be afraid to let yourself out. Do not be on your guard every moment. Give yourself up heartily.

▲ ▲

The Nagging Blight

"There is no health and no peace for the nagger,
No hope for the wretched nagee.
'T were better to die by the dagger,
Or hang from the branch of a tree
Than to live with 'Why don't you?' and 'Did you?'
And 'Did n't I tell you so?'
'If you 'd only done as I bid you,'
'Oh, oh, oh, oh! and oh, oh!'"

HOW MANY boys have been driven away from home or into bad company by nagging! How many girls have gone astray or rushed into unfortunate marriages because they were so nagged or criticised at home that any other place on earth seemed preferable! It was always, "Do n't do this," or "Why do n't you do that?" until the high-spirited boy got so tired of "do n'ts" that he preferred the saloon, the grocery store, or the street corner to home, and the sensitive girl was so goaded by the constant

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pricking of a nagging tongue that at last her whole soul rose in rebellion.

Young people resent being lectured or corrected all the time. Nor do they thrive under constant repression. All healthy young souls crave encouragement and praise. They will do anything for a father, mother, or teacher who gives them wise words of appreciation and encouragement, or urges them to do their best by other means than fault-finding.

Parents who indulge in the nagging habit often excuse themselves by saying that it is their love for the boy or girl that prompts their eternal strictures and criticisms, and that their "do n'ts" are really for the loved one's best interests. Love which displays itself in such a fashion is apt to remind one of the couplet,—

> "Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love,
> But—why did you kick me down stairs?"

Nagging may be loving in disguise, but in a disguise so unlovely that most people will agree with the writer who said, "There is not a bit of love in the nag, however much the nagger may talk about affection. It is full of unrest and friction and selfishness."

▲ ▲

Following the Ideal

A YEARNING for growth, a longing for expansion, is a sign-manual of nobility. There are great possibilities for a boy or a girl who constantly reaches out for something larger, and aspires to something higher. Without a desire for something better, or reaching up to nobler ideals, there can be no growth. The person who feels that there is that within him which is larger than what he does, which longs for a higher and fuller expession, and which is struggling for more light, is made of superior stuff.

There is no failure for the one who persistently struggles upward as well as onward; for purpose and aspiration make success. A passion for truth, or a thirst for expansion, is an evidence of the immortal fire within, which can not be extinguished by poverty or misfortune.

"Far away, there in the sunshine," said Louisa M. Alcott, "are my highest aspirations. I can not reach them, but I can look up and see their beauty, believe in them, and try to follow where they lead."

To follow the ideal that beckons upward is to reach one's highest power. In that way, and that alone, lies growth, or expansion.

▲ ▲

When Is Success a Failure?

When you do not overtop your vocation; when you are not greater as a man than as a lawyer, a merchant, a physician, or a scientist.

When you are not a cleaner, finer, larger man on account of your life-work.

When you have lost on your way up to your fortune your self-respect, your courage, your self-control, or any other quality of manhood.

When it has made conscience an accuser, and shut the sunlight out of your life.

When the attainment of your ambition has blighted the aspirations and crushed the hopes of others.

When your highest brain cells have been crowded out of business by greed.

When all sympathy has been crushed out of your nature by your selfish devotion to your vocation.

When you plead that you never had time to cultivate your friendships, politeness, or good manners.

When you have lived a double life and practiced double-dealing.

When it brings you no message of culture, education, travel, or of opportunities to help others.

When it dwarfs, cramps, or interferes with another's rights; when it blinds you to the interests of the man at the other end of the bargain.

When there is a dishonest or a deceitful dollar in your possession; when your fortune spells the ruin of widows and orphans, or the crushing of the opportunities of others.

When the hunger for more money, more land, more houses and bonds has grown to be your dominant passion.

When it has dwarfed you mentally and morally, and robbed you of the spontaneity and enthusiasm of youth.

When it has made you a physical wreck,—a victim of "nerves" and moods.

When it has lowered your standards and made you a traitor to all your highest and noblest impulses.

When it has hardened you to the needs and sufferings of others, and made you a scorner of the poor and unfortunate.

When you rob those who work for you of what is justly their due, and then pose as a philanthropist by contributing a small fraction of your unjust gains to some charity or to the endowment of some public institution.

When the world is not the better and the richer for your life; when you have hoarded every dollar you have made, and have refused to help your less fortunate fellowmen.

When you have used others as stepping-stones to fortune, and ignored their existence when your selfish ends were attained.

When in your climb to power, you have trampled on duty, friendship, love, honor, patriotism, and all the most sacred feelings of humanity.

When your example has dragged others down; when your injustice and tyranny have driven men and women to desperation, and destroyed their faith in God and man.

When your absorption in your work has made you practically a stranger to your family.

When your children do not look upon you as their best friend next to their mother.

When the nervous irritability engendered by constant work, without any relaxation, has made you a brute in your home and a nuisance to those who work for you.

When your greed for money has darkened and cramped your wife's life, and deprived her of needed rest and recreation, or amusement of any kind.

When your narrow spirit makes you cry out, "What was good enough for me is good enough for my children," and you refuse to give them the education that they crave, and which you can amply afford.

When you have met your children's caresses with repulses, and have denied them the help of your companionship and loving encouragement and guidance during their formative years.

When the dissolute lives of your sons cry out against you as the one who, either by direct example or by complete neglect of them, has pointed their downward path.

When you are gloomy and pessimistic; when you spread discouragement and despair wherever you go; when you can see no good in any one, no success in any achievement but in piling up dollars, then, no matter how great your apparent success, you are a colossal failure.



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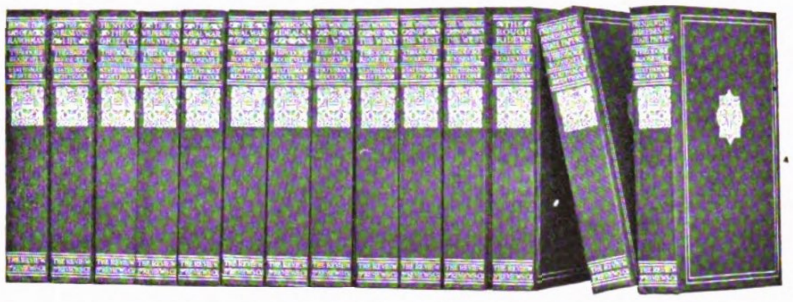
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The Canterbury Weavers

ELENE FOSTER



An afternoon tea cloth woven for the Princess of Wales

THE craze for handicraft is at its height in America. The wave which started in the cities has spread, until the most remote little village has its arts and crafts society and its little colony of handicraft workers, and we point with pride to those of our girls who have perfected themselves in lace-making, silver work, basketry, and hand-weaving, and fondly imagine that, in the matter of handicraft, we have left the rest of the world far behind. In this we are greatly mistaken, for the arts and crafts movement originated in England, with William Morris, and in many branches the English craftsmen still excel even the most ambitious of our American workers. An example of this superiority is the Canterbury weaving.

In a quaint old house in Canterbury two young women are reviving the old hand-weaving for which Canterbury was once famous. Although started as a philanthropic scheme, the industry has grown until it is now not only self-supporting, which was all that its founders had hoped for it, but it is becoming extremely profitable as well.

The industry was started in 1897, by these two Canterbury women, in a room over a shop on the main street of their native town. It began as a sort of branch of a weaving school carried on in London by Miss Clive Bailey. Only three looms were at first used, but the work rapidly increased and soon the school ceased to be a branch, and its business became an industry for the employment of women and girls, under the name of the "Canterbury Weavers."

From the top room, with its three looms, the first move was made, in the same year, to an additional large room on the first floor, with ten extra looms, and more workers were necessary. In 1899, the present picturesque building was taken, restored, and fitted up for the industry. During the restoration, fragments of old silk looms, pieces of raw silk, and bobbins of silk were found under the floors and in the gables, proving that the building had been used by Canterbury weavers of former centuries, and thus, once more, history has repeated itself. Under one of the gables, too, were found traces of pulleys that were used by the old-time weavers for hoisting bales of raw materials from the barges on the Stour (which was then navigable,) into their stores.

The original weavers were Huguenots, who went to England in the latter part of the reign of Henry the Eighth, to escape religious persecution. Many of these settled in Canterbury and obtained a letter of license from Queen Elizabeth allowing them to carry on their trades in the city. Their chief industry was the weaving of silk and wool. By the industry of these weavers the wealth of Canterbury increased considerably. Some hundred years later, however, the business of hand-weaving was much impaired by the introduction of fabrics from India and other colonies; and, later still, the manufacture of textiles by machinery seemingly put an end to hand-weaving forever. Thanks to Miss Holmes and Miss Philpotts, however, Canterbury weaving has been revived and has taken a new lease of life.

The object of the Canterbury weavers is threefold: first, to help women of limited means to add to their incomes; second, to give employment to delicate girls and women who, from various causes, are unable to go to service or to leave their homes; third, to benefit the afflicted,—the



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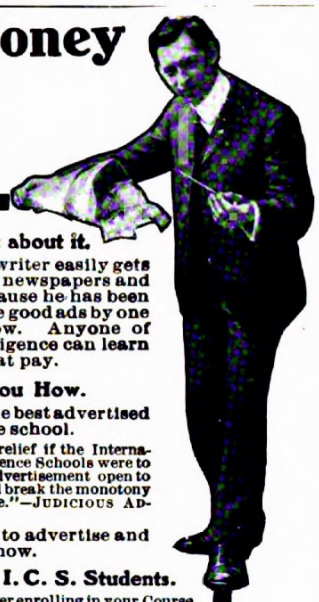
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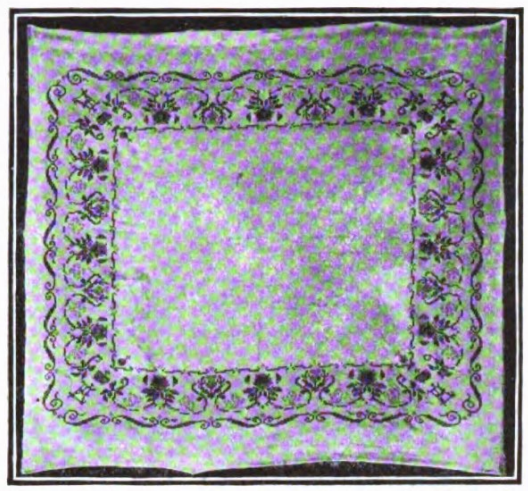
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A tea cloth, the design having the rose, the shamrock, and the thistle. One of these cloths was presented to King Edward VII.

blind, the deaf, and the dumb, and cripples being able to learn many branches of the work."

It is interesting to stand at the entrance of the shop, in the morning, and see the girls and women as they come to their work. The "afflicted" are surely there; many are on crutches, several are totally or partially blind, and one is partially paralyzed, but they all have a happy expression, and a tour of the establishment will convince one that they all love their work. There are thirty looms now in the rambling old rooms overlooking the placid little river Stour, and forty women find employment there.

These women, in the beginning, take a course of daily lessons in spinning and weaving, the length of the course varying from one month to thirteen weeks, at the end of which time they are employed in the shop and earn from six to twelve or fifteen shillings a week. This seems a paltry sum,—from one dollar and a half to three or four dollars in United States money,—but we must remember that there is a vast difference in the wages in England and in America. One must also take into consideration the fact that these weavers are all disabled in some way, and, therefore, are unfitted for other work. Under these conditions one can not but consider that the Canterbury weavers are well paid.

There is no machine work in the Canterbury shop. The thread is carded and spun by hand, dyed in the old-fashioned way, and woven on old-fashioned wooden looms. A glance at the articles in the salesroom impresses one with the extent of the enterprise. There one may purchase linens of every description, afternoon tea-cloths sideboard covers, towels, bedspreads, and curtains, the latter in many designs, the prettiest, perhaps, being of Canterbury grenadine with reversible borders in silk. The borders of all the linens are made from original designs, some by the principals and some by the weavers themselves.

The linens, however, are by no means the greatest part of the work. There are dress materials, among which are serges, hopsackings, tweeds, heather mixtures, and the old-fashioned Canterbury "bays,"—a revival of the old Huguenot cloth. The saleswomen will show you, with great pride, the piece of fine dark-blue cloth, with a white stripe, from which Queen Alexandra ordered a dress when she visited the Canterbury weavers at their exhibition in London.

There are carpets and rugs, too, thick pile Canterbury carpets, fine pile Axminster stair carpets, and beautiful rugs in oriental designs, all woven by "the lame, the halt, and the blind," in the quaint old houses on the Stour.

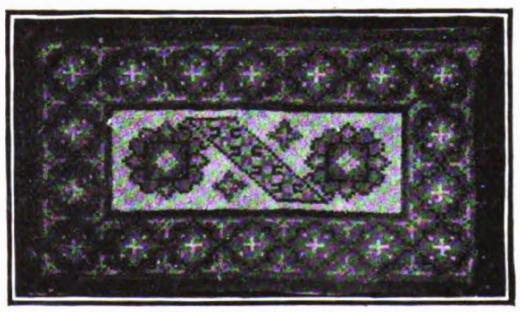
One may be sure that such products do not go a-begging; on the other hand, the weavers have more orders ahead than they can possibly fill. They never advertise their wares, nor have they any salesroom save that in Canterbury. They send samples of their work to the various arts and crafts exhibitions, however, and each year, at Christmas time, they hold an exhibition in London.

The founders and principals of the enterprise, Miss Holmes and Miss Philpotts, have made a thorough study of textiles. They have studied with the Swedish weavers and in the English technical colleges, and they thoroughly understand every branch of their work.

The industry is under the immediate patronage of her grace, the Duchess of Bedford, who takes the keenest interest in the work, and whose home, Waban Abbey, contains many specimens of Canterbury weaving. Moreover, the duke's famous yacht, "The Sapphire," is furnished throughout with carpets, rugs, curtains, and furniture covers, in blue and white, all made by the Canterbury weavers.

The queen is not the only member of the royal family who recognizes the beauty and worth of the Canterbury textiles.

The Princess of Wales has a ball gown of white satin, with a panel woven in a beautiful design in soft colors, which came from the Canterbury looms, and Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyle, has gowns especially woven for her by the Canterbury workers.



A rug in soft tones of grey-blue greens and terra cotta

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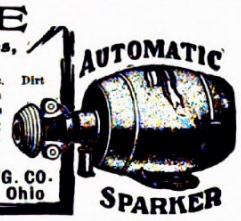
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The Success Co., New York
UNIVERSITY BUILDING, WASHINGTON SQUARE

Our New Clubbing Offers

We have much pleasure in presenting to our readers on this page the first announcement of the SUCCESS Home Magazine Clubbing Offers for the season of 1904–5. These offers have come to be an annual "institution" of great importance in the publishing world, inasmuch as they are used by hundreds of daily, weekly, and monthly periodicals throughout the country as a basis for increasing their own circulation, and by canvassing and subscription agents as well. "The SUCCESS Offers" are thoroughly established in popularity with the American people, as may be judged from the fact that nearly 400,000 magazine subscriptions are taken in connection with them each year.

In addition to our older friends among the magazines, we have invited into association with us this year a number of periodicals which we have not before offered, our general purpose being to make such combinations as would be of the greatest possible strength and value *in the home*.

SUCCESS itself is primarily a home magazine, interesting alike, we hope, to the father and mother, to the older sons and daughters, and to the children. We feel a special interest in supplementing our own efforts in the home by the work of other able and conscientious editors and publishers, and for this reason we have tried to round out our offers in such a way as to meet all tastes.

The father and the young men of the family will find much of interest in every issue of "The Cosmopolitan," "Leslie's" and "Pearson's," the "Bookkeeper," the "Review of Reviews," the "World's Work," the "Independent" and the "Outlook." If they are of an engineering or mechanical turn of mind they will find in the "Technical World," (which is the official organ of the Armour Institute of Technology,) and in the "American Inventor" many new ideas of value to them. If they are sportsmen, or business men with longings for farm life, "Outing" and "Country Life in America" will increase their desires to a frenzy.

The mother and the older daughters will find household hints in plenty in "Good Housekeeping," and other practical and literary pleasures in the "Twentieth Century Home," (John Brisben Walker's new woman's magazine) and the "Ladies' World." They will be attracted, almost equally with the men, to "Country Life in America" and the "Review of Reviews"; and in the "Booklover's" they will find exquisite pictures in color and a delightful literary chitchat which will make this wonderful new magazine of peculiar interest.

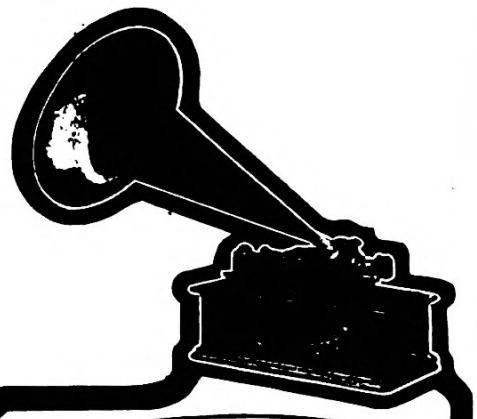
The boy of ten to fifteen years of age will find "The American Boy" full of absorbing information about stamp-collecting and other things pleasing to him, and for the little ones we have provided "The Holiday Magazine for Children," a most beautiful and attractive publication edited by Miss Katharine N. Birdsall.

To our western friends, particularly those upon the Pacific coast, and to those in the East who ought to know of our great and beautiful western country, we offer the "Sunset Magazine," a periodical well worth a high place among American magazines.

To the aspiring young clerk or business man we offer a combination of unusual value, *viz.*: SUCCESS, with the "Bookkeeper and Business Man's Magazine," and a little book on "Business Short Cuts"; all three for the extraordinarily low price of $1.50. To the busy mother who wants to entertain her children, but has little time to plan their enjoyments, we offer with the "Ladies' World," "Entertainments for all Seasons," which is especially adapted to the older sons and daughters; and with the "Holiday Magazine," we send "Home Games and Parties," for the youngsters.

Nearly 50,000 copies of the SUCCESS ATLAS AND GAZETTEER have found their way into American homes, and are universally pronounced a great convenience on the library table. We are offering it again this year in connection with any magazine club at an extra charge of but twenty-five cents.

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Are Our Patent Laws Defective?

CHARLES M. IRELAN

[Chief Clerk of the United States Patent Office, Washington, D.C.]

THE recent reports that our patent laws are weak and defective, in that they fail to require patented devices to be worked within a certain time after the patents are granted, and that some means should be provided for getting unused and unsalable patents out of the way, is not an eminently wise one.

The patent laws of this country are considered broad, liberal, and judicious. Many of the older countries of the industrial world have adopted various features of the United States system, particularly those relating to the preliminary examination as to the novelty and patentability of the invention. Austria, Germany and Japan make examinations bearing on the novelty and patentability of an invention. Austria requires that the patented inventions must be commercially produced in that country within three years from the date of publishing a grant in the "Patent Journal" of that country. In Germany, a patent may be revoked, after a lapse of three years from the publication of a grant, for failure of the patentee to adequately work his invention in that country or to do all that is necessary to secure such working. Japan annuls a patent if the owner, without reasonable cause, fails to work and produce his invention in Japan within three years from the date of the patent. Mexico formerly required patents to be worked, but abandoned that requirement some years ago. One of the laws of Mexico is to the effect that the state may appropriate an invention under certain circumstances, on payment of a suitable indemnity. The United States does not require the invention to be worked; a patent, if valid at the time it is granted, is valid throughout its term, and can not be invalidated by any act or failure to act on the part of the patentee or others.

The liberality of the United States patent laws is one of the striking features. That liberality, however, does not "block the way" of any one producing an entirely new device. A device possessing features already covered by claims in a prior patent should not, and very properly can not, be used by another person without the consent of the patentee. The expense incurred by many inventors while experimenting with and perfecting their devices, and for the services of competent counsel in order that the application may be intelligently prepared and skillfully prosecuted, and the broadest possible claims secured on the invention, is usually a very considerable item. It would be a great and unnecessary hardship to compel an inventor to manufacture and place his invention on the market within a limited time,—two or three years,—regardless as to whether it was convenient or advantageous for him to do so. It would be just about as reasonable to require the owner of an unimproved lot to build a house on the same, or otherwise improve it within a certain time, notwithstanding he is without ready money to make the improvements or means to raise a sum sufficient for such a purpose.

The inventor who finds his own improvement blocked by an unused or unsold patent of another, simply discovers that he is not what he believed himself to be, the original, first and sole inventor of the article. No one is hindered in securing claims on what is new and useful, nor is it believed to be difficult to purchase a patent which may stand in the way of an inventor's securing all of the claims or protection he desires in order to make his invention a successful commercial commodity. The fact that the use of some patent in connection with a later invention is essential to the complete and successful working of the subsequent device proves rather conclusively that the prior patent is not lacking in merit, although the inventor may have been unable to put the article on the market or convince the public of its real merit. Two of the best paying patents ever granted by the United States patent office went begging for several years before their real worth was discovered.*

The arts and sciences have generally advanced step by step, not by leaps and bounds, and all who aid in their progress should be given the fullest possible measure of protection. Nearly eight hundred thousand patents have been granted by the patent office since its establishment; of these, over one hundred and twenty-five thousand have been granted, during the past five years. Not one per cent. of the latter were pioneer or fundamental inventions. This shows the extent to which the fields of science and art have been explored.

The United States system is undoubtedly the best in the world, and there are believed to be no serious defects in the patent laws. If there are, the absence of a working requirement is not one of them.

* The patents referred to above were the Brush Electric Light and the Bell Telephone.

The Indians' Methods

IN the early history of our country, each of the six Indian nations at Lancaster, Pennsylvania, was invited to send a youth to Williamsburg College for free education. The Indians declined the invitation. They said that they had sent several young men to the colleges of the northern provinces, and that, when they returned, they were poor runners, ignorant of how to get a living in the woods, could not build a cabin, take a deer, or kill an enemy, and spoke their own language badly. They were not fit for hunters, warriors, or soldiers,—they were totally good for nothing. "If," said the Indians, in their reply, "the gentlemen of Pennsylvania will send us a dozen of their sons, we will take good care of their education, instruct them in all we know, and make men of them."

You can not dream yourself into a character; you must hammer and forge yourself one.—JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE

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EVERY VITAL ORGAN STRONG

In my instructions with you by mail, I completely study your case, directing your exercises, bathing and diet, giving you work to bring the strength to every vital organ, every nerve center, teach you to breathe, to stand and to walk well, and the reflex action of the strength of the vital organs of rhythmic movement upon the mind is worth more to women than the mere physical. One woman tersely expressed this reflex action to me in her report: "Miss Cocroft, I used to feel so depressed, and now I feel as if I can look every man, woman and child squarely in the face with a feeling that I am rising to my very best."

Every Woman Can Have a Clear Skin and a Good Figure From a health standpoint as well as from a standpoint of beauty, it is necessary for every woman to carry herself well, and **any woman can have a good figure.** No woman needs to have an undeveloped chest, neck or bust. In fact, be undeveloped in any particular of her body, and the woman who carries about forty to fifty pounds of superfluous flesh every time she moves has my sympathy, for I realize it is not necessary for her to carry this burden.

Write Me About Yourself Will you not mark with the letter (x) on the attached blank the points which interest you and if there are any particulars in regard to your case which you feel I need, write me about them also and I will tell you frankly whether I can help you. I have worked solely with women for the past 13 years and I know how to understand as well as help them. As I give every pupil my personal attention, **the number is necessarily limited.** I never take a pupil unless I feel positive I can help her. Write me fully and frankly of your special difficulties, tell me what you want to gain or change and I will tell you what I can do for you and send you letters from women whom I have benefited and relieved of similar ailments. I will send you, too, my booklet on how to stand correctly; every woman should have it. My work is not a "Cure All" system, but I do build up the strength of ALL the VITAL organs, lungs, heart, nerve centers, send your blood bounding through your veins as it did when you were a child, and give you that dignified bearing which at once bespeaks culture and refinement.

I Have Brought Health to Thousands of Women I am giving you below extracts from three letters of my pupils on my desk as I write: "For one to realize the benefit I have derived, one ought to have seen me before I commenced and now—several of my friends not having seen me for some time, have told me they should hardly recognize me if I had not spoken. I had **rheumatism** in my ankles, which were swollen most of the time." "Have lost altogether sixty-seven pounds." "They are worth their weight in gold to me. I have been totally cured in less than six weeks from the beginning of my lessons of the most painful attack of what the doctors called 'Catarrh of the Stomach.' Now I never feel a sign of pain there."

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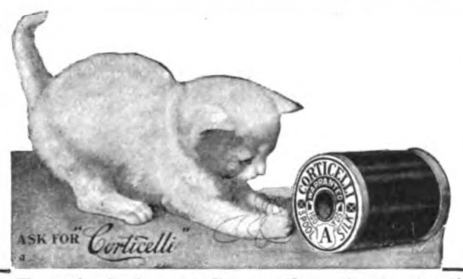
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Too short
Too thin
Drooping back
Superfluous flesh
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Waist size
Thin chest
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Skin
Weakness
Lame back
Dullness
Irritable
Nerves
Blues
Headaches
Dizziness
Indigestion
Constipation
Liver
Kidneys
Lungs
Heart
Throat
Colds
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Occupation
Have you been sick?
What did you call your sickness?
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PROF. F. B. CROCKER, head of Department of Electrical Engineering, **Columbia University;** author of the sections on Storage Batteries and Management of Dynamo Electric Machinery.

PROF. WILLIAM ESTY, head of the Department of Electrical Engineering, **Lehigh University;** author of the section on Alternating Current Machinery.

H. C. CUSHING, Jr., Wiring Expert and Consulting Engineer; author of the section on Wiring for Light and Power.

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J. R. CRAVATH, Western Editor of the **Street Railway Journal;** author of the section on Street Railways.

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PARTIAL TABLE OF CONTENTS

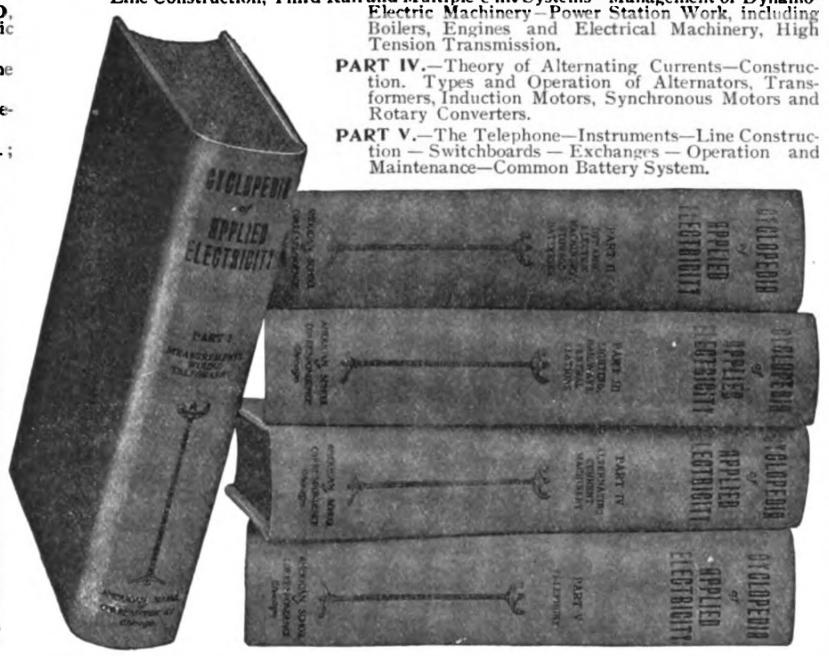
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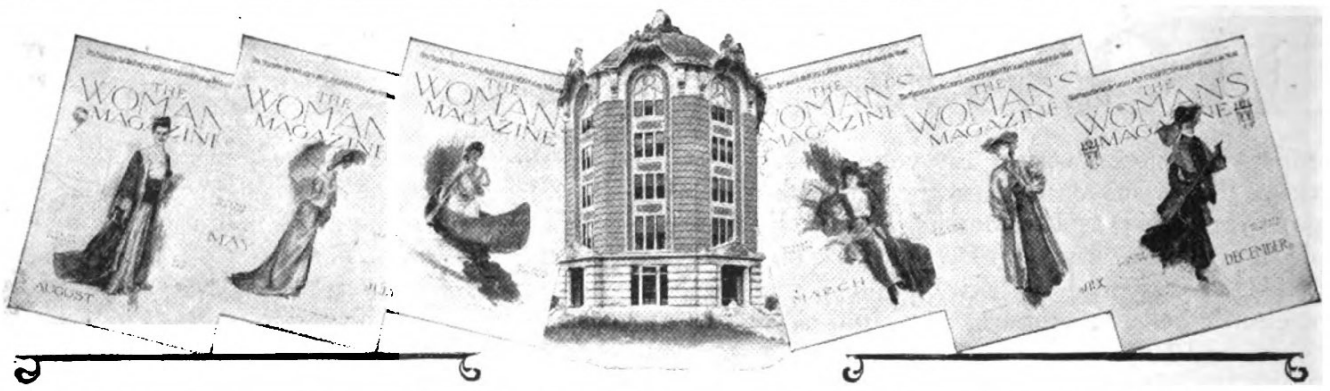
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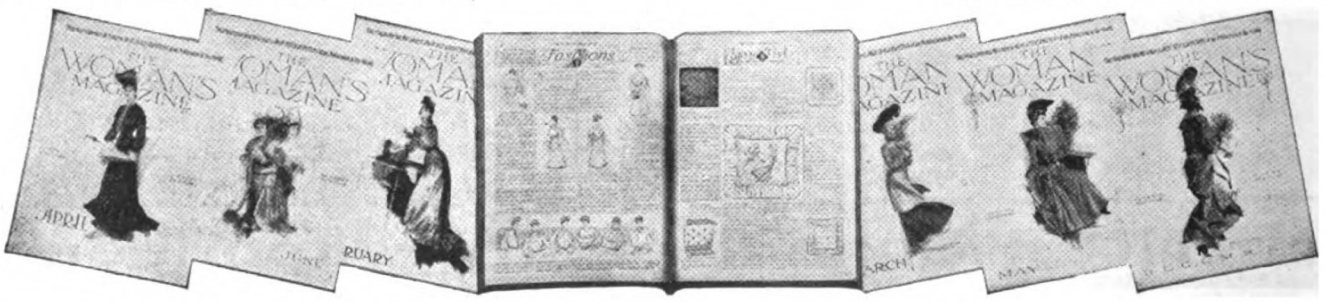
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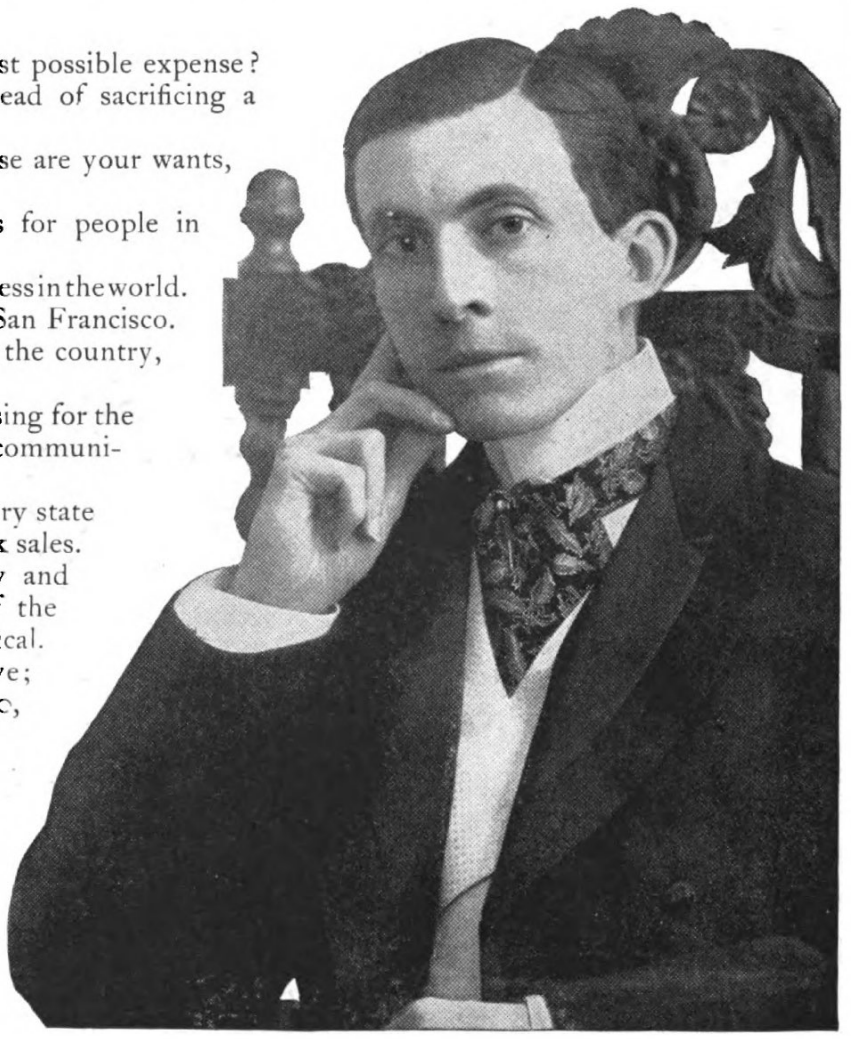
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The price must be between $.....*and $*.....

I will pay.....*down, and the balance*.....

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Name.....

Address.....

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in the town or city of.....

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and which I desire to sell for $.....

The plan is to be based upon the following brief description of the property:

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"NOW you must tell me true," she cried,
When he declared his soul was raptured,
"For I must feel your love is tried
Before I yield my heart as captured"

"See! here above thy head I hold,
'Nabisco' sweet, and all my treasure,
And you must tell me, lover bold,
Which choice will give you keenest pleasure"

"Fair one," he cried, "here at thy feet,
'Tis hard to choose 'twixt one and tother,
So just to prove my taste is sweet,
I'll eat the one, and keep the other"



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