"The Plum Tree; The Confessions of a Politician"

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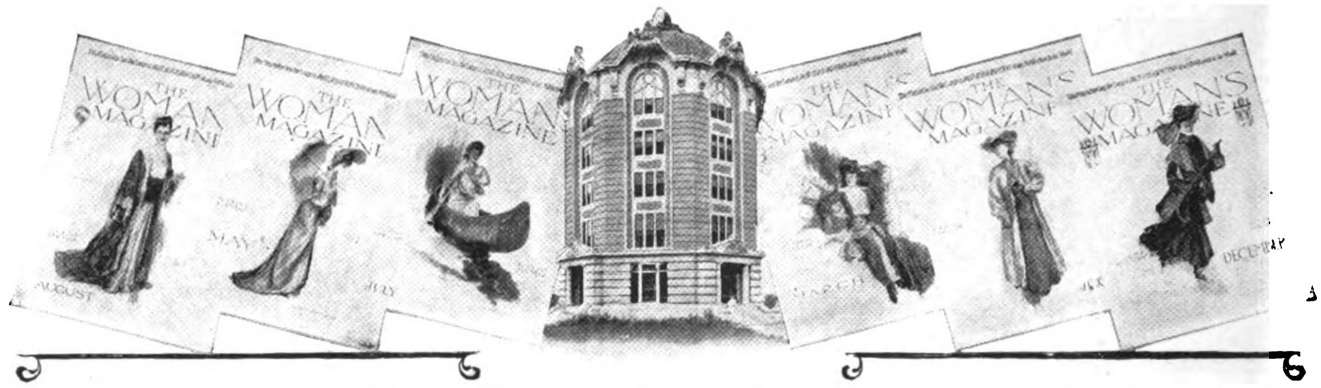


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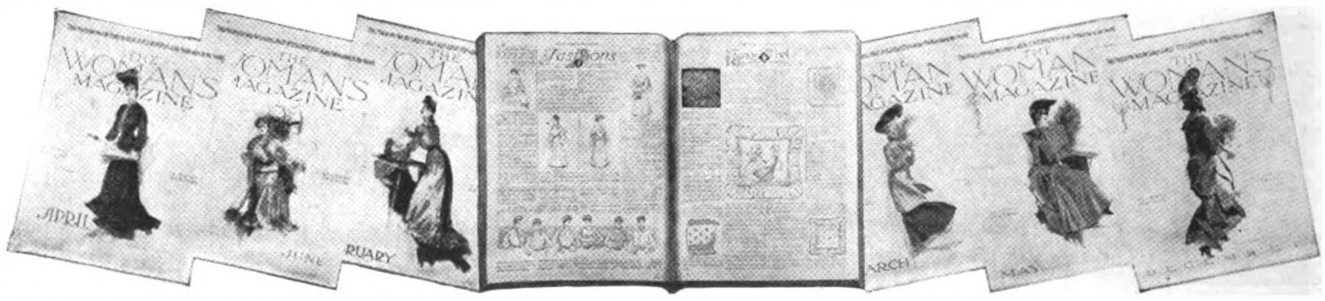
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THEODORE ROOSEVELT

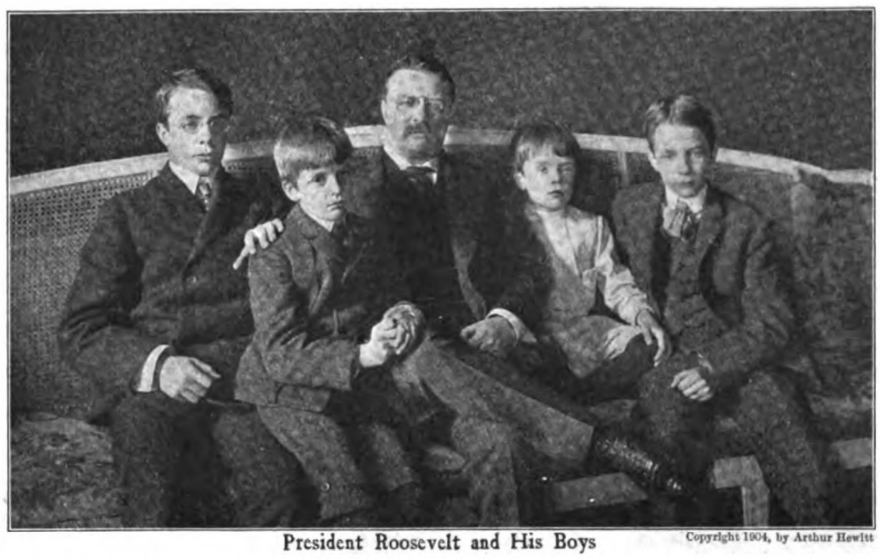
The Chosen Leader, Sympathetic Friend and Comrade of Young Men

"In life, as in a football game, the principle to follow is: Hit the line hard; don't foul and don't shirk, but hit the line hard!"—Theodore Roosevelt.

A Prophecy Fulfilled

AWAY back in 1884, at the convention which nominated Blaine, George William Curtis and Theodore Roosevelt were both delegates. When the strife was fiercest some one expressed surprise at the youth of Mr. Roosevelt. Curtis observed in his quiet, modulated tones:

"You'll know more, sir, later; a deal more, or I am much in error. Young? Why, he is just out of school almost, yet he is a force to be reckoned with in New York. Later the Nation will be criticising or praising him. While respectful to the gray hairs and experience of his elders, none of them can move him an iota from convictions as to men and measures once formed and rooted. He has integrity, courage, fair scholarship, a love for public life, a comfortable amount of money, honorable descent, the good word of the honest. His political life will probably be a turbulent one, but he will be a figure, not a figurehead, in future development,—or, if not, it will be because he gives up politics altogether."



President Roosevelt and His Boys

Copyright 1904, by Arthur Hewitt

The Hour and the Man

"The President, following an unbroken line of precedents, entered into relations with the new Republic, and, obeying his duty to protect the transit of the Isthmus, as all other Presidents had done before him, gave orders that there should be no bloodshed on the line of the railway. He said, like Grant, 'Let us have peace,' and we had it. It will seem incredible to posterity that any American could have objected to this. He acted wisely and beneficently, and all some people can find to criticise in his action is that he was too brisk about it. If a thing is right and proper to do, it does not make it criminal to do it promptly. No, gentlemen! That was a time when the hour and the man arrived together. He struck while the iron was white hot on the anvil of opportunity, and forged as perfect a bit of honest statecraft as this generation has seen."—*John Hay.*

Duties of Young Men

"What would you say to the young men of our city, if you could speak to them with command this day?" asked Julian Ralph, the journalist, of Theodore Roosevelt. "I would order them to work," said Mr. Roosevelt, stopping short and striking his hands together with quick emphasis. "I would teach the young men that he who has not wealth owes his first duty to his family, but he who has means owes his to the State. It is ignoble to go on heaping money on money. I would preach the doctrine of work to all, and to the men of wealth the doctrine of unremunerative work."

Merit and Not Good Fortune

"If a college education means anything, it means fitting a man to do better service than he could do without it; if it does not mean that it means nothing, and if a man does not get that out of it he gets less than nothing out of it. No man has a right to arrogate to himself one particle of superiority or consideration because he has had a college education, but he is bound, if he is in truth a man, to feel that the fact of his having had a college education imposes upon him a heavier burden of responsibility, that it makes it doubly incumbent upon him to do well and nobly in his life, private and public."—*Theodore Roosevelt.*

Archbishop Ireland on Theodore Roosevelt

Speaking in Paris at the Decoration Day banquet of the American University Club on May 30, 1899, Archbishop Ireland said:

Theodore Roosevelt is the most distinguished example of the young man of wealth and high family, who left his home to enter the ranks with the commonest workman and proved anew the glory of American citizenship. It is this same class of men who are helping, by their votes and their political conduct to make their civic labors in peace as great as their bravery in war. They show that wealth means more than idle youth which fails in its human mission and excites hatred.

Acting Upon His Ideals

"What Roosevelt has been thinking and doing, our young Americans have been thinking about with him, and longing to do."—*Dr. Merrill E. Gates, D.D.*

Their Opportunity

The young men of America have in the present campaign an opportunity of showing their appreciation of true Americanism by voting for the man whom James Bryce calls "the greatest President since Washington." When they are old men they will be proud of having cast that vote.—*Boston Pilot.*

The Courage of Conviction

"If a man does not have belief and enthusiasm, the chances are small indeed that he will ever do a man's work in the world; and the paper or the college which, by its general course, tends to eradicate this power of belief and enthusiasm, this desire for work, has rendered to the young men under its influence the worst service it could possibly render."—*Theodore Roosevelt.*

Lincoln's Appeal to Young Men

From a letter to William H. Herndon, Washington, June 22, 1848.

As to young men. You must not wait to be brought forward by the older men. For instance, do you suppose that I should ever have got into notice if I had waited to be hunted up and pushed forward by older men? You young men get together and form a club, and have regular meetings and speeches. Take in everybody you can get. Gather up all the shrewd, wild boys about town, whether just of age or a little under age. Let every one play the part he can play best, some speak, some sing, and all "holler." Your meetings will be of evenings; the older men and the women will go to hear you; so that it will not only contribute to the election, but will be an interesting pastime and improving to the intellectual faculties of all engaged. Don't fail to do this.—*Abraham Lincoln.*

A Chance for Every Man

"All I ask is a square deal for every man. Give him a fair chance. Do not let him wrong any one, and do not let him be wronged."—*Theodore Roosevelt.*

Garfield to Young Men

Your life is full and buoyant with hope now, and I beg you, when you pitch your tent, pitch it among the living, and not among the dead. If you are at all inclined to pitch it among the Democratic people, let me go with you for a moment while we survey the ground where I hope you will not shortly lie. It is a sad place, young man, for you to put your young life. It is to me far more like a graveyard than a camp for the living. Look at it! It is billowed all over with the graves of dead issues, of buried opinions, of exploded theories, of disgraced doctrines. Here are the tombs of Squatter Sovereignty, the Dred Scott Dicision, Slavery, the Rebellion, State Sovereignty, Secession, and opposition to the war. You cannot live in comfort in such a place. * * * * O, young man, come out of that camp! That is no place in which to put your young life. Come out, and come over into this camp of liberty, of order, of law, of justice, of freedom, of all that is glorious under these night stars."—*James A. Garfield, 1879.*

An All-Round American Citizen

We could desire no better fortune, in the campaign upon which we are entering, than that the other side should persist in their announced intention to make the issue upon President Roosevelt. What a godsend to our orators! It takes some study, some research, to talk about the tariff, or the currency, or foreign policy. But to talk about Roosevelt! it is as easy as to sing "the glory of the Graeme." Of gentle birth and breeding, yet a man of the people in the best sense; with the training of a scholar and the breezy accessibility of a ranchman; a man of the library and a man of the world; an athlete and a thinker; a soldier and a statesman; a reader, a writer, and a maker of history; with the sensibility of a poet and the steel nerve of a rough rider; one who never did, and never could, turn his back on a friend or an enemy. A man whose merits are so great that he could win on his merits alone; whose personality is so engaging that you lose sight of his merits. Make their fight on a man like that! What irreverent caricaturist was it that called them the stupid party?"—*John Hay's address at Jackson, Mich.*

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The Capital of the Blue Grass

BY HARRY BUCKLEY

NO richer or more fertile country is to be found in the whole world than that of which Lexington, Kentucky, is the center; and from Revolutionary days the land holders have been turning this fact to advantage, and have accumulated much wealth from the raising of the highly profitable crops, tobacco and hemp, and from breeding fine stock. This wealth has naturally gravitated to the Capital of the Blue Grass Region, Lexington, and has been the means of giving to her citizens a broad knowledge of financial matters.

The beauty of the country, the fertility and productiveness of the soil, and the salubrious climate, particularly well adapted to the raising of fine horses, has induced many well known Eastern men of great wealth to invest in farms near Lexington. This simply shows that the advantages of Lexington and its immediate surroundings are recognized by some of the most successful men in the United States, and their faith in its future is proved by their large investments.

Lexington was the terminus of one of the first steam railways operating fully equipped trains in the United States. Lexington was one of the very first cities in the world to have electric car lines. The first college established west of the Allegheny Mountains was built there. This Blue Grass City was the home of the great Henry Clay, and from among the ranks of her citizens have come many statesmen, seamen, and soldiers, who have attained world-wide reputations.

During the financial panic of 1893, Lexington was one of the few cities of the United States which did not sustain a failure; nor was confidence so far lost in any of her banks as to cause a "run." This freedom from financial reverses has always marked its history, and is doubtless due to the fact, that none of the fever and excitement of a speculative atmosphere exists there. Steady progress and no failures are the best evidence of the distinct advantage possessed by a city free from speculation.

No better gauge can be found of the growth of a city and its probable future, than its financial institutions, and the way they are managed. The most typical example of Lexington's progress, and the finest monument to the advanced ideas of her citizens, is the Southern Mutual Investment Company. I found that, something over ten years ago, a group of the wealthiest and most astute men of the city had devised a unique form of investment based on a combination of the savings bank and life insurance ideas; and had originally organized the company to offer to the wage-earner and man of small means an investment which could be made on the installment plan, and giving the investors the benefit of the full **earning** value of their money, and not simply its **rental** value. The Southern Mutual met with such phenomenal success from the beginning that, shortly after its incorporation, it placed investment bonds on the market to be purchased by people in any condition of life—whether wage-earner or capitalist. I was also shown evidence on the company's books of thousands of dollars having been paid to bondholders at rates of profit on their investments far in excess of those paid by savings banks. The most impressive fact about this institution is its marvelous growth. In the beginning, the intention of its organizers was to do simply a local business, but now it has bondholders in every one of the United States, the Dominion of Canada and Mexico, and is represented by a corps of over 400 agents. Its financial statement, however, gives the best idea of this progress in the item of over $2,800,000 paid investors, and held for their benefit.

The officials have recognized that the first question asked by an investor is as to the character of the protection afforded his principal, and have made every provision for safeguarding the sums invested with them. In the first place, the company operates under a specially enacted State law, that defines the securities in which its assets shall be invested, requires the reporting of a sworn annual statement to the State Treasurer, and obligates the company to hold its books open at all times to the inspection of state officials. Its capital stock is $100,000, and it has $100,000 deposited with the Kentucky Treasurer for the protection of all investors. The fidelity bonds of officers and employees who handle funds aggregate about $200,000. Furthermore, the company conforms to more or less similar laws in nearly every State in which it operates, and holds certificates of authority to transact its business in about thirty-five States.



"CHEAPSIDE"
Statue Gen. John C. Breckinridge in foreground. Southern Mutual Investment Company Block beyond statue. Court-house to right.

The mechanical equipment and office systems are as fully abreast with the times as any that can be found. The company owns a handsome and thoroughly modern office-building in the heart of Lexington, in which it has its own very ample home-offices.

Hon. C. J. Bronston, the President of the company, is a lawyer with many years' experience, having also held many prominent political positions, including a State Senatorship. In speaking of the company, Mr. Bronston said, "I not only consider that it offers the most unique forms of investments through its bonds now on the market, but also the most profitable, where the same security to the principal invested is given." While discussing Lexington, he expressed the opinion that no city in the country of even double the size offered as good opportunities to capitalists, and stated that judicious investments in the city and surrounding country would bring greater returns than in any other section of the United States, giving the experience of the Southern Mutual in investing its assets as proof. Several investments were cited through which as much as 15 per cent. per annum had been earned, taking into consideration the appreciation in the value of securities; and he stated most emphatically that no speculative chances are ever taken.

The active management of the company and the execution of the policy outlined by the Board of Directors is in the hands of the Secretary and General Manager, Mr. A. Smith Bowman; he is also a bank director, the vice-president of the local Telephone Company, a most prosperous corporation, and is on the boards of directors of several other large corporations. Mr. Bowman wielded a wide influence in developing and improving Lexington, and his civic pride now prompts him to many acts tending to the city's betterment.

The Southern Mutual Company's treasurer is Mr. D. B. Jones, who in his appearance and conversation more nearly approaches the typical southerner than any other of the company's officers, and, because of his solidity and wide experience in financial matters, is pre-eminently fitted for his position.

One of the directors of the Southern Mutual, in addition to being a bank president and director and official in a number of other corporations, is the president of the largest company manufacturing hemp in the State. Two other directors created the fine street railway system of the city, while a fourth owns the largest retail establishment in Lexington; and two others own and manage one of the leading hotels of the city. The group of men constituting the board ofdirectors of the Southern Mutual Investment Company have done more to upbuild Lexington than any other body of men of equal number in the city. They are now interested in more public and private enterprises, and are possessed, in their private capacity, of more capital than any other group of men of the same number in Lexington.

The Southern Mutual Investment Company offers several forms of bonds on which investments can be made for periods of as short a time as six years, or for ten, fifteen or twenty years. The bonds are devised to be issued in denominations of as little as $100, or for any larger amounts. These bonds may be purchased by a single payment, just as government, railroad, and municipal bonds are bought, or the investor may pay for them by annual, semi-annual, quarterly, or monthly installments. They admit of such small investments as seventy cents a month being made, and, on the other hand, I was shown records of bonds for which the holders had paid over $20,000. The most attractive feature of these bonds, outside of their profitableness, is the fact that the company obligates itself to accept them as collateral for a loan. Another advantage is that, in the event of the death of the holder, the bonds may be surrendered to the company and immediately converted into cash at values clearly stated in the bonds. I examined with interest the records of bonds that had matured, on which such profits had been paid to the investors as to convince one that the returns to be made on other bonds, and particularly the ten-year bonds, would probably show a profit exceeding 6 per cent. per annum. Mr. Bowman also called my attention to the fact that none of the expenses usually attached to the making of real estate loans and other similar investments, are required in buying these bonds. To those interested, handsome booklets giving all necessary information, are sent free.

Lexington is justly proud of this offspring of her progressiveness, and will be assured a remarkable growth, if she keeps pace with her largest financial institution.

As was said in the beginning, so it should be emphasized in conclusion that Lexington is a typical American city, which, through its natural resources, growing industries, and wonderful financial institutions, has before it a future of greater promise than many of her larger sisters,—a promise of greatness that, through the influence and activity of her progressive citizens, should be fully realized.



A. SMITH BOWMAN
(Vice-President Chamber of Commerce. Vice-President Fayette Home Telephone Company. Sec. & Gen'l Mgr. Southern Mutual Investment Company



C. J. BRONSTON
Lawyer and Capitalist.
President Southern Mutual Investment Company



D. B. JONES
Secretary and Treasurer, Burley Loose Tobacco Warehouse Co.
Treasurer Southern Mutual Investment Co.



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VOLUME VII. NEW YORK, NOVEMBER, 1904 NUMBER 126



Just Before Carving the Turkey

STRICKLAND W. GILLILAN

Day of thanks! through all the years we've had so bountefully much
To persuade us to be thankful, that our gratitude is such
As to make our weak words falter and seem meaningless and trite,
But our glad old hearts are singing songs of praise, with all their might.
All we asked of life in youthtime has been given us, and more,
While a wealth of love has glorified our little earthly store.

Many heartaches came, but joy has always dried the tears of care:
And we're thankful,—O, how thankful,—that our only vacant chair
Sends no scalding tear-drops welling to our eyelids while we wait
For a step upon the gravel and the clicking of the gate:
Yes, we're wonderfully thankful that, when all the chores are done,
We'll see within that empty chair our joy and pride,—our empty son!

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ALFRED HENRY LEWIS

THE PRESIDENCY

The Last Word on the Candidates and the Principles for Which They Stand

A Personal View of the Men now most prominently before the Nation, Showing the Human Side of Their Characters

ALFRED HENRY LEWIS

[*Author of "The Boss," "The President," etc.*]

I.

ONCE upon a time there was a sage baptized Mark, surnamed Twain. In an unbuckled moment he said: "To be good is noble; to show others how to be good is nobler, and less trouble." That may be as it may; for myself, I am not sure. Ink is my trade, and I've always held to a better opinion of myself than was entertained by my neighbors. For all that, whenever I have sat down to write, particularly of politics and of those who play at it, I've felt the uneasy burden of my task, besides being pressed upon by the propriety of offering an apology to mankind.

Humanity, even in its wisest expression, is so marked by a plentiful lack of knowledge, so much the slave of circumscription, so warped by interest, and so crippled by a pinching environment, that for the best and broadest to offer himself as a guide to his fellows in their vote-wanderings seems preposterously an instance of the blind seeking to lead. The mere fact smells of egotism; it leads one to infer conceit and points to a self-sufficient vanity as its root. Therefore, it has occurred to me that a move so madly priggish as thus naming oneself as mentor to a world about its duties as a citizen and the transaction of its public affairs, if it did not provoke anger, was more likely to be rewarded with laughter than with anything of greater value or honor.

Perhaps I come thus limpingly to the work because of a strain. I draw only half my blood from New England, and therefore should say that my self-confidence has been but half fed. Whatever the reason, certain it is that I am by no means sure of myself as a finger post of politics, and must warn you who shall read this to guard against my deficiencies. The only thing I promise is honesty, and for the rest you must fend for yourselves;—not but what I compact for much when I promise honesty, for there be folks who, at this pinch and with a campaign at the apex of its rage, would lie like a gas meter.

He who is plunged in the ocean must needs think of water. When he is immersed in politics, with the din of president-mongering filling his ears, to consider the candidates is not only natural, but also inevitable. One is the more invited to such discussion since the platform separation of the dominant parties—that is, the Republican and Democratic parties,—is imaginary more than real. Machiavelli himself could not to-day write their platforms so as to keep those septs of politics apart.

Within a decade the so-called issues have mightily disappeared. Finance? Gold it is, and gold it will be; for a time, at least, the incident of money is closed. Tariff? The fixed charges of government—being well-nigh a billion dollars a year,—have mounted to such a figure that a "tariff for revenue only" makes a fence so high that the most weakly puling of our infant industries cries for naught higher. As for the trusts and the Philippines, there have been a fog of words, and a mist of uproar, but no real division of the people on what should be described as party lines. Therefore, the present is peculiarly an occasion when the one thing left is the man, and folks about to dispose of their ballots may best employ their time by canvassing the merits or demerits, agreements or disagreements, of Messrs. Roosevelt and Parker and Watson, to the exclusion of so-called "platforms" and what tenets of parties, the managers, since they must say something, call the "questions of the hour."

No; Messrs. Roosevelt and Parker and Watson are not the only ones now rapping at the door of notice, and linking their names with a possible White House. Besides Mr. Debs, who takes the field in the name if not in the interest of labor, there is Rev. Silas C. Swallow, the candidate of the Prohibitionists. I will find neither time nor space to deal with Mr. Debs and Mr. Swallow. Each is well thought of by those about him, and as a candidate possesses points of strength. Of the latter gentleman, however, and his party, I am moved to say this: while I loathe gin mills, and have yet to be taught the public value of a distillery, I can not avoid regarding the Prohibition Party as a creature moonstruck and wandering. To say that "prohibition" is the *summum bonum* of politics is as if one should neglect those wounds by which a patient is bleeding to death to prick a blister and call the operation surgery.

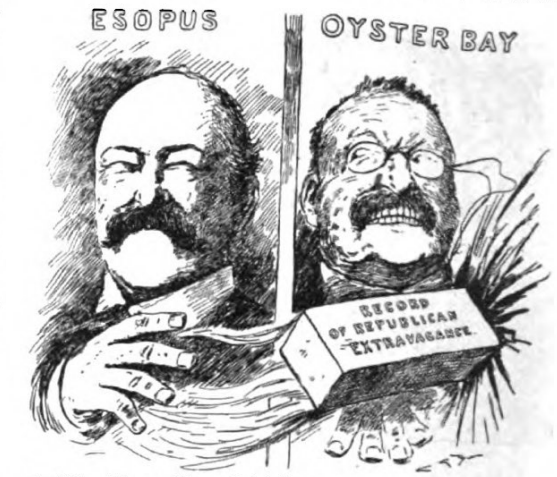
II.

As figures of politics Mr. Parker is prosaic; Mr. Watson, poetic; and Mr. Roosevelt, picturesque. Mr. Parker is the one most narrow of the three, made so by a native selfishness that would cause him to hesitate if apprehensive of personal loss.

When compared with Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Watson, Mr. Parker lacks imagination. That trait of imagination is vastly important. Mr. Roosevelt, who has most, thinks of himself as an American; the frontiers of his concern reach either ocean. Mr. Watson, who for imagination comes next, suffers from the defect of region, and calls himself a Southern man. Mr. Parker, who owns least, is a Democrat before he is either Northern or American, and trots with safe tameness at the heels of his party. Therefore, Mr. Parker is not so purely patriotic as are the others. What wars he would take part in must be wholly defensive. Mr. Watson has as militant a patriotism as has Mr. Roosevelt, but of a slimmer geography. Mr. Watson would fight for the South sooner and more fiercely than for the country. Mr. Roosevelt would be earliest to buckle on his weapons for the whole nation.

Back in the days when Mr. Roosevelt was chief of the Civil Service he wrote a book. In it he praised the valor of Southern men. Judge Jones, of Ashville, North Carolina, pleased thereat, thanked him "as a Southern man," for the justice done his people. Mr. Roosevelt replied, acknowledging Judge Jones's thanks, but said: "My mother was from the South, my father was of the North. Speaking for myself, however, I am neither Northern, nor Southern, nor Eastern, nor Western; I am a United States man."

Of that adjective, "Southern," I have said, on another occasion, that the thing the "Solid



"'Who Threw That Brick?'"—New York "World"



"Why Do They Pull together This Way?"—Chicago "News"



"The Political Barometer."—Minneapolis "Journal"



"'It's Full, but Look at the Size of It!'"—Brooklyn "Eagle"

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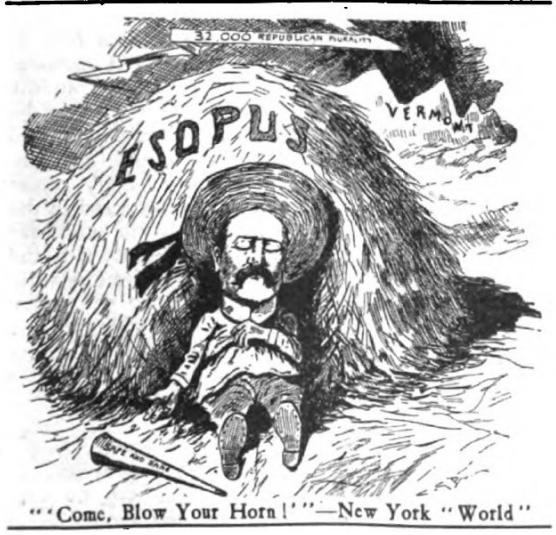
"Desperate Work to Save the Dam."—Brooklyn "Eagle"



"Just now He's not Sitting down."—Chicago "News"



"The Incubator Baby."—New York "Globe"



"'Come, Blow Your Horn!'"—New York "World"

South" most suffers from its solidity. If I were business manager of the South I would abolish "Southern" and "solid" by edict of law. A solid South provides, inferentially, for a solid North; this latter by virtue of the commonest instinct of defense. In a correct theory of politics there should be no such term as "Southern." There can be, in the essence of things, no Southern question. Every question is an American question. The negro question is not Southern, but national. Is a bullet in the leg a leg question? What would you say of your hands were they, on some occasion when you should cough, to remark:—

"Do you hear that cough? It sounds like consumption. I'm sorry for the lungs; but, of course, it's none of our business."

Some one once observed that in union there is strength. He might have added, "with occasional exceptions." The negroes, politically, are united, and cling together like bats in a steeple. They would fare better were they divided. If the negroes should split themselves between the great parties, they would become objects of solicitude to those parties. It is to the advantage of any trade or race or class to be an object of party solicitude. It was just such tender solicitude for the veteran class, and the vote it casts, which sent our pension list into the annual round vicinity of two hundred millions. Both parties have been ever generous with the public favor, or the public funds, when dealing with those whose politics was not petrified, and whose suffrages were migratory. Why should either party concern itself about the negro? No one goes wild over what he can't get. No one turns sleepless over what he can't lose. Neither party has aught to hope or aught to fear from the negro, since his vote-future is self-resolved and fixed.

III.

When I use the word "honest" in the following paragraphs, I do not intend to imply anything personal, and I make this explanation for the benefit of those skeptics who take a purely literal view of everything they read. Only *honest* men are nominated for the presidency. I use the word in the large, broad, political sense.

Mr. Roosevelt is wholly an honest man, and his honesty is downright and smashing,—a sort of Thor's hammer. It goes to the mark like a rifle bullet, and no self-interest can deflect or turn it aside. It is week-a-day, is that honesty, and deals with men and things as they are.

Mr. Watson's honesty is rather the honesty of an idea, and, so far from resembling the honesty of Mr. Roosevelt, is the prey of visions, the victim of dreams, and transacts itself on a theory of things and men as they ought to be.

This difference in the honesty of Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Watson arises from primal differences in the men. The former is of the world; and, while he knows books, he knows men better. The latter, wise from books, knows little or nothing of men. Humanity in the concrete is for him a puzzle unsolved, and he makes the mistake of supposing it to be better than it is. This inclines him to a severe view when wrongdoing on the part of an individual engages his notice. He attributes to a criminal perversity, that prefers evil to good, what Mr. Roosevelt, more worldly-gifted, lays to mere weakness pressed upon by some particularity of environment. As a corollary, Mr. Roosevelt is of a more generous mercy than Mr. Watson, and will find excuses for mankind gone astray when Mr. Watson would not.

Mr. Parker, like Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Watson, is honest. But the honesty of Mr. Parker is neither so headlong as Mr. Roosevelt's nor so inveterate as Mr. Watson's. It is tamer, and more tractable; it will not carry him to expensive extremes; as they say of a safe, well-broken horse, it will stand without hitching. Mr. Parker could manage the canvass of David Bennett Hill for a governorship. Mr. Roosevelt or Mr. Watson would have failed in that rôle of management. Mr. Parker succeeded so well that Mr. Hill, in appreciation of his services, appointed him to the supreme bench. Mr. Roosevelt or Mr. Watson would have flung back from the mud, and the mire, and the dark-lanternisms of that campaign, whatever the reward. Mr. Parker's honesty, more convenient for the ambitions of that gentleman, went forward, consoling itself for what mud and mire it encountered with the supreme judgeship which shone starlike at the end of the trail.

There be folks pliant to occasion; they are secretive before they are brave, and have a genius for merger. The jackrabbit, when threatened, can so accommodate himself to a condition as to seem to sink into the bare, brown earth; the tree toad will turn the color of whatever he rests upon. This is for his safety. There be men who can bow instantly to events; feeling the helm of some sudden new exigency, they will turn at full speed in half their lengths. Grammont goes down to Dover, thinking of a ship for France, and the Hamiltons follow him.

"Sir," says the elder Hamilton, gravely, "have you forgotten nothing?"

"Pardon me!" says Grammont, sweeping the ground with the polite feather of his cap, "I have forgotten to marry Miss Hamilton." The three ride back to London and a wedding.

Machiavelli speaks highly of this ability to match the hour one lives in, and preaches from it as from the very text of political success. Mr. Parker, a judge at thirty-two, not for what he knows of law, but of politics, would appear to have studied the Florentine.

That gift of convenience is the mark of a politician aiming at self-interest, rather than of a stateman who considers the broad advantage of a world. Mr. Parker strives to match his day; Mr. Roosevelt strives to make his day match him; Mr. Watson, of a fancy fraught with dreams, forgets to-day and strives for the mastery of to-morrow. Speaking from standpoints practical and ironbound, Mr. Watson, for all his honesties and clean theories of silk, would make the worst president of the trio, on the principle announced by Frederick the Great, when he said, "If I wanted to punish a province I would have it governed by philosophers."

IV.

Mr. Parker tunes his conduct, if not his convictions, to the key in which the hour is set. Politically, he would rather be "regular" than right. He voted for silver and believed in gold. That was in 1896, and 1900; the Democracy was for silver, and Mr. Parker makes a specialty of being a Democrat. And yet, does not this capacity for believing one way, while voting another, speak of one who puts on or puts off a principle as if it were a coat.

It was in 1894 when a state convention sitting at Springfield, Ohio, declared for gold. Senator Calvin Brice was the controlling influence of that convention, and Colonel "Ike" Hill, the Democratic whip of the house of representatives, attended as a delegate from the county of Licking. Colonel Hill was a profound silver man. On his return to Washington I interviewed him.

"Did the gold men have any trouble controlling the convention?" I asked.

"Trouble!" snorted Colonel Hill, contemptuously, rolling a watery eye upon me,—"trouble? My boy, five thousand dollars more would have made it unanimous."

"And you?" I asked; "how about those silver convictions to which you have always clung?"

"I'm a Democrat," returned Colonel Hill, serenely, "before I'm a silver man. I'm for anything the Democracy demands. I was for silver, I am for gold, and I will be for diamonds if the Democratic Party should declare for diamonds as the unit of value."

Mr. Parker belongs to such a school. Being a Democrat above all else, he votes in the teeth of his convictions, and follows a flag while condemning the cause for which it is unfurled.

Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Watson would not have been so docile. They are not so much the masters of their own integrities. As they believe, so must they act, whatever the ruin wrought to either their parties or themselves.

Mr. Parker meets one with a fine affability of smile and handgrip. He is what folks call a good mixer. This power of blandly beaming is the common trait of hotel clerks and

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"The Democratic Editors March to Esopus."—"Harper's Weekly"



"'Vere Iss Dot Elephant?'"
New York "American"

managing politicians. It is a beaming born of anticipated profits, and the thought behind is a thought of getting, not giving. Mr. Parker impresses the casual observer as exceedingly frank and open. It is a frankness of the surface, and all the time his mouth is closed like a trap. His instinct is for evasion, for disappearance, and for silence; this simulated frankness is his method of putting questions aside. You do not ask questions of one who seems to tell you at once all there is to tell. And yet, when you are through with Mr. Parker, and sit down to count your gains, you find the whole affair a waterhaul. You have been told nothing,—shown nothing; that frankness was a mirage.

The impression begins to creep coldly upon you, like mosses upon stone, that you can not afford to take Mr. Parker upon trust. Some there be who so radiate integrity, and who are so full of an innate purity of purpose, that one's confidence reaches out to them even though they promise nothing, and tell nothing. Mr. Parker does not furnish one with this feeling. While he has carried concealment to the height of art, he can not conceal that he is concealing, and this breeds in every unbiased breast a sensation of unrest. You go from him not confident, but uneasy, fearing those things he did not say.

Mr. Roosevelt occurs in face-to-face opposition with Mr. Parker in this business of being frank. He has no more notion of hiding than has a bulldog or a buffalo or a grizzly bear. He tells you everything,—not with a thought of agreement between you and him,—but he finds concealment irksome. The surreptitious wearies him, and it is easiest to tell all and fight.

Mr. Roosevelt believes in the mightiness of right; he fights with you concerning a course or a principle, understanding that the victor, when the combat is over, will carry forth his design. Mr. Parker is an apostle of the indirect; he plans to achieve his object without collision and without struggle. Mr. Roosevelt never plans directly to an object. He plans always to a battle. When the battle is decided, the object fought over will belong to the conqueror. Mr. Watson is as frank as Mr. Roosevelt, but, being an abstractionist, he can tell little beyond his own theories. He is frank in an impersonal fashion, precisely as a book is frank. Like Mr. Roosevelt, he will fight, only he fights like a hornet, while the other fights like a mastiff, and is resentful rather than militant in the spirit of his wars.

V.

You have seen folks with talents wholly for the self-conscious, and who wore themselves constantly on the back of their regard. They lived and slept before a mirror. They made a cult of Number One, bore themselves in mind, and, crowning selfishness, were neither brave nor good nor true when it told against them. It would be doing wrong to Mr. Parker to say that this is his description. But it comes more nearly being his picture than that of either Mr. Watson or Mr. Roosevelt. Also the last is more in honest balance—more in trim,—than are the other two. Mr. Watson would do less good than Mr. Roosevelt, because he would see fewer opportunities. Mr. Parker, too, would do less good than Mr. Roosevelt, because, while he might see as many opportunities, he would not be capable of what sacrifices might be demanded.

Mr. Watson would forget a rich man's dollar while remembering a poor man's cent. Mr. Parker might forget the poor man's cent while remembering the rich man's dollar. Mr. Watson would sooner be a doorkeeper in the house of the Lord than dwell in the tents of the ungodly. Mr. Parker would have nothing to say against those tents. Mr. Roosevelt would hold the scale more fairly than either of them. He would forget neither the cent nor the dollar; he would remember both, protect both, and compel a right conduct from both. Mr. Watson would side with Labor; Mr. Parker would champion Capital; Mr. Roosevelt, most safe and most sane, would stand for justice in the face of both.



"Foxy Grandpa."—Minneapolis "Journal"

In physical appearance Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Parker possess vastly the advantage of Mr. Watson. The latter is slim and slight. Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Parker are of good height,—broad and deep and straight, with wide shoulders and strong necks. They meet men on occasions chance-sown better than Mr. Watson meets them. The latter's bent is for library corners; his relaxation has been the perusal of books. He has conversed but little with men. This, added to a natural loneliness of disposition, makes him grave and distant. As against this, Mr. Roosevelt is of out-doors sort. He has no formalities, no dignities that depend upon a pose, is as much at home in a camp as in a drawing-room, and, being excessively human, he forgets his Chesterfield and does not always remember the Graces. Mr. Parker gives the impression of being better pleased with himself than with you. He has a successful, self-gratulatory air, like a Dutchman triumphing at the beginning of winter in thoughts of big wood-piles, full bins, barns well stocked, and all things snug and sure.

Yet we like people who like themselves, and so we like Mr. Parker; we like people who like us, and so we like Mr. Roosevelt; we do not like people who are hectic and fevered and anxious and disturb us with radicalisms, and so we do not like Mr. Watson. The world's attitude toward Mr. Watson might be pointed to as of a par with that of the great Ralph Waldo Emerson toward Thoreau.

"We love Henry," explained Mr. Emerson, with simple veracity; "we love Henry, but we do not like him."

Because of these matters, Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Parker are more framed and fashioned for popularity than is Mr. Watson; and still, while you might not prefer Mr. Watson—painful, heedful, and the very slave of duty,—as a neighbor, you would not shrink from naming him as your executor.

VI.

In point of intellect, Mr. Roosevelt, in any stress of competition, would stand before the others. By the same token, Mr. Watson would have the better of Mr. Parker. Mr. Roosevelt's appetite for knowledge is more omnivorous than is that of Mr. Watson or Mr. Parker, and this, added to a brain of most vigorous fiber, sets him far and away in advance of them in general information. His experience, too, has been very much greater than has theirs. He was taught how state laws are made, as a member of the assembly at Albany, and subsequently took lessons in executing those laws as governor. He was shown the inner workings of a great city as a commissioner of police. As chief of civil service, assistant secretary of the navy, soldier in the field, Vice President, and President, it has been given him to look into every nook and corner of national government. Even as a deputy sheriff in the utter West it may be safely assumed that he learned much. His travels have been wide, and he knows, from practical touch and observation, not only Europe, but also every phase of American existence. He has wandered in the East and West and North and South, and has eaten and drunk and talked and slept with the peoples of those four regions. He knows what they feel and think and desire; he can gauge their needs and anticipate their drift of sentiment.

Mr. Parker, speaking educationally, was never out of New York. His public experiences have been confined to the bench, where no one has thought him a Matthew Hale.

Mr. Watson is as narrowly of Georgia as Mr. Parker is of New York. He was briefly in congress,—a seminary, by the way, where no man

[*Concluded on pages 735 and 736*]

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"349 37 S."

How the Man Was Run to Earth Who Surreptitiously Extracted Fifty Thousand Dollars from the Safe of Careless Bill Warren, a Spendthrift

MARVIN DANA

[*Illustrations by Herman Pfeifer*]

THEY were partners and antitheses. Peck was tall; Warren was short: Peck was thin; Warren was fat: Peck was gloomy; Warren was gay: Peck was a miser; Warren was a spendthrift.

So far as business went, their opposite qualities combined to insure success. The results of that success, however, were hardly enviable, since Warren had no residue of money to show for it, and Peck would not display his accumulations, which were considerable. Warren never failed to spend all he had, at once, luxuriously, even riotously, while Peck hid his cash in secret places, his one ecstasy being produced by solitary gloating over it. Chance had brought the two together, years ago, in Illinois, and each found in the other those contrasts to himself that increased achievement. As good fortune followed their joint endeavors, there sprang up between them a grudging and contemptuous admiration that gave a pleasant flavor to their relations. Peck envied Warren's boldness and ingenuity, while Warren admired Peck's thrift and caution. Of the two, Warren was, perhaps, the more generous in his liking, as was inevitable from his nature, and the more constant. As a matter of fact, Peck, as time passed, found his liking for Warren turned to detestation. As they marched with the frontiers of the West, Warren was forever making wild personal speculations, from which Peck held aloof. In these, more often than not, Warren won largely, and this exasperated Peck beyond his patience. It seemed to him the irony of fate that it should scatter largess in the hands of one who cared not to retain it. It filled him with dismay to behold the manner in which Warren frittered away any and all amounts that fortune flung him. To Peck it was a shameful abuse of wealth that one should dispense it.



"For perhaps another hour, the old man sat with his face glued to the pane"

Drawn by Herman Pfeifer

He went about constantly with a fierce disgust at any success attained by his partner, merely because Warren unfailingly at once spent his profits in prodigalities.

For two years the partners had carried on their operations—sometimes in mines, sometimes in cattle, sometimes in other enterprises fostered by the exigencies of the region,—from headquarters at Kingman, Arizona. Both had done fairly well, but Warren had recently acquired a mine on his individual account, and had sold it at a profit of fifty thousand dollars, whereat Peck was in the profoundest depths of despair.

"It ain't right," he remarked, in his thin treble, to Warren, while the two were alone in their office, just after the sale had been consummated; "it ain't right fer no sech reckless critter as you be to have all that money. I know what you'll be a-doin' of, durn ye!"

Warren's fat, red face was wreathed in smiles, as he questioned, blandly,—

"What?"

"Blow it, blast ye!"

Warren shook with adipose laughter.

"You bet!" he agreed, happily.

Peck glared at the rubicund, smiling visage.

"You'd orter be ashamed of yerself," he spluttered. "It ain't right to go a-blowin' all that money. Bill, why don't ye hold on to it?"

"What fer?"

"'What fer!'" Peck became white with emotion. "What fer? You ask *what fer*, when it comes to keepin' money!"

"Yes," Warren repeated, chuckling, "what fer?"

"Why, so's to have it, of course,—so's to have it, can't ye see?"

"I don't want money," Warren argued; "all I want is what money'll buy."

"It won't buy nothin' after it's spent."

"No, an' it don't buy anything until it is spent. So we're even."

But Peck waved the argument aside, angrily.

"Bill," he declared, with piping emphasis, "you're an ornery fool, that's what you be, a durn ornery fool. You ain't got the sense of a cottontail."

Warren continued to grin amiably.

"I have a lot more fun'n you do, Jim."

Peck snorted contempt.

"Fun! What's fun, I'd like to know?"

"Oh, I guess you don't really care much about knowin', now do ye, Jim? If you'd ever cared much, you could 'a' found out—by payin' fer the information."

"Payin' fer fun!"

"Yep, that's about it, Jimmy; you have to pay fer all the fun ye git, somehow. I'm willin' to pay fer mine in cold cash. What do you care, anyhow?"

"But the money, Bill!"

Warren's face grew harsh.

"Shut up, Jim; it's my money, an' I blow my money jest as I please. I'm tired o' hearin' you croak. Shut up!"

Peck shuddered and was silent, grieving bitterly. Soon afterwards he left the office and went across the street to his own house, where he remained alone, to brood over the criminal folly of Warren.

Meanwhile, Warren had quickly regained his usual air of careless jollity, which nothing seemed able to ruffle long. On ordinary occasions he listened to the pleadings of Peck with placid amusement, as he listened to most other things.



"The awkward figure paused, and the young man turned in astonishment, to see Warren beckoning"

But on that day his conscience had joined in the protest against his course. He had always provided liberally for his wife and daughter, an only child, but he had not saved for their future, which would be unprovided for should anything happen to him and his earnings cease. This lack of prudence had been borne in on him recently by certain indications that his own health was not all it should be. He had lived hard too long to change his manner of life without the spur of spiritual regeneration, which was wanting, but the real affection he bore the women of his household caused him to mourn his habits of life and the consequent indigence that threatened his home. Yet he could not contemplate for an instant the saving of this profit from the sale of the mine. On the contrary, every time he thought of the money he thought, too, of a run to San Francisco, where he could gamble and dine and drink to his worst content. Thus Peck's strictures came at a moment when he was realizing that he ought to save his money, and realizing as well that he would not. This angered him, and his mood vented itself in a gust of rage against his partner. But he regained his tranquillity, and a moral ruse that sprung up in his brain completed the measure of his satisfaction. He would take only ten thousand dollars to spend on a "blow-out" in San Francisco. This, of course, would be penury, but it would allow him to save forty thousand dollars for the family; that would be virtue. Warren thrilled with pseudo-spiritual pride. He felt himself the author of a good resolution. The sensation was novel and agreeable. He knew perfectly well that he would not limit his expenditure to the ten thousand dollars. He was aware that, in all human probability, he would become his usual prodigal self and lavish money here and there with reckless profusion until all was spent. But, in the meantime, he had made a resolve that he would save four fifths of his cash, and with this sop conscience must be content. There need be no more listening to voices of righteousness within his heart,—until after the trip, anyhow.

With a cigar held firmly at a masterful angle in one corner of his mouth, with his feet stretched out

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"'Come nearer,' Peck commanded; and the wretched young man advanced obediently"

on his desk, and with his hands clasped comfortably over his very round and portly waist, Warren half closed his little red eyes and dreamed of San Francisco. His face was very rosy as well as fat, and was lined with wrinkles of cheerful humor, and his bald head shone ruddy, garnished with a few sparse gray bristles. He gave the suggestion of a cherub grown old, a gay and dissipated and rather disreputable cherub, but still, in appearance, essentially cherubic. At length the heat and the charm of his musings overcame him, and he dozed.

Again he became angry, for some one was shouting his name and was thus waking him up. Finally, after a brief rebellion, he decided that he must arouse himself, since the shouting would not let him sleep. But he awoke in that state of indignation that is common to those awakened too soon and too abruptly, in this case made worse by the fact that his nap had set him to boiling with the heat.

"What is it?" he snapped, and blinked luridly about him.

Then, in an instant, he was master of himself, though by no means well disposed toward the intruder.

"What is it, Carr?" There was no hint of welcome in his tone.

"Sorry I disturbed your nap," Carr said, apologetically, "but I wanted to see ye."

"Huh! I'd 'a' guessed it, if ye had n't told me," Warren grunted, surlily. "Well, what is it?"

Carr seated himself loosely on a corner of the desk, facing Warren. He was a tall man, lanky and awkward, but his face was both kind and clever, and the gray eyes were fearless and honest. He was not more than thirty, but he had had the experience of the world that brings early maturity. He drew off his straw hat and mopped his wet forehead with a handkerchief.

"I called to make a business proposition," he said, slowly and with manifest embarrassment.

"Well, what is it?" Still there was no encouragement in the voice.

Carr sighed at the evident hostility of the older man, but continued, steadfastly:—

"Well, ye see, Mr. Warren, we all of us want money."

"Huh?"

"And I want money and you want money." Carr paused a moment to allow this lucid opening to take effect.

Warren only snorted indignantly at the delay.

"Ye know that mine o' mine, the 'Lucy?'" Carr waited inquiringly, though there could be no manner of doubt as to Warren's knowledge of the mine. Indeed, one factor influencing him to the purchase of it had been the name, Lucy, which was that of Warren's daughter, and Warren had waxed wroth when Carr told him of this, for he did not favor the young man's suit, though the girl did.

"Yes, yes, I know, of course. Do n't be a fool, if ye can help it. What is it? What do ye want?"

"Well, the 'Lucy' is a good one; but it wants money."

"An' so do you, and so do I," Warren interjected, sarcastically; "an' it wants a sight more 'n it 's likely ever to git!"

Carr flushed with resentment, but he held himself in check and continued, quietly:—

"I was a-thinkin', things bein' as they be, that ye might think o' puttin' in something yourself, so it 'd be all in the fam'ly, so to speak."

Warren grew redder than usual.

"Seems to me you 're gittin' things pretty cut and dried, without any particular notice o' me," he stormed. "Perhaps I ain't got any say to this 'ere fam'ly arrangement o' yourn."

"Well, Lucy, she said—"

"I ain't askin' ye what Lucy said or what she did n't say. I'm merely telling ye, I ain't said anything. An' I can tell ye, Silas Carr, I ain't goin' to say anything. I do n't want no paupers in the fam'ly. Your mine ain't nothing but a hole,—a plain-dog hole!"

Carr rose and put his hat on firmly.

"Guess I 'll be a-goin', Mr. Warren. Good day, sir!"

He went out without another word, leaving Warren angrier than before, and with his conscience aroused to new and strident protests.

He knew beyond cavil that the "Lucy" was a good mine. There was no proof that its treasures would be prodigious, but an expert could swear that it would repay a very large investment for its working. Warren had even attempted slyly to tempt Carr into selling it to him, for he believed that he could resell it at a good profit. But that would involve a large cash return at once, which always tempted Warren. It was quite another thing to sink thousands in the earth and wait for slow income from it. Certainty and permanency of income did not, in Warren's estimation, equal a huge sum to squander in San Francisco at once. Therefore he had no ear for Carr's proposition. Therefore, again, his conscience arose in fiercer revolt.

As conscience clearly pointed out, here was the best of opportunities to do his duty. Carr was an excellent young man, clean, energetic, trustworthy, and likable. He had invested his savings in a good mine. He was too shrewd to sacrifice his fortune to haste. He could at any moment find enough people willing to put up working capital for a half interest in the mine, but he would not offer more than a third. Only, in this case, as Warren was guiltily aware, it had occurred to Carr, on hearing of Warren's recent cash profit, that he might divide his possession of the mine with one who was "in the fam'ly." There was no doubt as to the justice of the phrase, because Carr was an accepted suitor. Lucy had made up her mind, and her mother approved. Warren did not, but he could not control his daughter without a shadow of reason. Reason he had none that was legitimate,—nothing but a sneaking hope that Lucy, who was a belle, might win one of the wealthy mine owners and thus insure her future and quiet her father's conscience. In reality, Warren had no grudge against Carr other than the inevitable dislike engendered by his own injustice and folly, on which conscience insisted very definitely. Had Warren done his whole duty as he knew it, he would have approved his daughter's choice, and would have given Carr the money for the "Lucy's" development, and then have been very fond of his son-in-law. Instead, he detested the young man with that energy which is in proportion to one's appreciation of his own shortcomings.

Warren put down his feet and stood up. For a minute he stared out of the window at the bleached street, shimmering in the summer sunlight. He shuddered at the thought that he must walk two blocks in the relentless glare. For a flitting second he wished that he had no passion for food or drink or inaction, since of such adipose tissue is made. Then he thought of his projected trip to San Francisco, and walked across the office to the safe. He gave a fond glance at his private compartment before closing the door. There was the money. It was wise to keep it there, for none except his partner would ever dream that it was not in the bank. Only Peck, who knew his habits so intimately, would suspect that he would retain such a sum in cash. But Warren was fond of having resources when he went pleasuring. He hated running short of funds and being obliged to telegraph or make drafts. It was much simpler to possess notes of various denominations that were available without question in any resort San Francisco boasted, high or low. Just now, however, conscience was provoked by his gloating, and, to soothe it, he muttered:—

"To-morrow I 'll put the forty thousand in the bank. I 'll make the ten thousand do."

Having thus resolved, he swung the great door fast and went out of the office, his heart aglow with the prospect of revels by the Golden Gate.

II.

HAVING slept as befitted one who has satisfied all the requirements of conscience, he regaled himself with continued anticipations of his proposed jaunt to San Francisco. He would start that very day, and to that end he gave his wife instructions for packing his valise. The poor woman sighed heavily, despite his assurance that the trip was strictly a business one, but she made no protest. She regarded her husband with an awe that had continued without interruption from her girlhood, and had increased rather than diminished with the years, although it had had little enough, heaven knows, to feed on. Warren, however, esteemed himself fortunate that Lucy was away on a visit to Prescott. The girl was fond of her father, but she displayed no particular reverence for him, and of late she had shown a disposition to criticise him when she thought he deserved rebuke. In Lucy's absence there was none to say him nay, and he left the house for his office, full of pleasant plans.

Warren found Pedro, Peck's one servant, at the door of the office, with a note from his partner. He unlocked the door, went to his desk, sat down, and opened the note. It announced the fact that business required Peck's immediate attention in Los Angeles, and that he had left by the morning train. He would return within a few days.

Warren read the note leisurely, folded it, and returned it to the envelope mechanically, without any particular interest. Then his eyes fell on the safe in the corner, for he was still thinking of the joy that awaited him in San Francisco. As he looked, amazement grew on his countenance. The door of the safe stood open!

For a few seconds he sat motionless, gaping at the open door. Then his ruddy face paled to a gray purple and his small red eyes widened in horror. A cry of dismay burst from his lips and he darted forward to the safe. In a twinkling he had drawn out the top drawer of his private compartment, of which also the tiny door stood open. It was a shriek that broke from him then, for the drawer was empty. The fifty thousand dollars had vanished!

He remained with the drawer in his hands, gasping, his lips trembling, and his face convulsed, for a harrowing minute. Then the blood came slowly into his cheeks, and he compressed his lips and replaced the drawer. Thereafter, at once, he began a careful search of the safe. All the papers were untouched, but no money was left. The small amount of partnership funds which was kept there for running expenses had vanished. In Peck's private drawer there was nothing, save a document or two of no value to any robber. A glance at the outer door of the safe showed that it had been blown open. The thief had done his work well and completely.

When Warren had finished the examination,

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his first thought was to notify Peck and secure his coöperation in efforts to apprehend the burglar. But, as he turned from the empty safe, his eyes fell on Pedro, and with a start he recalled the fact of his partner's absence from the city.

"Gone, eh?" Pedro inquired, with an expressive shrug, and a glance of comprehension toward the open safe.

Something in the man's manner riveted Warren's attention. What it was he could not tell,—a hint of amusement, of superiority,—but, whatever it was, it aroused his suspicions. A flash of intuition lighted his mind and he saw what he believed to be the truth. He nodded in answer to the Mexican's question, and went to his desk. He wrote a telegram to Peck at Los Angeles, and gave it to Pedro with a request that it be sent at once. The man slouched off and Warren was left alone.

Seated at his desk, he concentrated his mind in order to justify, or reject, the belief that his instinct had suggested. This was that the burglar was Peck.

The latter was the only person in the world who knew that the fifty thousand dollars had been kept in the safe. There was not one chance in thousands that any ordinary thief would select this office for a robbery. There were other places in plenty where the risks would be no greater and where there must always be a tidy sum in cash over night, something worth a thief's while. Here, ordinarily, there could not be more than a few paltry dollars. Nobody knew that he had received cash for the mine, with the single exception of those who paid it to him, men of wealth toward whom no suspicion could be directed, and Peck. Moreover, Peck was avaricious beyond belief. The sight of money made his eyes glisten with desire. Money was his sole passion. His one aim in life was to hoard away all the wealth of which he might by any means become possessed. What anguish had weighted his spirits only the day before when he had exhorted Warren not to squander this very money! It was quite evident that to his monomaniacal mind Warren's prodigality of cash was a heinous crime. What was more natural, then, than that he should undertake to prevent such a crime by the commission of one himself—one that should minister to the lust that ruled his life? Warren had a vision of Peck sitting alone in misery over the thought of fifty thousand dollars scattered in wanton revels. The miser must have tortured himself to the point where he believed himself justified in using any means to prevent the waste of a fortune. He had, doubtless, come to regard as a virtue on his part the supreme effort to thwart his partner's spendthrift purpose. The argument was simple enough. On the one hand, the fifty thousand dollars under the control of Warren would melt away in a short time of rioting, leaving in its stead nothing but a memory of false pleasures for its former possessor. On the other hand, he, Peck, would take the charge of it on himself, and he would retain it as long as life should last, retain it in some mysterious concealment, where none save himself should know of its existence, even, where his solitary gaze might from time to time feast on it, and where his joy might be made full by the realization of possession, and by dreams of the power that was potential in it.

The longer he reflected, the more strongly did Warren believe that his partner had turned thief. The sudden journey to Los Angeles was only a ruse in order to divert suspicion. But, while Warren was convinced of the truth of his surmises, he greatly doubted his ability to win others to his views. He knew Peck as no other did. The world at large had no suspicion that the man was a miser. For all any other might know, the two men were but moderately successful in business. Certainly, Warren himself had little to show as the result of their partnership, for he had been as prodigal as Peck had been miserly. He had dissipated more than any jury would believe, should he give them figures, and there was nothing left but his unsupported word as to the amounts Peck had gained. A jury would hardly credit the stories he might tell of the firm's successes. Peck would lie, for he had a horror lest any might know of his wealth; he had a true miser's secretiveness. In addition, were Warren to prove Peck's possession of wealth, that very fact might tend to make others incredulous of his stealing such a sum. One must know the man as Warren knew him in order to understand and believe. Warren came out of his meditations with two fixed convictions: Peck was guilty; he could not be convicted. For that matter, finding him guilty would be a very different thing from recovering the stolen money. The miser would conceal his treasure most craftily. Were he sent to prison for burglary, he would not reveal its hiding-place. Being a miser, he would give up liberty, or life itself, rather than the possession of his hoard.

Warren paced back and forth in quest of a course of conduct. For a long time he could come to no satisfactory conclusion. Then, as he paused by the window that gave a view of the street, his wandering eyes were caught by a tall, awkward figure slouching past. Instantly he made a determination, one that must help his cause, since it was of a sort to appease his outraged conscience.

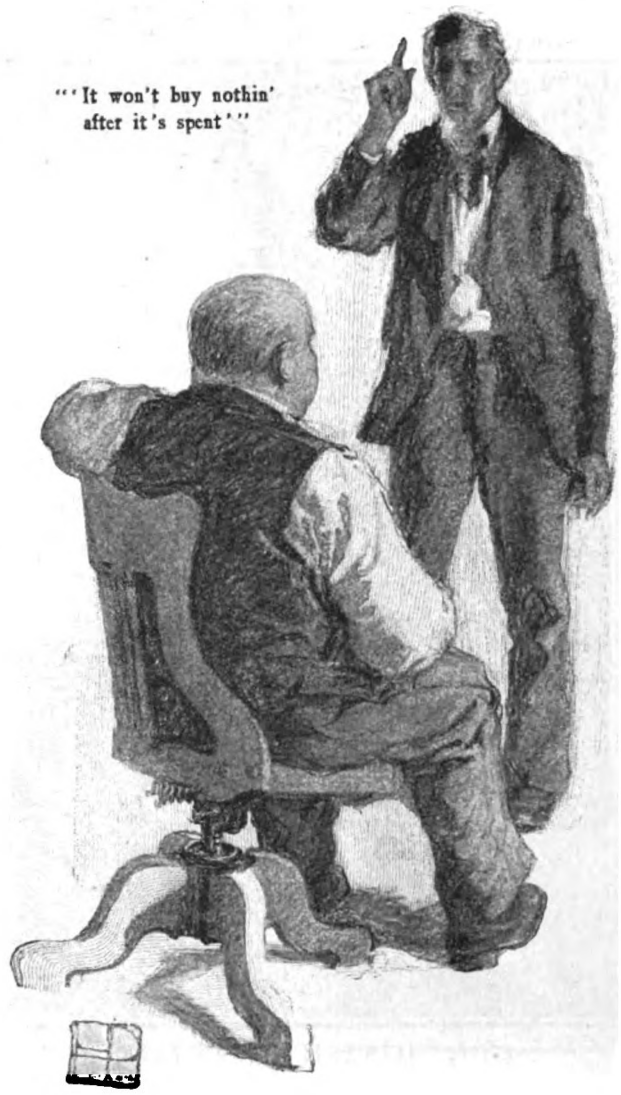
He leaned out of the window and called:—

"Carr,—oh, I say, Carr!"

The awkward figure paused, and the young man turned in astonishment, to see Warren beckoning.

"Come up here. I want to talk to ye."

Carr turned hesitatingly, but, as the call was soon repeated, he walked toward the stairs that led to the office. A moment later he entered the room where Warren was impatiently awaiting him.



"'It won't buy nothin' after it's spent'"

"Well, what is it?" he drawled, in his turn.

Evidently he looked with some distrust on this sudden summons from a man who, only yesterday, had treated him with scant politeness. Warren hastened to appease his visitor.

"I didn't treat ye exactly right, yistiddy," he exclaimed, apologetically, "but I was kind o' put out, bein' so durned hot, an' woke up promiscuous like. I was real sorry, jest as soon as ye got out, an' I was goin' to look ye up, to-day, an' tell ye so. An' I was a-goin' to offer to put a little cash in your mine, too,—but it's too late fer that, I guess."

Carr had brightened during this statement, but now his face fell.

"Too late!" he repeated. "What do ye mean by that? I ain't got the money from nobody else, yit."

"No, I didn't suppose ye had," Warren retorted, with a fleeting return to his sarcastic manner; "but somebody else has got it from me, all right."

"Oh, you've put it in something else," Carr said, mournfully.

Warren's wrath blazed forth.

"Yes, I put it in that old safe there! Look!"

He pointed, with melodramatic ferocity, toward the safe, whose shattered door told the story of robbery.

Carr stared in silence, and understood.

"Who done it?" he asked, at length.

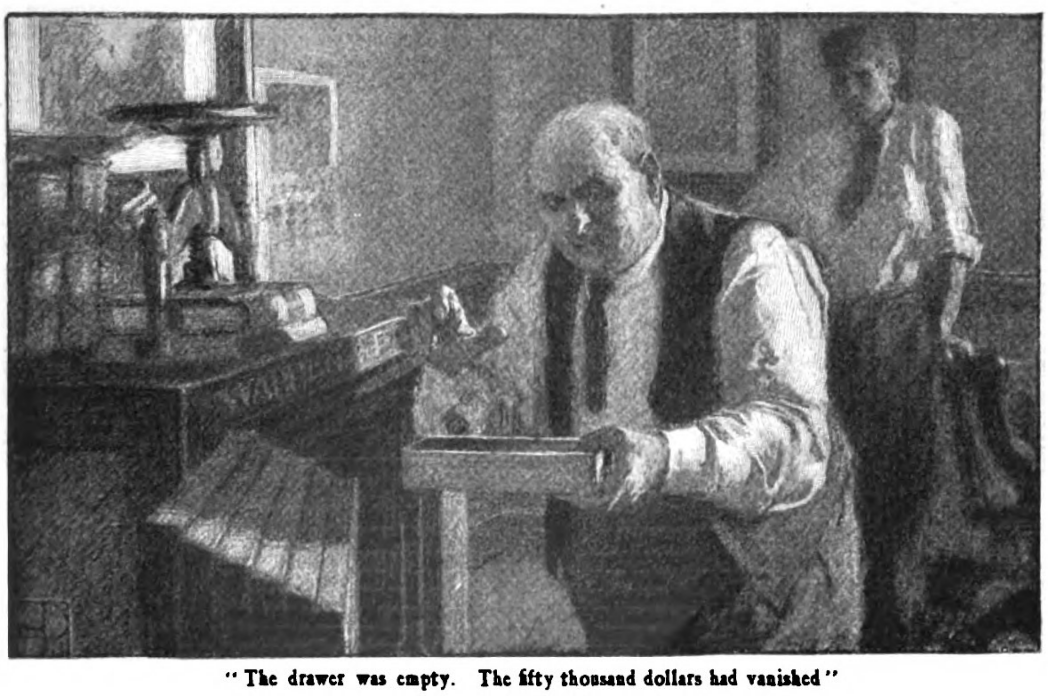
"Well," Warren replied, dubiously, "I ain't exactly sayin' jest who done it, but I've got some mighty particular suspicions. Say, if you think you'll kind o' turn in and help me on this business, Carr, I'll tell you what I'll do."

"What?"

"Well, if so be as my guess is right, there's jest a chance—only a chance, mind ye,—of gittin' the money back. Now, I'll tell ye what,—if you git it back,—an' I'll give ye the clues,—I'll put forty thousand dollars of it into the 'Lucy.' You need n't hand me over anything except the ten thousand, and the other forty thousand you can chuck into the mine, an' marry Lucy, an' pay ten per cent. interest on it to my wife as long as she lives, if I should die, an' then it'll all be Lucy's."

"We'll make a memorandum of that agree-

[*Concluded on pages 725 to 732*]

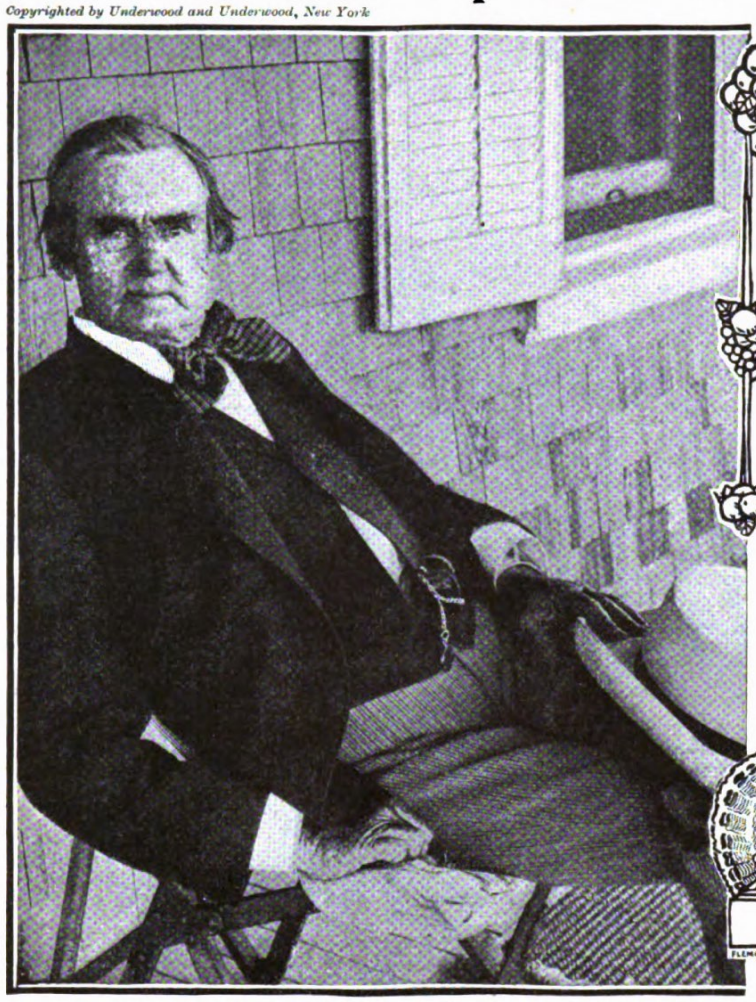


"The drawer was empty. The fifty thousand dollars had vanished"

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People We Read About

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JOSEPH JEFFERSON.

The Dean of American Actors, now in His Seventy-fifth Year

For the past sixty-one years, Mr. Jefferson has been associated with the American stage. He began as a member of a little stock company that used to tour Texas and Mexico in the days when audiences showed their disapproval of a play with a fusillade of six-shooters. Mr. Jefferson rose quickly in the esteem of the public when he appeared in "Our American Cousin," in 1858. He was welcomed as an actor of rare talents. In his long list of successes he has never failed to represent the higher side of the drama. Owing to ill-health Mr. Jefferson recently retired from the stage, and, he says, he did not give up his work very willingly.

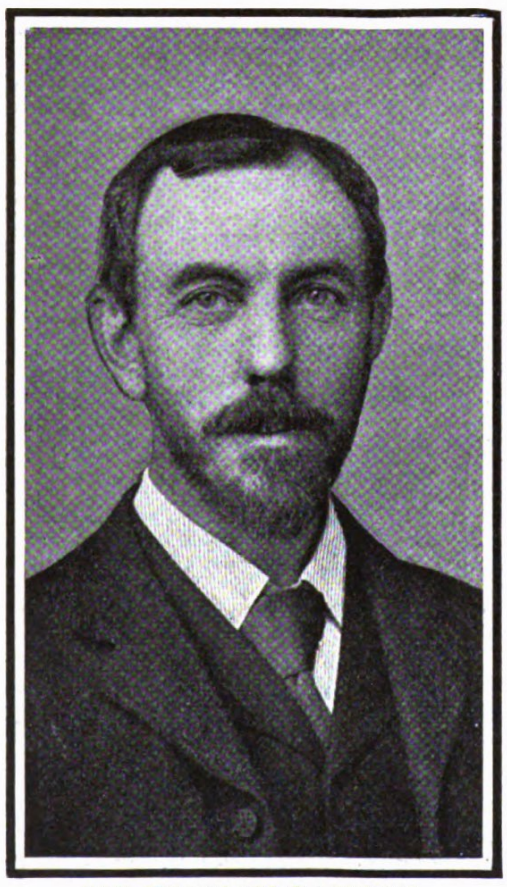
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MRS. GEORGE HENRY GILBERT.

Who, though Eighty-three Years Old, Has Begun Her First Starring Tour

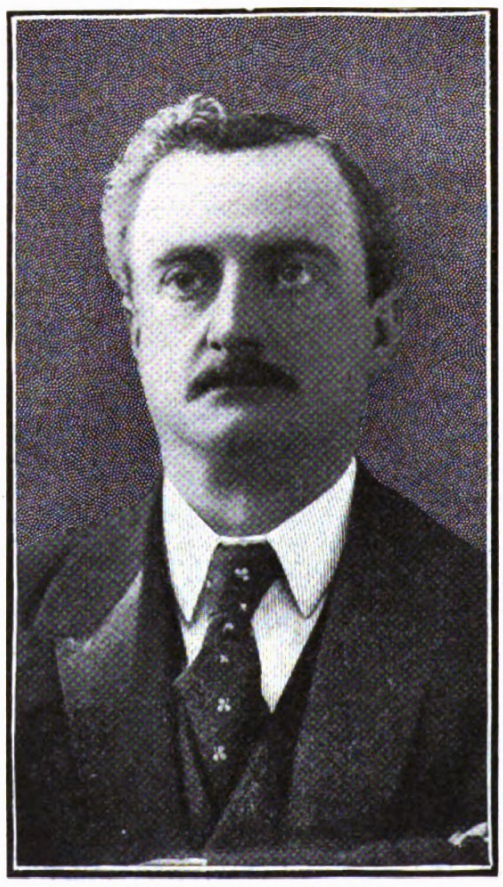
After a long and useful career on the American stage, Mrs. Gilbert has begun her first season as a "star." She has a large following of admirers, and for many years her reputation as a clever character actress has been known to those who appreciate the legitimate drama. Mrs. Gilbert invests her characters with a touch of fine humor. Cheerfulness has always been a large factor in her life, and, as she says in her "Reminiscences," this quality has largely helped to keep her youthful and strong. She was born in Lancashire, England, and came to this country in 1849. In 1869 the late Augustin Daly made her a member of his company.



SIR WILLIAM RAMSAY.

Head of the British World of Science

Sir William Ramsay is the discoverer of argon, a new atmospheric constituent; neon, krypton and xenon, atmospheric gases; and helium, a constituent of certain minerals, all of which have proved to be of the greatest importance in the advancement of science. He is a noted authority on radium and other rare elements, and is strongly of the opinion that inventive chemists are made, not born. He has been making a scientific tour of the United States.



JOHN E. REDMOND.

The Popular Leader of the Irish Nationalists

There is, perhaps, no one in the British house of commons who is better fitted to lead an opposition than John E. Redmond, who, with Mrs. Redmond, recently visited the United States to take part in the second national convention of the United Irish League of America. When he entered the house in 1881, he already had had considerable experience in parliamentary procedure, his early training as a clerk there having stood him in good stead. This partly explains the

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MRS. JOHN E. REDMOND

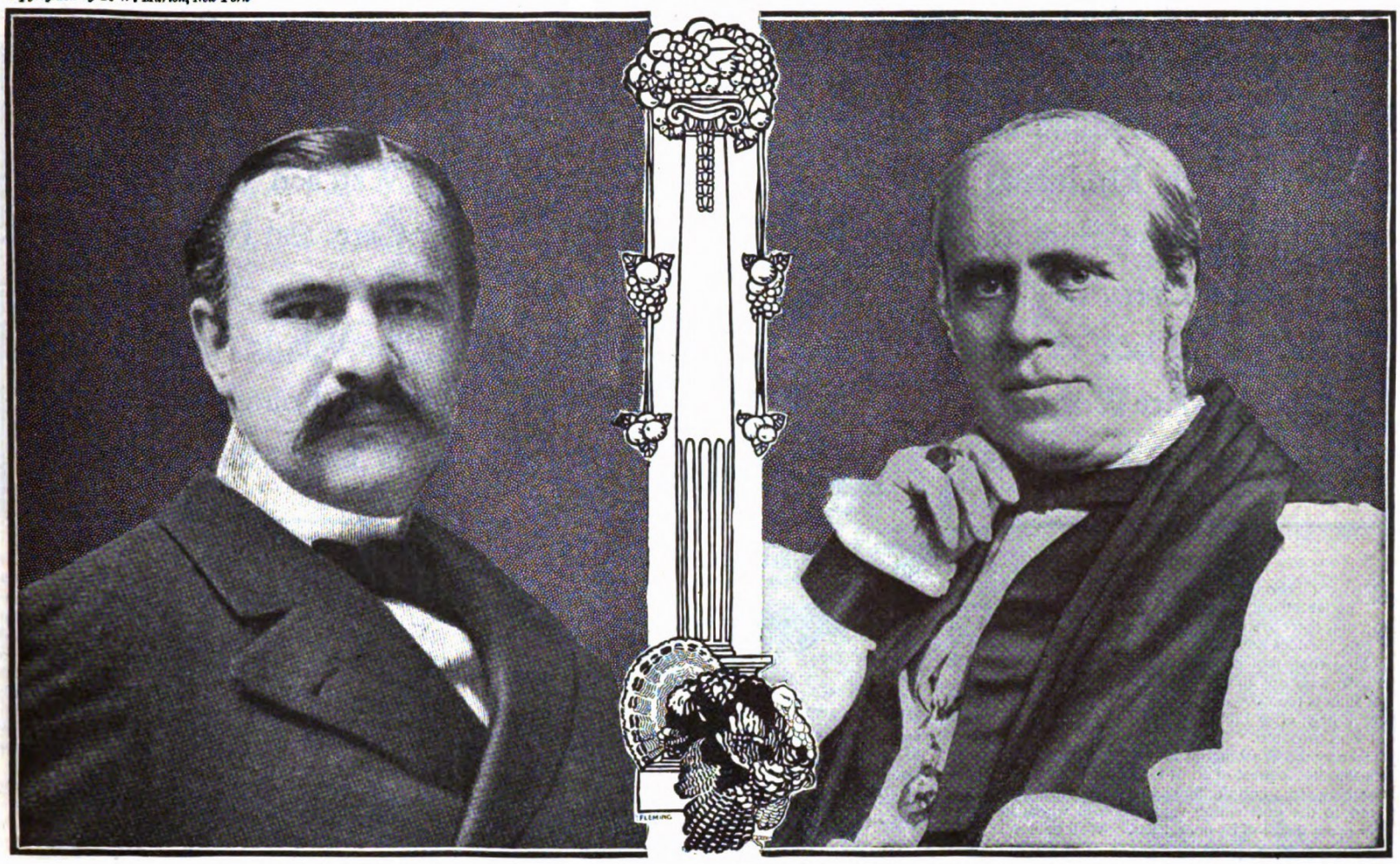
Who Accompanied Her Husband to America

fact that he is the best parliamentary general in his country. His friends compare him to Napoleon and Cecil Rhodes, and since his election to leadership he has tried to combine their qualities. He believes that the Irish Party should avoid an entangling alliance with any English party. "The Irish vote," he once said, "will always be cast just as it suits the interest of Ireland; and my policy," he added, "is to make English government in Ireland difficult and dangerous."

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People We Read About

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GEORGE J. GOULD.

Railroad Owner, Financier, and Promoter

On the library wall of Mr. Gould's home at Lakewood, New Jersey, is a large topographical map of the United States on which are marked the routes of the principal railroads. Mr. Gould, it is said, sits for hours studying this monster map, planning new routes, outlining possible mergers, and considering the chances for cutting down distances so that freight rates may be reduced. In a word, it may be said that he really plays the game of railroad finance. He is an example of the type of rich men who, finding that hours of idleness are liable to hang heavy on their hands, create new business on which to spend their ambition and energy.

RIGHT REVEREND RANDALL THOMAS DAVIDSON.

Archbishop of Canterbury

A visit to America of the head of the Church of England is an event of considerable importance. The present Archbishop of Canterbury is the first man holding this office to voyage across the Atlantic, and, while his visit is purely of a social nature, much interest is manifested in his presence wherever he goes. The problems before the archbishop, to-day, are difficult and intricate. Religious conditions in his country are changing. He believes strongly in upholding the position of the Church, although a great many English people do not. It is his earnest desire to keep the Church in sympathetic relation with the whole English people.

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GENERAL STOESSEL.

Who Is Holding Port Arthur against Japan

Intrenched at Port Arthur, with an army of some eighty thousand men, General Stoessel is making one of the most noted fights in history. Though little by little the Japanese are gaining on his stronghold, he has repulsed them in a gallant manner, and his watchword, "Port Arthur will be my tomb," is but an echo of his courage. He will probably be placed in supreme command of the Russian Army in place of General Kuropatkin.

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PROFESSOR A. GRAHAM BELL.

Inventor of the Telephone

Shortly after he perfected the telephone, Professor Bell devised the radiophone, which commits a vocal message by a beam of light. By this invention one can speak or sing at a mirror which throws an intense beam of light to a distant mirror in which a selenium focus is united to a telephonic receiver. It is a weird invention, but it goes to prove that sound can be conveyed by light. It is being operated with great success at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition.

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MARQUIS IWAO OYAMA.

Commander in Chief of the Japanese Army

Six feet tall and weighing nearly three hundred pounds, Marquis Oyama is a giant among the Japanese, who are noted for being small of stature. The manner in which he has led his army against the Russian stronghold in Port Arthur, breaking into the enemy's ranks at every point, has given him a place among the world's greatest fighters. Oyama is sixty-one years old. His wife is a graduate of Vassar College.

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Two Million Dollars a Day for Uncle Sam

E. M. SWEET, JR.

Twenty-seven Hundred People Are Producing This Immense Sum in Currency Every Day to Take the Place of the Bills That Are Worn out By Hustling Americans



ELLIS H. ROBERTS
Treasurer of the United States

Every Piece of Paper Is Watched with Extreme Care, and No Employee Can Go Home until the Whole Amount Has Been Found Correct and Is Laid away in Safety

WHEN a customer, in making a purchase, draws a five-dollar bill roughly between thumb and fingers to make sure that there are not two sticking close together instead of one, he does not know that by this, and other kinds of rubbing which paper money receives, the American people actually wear out an average of two million dollars a day. But such is the case, and every day two million dollars in bright, new, crisp bills rush in to take the places of the old ones worn out.

Over by the Washington Monument stands the institution that lies nearest of all to Uncle Sam's heart. There is nothing else in all the kingdoms of the earth to be compared to the unrelenting vigilance with which he looks after every detail of its operations. Well he may! It is his money-factory,—officially spoken of as the bureau of engraving and printing. To erect the building cost over five hundred thousand dollars; it took another round million to equip it with machinery. Twenty-seven hundred men and women find employment there, and receive as compensation for their services nearly two million dollars a year; while the manufactured goods turned out by this plant in a year are worth in the neighborhood of three billion dollars; and, while United States bonds, revenue stamps, postage stamps—in short, every piece of government printing in whose making the tool of the steel-engraver is used,—constitute a part of the output of this gigantic manufactory, yet the chief end of its existence is to make money,—to make it as fast as the people wear it out.

Every piece of United States paper money, whether its value be one dollar or ten thousand dollars, is a veritable work of art. Some of these bills are works of art, too,—so it is said by those who are in a position to know,—that can not be equaled in their line anywhere on the face of the earth outside of this institution. The engravers employed are the very best that can be had, and some of them draw higher salaries than those paid to United States senators and representatives.

A Dollar Bill Represents the Labor of Fifty-two People

The first thing to be determined, of course, in regard to a new kind of bill, is its design. In this the chief end in view is that every denomination shall have a general appearance all its own, in striking contrast with every other denomination, aside from the numbers in the margin that fix its value. One of the favorite methods of the counterfeiter is to "raise" a bill from a smaller to a higher denomination,—a one to a ten, a two to a twenty, or a five to a fifty,—merely by inserting a cipher, while all the rest of the engraving, as well as the peculiar paper upon which it is printed, remains the genuine work of the government. But an expert bank teller recognizes at once by the design of the bill that the figures in the margin are spurious. It becomes a sort of second nature to one who handles much money to know, for example, that the picture of the bison in the center marks a bill as the recent ten-dollar buffalo note,—the bust of the big Indian as five dollars,—the eagle as one dollar,—the portrait of George Washington as two dollars,—that of Franklin as fifty dollars,—or Lincoln's as one hundred dollars,—or that the face of William McKinley distinguishes the new ten-dollar national-bank note as different from every other bill. In fact, tellers soon form a habit of counting money by the design rather than by the numerical marks.

When the design, then, has been discussed and developed until it has finally won the approving signature of the secretary of the treasury, the drawing goes to the engravers to be transformed from cardboard into steel. Right here the young bill is surrounded by the first great safeguard to guarantee the purity of its character. An engraver might spend twenty years in making the genuine paper money of the United States, and then, if we could conceive that he would desire to make a little of it on the outside, he would find himself utterly unable to do so. His may have been the most delicate and difficult tasks, and his long practice may have enabled him to do them with perfection; yet the fact remains that he has been engaged all the while in doing less than one-fiftieth part of the work that enters into a finished piece of paper currency; that is to say, any single bill represents the labor of fifty-two different people.

Only One Mill Is Manufacturing the Mysterious Paper

Into the engraving of the plate alone is put the skill of not less than five different hands. One will engrave the script letters, and nothing else; another only the square lettering; another the portraiture and vignetting; while another confines himself to the purely ornamental parts of the design. It requires the deft fingers and trained eyes of still another to manipulate that wonderful little machine, the geometrical lathe, which, by slowly moving the plate around under a sharp stationary point, marks out the infinite variety of mathematical curves that go to make up the symmetrical figures serving as borders and background, chiefly on the reverse side of the note. All the other engraving is done directly by hand. The art of photography does not enter into the work at all,—except occasionally to reduce a design that may have been drawn larger than the desired size.

Moreover, each engraver's work possesses a distinctiveness that marks it as his own. There is an individuality of handwriting when one takes up a burin and writes on steel just as when he takes up a pen and writes on paper.

These personal characteristics of not less than four men, impressed upon every piece of paper money, constitute a final test-mark of genuineness that it is absolutely impossible to counterfeit.

When the engravers have finished their tasks, instead of there being one piece of flat steel of the size of the bill to be printed, there are four or five smaller pieces, each bearing the work of its respective engraver. It now becomes necessary to "assemble" them onto one plate. Here the work reaches one of its chief climaxes of interest.

The plates were originally made as soft as possible, in order to yield the more readily to the point of a graver. But they are now chemically treated in such a way as to make them very hard. Thereupon, each plate is laid on the bed of a very powerful press, while over its face a cylinder of soft steel is rolled, under a pressure of about ten tons. Every little ridge that was left high on the face of the engraving has meanwhile buried itself in the soft steel roll, while every delicate groove dug out by the engraver's tool has been filled up,—just as if the softer steel cylinder had been wax and the hard engraved plate had been a seal. The result is that the circumference of the roll now shows in reverse or positive everything that was engraved on the negative plate.

These several rolls are now also made very hard, while a new soft plate is prepared, as large as the bill to be printed. This plate, in turn, is laid on the bed of the press, and in like manner is made to receive the respective images of the several hardened rolls, each in its proper position relative to the others. When an engraver shall have looked over the plate with a microscope, and with the fine point of the burin shall have connected smoothly all the lines where the several sections join one another, then the plate will be complete, and will thereupon be itself put through the same process of hardening.

But it must not be supposed that this is the plate from which the bills are to be actually printed. If so, and it should accidentally be destroyed,—or when, after sixty or a hundred thousand impressions, it should, like all the others, be worn out,—then it would be simply impossible to reproduce it. The best that Uncle Sam's expert artists could do—the very ones that made it,—would be to copy it. But that copy could not be exactly like the original in every line; whereas, to have in circulation two genuine bills of the same design, but differing in minute detail, would be to multiply the chances of passing a well-executed counterfeit. So this first completed plate is used only as a die from which to make duplicates. It is put on the press and a soft-steel cylinder rolled across its face just as before, resulting in a perfect likeness of the bill standing out in relief around the circumference of the roll. When this cylinder, in turn, shall have been hardened by the same process, there can be made from it as many plates as are desired.

As a matter of convenience and economy, these plates are made as large as four notes; that is, a soft plate is prepared of sufficient size to receive four impressions side by side from the cylinder containing the complete engraving. This is done merely because a sheet of paper large enough to contain four bills can be handled as easily as a smaller one, whereas the printing goes on four times as rapidly.

The paper upon which the currency is printed constitutes another of the principal safeguards against counterfeiting. The chief peculiarity of this paper, as almost every one knows, is the row of little pieces of colored silk thread distributed across each end of the bill. Only one paper mill in the country can make it, and that mill can make only so much as is called for by the government contract. Indeed, if anyone be found with a piece of this peculiar white paper in his possession without due authority from the secretary of the treasury, he is subject to a fine of five thousand dollars and to imprisonment at hard labor for fifteen years.

Five Hundred People Are Engaged in the Printing Office

The paper is kept stored in the vaults of the treasury under the same scrupulous guardianship as is the gold coin; it is not sent over to the bureau of engraving and printing until the comptroller of the currency has ordered it made into money. Then, every time it is handled, it is counted out sheet by sheet, and receipted for with just as much caution and accuracy as when the teller of a bank counts money received by him on deposit or paid out on a draft.

Five hundred people are engaged in doing the actual printing,—including those that print the revenue stamps. Each press is manned by an expert printer, and each printer has a young woman assistant. The plates all the while have been kept in a large steel vault, fireproof and burglar-proof, the door of which is secured by a double-combination time-lock, making it necessary for at least two men to be present every time it is opened, because no employee knows both combinations. Nor could these two—nor two hundred and two,—open it before the time to which the clock in the lock was set before it was last closed.

Upon its arrival at the bureau, the paper is stacked up with wet cloths between, and, when it has become damp enough to absorb the ink readily, the printers are given an order on the custodian for the necessary plates, each in turn giving his receipt for the particular plate that he has been authorized to take. Meanwhile, each assistant has gone to the paper-wetting division and had counted out to her as much paper as her printer is in the habit of printing in a day,—say a thousand sheets. She gives her receipt and is responsible for the face value of the money that is to be printed. For example, if the paper is to be turned into twenty-dollar notes, for a thousand sheets (each sheet to contain four notes,) there is entered against her a charge equal to eighty thousand dollars. She must return every sheet, either printed, unprinted, or spoiled, or else she must pay for them out of her salary at the rate of eighty dollars a sheet. The first thing she does, therefore, is to count them again in the presence of the printer, whereupon he also signs the receipt as witness that she received the number charged against her.

Then the work begins. The printer rolls up his sleeves and goes into the sticky blackness—or greenness, as the case may be,—just as if it were a tray of flour and milk and yeast. He spreads the ink all over the plate; then

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with a cloth, then with the palm of his hand, he rubs and polishes it until one would think that all the ink is gone. Indeed, none does remain except that which fills up the tiny furrows that were cut out by the engraver's tool. As the printer now lays the plate on the bed of the press, his assistant covers it with a sheet of the dampened paper. He turns the wheel and sends plate and paper under the heavy pressure of the rubber-cushioned roller, which forces the paper down into every fine and delicate line; the ink adheres to the paper, and the result is the most perfectly printed picture that human genius has yet been able to produce.

By a Thorough System Every Sheet Is Accounted for

When the automatic counting-device attached to the press shows that a hundred sheets have been printed, the assistant takes them to the drying-vault, where she receives a credit of eight thousand dollars on her day's charge. If, when the closing hour comes, any remain unprinted, they are returned to the wetting division. If these, added to those delivered at the drying-vault, equal the number charged against her, the day's account is closed, and she is given a little red slip of paper that authorizes the doorkeeper to let her pass out of the building when the gong rings.

But no one is permitted to leave until every detail of the work is checked up and found perfectly correct. For example, if any one of the daily accounts kept by the wetting division fails to balance by so much as a single sheet, the whole working force is detained until that sheet is accounted for, or the chief of that division assumes responsibility for the discrepancy until the error can be traced to the person that made it. When every account is found to tally, a key is sent down to the captain of the watch to be inserted in its proper socket in the signal-board. In like manner, when every roll and die and plate have been returned to the vaults, every printer receives his pass, and the custodian of rolls and dies sends down the key representing his division. So does the chief of the printing division, the engraving division, and all the other divisions, until every nook and corner of the entire plant has thus been reported in perfect order. Should there be any delay, the absence of a key from its socket shows in just what division the trouble is. When the last key is inserted,—and not till then,—the captain of the watch sounds the gong, and all are at liberty to go home.

After remaining overnight or longer in the drying-vault, the half-printed notes are again sent through practically the same process for printing on the other side.

When this is done, it is found that the paper, on account of the several wettings and dryings, has lost its sizing,—the starchy, gluey filling designed to give it strength and smoothness. If it should now be examined through a microscope, its surface would look more like a fresh-plowed field than an asphalt pavement. In order that the notes may endure as much rough handling as possible, they are left to soak half a day or longer in a sizing bath. When dried again, the sheets are rough and crumpled. But when they have been laid between oilboards and put under a hydraulic press, which is brought down upon them with a force of forty-seven hundred pounds to the square inch, they are left as smooth and flat and clean-looking as the pages of a new book.

They now go to the numbering machines, from which each bill receives a serial number in two places across its face. The sheets are trimmed, bound in bundles of a thousand each, the packages sealed, and delivered to the keeper of the vault. Here they are packed into plain wooden boxes that look too common for any ordinary drummer's sample-case.

Wagons Loaded with Millions of Dollars May Be Seen

About nine o'clock next morning, a big steel-walled delivery wagon drives up to the door at the foot of the elevator. Four of the plain boxes—some of them containing revenue stamps or United States bonds, but at least one of them filled with brand-new money,—are loaded into the rear end of the van. The door is closed, the key turned, three armed men take their places on the driver's seat, three more on the footboard in the rear, and they move off to deliver their precious burden to the treasury in place of the load of plain paper they took over to the bureau about forty days before. As the heavy wheels chuckle along over the cobblestones, we are tempted to speculate as to how much we would be safe in offering for the contents of that moving vault. It is a rare day that the horses pull less than a million dollars,—rarer perhaps than the days in which the face value of a load reaches a hundred millions.

But it must not be supposed that the money is yet perfected. One thing is lacking: the seal of the treasury is not imprinted until the notes are safe within the walls of Uncle Sam's big bank building. After the seal has been affixed, the bills are cut apart, each from the others in the sheet, bound in convenient bundles, and placed in the reserve vault to await the beginning of their various and eventful round-trip journeys through the commercial world.

Meanwhile, down in the redemption division of the treasury, an entirely different kind of work has been going on. All during the day express messengers have been bringing in bundles of various sizes, coming from the nine sub-treasuries and from banks all over the land, and containing old money, worn and ragged. The counting of this calls for the highest degree of expertness, because in the packages are found bills of all denominations and classes ever issued by the government. Then, too, a sharp eye must be kept open for counterfeits: should any of these go by unnoticed, when subsequently detected the amount will be deducted from the salary of the counter by whom it was passed. All these expert counters are women.

When the redemption division has made its count, the bills are put under a machine that brings a big knife down across them lengthwise and cuts them half in two. For every dollar thus canceled another must be issued. New money is now taken from the reserve vault and returned to the banks and sub-treasuries in like sums as were received from them in old bills. The average daily amount thus redeemed and reissued is nearly a million and a half dollars in treasury currency proper, to which must be added more than a half million dollars in national bank notes, handled separately but in a similar manner by the division of national banks.

Some of the Pulp Is Made over into Capital Souvenirs

The lower half sheets of the canceled notes are sent to the secretary's office, while the upper halves go to the office of the register of the treasury, where they are again counted. If the three separate counts all agree, the mutilated notes are put into a large macerater and ground into pulp, which is sold by annual contract to the highest bidder. Some of this pulp is compressed into pin-trays, little Washington Monuments, and various other souvenirs, under each of which is pasted a little slip "estimating" that it was once worth—well, a small fortune,—and yet it costs only twenty-five cents.



Albert J. Pitkin

The Life-story of the New President of the Giant American Locomotive Company. In Thirty Years He Has Worked up from a Poorly-paid Apprentice in a Little Ohio Engine Shop to Employer of Over Sixteen Thousand Men

GEORGE WILKINSON

WHEN Samuel R. Callaway died, in June, 1904, the American Locomotive Company elected Albert J. Pitkin as its president. From the organization of the company, in 1901, he had been its vice president.

Like Mr. Callaway, he is a "self-made" man. Mr. Calloway commenced his executive career at the age of thirteen, as a junior clerk in the service of the Grand Trunk Railway, of Canada. He served many railroads in high capacities, and was president of the New York Central Railroad when he was persuaded to accept the presidency of the American Locomotive Company.

The latter company owns nine plants,—eight in the United States and one in Canada. It employs over sixteen thousand men, and turn out three thousand locomotives a year. It is capitalized at fifty million dollars.

No one ever doubted that Samuel R. Callaway and Albert J. Pitkin are educated men, yet the former had but little schooling, while the latter, on leaving the high school at Akron, Ohio, entered a machine shop.

Albert J. Pitkin was born at North Hampton, Ohio, in 1854, and first entered the field of remunerative endeavor, at the age of seventeen years, as an apprentice in the stationary engine shops of the Webster, Camp, and Lane Machine Company, of Akron, Ohio, to which he was regularly indentured for three years by his father. One of his most highly prized possessions is his certificate of apprenticeship, validated by internal revenue stamps. He received sixty cents a day, for his first year. During his second year, he received ninety cents a day, and, during the third, one dollar and twenty-five cents a day.

At Twelve Years He Haunted His Grandfather's Shop

Albert J. Pitkin was not apprenticed because of any disinclination on his part to study, but simply because his father, a Presbyterian minister with a charge now in one town and now in another, could not afford to send his boy through college, although he desired to do so. Noting his love for mechanics, he did the next best thing, and apprenticed him to learn the Machinist's trade. Young Pitkin boarded with Superintendent Lane, and it was Mr. Lane who most encouraged and advised him. He worked from seven in the morning until six at night. Still, frequently he spent a few hours in evening study of mechanical drawing and books on mechanics.

When he was twelve years old, he was sent to live with his grandfather, in Granville, Ohio, who owned and operated a cabinet-manufacturing shop. This the boy haunted; it became his playground. With remarkable cleverness he made, out of wood, machinery that would perform different kinds of work. Once, with a spinning wheel, which he found in an attic, as the principal pulley, and with coarse string for belts, he devised a machine by means of which he sawed wood. Because of his ingenuity there sprang up, between grandfather and grandson, an almost chummy friendship. He gained his characteristic sobriety and serious consideration of things through constant association with his grandfather,—who first taught him how to use a chisel and a mallet, how to drive a nail through a narrow piece of wood without cracking it, and how to sandpaper and rub down a cabinet to make ready for varnishing. When he was only fourteen years old, he had mastered the constructive details of the portable engine of the shop. He could also run the turning lathe and other machines. One day, while on a visit to Newark, Ohio, he went through a machine shop. He had never before seen metal being manufactured into machinery. The rasping and harsh noises of its cutting were music to his ear. From that time forth the cabinet shop was barren of attraction, and the dreams his grandfather may have entertained of some day taking him into partnership disappeared as quickly as shavings in a furnace. He determined to become a machinist, to learn how to design machinery, and to become eminent as an engineer.



ALBERT J. PITKIN

He began as an apprentice at sixty cents a day in the Webster, Camp and Lane Machine Company's shops, chipping castings with hand tools, and ended by assisting in setting up stationary engines in neighboring villages, and, on the expiration of his time, was engaged at two dollars and twenty-five cents a day. For his betterment, after a year, he considered it wise to avail himself of an opportunity to enter the locomotive repair shops of the Cleveland, Akron, and Columbus Railroad. He had always felt the common romantic interest in locomotives, and had delighted to watch their movements. The locomotive then became his study. When he crawled under one to make repairs it was with a student's interest as well as a workman's skill. He familiarized himself with the mechanism of all the existing styles on that railroad.

He Aimed to Get out of the Ordinary, Methodical Rut

In the railroad shops he became an expert machinist. He early learned that the best machinist can get the most work out of his machines, and that such a machinist, provided, of course, that his work excels, is not overlooked. If another man was more expert than he, and turned out better work, he studied his skill that he might equal him, and eventually surpass him. About him he saw many men content to do methodically, with a prescribed, uniform excellence, a certain amount of work a day; men who never made any attempt to surpass that standard of excellence, and in whom there was not a spark of ambition.

He spent a year in the repair shops of the Cleveland,

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Akron, and Columbus Railroad, learning practical locomotive construction. He desired to enter the drawing department of the Baldwin Locomotive Works, at Philadelphia, and applied himself diligently in the evenings in preparation. He was examined and accepted. To become a member of the drawing department of the Baldwin Locomotive Works was no mean attainment. It was the Baldwin Locomotive Works that, many years before, when only a small tool and stationary engine shop, built "Old Ironsides," the forerunner of the present-day locomotive.

Mr. Pitkin applied himself with his habitual assiduity. He began as an under draughtsman, and quickly rose through the ranks and became one of the select few. Under Mr. Henzey he rose to his slightest suggestion, and became an enthusiast. The drawing rooms and shops monopolized his interest. His designs began to attract attention, and his improvements were of acknowledged importance. But he did not cease studying and drawing at night, and, as he does to-day, he subscribed to the leading periodicals of the world relative to engineering, engines, and locomotives. Thus he kept abreast of the times.

It was just five years after he entered the Baldwin Locomotive Works that he was tendered, and accepted, the position of "chief draughtsman in charge of designs" of the Rhode Island Locomotive Works, at Providence. Two years later, in 1882, the locomotive works at Schenectady, New York, wanted him as mechanical engineer and supervisor of designs. Again, it was not two years before he was advanced to the superintendency of the works. The gentleman who suggested the connection of Albert J. Pitkin with the Schenectady shops might well have considered that the company owed him a debt of gratitude. On the death of the president, Edward Ellis, William D. Ellis was made president and Mr. Pitkin was made vice president and general manager. In his customary studious way he mastered everything relating to the sales and business ends of the concern, and, when the American Locomotive Company was formed, he was thoroughly fitted to be its first vice president.

Associated with him, as the present first vice president, is J. E. Sague, a man of similar energy. It was under Mr. Sague's immediate supervision as mechanical engineer that, at Schenectady, recently, was constructed the heaviest and most powerful locomotive engine ever built. It belongs to the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and you may know it by its number, "2,400." It is a Mallet four-cylinder articulated, compound locomotive,—two mammoth locomotives in one,—weighing three hundred and thirty-four thousand pounds without its tender, and has a maximum tractive power of over seventy thousand pounds, which is ten thousand pounds greater than the tractive power of the heavy tandem compound locomotives of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé Railroad, ranked among the next most powerful locomotives ever built. It is a freighter, and made for mountain work. On a level track it can run between twenty-five and thirty miles an hour, and pull a train of cars that seems interminable.

Some idea may be had of its size and power when it is remembered that the Pennsylvania Railroad's greatest mountain-climber's tractive power is forty-one thousand pounds. Although built under the supervision of J. E. Sague, Albert J. Pitkin had much to say about its construction. He still lives in Schenectady, and many an afternoon he went to the works to note the progress on the "2,400." In all the plants he is well known, and in many cases he has made it evident that an efficient hustler with good ideas is of more value to a company than one who pursues the even tenor of his way.

TRUE GREATNESS

JOAQUIN MILLER

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JOAQUIN MILLER

How sad that all great things are sad,—
That greatness knows not to be glad.
The boundless, spouseless, fearful sea
Pursues the moon incessantly:
  And Cæsar childless lives and dies.
The thunder-torn Sequoia tree
  In solemn isolation cries
Sad chorus with the homeless wind
Above the clouds, above his kind,
Above his bastioned peak, above
All sign or sound or sense of love.
How mateless, desolate and drear
His lorn, long seven thousand year!

My comrades, lovers, dare to be
More truly great than Cæsar; he
Who hewed three hundred towns apart,
Yet never truly touched one heart.
The tearful, lorn, complaining sea
The very moon looks down upon,
Then changes,—as a saber drawn:
The great Sequoia lords as lone
As God upon that fabled throne.
No, no! True greatness, glory, fame,
Is his who claims nor place nor name,
But loves and lives content, complete,
With baby flowers at his feet.

"Jack" Mosby's Gift to President Lincoln

C. ARTHUR WILLIAMS

COLONEL JOHN S. MOSBY, the famous Confederate guerilla leader, has been much in the public eye of late as a result of his appointment to an assistant attorneyship in the department of justice at Washington. Col. Mosby has never carried his animosity toward the North to the extent of refusing many offices tendered him by Republican administrations, and the result has been that he has drawn pay from the government during a considerable portion of the time that has elapsed since the close of the Civil War. Before he was named as a member of the president's official family in the legal department he was an agent of the interior department, in which capacity he served several years. As an additional proof that he realizes that the war is over, the colonel recently consented to attend a meeting of the Grand Army of the Republic in Massachusetts and mingle with his former foes on terms of perfect peace and brotherly love.

During the war Col. Mosby's well-known sense of humor attracted almost as much attention as did his intrepidity and his ability as a fighter and leader of fighters. One day, while his irregular forces were stationed just across the Potomac from Washington, a sentry captured a farmer who said he was on his way to the capital to sell some produce, but whose actions led to the suspicion that he was a spy. The prisoner was brought before Colonel Mosby, and he soon satisfied that dashing officer that he was entirely innocent of any desire or intention of carrying information to the enemy, and that his suspicious behavior was due solely to fear engendered by the risk he thought he was running in going through the guerilla lines. He was dismissed, and was mighty glad of it, too, and started to go.

"Hold on, there!" said Mosby; "you're going to Washington, are you?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply, in a tone that indicated returning fright on the part of the tiller of the soil.

"Well, now," said the colonel, "do you suppose you'll see 'Abe' Lincoln?"

"Lordy, no," said the farmer; "what would the likes o' me be goin' to see the president for?"

"But you'd go to see him as a favor to me, wouldn't you?" insinuated Mosby, "—just to show you appreciate my turning you loose?"

"Oh, yes, colonel," replied the still mystified and uneasy farmer, "I'd be glad to do anything I could fer you, o' course."

"Well, I want you to give old 'Abe' a little present from me," said Mosby. The conversation was taking place in the front yard of a home in which the colonel was making his headquarters, and just at this moment the woman of the house came down the path and started to pass the two men. The Confederate leader politely asked the favor of the loan of a pair of scissors. They were produced from a reticule that hung at the lady's side, and then she and the farmer, both thoroughly in the dark as to Mosby's intentions, saw him reach up and cut off a generous lock of his own hair. This he carefully wrapped in a bit of paper torn from an envelope, and handed to his impressed messenger.

"Here," said he, "you take that to President Lincoln and tell him that 'Jack' Mosby sent it as a small token of esteem and friendship. And see that you come back this way and tell me what he said."

It is known that the message and the "present" were delivered. A few days later the farmer again stood before the colonel.

"Well, what did he say?" demanded Mosby.

"Not much," was the reply; "he just laffed a whole lot and said you was all right, and that, if he had some scissors, he'd return the compliment."

On another occasion Colonel Mosby and his men lay all night at the side of a railroad track in Virginia waiting for a guarded supply train, which was being sent to the Union forces. It came some time after midnight, and there was a fight. The guerillas won, but at the cost of several lives. While rounding up his prisoners, Mosby came across one Yankee whom he had reason to believe was responsible for the death of two or three Confederates.

"I'm going to hang you as soon as I see the sun rise this morning," announced the colonel, with great *sang froid*.

"I hope it'll be a cloudy day," retorted the Federal, just as coolly.

The rejoinder so pleased Mosby that he changed his mind, and, instead of hanging the man, sent him to Richmond, from which place he was eventually exchanged.

Marconi Talks on "Wireless"

WARWICK JAMES PRICE

"See thy friend with his hat off before thee attempts to judge his powers."

THE advice of the old Quaker applies with peculiar force in the case of Signor Marconi. When wrapped in his great fur coat he shows nothing to distinguish him from the average man in the street. But when it is removed one is immediately impressed by the nervous energy that lies in the inventor's frame, which is so slight as to suggest physical frailty. So, too, is it with the man's hat. When it is on, one would be moved to no comment, but the moment it comes off there is the "thinker's head," fit for a medallion, and then for the first time, too, one notices what a small and slender neck supports it.

Marconi's whole striking personality is eloquent of ability, but he lacks two things. He has not the bulging brow which is so noticeable a characteristic of Edison, and which is said to denote the highest development of the power of observation; and he lacks the schooling under hardship and even privation which has fallen to the lot of so many scientists in their early days. Here is a man who has made a very big something out of what most of the world considered as less than nothing. Yet he has served no apprenticeship to misery.

When young Marconi was graduated from the University of Bologna, he faced the world with ample means already at his disposal. At first it was the steam engine which was the object of his thought and energy, while a wealthy and indulgent father encouraged each early experiment worked out there on the beautiful country place near Griffore, Italy. Then the student turned his back on steam to look into the Herzian theories, and, with chemistry always one of his hobbies, it was but natural that the chemistry of electricity should soon have followed. So, in time, it was on this same great family estate that the first "wireless" poles were set up and those early messages sent through the air.

In the presence of strangers Marconi is diffident, especially if science in general, or his own hobby in particular, chances to figure in the conversation, but when this is overcome, in a low, soft voice, rich in that peculiarly caressing quality so often found in educated Italians, he will tell the story of his pursuit of fame. He admits frankly that the dream of his life has been just—fame. Nor are there many who have achieved their ambition at twenty-seven.

"I never used to talk of my ideas," says M. Marconi. "Even with those nearest to me, I was careful to avoid any mention of this belief that possessed me, until hard work and many disappointments had led me to a place where my experiments began to show some tangible promise. Then, at length, I laid the entire wireless problem before the assembled relatives in council gathered, and I can distinctly remember that I was so carried away by my own enthusiasm that, at the close of my little lecture, I found myself predicting that my system would be used widely, and that the name, Marconi, would become immortal.

"Yet even such success as has already crowned my efforts has brought me not one moment of pride so great as that which came when I sent my first word from one room to another. I can not ever describe my anxiety while preparing for that test,—nor can the greatest victory which yet may be in store for me bring any such joy as the delirious ecstasy of bliss which swept over me that August morning, when my father answered my signal. That moment, I say now, was the actual birth of the 'wireless.'"

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VANCE THOMPSON

DIPLOMATIC MYSTERIES

The Fight between France and the Vatican

VANCE THOMPSON

[Compiler of "The De Blowitz Letters"]

I.—The Makers of Democracy

LONG ago France declared war upon the Roman Hierarchy; to-day, for the first time in many a timid year, the Vatican has taken up the gauntlet. The causes of the war are obscure, but one broad principle underlies them all. Beneath the surface are multiple curious threads that lead away to old national hatreds and far-reaching rancors. It is a strange story. More than any other, it is informed with the modern spirit.

It has always been the destiny of France to walk a little in advance of other nations. There first the problems of civilization become worth fighting over. Later the war may shift to other and more sullen battlefields, but always you will find that the fire was blown up in Paris. World-over, two civilizations are battling, to-day. In France the war is most conspicuously waged. The fight upon the Vatican is but an incident of it. It is well to bear in mind, however, that France is a Roman Catholic country. Of the thirty-eight and one half millions who inhabit that pleasant land, thirty-five millions are nominally, at least, Roman Catholics. This France, the true France, the good France *du centre*, the real France, melancholy and delicate, conservative and religious, is not represented by the heterogeneous mob of demagogues and financiers, political adventurers and opportunists, which makes up the government of France. In this war their melancholy and apathetic sympathy is on the side of Rome. On that side, too, are all that time has built up and made secure,—the vested interests of power and property, the broad dominion of religion which has so successfully policed the world for ages, the long-tested systems of education, the safeguard of militarism, the family, and the routine of well-ordered labor; on the other side is that potent disintegrating force which comes in the guise of the new democracy,—calling itself by variant names of socialism, and promising international brotherhood and a social well-being which shall be spread, like butter, equally upon every man's slice of bread. At bottom, it is the eternal quarrel between conservatism and radicalism, between those who have and those who have not, and between the spirit that affirms—to use Goethe's phrase,—and the spirit that denies.

Each party has found its champion.

It is our business, for a moment, to glance at the more notable of them, ere we go down to the battlefield.

The ostensible head of the revolutionists is that strange, little man, Émil Combes, the present premier of France. If every man is like some animal, as theorists say, surely M. Combes is the reincarnation of a goat, so tuppish is he from his crooked little legs to the white beard wagging on his chin. In his youth he was a fanatic, and his religious fervor carried him into the priesthood. Later he swung to the other extreme. His fanaticism became aggressively anti-religious. To-day he has all the bitterness of a renegade. By a kind of acrobatic alertness he maintains himself in power. His supporters are found in all the parties of the Left,—that parliamentary wing which is urgent for the overthrow of the old order of things. Of his courage there can be no question,—he has the stout heart of a pirate of the Spanish main. Principles, however, he has thrown aside in his race for power. Like a more masterly, though quite as shifty politician,—I have alluded to Joseph Chamberlain,—he has changed his coat as often as the political weather has veered. In a word, M. Combes is a demagogue,—perhaps in the best abuse of the word, but still bold, hungry, and adroit.

In his train swarm all the Pyms and Pistols of revolt, all the discontented radicals and time-serving moderates, and, notably, the stormy cohort of socialists. Now, so far as the spectacle and the parade of socialism are in play, the most conspicuous leader is Jaurès. He, too, is a renegade from conservatism. Jaurès is an opportunist,—a professional rhetor,—a man of words and noise. Such a man was bound to make his mark in a government which is kept in power solely by the socialistic vote. With Jaurès, and after him, there came into the party of political socialism

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CARDINAL RAMPOLLA,
Whom France Wanted as Pope



JEAN JAURÈS,
A Leader of the Socialists

Across the old, weather-beaten trail of social discontent, France drags her anti-clerical disputes



GEORGES CLÉMENCEAU,
Member, Chamber of Deputies



THÉOPHILE DELCASSÉ,
Minister of Foreign Affairs

many ambitious men (and a few sincere ones,) from the schools and universities, who secured place and power. Splashed to the eyes with swill, they are squealing and crowding round the governmental trough. For years such men have succeeded each other, and have fattened until crowded from the public feeding-place. Once Millerand was there; now you recognize the fat back of Jaurès; but already Gérault-Richard is squealing at his flank. Behind such socialistic leaders—mainstays of the government,—are aligned seven hundred thousand voters,—no more. They are the humble or noisy helots of organized socialism. To amuse them leaders spin up promises into the air, as a juggler tosses plates. Jaurès, of all men, excels in beating the drum in front of a closed booth,—behind the drawn curtains lurk what reforms the voters please to fancy. Hypnotized by hope, these patient and laborious voters obey the voice of Jaurès, and follow his white, fat, beckoning hands. Now and then they murmur. Thereupon Jaurès rises [You should see that reformer, pompous, swollen, fat, and white and hairy as a caterpillar!] and gives them a war cry. It may be a shrill "Down with the army!" Usually it is "The church,—there's the enemy!" Amazed and furious, the proletariat clamors for the destruction of the enemy and makes headlong war, not upon capital, not upon privilege, but—as the Bishop of Nancy pathetically said,—"*à Dieu, qui n'a jamais embêté personne.*"

So, to-day, across the trail of social discontent, the French government drags the familiar red herring of anti-clericalism.

The immediate attack is upon that century-old dispute,—the concordat, between Pope Pius VII. and Napoleon Bonaparte, that bilateral contract by which the latter wedded together that unhappy pair, church and state. For the moment our interest is in the broader quarrel. Time and again, as I have said, the French government has thrown the church to its turbulent revolutionists,—as one tosses a bone to an unquiet dog. Since 1877 the popular cry has often been "*Le clèricalisme, voilà l'ennemi!*" It began with Gambetta, who was now and then more than a demagogue. Since that time decree has followed decree, all aimed at the Roman Catholic Church in the first place, and at religion in the second intention. Public prayers were abolished by law; all the laws that made Sunday a day of rest were abrogated; the soldiery was forbidden to take part in religious ceremonies; the state subsidy for the support of the clergy was reduced, time and again; one after another the religious orders were driven out,—with great and vulgar clamor of monk-hunting and nun-baiting and confiscation of congregational property; all religious teaching was forbidden in universities and schools; the Roman Catholic primary schools were closed; the sisters of charity were chased from the hospitals; and students for the priesthood were enrolled in the army,—scores of such minor blows were aimed at the church. Leo XIII. did but faintly protest. The late pope had a diplomatic spirit so complicated that he always failed. Clearly, enough, however, he saw that the future of the church in France was not on the side of this corrosive republic which was disintegrating the old established order, and Leo XIII. was on the side of the French Royalists, until—

The way in which the late pope became reconciled to his enemy, the French Republic, is a comedy at which they smile with prelatic gaiety in the robed world of Rome. It will throw light upon the policy, not only of the church, but also of the new pontiff. The story was told me by an old cardinal,—a huge man, fat and pale, his face that of a Roman emperor of the extreme decadence; nor has it ever been told outside the dusky, hierarchal palaces of the sacred city. The first act was played in Spain; the second, in France; the third, in Rome. The curtain rises on the death-chamber of the old Duc de Montpensier, father-in-law of the Comte de Paris, pretender to the throne of France. By this death the "king" of France—*in partibus*,—inherited a great fortune. By chance, at the same time, Leo XIII., in his palace of the Vatican, was face to face with a heavy deficit. Now the Comte d'Haussonville, a good royalist, puts these two facts together. He assures the pretender that a donation to the Vatican would be more than acceptable, and might aid in awakening the clergy of France from indifference to the royalist cause. The Comte de Paris nodded with sagacious silence, and pondered. While he was pondering, M. D'Haussonville went to Paris and communicated his happy idea to the venerable archbishop, Cardinal Richard. The cardinal at once informed the Vatican. Forthwith Leo XIII. sent a dispatch of condolence to the head of the House of France,—the Duc de Montpensier had been dead, by the way, for sixty-seven days! Upon this the pretender announced that he would send his royal alms to the pontiff. He sent him a letter and—three hundred dollars. As the papal deficit was six million dollars, the royal gift was not very adequate. The irritation of Leo XIII. was promptly expressed. In a historic bull he ordered the French clergy to rally to the republic. This great news ran like a prairie fire over France. By the thousands and hundreds thereof the Roman Catholics rallied to the republic. The cause of royalism went down in hopelessness. More than any other man—more, even, than Gambetta,—Pope Leo XIII. had done to establish the uncertain "Third Republic."

It was a great event from a little cause.

When Pius X. succeeded to the greatest throne in the world he inherited this policy of conciliation, yielding, and acquiescence. With what swift and virile energy he tore that policy to pieces you shall see; for the moment I have the story to tell of how Cardinal Sarto came to the papal throne.

Behind it looms the dark, little figure of the disregarded king who tricked France and dug a pit for Germany and Austria.

II.—The Making of a Pope

As the old, white-haired Leo lay dying in the summer of 1903, France, like every other great foreign power, had her candidate for his successor. That of France was Cardinal Rampolla, secretary of state. The Triple Alliance favored the candidature of Cardinal Gotti, an ascetic monk, or Cardinal Vanutelli, both of whom belonged to the German party, which, at Rome, is opposed to France and French influence. This choice had been made by the two emperors, William of Germany and the old, but unvenerable, Francis Joseph of Austria. They had not consulted their young ally, Victor Emmanuel III., who had so newly set upon his head the iron crown of Italy. Why should they? His short reign of three years had disclosed in him nothing but a kind of dull subservience to the will of his ministry and allies. He was looked upon as a negligible quantity. Yet this little king it was—he with the bony head, long and expressionless as that of a horse,—who was to trick every one of the great powers and place in the papal chair the man of his choice, a man who was not even a candidate and was indeed as obscure as Victor Emmanuel III. was unknown.

Not since Bismarck moved darkly in European affairs has there been a diplomatic victory so unexpected and, withal, so far-reaching in its results. So dangerous is a king who has got his Machiavelli by heart!

It was in July that Victor Emmanuel sent for M. Barrère, the French ambassador to the Quirinal. Into the diplomatic ear he poured a secret. His Austrian and German allies, he informed M. Barrère, were going to force the election of an anti-French pope, either Cardinal Gotti, or, as an alternative, Cardinal Vanutelli. Much to his regret, he added, Italy would have to support the choice of the allies, being in no condition to break with them. Well he knew that these cardinals were hostile to his crown and would exasperate the papal war upon the Quirinal; but what could he do? He must go with his German allies. Dangerous as such an election would be for Italy, it would be worse for France, for both Gotti and Vanutelli were avowed enemies of the French Republic. From this confidential interview with the little king the ambassador departed, dark with importance. He sent the news at once to Delcassé, his minister of foreign affairs. It seemed to be confirmed by other reports. Both M. Nisard, ambassador of France at the Holy See, and Cardinal Mathieu predicted the election of a "German" pope,—either Gotti or Vanutelli. Cardinal Gibbons, passing through Paris, stated his sympathy for this candidature. The French government was mightily disturbed. It fell plump into the trap the wily king had digged for it. M. Delcassé announced that the French government would oppose such an election, and, if need be, use its right of veto in the conclave. The king of Italy had won half his battle. He had cleared out of his way the German candidate. There remained Cardinal Rampolla, the choice of France. He had become the strongest candidate. Indeed, his election seemed assured. So the Machiavelian monarch changed front. He urged upon the Austrian emperor the need of opposing Rampolla. He reminded him that it is the historic policy of Austria to appear as the adversary of French influence in pontifical elections. Francis Joseph hesitated. The Italian ambassador, Count Nigra, labored with him; Princess Chigi, a great dame of papal society, posted to Vienna and reasoned with him; finally, the emperor yielded and agreed to defeat the candidature of Rampolla, by using his right of veto,—a right held technically by France, Spain, and Austria, but which had long fallen into abeyance. So it was. On the second of August Rampolla was almost elected. Then up stood the Austrian Cardinal Gruska and announced the veto of his government. The scene was dramatic. Rampolla started up, pale and perturbed, with a futile protest. The French party stormed discontent. But there was nothing to do. Into the pits he had digged for them the Italian king saw his dupes tumble,—he had tricked the two great empires and hoodwinked France. So shrewdly had he outwitted the great powers that their representatives could not even protest when he elected his own candidate, Cardinal Sarto, the patriarch of Venice, who had often shown

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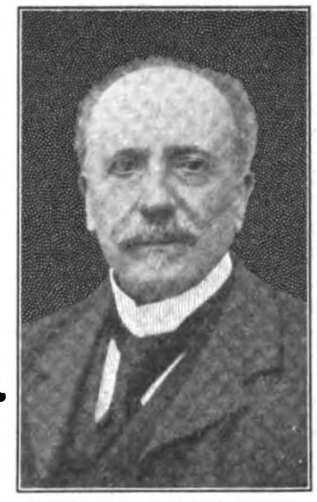


EMILE COMBES,
Prime Minister of France



EMILE LOUBET,
President of France

The concordat, which Napoleon established, is so equable that it satisfies neither church nor state



ADRIEN A. MARIE MUN,
Founder of the Catholic Circle



MGR. MERRY DEL VAL,
Papal Secretary of State

his friendship for the House of Savoy. He raised to the pontifical throne the most obscure cardinal in Europe; by that very act he craned himself into eminence as a ruler, dangerous in his dark diplomacy, a power to be reckoned with and feared.

France was to feel the first effect of it.

Pius X. was an unknown quantity. Being mild and good, it was evident that he was a holy pope. A few weeks showed that he had virile energy, a steady will, courage, and a masterful policy. The French government was indulging in one of its periodical debauches of nun-baiting,—harrying the white sisters of mercy along the stony roads of Brittany with troopers and dragoons. The first public act of Pius X. was to throw down the gauntlet to these merry politicians. It was not timidly done. I quote his exact words,—and well you may believe they rang trumpet-loud over that true France, the real France which is melancholy and delicate, conservative and religious.

Said he: "France is ruled by the Jews, the Protestants, and the Free Masons, who form but an infinitesimal minority of the population. The Catholics should unite; their electoral duty—for it is a Christian's duty to vote well,—is to drive out these intruders from the government, which should be Catholic, since Catholics form the overwhelming majority."

Thus bluntly did he reverse the conciliatory policy of Leo XIII., who had rallied—for what reason you know,—the church to the republic, a dozen years before! That there might be no doubt as to his position,—no hesitancy in his declaration of war,—the pope declared: "I am not an enemy of France. I do not confound the old and glorious nation with the temporary government which represents neither the will nor the ideas of the nation. In spite of its anti-clerical government, France is essentially and profoundly Roman Catholic. Our resentment falls not upon France, but upon its government."

Should this vast Roman Catholic majority rise at the papal appeal, what then?

Already the pope's words have borne fruit in action. Thousands of priests, bishops, and archbishops—from Cardinal Perraud to the obscurest parish priest in some far-away hamlet of the Pyrenees,—have called upon the faithful to carry the fight up to the ballot box. One and all they have preached the new doctrine, laid down by the new pope, that it is the duty of a good priest to combat bad laws, bad deputies, and bad governments.

In the meantime, M. Combes and his cohort have rained blows and punishments upon the church. In their hands the concordat is a mighty weapon.

III.—The Field of Battle

PERHAPS the concordat is as fair a contract as ever bound together two antagonistic parties. Indeed, so equable is it that it satisfies neither party. Napoleon intended it to be a common asylum for church and state,—not a citadel whence the government might fire on the priests, nor a bastion whence the church might aim its guns at the civil powers. In turn each party has used the concordat as a weapon. The church bewails it and the state cries out against it,—yet neither is willing to give it up. For a quarter of a century the Radical Left has promised that, when it should come into power, it would destroy this antique agreement. Well, it has come into power. The other day, by two hundred and ten voices to sixty-eight, it voted down a motion to abrogate the concordat. M. Combes threatens to destroy, and lets "I dare not" wait upon "I would." The priests, used to the imprisonment of the concordat, are not quite sure that they want the liberty and responsibility of the open world. They keep up a dismal complaining behind the bars, but if the doors stood wide they would have to be prodded out into freedom.

The main concession of the concordat, that over which the fight is keenest, has to do with the bishops. In return for state support and state pay, the church yielded to the government a certain interference in the selection of bishops and archbishops. How large was the power awarded the state in this matter? Upon this pivot the entire quarrel swings. The papal bulls have always held the same language, "*Presidens nobis nominavit*,"—"the president has designated to us so-and-so as his choice for bishop." Now the French government insists upon the omission of the little word *nobis*. Such an emendation would make the phrase read, "the president has named so-and-so bishop." Thus the maintenance of the word *nobis* would concede to the church its right to select the bishops of France; its suppression would transfer that right to the state. Round this troublesome dative the entire battle of state and church is being fought. Who is to choose the bishops? In untroubled times, indeed, from the adoption of the first concordat of 1516, the two powers discussed and adjusted the matter in friendly conference. Now the republic insists upon naming its own bishops, and demands that the pope shall give them the canonical institution. Blandly the pope has refused to recognize the nominations of three bishops selected by M. Combes. So far, the victory is with the Vatican. More difficult is the problem of getting rid of undesirable bishops,—those who see greater profit in serving the political masters of France than the hierarchy of Rome. The discordant Bishop Gray, of Laval, still clings to his see. He is an intriguing, high-living cleric who would seem more at home in an eighteenth century comedy—so witty, tinkling, and unscrupulous is he,—than in these gray and strenuous days. Subtly he plays the game of politics. Withal, he takes life in a broad, hedonistic way. That other bishop, Le Nordez, of Dijon, is also a thorn in the side of the church. Upheld by Combes, and shielded by the concordat, they defy Rome with impunity. They are momentary points of discussion,—rallying points for all the enemies of the church.

It needs no prophet in politics to predict that, ultimately, this marriage between church and state will be broken. So long, however, as the concordat serves a political purpose, not even the most stormy radical—not even the most blatant Juarès,—will lay an ax to its root. Since the state pays the priests, it controls them. It has thus its hand upon every village *curé* and wayside parish.

"The priests are imprisoned in the concordat," said De Pressensé, a Geneva Protestant; "let us keep them there."

So the Protestants of all sects, the Jews, and as well the free-thinkers, urge the preservation of this treaty binding the church to the state. Nor does the French priesthood favor separation. Well enough they know the way of things in France. Of old, a Goddess of Reason was worshiped,—notably by Robespierre, in a new, sky-blue coat. The abolition of a state religion in France means, as Jules Ferry pointed out, the establishment of a state irreligion; for always your Frenchman has to worship something,—be it no more than a pompous negation. Fearing a worse fate, French Catholics cling to what they have, foreseeing in change a worse issue. A feeble church is that of France, with little of the apostle in it, nothing of the martyr.

Two men met, one day, on the steps of Sainte-Clothilde, a fashionable church, the chill luxury of it in keeping with religious indifference. One was a priest grown old in the sterile honors of the Faubourg Saint Germain. While waiting to receive, overhead, the reward of his calm virtues, he ministered to aristocracy and blessed heraldic marriages. His cassock was striped with violet; his stockings and girdle were of the same hue; and men called him "*monsignore*." The other was a monk, lean and haggard, under the rough habit of his order; his feet were naked, in wooden sandals.

"Father," said the prelate, "you are something of a prophet,—how soon, think you, will they pull this church down about our ears?"

"Alas, never, *monsignore*," said the monk; "the heroic times are past, and the church will have no more martyrs in France. A little while ago the church had its choice of two roads. We could have fought against the present, in the name of the past, or we could have attacked the past in the name of the future. The people would have followed us in a reactionary policy. The church preferred to do nothing,—drifting in the wake of a revolutionary movement that went it knew not whither. It has abdicated its past and has not adopted the new, democratic future. Our political ideas are superannuated and vague. The new armies march past us and do not know we are here."

Gesticulating violently, the lean monk went his way; whereupon *monsignore* shrugged his shoulders and took snuff.

Quite true was all this, so long as the white Leo, mazed in his pragmatic diplomacy, was on the throne of Saint Peter; but, with the coming of the single-minded peasant pope, the whole situation changed. In him there is a consuming faith that knows no compromise. His belief in the ultimate triumph of the church of which he is the head on earth is apostolic. As a first step toward establishing the inalienable spiritual rights of the church in France, he wishes to abolish the concordat. He would exchange the paid servitude of the French clergy for freedom and poverty. In the marvelous free development of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States he sees an indication of what may come to pass in France. The efforts of Cardinal Gibbons and Cardinal Ireland to convert the democracy have borne such fruit that there are, to-day, ten million Roman Catholics, eight thousand priests, and six thousand churches in the United States. But there are republics and republics; France is a republic only in name; she is ruled by an oligarchy; down the road of freedom she goes limping like an old horse, hobbled and saddle-sore. Things will not accomplish themselves there as in a land of tolerance and essential liberty. When the concordat is broken the state will lay a harsher grip on the church, enacting new laws for the control of the clergy, and stamping out Roman Catholicism as a seditious organization. It is to this sharp issue that the struggle is bound

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Where Does Your Energy Go?

ORISON SWETT MARDEN



NINETY-NINE per cent. of the sun-power or energy stored up in a ton of coal is lost on its way to the electric-light bulb. Thus we get only a hundredth part of the possible light contained in a ton of coal. The other ninety-nine parts are dissipated in heat, and used up in friction in the engine or the electric apparatus, and never become light. To discover some way to prevent this fearful waste of energy is one of the great problems confronting scientists to-day.

Just as fearful a waste of energy goes on in man's use of his own powers. Instead of one hundred per cent. of his energy appearing in results that are worth while, often not more than one per cent. of it gets into his real work, the rest being thrown away, dissipated in scores of ways.

A young man starts out in life with a large amount of force and vitality stored up in his brain, nerves, and muscles. He feels an almost limitless supply of energy welling up within him, a fullness and buoyancy which know no repression. He believes he will do wonders with this energy, and that he will transmute practically all of it into light,—achievement. In the pride of his youth and strength, he seems to think that there is practically no end to his power to throw off energy, and so he often flings it out on every side with reckless prodigality. He burns it up here in a cigarette or a pipe, there in whisky or wine; here he drains it off in heavy suppers and late hours, there in vicious living, idleness, shiftlessness, and botched work, until he finally comes to himself with a shock and asks, "Where is the electric light I meant to produce with all my energy? Is this flickering candle flame all that I can generate?" He is appalled to find that, with all his superabundant vitality, he has scarcely produced light enough to illumine his own way, and has nothing left for the world. He who had boasted of his strength and felt confident of shedding a light that would dazzle the world stumbles along himself in semi-darkness. The energy which should have been transmuted into achievement has been lost on the way.

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It is not the vitality we use that dwarfs achievement and whittles away and shortens life: it is what we foolishly throw away. Millions of people have made miserable failures in life by letting this precious energy, which might have made them successful, slip away from them in foolish living and silly dissipation.

It is considered a terrible thing for a youth to spend a thousand dollars of his father's money in a single night's dissipation; but what about the strain upon his vitality, the life forces which he throws away, or the wasted energy which might have been put into physical and mental achievement? What is the loss of money compared with the demoralization wrought by such a debauch? What are a thousand dollars in comparison with even a small fraction of precious life-power? Money lost may be regained, but vitality lost in dissipation not only can not be regained, but it is also a thousand times worse than lost, because it has demoralized all that is left, deteriorated the character, and undermined the very foundation of all that is best in life.

But it is not always what is classed as "wicked dissipation" that robs us of energy. There is a wanton waste of vitality in various forms going on all about us, which might be converted into something that would count in life. Some time ago there was a six days' bicycle race in Madison Square Garden, New York City, in which the contestants drained off more vitality than would have accomplished years of ordinary work. It was really pitiable to watch the exhausted victims, who were determined not to give up though they should die in the struggle. The drawn lines about the mouth and eyes, and the haggard expression of those men in the last hours of their desperate ride, haunted everybody who saw them. Many of those naturally strong, rugged fellows had to be lifted from their wheels, while some of them fell prone upon the floor in their utter physical exhaustion and mental stupor. Others completely lost consciousness, owing to brain poisoning caused by the accumulation of worn-out muscle and nerve tissue in the blood.

Thus do we turn even our most healthful recreative exercises and sports into fatal energy-wasters, degrading them into exhibitions of mere brutality, in which men lose manhood and strength instead of gaining them.

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A foreigner traveling in this country says, "Americans waste as much energy as most other nations utilize." It is true that there is a woeful lack of serenity, of poise, and of balance among us. We are always on the move,—always twitching somewhere.

A noted physician says that most people expend ten times the energy really necessary in almost everything they do. Many grasp a pen as if it were a crowbar, keep the muscles of the arm tense when they write, and pour out as much vital force in signing their names as an athlete would in throwing a heavy weight a great distance. Not one person in a hundred, he says, knows how to make proper use of his muscles or to relax perfectly when at rest. Yet it is chiefly through repose, or perfect rest, that we are enabled to store up energy, to stop the leaks, and to cut off all wastes.

A normal person, who has stopped all these energy leaks is not nervous or restless. He has control of his muscles, and is ever master of himself, self-centered, and poised. He gives you the impression of a mighty reserve power, because he has not wasted his energy. He can sit or stand still, looking you squarely in the eye without flinching, because there is power back of the eye. He is always balanced, never flies off his center, and does not need artificial stimulants or bracers.

It is no wonder that so many of our nervous and over-active business men begin so early to die at the top; that they feel exhausted in the morning; that they are fagged and tired out most of the time; and that they resort to stimulants or smoking to keep up the intense, unnatural strain, and to give them artificial energy as a substitute for the real energy which is constantly leaking away in a score of ways.

The tired brains and fagged nerves of the spendthrifts of energy are responsible for a large proportion of the abnormal thinking, the wretched mistakes in business, the fatal blunders which cost human lives on land and sea, the suicides, the insanity, and the crime of the world. When the brain cells and nerve cells are well supplied with reserve force, a man is normal, strong, and vigorous. He is not haunted by all sorts of unhealthy appetites, or by a desire to do abnormal things, or live an unnatural life of excitement and self-indulgence.

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Just look back over the day and see where your energy has gone. See how much of it has leaked away from you in trifles. Perhaps you have wasted it in fits of fretting, fuming, grumbling, fault-finding, or in the little frictions that have accomplished nothing, but merely rasped your nerves, made you irritable, crippled you, and left you exhausted. You may have drained off more nerve and brain force in a burst of passion than you have expended in doing your real work. Perhaps you did not realize that, in going through your place of business like a mad bull through a china shop, you pulled out every spigot and turned on every faucet of your mental and physical reservoir, and left them open until all the energy you had stored up during the night had run off. Look back and see whether your scolding, fault-finding, criticising, nagging, and what you call "reading the riot act" to your employees, has helped you in any way or accomplished anything. No; you only lost your energy and self-control, your self-respect, and the respect and admiration of your employees.

Some women are always exhausted because they spend their vitality on trifles, frittering away energy in a score of ways without any results. When evening comes, they are unable to sit up. They do not know how to shut off the leaks, how to turn off the faucets of nerve force and energy, and night finds them like a city with every reservoir and water main empty, an easy prey to every draught of air or inciting cause of illness or ill-temper.

How pitiable it is to see such women shriveled and shrunken before they reach thirty-five, and looking old at forty, not because of their hard work or trials, but because of useless fretting and anxiety that have only brought discord into the home, and premature age to themselves.

Much of the worst kind of energy-dissipation is not what is commonly called "immoral." It is often the result of ignorance, carelessness, or neglect; but it is dissipation, all the same. A great deal of energy is wasted in working without system, and in not getting hold of the right end of a thing at the start. Many of us so completely exhaust our strength in useless worry and anxiety, in anticipating our tasks, and in doing our work over and over again mentally before we begin, that we have no force left for the actual work when we come to it. We are like a fire engine letting off all its steam on its way to a fire, and arriving with no power left to throw water on the flames.

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Some of us waste our energies and make our lives ineffective by trying to do too many things. Ability to do one thing superbly almost precludes the possibility of doing other things in a way to attract attention. If we focus powerfully upon one thing, energy is withdrawn from everything else. The mind is like a searchlight,—everything is in semi-darkness except the object upon which the light is thrown at the moment. It can not illuminate a very large area at one time. We can not concentrate powerfully enough upon more than one thing to reach excellence.

People who are constantly making resolutions with great vigor and determination, but who never put them into execution, do not realize how much precious force they waste in dreaming and wishing. They live in dreamland while they work in mediocrity. Their heads are in the clouds while their feet are on the earth. If these people would only spend the energy thus wasted in actually doing something, they would get somewhere.

Debt is a great force-waster, because very few men or women can be heavily in debt without worrying or being anxious. If you are so deeply involved that it is impossible to extricate yourself without going through bankruptcy, then take your bitter medicine at once, and start again, no matter who criticises or denounces you. Pay your debts in full afterwards, when you are able.

Get rid of all vitality-sappers. If you have taken an unfortunate step, retrace it if you can. If you have made a mistake, remedy it as far as it is in your power to do so; but, when you have done your best, let the thing drop forever. Do not drag its skeleton along with you. Never allow what is dead, and should be buried, to keep bobbing up and draining off your life-capital in worry or vain regrets. Do not do anything or touch anything which will lower your vitality. Always ask yourself, "What is there in this thing I am going to do which will add to my life-work, which will increase my power, keep me in a more superb condition, and make me more efficient

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Drawn by Olive Rush



"'I've—oh, I've left them, left them forever, and I've—I've left Fred forever'"

MRS. DALE'S INITIATIVE

The Story of a Woman's Club and Its Effect on the Peace of the Nation

KATHRYN JARBOE

MRS. DALE'S face was flushed. The unusual color was not the result of the warmth of the kitchen, however. Her cheeks were tinted from the inside by the thoughts that raced through her brain, and these were busier than the quick fingers that were rolling and shaping and baking crisp brown cookies. Occasionally her right hand moved mechanically toward a spot on the table where a bowl of dried currants usually stood during the weekly process of cooky-baking. Each time that Mrs. Dale realized the absence of the currant bowl her lips grew straighter, and a fresh wash of carmine dyed her cheeks. Undoubtedly it was her duty to provide Hiram with food, and she hoped and thought that she would always do her duty. Assuredly, though, there was no reason *now* why she should cater to his small gastronomic delights. He loved cookies with currants, but he might just as well eat plain cakes without currants. Mrs. Dale had also discarded the star cooky cutter. The stars were Hiram's favorites, because, as he explained, they took him back to his small boyhood, when he used to nibble off each point of the star and leave a round cooky, thus making two cakes out of one.

On the blue platter, where the fragrant brown mound was growing higher and higher, there were round and crescent moons, diamonds and squares, but no stars. There were no hearts, either, but that was because Hiram was sometimes foolish about hearts, and Mrs. Dale knew that it would be impossible for her to listen to any reference to hearts and sweetheart days from the husband whom she could no longer—well, possibly she really could endure Hiram, but she knew that she ought not to, and that respect for herself and her own womanly dignity should force her to leave him, and to refuse to live any longer with him as his wife.

When the last cooky had been taken from the oven and added to the platter's pile, Mrs. Dale straightened out her kitchen, drank a cup of strong tea, and then sat down to knit and to consider the situation that confronted her.

Several months before, a woman's club had been organized in Merrivale. Mrs. Dale had been asked to join it but had not even considered the proposition seriously. Yet when Miss Sarah George, a strong advocate of women and women's rights, had addressed the club, Mrs. Dale was an invited guest, and, carried away by the enthusiasm of the members, she not only consented then and there to join the club, but also agreed to take part in a symposium whose subject was "What are a woman's rights?" She had said nothing about the matter to Hiram, thinking that she would surprise him by reading her paper to him. She had taken a most conservative view of the matter, but no woman who had listened to Miss George could believe that a woman's rights should be regulated by anything but a woman's will. The night before—it really was only the night before, although it seemed that a week must have passed,—Mrs. Dale had read the paper to her husband. He had given it perfect attention, and had made no comment whatsoever when she had paused, apparently for breath, but in reality for approval. When she had finished and had taken off her glasses, Hiram had held out his hand for the essay, and, before its author could make the slightest effort to save it, had laid it on the hottest coals in the grate before him. Then he had expressed his views on the subject. They were conservative to a degree, but they were expressed in language the very opposite of conservative, and his ultimation was not merely that Mrs. Dale should take no part in the symposium, but even that she should not belong to the club. He disapproved of clubs—for women. He believed that a woman's rights should be those accorded to her by her husband. He believed that a woman's sphere is in her own home, and that her field of usefulness lies in her own kitchen,—her field of art in her own sitting room.

In breathless anger and dismay, Mrs. Dale had listened. There were no pauses in her husband's speech, and, had there been, she could have taken no advantage of them, but she waited for his conclusion.

"I'm sure, Jane, that you'll be reasonable and take my view of the matter. You're not egged on now by a parcel of loud-voiced, shallow-brained women, and you can look at the thing quietly. You can't belong to the club. That's the end of it, and I don't want to hear anything more on the subject."

In order to satisfy his desire, he had said the last word with his hand on the door knob, and the closing click of the latch was his period.

Mrs. Dale's rage and wrath had seethed and bubbled, but they had had no outlet save an occasional "Well!" or an ejaculated "Did you ever!" She had heard Hiram ascend the stairs that led to their bedroom in the gabled roof. She had heard the thud of each boot as it was removed. She had heard the boards creak under his bare feet. She had known by the various movements in just what stage his preparations for bed were, but she had held herself firmly in the low rocking-chair before the dying coals. No fatigue, no cold should induce her to accept her share of that bedroom. Not even her desire to express her mind to her husband should induce her to speak to him until he had apologized for his actions, and had expressed not only his willingness, but also his desire, that she should do in this, and in everything else, exactly as she willed to do.

Wrapped in the old striped afghan, she had dozed away a few disjointed hours, and in the morning she had given him his breakfast in stony silence. His attempts at conversation had been ignored. His reference to the night before had not even touched the springs of her expressive eyebrows and lips. Had she been quite deaf, his words could have disturbed her no less.

Now, as she sat in her rocking-chair, quietly knitting, she congratulated herself that she had said no word, that she had not answered back, that she had not expressed her wrath, and that she had not debased herself by mere vulgar quarreling. Miss George had said that no woman should lower her own respect for herself by arguing with the limited prescribed intellect of a man. Mrs. Dale rejoiced that she had followed the precept of her new mentor. Miss George had been right, too, when she had said that no woman who really uses her brains can endure the slavery of living with that same limited masculine intellect. Mrs. Dale realized perfectly that there would be nothing but slavery in any further life with Hiram. She would be a slave to duty, though,—not a slave to him. On that point she was resolved. But Miss George had said that a woman's highest duty is to herself, and that no duty imposed by church or state can equal the glorious, God-given duty with which every little female child is born,—the duty to her own beautiful self.

Mrs. Dale, contentedly rocking backward and

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forward in the sunlit window, thrilled as she remembered Miss George's vehement voice and gestures. Of course, then, her first duty was to herself, and not to Hiram. But she hesitated a little before she ventured upon the next plank of Miss George's teetering platform. "Every woman who debases herself by neglecting her duty to herself commits the unpardonable sin. Every woman who enslaves her will to the will of a man is criminally negligent of her God-given prerogatives. "Free yourselves, my sisters," the lecturer had cried; "raise up the altars of your own wills and your own rights! On them burn the shackles that have held you bound!" A prolonged sigh widened the gaps between the buttons of Mrs. Dale's shirt-waist as she remembered these words. Perhaps, then, she ought to leave Hiram altogether,—and—and establish her right in the eyes of man to do as she pleased. In Miss George's practical peroration she had pointed out the liberality of the laws and the ease with which a man can be made to accept a desertion that is forced upon him. It was on this practical side that Miss George's oration was the weakest, but her hearers were always in such a state of excitement, by the time she reached it, that they were incapable of discriminating between power and impotence. It was just here, before Mrs. Dale had decided upon the practical details of her departure from Hiram, that she was interrupted by the arrival of a visitor.

Minnie Ellerslie, one of Hiram's nieces, dropped dejectedly into her uncle's big chair. Her greeting to Mrs. Dale had been of a most perfunctory nature, and she seemed more inclined to follow out her own chain of thought than to enter into conversation with her aunt.

Mrs. Dale was also absorbed in her own reflections, and it was in a somewhat absent-minded tone of voice that she said:—

"Did n't you bring the children, Minnie?"

Every personal topic was driven far afield by the girl's tragic answer.

"No, and I hope I'll never see them again!" She buried her face in the cushioned back of the chair. "Oh, I do n't mean that," she cried, emerging, flushed and tear-stained; "I do want to see them. I want to see them right now. But I never will. I've—oh, I've left them, left them forever, and I've—I've left Fred forever!"

Mrs. Dale's astonishment could not be spoken. It was gasped. She stared at the yellow hair that confronted her.

The girl's sobs stopped and again the face was raised from its hiding-place.

"You'll never know all I've been through! No one but that dear, blessed woman could feel with me or sympathize with me, and now it's all over and I'm—I'm fr-free from it, and so—so happy."

"But, my dear!" The chaos in Mrs. Dale's mind was resolving itself into words.

"No, you must n't try to argue with me." Mrs. Ellerslie was mopping her eyes. "I only came here to tell you a few things that must be done for—for the children." Here her words were interrupted by heavy sobs. "For To—Tommy's croup and Mi—innie's in—indigestion. When I've told you, I'll go."

"Minnie Ellerslie! What are you talking about?" Mrs. Dale was wiping her glasses on the sock she was knitting, as if she hoped that clearer lenses would enable her to understand the problem before her.

"Oh, it's all Fred. He does n't think anything of me any more except as a nurse girl for the children. I *do* stay with them and I do care for them. But I—I ought to use some of my time for myself. She said that a woman who makes herself into a nurse girl for her children is a dis—disgrace to her sex, and Fred sa—says that I'm losing all sense of maternal duty, that I ga—ga,—gad all the time, and ne—neglect the children. Last night I rapped out and and told him what she said,—that a woman's first duty is to herself,—that a woman's own will is the only thing that should control her duty. I was sorry as soon as I had spoken, because she said that we must n't argue. But Fred said that a woman's first duty is to her husband, and that her next duty is to her children, and that a woman's will generally leads her straight to the devil. Th—th,—that was sacrilegious, Aunt Jane, when you think who gave us that beau—beautiful white-winged will when we were born little fe—fe,—female babies. She—she told us, you know."

"You do n't mean to say, Minnie Ellerslie, that you are going to leave Fred for good and all!" Mrs. Dale's righteous indignation sharpened her voice.

"You know that I must leave him, Aunt Jane. She said that a woman debases all the beautiful things in life by letting a man make a slave of her beautiful will." Mrs. Ellerslie's words were rendered almost unintelligible by the sobs that interrupted them.

"And the children?" exclaimed Mrs. Dale.

"She—she said that children are better off left to the charity of the world than cared for by a debased woman!"

Mrs. Dale remembered that she had been very much repelled by this opinion when Miss George had enunciated it, but it had come early in the lecture and she had quite forgotten it. Now, for half an hour, she was obliged to plead with Miss George's ardent disciple, to soften somewhat the lecturer's most violent assertions, and to point out certain weak spots in her arguments. All the time she was assuring herself that Minnie was right, in reality, but that, for the sake of the children, she must be made to sacrifice her will—for a time.

In reply to her aunt's remarks, Mrs. Ellerslie had no opinions of her own to offer. She simply returned again and again to the quotations of her idol, and, when at length she grudgingly consented to give up her own will,—to postpone for a time the erection of an altar consecrated to her own desires, she sobbingly reflected that Miss George would despise her.

"I'd so hoped that *she* would approve of me. I did ho—hope that that would compensate for the loss of Fred and Mamie and T—Tommy."

"I do n't believe, my dear, that Miss George would approve of a woman who deserts her little children. It is easier to give advice to a multitude, you know, than to apply it to an individual." Mrs. Dale realized that she was approaching dangerous ground, but in escaping from a quicksand she plunged into a marsh. "Miss George has never had any children of her own, and perhaps does not see the responsibility that is laid upon a mother by the same Hand that created the beautiful feminine will."

Mrs. Dale's thoughts were still in tune with the echoes from the platform, so she was not prepared for the sudden turn taken by her visitor's words.

"But she's never had a husband, either. Perhaps she does n't know—"

Mrs. Dale's voice and backbone stiffened perceptibly. "I think she understood that part of her subject thoroughly. No true woman could—"

"Oh, there's Rose Marsh!" interrupted Minnie. "I can't let her see that I've been crying. She might think that Fred had made me cry. She has her valise, has n't she? I wonder where she is going. You're the dearest comfort in the world, Aunt Jane, and I am so glad that I can go back to Fred without feeling debased and all that. You've always been a mother to us, and that's why you understand so well,—even if you have n't any children of your own."

Into Mrs. Dale's mental vision came a drawer full of tiny yellowing garments that had never been worn.

"Go back to the children," she said, "and your duty to them. You must n't forget—"

"No, no," cried Mrs. Ellerslie; "It's Fred I want, and it's Fred I'm going back to, and—and I'll love you a thousand times more than I ever did before for showing me what a little fool I was. But I might have known just what you would say and do,—you and Uncle Hiram have always been so blissfully and blessedly happy!"

The closing door concluded her sentence, and Mrs. Dale was still gasping for breath when Rose Marsh entered the room. She was Mrs. Dale's niece, and was tall and dark, with a tragic chin and tragic eyes. She stood by the fireplace, where a few coals were glowing and flickering.

"I want to talk with you about the spoons, Aunt Jane." Rose spoke in a firm, quiet voice.

"The spoons, my dear?" There was surprise in Mrs. Dale's question, but there was also relief. Mrs. Marsh's face was unusually somber, and Mrs. Dale, who had not recovered from Minnie Ellerslie's stormy visit and impetuous exit, had been prepared for anything. But spoons were easy subjects of conversation.

"Spoons?" she repeated, when Rose did not reply immediately.

"Yes, I feel that the spoons are really as much mine as Arthur's. Grandmother would have given them to me, even if he had n't married me. All the other wedding presents I'll leave, and everything else is his."

"For pity's sake, Rose, what are you talking about?" demanded Mrs. Dale.

"I—I'm leaving Arthur," Rose returned, quietly, and yet there was tragedy under the calm. "I do n't feel—altogether,—that I'm consulting just my own will, although I suppose that I would be justified in doing so. She said that a woman's will is her truest guide, you know. I would be willing to sacrifice my will to Arthur, but I can not sacrifice my talents, and my own strong personality. I feel it, I feel it here,"—she clasped her hands across her breast,—"I feel strongly that my voice was given to me for the good of the entire world, not for the mere enjoyment of one individual. I can not bury my gift! I must use it for the benefit of the world!"

Mrs. Dale's knitting had fallen to the floor, and her glasses were pushed back on the smooth waves of gray hair that softened her brow.

"Will you please talk sense, Rose Marsh!" she ejaculated.

"Sense! Why, Aunt Jane, you heard! You were there! You know all that she said! And I—I have applied her beautiful theories of life to my own self. I can be a slave no longer to Arthur's caprices!" Had Mrs. Marsh been about to fling herself into the sacrificial fires, her tone would have been perfect.

"Arthur's caprices!" Mrs. Dale could only echo her niece's words.

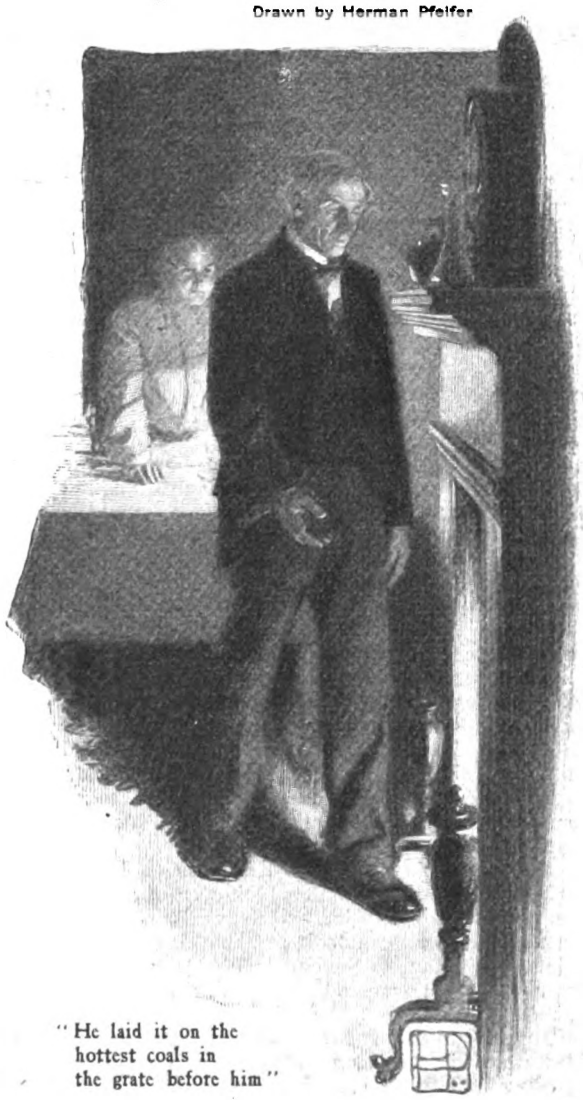
"Yes, caprices. What other word can I use? He is willing enough that I should take lessons, and that I should devote all my time to my voice; but he declares that I shall sing only for him and our friends, and only in my own home."

"But, my dear girl! Where else do you want to sing?"

"I want to sing to the whole world. Oh, I suppose I might as well tell you the facts.

[*Concluded on pages 737 to 739*]

Drawn by Herman Pfeifer



"He laid it on the hottest coals in the grate before him"

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The Men Who Are at the Head of Important Departments



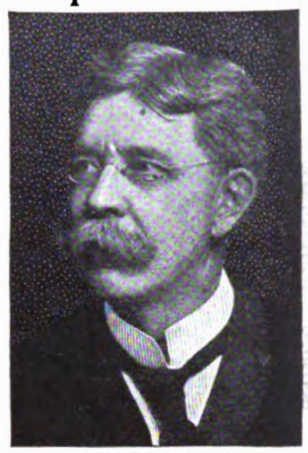
DAVID R. FRANCIS,
President



EMANUEL MASQUERAY,
Designer-in-chief



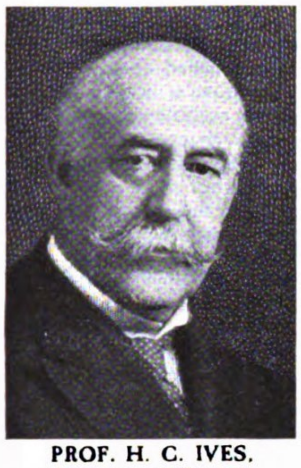
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WILLARD A. SMITH,
Department of Transportation



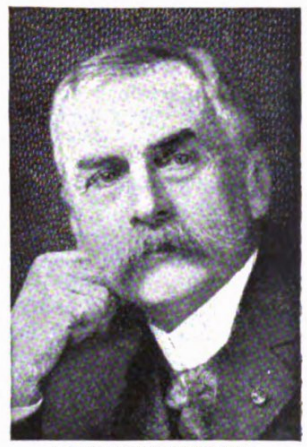
COL. JOHN A. OCKERSON,
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PROF. H. C. IVES,
Department of Fine Arts



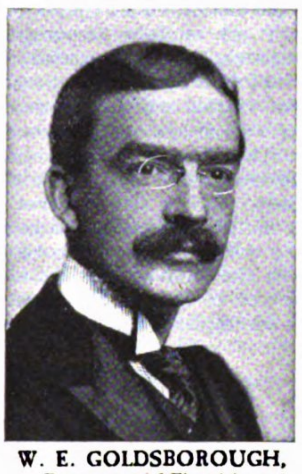
F. J. V. SKIFF,
Department of Exhibits



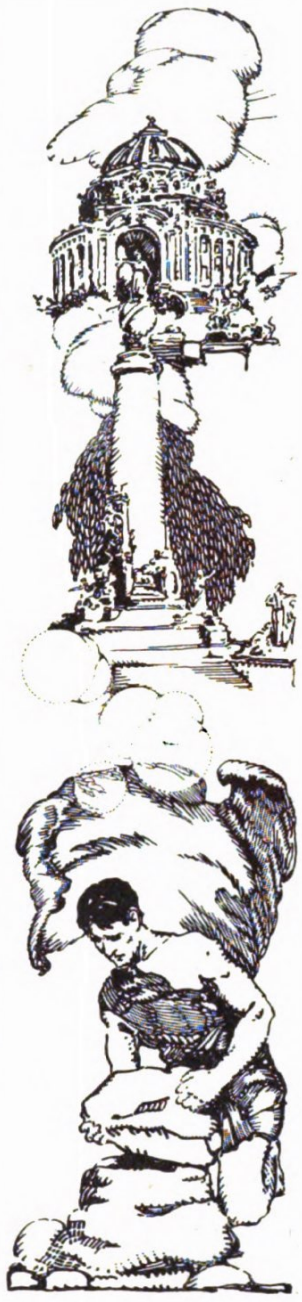
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Agriculture and Horticulture



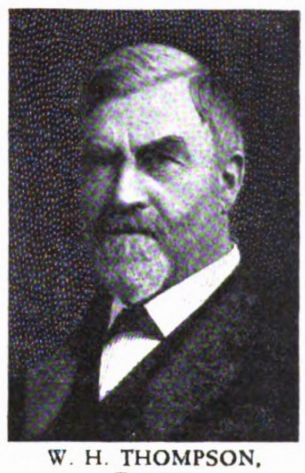
W. E. GOLDSBOROUGH,
Department of Electricity



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DR. T. H. BEAN,
Forestry, Fish and Game



W. H. THOMPSON,
Treasurer

The World's Fair as a Progress-promoter

What It Means to the Advancement of American Civilization, Judging It from the Standpoint of Industry and Invention

WALTER WELLMAN

THE late President McKinley well said that expositions are milestones along the path of progress. The Louisiana Purchase Exposition has now been open long enough to enable us to study and measure the advancement made by man in the arts and sciences since the great Columbian Exposition was held at Chicago, a decade ago.

When we do so we must stand in admiration before the results disclosed. With some observers it is a dearly held tradition that, of late, progress has tarried by the wayside, fatigued from her previous rapid strides. If they measure only by such epoch-marking steps as the application of steam or electricity to the world's work, they may be right. But by any other criterion they are wrong. Progress never stops. She never so much as wearies or lags or halts momentarily. There are times when her forward movement is marked by sensational leaps, her bounds being so spectacular as to excite the imagination of men, but quietly, day by day, and year by year, she marches always on in the workshops and laboratories of busy man. In the great current of evolution there are no eddies or stagnant pools. There may be still waters, but they run deep in all that



WALTER WELLMAN

tends toward a greater triumph of man in his mastery of the materials and agencies nature has placed ready to his hand. The struggle of the human bee to make all things man needs better and cheaper,—ever better and ever cheaper,—and the competitive effort which engrosses the energies of the world, go on eternally in this mundane hive.

Apart from everything else it has done,—its delight to the eyes of all beholders, cultured and uncultured alike; the magnificence of its vast and harmonious bigness; its pleasure-giving beauty to those who love a majestic architectural *ensemble;* its fascination of the æsthetic sense in countless ways; and its appeal to the pride of Americans in its demonstration anew that in the creation of these miniature worlds, comprehensive of all the good and useful works of man everywhere and of all time, our countrymen easily excel their neighbors,—the St. Louis Exposition stands as a noble and memorable monument to progress.

As such it is chiefly interesting to me; and, studied from this point of view, it unfolds and blooms like a flower in the spring, like a fine human character watched in intimacy, like a demonstration in chemistry, or like a

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problem in mathematics. Here one could find the object lessons from which to write the story of man's forward sweep from the beginning; but that would require a cyclopedia, and then the half could not be told. Even if we should confine the narrative to the century which has elapsed since Napoleon committed the greatest moral crime against his people ruler was ever guilty of, when he sold an American empire worth a half dozen Frances for a mess of military pottage, we should need huge volumes.

Narrow our review to the decade which has passed since the White City at Chicago delighted and astonished the world, and still the historian would find such wealth of material that his eager pen would run on to broad pages, though lack of time and space would, perforce, limit him to mere paragraphs. The most wondrous story in the world is the story of progress, and a short ten years of it —the latest little stretch of the endless road,—is not less vivid or inspiring than the myriad of miles behind it, nor, perhaps, than the long, bright vistas ahead beckoning compellingly to millions of eager feet, and holding on high a beacon light of prosperity.



K. SUGAWA,
who has charge of the Japanese exhibit

There can be no question that the most spectacular and most significant exhibit at St. Louis is that of Japan. It is the handiwork of a new nation, a marvelous one at that, which the people have here spread before them. At Chicago, the Japanese appeared as interesting and picturesque makers of toys and knickknacks and articles of virtu of characteristic form but limited range,—a sort of half-developed, peculiar people, with a hazy past not far removed from actual savagery and with an uncertain future. At St. Louis they appear as one of the first nations of the world. The greatest world-event of the last ten years is the rise of Japan, and the Japanese have taken good care that their attainment of manhood's estate shall be duly and fully celebrated in this exposition *cosmos*. To best realize what Japan is, to-day, one need not go to Port Arthur nor to the plains of Manchuria. It may be taken for granted that the little brown people have startled the world with their military prowess, with their unprecedented combination in one national character of the most thorough preparation and prevision, the highest type of strategy, the most fanatical bravery, and the most abundant caution,—the bravery which assaults desperately with torpedo boats and charges savagely with battalions, and the caution which never risks a battleship near the big guns of a foe. Finer than Japan in war is Japan in peace.

The Keen Inventive Genius of the Japanese Has greatly Surprised American Visitors

Peaceful Japan, industrial, artistic, progressive, plodding Japan, is the sensation of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition. Thicker are the crowds about Nippon's exhibits than anywhere else at St. Louis. A part of this interest is due, no doubt, to the glamour of successful war,—for war has a glamour of its own, strange and irresistible. But it is not all that. Much is due to the remarkable exhibits themselves. These are in every building, in every field of human activity. The brown men are no longer mere fashioners of bric-a-brac. They have invaded all the arts. They are building locomotives, cars, and steamships, rolling rails, forging bridges, and making nearly everything else they need. Hundreds of thousands of Americans have stood in amazement near the beautiful relief map of Japan, one hundred feet long, in the Transportation Building,—a map which shows the cities, the railways, the telegraph lines and submarine cables, the steamship routes, and the topography of the country. It is difficult to realize that, only fifty years ago, this island empire was inhabited by a people just emerging from feudalism, and just learning, half unwillingly, to accept intercourse with the outside world; that it was a nation without railways, without telegraphs, and without more than the merest rudiment of a postal system. It is hard to believe that, only ten years ago, or about the time the Chicago Exposition was held, Japan threw off the last remnant of national confession of incompetency in getting rid of foreign consular courts through treaties, the first of which was negotiated by Secretary Gresham in the Cleveland administration.

Germany Leads in the Exhibits Made by Foreign Nations

To-day Japan has not only virtually supplanted Russia as one of the five first-class powers of the world, but is also leaping to the front rank in nearly all the industrial arts. Now it is a nation with sixty thousand miles of telegraph; with more than four thousand miles of railway; and with a postal system as perfectly organized and relatively nearly as well developed as our own, comprising more than five thousand post offices, and handling in a year more than eight hundred million pieces of mail matter. Naturally, as an island and fishing and seafaring people, the Japanese have taken to the ocean highway. Accompanying the great relief map are demonstrations of the rapid growth of their merchant marine, which now carries commerce all over the globe, a single steamship company sailing a fleet of eighty vessels, with two hundred and sixty thousand gross tonnage.

We can not pause to write of Japan in manufactures, in silk, metals, wood, ivory, textiles, paper, and pottery; of a development of the use of electricity comparable to that in our own country; of an educational system so complete that, with compulsory attendance, more than ninety per cent. of the children of the empire are in school; nor of many other interesting exhibits of this, the youngest, and, in many ways, most interesting member of the family of great nations. Good authorities say that the finest and most complete showing made at St. Louis by a foreign nation is that of Germany,—for there is not a field of human activity in which the Germans do not shine, and there are many in which they excel. Next to Germany is Japan, and after Japan come Great Britain and France. But, so far as progress during the last decade is concerned, no other nation is in the race with the showing which the Japanese make here. In more ways than one they are a modern wonder. More than one thoughtful visitor, with these evidences of Japanese advancement and adaptability spread out before him, has paused to ask: "If Japan can do so much in ten years, what will she not do during the next fifty years, as mistress of eastern Asia, and with the political and industrial leadership of China in the hollow of her hand?" Parenthetically I must remark that the last day I spent at the exposition I happened upon the small space set apart for Russia, and there all was confusion, with no exhibit yet in order, with curtains drawn, and with packing cases tumbled about,—a pathetic picture.

After studying Japan's extraordinary showing, it seemed to me that the next most significant exhibit was that of the Philippines. Here is the visual proof that since the gates of the White City at Chicago were closed our nation, too, has pushed forward in the affairs of the world. We have become an empire in our sway over colonial possessions. We have taken a new place among the nations—a place savoring of the responsibility which the strong must ever assume over the weak,—little dreamed of a decade ago.

It Affords a Grand Demonstration of Our Practical Sense and Quick Adaptability

No chronicle of the progress of the last ten years, as demonstrated at St. Louis, would be complete without note of this vast change that has come into our national life,—suggesting the duty well done in Cuba, the rise of our naval and military power, the amazing growth of our prestige in world politics, and the influence of the United States as a factor, and generally a wholesome one, in the settlement of all the problems which confront the great governments. If the Philippine exhibit indicates that our country has a new policy and a new duty, the details of that colonial exposition—for it is an exposition within an exposition,—denote unmistakably that we Americans are applying to our great task in the Far East an aptitude for organization, administration, and construction which we as a people have a right to be proud of, accompanied by a conscious ethical purpose of which we have no call to feel ashamed.

Few visitors with an eye to the larger facts of the progress of our times fail to take careful note of the admirable model of the Panama Canal shown by the United States government,—clearly one of the most notable forward steps of the decade. It is a step not yet taken, an achievement still on paper. But the fiat of the United States has gone forth that this greatest of all engineering works mankind has as yet undertaken—greatest in its magnitude and its alteration of the face of nature and in its certain effect upon the commerce of the world,—must be done; and that is an exact equivalent to its accomplishment. When we gathered at Chicago, eleven years ago, probably there was not one American citizen who supposed that the United States would ever construct an isthmian canal by any other route than the Nicaraguan. How the revolution of public sentiment from Nicaragua to Panama was effected in a year is one of the most interesting stories of the decade,—a story breathing the practical sense and quick and sure adaptability of the American mind, of which this whole exposition is one grand demonstration.



MADAM SUGAWA

To my mind, one of the most important exhibits at St. Louis is the mimic Boer War. Not only does it give the spectator a thrilling impression of what a real battle must be, but it also does much more. It leads the thoughtful to reflect upon the utter uselessness of war,—to hope that the day may soon come when the killing of men as an art will be relegated to the limbo of obsolete barbarism along with torture and sacrifices to religious fanaticism. Again, the spectacle compels pity that such valor and endurance as the heroic Boers displayed might not have been exerted in behalf of progress rather than in a futile though patriotic effort to block its way. As this is a story of progress, the lesson is that it is imperious, irresistible, and universal. Nothing, whether prejudice, or error, or selfishness, or tradition, or bigotry, or habit, or pride, can stand before it.

If any one doubts that this is the electrical age, let him go to the St. Louis Exposition. The electrical department there stands conspicuous in its showing of progress during the last ten years. Electricity was the sensation at the White City. It was then comparatively new in the arts. It was a novelty, and the people crowded about it in eagerness. Now it is no longer picturesque,—it is so common,—but it is infinitely more useful than it was then. Electrical transportation—by the trolley,—was in wide use ten years ago, of course. But most of the wonderful development of the urban, suburban, and interurban systems of our country and other countries has occurred meanwhile. Practically the underground trolley

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or conduit has been developed since the exposition at Chicago. So has the multiple-unit system, by which cars are operated electrically in trains, with a motor on each axle, if desired, and all motors under the manipulation of one controller. What this means to the people one may see on the elevated railways of various cities, and it may soon be seen even more strikingly in New York's new subway, for there trains are to be run with eight cars in each.

One of the most significant phases of transportation methods, to-day, is the constant effort to increase capacity, whether of trains for passengers or for freight, and also speed, as we shall see more strikingly, perhaps, when we come to steam transportation. Theoretically, there is no limit to the number of cars that may be operated in an electrical passenger train, and as the single car seating twenty people had to give way to one seating fifty or sixty, so the three-car or four-car elevated or subway train is giving way to the six-car or eight-car train. There are indications that these, in turn, must yield to trains of far greater length. Railway managers are just learning that the best way to increase capacity is not to multiply lines of rails, but instead to multiply the number of trains, cars, and seats run over existing lines. In New York and London, for example, and other centers of great congestion of urban travel, already there is talk of running trains each a mile or more in length, with an ingenious arrangement of equi-distant stations and simultaneous stops at all stations, thus multiplying capacity by three, four, or five, and at the same time placing stations closer together for the convenience of the traveling public, and greatly increasing the speed of the trains. There are engineers who consider this the coming great revolution in the art of transporting the teeming millions of the world's great cities,—a revolution made possible by the multiple-unit system. In New York, for instance, the new subway, with its four tracks, has a maximum seating capacity of twenty-eight thousand passengers per hour in each direction,—equivalent only to the increase of travel in the "rush hour" in four or five years. In the metropolis the problem is how and where to build subways fast enough to keep pace with the increase of rush-hour travel. But if, by this method, a single line of tracks can be made to do the work of four or five subways, the problem may be considered solved.

If the Government Owned the Telegraph Lines Messages Could Be Sent at Low Rates

In electricity there is nothing more interesting than its application to steam railways. Engineers of high standing believe that the day is near at hand when most of the larger railways will dispense with steam locomotives and employ electrical motive power, either by motors fed from third rails or overhead conductors, or by electric locomotives. However this may be, electricity is already coming into use on steam railways. The New York Central is spending forty million dollars for electrification of its metropolitan terminal, partly for the purpose of dispensing with smoke and coal gas in the tunnels, and partly to obtain higher speed of trains.

It is easy even for a layman to understand the superiority of electricity as a motive power in urban and suburban transportation. With a locomotive, traction is secured from the weight on the driving wheels. With the multiple-unit system the weight of every car in the train may, if desired, be put upon the drivers. In service with frequent stops, speed is secured by a high rate of acceleration, and a rapid acceleration requires power and weight. In New York's new subway a train of eight cars will carry motors which may, at any desired moment, exert a tractive force equal to that of a half dozen large steam locomotives.

Notes of electrical progress are so many that only the most important can here be mentioned. Of great promise is the motor which uses an alternating current without sub-station transformers. If it proves entirely successful, it will introduce a large economy in all electrical railway operation. The application of electrical railway devices to all sorts of industrialism affords material for a book all by itself,—ranging, as it does, from the great electrical locomotive and the huge overhead crane to the broiling of a beefsteak or curling of my lady's hair by means of the magic current. In almost every workshop electrical tools may be found. In these, and in compressed-air appliances, may be found the greatest advance in shop-mechanics during the decade. There is a new automatic or mechanical telegraph sender, transmitting messages forty times as fast as a human operator. In fact, it is well known that science and invention have, during the last ten years, made telegraphy so easy and cheap that, if we had in this country a government or postal telegraph instead of semi-public companies, short letters could be sent by wire almost as cheaply as by post. Unless I read incorrectly the signs of the times, postal telegraphy is imminent in America; it is demanded by progress, and progress can not be denied. The automatic telephone is coming rapidly into use, and promises to carry the convenience of telephonic communication to hundreds of thousands who can not now afford it. The rural telephone is growing at an amazing rate, too, and already scores of thousands of American farmers have the 'phone in their houses. .

In fact, electricity promises to do as much for rural regions as for cities. Already the trolley is running from town to town, tapping the farms. It needs no prophetic eye to foresee its rapid extension. One may go farther, and prophesy: a form of light railway, and motors using the alternating current without the expense of transforming stations, is to be adapted to rural use, and is to become as common as the rural free delivery of mail. Where the light electric railway would not pay, there is to be a combination of good-roads movements by the rural people, with a system of automobile public conveyances introduced and managed by great corporations all over the country, as the express business is now handled on the railways. In other words, the near future will bring an end to the isolation of the farm. There will be electric and automobile communication with the cities and towns. It will be possible to send produce to market and receive stores in return by these public conveyances. The little country schoolhouses of blessed memory will gradually pass away, and instead there will be found central schools serving many districts or a whole township or two, thus extending vastly the work of educational centralization and improvement already begun in many rural communities. One would like to dwell on this subject; but it needs no vivid imagination to see the change that is to be wrought in country life with this great development of rural communication,—the railways, the public automobiles, the telephones, and the rural free delivery, with the daily paper on every farmer's table.

Wireless Telegraphy Is rapidly Becoming an Everyday Convenience the World over

It is necessary only to speak of wireless telegraphy to call before the eye of the mind a picture of the most interesting if not the most important invention of the decade. Wireless systems are well exhibited at St. Louis, with practical tests in the presence of visitors. One may procure copies of the latest marvel,—the daily paper printed on shipboard in mid-Atlantic, with hourly stop-press telegrams from both shores. From the little tick-tack across the exhibition room, even a layman may gain a hazy notion of how the electrical impulses are made to fly over the ocean. As yet wireless telegraphy has not been widely introduced commercially. But it is much more than a toy. Its usefulness in the world's navies has already been thoroughly demonstrated,—so much so that it is now indispensable. It will not be many years before every ship on the salt seas—naval or merchant,—will carry a wireless outfit. The usefulness of this invention on land is greatly restricted by the tremendous voltage required to transmit impulses any considerable distances. The power that would hurl a message across the Atlantic is sufficient for only one or two hundred miles over land. Still, both on land and sea the wireless will make headway. Even now the United States government is spending nearly a million dollars in a naval equipment, and the weather bureau plans to employ it in meteorological work. Wireless telephony is also believed to have a future of great usefulness.

"There's Economy in Bigness" Is a Favorite Phrase of Progressive Business Men

In transportation, the most sensational development of the decade has been the automobile. Broadly speaking, and so far as appeal to the eye is concerned, the advent of the automobile may be regarded as the mechanical event of the last ten years. At Chicago automobiles were exhibited, though none was of American manufacture. The machine was then in an experimental state. It was a promising toy. To-day it is everywhere. At St. Louis there are acres of beautiful and wonderful machines, most of them of American production. As everyone knows, the automobile is still used mostly for pleasure, but during the next decade its progress as a vehicle of business and communication is sure to be great. With racing autos, business autos, auto-boats, moto-cycles, gasoline track-inspection cars, and what-not, these early years of the twentieth century may well be called the dawn of the motor age.

But when we have the world's work in mind rather than the world's sports and play, it is not the spectacular automobile that plays the leading part in transportation progress. Almost unnoticed by the mass of men, there has been going on a development which promises vast results. It is a phase of the incessant struggle of mankind to make things better and cheaper,—ever better and cheaper. In transportation, all the tendencies of the times are toward "the economy of bigness," as Willard A. Smith, chief of the transportation department at St. Louis so well expresses it. Railroads are making their tracks heavier, and their bridges stronger, to carry heavier locomotives; heavier locomotives mean longer trains, fewer trains with the same or greater tonnage, economy of men and fuel, greater

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ease of line operation, smaller demand upon sidings, less trouble for the train dispatchers, and reduced hazard of accident. The same development we have noted in urban transportation of passengers, where traffic is congested, is seen also on the steam railways. In fact, the steam railways, struggling to carry freights still cheaper, though in America they were carried fifty per cent. cheaper than in any other country, first felt the impulse.

To a casual observer, one locomotive is much like another. But a great fact at St. Louis, which an ordinary visitor may never note, is the increase in the size of locomotives. At Chicago, the average weight of the locomotives exhibited was sixty tons; at St. Louis, it is ninety-eight tons. At Chicago, the heaviest locomotive, then criticised by railway men as too heavy, was almost exactly equal in weight to the average at St. Louis, while the heaviest at St. Louis runs to the enormous total of one hundred and ninety-six tons, tender and equipment included, and one hundred and sixty-four tons for the engine alone, the weight on the driving wheels. This is the famous Mallet-compound, shown by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad as a type of its new mountain-climbers, and it is the heaviest and most powerful locomotive ever built. Each set of drivers, with a ten-foot wheel base, is run by a distinct engine, enabling the machine to take short-radius curves. It is, in fact, two locomotives in one, under the control of a single engineer. Oddly enough, this revolutionary development of the American type of locomotive comes from France, which is the country of rigid-frame construction both in locomotives and cars. More power, heavier loads, and greater economy are called for everywhere. Hence we now have a locomotive capable of drawing one hundred loaded cars over ordinary grades,—eight thousand tons of freight, to say nothing of the weight of the train itself! On some of the level roads of the West, where lighter cars are used, trains of one hundred and fifty cars have been known,—mile-long trains; and we hear railroad men talking more or less seriously of introducing wireless telephony, so that rear brakemen may communicate with engineers in the locomotive cabs. Not only are locomotives bigger, but they are also much more powerful than formerly in proportion to their size. At Chicago, the average steam pressure was about one hundred and fifty pounds to the inch. At St. Louis there are twenty locomotives with steam pressures of two hundred and thirty-five pounds.

All the Box Cars Are of Pressed Steel, Excepting Those Intended for Refrigeration

Cars are heavier, too. One of the revolutionary developments since the Chicago Exposition has been the pressed-steel freight car. At the White City the largest freight car had a capacity of eighty thousand pounds. At St. Louis, one-hundred-thousand-pound cars are common. In fact, the wooden box car is so much out of date that it is not shown at all at St. Louis, save in refrigerator cars. If one wishes to realize how adequately transportation marks the progress of our race, let him go to St. Louis. To my mind it is the most fascinating exhibit there. Thanks to the liberality of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, the historic demonstration, from the first locomotive and the first rails to the present day, is well-nigh perfect. To realize what vast works our modern and public-spirited railway corporations are undertaking, go to St. Louis and see the models of that wonderful enterprise which the world's greatest railway, the Pennsylvania, is carrying out in New York City,—mammoth tunnels under the two rivers and the big city, from New Jersey to Long Island, and with a titanic railway station under and above the ground in the very center of Manhattan. There is much to support the view, now held by many railroad men, that our great railway systems no longer partake of the character of corporations for private gain, but are operated for the people.

Chiefs of Other Leading Departments



MILAN H. HULBERT, Manufactures



THOMAS M. MOORE, Machinery



HOWARD J. ROGERS, Education

As with transportation on land, so it is on the sea. There the economy of bigness is sought in steamships twenty per cent. larger than those of ten years ago, with thirty-three per cent. more horse power, and twelve per cent. greater speed. Here one of the marvelous mechanical achievements of the last decade has its place,—the steam turbine. There is the economy of smallness as well as the economy of bigness. The day of the gigantic engine appears to be passing. In ordinary reciprocating engines, the tendency is to reduce size and cost by increasing steam pressure. At the Centennial Exposition, the highest steam pressure was sixty pounds; at Chicago it was one hundred pounds; at St. Louis it runs up to two hundred, two hundred and fifty, and even three hundred pounds. Since 1893 the electrical generator, too, has been reduced one third in size, while its output of energy has been increased one half.

The Progress of the Government Is Shown in Many Paternal, yet Useful Ways

The United States government is making progress, too. Every American who visits the Federal Building at St. Louis must come away proud of his government. If it is becoming more paternal, it is also becoming more useful and efficient. In this tale of progress, think, for a moment, of the significance of these figures: when the Chicago Exposition was held, the number of pieces of mail matter handled in a year by our postal system was four billions; now it is more than seven billions. Then the revenue of the department was sixty-one million dollars; now it is one hundred and thirty-five million. Without doubt the most notable achievement of the government during the decade, so far as its direct contact with the people is concerned, has been in the development of free rural delivery, the creation of Thomas E. Watson, of Georgia. Since the Chicago Exposition closed this great system has had all of its growth, and now there are more than twenty-six thousand routes in the United States, costing thirty million dollars a year. The government's vast scheme of irrigation of arid lands is another notable achievement of the last few years,—a big milestone along the national path.



Some Achievements of the Exposition

The Automatic Telephone Company has a working telephone exchange that requires no operators.

The General Electric Company shows a dynamo with a normal capacity of ten thousand horse power.

Charles E. Yetman shows a transmitting typewriter from which telegraphic messages may be dispatched.

A telautograph company exhibits a machine which exactly reproduces handwriting or drawing at a distance.

An American inventor has a machine which accomplishes the proper feeding and watering of stock by clockwork.

The Burdett-Rowntree Manufacturing Company has an automatic electric elevator which is operated with push buttons.

The salt harvest of Great Salt Lake forms an interesting exhibit. Five barrels of the water of this lake contain one barrel of salt.

A loom on which the thread run in by single strands comes out a finished suspender strap is a marvel of mechanical ingenuity.

In the Colorado mining exhibit is an automatic drill that eats its way into the hardest granite at the rate of half an inch a minute.

Pierre Beziau has a machine by which he demonstrates the motions of the earth, from which are inferred the causes of changes of seasons.

The American Telephone and Telegraph Company and the General Electric Company have a radiophone which transmits speech on light waves.

H. Gomes Himalaya has a pyrholiopher that will develop more than four thousand degrees of heat, centigrade, by concentration of the sun's rays.

Electric heaters are shown to be practical. Those at the exposition prove that all of the energy absorbed as electric currents reappears as heat.

One company shows an automobile that has run three thousand, four hundred and fifty miles without a stop during a period of over fifteen days.

Electric cooking stoves are shown in many varieties. They are intended to do away with the modern method of cooking, and to create an era when food shall be prepared at the table.

A novelty in stoves is a battle-ship range with steel racks for preventing the pots and pans from going helter-skelter in a high sea, and with ingenious braces for holding the range itself in place.

Welding by electricity is brought to such perfection that welding-apparatus can be carried to a railroad track and two rails joined as solidly as if they had come out of the rolling mill one piece.

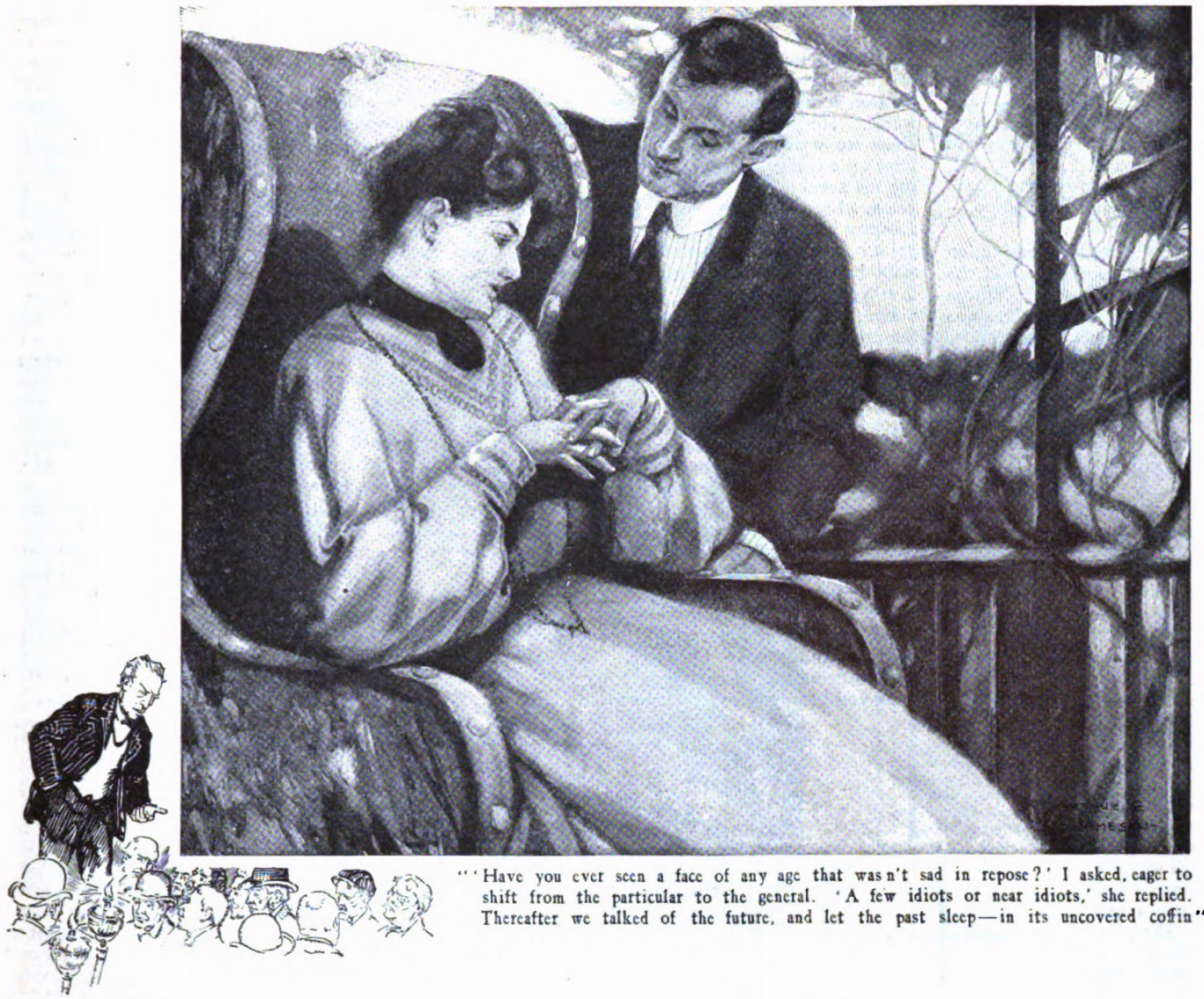
An interesting exhibit is a locomotive that has run eighty-two miles an hour in railroad yard tests, and another locomotive that pulls a train weighing four hundred tons at a speed of sixty miles an hour.

One of the mechanical wonders is a telegraphic instrument which sends one thousand words a minute over lines a thousand miles in length. A human operator can transmit fifty words a minute.

The fair proves that the inventions and discoveries which are doing most to change the world are radium, the submarine boat, wireless telegraphy, the aëroplane, the automobile, and the gas producer,—a simple machine to replace coal for manufacturing uses.

The Parsons turbine engine, already successful on steamers, is now built for use on land. It is one of the simplest and yet most powerful of modern contrivances. The driver turns a cock which admits a jet of steam at one end of the cast-iron water-pipe. As the steam rushes through the pipe it pushes against the blades set spirally around a shaft within, which fits the pipe very snugly. Under the impact of the steam, that beaded shaft begins to whirl until its revolutions are three thousand three hundred a minute. A one thousand five hundred horse-power turbine makes so little noise that one can not tell whether it is in motion or not save for the noise of the generator.

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"'Have you ever seen a face of any age that was n't sad in repose?' I asked, eager to shift from the particular to the general. 'A few idiots or near idiots,' she replied. Thereafter we talked of the future, and let the past sleep—in its uncovered coffin"

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DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS

THE PLUM TREE

The Confessions of a Politician

PART II.

DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS

[*Illustrations by Arthur E. Jameson*]

SYNOPSIS OF THE PRECEDING PART

[In a frank, uncompromising manner, Harvey Sayler unflinchingly begins to lay bare his life story. His mother, a fragile little woman, is left a widow when he is a mere child. By skillful management she is able to send him to college. For two years, after he has completed his studies, he is in the law office of Judge Granby. The judge gains all the clients and fees, while Sayler does all the hard work, with but little remuneration. His mother finally confesses to him that their finances are at a dangerously low ebb. To make matters worse, he discovers that a childhood friendship for Elizabeth Crosby has blossomed into an ardent affection. In his desperation, he looks about him for some way out of his dilemma. In the midst of this time of trial, he receives an offer from "Bill" Dominick, a party boss, to put him in politics. His father had been a state senator, and, as a child, he had thrilled with excitement as he watched the men at the polls on election day. He is not long in making up his mind in favor of a political career. Dominick is a loud, uncouth politician, and "graft" is his watchword. Sayler is elected a state representative, but the iron will of Dominick holds him and his colleagues until, finally, all the finer, nobler instincts in him rebel, and, when an attempt is made to force through a bill which is a mass of intrigue and fraud, he comes out boldly in opposition. Dominick then seeks to crush him, and this results in his political ruin. Sayler finds that he must face the world and begin all over again. He writes to Elizabeth, absolving her from her engagement, but she wires back, "Please do n't ever again hurt me in that way!"]

A DAY or so after I lost the only case of consequence I had had in more than a year, "Buck" Fessenden came into my office and, first dosing me liberally with those friendly protestations and assurances which please even when they do not convince, said: "I know you won't give me away, Sayler, and I can't stand it any longer to see you going on this way. Do n't you see the old man's after you, hammer and tongs? He'll never let up. You won't get no clients, and, if you do, *you won't win no cases.*"

Those last five words, spoken in "Buck's" most significant manner, revealed what my modesty—or, if you prefer, my stupidity,—had hidden from me. I had known, all along, that Dominick was keeping away and driving away clients; but I had not suspected that his creatures on the bench were aiding him.

I did not let "Buck" see into my mind. "Nonsense!" I pooh-poohed; "I've no cause to complain of lack of business; but, even if I had, I'd not blame Dominick or any one else but myself." Then I gave him a straight but good-humored look. "Drop it, 'Buck,' said I; "what did the old man send you to me for? What does he want?"

He was too crafty to defend an indefensible position. "I'll admit that he did send me," said he, "but I came on my own account, too. Do you want to make it up with him? You can get back under the plum tree, if you 'll say the word."

I could see my mother, as I had seen her two hours before at our poor midday meal,—an old, old woman, so broken, so worn! and all through the misery this Dominick had brought upon us. Before I could control myself to speak, "Buck" burst out, a look of alarm in his face, "Do n't say it, Mr. Sayler,—I know,—I know. I told him it 'd be no use. Honest, he ain't as bad as you think,—he do n't know no better, and it 's because he liked and still likes you that he wants you back." He leaned across the desk toward me, in his earnestness,—and I could not doubt his sincerity. "Sayler," he went on, "take my advice,—get out of the state. You ain't the sort that gives in, and no more is he. You've got more nerve than any other man I know, bar none, but do n't waste it on a fool fight. You know enough about politics to know what you 're up against."

"Thank you," said I, "but I 'll stay on."

He gave over trying to persuade me. "I hope," said he, "you 've got a card up your sleeve that the old man do n't know about."

I made some vague reply, and he soon went away. I felt that I had confirmed his belief in my fearlessness. Yet, if he could have looked into my mind, how he would have laughed at his credulity! Probably he would have pitied me, too, for it is one of the curious facts of human nature that men are amazed and even disgusted whenever they see—in others,—the weaknesses that are universal. I doubt not, many who read these memoirs will be quite honestly pharisaical, thanking heaven that they are not touched with any of my infirmities.

It may have been coincidence—though I think not,—that, a few days after Fessenden's call, a Reform movement against Dominick appeared upon the surface of Jackson County politics. I thought, at the time, that it was the first streak of the dawn I had been watching for,—the awakening

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of the sluggish moral sentiment of the rank and file of our voters. I know now that it was merely the result of a quarrel among the corporations that employed Dominick. He had been giving the largest of them, Roebuck's Universal Gas and Electric Company, called the Power Trust, more than its proportional share of the privileges and spoils. The others had protested in vain, and, as a last resort, had ordered their lawyers to organize a movement to "purify" Jackson County,—Dominick's stronghold.

I did not then know it, but I got the nomination for county prosecutor chiefly because none of the other lawyers, not even the strongest of those secretly directing the "Reform" campaign, was brave enough publicly to provoke the Power Trust. I made a house-to-house, farm-to-farm, man-to-man canvass. We had the secret ballot, and I was elected. My majority, on the face of the returns, was between ten and eleven hundred. It must actually have been many thousands, for never before had Dominick "doctored" the tally sheets so recklessly.

Financially, I was on my way to the surface. I supposed that I had also become a political personage,—was I not in possession of the most powerful office in the county? Did I not hold the keys to the penitentiary? I was astonished that neither Dominick nor any other member of his gang made the slightest effort to conciliate me between election day and the date of my taking office. Before many months had passed, my astonishment was changed into amusement at my own stupidity. By tremendous efforts I did succeed in forcing from reluctant grand juries indictments against the most notorious but least important members of the gang; and I got one conviction,—which was reversed on trial errors by the higher court. The truth was that my power had no existence. Dominick still ruled, through the judges,—and the newspapers. The press was silent when it could not venture to depreciate or to condemn me.

But I fought on, almost alone. I did not fail to make it clear to the people why I was not succeeding, and what a sweep there must be before Jackson County could have any real reform. I made an even more vigorous campaign for reëlection than I had made four years before. The farmers stood by me fairly well, but the town went overwhelmingly against me. Why? Because I was "bad for business," and, if reëlected, would be still worse. The corporations with whose lawbreaking I interfered were threatening to remove their plants from Pulaski,—that would have meant the departure of thousands of the merchants' best customers, and the destruction of the town's prosperity. I think the election was fairly honest. Dominick's man beat me by about the same majority by which I had been elected.

I was disheartened, embittered,—and ruined, for, in my enthusiasm and confidence, I had gone deeply into debt for the expenses of the Reform campaign. At midnight of election day I descended into the black cave of despair. For three weeks I explored it. When I returned to the surface, I was a man, ready to deal with men on the terms of human nature. I had learned my lesson.

For woman the price of the attainment of womanhood's maturity is the beautiful, the divine freshness of girlhood. For man, the price of manhood's attainment of full strength and usefulness is equally great, and equally sad,—his divine faith in human nature, his divine belief that abstract justice and right and truth rule the world.

I had made up my mind that we must leave Pulaski, that I must give up the law, and that I must, in Chicago or Cleveland, find something to do that would bring in a living at once. Before I found the courage to tell my mother that which would wrench away hopes wrapped round and rooted in her very heart, and, fortunately, even before I had confessed to her the debts I had made, Edward Ramsay threw me a life line.

He came bustling into my office, one afternoon, big and broad, and obviously prosperous and pleased with himself, and, therefore, with the world. He had hardly changed in the years since we were at Ann Arbor together. He had kept up our friendship, and had insisted on visiting me several times, though not in the past four years, which had been as busy for him as for me. Latterly his letters urging me to visit him at their great country place, away at the other end of the state, had set me a hard task of inventing excuses.

"Well, well," he exclaimed, shaking my hand violently in both of his, "you would n't come to see me, so I've come to you."

I tried not to show my real feelings. "I'm afraid you'll find our hospitality rather uncomfortable," was all I said; mother and I did not spread much sail to our temporary gust of prosperity; and, when the storm began to gather, she had straightway close-reefed.

"Thanks, but I can't stop with you this time," said he; "I'm making an inspection of the Power Trust's properties, and I've got mother and sister along. We're living in the private car the company gives me for the tour." He went on to tell how, since his father's death, he had been forced into responsibilities, and was, among many other things, a member of the Power Trust's executive committee.

Soon came the inevitable question, "And how have you been getting on since I saw you last?"



"'I feel that I'm going to—to your father, dear'"

ARTHUR E. JAMESON.

"So-so," replied I; "not too well, just at the moment. I was beaten, you know, and have to go back to my practice in January."

"Wish you lived in my part of the state," said he, "but the Ramsay Company has n't anything down here." He reflected a moment, and then beamed. "I can get you the legal business of the Power Trust, if you want it," he said. "Their lawyer goes on the bench, you know,—he was on the ticket that won. Roebuck wanted a good, safe, first-class man on the bench, in this circuit," etc., etc.

But he added nothing more about the Power Trust vacancy at Pulaski. True, my impulse was that I could n't and would n't accept; also, I told myself that it was absurd to imagine they would consider *me*. Still, I wished to hear, and his failure to return to the subject settled once more the clouds his coming had lifted somewhat.

Mother was not well enough to have the Ramsays at the house, that evening, so I dined with them in their car. Mrs. Ramsay was the same simple, silent, ill-at-ease person I had first met at the Ann Arbor commencement,—probably the same that she had been ever since her husband's wealth and her children's infection with "new-fangled ideas" had forced her from the plain ways of her youth. I liked her, but I was not so well pleased with her daughter. Carlotta was then twenty-two, and had abundant, noticeably nice brown hair, an indifferent skin, pettish lips, and restless eyes, a little too close together,—she was a spoiled, willful young woman, taking to herself the deference that had been paid to her wealth. Her manner irritated me. She treated me as if I were a candidate for her favor whom she was testing so that she might decide whether she would be graciously pleased to tolerate him or not.

As I had n't the faintest idea of trying to marry her, this superciliousness soon ceased to amuse. I tried to talk with Ed., then with his mother. But neither would interfere between me and Carlotta. I had to talk with her until she voluntarily lapsed into silence after she had fairly goaded me into showing her that I was politely but profoundly indifferent whether she liked me or not. Then Ed., to save the evening from disaster, began discussing with me the fate of our classmates. I saw that Carlotta was studying me curiously,—even resentfully, I thought; and she was coldly polite when I said, "Good night."

She and her mother called on my mother, the next morning. "What a nice girl Miss Ramsay is,—so sensible, so intelligent, and *so* friendly!" said my mother, relating the incidents of the visit in minute detail when I went home at noon.

"I did n't find her especially friendly," said I. Thereat I saw, or fancied I saw, a smile deep down in mother's eyes,—and it set me to thinking.

In the afternoon Ed. looked in at my office in the courthouse to say good-by. "But first, old man, I want to tell you I got that place for you. I thought I'd better use the wire. Old Roebuck is delighted,—telegraphed me to close the arrangement at once,—congratulated me on being able to get you. I knew it'd be so. He has his eye skinned for bright young men,—all those big men have. Whenever a fellow, especially a young lawyer, shows signs of ability, they scoop him in."

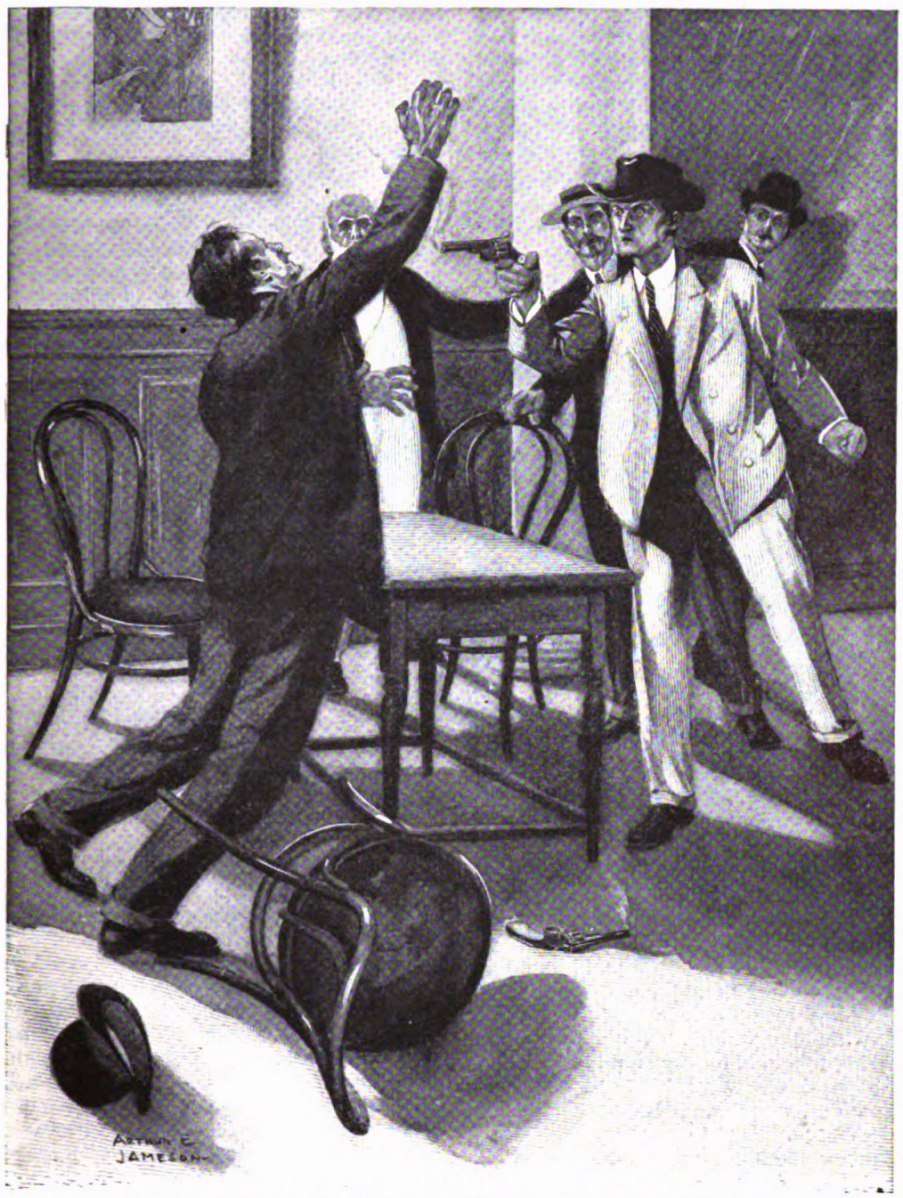
Thus, so suddenly that I could not grasp it, I was translated from failure to success, from poverty to affluence, and from the most harassing anxiety to ease and security. Two months before I should have rejected the Power Trust's offer with scorn, and should have gloried in my act as proof of superior virtue. But in those crucial two months I had been an apprentice to the master whom all men that ever come to anything in this world must first serve. I had re-formed my line of battle, and had adjusted it to the lines laid down by the tactics of life-as-it-is.

Before I was able to convince myself that my fortunes had really changed, Ed. Ramsay telegraphed me to call on him in Fredonia on business of his own. It proved to be such a trifle that I began to puzzle at his real reason for sending for me. When he spun that trifle out over ten days, on each of which I was alone with Carlotta at least half of my waking hours, I thought I had the clue to the mystery.

"Oh, the business did n't amount to much," was my answer to one of my mother's first questions, on my return.

"How did you like his sister?" she went on,

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"He fell forward across the table, and his pistol crashed on the marble floor"

—again with that fluttering smile in the eyes only.

"A very nice girl," said I, in anything but a natural manner. My mother's expression teased me into adding: "Don't be silly, nothing of *that* sort. You are always imagining that everyone shares your opinion of me. She isn't likely to fall in love with me. Certainly I sha'n't with her."

Mother's silence seemed argumentative.

"I couldn't marry a girl for her money," I retorted.

"Of course not," rejoined mother. "But there are other things to marry for besides money,—and love,—other things more sensible than either. For instance, there are the principal things,—home and children."

I was listening with an open mind.

"The glamour of courtship and honeymoon passes," she went on. "Then comes the sober business of living,—your career and your home. The woman's part in both is better played if there isn't the sort of love that is selfish and exacting, always interfering with the career, and making the home life a succession of ups and downs, mostly downs."

"Carlotta is very ambitious," said I.

"And she will be very domestic, when she has children," replied mother. "I saw it the instant I looked at her. She has the true maternal instinct. What a man who's going to amount to something needs isn't a woman to be taken care of, but a woman to take care of him."

She said no more,—she had made her point; and, when she had done that, she always stopped.

Within a month Ed. Ramsay sent for me again, but this time it was business alone. I found him in a panic, like a man facing an avalanche and armed only with a shovel. Hopkins, the senior United States senator for our state, lived at Fredonia. He had seen that, by tunneling the Mesaba Range, a profitable railroad between Fredonia and Chicago could be built that would shorten the time at least three hours. But it would take away at least half the carrying business of the Ramsay Company, besides seriously depreciating the Ramsay interest in the existing road. "And," remarked Ed., "the old scoundrel has got the capital practically subscribed in New York. The people here are hot for the new road. It'll be sure to carry at the special election, next month. He has the governor and the legislature in his vest pocket, so they'll put through the charter next winter."

"I don't see that anything can be done," said Ed.'s lawyer, old Judge Barclay, who was at the consultation. "It means a big rake-off for Hopkins. Politics is on a money basis nowadays. That's natural enough, since there is money to be made out of it. I don't see how those in politics that don't graft, as they call it, are any better than those that do. Would they get office if they did n't help on the jobs of the grafters? I suppose we might buy Hopkins off."

"What do you think, Harvey?" asked Ed., looking anxiously at me. "We've got to fight the devil with fire, you know."

I shook my head. "Buying him off isn't fighting,—it's surrender. We must fight him,—and with fire."

I let them talk themselves out, and then said, "Well, I'll take it to bed with me. Perhaps something will occur to me that can be worked up into a scheme."

In fact, I had already thought of a scheme, but before suggesting it I wished to be sure it was as good as it seemed. Also, there was the fundamental moral obstacle,—the road would be a public benefit; it ought to be built. That moral problem

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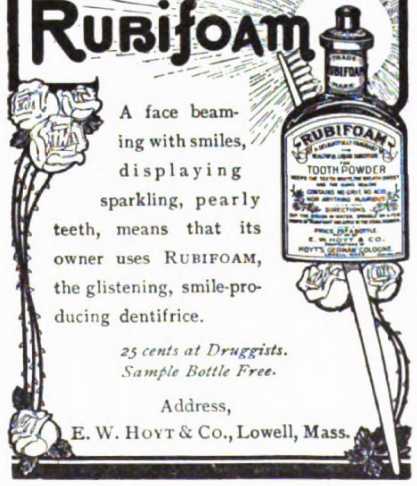
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caused most of my wakefulness that night, simple though the solution was when it finally came. The first thing Ed. said to me, as we faced each other alone at breakfast, showed me how well spent those hours were. "About this business of the new road," said he,—"if I were the only party at interest, I'd let Hopkins go ahead, for it's undoubtedly a good thing from the public standpoint; but I've got to consider the interests of all those I'm trustee for,—the other shareholders in the Ramsay Company and our other concerns here."

"Yes," replied I, "but why do you say Hopkins intends to build the road? Why do you take that for granted?"

"He's all ready to do it, and it'd be a money-maker from the start."

"But let *us* be on the safe side," I went on. "Let *us* assume that he has no intention of building, but that he is only making an elaborate bluff. Let's assume that he wants to get this right of way and charter so that he can blackmail you and your concerns,—not merely once, but year after year. You'd gladly pay him several hundred thousand a year not to use his charter and right of way, would n't you?"

"I never thought of that!" exclaimed Ed. "I believe you're right, Harvey, and you've taken a weight off my conscience. There's nothing like a good lawyer to make a man see straight. What an infernal old hound Hopkins is!"

"And," I went on, "if he should build the road, what would he do with it? Why, the easiest and biggest source of profit would be to run big, cheap excursions every Saturday and Sunday, especially Sunday, into Fredonia. He'd fill the place, every Sunday, from May till November, with roistering roughs from the slums of Chicago. How'd the people like *that?*"

"He would n't dare," said Ramsay; "he's a religious hypocrite. He'd be afraid."

"As Deacon Hopkins, he would n't dare," I replied; "but as the Chicago and Fredonia Short Line he'd dare anything, and nobody would blame him, personally. You know how that is."

Ed. was looking at me in stupefied admiration.

"Then," I went on, "there are the retail merchants of Fredonia. Has it ever occurred to them, in their excitement in favor of this road, that it'll ruin them? Where will the shopping be done, if the women can get to Chicago in two hours and a half?"

"You're right! you're right!" exclaimed Ed., rising to pace the floor in his agitation. "Bully for you, Harvey! We'll show the people that the road'll ruin the town, morally and financially."

"But *you* must come out in favor of it," said I. "We must n't give Hopkins the argument that you're fighting it because you'd be injured by it. No, you must be hot for the road. Perhaps you might give out that you were considering selling your property on the lake front to a company that was going to change it into a brewery and huge pleasure park. As the lake's only a few hundred yards wide, with the town along one bank and your place along the other, why, I think that'd rouse the people to their peril."

"*That's* the kind of fire to fight the devil with," said he, laughing. "I don't think Mr. Hopkins will get the consent of Fredonia."

"But there's the legislature," said I; "that must be looked after."

His face fell. "I'm afraid he'll do us in the end, old man."

I thought not, but only said: "Well, we've got until next winter,—if we can beat him here."

Ed. insisted that I must stay on and help him at the delicate task of reversing the current of Fredonia sentiment. My share of the work was important enough, but it took little time. I had no leisure, however,—for there was Carlotta to look after.

When *it* was all over and she had told Ed. and he had shaken hands with her and had kissed me and had otherwise shown the chaotic condition of his mind, and she and I were alone again, she said, "How did *it* happen? I don't remember that you really proposed to me. Yet we certainly are engaged."

"We certainly are," said I, "and that's the essential point, is n't it?"

"Yes," she admitted, "but—" and she looked mystified.

"We drifted," I suggested.

She glanced at me curiously and laughed. "Yes,—we just drifted. Why do you look at me so queerly?"

"I was just going to ask you that same question," said I, by way of evasion.

Then we both fell to thinking, and after a long time she roused herself to say, "But we shall be very happy. I am *so* fond of you! And you are going to be a great man, and you do so look it, even if you are n't tall and fair, as I always thought the man I'd marry would be. Do n't look at me like that. Your eyes are—are,—strange enough, when you're smiling; but when you—I often wonder what you're so sad about."

"Have you ever seen a face of any age that was n't sad in repose?" I asked, eager to shift from the particular to the general.

"A few idiots, or near idiots," she replied, with a laugh. Thereafter we talked of the future and let the past sleep in its—uncovered coffin.



"DOC." WOODRUFF

After Ed. and I had carried the Fredonia election against Hopkins's road,—fortune favored us by laying Hopkins up with a severe illness during the entire campaign,—we went fishing with Roebuck in the northern Wisconsin woods. I had two weeks, two uninterrupted weeks, in which to impress myself upon him; besides, there was Ed., who related in tedious but effective detail, on the slightest provocation, the achievements that had made him my devoted admirer. So, when I went to visit Roebuck, in June, at his house near Chicago, he was ready to listen to me in the proper spirit. I drew him on to tell of his troubles with Hopkins,—how the senator was gouging him and every big corporation doing business in the state. "I've been loyal to the party for forty years," said he, bitterly, "yet, if I had been on the other side, it could n't have cost me more to do business. I have to pay enough here, heaven knows. But it costs me more in your state,—with your man Hopkins." Roebuck's white face grew pink with anger. "It's monstrous! Yet you should have heard him address my Sunday school scholars at the last annual outing I gave them. What an evidence of the power of religion it is that such wretches as he pay the tribute of hypocrisy to it!"

His business and his religion were Roebuck's two absorbing passions,—religion rapidly predominating as he drew further away from seventy.

"Why do you endure his blackmailing, Mr. Roebuck?" I asked; "he is growing steadily worse."

"He is certainly more rapacious than he was ten years ago," Roebuck admitted. "Our virtues or our vices, whichever we give the stronger hold on us, become more marked as we approach Judgment. Finally, when we go, we are prepared for the place that has been prepared for us."

"But why do you put up with his impudence?"

"What can we do? He has political power and is our only protection against the people. They have been inflamed with absurd notions about their rights. They are filled with envy and suspicion of the rich. They have passed laws to hamper us in developing the country, and want to pass more and worse laws. So we must either go out of business and let the talents God has given us lie idle in a napkin, or pay the Hopkinses to prevent the people from having their ignorant, wicked way, and destroying us and themselves,—for how would they get work if we did n't provide it for them?"

"A miserable makeshift system," said I, harking back to Hopkins and his blackmailing.

"I've been troubled in conscience a great deal, Harvey,—a great deal,—about the morality of what we business men are compelled to do. I hope—indeed, I feel,—that we are justified in protecting our property in the only way open

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to us. The devil must be fought with fire, you know."

"How much did Hopkins rob you of, last year?" I asked.

"Nearly three hundred thousand dollars," he said, and his expression suggested that each dollar had been separated from him with as much agony as if it had been so much flesh pinched from his body. "There was Dominick, besides, and a lot of infamous strike bills had to be quieted. It cost five hundred thousand dollars in all,—in your state alone. And we did n't ask a single bit of new legislation. All that money was paid just to escape persecution under those alleged laws! Yet they call this a free country. When I think of the martyrdom—yes, the mental and moral martyrdom,—of the men who have made this country, what are the few millions a man may amass, in compensation for what he has to endure? Why, Sayler, I 've not the slightest doubt you could find well-meaning people, yes, really honest, God-fearing people, who would tell you I am a scoundrel! I have read *sermons*, delivered from *pulpits* against me! Sermons from pulpits!"

"I have thought out a plan," said I, after a moment's silence,—"a plan to end Hopkins and cheapen the cost of political business."

At "cheapen the cost" his big ears twitched as if they had been tickled.

"You can't expect to get what you need for nothing," I continued, "in the present state of public opinion,—but I 'm sure I could reduce expenses by half,—at least half."

I had his undivided attention.

"It is patently absurd," I went on, "that you who finance politics and keep in funds these fellows of both machines should let them treat you as if you were their servants. Why do n't you put them in their places, as servants at servants' wages?"

"But I 've no time to go into politics,—and I do n't know anything about it,—do n't want to know. It 's a low business,—ignorance, corruption, and filthiness."

"Take Hopkins, for example," I pushed on; "his lieutenants and heelers hate him because he does n't divide squarely. The only factor in his power is the rank and file of the voters of our party. They, I 'm convinced, are pretty well aware of his hypocrisy,—but it does n't matter much what they think. They vote like sheep and accept whatever leaders and candidates our machine gives them. They are so blind in their partisanship that they can always be fooled up to the necessary point,—and we can fool them ourselves, if we go about it right, just as well as Hopkins does it for hire.

"But Hopkins is *their* man, is n't he?" he suggested.

"Any man is their man whom we choose to give them," replied I; "and do n't we give them Hopkins? He takes the money from the big business interests, and with it hires the men to sit in the legislature and finances the machine throughout the state. It takes big money to run a political machine. His power belongs to you people,—to a dozen of you,—and you can take it away from him. His popularity belongs to the party,—and it would cheer just as loudly for any other man who wore the party uniform."

"I see," he said, reflectively; "the machine rules the party, and money rules the machine, and we supply the money but do n't get the benefit. It 's as if I let my wife or one of my employees run my property."

"Much like that," I answered. "Now, why should n't you finance the machine directly and do away with Hopkins, who takes as his own wages about half what you give him? He takes it and wastes it in stock speculations,—gambling with your hard-earned wealth, gambling it away cheerfully, because he feels that you people will always give him more."

"What do you propose?" he asked, and I could see that his acute business mind was ready to pounce upon my scheme and search it hopefully but mercilessly.

"A secret, absolutely secret combine of a dozen of the big corporations of my state,—those that make the bulk of the political business,—the combine to be under the management of some man whom they trust and whose interests are business, not political."

"He would have enormous power," said Roebuck.

"How? Any member of the combine that was dissatisfied could withdraw at any time and go back to the old way of doing business. Besides, the manager would n't dare appear in it at all,—he 'd have to hide himself from the people and from the politicians, behind some popular figurehead. There 's another advantage that must n't be overlooked. Hopkins and these other demagogues who bleed you are inflaming public sentiment more and more against you big corporations,—that 's their way of frightening you into yielding to their demands. Under the new plan, their demagoguery would cease, and it is high time that the leaders of commerce and industry should *intelligently* combine against demagoguery. They have cringed before it, and have financed and fostered it too long."

This argument, which I had reserved for the last, had all the effect I anticipated. He sat rubbing his broad, bald forehead, twisting his white whiskers, and muttering to himself. Presently he said, "When are you and Lottie Ramsay going to marry?"

"In the fall," said I; "in about three months."

"Well, we 'll talk this over again,—after you are married and settled. If you had the substantial interests to give you—the necessary steadiness and ballast, I think you 'd be the very man for your own scheme. Yes, something—some such thing as you suggest,—must be done to stop the poisoning of public opinion against the country's best and strongest men. The political department of the business interests ought to be as thoroughly organized as the other departments are."

I saw that his mind was fixed, and I went away much downcast; but two weeks afterwards he telegraphed for me, and, when I went, he at once brought up the subject of the "combine."

"Go ahead with it," he said; "I 've been thinking it over and talking it over. We shall need only nine others besides myself and you. You represent the Ramsay interest." He equipped me with the necessary letters of introduction and sent me forth on a tour of my state. When it was ended, my "combine" was formed.

And *I* was the combine,—was master of this political blind pool. I had taken the first, the hardest step, toward the realization of my dream of real political power,—to become an unbossed boss, neither "plutocrat" nor partisan, but ruling absolutely through plutocracy and partisanship.

The last remark Roebuck had made to me—on his doorstep, as I was starting on my mission,—was: "Can't you and Lottie hurry up that marriage of yours? You ought to get it over and out of the way." When I returned home, with my mission accomplished, the first remark my mother made, after our greeting, was: "Harvey, I wish you and Lottie were going to marry a little sooner." A note in her voice made me look swiftly at her, and then, without a word, I was on my knees, my head buried in her lap and she stroking my head. "I feel that I 'm going to—to your father, dear," she said.

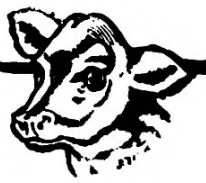
But her words made no impression on me,—who, feeling upon him the living hand of love, was ever able to imagine that hand other than alive? But her look of illness, of utter exhaustion,—*that* I understood and suffered for. "You must rest," said I: "you must sit quietly and be waited on until you are strong again."

"Yes, I will rest," she answered, "as soon as my boy is settled."

I wrote, that very evening, telling Carlotta how frail mother was and how much it would please her if we could be married the first of August. She telegraphed me to call on her and talk it over. She did not consent until my third day at Fredonia,—although, as she afterwards confessed, she had begun arrangements for the first of August as soon as my letter arrived. She probably would have detained me in suspense longer had not a telegram come from Roebuck asking me to be in Chicago the next morning. She dropped her pretense and sent me away happy,—happy because I could telegraph my mother that which would make her happy.

The train was crowded; the only remaining drawing-room car seat was in the smoking compartment, which had four other occupants, deep in a game of poker. Three of them were types of commonplace, prosperous Americans; the fourth was unclassable, and was worth studying.

The others called him "Doc.," or Woodruff. As they played, they drank from flasks produced by each in turn. "Doc." drank with the others, and deeper than any of them. They talked more and more, and he less and less, until finally he interrupted their noisy volubility only when the game compelled. I saw that he was one of those rare men upon whom amiable conversation or



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liquor or any other relaxing force has the reverse of the usual effect. Instead of relaxing, he drew himself together and concentrated more obstinately upon his game. Luck, so far as the cards controlled it, was rather against him, and the other three players took turns at audacious and by no means unskillful play. I was soon admiring the way he "sized up" and met each in turn. Prudence did not make him timid. He advanced and retreated, "bluffed" and held aloof, with acuteness and daring.

At a station, perhaps fifty miles from Chicago, the other three left,—and "Doc." had over four hundred dollars of their money.

I dropped into the seat opposite him,—it was by the window,—and amused myself watching him, while waiting for a chance to talk with him; for I saw that he was a superior person, and, in those days, when I was inconspicuous and so was not compelled constantly to be on guard, I never missed a chance to benefit by such exchanges of ideas.

He was apparently about forty years old, to strike a balance between the youth of eyes, mouth, and contour, and the age of deep lines and grayish, thinning hair. He had large, frank blue eyes, a large nose, a strong forehead and chin, a grossly self-indulgent mouth,—there was the weakness,—there, as usual! Evidently, the strength his mind and character gave him went in pandering to physical appetites. In confirmation of this, there were two curious marks on him,—a nick in the rim of his left ear, a souvenir of a bullet or a knife, and a scar just under the edge of his chin to the right. When he compressed his lips, this scar, not especially noticeable at other times, lifted up into his face, became of a sickly, bluish white, and transformed a careless, good-humored cynic into a man of danger, of terror.

His reverie began, as I gathered from his unguarded face, in cynical amusement,—probably at his triumph over his friends. It passed on to still more agreeable things,—something in the expression of the mouth suggested thoughts of how he was going to enjoy himself as he "blew in" his winnings. Then his features shadowed, darkened, and I had my first view of the scar terrible. He shook his big head and big shoulders, roused himself, noticed me, and said, "Won't you join me?" His look was most engaging.

I accepted and we were soon sociable, each taking an instinctive liking to the other. We talked of the business situation, of the news in the papers, and then of political affairs,—there each of us saw that he was at the other's keenest interest in life. He knew the game,—practical politics as distinguished from the politics talked by and to the public. But he evaded, without seeming to do so, all the ingenious traps I laid for drawing from him some admission that would give me a clue to where he "fitted in." I learned no more about him than I thought he learned about me.

"I hope we shall meet again," said I, cordially, as we parted at the cab stand.

"Thank you!" he answered, and afterwards I remembered the faint smile in his eyes.

I, of course, knew that Roebuck was intensely interested in my project for putting political business on a business basis; but not until he had explained why he sent for me did I see how it had fascinated and absorbed his whole mind. "You showed me," he began, "that you must have under you a practical man to handle the money and do the arranging with the heelers and all that sort of thing."

"Yes," said I; "it's a vital part of the plan. We must find a man who is perfectly trustworthy and discreet. Necessarily he'll know something—not much, but still something,—of the inside workings of the combine."

"Well, I've found him," went on Roebuck, in a triumphant tone. "He's a godless person, with no character to lose, and no conception of what character means. But he's straight as a string. I know it, for I've been testing him for nearly fifteen years. But you can judge for yourself."

I was the reverse of pleased. It was not in my calculations to have a creature of Roebuck's foisted upon me, perhaps—indeed, probably,—a spy. I proposed to choose my own man; and I decided, while he was talking, that I would accept the Roebuck selection only to drop him on some plausible pretext before we began operations. I was to meet the man at dinner,—Roebuck had engaged a suite at the Auditorium. "It would n't do to have him at my house or club," said he; "neither do we want to be seen with him."

Coincidence is so familiar a part of the daily

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routine that I was not much surprised when my acquaintance, the astute poker player with the scar, walked in upon us at the Auditorium. But Roebuck was both astonished and chagrined when we shook hands and greeted each other like old friends.

"How do you do, Mr. Sayler?" said Woodruff.

"Glad to see you, Doctor Woodruff," I replied. "Then you knew me all the time? Why did n't you speak out? We might have had an hour's business talk on the train."

"If I had let you know, I guess there'd have been no business to talk about," he replied. "Anyhow, I did n't know you till you took out your watch with your monogram on the back, just as we were pulling in. Then I remembered where I'd seen your face before. I was up at your statehouse the day you threw old Dominick down. That's been a good many years ago."

That chance meeting, at which each had studied the other dispassionately, was most fortunate for us both. The relation that was to exist between us—more, much more, than that of mere employer and employee,—made fidelity, personal fidelity, imperative; and accident had laid the foundation for the mutual attachment without which there is certain to be, sooner or later, suspicion on the one side and cause for it on the other.

The two hours and a half with Woodruff, at and after dinner, served to reinforce my first impression. I saw that he was a thorough man of the world, that he knew politics from end to end, and that he understood all the weaknesses of human nature and how to play upon them for the advantage of his employers and for his own huge amusement. He gave a small exhibition of that skill at the expense of Roebuck. He appreciated that the latter was one of those unconscious hypocrites who put conscience out of court in advance by assuming that whatever they wish to do is right or they could not wish to do it. He led Roebuck on to show off this peculiarity of his,—a jumbling, often in the same breath, of the most sonorous piety and the most shameless business perfidy. All the time Woodruff's face was perfectly grave,—there are some men who refuse to waste any of their internal enjoyment in external show.

Before he left us I arranged to meet him, the next morning, for the settlement of the details of his employment. When Roebuck and I were alone, I said: "What do you know about him? Who is he?"

"He comes of a good family here in Chicago,—one of the best. Perhaps you recall the Bowker murder?"

"Vaguely," I answered.

"It was Woodruff who did it. We had a hard time getting him off. Bowker and Woodruff's younger brother were playing cards, one day, and Bowker accused him of cheating. Young Woodruff drew,—perhaps they both drew at the same time. At any rate, Bowker shot first and killed his man,—he got off on the plea of self-defense. It was two years before Bowker and "Doc." met,—in the lobby of the Palmer House,—I happened to be there. I was talking to a friend, when suddenly I felt as if something awful was about to happen. I started up, and saw Bowker just rising from a table at the far end of the room. I sha'n't ever forget his look,—like a bird charmed by a snake. His lips were ajar and wrinkled, as if his blood had fled away inside of him, and his throat was expanding and contracting."

Roebuck wiped away the sweat from his forehead. "It was 'Doc.' Woodruff walking slowly toward him, with a wicked smile on his face, and that scar,—you noticed the scar?"

I nodded.

"Well, you may imagine how that scar stood out. He came slowly on, nobody able to move a muscle to stop him. When he was about ten feet from Bowker and as near me as you are now, Bowker gave a kind of shudder and scream of fright, drew his pistol, and fired. The bullet clipped Woodruff's ear. Quick as that—" Roebuck snapped his fingers,—"'Doc.' drew, and sent a bullet into his heart. He fell forward across the table and his pistol crashed on the marble floor. 'Doc.' looked at him, gave a cold sort of laugh, like a jeer and a curse, and walked out into the street. When he met a policeman he said, 'I've killed Dick Bowker; here's my gun; lock me up!'—perfectly cool, just as he talked to us tonight."

"And you got him off?"

"Yes. I hated to do it, too, for Dick was one of my best friends. But 'Doc.' was too useful to us. In his line he's without an equal."

"How did he get that scar?" said I.

"Nobody knows. He left here when he was a boy,—to avoid being sent to the reformatory. When he turned up, after a dozen years, he said he had been a doctor, but did n't say where or how, and he had that scar. One day a man asked him how he got it. He picked up a bottle, and, with his pleasant laugh, broke it over the fellow's jaw. 'About like that,' said he. People do n't ask him questions."

"He's my man," said I.

* * * * * * *

At home again I found my mother too ill to leave her bed. She had been ill before,—many times when she would n't confess it, several times when she was forced to admit it, but never before so ill that she could not dress herself and come down stairs. "I shall be up again to-morrow," she assured me, and I almost believed her. She drew a letter from under her pillow. "This came when you were away," she went on. "I kept it here, because—" a look of shame flitted across her face, and then her eyes were steady and proud again,—"Why should I be ashamed of it? I had an impulse to destroy the letter, and I'm not sure but that I'm failing in my duty."

I took it,—yes, it was from Boston, from Betty. I opened it and fortunately had nerved myself against showing myself to my mother. There was neither beginning nor end,—just a single sentence,—

> "From the bottom of my broken heart I am thankful that I have been spared the horror of discovering I had bound myself for life to a coward."

The shot went straight to the center of the target. But—there lay my mother,—did *she* not have the right to determine my destiny—she who had given me my life and her own? I tore up Betty's letter, and looked at mother and said, "There's nothing in that to make me waver—or regret." It was the only lie I ever told her. I told it well, thank God, for she was convinced, and the look in her face repaid me a thousandfold. It repays me once more as I write.

Carlotta and I were married at her bedside, and she lived only until the next day but one. When the doctor told me of the long concealed mortal disease that was the cause of her going, he ended with, "And, Mr. Sayler, it passes belief that she managed to keep alive for five years. I can't understand it." But *I* understood. She simply refused to go until she felt that her mission was accomplished.

"We must never forget her," said Carlotta, trying to console me by grieving with me.

I did not answer,—how could I explain? Never forget her! On the contrary, I knew that I must forget, and that I must work and grow and so heal the wound and cover the scar. I lost not a day in beginning.

To those few succeeding months I owe the power I have had all these years to concentrate my mind upon whatever I will to think about, for in those months I fought the fight I dared not lose,—fought it and won. Let those who have never loved talk of remembering the dead.

* * * * * * *

I turned away from my mother's grave with the resolve that my first act of power should be to stamp out Dominick. But for him she would not have gone for many a year. It was his persecutions that involved us in the miseries which wasted her and made her fall a victim to the mortal disease. It was his malignity that poisoned her last years, which, but for him, would have been many and happy.

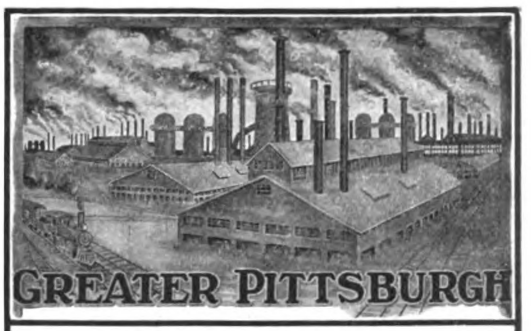
As my plans for ousting Hopkins took shape, I saw clearly that, if he was to be overthrown at once, I must use part of the existing control of the machine of the party,—it would take several years, at least three, to build up an entirely new control. To work quickly, I must use Croffut, Hopkins's colleague in the senate, and Croffut was the creature of Dominick.

Early in September Woodruff came to me, at Fredonia, his manner jubilant. "I can get Dominick," he exclaimed. "He is furious against Hopkins, because he's just found out that the latter cheated him out of a hundred thousand dollars on that perpetual street railway franchise, last winter."

"But we do n't want Dominick," said I, and my face must have reflected my mind, for Woodruff merely replied, "Oh, very well; of course that alters the case."

"We must get Croffut without him," I went on.

Woodruff shook his head. "Can't get him,"



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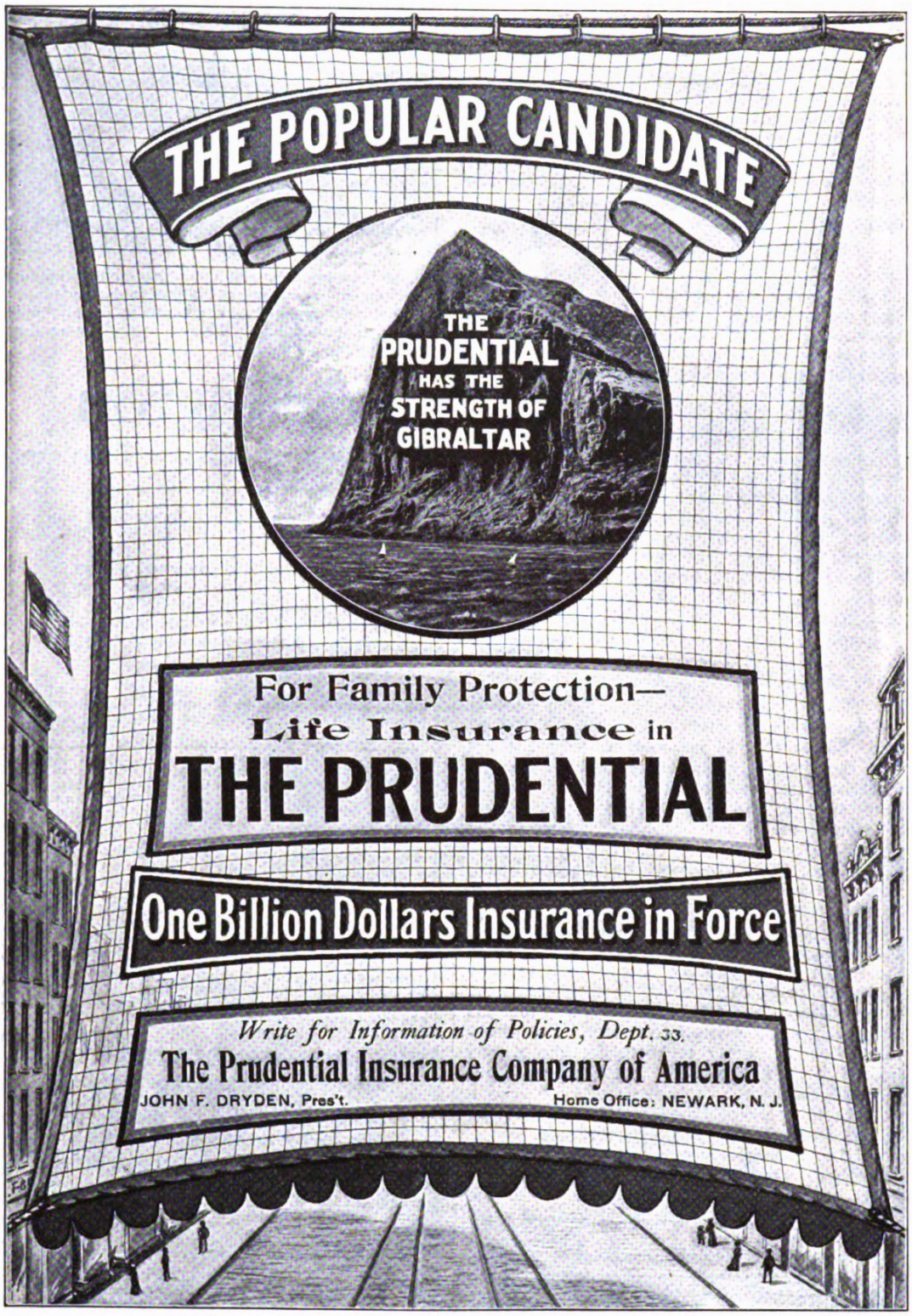
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he said. "Dominick controls the two southern ranges of counties. He finances his own machine from what he collects from vice and crime in those cities. He gives that plum tree to the boys. He keeps the big one, the corporations, for himself."

"He can be destroyed," said I.

"Yes, in five years or so of hard work. Meanwhile, Hopkins will run things at the capitol to suit himself. Anyhow, you're taking on a good deal more than's necessary,—starting with two big fights, one of 'em against a man you could use to do up the other. It's like breaking your own sword at the beginning of the duel."

"Go back to the capital," said I, after a moment's thought; "I'll telegraph you up there what to do."

It was my first test,—my first chance to show whether or not I had learned much at the savage school at which I had been a pupil. Scores, hundreds of men, can plan, and plan wisely,—at almost any crossroad's general store you hear in the conversation round the stove as good plans as ever moved the world to admiration. But execution,—there's the rub, and the first essential of an executive is freedom from partialities and hatreds,—not to say, "Do I like him? Do I hate him? Was he my enemy a year or a week or a moment ago?" but only to ask oneself the one question, "Can he be useful to me now?"

"I will use Dominick to destroy Hopkins, and then I will destroy him," I said to myself. But that did not satisfy me. I saw that I was temporizing with the weakness that has wrecked more careers than misjudgment. I felt that I must decide then and there whether or not I would eliminate personal hatred from my life. After a long and bitter struggle, I did decide once and for all.

I telegraphed Woodruff to go ahead. When I went back to Pulaski to settle my affairs there, Dominick came to see me; not that he dreamed of the existence of my combine or of my connection with the new political deal, but simply because I had married into the Ramsay family and was therefore in the Olympus of corporate power before which he was on his knees,—for a price, like a wise devotee, untroubled by any such qualmishness as self-respect. I was ready for him. I put out my hand.

"I'm glad you're willing to let bygones be bygones, Mr. Sayler," said he, so moved that the tears stood in his eyes.

Then it suddenly came to me that, after all, he was only a big brute, driven blindly by his appetites. How silly to plot revenges upon the creatures of circumstances,—how like a child beating the chair it happens to strike against! Hatreds and revenges are for a small mind with small matter to occupy it. Of the stones I have quarried to build my career, not one has been, or could have been, spared for waste as a missile.

[*To be continued in the December* SUCCESS]

A Paderewski Recital without an Audience

MARGARET HALL

IGNACE PADEREWSKI is pronounced the most thoughtful of men, by those who know him well. He is considerate and appreciative, good and kind, and his perennially benign and happy countenance forms a fitting counterpart to his true personality. To the humblest servitor who opens or shifts a piano on the concert platform as well as to the encore despot with his insatiable demands, his gentleness, graciousness and generosity are ever manifest.

At Steinway Hall, New York City, they tell this story about him: It is a regular practice, with the celebrities of the music world, when in town, to make a rendezvous of the place. Paderewski "happens in" frequently, lingering awhile amid a circle of kindred souls. After a time, it becomes noticeable that he no longer sustains his end of the genial conversation. A dreamy far-away look steals into his eyes, inspiration transfuses his being, and then that happens which has come to be the expected. Smilingly, silently he separates himself from his *confrères*, and wanders quietly, as if being led away,—a certain magnetic influence becomes too powerful for further resistance, drawing him toward the object of his worship.

Paderewski is at the piano; his hands have reached the beloved keys. He is "under the spell," and, full of inspiration, he yields. Then, very soon, time, place, and people fade away. The hours pass. No one approaches; no one interrupts. None would dream of such sacrilege. The *habitués* of the establishment depart, and the master is alone.

Evening comes. No one is in the building save the caretaker, and the man at the piano, who plays on, rapt, oblivious to things earthly. Sometimes it is quite morning when, with countenance illumined, he passes from the place into the deserted streets, *back to the world again.*

Still, on his way out, he does not forget the guardian of the night, who opens and closes the door after him.

A charcoal "sketch of Paderewski" was made by Irving R. Wiles, the portrait painter, during one of these nocturnal communings, the great player, at the time, being wholly unconscious of the presence of the artist, who had found himself driven to stratagem to reach his subject at the desired range.

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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

II.—THE DRY GOODS BUSINESS

[This is the second 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]

THE last decade has wrought numerous changes and developments in the retail dry goods business. The operations of the great department stores have been widely extended, during this period, with the result of a quickening of the pace and a raising of the standard in all branches of retail trade.

Many small merchants have been ruined, or nearly so, by the competition. In each case, however, this result can be traced directly to the unfavorable location of a store, or to the proprietor's failure to conduct his business in accordance with the new standards.

While merchants of this class have fallen by the way, the majority of dry goods dealers in thriving towns and small cities are prosperous, and their recent experiences in coping with the competition of the big establishments have convinced them that they can hold their own.

Each individual merchant must see to it, however, that his store is in line with what has been called the "standardization" of the dry goods business in this country within the last ten years. At the present time you will find, in cities of the fourth or the fifth class, establishments in which the appointments are as fine, the stock as good, the salespeople as intelligent and attentive, and all details as carefully watched, as in department stores in great cities. The chief difference is one of size. The proprietors of shops of this grade have learned important lessons from the great merchants, and, having applied these lessons to their own business, have found that they need not fear their teachers.

A Small Store Has Many Distinct Advantages

A small establishment has some marked advantages over a great department store. Owing to its convenience of location it is in a much better position to command a large part of the patronage of its particular community. From a merely casual knowledge of the subject it is often inferred that an immense department store offers shoppers much greater inducements in respect to prices than does the local merchant. Where the latter thoroughly knows his business this is constantly becoming farther from the truth. The great establishment now has many expenses which are quite foreign to the ordinary functions of store management, and these increase its output of money over that of the small store to an extent out of proportion to the greater magnitude of its operations. For instance, to avoid falling behind its rivals of like size, it must now furnish entertainment for its patrons. A certain New York firm which conducts a gigantic shop has provided its new building, now in process of construction, with a fully equipped theater, extending through three stories, where it is proposed to hold daily concerts and performances. This will involve a considerable increase in the already large expenditure for entertainment, not only on the part of this establishment, but also by its competitors, who can not afford to remain silent in the bids for visitors.

Stores of this class, moreover, must nowadays provide for their "guests" expensively furnished writing and rest rooms. The store fittings must be costly. One shop has hardwood floors, mahogany counters, and chandeliers of beautiful crystal. A part of the new equipment of another consists of ten costly esculators, or moving stairways. Still another makes a point of having its delivery wagons as fine as money can buy and its horses equal to those in the equipages of the rich.

This Country Has Thirty Thousand Dry Goods Stores

These features, and numerous others, are now expected in the great establishments, but are not, of course, looked for in the small ones. They have become, for the former, a source of large expense which moderate-sized stores avoid. Advertising is another item which swells the expenses of big stores. The competition between them is now so keen, and their trade is so wavering and capricious, that incessant newspaper advertising on a very large scale is necessary to carry on their business. One New York concern spends five hundred thousand dollars a year in this way. Two others spend, annually, three hundred thousand, and several spend two hundred thousand. The very high rents in central city locations constitute another great expense. These huge outlays of money, of course, must be made up in the prices received for goods, which is one important reason why the modest shops are able to meet the prices of their pretentious rivals.

In the United States there are about thirty thousand shops that sell dry goods. Twelve thousand of these may be ranked as good stores, and about five thousand are establishments of a size which makes them important factors in the commercial and domestic life of their communities. The owners of almost all of these shops, the largest as well as the smallest, began obscurely. The majority of the most prosperous have attained their present success and magnitude during recent years, in which unsuccessful merchants have been wont to complain that the competition has been ruinous.

While it is generally accepted as true that it is now harder to make a start, in almost any business, than it was twenty-five years ago, it can be stated positively that the

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increase of difficulties has been no greater in the dry goods business than in any other. Indeed, the conditions are now somewhat more favorable than they were a decade ago. There are more stores, it is true, but the population has grown, and individual consumers are spending more money on the wares of dry goods merchants. The chief reason for this is the general prosperity, but there are others. One of them is to be found in the wide dissemination of fashion news by newspapers and magazines.

Not all young merchants are aiming at building up great composite establishments. Many are striving to develop strongly in the direction of a specialty. There is a growing feeling among shoppers that they can buy certain things to the best advantage in a shop devoted to that class of goods. Particularly among women of wealth, who like quiet and exclusive shopping, is it becoming the fashion to honor specialists with their patronage.

Thus a young merchant may follow the lead of the great department stores, or he may steer his craft in the opposite direction, in the wake of the successful specialists, with a feeling that, if he can avoid the numerous rocks, he will find safe and pleasant harbors on either journey. The most effective way for a young retailer to gain trade at the outset is to sell goods cheaply, and to proclaim from the housetops, figuratively speaking, that he is doing business. He will find that plenty of newspaper and other advertising will pay him, if his capital can stand the strain.

But a clever merchant will probably tone down "hurrah, boys!" methods as time goes on, and make strong efforts to gain the trade of the best and most prosperous element in his community, for he will realize that this patronage brings him a more substantial, lucrative, and generally satisfactory business than the more or less transient and spasmodic trade of the poorer classes. But, if he caters to people of means, he must be prepared to give credit, as the prosperous classes are accustomed to receiving it.

Make an Effort to Attract a Certain Class of Patronage

In the matter of making a play for a certain class of patronage, each merchant must keep the dominating conditions in his community well in mind. If it contains a good proportion of the more or less cultured and well-to-do, he can add many dollars to his profits by an artistic and rather expensive store interior. Women shoppers are influenced toward more liberal buying by elegant surroundings. A hardwood floor, with rugs on it, and rich hangings, tastefully arranged, will have such an uplifting effect upon many a woman's æsthetic sense that she will buy a thirty-dollar gown where she had fixed twenty-five dollars as the limit of her expenditure. On the other hand, an ornate environment will frighten away customers of more humble pretensions. They will feel out of place and ill at ease, and will be sure that the prices are too high for them.

But, whether a young merchant conducts a high-toned or a popular-price store, he must, to be successful, "turn over" his stock frequently. This point of buying comparatively small quantities of goods and selling them quickly often makes the difference between the merchant who has a thriving store and one who is stagnating. The man who buys frequently and sells quickly needs to have less money tied up in his business than the other one. He is almost always in a position to take advantage of the special offerings by the wholesalers, and he can keep his stock fresh and closely adjusted to the season, and even to changes in the weather. All progressive merchants aim to turn over their entire stock at least three times a year. Some of the most successful have new lines of goods, in every department, eight or even ten times a year.

It is assumed that a young man starting for himself in the dry goods business has had considerable previous experience in this field. Such training is best obtained by working in a good store, in which one can obtain an insight into the methods of buying and into the financial and general management. While a term of service in a very large department store is not likely to give much knowledge of this general character, it is, nevertheless, in many respects, excellent. Experience as a salesman will teach him much. He will become, if he is alert, a quick and accurate judge of human nature; he will learn to exercise self-control, and will acquire a great deal of detailed knowledge of goods and of the proper methods of selling them. This training will, of course, be of great value to him in the management of his own store.

Even if he never acquires this independence there are opportunities awaiting him in department stores. The largest of these have some thirty buyers apiece, whose salaries average about four thousand dollars a year. Some of the most expert earn double this amount. It has been estimated that in the United States there are about ten thousand buyers whose earnings range from a thousand to ten thousand dollars a year. It will be seen that in this field, as well as in that of store proprietorship, there are chances well worthy of consideration by wide-awake young men and women.

A Personal Favor

ONE of the most picturesque figures of the New York Bar was the late Thomas Nolan, a lawyer, whose witty retorts furnished subjects for merriment at many a lawyers' gathering. Now, Nolan was at one time council for a poor widow who was suing a construction company for the death of her husband. The case had been placed upon the "day calendar," but had been frequently postponed, and Mrs. Moriarity, by the time she had made her fifth call, was in an exceedingly disturbed frame of mind, consequently the tones of Nolan's rich brogue were more than usually fervid as he fought against the sixth adjournment.

"I am sorry," said Justice Dugro, "but your opponent has shown me good cause for the adjournment, Mr. Nolan, and the case will therefore go over until to-morrow."

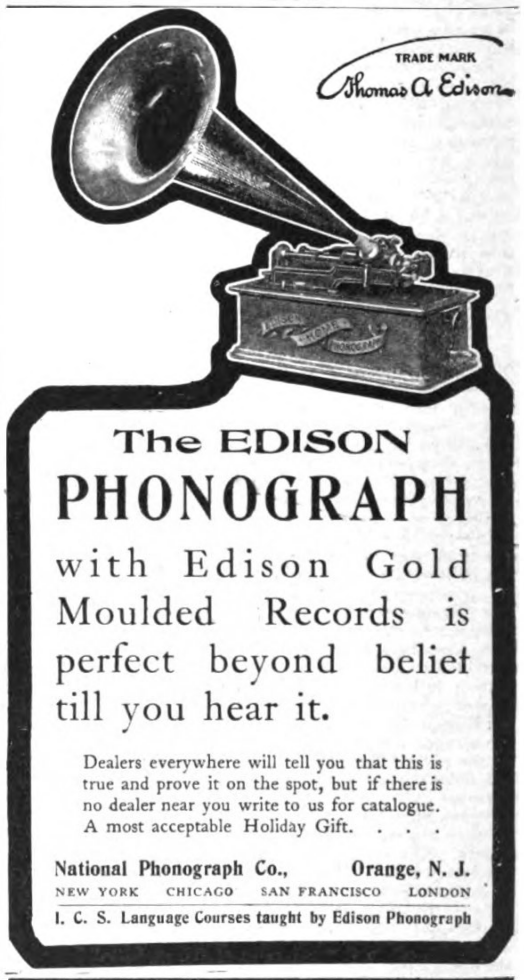
"Very well, sor," said the barrister, sweetly, "but might I ask wan personal favor of this coort?"

"Certainly, sir, with pleasure."

"Will your honor kindly sthep down to my office and just tell Mrs. Moriarty that you have adjourned the case?"

Men who have made their fortunes are not those who had five thousand dollars given them to start with, but those who started fair with a well-earned dollar or two.—GRACE GREENWOOD.





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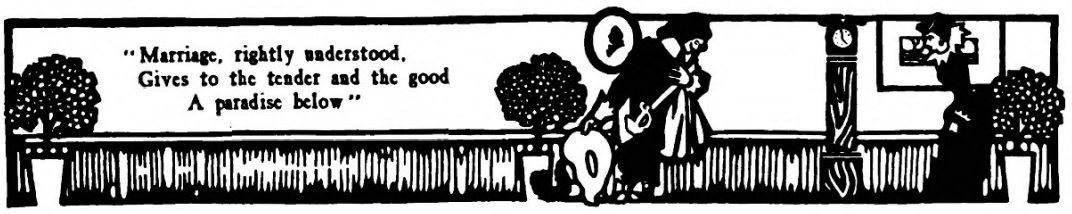


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GIRLS' PROBLEMS



Selecting a Trousseau and Preparing for the Wedding Day

CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK

HER own wedding is one matter about which a girl should be permitted to have her own way. This is generally conceded, and, as a result, there are selfish girls who take full advantage of the situation and plunge wildly into unreasonable expenses. On the ground that this is the last act of their free lives they indulge in extravagances that involve self-denial to the rest of their family. One sympathizes with the man who, after having given one daughter the elaborate marriage and reception she demanded, said that he hoped his other girls would elope.

As a matter of course, a girl wishes to have a pretty outfit and a pretty wedding. She would not be a normal woman if she did not. But she may have both these without a large expenditure of money.

Let us look first at the question of her outfit. The old-fashioned theory called for a dozen of everything in the way of underclothing, and of some articles a dozen and a half or two dozen were provided. In consequence a woman had a huge supply of underwear which she often failed to wear out. The woman who was a slender girl when she was married, and who gained flesh before she had a chance to use up her over-plentiful supply of clothing, was left with stacks of *lingerie* on her hands, to grow yellow and fragile and useless for any purpose. Or the fashions changed,—as fashions will change in underclothing as well as in outer garments,—and the woman felt that she could not allow herself dainty novelties because of the store of stuff already cumbering bureau drawers and closets.

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In this day of pretty ready-made clothing there is not the necessity for laying in a stock of underclothing that there was in the time of our mothers and grandmothers. A girl feels, very naturally, that she does not wish to go to her husband within a few months for the money wherewith to buy stockings or undershirts. But there is something between this and the purchase of a superfluity of garments.

If a girl is sensible she begins upon her *trousseau* soon after her engagement is an established fact; that is, she begins to plan for this and that and to make herself little dainty articles to put in her store. Sometimes these are for herself, sometimes for her house. The woman who looks forward to housekeeping as soon as she is married early displays an interest in towels and table linen, and goes to work to embroider these or to mark doilies or centerpieces or bureau covers or other bits of finery for her future home. Other girls have more interest in their personal adornment, and expend their energy upon delicate stitching on corset covers or chemises or night dresses, or make themselves yards of delicate hemstitching or featherstitching that can be put as trimming upon some article of dress. In any case, it is the part of wisdom to have something of this kind that can be at hand as "pick-up" work in the months that precede the actual rush of getting ready.

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The style of underclothing the girl puts into her *trousseau* must be determined largely by the way in which she expects to live. If she is sure that she will be able to command the services of a good laundress, let her give herself free play in the matter of delicate embroideries, laces, and hand-made garments. But, if she is to have her washing done by a maid of all work, she is wise to have only two or three sets of the more delicate articles and to choose the others as Mrs. Primrose selected her wedding gown,—for qualities that will wear. Thus she may have, of the six chemises that will go into the *trousseau*, two or three of somewhat fanciful variety, and the others made prettily with a trimming of needlework or with French handwork, which lasts a long time. She should have eight pairs of drawers, six nightgowns, four or six corset covers, four or six white petticoats, a dozen pairs of good cotton stockings, a few pairs of silk stockings, six lisle or silk undervests, and a proportionate supply of whatever she wears in the line of combinations, tights, ribbed underwaists, bloomers, and the like. There should also be at least one silk petticoat, or a petticoat of mohair or sateen with silk ruffles. Two pairs of walking boots, a pair of dress boots, one pair of dressy slippers, and one pair for morning use will be needed.

The question of the gowns and wraps that go into a *trousseau* will be largely decided by the time of year when a girl is married. If in the fall, a winter coat must be numbered among her garments, and if she goes out much in the evenings she should have a long wrap that will cover her light gowns. Her costumes, at this time of the year, will have to be more serviceable than those she purchases in the spring, but they will last longer, even though they may cost more. She will hardly lay in in the autumn thin frocks that will serve her the next summer, but she will find it far cheaper to procure these when the time comes than to buy the thick gowns she will need in the winter following a spring or summer wedding. This, by the way, is a powerful argument in favor of an autumn wedding.

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The whole question of the gowns in the *trousseau*, beginning with the wedding gown and going on down to the everyday or morning frock, must be settled by the circumstances of the girl, both before and after marriage. Even if she comes of a well-to-do family, if she is about to marry a young man of moderate means, or less, she makes a mistake when she puts much money into elaborate costumes which will be out of keeping with the home to which she is going and the life she is to lead after she gets there. She should have pretty frocks, as a matter of course, but they should not be showy. A couple of good street dresses,—one, at least, a tailor-made costume, which she can wear with shirt-waists,—a reasonable supply of the latter, both in wash goods and in more delicate and dressy fabrics; one or two pretty house frocks to wear in the evenings; one dinner dress, if she is going to live in a neighborhood where *decolleté* gowns are worn even occasionally; a pretty wrapper for mornings; an outing suit, comprising a short skirt for walking and for rainy weather and a jacket to match, and perhaps a tea gown will, with the wedding gown, make a liberal provision for an ordinary bride. This list may, of course, be modified, and added to for a woman who is to marry a man of wealth, or may be cut down for a girl who goes into the home of a young man who has his way to make.

The wedding gown is a matter of prime importance. Again Mrs. Primrose should be imitated. It is a great mistake for a girl who expects to live quietly to array herself in white satin and lace for her bridal,—especially when she needs the money for other things. There are charming white fabrics that make up delightfully, and that not only cost less but look better than the conventional satin. Even at a little extra expense it seems a shame to cheat a girl out of the joys of a pretty wedding gown. No matter how simple it is, it should be dainty and attractive. There are many good reasons in favor of a girl's being married in her traveling frock, or "going-away gown," but none of these seems to me to outweigh the pleasure she reaps from the possession of the regular bridal costume. The material is of comparatively slight importance, but the effect is everything. The gown is made high-necked and long-sleeved, and may be worn with or without a veil, although there is a charm about a veil that adds much to the costume. Since simple tulle is more becoming than the richest lace, this little extravagance should surely be allowed any woman who is married in a white or light frock. Such a frock involves, of course, the light slippers and stockings and gloves, but these need not be costly.

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The majority of girls have very clear ideas as to what the wedding shall be like. One girl has always set her heart upon a church wedding, while another is determined that hers shall be at home. There are arguments in favor of each mode and the cost of each one may be lessened or increased by the fashion in which it is celebrated. A church wedding may be made much more expensive than one at home, if there are music and flowers and a bridal procession. The prettiest kind of inexpensive church wedding is that celebrated in the country when flowers are plentiful. A well-known novelist made this sort of wedding the fad, a few years ago, when he went on foot with his best man to the church, each clad in plain serge morning suits, and met the bride there, who, with her father, had walked the short distance between the house and the church. I have known of similar weddings in which less distinguished persons were the chief actors, where neighborly love and friendship had made the surroundings as attractive as they could have appeared if they had been in the charge of a fashionable city florist and manager of society functions. A city church wedding is bound to entail a good deal of expense unless one can follow the example that is set in English books, of slipping off to a small church and being married without any special state or ceremony. The trouble in any thing unpremeditated is that it is hard to achieve a pretty wedding. Most churches look big and bare unless they are furnished with flowers, and as soon as this is begun the bills run up. In New York there are one or two small churches and chantries where a wedding can be held without its being necessary to fill up the blank and empty spaces with palms and ferns and vines. When there is such a wedding as this it can be followed by a small or a large reception at the house of the bride.

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Every added formal touch to the marriage festivities finds its companion in an item in the bills that the father of the bride must settle later. It also takes something out of the bridegroom's pocket, and this is a serious consideration if he is a young man who must count his dollars pretty closely. Look, for a moment, at the question of bridal attendants. If a girl has bridesmaids and a maid of honor, it is an accepted thing that she must give each of them a gift, large or small, in proportion to her means, as a souvenir of the occasion. Generally the gifts are in the form of some small piece of jewelry,—a pin, a bangle, or something of the sort. The bridegroom must present each of the bridesmaids with the bouquet she carries. If there are three or four of the attendants it will readily be seen that he will be out of pocket by this part of his marriage.

But his expenses do not stop here. If he has a best man and ushers he must make a present to each one of these. Usually this, too, is a piece of jeweiry, like a scarf pin, or something corresponding. The groom also presents the gloves and ties worn at the ceremony,—and here

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24 I'M HAVING A FINE TIME IN— Lovers in a hammock
26 YOU LIKEE ME—
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31 SUCH A TIME IN— Man after a spree
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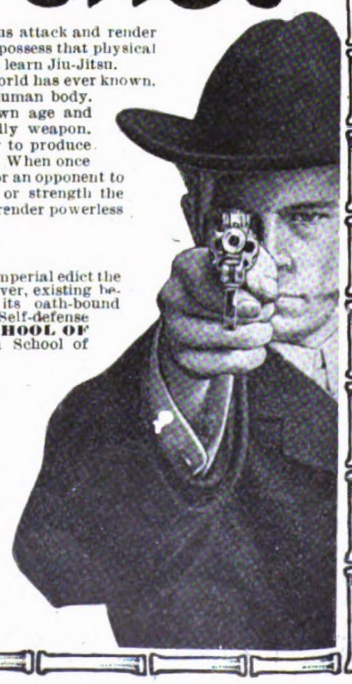
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is another bill, to say nothing of the bachelor dinner, which is taken as a matter of course.

These expenses are small items to a man of wealth, but to a young fellow of moderate means they come as a rather heavy strain just at the time when he is low in funds from the purchase of his own outfit, and when he has probably stinted himself to lay aside the money for his wedding journey. So it seems as if it were the part of wisdom, under such circumstances, for the bride to refrain from elaborate details and content herself with a smaller and less stately wedding. It may be pretty, even if it is not ceremonious.

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One of the prettiest house weddings I ever saw was celebrated at comparatively small cost. The means of neither bride nor groom warranted much expenditure, and so the wedding had to be made beautiful without money. It was in June, and the resources of all the gardens of the bride's friends in the little country town where she lived were taxed to supply flowers. One corner of the room wherein the ceremony was to take place was hung with a floral curtain made by putting up a breadth of wire netting and filling the meshes of it with blossoms. There were flowers on the mantels and everywhere else that they could be put, and the banister of the staircase was wreathed with vines. There was not a professional touch in the whole thing, but it was most charming in effect.

The bride came into the room on the arm of the bridegroom, preceded by a small nephew and niece dressed in their best white clothes. The clergyman was waiting for them by the floral curtain. There were no attendants, besides the children, and the small girl held the bouquet while the groom put the ring on the bride's finger. After the ceremony the married pair stood with their backs to the floral curtain while they received the congratulations of their friends. Then simple refreshments were served in the next room.

This was an afternoon wedding, such as is again in favor. The noon wedding is also popular, trying as it is to the complexion of the bride. The evening wedding, which was once considered the height of elegance, is out of fashion for the moment.

After all, the hour of the wedding is a matter that should be decided more by the preference of the bride and from convenience than from any other motive. If there is to be a reception afterwards,—a reception to which a large number of guests will be invited,—an afternoon wedding is usually preferable. If the wedding is to be a small affair, either at the church or at the house, noon is a good hour. The bride who is married at church at noon often wears her pretty white frock, and with it a hat, which must, of course be white, and should be very dainty and becoming. She returns to the house for the reception, and then has a chance to change her gown before taking her departure.

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The refreshments served at a wedding are practically those that would be offered at any reception,—salad, oysters, croquettes, ices, cakes, and the like. They may be elaborate or not, as the means or the taste of the bride indicates. If the wedding is large and showy, the refreshments must correspond. This is another argument in favor of a small wedding, for in this, as in so much else in life, simplicity is not absurd,—but a lack of a sense of proportion is ridiculous. The persons who have a big, extravagant wedding, with everything that fashion can suggest of music, flowers, attendants, and parade, and then settle down to housekeeping in a small flat or a wee house, with one servant or none at all, have been guilty of a violation of good taste. They would have done much better to have sacrificed their love of display—for it is little else,—to something much better worth while.

It is not so much the custom as it once was to have the bride cut the cake and give the guests a chance to determine their fate by finding in it a coin, a thimble, or a ring,—or by drawing a blank. At the wedding of ceremony the cake is cut in advance and put up in small parcels, that each guest may carry a piece home,—to dream on. (It may be said, in passing, that the dreams are much more likely to come if the cake is eaten before retiring instead of being placed under the pillow. The character of the dreams may be less satisfactory, however.) At a small wedding it is a pretty idea to return to the old plan, which is almost new again now, and to let the bride cut the cake herself. She may also throw her bouquet to the bridesmaids as she goes up the stairs to change her gown before she departs on her bridal tour.

No longer do bridal couples think they must go on a fixed journey on their honeymoon. Instead, it is becoming more and more the custom for them to follow the English fashion of going together to some quiet place where the bride may have a chance to rest after the rush of the wedding, and where both young people may learn to know one another, and to become friends as well as lovers.

How Togo's Nerves Were Steadied

ADMIRAL TOGO, commander-in-chief of the Japanese navy, whose prowess as a fighting man has won world-wide praise of late, comes from an old school of Nippon warriors. His naval education is of the best, and he has been trained in every way to be a fearless, calm, and tireless fighter.

In his youth, he and his fellow students at the Japanese naval academy were accustomed to attend an annual banquet. They sat at a circular table around a slowly revolving cannon loaded with a ball and trained to the level of their heads. The trigger was so arranged that it could be touched from a hidden source outside of the banquet hall. That at some time during the banquet the cannon would be fired everyone at the table knew; but just when, or in what direction it would be pointing was a mystery. Of course, there was a possibility that the ball might crash harmlessly between the heads of two banqueters, but it was equally probable that it might carry off the head of some student. Yet no one flinched. The chances were equal to all.

The picturesque object of destruction revolving during the jovial hours of the banquet, pointing from student to student, and ready at a given moment to blow any one of them to pieces, was considered in Japan admirable training to steady the nerves of a fighting man.

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Glimpses of Progress

Cuba now has a population of 1,655,677, an increase of 183,880 since the census of 1900 was taken.

The income-tax returns show that the citizens of Great Britain have $5,630,540,500 invested abroad.

To rebuild the Campanile at Venice will take five years. It is probable that the new tower will have an American elevator.

Over thirteen million persons are enrolled in the Sunday schools of this country. In the public schools, the enrollment is over sixteen million, or only three million more.

The Simplon tunnel, in Italy, the longest in the world, will be completed in 1905. This event will be celebrated by an international exposition at Milan, the nearest important Italian city.

Georgia has held the lead in the production of peaches for the eastern market since 1902, and for years to come is likely to be the leading peach state in the union. She has over 7,660,000 trees. The supremacy was wrested from Maryland.

The Carnegie Steel Company is experimenting in rolling shapes for steel ties to replace the usual wooden ties. It is stated that half a dozen of the big trunk lines, being unable to procure sufficient of the wooden ties at a reasonable price, are forced to substitute steel, and will place big orders with the Carnegie Company.

The first Japanese newspaper was published in 1863, only forty-one years ago, and contained some news translated from the Dutch papers. To-day Japan has over one thousand, five hundred daily newspapers and periodicals. Tokyo has over twenty. The "Japan Times," of Tokyo, is published in English, but is edited exclusively by Japanese.

Harvard has secured the largest telescope in the world. It will soon be shipped to Cambridge from England. It was made by the English astronomer, A. A. Common, who died not long ago, and who wished the telescope to go to Harvard. The telescope has a five-foot aperture, while the lens of the telescope at the Yerkes observatory is forty inches, and that of the Lick observatory, thirty-six inches.

Japan has the cheapest postal service in the world. Letters are carried all over the empire for two *sen*, about seven-tenths of a cent. This is the more remarkable when we consider the difficulties of transportation over a mountainous and irregular country that has only about a hundred miles of railway, while only a few of the chief roads can be used for wagons and the steamships connect only a small number of stations on the coast.

The latest government statistics state that the United States produced 18,968,089 barrels of salt during the year 1903. This is the smallest output since 1898, and shows that the use of salt is decreasing. This is probably due to the recent disclosures of eminent scientists that people eat too much salt, that there is sufficient natural salt in the water we drink, in the air we breathe, and in the fruits and vegetables we eat to supply the human system, without sprinkling it plentifully on every dish. Many diseases are now traced to the use of salt.

A report from Amsterdam to the Bureau of Commerce at Washington states that the South African diamond mines have contributed four hundred million dollars' worth to the world's supply of this precious stone. The United States is a heavier buyer of diamonds than any other nation; next comes Russia, then France, then England. Last year the Americans bought diamonds worth $8,400,000. Only a small quantity of precious stones is mined in this country; the yearly output is valued at only $200,000. Of this lot, five-sixths are sapphires and turquoises.

It is estimated by experts that the area of American coal fields, at present open to mining, is more than five times as great as that of the coal fields of England, France, Germany and Belgium; the great coal producing countries of Europe. While practically all the available coal areas of those countries have been opened to mining, ours have scarcely been estimated. When we take into consideration the fact that coal is one of the great motive powers in the manufacturing world, it is evident that this immense wealth of coal will be of such an advantage to the United States as to be beyond any man's calculation.

The chemical industry of Germany has made great progress during the last few years. In some of the important branches of chemical production it has obtained almost a world monopoly, for instance, four-fifths of the dyes consumed in the world are made in Germany. At present the production of the German chemical industry represents a value of about two hundred and ninety-one million, six hundred thousand dollars, while the export of all chemical products amounts to more than ninety-seven million, two hundred thousand dollars, annually. Sir William Ramsay says that Germany leads the world in chemical advancement.

The aggregate annual letter and newspaper mail of the world amounts to thirty-two billion, five hundred million pieces, of which eight billion, five hundred million go through the United States mails. We have seventy-five thousand post offices, and five hundred thousand miles of postal routes, with a yearly travel over them amounting to five hundred million miles. The service costs over one hundred and fifty million dollars a year. The receipts now almost equal the expenditures, and have doubled in the last ten years. In 1860, the total receipts were eight million dollars, which was considered an extraordinary sum. But for twenty-two million dollars spent in establishing the rural free delivery, which now serves one seventh of the population of the United States, the post office would be self-sustaining.

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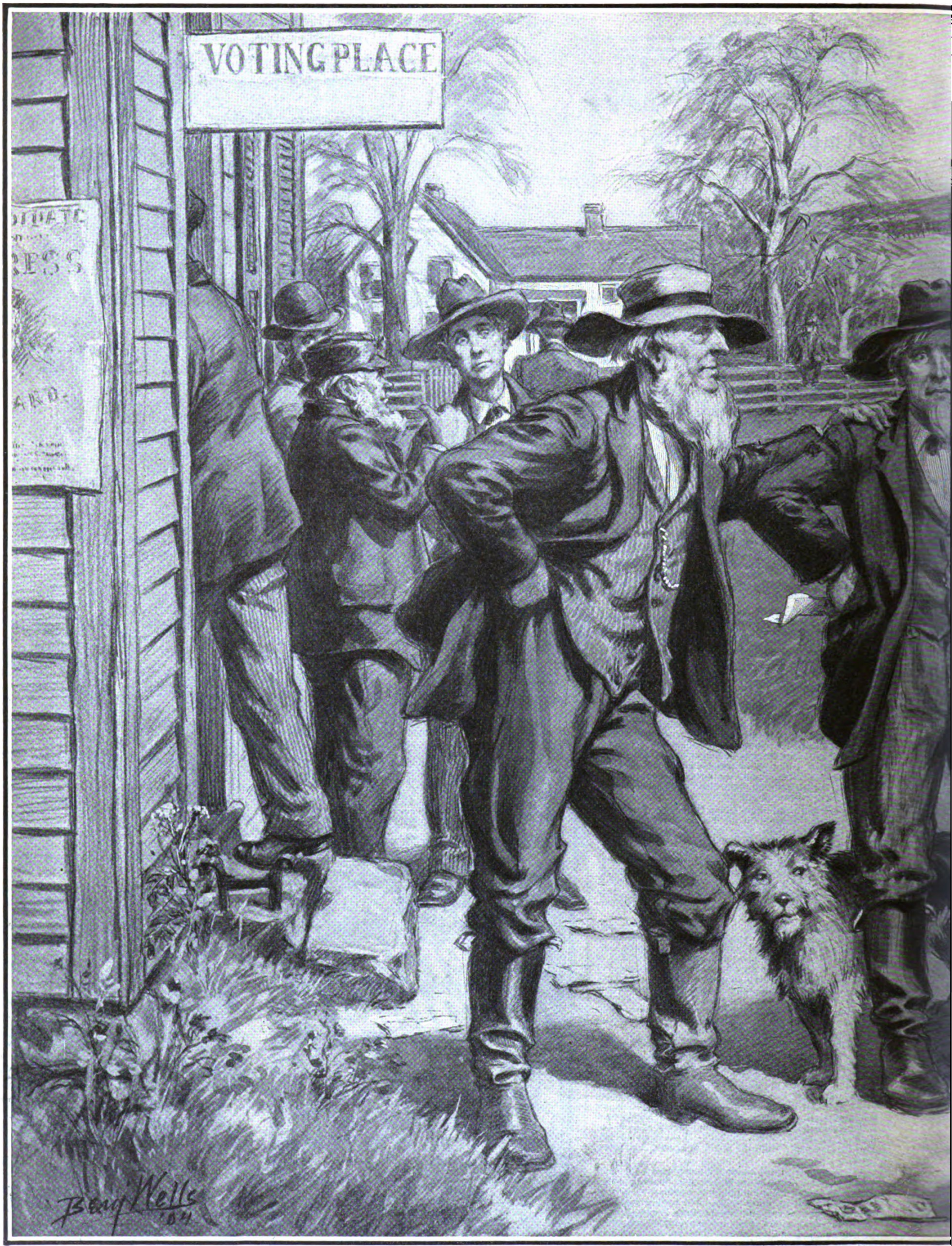
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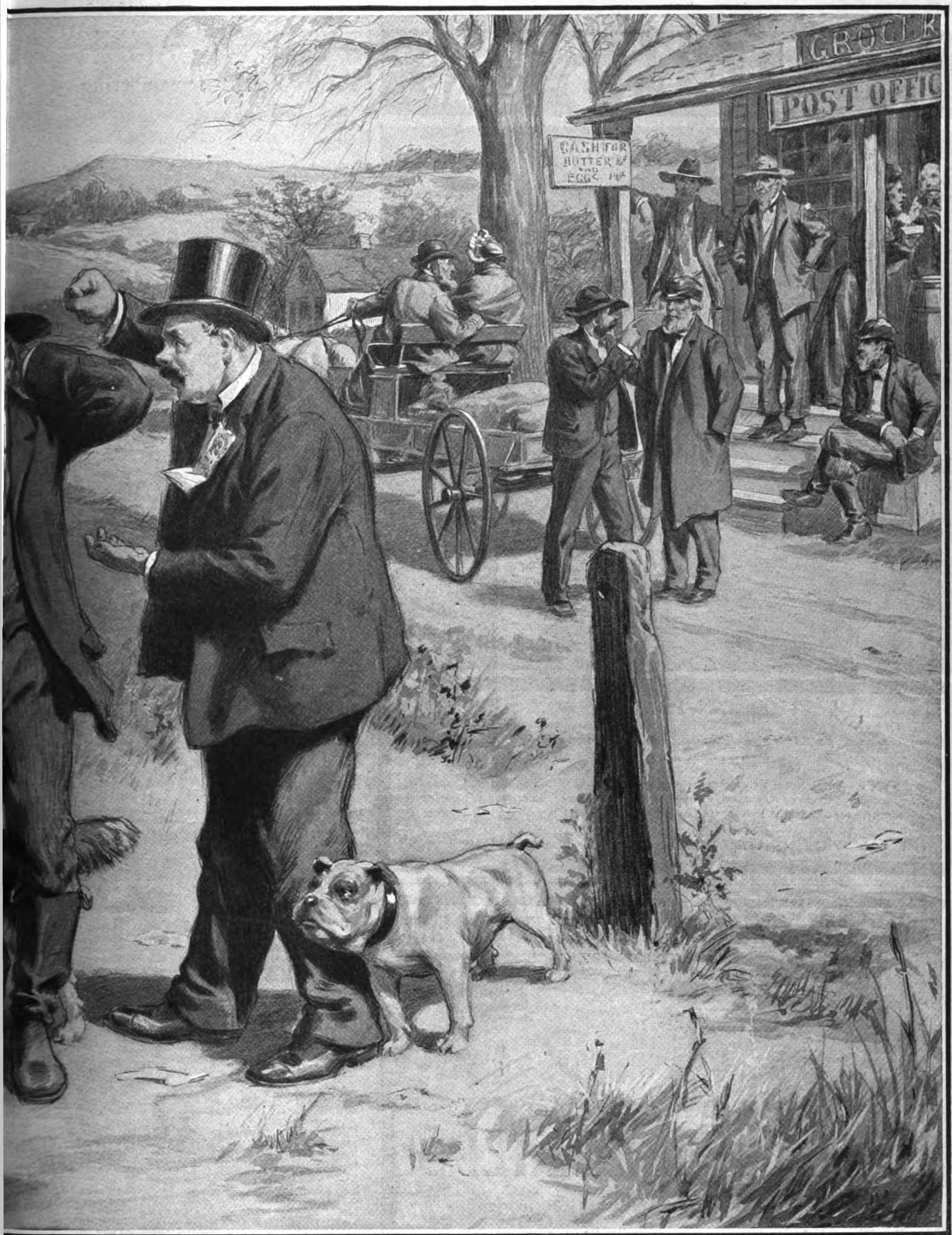
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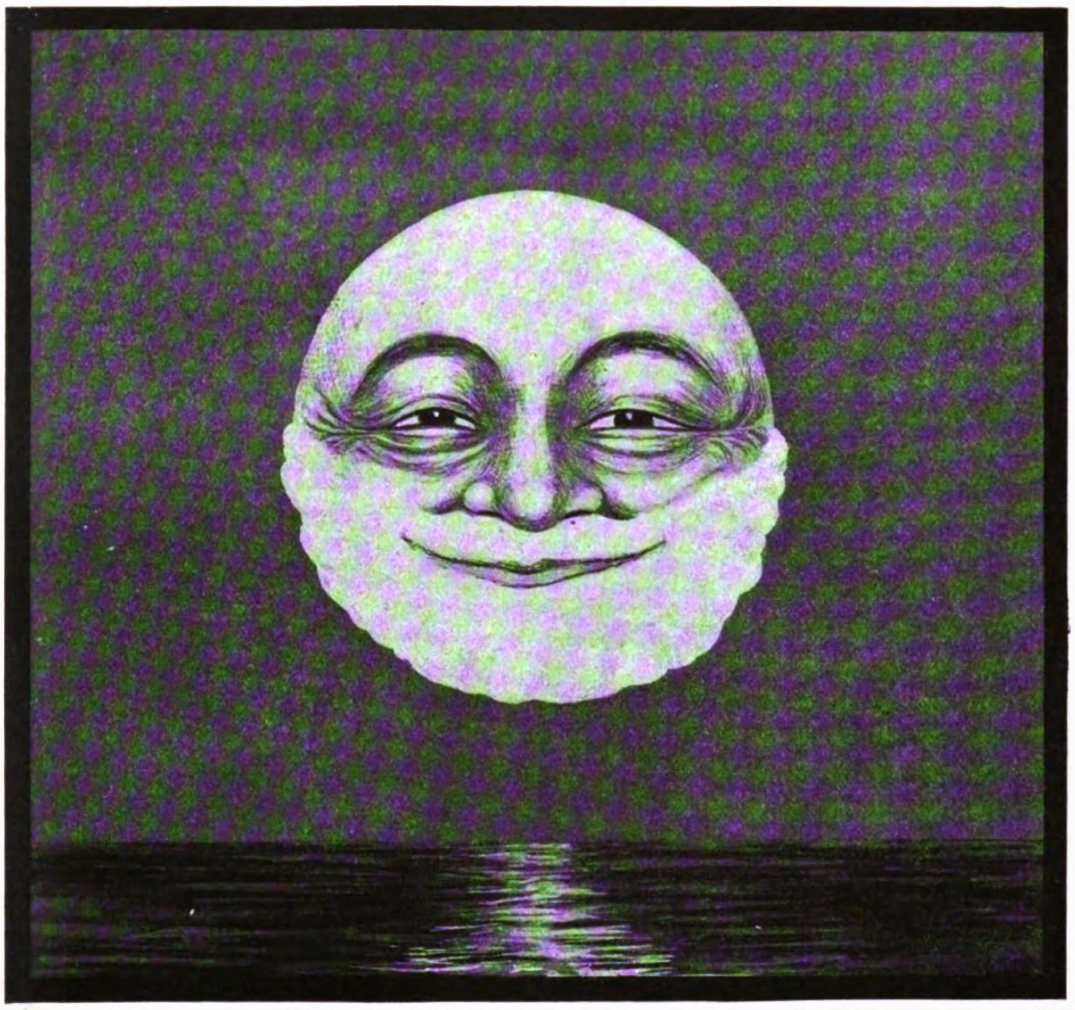


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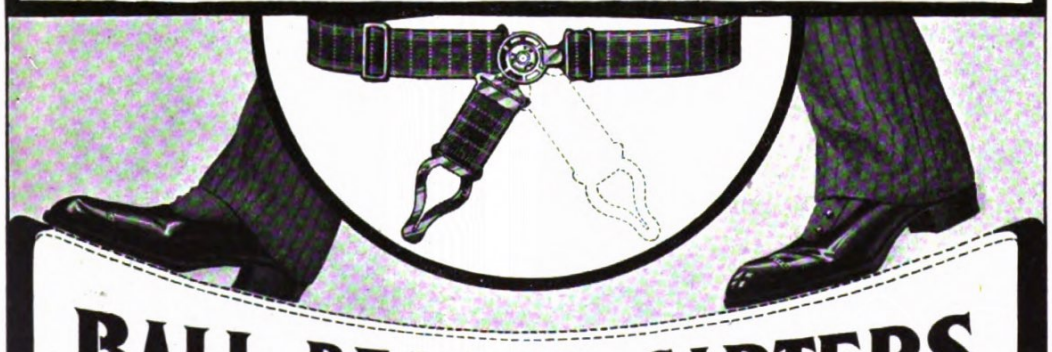
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Facts Worth Remembering

The population of the world is now estimated to be 1,503,300,000.

The savings banks in New Jersey hold unclaimed money to the amount of $98,135.

Government inspectors admitted last year 59,158,149 live animals at a cost of a little over a cent apiece.

Waste leather is no longer thrown away. Manufacturers use it, in a compressed form, instead of iron, to make cog-wheels.

Five hundred and seventy-six million boxes of matches were imported into this country last year. Sweden sent three fourths of them.

Life can be sustained for about thirty days on water alone. With only solid food one could live but one quarter of that time.

The Ambidextrous Society, of London, has been formed with the object of encouraging people to use both hands with equal facility.

Ants are the most brainy of all creatures. In proportion to its size, an ant's brain is larger than that of any other living being.

The banyan tree is remarkable for the fact that a great number of its branches grow down to the ground and take root as separate stems.

More than two thousand skilled workmen have left the French silk factories of Roubaix and Turcoing, within a year, for the United States.

Glass houses of a very substantial structure can now be built. Makers of Silesian glass are turning out glass bricks for all kinds of buildings.

The countries that have the largest population, China, India, and Russia, are not the strongest nations, either industrially, commercially, or in any other way.

It is a curious fact that in nearly every street of the cities of Japan there is a public oven where, for a small fee, people may have their suppers and dinners cooked while they wait.

Five women at Washington, D. C. are still drawing pensions as widows of soldiers who served in the War of the Revolution, which ended one hundred and twenty years ago.

In proportion to the others the most profitable of the United States government departments is the patent office. It has a balance of over five million dollars to its credit.

Tibet's six million people have to support an army of four hundred and thirty thousand priests, who produce nothing but beautifully illuminated copies of the sacred writings. They hold all the public offices.

The number of timber sleepers on the railways of the world is calculated to be about 1,494,000,000, and their value is estimated at about $900,000,000. This item makes a serious drain on the timber supplies of the world.

Though the ocean covers about three fourths of the surface of the earth, it does not, in the same proportion, provide for the wants of man. It is estimated that only about three per cent. of the people in the world obtain their living directly from the sea.

An English naval cadet who, on his training ship, took eleven first prizes, and in the first examination obtained ninety-seven and six tenths per cent., was rejected at the medical examination on account of a small defect in one little toe.

The development of the dairy industry in the United States is scarcely realized by business men. In 1898 the butter haul over the Minneapolis and St. Louis Railroad was four hundred thousand pounds. Last year it was nearly fourteen millions, the gain coming wholly from developments of creameries along the line of road.

In the United States fifty-three women have been regularly ordained and are doing the full work of ministers. Forty-five of them are married, though some of them were ordained before marriage. Most of them have independent parishes, where they preach, make pastoral calls, and officiate at marriages and at funerals.

Last year coal constituted about forty per cent. of the total tonage of the American railways. To carry a ton in England from the Yorkshire coal fields to London, a distance of one hundred and fifty-eight miles, costs one dollar and eighty-seven cents, while coal is carried from the Carbondale coal region in Illinois to Chicago, two hundred and seventy-six miles, for seventy-five cents a ton.

Arbitration as a means of settling international disputes is apparently coming more and more into use. A treaty with this purpose in view has just been signed by Great Britain and Germany. It provides for the settlement of legal differences that may arise regarding the interpretation of existing treaties between the two nations. The treaty does not apply to larger political differences, but is similar in nature to those treaties lately concluded by Great Britain with France, Italy, and Spain.

New York City long ago achieved the distinction of being the meat-eating metropolis of the world. In round numbers it consumes nearly twenty million pounds of meat a week. It eats daily two million pounds of pork alone. In its packing houses, cold-storage warehouses, and butcher shops there are stored for immediate consumption, in the normal condition of the trade, three million, five hundred thousand pounds of dressed beef, six million pounds of pork, and five hundred thousand pounds of mutton. Mulhall computed that the average Briton eats three and one-eighth pounds of meat a week. New York, by these figures, disposes of five pounds for every man, woman, and child in the greater city.

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What to Wear and How to Wear It

MARTHA DEAN



6220 6218

IF variety can be the true spice of life fashionable women certainly have a delightful relish, for never before in the memory of woman, or man either for that matter, has fashion had so many strings to its bow. Many distinct periods of dress are represented, and one may wear the Directoire, or Louis XIII., XIV., XV. or XVI. styles and still be within the realms of fashion. With all these to select from, the women of to-day may adopt such styles or modifications of the modes as are most becoming to her taste and figure.

One really new note in the winter modes is the return to favor again of the cape. This, no doubt, is due to the fact that the sleeves, which are growing larger and more elaborate as the season advances, bring it to the fore as a fashionable necessity, as the small armhole of the coat makes it almost impracticable for dressy wear. There are very many variations of the cape and cape effects. One may wear a little triple shoulder cape, or it may be fashioned in dolman style, with "wing" or sleeve drapery. Quite the newest capes are made with waistcoats, real or simulated. These waistcoats are a strong feature in all the fall styles, and may be made of heavy embroidery or silk. The introduction of a light or bright color will give a decidedly smart touch to the garment. For general wear, the long tight-fitting coat, plain-tailored or fancifully trimmed, is one of the favorite models. It is very becoming to the average figure, although one must give some thought to the length of the garment. Some of the coats reach almost to the hem of the skirt, but the sister who can not boast of her inches in height, should wear only the regulation three-quarter length. These Louis XVI. coats are made with tight-fitting back and half-fitting or tight-fitting fronts. The use of the wide revers is a matter of taste, but the waistcoat is never omitted.

Skirts are very wide at the foot although close-fitting at the hips. The plaited models are still the most fashionable, in both walking costumes and those intended for dressy wear. In the former the skirt is in instep length. In the latter, it is just a good round length with little or no train. At a recent metropolitan fashion show, one saw



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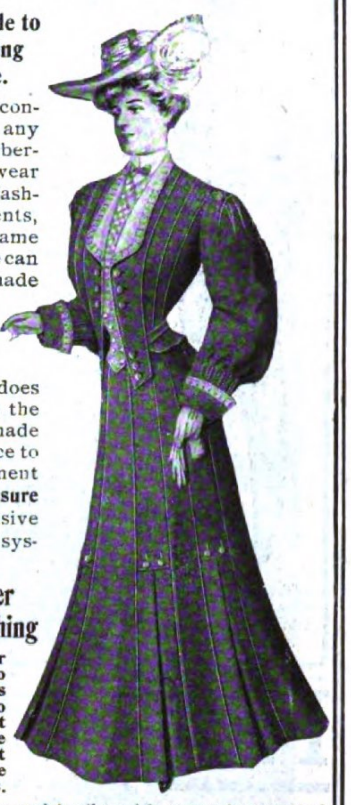
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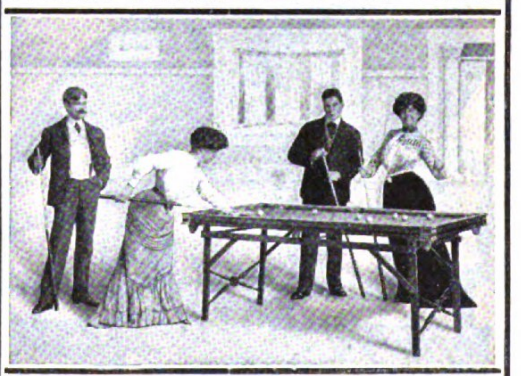
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only the plaited and shirred skirts. Material counts for naught. Velvet, corduroy and broadcloth are shirred, puffed, and ruffled. However, the weaves of to-day are suited for present-day needs, and the corduroys and velvets are not the stiff, thick kind we used a few years ago. Apropos of the recent fashion display, one of the most noticeable features was the introduction of braid of every width and texture on any and all kinds of material, making as it were, the entire gown except the foundation itself. As a trimming it is used in innumerable ways. Buttons as large as a silver dollar, made by winding the braid around and around, form a pretty trimming for coats and dresses. Smaller buttons with buttonhole loops sewn over velvet of a darker shade, outline the edge of collar and cuffs. Soutache braid is more used than any other and the button or design is frequently outlined by gilt thread or braid. In bodices the imported models manifest a decided liking for surplice styles. Not only the fronts but the backs also show these crossed-over effects.

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The Young Man's Chance in Politics

CHARLES A. FLAMMER
[President, Board of Magistrates, New York]

DURING some period in the life of every man there is aroused in him a strong interest in public affairs. This interest may be awakened in times of excitement over matters of great public interest or by the exposure of corruption in public officials, and he is likely to regret that he did not, in the first flush of his manhood, take that part which it is the duty of every man to play.

The life and soul of party government and party politics lie in organization. Organized partizanship is the only reliable instrument for securing a consistent modicum of political success. Party organizations in our great cities are complicated and effective machines. They do not, as commonly supposed, consist solely in the person of a boss; but they comprise a leader with a regular heirarchy of followers. These followers are so graded that in the last instance, through the district captain and his lieutenants, the leader of the larger unit, —the assembly district,— comes in contact with the individual voter.

The pulse of the voting population is observed by these captains. It is their duty to acquaint themselves with the rank and file in the little sphere of their activities, and preside at an election district caucus where the names of delegates to be voted on by members of their own party at the primary election are presented.

There are, in New York City, one thousand five hundred and fifty election districts, and the great political parties have captains, district workers, and election officers to look after their interests in each. These men frequently make canvasses of the voters from house to house, to secure their enrollment on registration days, and every election develops into a contest between the captains in each little district. Many fail to notice the zealous warfare, waged about their polling place. But the election district captain is not merely the drudge that polls the party vote. As a delegate to the various conventions, he may bear a voice in the party's counsels and wield an influence in the selection of the party's candidates.

This network of party officers spread over the entire field gives a party the strength that makes its place secure. A great popular movement for reform may sweep a party from its position for a term; but when the elements, united for the moment only, and without the bonds of organization, fall apart, the pendulum will swing back again.

The young man with energy and steadiness of purpose will find himself readily acceptable (if he will present himself,) to the leader who desires efficient workers on the firing line, and, if he has tact, he may step at once into the counsels of his party. Here his voice may be heard, and it may not; but his vote will be of value in raising the standard of his party candidates.

Leaders are glad to enlist the services of young men; and in a municipal campaign of any heat, each party will enroll as speakers men who will stand up and address the people regardless of experience. In the last campaign in New York City, mere boys were frequently used to address the gatherings at the street corners. The practice of "cart-tail speaking," where fireworks and music attract a crowd, has given many young men their first opportunity to try their skill as spellbinders. Nor could a better school for oratory be found. Here a speaker has all the problems of oratory before him in their simple state. He must interest his auditors or they will move away more quickly than if they were seated in a comfortable hall, and those addressed represent the people, as every class is reached from the corner lounger to the passing business man who stops and often stays to hear.

Theodore Roosevelt in his first year out of college, joined the Republican association of his assembly district, and was promptly chosen to fill a place in the New York legislature, gaining in his first year both political experience and recognition. Alexander Hamilton at twenty-one years of age, was the foremost political speaker in New York. Taking of the first step is all that lies between many young men and a rapid rise to political preferment.

What should most forcibly attract a young man to choose politics for his avocation (and it should not be his sole pursuit,) is the fact that his duty and his opportunity are identical. A young man's opportunity is a place in the party machine where his efforts will be appreciated and where his worth may be shown. His duty, too, lies in taking part in the political activities of his district in attending the caucuses where the attendance is always small and where his presence with a friend or two will have a surprising influence.

Young men do not realize, until they try, the number of voters they can convince on a purely local question. They do not know their own power until they find how many of their friends are glad to help them, and how many of their own age would work with them to attain a common end.

It is said that a government faithfully reflects the interest taken by its people in public affairs. Whatever good element, therefore, fails to impress itself on the politics of the nation, creates a structural weakness in the government, proportionate to the absent element.

The young men representing the element of vigorous patriotism, as the strongest pillar of the state should watchfully guard the government, and contribute their strength to build up its strength. If a man neglects his positive duty to his country, might we not say that he is guilty of negative treason?

The Citizens' Union of New York, in its campaign in 1901, employed large numbers of young college students. Their success was remarkable. The College Men's Political Association of New York is now endeavoring to interest college graduates in political organization work, irrespective of party, feeling that the contribution of this element would strengthen the hands of those battling for purity in municipal government.

The caucus and the primary, where the delegations are selected that make up the conventions that choose party candidates, are peculiarly American institutions, but they are not always conducted on a plane of lofty Americanism. In them a young man will find his opportunity to exercise an influence for the political betterment of his country, and a field for the development of the abilities that may secure political advancement.

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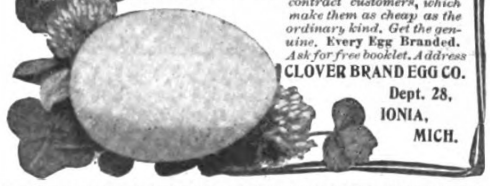
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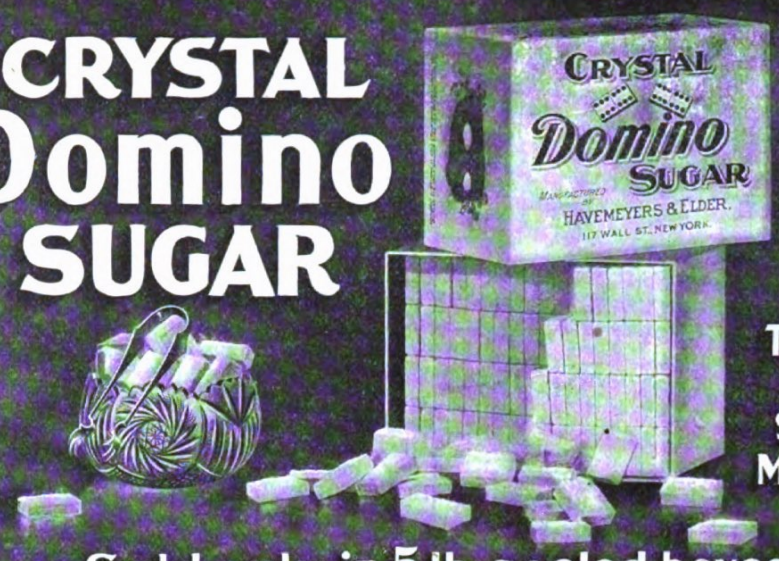
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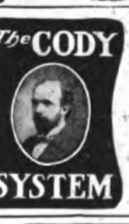
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Where Does Your Energy Go?

[*Concluded from page 694*]

in the service of humanity?" If you would make your mark in the world, and do your part in advancing civilization, you must cut off everything which is an energy-waster or success-killer.

Everywhere we see young men and young-women with great possibilities, crippled in their life-work because they have not vitality and energy enough to push their way and overcome the obstacles in the path to their goal. It is pitiable to see many of them at work, yawning and stretching all day, sleepy, "dopey," and unenthusiastic, with nothing fresh or spontaneous about them. They have let their energy escape in a hundred foolish ways, and have none left to put into their work.

An author's book does not take hold of the reader, because the writer had no vigor to put into it. It is commonplace and wishy-washy; it does not arouse interest, because the author was not aroused when he wrote it. A low state of vitality accounts for the lifeless work in every line of his endeavor. Many a clergyman does not get hold of people, and can not fill his church because he has no reserve of energy. He lacks stamina and physical vitality. He is a weakling mentally because he is a weakling physically.

Many a teacher can not arouse the enthusiasm of his pupils, because he has no enthusiasm himself. His brain and nerves are fagged; his energy reservoir is exhausted; there is no spontaneity in his work; it is enforced drudgery. Many artists, mechanics, and laborers—workers in all ranks,—bring but one per cent. of their energy to their work. The rest is gone in the smoke, heat, and friction of life.

What are you doing with your energy? Are you using it to produce light, or are you losing it in useless ways? Be honest with yourself and find out where it is going. You may be very honest in your dealings with others, but very dishonest in your dealings with yourself. You may be ignorantly or carelessly squandering your life-power.

The best tonic in the world is the exhilaration which comes from the consciousness of personal power, of being masterful in what we undertake, of being able to grapple vigorously with the great life-problems; to seize with the grip of a master precious opportunities when they come; to feel equal to any emergency, however great, and to be larger than any demand upon us. Whoever possesses this tonic will be sure to transmute into achievement not one per cent. merely, but one hundred per cent., of his energy.

He Called to Wind the Clock

FRANK A. VANDERLIP, now a well-known financier, was Secretary Lyman J. Gage's private secretary before being appointed to an assistant secretaryship in the treasury department. During his first few years of service in the former capacity, when he was not acquainted with many people, he paid scant attention to callers he did not personally know. One day a cabinet member went in to see Mr. Gage, and, being completely ignored, found it necessary to enter the secretary's private room unannounced. He complained to President McKinley, the president spoke of the matter to Secretary Gage, and Mr. Vanderlip was reprimanded.

The private secretary thereupon turned over a new leaf and was excessively polite to everybody. Less than a week after the call of the cabinet member who brought about the change, there entered the office a distinguished-looking old fellow with a flowing beard and an air of great importance. Vanderlip showed him the utmost consideration, furnished him with a chair, and then, seating himself opposite the caller, smiled engagingly, and said, "And now, what can I do for you, sir?"

"For me?" was the surprised rejoinder; "oh, nothing. I'm one of the messengers, and I just came in to wind the clocks."

He Bought a Farm to Own a Tree

ALL the country knows Elihu Root, the lawyer, man of affairs, and cabinet officer, but there are less-known sides to his make-up which are, perhaps, more indicative of the man himself, and which are, too, more interesting for the very reason that they are less appreciated. For instance, he is enough of a sentimentalist to have bought a farm that he might own a certain tree.

He was born in Cabinet Hall, one of the buildings of Hamilton College, New York, where his father, Oren Root, was a professor. In his boyhood years the two used to take long walks together, and, time and again, on their homeward way, it was under a splendid hemlock on Kirkland Farm that they would rest. The hilltop commanded a magnificent view of the Oriskany Valley, across to the Adirondacks to the north, and often the elder of the pedestrians would say, as they started on again: "I wish I owned that tree."

In the years since there have been many changes at Hamilton and in the country round about, but the old hemlock has remained untouched,—and the other day Elihu Root bought Kirkland Farm and the tree which, he declares, has long been a landmark in his life.

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Popular Science for the Home

Conducted by GARRETT P. SERVISS

The Great Red Spot on Jupiter

It Is Eight Thousand Miles Broad and Thirty Thousand Miles Long and Changes Its Position with the Planet's Rotation

THERE is something about the great planet now to be seen every evening in his full glory in the southern part of the sky, Jupiter, which irresistibly piques the curiosity and stirs the imagination of a beholder. The simple thought that there we see a world thirteen hundred times larger than the globe on which we dwell is alone sufficient to arrest the attention and awe the mind. But, for the possessor of a telescope, Jupiter is no mere shining ball, imposing because of its huge bulk. His vast surface appears alive, so innumerable, incessant, and tremendous are the activities apparent upon it. Yet, with these things going on continually before the eyes of watchful astronomers, Jupiter remains a mystery, as unreadable, and, at the same time, as alluring as the Sphinx.

For twenty-five years astronomers have been striving to understand the meaning of the great red seal stamped on the face of the planet Jupiter; and now, as he swings once more into view, opposite the sun, where the light falls most advantageously for the revelation of his secrets, they are striving again, with the same insistence and the same lack of success that have attended all their former efforts. I myself had the good fortune to be one of the first to catch sight of that strange spot when it made its appearance in 1878, and I have watched it at every opportunity since then without being able to conjecture what its real nature may be. Astronomers with far greater means of observation than mine at their command have been no more successful in that regard. Yet it certainly is significant of something, and, if we are ever able to discover what that something is, we shall have a clue to the constitution of the mightiest member of the planetary system, —a world so great, as far as size goes, that ours is hardly worth mentioning in connection with it!

In 1878 something happened on Jupiter which caused a red blotch to appear in his southern hemisphere, near one of the great belts that cross his disk like huge bands of colored clouds. It was thirty thousand miles long and eight thousand miles broad, yet, after all, only a little patch on the mighty disk! It has remained ever since, sometimes brightening to almost the crimson hue of fire, and sometimes fading nearly to invisibility, yet always, even when faintest, certifying its presence and its power by keeping the area originally covered by it clear of all other objects.

This curious property of thrusting everything else aside, and warning off all intruders, is, perhaps, the most singular thing pertaining to the now famous "great red spot" on Jupiter. From its very beginning it cleared the deck around it in an amazing manner. It drove back the cloudy border of the vast south equatorial belt over a space many thousands of miles long and perhaps a thousand broad. Dark, and sometimes light, colored objects, apparently floating in a stream sweeping past the red spot, turned from their course on approaching, and swept around it in a broad curve, as if it exercised an irresistible force of repulsion. These phenomena have been repeated year after year whenever Jupiter has been in a favorable position for observation, and now again they are being watched by astronomers, who are as puzzled as ever over the strange spectacle.

One of the most persistent and successful of the observers who have made almost a life-work of the study of Jupiter, is W. F. Denning, of England, and he has just published, in some of the scientific journals, the results of his latest observations on the red spot. He has made the surprising discovery that, periodically, the huge spot appears to be displaced a little, and hurried forward in the direction of the planet's rotation, by a smaller dark-colored mass, which, at regular intervals, passes it, being carried apparently in a more swiftly moving current. Still, it is not clear but that the apparent change in the movement of the red spot may be due to its influence over the motions of the black mass which seems to interfere with it. These things only serve to deepen the mystery.

"But," some one may ask, "why take the trouble to tell about these inexplicable occurrences on a planet four hundred million miles away?"

Well, one reason is because we have many grounds for believing that Jupiter is in the early formative stages of existence, and, that being the case, all these things that we see going on upon its surface must necessarily throw light upon one of the grandest problems of science,—that of the evolution of worlds. The human mind will not, and ought not to, rest satisfied without learning all it can about the beginning and the end of things, and the splendid planet just now shining so brilliantly in the south offers us, by its display of gigantic activities, one of the best possible opportunities for advancing knowledge in that direction.

▲ ▲

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It May Be Utilized to Keep a Weather Map of the Storm-brewing Atlantic Ocean Supplied with News from Steamers

AMONG the practical applications of wireless telegraphy one of the most promisingly useful is just now attracting official attention in London, and, while it possesses special importance for the British Isles, it is also of universal interest, as forming the last link in the chain of scientific intelligence with which man will soon have completely encircled his native planet.

Heretofore, although it has been customary to regard the earth as already wholly conquered by the electric telegraph, that conquest has really been far from complete, and great breaks in the lines of communication have existed, owing to the fact that it is only from land terminals that dispatches can be sent over the wires. We have so long been accustomed to know, almost simultaneously with the occurrence of the events, whatever goes on at the shores of the oceans and in the interior of the continents, that our telegraphic achievement has seemed greater than it actually was. We have nearly lost sight of the fact —or, perhaps, have never thought of it,—that two thirds of the globe's surface still lies beyond the domain of daily intelligence. The cables simply traverse the oceans, uniting their shores, without any intermediate stations except at a few islands. The news of strange tragedies at sea comes to our ears only by the merest chance, and long after their occurrence. The great oceans are regions of mystery, so far as the daily and hourly happenings upon them are concerned.

Yet there are certain things of the utmost importance to mankind—certain problems of practical science,—which can never be known, or solved until the sea as well as the land sends its budget of news for every hour of the day and night, thus making the entire face of the globe contemporary. This ideal we are now approaching, thanks to Mr. Marconi and his colaborers. The time is evidently drawing near when the tidings of ships and fleets, as well as of villages and cities, will await us at the breakfast table.

The special application of this new system of communication to which I have referred relates to warnings of the approach of great sea storms. All readers are now probably aware that the general course of extensive storms is from west to east, or, in the northern hemisphere, from southwest to northeast. Confining our attention to the Atlantic area, it may be said that such storms frequently cross the ocean after having swept over the United States, or up along our seaboard. They then pounce upon Europe, more particularly upon the British Isles, which lie in their favorite track, with only such forewarning as can be conveyed by cabled intelligence of their departure from our shores, and by the logs of incoming ships. But, so far as the latter source of information is concerned, the warning usually comes too late, the storm following close on the heels of the arriving vessels; and the cabled news is insufficient and misleading because it can only relate to the course and character of the storm more than three thousand miles away, and a week, at least, before its expected arrival.

For these reasons the system of storm prediction in Great Britain has always been in a most unsatisfactory state, and many wrecking tempests fall upon England, Ireland, and Scotland like bolts from a clear sky. The Atlantic hides the coming storm in its bosom, gives no warnings, makes no threats, and continues to smile until the blow is delivered.

Now, however, there is hope and promise of relief from this intolerable condition, by means of wireless telegraphy, and a movement is on foot in England to take full advantage of the opportunity thus afforded. The general plan is to have a system of wireless dispatches sent in from both incoming and outgoing ships, as frequently as possible, both by day and night, and from as great distances as possible. At present the partial experiments along this line cover a belt of the sea to the west of the British Isles only about one hundred miles broad, but there is no apparent reason why this should not be extended to several hundred miles. When that is done, and when a great number of vessels are supplied with the necessary apparatus, it will be possible to have a daily or semi-daily weather map of the eastern part of the Atlantic Ocean almost as full of details as are the weather charts of the United States. It may turn out that the predictions based upon such oceanic maps will be more trustworthy than those derived from corresponding maps of land areas, owing to the slighter influence of local conditions affecting the course and behavior of storms while traversing the level surface of the ocean. Then the terror of unannounced tempests, which have so often strewn her shores with wrecks, will depart from England.

Of course, the same system is applicable elsewhere; wherever, in fact, the ocean is frequented by ships within signaling distance of a continent, and it is probable that this particular application of the power of wireless telegraphy will be the first step in that universal conquest of the earth by the modern spirit of simultaneous news-gathering and news-distribution, which is so confidently anticipated.

▲ ▲

The Coolness of the California Coast

It Is Produced by a Strong Current from the Antarctic Ocean and not by the Japan Current as Is generally Believed

A GREAT scientific mystery of the Pacific Ocean has just been solved, at least theoretically. The experimental verification will come later, or, perhaps the new theory will be accepted or rejected without other test than that of a thorough discussion of the facts on which it rests.

The mystery in question relates to the origin of the immense current of cool water which sweeps southward along our Pacific coast from Alaska to Southern California, the antithesis in relative temperature and in direction to the Gulf Stream of the Atlantic coast, but mightier than the latter in volume, and modifying the land climates all along its course to a greater extent, possibly, than any other known ocean current. In short, this current is one of the greatest agents employed by nature in producing the famous climate of the Pacific coast. The magnificent forests



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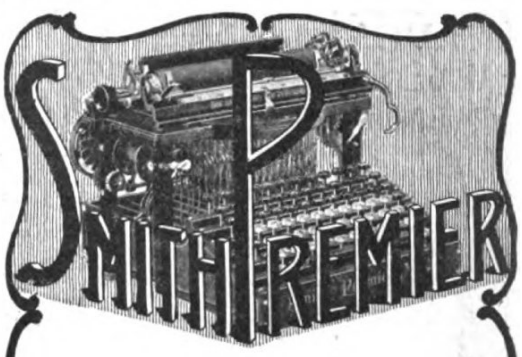
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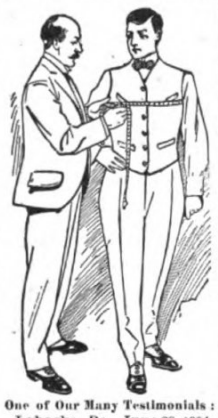
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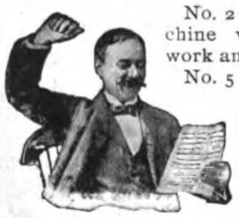
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of Washington and Oregon and the rich orchards and vineyards of California owe their existence largely to the influence of this vast river in the sea, which flows swiftly by the shore, tempering with its coolness the arid heats of summer, rolling in vast mantles of fog which distribute moisture like the gentlest rain, and mitigating the severity of the winter months with its equalizing influence, because, while the average temperature of the water is much below that of the adjoining land in the summer, it is considerably above it in winter.

Nor is this all. Turning westward, after skirting the shores of California, the great current spreads out over the center of the Pacific, touching the Hawaiian Islands, where again its genial influence is beneficently felt, with the result that those islands enjoy a more uniformly agreeable and salubrious climate than any other land lying in a similar latitude.

Now, in a general way, and without much critical examination, geographers and oceanographers have hitherto assumed that this Pacific Current was an offshoot of, or a complement to, the northward-flowing Gulf Stream of Japan, the Kuro Siwo. This Rev. S. E. Bishop, widely known for his researches on similar subjects, disputes; and he sets forth the very interesting and surprising proposition that the great current begins near the South Pole, from which it follows that all the favored regions mentioned above owe their felicitious climes to the transmitted coolness of the illimitable ice fields which border the Antarctic Continent, that coolness having been brought ten thousand miles under the sea in order to reach their shores.

If this idea seems, at first blush, incredible, its probability rapidly increases under the force of Mr. Bishop's statements of facts and arguments. These need not be set forth here in full. Briefly, he shows that deep-sea soundings have proved that the depths of the Pacific Ocean are occupied by a vast stratum of cold water which is slowly creeping northward, the only conceivable cause of whose low temperature is contact with the four-thousand-mile ice-front of the Antarctic continental glacier. But, as this deep-lying stratum of cold water moves northward, it finds, after crossing the equator, a rapid narrowing of the ocean basin, which, above forty-five degrees north latitude, is only half as broad as at the equator. In consequence, the speed of the northward-flowing water is greaty accelerated, while, at the same time, owing to an effect of the rotation of the globe, it experiences a virtual thrust eastward toward the American coast. This eastward tendency of the water, as it proceeds further north, is due to its retention of the greater rotational force acquired in the equatorial region, which throws it toward the east as its distance from the earth's axis diminishes. The northern end of the Pacific is practically closed, and the deep current, encountering the shelving border of the continent, rises to the surface, and then, having no other way of escape, turns down along the shore of North America, producing the climatic effects before described.

Next the reverse of what occurred before takes place. In proceeding from the equator toward the north pole, the water trended eastward because it was moving from a place where the absolute velocity of the rotating earth's surface is relatively great toward a place where it is relatively small; but, after its turn-about in the north, the water loses its original rotational thrust and acquires the comparatively slow rotation of the earth in the higher latitudes. Then, as it proceeds southward, away from the earth's axis, it arrives again in a region where the rotational impulse is stronger, the result being that, after passing California, the current, now become a surface one, turns westward, gradually spreading out over the central Pacific until it becomes insensible.

I believe that this is the first ostensibly complete and consistent theory that has ever been offered of the great Pacific Coast Current, and it deserves study on account of the immense practical importance to mankind, and especially to the United States, of the phenomenon with which it deals.

For Protection of Life at Sea

OCEAN travel is constantly being rendered safer. One of the latest and most interesting of the appliances designed to lessen the dangers of the sea is a life-saving globe, the invention of Captain Donvig, of Copenhagen, Denmark. The globe is a large cylinder of steel, and is practically non-sinkable. In case of a shipwreck passengers to the number of sixteen may enter the life globe, which, well stored with water and provisions, is cast overboard. Ample means of ventilation are provided. There is a rudder, and the upper structure of the globe is so arranged that a sail may be hoisted, enabling the shipwrecked party to make slow but safe progress to port, or to toss on the sea until rescued with comparatively no danger from the largest waves or even from rocks. The globe has been tested with entirely satisfactory results on the ocean in tempestuous weather, and mariners predict that it will take the place of the open life boat. Its advantages over the latter in the matter of safety are obvious.

The Boyhood of Solemn W. Johnson

SOLEMN W. JOHNSON, one of the founders of the American News Company, was a newsboy when he first came to New York from a farm "up the state" to make his fortune. He sold papers to chance buyers at first, but of many of these he made regular customers. He pursuaded them to allow him to put their names on his list for a morning delivery of papers, and in this way he established an extensive delivery route. This was the beginning, over half a century ago, of the American News Company. Years passed, and the former newsboy found himself in a position to build himself a palatial summer home out of the proceeds of the great business that had its origin in his newspaper route. He always recalled those days with pleasure, and also the ones that had gone before them, when he was a small boy on the farm, and his chief duty in life was to prevent the cows from straying into strange pastures. He likes to tell of how, when he came to build his country home, he selected a spot where once he was wont to sit on a fence, swinging his bare feet and watching the cows.

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The Well-dressed Man

ALFRED STEPHEN BRYAN
[Editor of "The Haberdasher"]

FUNDAMENTALLY, fashions in men's dress vary little from season to season, the changes lying wholly in the incidentals and not in the essentials. Thus, this autumn, we find that jackets are cut a bit longer than in the spring, that trousers are not quite so loose, and coat lapels not so long and broad. I note these things, not because I purpose an academic dissection of the mode into inches or its reduction to a dry matter of buttons and buttonholes, but simply to exemplify that there is never a revolution in men's dress, no upsetting of established forms and accepted ideas. The fashions of to-day are what they are through a natural process of ripening during which what was undesirable was weeded out, and what was really worthy preserved and permanently grafted into the scheme of dress.

Autumn brings its habitual round of social duties, of visits to be paid, dinner engagements to be kept, of theater parties, dances, and formal functions of one sort or another. Evening clothes are the most becoming dress that a gentleman can assume, lending a grace and distinction peculiarly their own. In getting one's evening suit, economy becomes bald extravagance and extravagance is true economy, for the ill-fitting suit makes the wearer a marked man in any assemblage, and affixes to itself the awful stigma, "hired." Spend as much as you can for your evening clothes, have the material of fine quality and the cut conservative, so that, however fashion may waver, your suit will still be in keeping with the general trend of the mode.

The evening suit is no longer made of black broadcloth, but of unfinished worsted. The coat reaches to the bend of the knee, has lapels silk-faced to the edge, and tails decidedly peaked at the ends. The trousers are cut loose and full to allow freedom of movement in dancing and have two narrow silk braids or one broad braid down the outside seam of the leg. The shirt is plain white with one or two stud holes and cuffs attached. One stud hole is newer and a degree smarter than two, but this is a mere detail of no great importance. The collar is a poke or a lap-front, never a wing, and the tie is a soft-finished white *piqué*, plain lawn, dimity lawn, or dimity cord. It is needless to add that a made-up tie is never worn by a well-dressed man; better a self-tied tie, clumsily knotted, than one of those mechanical, ready-made things which irresistibly suggest a wax figure.

Patent-leather shoes, buttoned, are worn with the evening suit. Low-cut patent-leathers, laced, are also proper, and patent-leather pumps are, of course, worn when dancing. It is handiest to slip the pumps into one's pockets just before setting out to a dance and to make the change from street shoes to pumps in the dressing room of the host's or hostess's house. This keeps the pumps from getting wet or soiled, as they would if worn on the street. The socks accompanying evening dress must always be black, never colored or even flecked with color, and they usually have black clocks on the sides. Fine, sheer silk socks are the most stylish. The modish handkerchief is of plain white linen with or without cords at the edges and has the owner's monogram embroidered in white. Colored handkerchiefs are the mark of the ignoramus, though fine Japanese pongee silk handkerchiefs are carried by many men.

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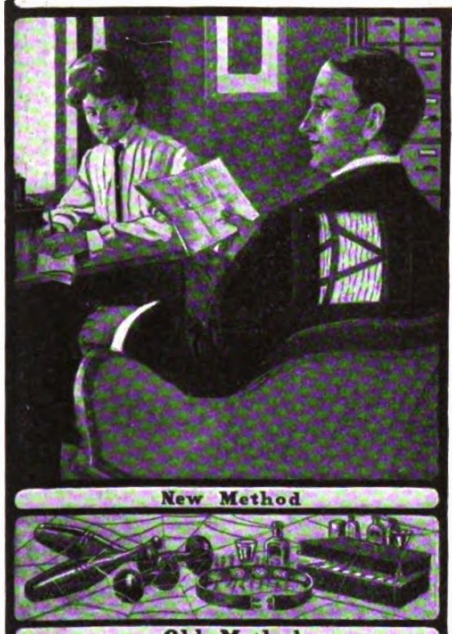
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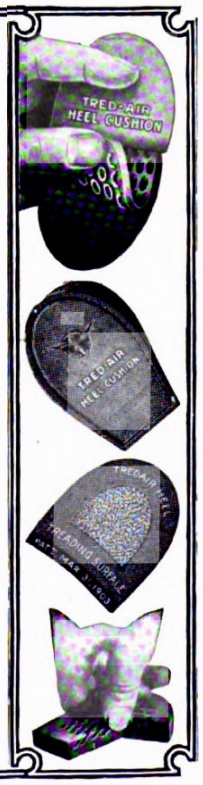
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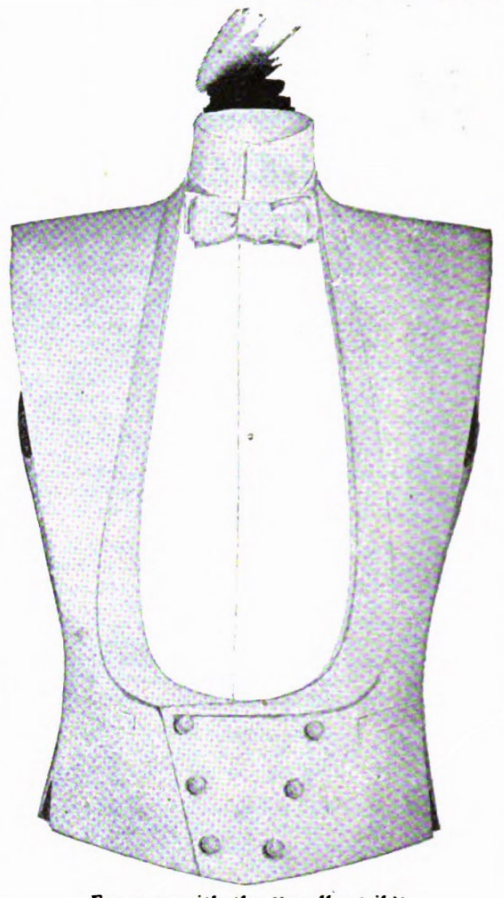
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For wear with the "swallowtail"

the formal evening coat, known as the "swallowtail," with the dinner jacket generally called the "Tuxedo," after the residential park so named. The rules governing the occasions when each garment may be worn are very simple. The "swallowtail" is the formal evening coat *par excellence*, and the only proper coat to wear at a function tinged with any degree of ceremony. Thus an evening wedding, ball, dance, reception or formal dinner demands the swallowtail; indeed, the swallowtail must always be worn where women are to be met. The dinner jacket, on the other hand, is purely an informal garment that occupies no higher place than that of a lounging coat. It is properly worn at an informal dinner, club, stag or at home dinner, and also at the theater, where close quarters would crush the swallowtail. Beyond these occasions, however, the dinner jacket has no legitimate function, and to substitute it indiscriminately for the swallowtail proclaims one's ignorance of social customs and usages.

With the dinner jacket is worn a black tie of barathea or *peau de soie*, soft, unlined, and knotted into a broad bow. The newest dinner-jacket tie has fringed instead of plain ends. The shirt accompanying the dinner jacket may be plain or plaited, but must be white, and the modish collar this season is a wing style with round corners. Unlike the trousers worn with formal evening dress, those belonging to the dinner jacket have plain instead of braided outer seams. No jewelry of any kind is allowable with either formal or informal evening clothes, except the studs and cuff links. These are of pearl with the swallowtail and of gold with the dinner jacket. Watch chains, fobs, and diamond studs are never in evidence. If a watch chain be worn, it is hidden under the waistcoat. Fobs are in especially bad taste, dangling obtrusively from the waistband and marring the symmetry and simplicity that are the cardinal features of the evening dress of a gentleman.

Evening gloves are of white *glacé* kid, with either black silk backs or so-called self backs. They always fasten with a pearl button, never with a clasp. Gloves to accompany the dinner jacket are of tan cape or gray *suède*. The silk hat is the only correct head covering for formal evening dress, the opera hat being restricted now to the opera and the play, at which the silk hat would be unwieldy and in the way. The interchanging of the opera hat with the silk hat is improper; each has its special place, and should be kept there.

The sketches which accompany this article were prepared for this magazine under the personal direction of the writer, and represent the latest pronouncements of the mode as expressed in the dress of the clubman and the collegian.

Bees' Stings as Medicine

THE idea that the sting of a bee is valuable medicinally is very old, and may seem to some to belong in the same class with the mediæval beliefs in the curative efficacy of snakes' tongues, rats' claws, and the like. The fact is, however, that bees' venom is rich in formic acid, which is of real value in pharmacy, although it may be doubted whether its virtues depend upon its use in precisely this way. For some reason there has been a revival of popular interest in the "bee-sting cure," which is especially recommended for rheumatism. Some persons allow the bees to sting the affected parts; others rely on dried stings, which are collected and sold by some druggists. One collector, it is said, scents a rubber blanket with some odor that is objectionable to bees, and then gathers the stings that remain sticking in it after an attack by the angry insects. Exactly how much of value there is in all this it is difficult to say, but it is interesting to psycologists, if to no one else. Apropos of this "discovery" the "Homœopathic Envoy," for September, 1904, says: "The homœopaths have used bee-stings, or *Apis mellifica*, for rheumatism—when indicated,—for the past half century."

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Mrs. Burton Kingsland's Talk

The Etiquette of Christmas Giving

PURE courtesy has been defined as "Christianity in trifles." To be polite is "to do the kindest things in the kindest way."

As one of the chief features of our celebration of Christmas is the exchange of presents, surely, if at any time, this is the occasion when our gift-making should be in accordance with the highest ideals and true to the spirit of the day.

The object of a gift is, or should be, to give pleasure to the recipient. When this is our object, pure and simple, we are in no danger of erring. The "golden rule" fulfills all the decalogue of good behavior and the main rules of world-wide etiquette.

This bars out the things that are "good enough to give away." The things that "will do" have no recognition. Now "this is taking very high ground, and it is proverbially easy to talk," you may say, "but, when one is expected to remember family and friends, each with some little gift, and his pocketbook is not a plethoric one, it becomes a problem."

Call ingenuity to your aid, put on "your thinking cap," and know the joys that come to those who learn how to exercise their own faculties in making one dollar successfully do the work of two, and cry "April Fool" to fortune or the lack of it!

How Three Young Women Made Inexpensive Presents

One young woman distributed among her friends *bonbonnières* of her own making. Small round boxes, about six inches in diameter, were deftly covered with crape paper, which, on the lids, was made to represent different flowers,—the scarlet paper imitated large poppies, the pink of various shades made lovely roses; the yellow, chrysanthemums, etc. These were filled with *bonbons* of home manufacture. Various nuts were incased in confectioner's sugar, flavored with coffee, pistache, chocolate, and many fruit juices, and colored appropriately to the flavor with the harmless extracts that cheat the taste into fuller appreciation,—for one sense helps another. The wrapping paper and ribbons tying the parcels matched the *bonbonnières* in color, making the offerings more dainty.

Another young woman bought of an upholsterer a small remnant of brocade and some gilt braid, out of which she fashioned photograph frames, covering pasteboard smoothly with the brocade and binding the edges with the broad braid,—dipped in vinegar and ink to give an "antique" effect.

A third made charming cardcases for her friends. Buckram cut to the proper size was covered with pearl-gray *suède* kid,—procured at a glove manufacturer's,—which she embroidered with tiny steel beads and spangles in a pattern outlining the edges, and forming a monogram in the center. Mock turquoises were introduced among the steel beads upon some. Others were covered with black *moire* embroidered in jet, and yet others resembled bits of rococo jewelry, with gilt beads, infinitesimal spangles, and mock stones of various colors, while those of white kid or *moire* with steel beads, pink coral, and the tiniest of pearls, were exquisite.

Articles of our own handiwork, that are taken up at odd times, in leisure moments, get themselves made almost insensibly, if begun in good season; and, though no present is, perhaps, less welcome than the abominations called "fancy work," that women take up in idleness, because they are easy or convenient for piazza occupation, under the impression that they will "come in play for *somebody*,"—a gift adapted to the special taste or need of some friend, which has kept that person lovingly or pleasantly in mind during the patient, painstaking labor of its fashioning, is usually prized and treasured above things bought at a shop. Buying things that will do for *some one* is also a waste of time and money. Such things almost always miss the mark, and please no one. The personality of the intended recipient should be kept vividly in mind. There are those who complain that they have "champagne tastes and beer pockets." Such people should bring their artistic faculty to the fore and select simple things that are perfect of their kind. There are desk-furnishings—penholders, stamp boxes, paper cutters, pen extractors, calendars, mucilage bottles, penwipers, etc.,—that, if they perfectly fulfill the purpose for which they were intended, and have some little added grace of appearance, will recall the giver pleasantly to mind nearly every time they are used,—and that is the end and aim of a gift. "Presents endear absents."

Belated Givers frequently Select Undesirable Articles

To gratify some known wish or need of a friend is the most delightsome form of giving, and, if one be on the alert, it is often possible to snatch a suggestion from some chance remark, in which the speaker has all unconsciously revealed some cherished wish or taste.

Presents that fail of their true object are those selected by belated givers in the hurry and bustle of the days immediately preceding the great festival,—when careful expenditure, thought of individual tastes, preferences, and circumstances, and the hope of giving real pleasure give way before the necessity of finding something for each one,—as if one were planning to satisfy clamorous creditors!

There are those who understand the sweet philanthropy of giving pleasure who begin to pick up their Christmas gifts for the following year as soon as one Christmas Day is past. The holiday spirit is yet abroad, the shops full of pretty left-overs, the recital of what others have received offers suggestions, and the appreciation of one's own gifts stimulates the interest in giving to others. It is like answering a letter just after receiving one, while the interest

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is still fresh in the writer and his subject matter, instead of deferring the reply until "a more convenient season," when it usually requires effort.

There is an epicureanism about giving, too. We want to be pleased with what we give as well as to please the recipient, so that it will take time and leisurely planning and choosing to insure this agreeable result.

Though there should be no spirit of barter and sale, and no suggestion of the market place in the interchange of gifts with our friends, it yet remains true that we do not want to be made ashamed of our own gifts by the reception of something far more costly. Therefore, turning the thought around, so as to gauge our friends' feelings by our own, we should not give anything so fine that it may put to shame the return gift of a friend and deprive him or her of all pleasure in the offering. Better choose some other opportunity to show attention than one in which reciprocity is to be expected. That is also one reason why there is a species of dishonesty in trying to buy something that "looks as if it cost more" than we pay for it. We are virtually trying to steal more credit, as we know, than we are entitled to. It also carries its own penalty,—as most forms of deception do,—for next year, when we may not be so fortunate as to pick up a bargain, we shall have to pay as much as this year's gift appears to have cost,—or be in the position of offering something inferior to what it has been our custom to select.

There are those to whom a little money is far more welcome than thrice its value in a gift that one might choose. If properly presented, it will not be apt to wound the most sensitive pride.

Tactful little disguises of the bald bit of green paper are possible. It may be hidden between the fly-leaves of a book by a favorite author. Single dollar bills may be interspersed through a pack of cards for one fond of games, or twisted into "spills" and sent with a package of chocolate cigarettes, wound in a ball of worsted, concealed in the folds of an umbrella—even a paper one,—labeled "for a rainy day," or in a pair of "Christmas stockings," but always accompanied with a little note asking as a great *favor* that the recipient will use the inclosure for some trifling fancy and spare the giver the blind search for it. If, in some doggerel verse or witty nonsense, the idea can be embodied, so much the better. A gift is always somewhat lacking in grace when it is sent without some little message of affection or good will.

Wrap a Gift daintily. It Adds to Its Attractiveness

The dainty wrapping of a gift adds greatly to its attractive presentation, and carries the complimentary assurance that what is thought worthy to offer one is worth the trouble of care in every respect. At Christmas the red ribbons about the white paper, with a sprig of holly atop, satisfy some artistic sense of fitness.

Christmas giving has been described as "spending more money than one can afford for things that people do not want." This contains sufficient truth to act as a warning. It is possible to work so hard over a pleasure as to change its nature to a burden. I once heard a young woman exclaim,—"When Christmas comes, I am too tired to enjoy it. I feel more like saying to my friends, when I send my gifts,—'Oh, take your old presents!' than anything pleasant or courteous."

To avert this direful misuse of a beautiful custom it is well to make one's purchases early, when the shops are not crowded and before the salespeople are so fagged that common humanity will not permit one to make a discriminating choice, if not readily found.

It is well, too, to prepare one's gifts as long as possible before the great day, that it may find us rested and prepared for enjoyment. Wrap them attractively. Write the friendly messages and words of Christmas greeting on the cards accompanying them, and, on the wrapping paper, "Not to be opened until Christmas morning," and send, or leave them at their destination. If you can not quite trust human nature to resist the temptation of a premature peep, some member of the family or a servant may be taken into confidence and intrusted with their presentation at the proper time.

It is not only giving that has its code of ethics and etiquette, but receiving has its own as well. Notes of thanks—spontaneous, hearty, appreciative,—should be written within twenty-four hours after the receipt of one's gifts. It is far easier to find ready expression then than later. Do not say to yourself, "I will call and express my thanks." Belated thanks are very ungracious, and the mails are much more prompt and reliable than one's good intentions.

The old proverb, "One should not look a gift horse in the mouth," though not elegant, contains a precept than which none is more binding upon courtesy. To criticise a gift or a friend's hospitality, after accepting either, places one "beyond the pale." One must not even *think* what face and manner should not betray.

Make Your Appreciation Felt by Using Your Gifts

It is an old-time principle of politeness that one must not give away to another a present that one has received. I fear that the punctilio has become obsolete, and, possibly, to pass on what one does not value to those to whom it may give genuine pleasure is better,—but it is well to be cautious lest we happen to present the slighted article to the original giver. Such things have been done. A lady, receiving a daintily pretty, but impracticable, blotter, carefully wrapped and laid it away to serve some future purpose as a gift. Some few years afterwards, when reviewing her resources for Christmas bestowals, she found the blotter, and, having utterly forgotten to whom she owed it, its unconscious association with the giver led her to send it to the same friend, who found her own card within it, bearing her Christmas message, written two years before!

The utilitarian spirit of the age, therefore, permits one to give away his presents, but surely we should draw the line at taking things that we have received back to the shops where they were purchased, and either exchanging them for something we like better or asking to be allowed to return them and be given credit on the books for the value of the articles. At many of the largest and finest shops, they say that after Christmas they are very busy adjusting the claims of those who prefer to select their own presents from their friends!

The best way to make our appreciation felt by our friends is to wear or use their gifts frequently,—and nothing forbids us to reiterate our thanks so as to give abundant assurance that they have given pleasure.

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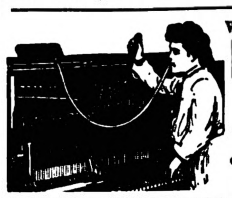
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MARVIN DANA

[*Concluded from page 685*]

ment," Carr remarked, after a moment's reflection.

"All right," Warren agreed, somewhat sullenly; "I'll draw it up right now, if you're so particular," and he seated himself at his desk and began to write.

"More businesslike, even all in the fam'ly," Carr remarked, placidly, and waited quietly for the transaction to be concluded. Half an hour later he went forth from the office, convinced that Peck had stolen the money, and determined to trail the miser to his treasure place.

III.

It had been agreed between Warren and Carr that the burglary should be duly reported to the authorities and a reward offered for the discovery and capture of the robber or robbers, but that no hint should be allowed to anyone concerning Peck's probable part in the affair. Thus the miser would not be so strictly on his guard, and it might well be that Carr would have an opportunity to follow him to the spot where he concealed his spoils. Warren declared his conviction that his partner did not entrust the bulk of his money to investment. With all a miser's fatuity, he preferred to lose the gain from interest or dividends to giving up the bliss of personal, physical contact with his riches. Some things he had noted in their relationship proved to Warren that the other was wont to secrete his cash in curious places, ordinarily a part here or a part there, visiting it from time to time as occasion served. In all likelihood, then, were Peck the guilty party, he had already contrived to store the fifty thousand dollars in some cryptic nook, ingeniously safe from discovery, and there it would remain, disturbed only by the rare gloatings of the miser himself. It became the task of Carr to spy on Peck and thus eventually obtain knowledge of the money's whereabouts. Warren, meantime, would play the hypocrite and treat Peck as if nothing had occurred to mar their friendly relations.

The latter, on his return from Los Angeles, was loud in his expressions of sympathy. Warren imagined, however, that he detected a note of sarcasm in his partner's voice, and was confirmed in his suspicions. His confidence in his judgment was strengthened when Peck remarked:—

"But it don't much matter with you, Bill. Ye know you'd 'a' blowed it, anyhow. So it don't make no real difference to you, Bill, now does it?"

Warren glared, but Peck continued, implacably:—

"Why, you'd ought ter be thankful; fer the p'int is, Bill, yer health is a sight better 'n it would 'a' been after blowin' in all that money. I'm tellin' ye, pardner, I should n't 'a' been surprised none to see ye comin' home in a box after blowin' such a pile of boodle as that. You're alive now, anyhow, an' that's somethin'. I'm mighty sorry for ye, o' course, but I'm a-reasonin' with ye, Bill, to make ye see the mysterious ways o' Providence, an' to make ye thankful ye're alive. It would 'a' been different if you'd been willin' to save it fer yer folks, Bill, but ye would n't hear to my words o' wisdom, an' I guess the robber saved your life, Bill. Remember that!"

Peck stroked the white plume of whisker on his chin, and made a strong effort to look religious, in which he signally failed. Warren nearly choked in his attempt to master his indignation, but the absurdity of the situation at length appealed to him, and he laughed. Then he sought out Carr to relate this new evidence of Peck's hypocrisy.

Carr found his task cheerless. Day after day passed without progress. Peck remained quietly in the city and the young man was able to keep informed of all the miser's movements, but nothing came of it. In order to make his future course clear, Carr determined to search the miser's house. This was a task of no great difficulty; he had only to choose an evening when Pedro was absent, as Warren could detain Peck at the office. But two hours' painstaking scrutiny of the miserable abode failed to reveal any trace of treasure, great or small. Carr gave up in despair and decided that it was useless to try other means than the simple stalking of the miser to his money-bags.

But Warren was able to give his prospective son-in-law another clue.

"I seen him a-lookin at somethin'," he de-

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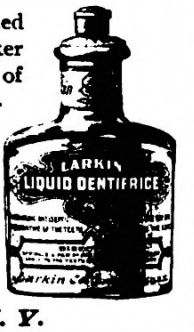


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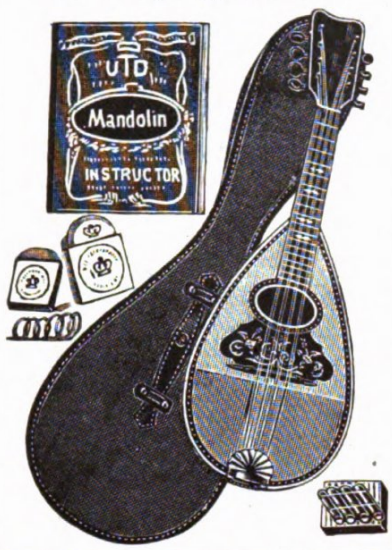
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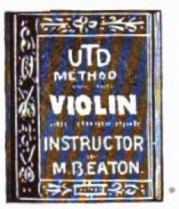
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clared, mysteriously. "He kind o' chuckled, too, an' grinned like a coyote, an' pulled that silly whisker o' his'n to beat the band."

"What was it?" Carr questioned, with instant interest.

"An' then he sort o' squinted at me, with them glass eyes, an' grinned a whole lot more. It was 'mighty suspicionable, so I jest naturally stampeded out to tell ye about it."

"But what was it?" Carr repeated, with pardonable impatience.

Warren sunk his voice to the lowest of distinguishable whispers, and said:—

"It was a piece o' paper,—just a little piece o' dirty, white paper, an' he took it out o' that long, black pocketbook he wears in his vest, and scrutinized it most particular. An' then he grinned and acted generally foolish an' mysterious. An' he looked to me jest as if he was a-gloatin',—I've seen him look jest that way at money. I figgered it out like this: that paper stood for money, and he was gloatin' over it; an' then he looks at me, an' continues to gloat, but do n't say nothin'. Now, I've got some pay dirt in this brain pan o' mine, and I washed out some intellectual nuggets on this occasion, which are fer your use. That paper is a clue to where he's put my money, a receipt or a diagram, or somethin', I do n't know what, but somethin'! Do ye see?"

Carr studied the subject in silence, for a minute, and then nodded.

"Yes," he said, meditatively, "I guess I've roped yer logic, but I do n't think I'll ever git back the money by catchin' on to that dirty paper. I'd try to get a peep at it, though. Could n't you git hold of it, or jest see it for a minute?"

"I jest do n't naturally think I could," Warren replied, "but I might have a try fer it. I'll try to-day or to-morrer, an' then, if I can't figger it out nohow, you'll have to bat him over the head some dark night an' swipe the pocketbook. Would n't that be better, anyhow? 'Pears to me I'd be some gloriously tickled to have Jimmie batted good an' hard over the head, jest on general principles. Huh?"

"I ain't pinin' fer no violence," Carr replied. "You have a go at it. I should think you might bamboozle him dead easy."

Warren, that afternoon, sat drowsily at his desk, his feet in the air, and blinked his little red eyes at his partner, meditating on how he might most easily come into possession of the black pocketbook. Peck sat smoking his pipe, his pale blue, glassy eyes fixed on vacancy, one hand idly pulling at the wisp of white whisker on his chin. Then, at length, he took out the pocketbook from his inner waistcoat pocket, and opened it. He shuffled carefully the papers it contained, until he came to that dirty white memorandum which had aroused the attention of Warren. He scrutinized this fondly, and then cackled with shrill laughter.

"What's the joke?" Warren inquired.

"Oh, nothin' much," Peck replied, hastily; "I was jest a-thinkin'."

This conduct so exasperated Warren that he instantly determined on the means of outwitting his rejoicing enemy. Being a man with few scruples, he had employed like methods before, with success, and he was prepared. Pulling open a drawer in his desk, he proffered a cigar.

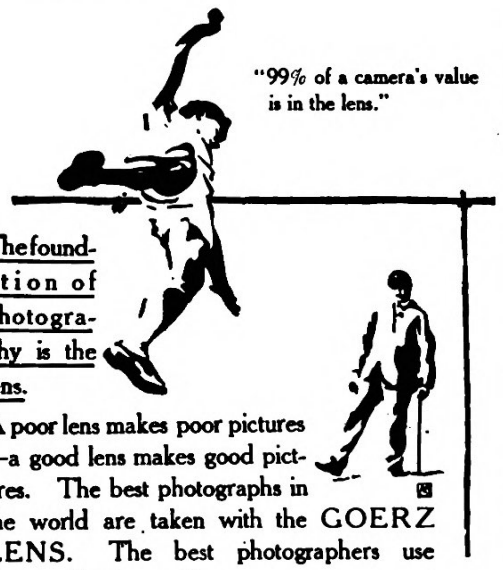
"Put up that pipe!" he exclaimed, genially; "the smell, sure, makes me sick, it's so hot here."

Peck, who was fond of cigars, though from motives of economy he never bought them, accepted eagerly, and at once proceeded to enjoy the fragrant fumes. Before he had smoked ten minutes, the drug in the leaves had done its work, and he was sound asleep in his chair. Warren at once seized the pocketbook, which had remained on the desk, and opened it hastily. It needed but a moment to discover the paper he sought. He unfolded it and a sigh of disappointment broke from his lips. On the paper, scrawled in his partner's ragged hand, there was only this:—

349 37 S.

If this was a clue, it was surely a baffling one. However, he must run no risk of missing any opportunity, so he copied the memorandum in his own pocketbook, and then returned it to its place among the other papers, and left all as he had found them. Next he carefully tore up the

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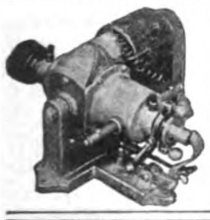


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remainder of the drugged cigar, and in its stead placed the butt of one he had himself been smoking, for he knew his partner to be quite capable of preserving the stub for future enjoyment, and a second nap might provoke suspicion. Then he went out of the office and sought Carr.

He found his prospective son-in-law pessimistic on the matter of the memorandum.

"Maybe it tells where the money is, and maybe it don't. But it sure ain't no manner o' use to you an' me, 'cause we hain't got no inklin' what it all means. That fool thing don't help me none."

"Of course it don't if you don't know what it means," Warren agreed, testily. "What we've got to do is to decipher it. I reckon it's a sure-enough cipher, such as we read about."

"All right," Carr said, phlegmatically; "you go ahead an' decipher the document. I'll jest keep my eyes on that ornery pizen partner o' yourn, meantime. I guess that'd be some powerful lot safer."

"Oh, yes, I'll decipher it all right," Warren declared. But in his heart was a suspicion that he would experience much mental tribulation before laying bare the secret significance of the symbol.

From that day forth Warren went about wrapped in thought. The cipher was ever in his mind, and it preyed upon his spirits so that he could not hit on any satisfactory interpretation. He recalled dimly all that he had ever read or heard on the subject of such writing, and endeavored to apply some system to the translation of Peck's memorandum,—but all in vain. His every new trial but made his inability the more apparent. He was obsessed by the meaningless form, until he lost weight and became nervous and irritable. He smoked incessantly when awake, and muttered, "349, 37, S.," in his troubled sleep. He grew to hate his partner; he cursed his own folly. Again and again he was on the point of drawing a bead on Peck as the two sat together in their office, and of telling him to throw up his hands, and bidding him to confess all or else die then and there. Good sense interposed to save him from this final mistake, for he was convinced that Peck would surely die rather than give up the money. So Warren continued his torment of wits and heart; he puzzled and hated, fretted and raged, while Peck pulled his whisker and chuckled shrilly, at frequent intervals and stared rapturously with his glassy eyes.

IV.

ONE morning, Warren went to Carr in great excitement.

"After him! After him!" he wheezed, as he rushed into the young man's office; "he's goin' to Los Angeles again,—that's where he went before. I'll tell him I heard ye say ye was a-goin', so he won't be surprised to see ye on the train. After him, my boy! After him! We'll land him this time. Oh, I wish I could go, too, but I don't dast. He'd smell a mice an' lay low, sure as horned toads."

"Have ye got that combination, 'three hundred and forty-nine,' et cetery, worked out yit?" Carr asked, anxiously, but with a twinkle in his eye.

"Hang 'three hundred and forty-nine!'" Warren replied, with much violence. "No, I hain't got it yit, an' I ain't likely to fer a spell. That is," he added, hastily correcting himself, "I ain't through yit,—but I'm on the trail, all right. But I guess it's safer not to depend wholly on interpretin' the cipher, provided ye can trail him. It's safer to leave no stun unturned, eh?"

"Yes," Carr agreed, dryly, "I guess it's safer to trail him, if we have the chance. Well, I'll be at the station, to-night, ready fer him."

As soon as the train had pulled out of Kingman, that evening, Carr felt that he need pay little heed to Peck, save at the rare stations where stops were made. Of course, it was possible that the miser might get off at any one of these, rather than go through to Los Angeles, but Carr was strongly of the opinion that the chief city was his destination. If, indeed, he had his hiding-place in this direction, it was probably somewhere about Los Angeles. In the smaller places his presence would have excited remark, and his movements would have been noticed,—what he would most avoid.

As the long train swept through the intolerable heat of the Mojave Desert, Carr strolled to the seat where Peck sat dozing, and chatted with the old man for a little while. At first the latter seemed to welcome this distraction from his thoughts, but soon his attention wandered. He leaned forward


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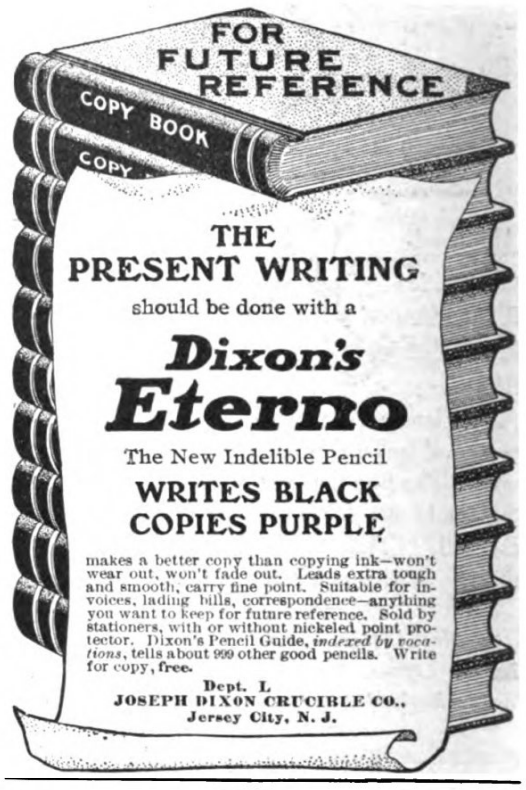
from his place and stared with glassy eyes at the serene splendor of the scene without. The moon was at the full and spread a ghostly radiance over the desolation of the plain. The gray tints that made the color scheme—gray dust, gray cactuses, gray mesquite,—were made luminous and very beautiful by the heavenly beams. It was inexpressibly sad and inexpressibly fair, a wraith of loveliness. Carr, who had something of the unsinging poet in his soul, gazed with quiet pleasure on the spectacle, but he awoke from his contemplation of the panorama without to wonder at the emotion with which the old man regarded the flying landscape, for Peck had his face to the window, and his eyes, always sufficiently protruding, fairly bulged from his head. Then, as Carr watched him in astonishment, the miser swiftly raised one hand, plucked at his whisp of whisker, and chuckled shrilly. Immediately thereafter he leaned back in his seat, nor did he again look out of the window.

Carr maintained his ward over the robber with exactitude, but it was quite in vain. Peck did not leave the train until it pulled into the station at Los Angeles. There he put up at the hotel where Carr stopped, and there was certainly no mystery in any of his actions. Carr, who had taken pains to secure a room next to his quarry's, passed wakeful nights with his door ajar, while Peck slept soundly and vouched for his continued presence by hearty snoring. By day, too, he passed his time in the most public places. Carr was completely at a loss. There was but a single suspicious circumstance: he would not state the time of his return. Carr believed that Peck was waiting for his own departure. In the hope that this might be so, he announced his return, and actually departed from Los Angeles. At the first stop, however, he got off the train, and returned to the city. There he kept out of sight as much as possible, but managed to assure himself that Peck was still at the hotel. He therefore hired a room in another hotel across the street and from his window waited for what might occur. The task was wearisome, but at length he had his reward. As it grew near time for the evening train eastward over the Santa Fé Railroad he saw Peck come out of the hotel across the way, valise in hand. Instantly Carr seized his own valise and whipped down the stairs. He had already paid his bill in view of just this emergency, and there was nothing to delay him. When he stepped into the street, he could see Peck hurrying along a short way in front of him, so that he was able to follow without danger either of missing his game or being himself observed.

The way led to the station. Carr had already purchased his ticket, so he lurked in the shadows until the train drew into the station and he saw Peck board a car. He followed cautiously, after noting in which direction Peck went, and was finally able to secure a seat in the car immediately behind that in which the other sat. Then began another wearisome vigil.

The train thundered over the mountains, while the old man slept comfortably. Carr envied him his repose. He himself was too nervous to sleep, even had he dared to relax his watch. The time passed slowly and at length the train dropped to the hot level of the desert. For a half hour more nothing occurred. But suddenly Peck sat up and peered eagerly from the window. Carr pulled his hat low over his brows and from his dark corner kept his attention on the miser. For perhaps another half hour the old man sat with his face glued to the pane, staring intently into the moonlit space of the desert. Then, without warning, he rose quickly and hurried out of the car. The young man, after waiting a moment, followed cautiously. In the dusk of the lowered lights, he had little fear of being recognized by a chance glance of the man he pursued.

As he strode into the second car, he paused in perplexity. Peck was nowhere visible. The seats were filled with hot and sleepy passengers whose attitudes were obviously those of persons arranged for the night. Even in the faint illumination, he could see beyond question that Peck was not in the car. He was equally sure that the miser had not had time to pass into the second car ahead. Besides, in that case, he must have seen his tall figure in the aisle in front of him. Carr was quick-witted, so he wasted no time in wondering. Instead, he turned back to the platforms he had just quitted. A swift glance about the vestibules showed him that they were empty. At the same moment he noticed that one of the doors that closed the steps from one platform was ajar. He sprang to it, and



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stepped down on the lowest stair. The train was running slowly on a grade. He wondered if by any chance the miser had left the train. The idea was wildly improbable in itself, for the wastes of the Mojave Desert are not fitted for solitary wanderings without beasts or provisions, and it was certain that Peck could have none of these. On the other hand, the man had vanished as in the twinkling of an eye. There was the door open at the very moment of his disappearance whilst the train lagged on the grade. It seemed to Carr that here was the crisis. To hesitate or delay might be to lose all the fruits of his pursuit. Rash as the act might be, he was determined on the venture. At once he swung himself from the step, leaped down the embankment, and crouched within the shadow of a cactus. With a roar the train rolled on past and away from him; the stinging dust eddied about him, while he waited with shut eyes; then the rumble grew less and less, the dust settled white upon him, and he was left alone in the desolate wilderness,—alone, unless that other shared the waste.

He reasoned that as Peck had left the train on this side, it was unlikely that he would cross the tracks, since he might as easily have made his exit by the opposite door. To stalk his quarry, then, it was better that he himself should make his advance on the far side of the track-bed. With infinite caution, he crawled slowly on hands and knees back up the embankment, across the rails, and down the farther side. When this position was attained, all remained quiet and he dared to stand up and move slowly in the direction whence the train had come. The expanse lay so light beneath the moon that he could be certain that no living being was in sight on his side of the track. There had been none on the side he had left. But the train had passed on far enough, while he was bewildered by Peck's disappearance, to carry him out of the range of vision. So he hastened his steps in the hope of discovering the miser. When he had gone a hundred yards and nothing showed, he climbed stealthily to the top of the embankment, and peered out over the desert on that side, but nothing rewarded his scrutiny. He renewed his advance and at intervals repeated his survey of the plain beyond the tracks, but for ten minutes his eyes roved the desert in vain. He began to fear lest he had lost his game. If not, Peck must have taken the alarm and concealed himself; in which case, Carr knew, he might at any moment receive a bullet-messenger. A vein of scepticism as to the wisdom of his hasty decision to leave the train without a thorough search ran in his thoughts and filled him with dismay. He could never forgive himself if he had done this mad thing without warrant.

He crept once more up the embankment and cast his eyes over the silver waste. His glance ranged keenly, but nowhere was there aught beyond the sentinel cactuses, the humble mesquite, and the spires of the Spanish bayonet. The white light showed the barren reaches draped in an illusion of beauty beneath the divine glory of the heavens in which the golden stars shone magnificent in size and brilliancy. There was nothing on the desert save the wan forms of the vegetation and the patches of dusk that were their shadows. He sighed in despair. Already, as he calculated, he must have passed the spot at which Peck left the train,—if he left it at all. Yet there was no sign of a human being. He had been a fool. With the mood of failure black in his heart, he cast one last glance over the scene. A shadow trembled!

He stared, rubbed his eyes, and stared again. He had been mistaken: everything was absolutely still. There was not a breath of air moving; the hot atmosphere lay lifeless on all, without the least whisper of wind. No, there was nothing! And yet—

Was it a trick of vision by which one of the shadows had seemed to quiver for an instant? He was trained to keen sight. He could not believe he had been deceived. Yet there was no feeblest stir of air anywhere. Half-heartedly, he waited and watched with straining eyes.

Again! This time he knew that he saw the shadow move. He had it located, and could watch intelligently. But it was too far for exact determination. Without hesitation, he crawled over the roadbed and down the embankment on the side where he had seen the movement. There he crouched within a concealment of cactus shade, and peered forth.

When he had made sure that his own action had attracted no attention, he set himself to ad-



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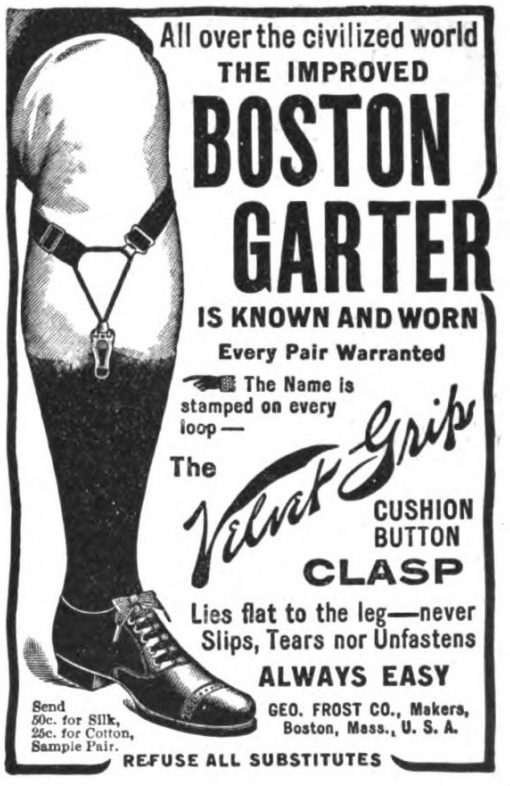


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vance slowly in the direction of the shadow that moved. For fifty yards he ventured, by slow stages, from shade to shade. At length he was able to distinguish that the shadow was a man in black clothes, for he could see the shadow of the shadow that moved. As he lurked, watching, a sudden sound startled the silence of the desert,—a shrill cackle of laughter. At the sound Carr trembled with delight; he knew he had not failed.

He was so near the object of his quest that he dared not advance openly from shade to shade. Therefore, he got out his knife and cut off a good-sized bush close to the ground; holding this before him, he skulked forward with all possible caution, very slowly. When he was within fifty yards of Peck, he stopped and waited to discover what might occur. The old man was standing near a giant cactus, holding something in his hands, and occasionally chuckling audibly. From time to time, he turned around to survey the whole circle of the desert, evidently as a precaution against any possibility of a surprise. At intervals, too, he raised one of his hands and pulled at the white wisp of whisker on his chin.

Carr was sure of success. It was clear that he had discovered the miser's secret treasure place. It only remained for him to arrange the method of bringing the affair to a triumphant conclusion. He knew that the old man would be desperate when he found himself trapped. A mistake might bring death to his pursuer. But he would make no mistake. Success would bring forty thousand dollars for his mine, its development, a sufficient and lasting fortune for himself, the right to marry the girl he loved, and happiness for both of them. For a second he thought of attacking the old man without warning, but he could not bring himself to do this. The miser, miserable being as he knew him to be, had, nevertheless, always treated him well, and he had rather liked the curious old man, with his piping voice and absurd tuft of whisker. To kill him in cold blood would be a crime, and Carr had an honest man's revolt against any injustice, which is the essence of all crime. Yet he was in doubt as to his course. To draw a bead and cry "hands up!" might accomplish his purpose,—but it might not. The miser stood by the giant cactus. At the first sound of a voice he could drop into its shadow, behind it, and thence be on equal terms with his adversary. If only it were possible to continue his advance until close enough to make triumph sure! This seemed the wiser plan. At once Carr renewed his stealthy advance, one hand holding the bush that masked him, the other his ready revolver.

V.

AGAIN the old man's cackle shrilled through the night. Again he tugged happily at his tuft of whisker. Then he turned himself about for his scrutiny of the plain. On the instant a bullet whistled among the branches that hid Carr's head.

"Throw up yer hands!" came an imperious command, in the old man's quavering treble, now harsh and strong.

Carr returned the shot, but too late. At the instant he fired the miser vanished into the shadow of the cactus.

"Put up your hands or I'll pump lead into ye," came the fierce warning. "Ye fool, don't you know that I can let any quantity o' chunks o' moonlight into ye? Drop that bush an' yer gun! Hold up yer hands—now!"

Carr realized defeat, and obeyed. He might have risked his life by firing haphazard into the darkness where the old man stood. But there was not one chance among thousands that he could hit that invisible glassy eye he knew to be watching him, and against this fantastic chance was certain death. With a groan he threw down bush and revolver, stretched his arms above his head, rose to his feet, and stood silent.

"Come nearer," Peck commanded; and the wretched young man advanced obediently.

The miser left his concealment and strode to meet him. Six feet away, Peck bade him halt. In the moonlight he peered at his captive, and on the instant shouted amazement.

"Carr!" he cried. "Carr! By the poker, now what in thunder be ye a-doin' here? Carr, ye ornery critter! Well, this beats me."

Despite his astonishment, Peck took good care to relax nothing of his vigilance; he still held the revolver ready, and maintained cautious watch on his victim.

"What are ye here fer, Silas Carr?" A new sternness grew in his thin voice. "Have ye turned

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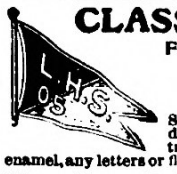
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highwayman? Are ye out fer a hold-up of the train? Or"—as another thought struck him,—"are ye after me? Have ye trailed me to rob me, durn ye?"

Carr lost his temper. It was bad enough to have lost his quarry just when it was in his grasp, but to be baited and accused as a robber by this miserable old thief was too much. He broke forth hotly:—

"How dare you talk like that to me, you old sinner. I'm honest, an' always have been, fer as I know. If ye want to know what I come here fer, I did come after you to git back the money you stole."

"Be ye a-calculatin' to take it jest now?"

The old man cackled gaily, mockingly, and the free hand pulled at his chin tuft.

Carr ground his teeth in helpless fury.

"Ye can shoot me if ye want to," he said; "ye've got the drop on me, an' that's all there is to it."

"Oh, perhaps I'll let ye off, after an oath or two," and the miser chuckled again. "Whose money was ye a-lookin' fer by moonlight in these parts? Been trailin' me, eh?"

"Yes, I've been trailin' ye."

"Well, reel off the yarn. I'm mighty anxious to hear it, an' there's time a-plenty 'fore the mornin' freight. Let her go!"

Carr was silent a moment, reflecting. Then he decided that his best course would be to tell the truth. By it he might be able to arouse the sympathy of the old man in some way. At least there was no hope in any other procedure. Without more ado, he related the tale of Warren's suspicions, and his own work in trying to find trace of the money.

When he had finished, Peck stood quiet for a time, pulling his whisker thoughtfully. Then, at length, he chuckled loudly.

"What made ye so fierce to take all this trouble fer Bill's fifty thousand dollars? Do ye want him to kill himself on another time in San Francisco? He'd 'blow' every cent of it. What was yer particular p'int?"

Thus interrogated, Carr frankly explained the facts concerning the need of capital for his mine, his request to Warren, Warren's refusal and subsequent offer of forty thousand dollars, should the lost money be recovered.

Peck listened attentively. When all was made clear, he cackled so uproariously that the hand holding the revolver trembled, and Carr was tempted to risk all in a spring upon him. But his mirth ceased suddenly. He spoke to the young man with a certain dignity in his piping tones. His left hand ceased caressing the white hairs on his chin, and was thrust inside his coat. He drew it forth and held something out toward Carr.

"There's the fifty thousand dollars, all right, but mind ye, ye hold him to that there agreement o' yourn. You stick that forty thousand into yer ledge, so's the pore widder'll have somethin' when that good-fer-nothin' dies."

Carr took the sheaf of bills, with hands that shook.

"You are givin' it up?" he stammered, incredulously.

"Sort o' seems like it," the miser said, jocularly, "an' I don't care a continental whether ye believe it or not, but I stole that money to save it. It was the only way anybody could ever git Bill Warren to save a mite for his wife an' daughter. He's a shiftless dog, sir, an' ye see, too, I'm kind o' fond o' Bill, in spite of his ornery ways, an' I hate to have him go on another tear,—likely as not it'd kill him."

Carr was in a trance of surprise.

"He thought—that ye wanted it—" he began, haltingly.

But Peck interrupted.

"Oh, I know," he piped,—and he pulled at his chin,—"he thought I was a miser. That's 'cause I don't tell all my business. But I don't mind tellin' ye, Carr. About ten years ago, I lost every measly cent I'd saved, investin' of it. Since then, I keep my money,—an' it ain't so bulky as to bother me over and above,—I keep it in a hole in the ground where I know where it is and where nobody else is likely to stub their toes on it. I thought o' this place, once. Pretty safe, eh? Good place to keep a lookout to see nobody's pryin' round. Don't *you* think so?"

Carr looked foolish, but admitted that his own experience justified the old man's choice.

"Say," Peck asked, "be we friends, youngster?"

"Sure, if you're willin'," Carr answered.

Peck dropped the revolver into his pocket, and

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held out his hand without a sign of suspicion.

"Shake!"

As the two chatted together, waiting to swing on the morning freight, east-bound, Carr asked two questions. The first was:—

"What 'll Warren say?"

Peck answered placidly:—

"He won't say nothin' to you. He'll stew some, I reckon. But he won't go fer to git me really riled. He tried that once,—an' once 'll do him. I ain't worryin' none. Besides, his conscience is a-troublin' of him some. I've noticed it. By thunder, sir, Bill Warren will be glad of it, sir,—glad of it! Why, he's a well-meanin' galoot, Bill is, though plumb foolish."

The second question was:—

"What was the meanin' of that cipher, three hundred and forty-nine, thirty-seven, S.?"

"What! Did you fellers git hold o' that?"

Carr told him how the memorandum had been secured, and repeated his question.

"Say, what did ye think it meant?"

"I had n't any idea; neither had Warren. But he thought he could work it out."

"Has he tried, do ye think?"

"He 's worked himself pretty near loco over it."

Peck cackled with huge enjoyment, but at length he interrupted himself long enough to explain.

"Thirty-seven, S. means thirty-seven paces south, an' if you 'll kind o' squint yer eyes at that telegraph pole, you 'll see the number on it in nice big figgers,—three hundred and forty-nine. It's sure simple, eh?"

One other statement made by the miser deserves to be given.

"I've sure got to change my will," he remarked, and stroked his bit of whisker regretfully.

Carr did not understand, and said so.

"Why, because," the old man explained, "I'd writ in this fifty thousand dollars to go to Mis' Warren. Ye see, I did that an' give directions how to git at it, in case anything should happen before I could swing that wreckless critter Bill so he'd have some sense."

If We Knew What We Wanted

A Fairy Tale

WILLIAM E. McKENNA

ONCE upon a time there was a little girl who wished so ardently that a good fairy would appear to her that at length a good fairy came.

"My child," said the visitor, "I am prepared to give you whatever you wish,—"

"How nice!" exclaimed the little girl.

"—provided your choice meets with my approval."

"I,—I think I'd like to have a lot of candy," said the little girl,—"as much candy as I could eat, without getting sick." She spoke the last three words doubtfully, judging from the fairy's expression that some objection was to be expected.

"But that would never do," said the fairy. "I once knew a little boy who had so much candy that he could not eat any dinner,—and there was huckleberry pie for dessert,—just think of it, he could n't eat any huckleberry pie! He did n't mind it, at the time, but he was awfully sorry after the pie was all gone. And then, my dear, I find that even our fairyland confectioners can't make any candy that is really good for the teeth. It is the sweet tooth, you know, that goes to the dentist. Try again."

"Well, then," said the little girl, who had troubles of her own, "I wish I could always know my lessons without studying them, and spell all the big words right and do all the hard sums."

"I'm afraid that would n't do," said the fairy; "you 'd become indolent and you 'd have too high an opinion of yourself. You'd be so smart that you 'd forget that you were not entitled to any credit for being smart,—just like many smart people I know."

"Well, I'd like to have the nicest clothes of anybody in this neighborhood."

"But what would the other little girls think of me? Why, they'd never forgive me."

"Well, if I can't have the nicest clothes for myself, I'd like to have a lot of dolls with the nicest clothes that dolls ever had."

"Same objection, my dear. Consider the feelings of the other little girls."

"Oh, well, then, I'd just like to be grown-up. I wish I were old enough to be a *débutante*."

"Ah, my dear, I could not allow you to miss all the good times you 'll have between now and then. If I should make you a *débutante*, I have no doubt you would enjoy it just now, but what would you think of me ten or fifteen years from now when you would consider that, but for me, you would be so much younger? Really, I should be afraid to look you in the face again."

"Well, then, I don't know what to wish."

"I was afraid you would n't, my dear. That 's the trouble with children and grown folks as well,—they do n't know what to wish. If they did, the good fairies and other folks who want to help them would have a very easy time." The fairy then vanished.

Let all your things have their places; let each part of your business have its time. Resolve to perform what you ought; perform, without fail, what you resolve. Lose no time; be always employed in something useful.—BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

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THE EDITOR'S CHAT

Walk as If You Were Somebody

LOOK to your walk. It has more to do with your success or failure than you, perhaps, dream of. Don't slouch. Don't wobble. Don't shuffle. Don't strut. Walk like a man who is determined to play a man's part in life, with head erect and feet planted firmly on the ground.

One may see, on the streets of a city, every day, many people who are walking failures. There is not the slightest energy in their movements. Their whole bearing gives testimony of their weakness. How do we know that they are failures? Nothing is simpler. There is a subtle connection between the mind and the body. The mental attitude is reflected in the spontaneous movements of the body, and you can very quickly tell, by a man's walk and general bearing, whether his mind is alert, his spirit progressive and earnest, and his whole being full of life and vigor and determination, or he is a slipshod, lazy, lifeless creature.

Thomas Fowell Buxton says that energy will do anything that can be done in the world, and that "no talent, no circumstances, no opportunities will make a two-legged creature a man without it." A man who has energy in his make-up, and has winning qualities, will show it in his walk, his bearing, and in all his movements. How quickly we are all averaged up by our general appearance is forced upon our observation at every turn. The way a man walks, the way he holds his head, or the way he looks at one often turns the balance for or against him.

The manager of one of our largest life insurance companies, who, through his experience in selecting agents, has developed great power as a reader of character, judges a young man's capacity for business almost wholly by his appearance. He says that he always notices the manner in which applicants for positions enter and leave his office, and that he will have nothing to do with one whose bearing expresses indifference, laziness, or inactivity. A man who has no energy in his step, and does not express stamina and vigor in his movements and conversation, has no chance of obtaining employment from him. He says that he knows, from experience in dealing with all sorts of people, that such men have no self-assertion, ambition, courage, or any other of the staying qualities that make one successful in any field.

We can not separate ourselves from what we seem to be. The inner and the outer man are both of a piece. Our appearance, voluntary expression, conversation, and movements are all very good indications of what there is in us. We do not need to eat a whole ox to judge of the qualities of its flesh, neither do we need to know a man's whole history in order to estimate his character. Five minutes' observation of him, or five minutes' conversation with him, will give to an intelligent man or woman a pretty fair picture of what he is.

"Vigor is contagious," says Emerson, "and whatever makes us think or feel strongly adds to our power and enlarges our field of action." Nothing else is so effectual in making us "think or feel strongly" and act vigorously, or the reverse, as the attitude assumed by the body. It is impossible, for example, to manifest any life, energy, or enthusiasm while sitting in an easy chair, in a reclining position, with all the muscles relaxed. There is a suspension of physical energy through the entire system, a letting go, a relaxing of the whole body, and the mind is very quick to respond to the body's invitation to rest and take its ease. It is a law of our being that each part of us tends to correspond with every other part. The hand, the eye, the brain and every other organ of the body sympathize with one another, and a letting down of standard anywhere is an immediate signal for a drop all along the line.

Every one knows how students are affected by the position of their bodies. Children in school and students in higher institutions or at home can not do nearly as good work while sitting in a lounging or stooping position as when sitting erect. When they take an upright position, the mind is vigorous, active, and concentrated, and all the mental faculties are on the alert; but the moment a student slips down in his seat and assumes an easy, lounging posture, the signal is given to all the faculties to leave their strenuous post of duty and go to play.

Never allow your physical standard to drop. Keep up your energy; walk as if you were somebody and were going to do something worth while in the world, so that even a stranger will note your bearing and mark your superiority. If you have fallen into a habit of walking in a listless, indolent way, turn right about face at once and make a change. You don't want to shuffle along like the failures we often see sitting around on park benches, or lolling about the streets, with their hands in their pockets, or haunting intelligence offices, and wondering why fate has been so hard with them. You don't want to give people the impression that you are discouraged, or that you are already falling to the rear. Straighten up, then! Stand erect! Be a man! You are a child of the Infinite King. You have royal blood in your veins. Emphasize it by your bearing. A man who is conscious of his kinship with God, and of his power, and who believes thoroughly in himself, walks with a firm, vigorous step, with his head erect, his chin in, his shoulders thrown back and down, and his chest well projected in order to give a large lung capacity; he is the man who does things.

You can not aspire, or accomplish great or noble things so long as you assume the attitude and bearing of a coward or weakling. If you would be noble and do noble things, you must look up. You were made to look upward and to walk upright, not to look down or to shamble along in a semi-horizontal position. Put character, dignity, nobility into your walk.

To be the best men and women that it is possible for us to be, we need every bit of help, every uplift, and every power of mind and body that we can call to our aid. Among the most effectual agents for the accomplishment of this supreme end—things, too, that we can all command,—are a noble bearing and an erect, firm, courageous, manly walk.

▲ ▲

Greatness and Smartness

MY young friends, don't mistake smartness for greatness. As a rule, a smart boy makes a shrewd, long-headed schemer, a man of questionable methods.

A smart boy is in great danger of being spoiled by being told so often that he is smart, and, also, because by cunning, shrewd methods he frequently can do, quickly and easily, things which other boys can only accomplish by a great deal of hard work.

It is a sorry day for a boy when he discovers that he can achieve his ends by cunning and indirection instead of by hard work. He thinks he has found a short cut to success, or a substitute for plodding, and the moment he becomes possessed with this idea that he can get his living more easily than other people he is doomed to failure.

It is a dangerous business, this trying to find short cuts to one's goal. Our prisons and jails are full of men who thought they had found an easy way to success, and tried to shorten the road to the goal. Hundreds of these wretches, now wearing the striped suits of disgrace, spent more time and energy in trying to get a living by cunning, long-headed methods, and questionable pursuits, than would have secured for them an ample competence and an honorable reputation.

Clean, straight methods are always best. The moment a young man shows the least sign of crookedness, he arouses suspicion and challenges confidence; he works at a great disadvantage, a disadvantage which it will require an enormous amount of hard work to counteract. When suspicion is aroused, confidence is lost, or credit is questioned, complete rehabilitation of character is very difficult. A broken piece of china may be mended so that it will look almost as good as new, but one is always distrustful of it and never feels perfectly safe in using it. So there is always a doubt of the character which has once been smirched, badly wrenched, or marred. Most people are afraid of a mended, patched-up character. They dare not trust it. The world keeps its eyes on the weak places in one's armor, and the fact that a man is constantly under the ban of suspicion makes his complete success extremely difficult. My young friends, especially the "smart" ones, you should not forget that the only sure and safe road to worthy achievement of any kind is straightforwardness, honesty, and absolute rectitude of purpose, and that anything else is not only questionable, but is also risky and sure to be fatal to the only real success,—character.

The truly great man, who esteems manhood beyond riches, does not do things by indirection, and does not make stealing legal by accomplishing it with a long head instead of a long arm. He keeps to the straight road, no matter what temptations assail him or what inducements urge him to wander into crooked bypaths. He shows in his every act the difference between smartness and greatness.

After all, the great thing in a career is the development of manhood. The lawyer is nothing without the man. Of what value is a merchant who has made a fortune but has left his manhood behind, has dropped his character on the way, and has belittled his nobler self by cunning, scheming, round about methods to get dollars? The clergyman, the physician, the teacher, the writer, the artist,—what do they amount to if their manhood is not larger than their vocation?

The first object of a vocation should be to unfold and enlarge the man, and bring out all that is true in his nature. The bread-and-butter part of it, the mere money-making side, is of secondary importance.

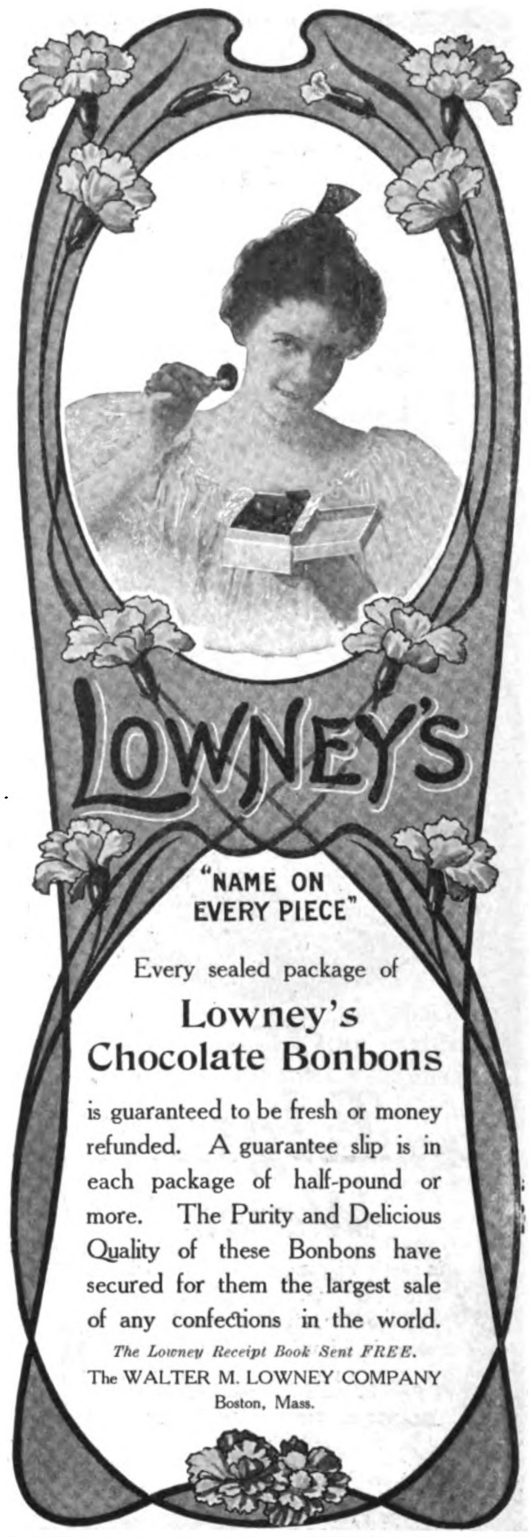
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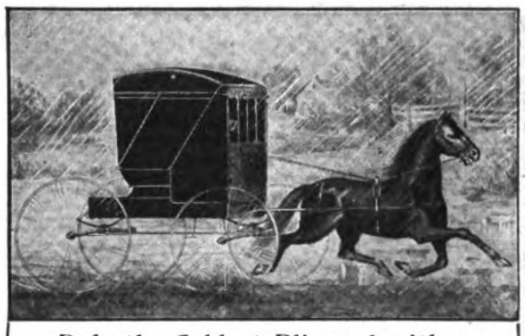
A Clean Record as a Success Factor

MANY people, when a great opportunity comes to them, find that their past bad records have already "queered" them. They find themselves stumbling over the bad breaks, the fearful mistakes in their past careers, so that they either lose the opportunity, or are fearfully handicapped because of inevitable prejudice against them. They have been smirched, and are denied what they have waited for so long and struggled so hard to obtain.

Some of the greatest successes of young men to-day have been achieved largely because they kept their records clean. They would not put themselves in a position where they might be smirched, would never allow themselves to be compromised. Just as soon as an ambitious young man is known to be beyond price, men will not only cease to try to buy him, but they will also begin to believe in him, to have confidence in him. There is nothing else that even scoundrels respect so much as an absolutely clean man, a man beyond price, whether of money or position.

President Roosevelt started out as a young man with a determination to keep his record clean at all hazards. There were many times in his earlier career when he could have obtained some temporary advantage by allying himself with crooked, scheming, unscrupulous politicians; but, no, he had determined to keep himself aloof from everything unclean, no matter what the result might be. He was content to lose a position, and to let somebody else have it, if it must come smirched. He would not touch a place or an honor unless it came to him clean, with no trace of jobbery. The result was that politicians and others who had axes to grind knew very well that it was





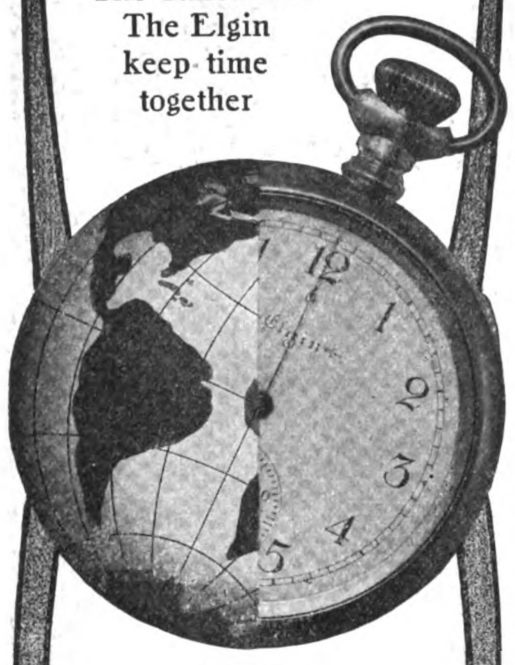
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no use to try to bribe him, to influence him with money, or with a promise of patronage or position.

This determination to keep his record clean at all hazards, position or no position, promotion or no promotion, this stern resolve never to allow his name to be smirched, always to keep himself above suspicion so far as his honesty of purpose and his integrity were concerned,—this bold, fearless, straightforward honesty of purpose, although at times he apparently suffered from it, has really been the making of him.

Mr. Roosevelt told me that one of the reasons that some of our great money kings did not like him was because he treated the most important of them as if they were ordinary, plain citizens. He said that he did not hesitate to tell them that he cared nothing for their money, that their millions did not interest him even a little bit; that the man behind the money was the only thing that he recognized.

When will young Americans learn that no real success can come from crookedness; that nothing worthy, nothing desirable, nothing permanent can be obtained if the character is smirched, if the manliness is soiled, if the honor is stained; that the only thing worth having in this world is the clean thing?

Have nothing to do with a dirty thing, a dishonest thing, an unmanly thing. No matter how much money or what position may come with it, the end is rottenness,—dishonor. No matter how sweet the cup of fame or notoriety may taste as you first put it to your lips, if there is the poison of dishonor in it, the dregs will be so bitter, the death sting will be so terrible, that you will wish you had never touched it. Keep your record clean, your brain clear, and you need not worry about your future.

When a young man takes such a strong position on the character question, that integrity is everything, and money or place nothing in comparison, then he will stand like the rock of Gibraltar in the estimation of his countrymen. There is no power like character. Millions look contemptible beside the man with integrity.

President Roosevelt recently informed me that a man came to him and told him that a damaging letter of his was in the possession of some one who was going to publish it, and that it would injure him. He urged him to try to suppress it. Mr. Roosevelt replied:—"Let him print the letter, I am not afraid of any of my letters appearing in print. I do not write things I am afraid of."

This direct, honest, straightforward manner has gained him the confidence of the American people. They know that Mr. Roosevelt is not absolutely perfect, and that he makes mistakes, but they admire his frankness of manner, his straightforwardness in everything. He does not sneak or skulk or try to get away from responsibility. He stands up like a man. People can see his faults because of his frankness, and a fault seen is not so dangerous as one covered up.

Disgraceful Deficiencies

It is a disgrace:—

To half-do things.

Not to develop our possibilities.

To be lazy, indolent, indifferent.

To do poor, slipshod, botched work.

To give a bad example to young people.

To have crude, brutish repulsive manners.

To hide a talent because you have only one.

To live a half life when a whole life is possible.

Not to be scrupulously clean in person and surroundings.

To acknowledge a fault and make no effort to overcome it.

To be ungrateful to friends and to those who have helped us.

To go through life a pigmy when nature intended you for a giant.

To kick over the ladder upon which we have climbed to our position.

To be grossly ignorant of the customs and usages of good society.

To ignore the forces which are improving civilization in your own country.

Not to be able to carry on intelligently conversation upon current topics.

To shirk responsibility in politics, or to be indifferent to the public welfare.

To know nothing of the things we see, handle, and enjoy every day of our lives.

To be ignorant of the general history of the world and of the various countries.

Not to know something of the greatest leaders, reformers, artists, and musicians of the world.

Not to have intelligent knowledge of the general affairs of the world, and the inter-relations of nations.

Not to know enough about the laws of health, about physiology and hygiene, to live healthfully and sanely.

To vote blindly for party, right or wrong, instead of for principle, because you have been doing so for years.

To be grossly ignorant in these days of free schools, cheap newspapers, periodicals, and circulating libraries.

To be so controlled by any appetite or passion that one's usefulness and standing in the community are impaired.

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The Presidency

ALFRED HENRY LEWIS

[*Concluded from page 682*]

learns anything beyond the rules of procedure.

Those three gentlemen whom we are considering are not without their affectations and vanities. Mr. Roosevelt's prides are wide-flung. He struggles for excellencies mental, moral, and physical. He shoots, rides, fences, boxes, wrestles, reads, writes, and speaks; to put it fairly, he stands out a kind of Yankee Admiral Crichton. There goes, however, a generosity with the Roosevelt vanity, and a nobleness, too, as if a king were vain. There is no atmosphere of littleness, and no thought of sham. The metal of it rings true, and defies acid.

Nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit, (no man is at all times wise,) and the very vigor and many-sided sort of Mr. Roosevelt's ambitions have now and then betrayed him into trouble. But he has borne himself gallantly, whatever the odds, and has never failed to regain by his courage that admiration which was the threatened sacrifice of some particular act. No one can hate a brave man or despise one thoroughly true; and even his enemies believe in, applaud, and admire Mr. Roosevelt.

When Mr. Watson went to congress he was noticeable for several affectations. He would have been remarkable without them. He is a convincing talker. He thinks like sunlight, "thinks on his feet," and talks like a knife.

In good truth, affectations are apt to tell of genius. Burns is proud of owning the only tiewig in his parish; Goldsmith struts in a plum-colored coat; Byron would sooner be known for swimming the Hellespont than for writing "Don Juan;" even Cæsar is weak and bewails his bald head, while Alcibiades in a hunger for notice cuts off the tail of his St. Bernard.

Mr. Parker's vanity makes for the sturdily rural; he affects the rustic commonplace. It is to be questioned if his passion for kine, and creatures pastoral, exceeds that of either Mr. Roosevelt or Mr. Watson. But a farm is a good political thing to have, and to like cows is popular. There is no better way to win votes than to attend county fairs, pore over pigs, consider the penned cattle with a sage eye, and rub the palm of grave approving criticism along the smooth coats of horses; and, just as we amiably excuse—nay, even rejoice in,—the affectations of Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Watson,—so do we uphold Mr. Parker in his bucolic vanities and affectations of the farm. Certainly, to pretend a madness for husbandry is not the worst hypocrisy a man might practice.

VII.

Mr. Watson laughs, and this is a good sign. There is sanity in laughter; it is evidence of mental solvency. Mr. Roosevelt is a profound laugher. Mr. Parker likewise laughs, but the laugh is streaked with slyness. Mr. Watson possesses a sense of humor, but is not optimistic. Mr. Roosevelt is the sublimation of the optimistic. Mr. Parker, too, is capable of hope,—at least, for himself.

Mr. Watson sees too few men. There is nothing so apt to warp or dwarf as isolation. By himself a man comes to be but little. What there is of wit or sparkle or epigram about him he gets always from others. Mentally he is like a match: to burn, he must strike himself against somebody else. No match burns of itself, although possessing every latent power for conflagration.

Mr. Roosevelt has been more fortunate than Mr. Watson, and numbers his acquaintances by thousands. This much-meeting of men has perfected Mr. Roosevelt in the art of leadership, the first requisite of which is to be sure you are followed. One may be right, and still be much alone. But one may be just as right, and have the people all about him. He who would lead must listen to the question which the people ask. The common error of men of the Watson stamp is that they insist upon answering questions which they put themselves. One day the public may put the very questions which Mr. Watson is asking and answering, but he can not interest or hold or lead them in advance of that time. It is as bad to be too far ahead of as too far behind one's day. In either instance it is the reverse of leadership.

Mr. Roosevelt is a finished captain of men. Mr. Watson would remind one more of a hermit.



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Mr. Parker, in his truest expression, is passive, and peculiarly of the candidate class. While Mr. Roosevelt commands his people, Mr. Parker's lead themselves and carry him along. Mr. Parker, when once aboard the party boat, sits extremely close. He is afraid to move, lest he rock the craft and so ship an unfortunate bucket of water.

Both Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Watson have given proofs of courage higher and beyond that of Mr. Parker: they have written books. To write a book is the most recklessly daring deed to which man may lay his hand. There is no slightest chance of fraud or imposition; all, in the nature of things, must needs be open, stark, and fenceless. Should you ask a lawyer a question for which his ignorance knows no reply, he has but to cough, look grave, mention the business as something difficult and deep, and say he must consult the books. You respect him the more; your reverence goes clambering. Does a doctor find himself confronted by a malady beyond his skill, and for which he has no name or remedy; why, then a puckered brow, a sapient shake of the head, silence, and a bread pill will save his reputation. But a writer has no cover; there is his work, in black and white, helpless beneath the lens of criticism. He who would pull it to pieces may take his time, and send for the required instruments. It can not get away; it must remain and await his pleasure. A writer, in all he does, is as much in the open field as a horse running a race. He may be sure, too, of a score of envious stop watches about the track to snap the quarters, and show how he has fallen off from previous performances, or failed in competition with some rival. Therefore, it may be said again, Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Watson evince both courage and sincerity in that they have written books.

More; the books are good books, worthy the shelves of centuries, and able for their own defense. They may be trusted for phrase and substance to turn what shafts of criticism are shot against them. These books tell the stories of their authors. Those of Mr. Roosevelt are remarkable for lucidity, and the even temperature of tone and style. They speak of scholarship and manhood, and smell of an equal and distributed force. Mr. Watson's are rife with an unconscious but none the less heated partisanship, and the style bears heavily on the bits. Mr. Parker, more prudent, or less furnished, has written no books, and doubtless feels safer for it.

Of the three men whom we have been considering, Mr. Watson has claims beyond the others upon the sympathies of men. His party is wholly unfashionable. There is a deal in fashion; a merit lurks in vogue. Dr. Johnson stands at the head of so-called moralists, yet his standing depends on fashion rather than on fact. Read his "London" he is more of a Populist than Mr. Watson. Yet he sells out to the crown for a pension of three hundred pounds a year, turns Tory, and wears out quills in support of George III. Burke, who refuses a like pension of three hundred pounds, without a groat in his Irish pocket, stands stoutly for the truth; but Burke is never mentioned as any pillar of morals. Burke is not in the fashion. Even Old Queensbury, a packhorse of immoralities and carrying all the vices on his back, cynical as sin, and squinting from his balcony in the Green Park, is a more honest man than is Johnson the moralist. So much for a fashion; wanting which, Mr. Watson is likely to find a poorer rating than his industry, intelligence, deep thinking, and honesty deserve.

The campaign narrows to its close, and, as has been suggested, in the fortunate absence of issues the country is free to choose a man. What would you have in a president? One who will stand for public right? Good! Mr. Parker will do what he's told is right; Mr. Watson will do what he thinks is right; Mr. Roosevelt will do what he knows is right; there before you lies the field.

What is really wanted is to light up the spirit that is within a boy. In some sense and in some effectual degree, there is in every boy the material of good work in the world; in every boy, not only in those who are brilliant, not only in those who are quick, but in those who are solid, and even in those who are dull.

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Respect to age and kindness to children are among the tests of an amiable disposition. Undeviating civility to those of inferior station and courtesy to all are the emanations of a well educated mind and finely balanced feelings.—LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

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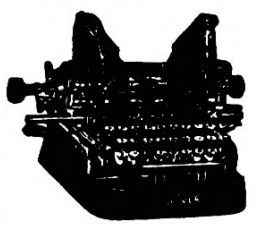
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Mrs. Dale's Initiative

KATHRYN JARBOE

[*Concluded from page 696*]

Signor Galvani has asked me to join his society. He is going to give a series of public concerts here. If they are successful we are going on a tour through the different cities. I told him that I would go. I signed the contract with him. Arthur says that I shall not go. We've argued the matter to the bitter end and this is the result. I leave, to-night, for Chicago."

"Rose Marsh! You mean to say that you were crazy enough to take such a step without consulting your husband!"

Mrs. Dale's horror was expressed in her voice and in her eyes.

"Of course I did, Aunt Jane. Could I have a truer, wiser guide for my actions than my own will? It was she who said that, and I shall always look upon the day when I heard her speak as the dawn of my life,—as the birthday of my soul,—and as the day when my will that was given to me long ago first spread its great white wings and learned its own strength." There was a short silence. "You, yourself, Aunt Jane, pointed out the way for me. Did you say that you would ask Uncle Hiram if you might join the club? No, you simply made the assertion that you would. Did you have to ask his permission to take part in the symposium? No. And, Aunt Jane, I never before so appreciated your sterling worth as a woman as I did then. I felt that I was merely following in your footsteps when I told Signor Galvani that I would become a member of his society."

Mrs. Dale's cheeks had been changing from white to pink,—to carmine,—almost to purple. Was it possible that the path whereon she had set her feet led to such absurdity as this? For only an instant, however, did she consider this idea. Her own case she could dispose of at her leisure, but Rose's case she demolished with strong and vivid denunciations. She did not attack Miss George directly, or her assertions, but Rose's deductions from the oration she assailed vigorously.

But Rose was harder to convince than Minnie Ellerslie had been, for the former had opinions of her own, that had been formed, perhaps, by Miss George, but that were not mere quotations from her. In the end, Rose was but half convinced. She would not admit that her desire for public approval was ridiculous. She could not be prevailed upon to see the absurdity of the step she was about to take. But, when Mrs. Dale suggested that, in reality, she was merely submitting her will to that of a somewhat common, foreign singing teacher, instead of to the husband whom she had not only promised to love, but whom she really did love, she began to waver.

Of course, if Signor Galvani would suppose,—if the world could be so stupid as to think,—perhaps Arthur had looked at it in that way,—possibly he was right from that point of view,—possibly—

When Rose Marsh had turned her feet homeward, Mrs. Dale sank back in a more or less exhausted state of mind, and her rockers moved feverishly with her disordered thoughts. But she was not given much time for reflection. The next time her door opened it was to admit Mrs. Tom Jennings. Tom was Mrs. Dale's favorite nephew, and Mabel Jennings had never been able to win more than a very small corner in her aunt's heart.

"I wanted to ask you, Aunt Jane," she began, as she patted her ruffled skirts into place, "what you think of divorce?"

"Land sakes alive!" gasped Mrs. Dale.

"Yes, I suppose you haven't thought very much about it in any way, but you were at that lovely lecture of Miss George's, and I've been thinking the matter over ever since. At length I said to myself, 'Why, the thing to do is to consult Aunt Jane. If she disapproves of it altogether, I'll drop the idea, but if it does n't seem very dreadful to her I might as well—,' and so, I've come to ask you what you think about it. It did seem so sweet,—all that that Miss George said about—, why, about lovely white-winged wills and that sort of thing."

"White-winged rubbish!" cried Mrs. Dale.

"Yes, I suppose it is rubbishing to say that our wills have wings when we have n't them ourselves, but perhaps she meant that only as a figure of speech. What I want to know, though, is, do you think divorce a disgrace? Everybody seems to be trying it. I've lots of friends in Chicago who've been divorced once or twice, and it's so

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"She was groping about among her preserves for some especially sweet and thick currant jam"

hard to decide that sort of thing for oneself! Of course, Tom is lovely. He's always been a dear. But, as Miss George said, why should any woman imagine that any man is perfect, merely because she can not see his imperfections? I've been looking for Tom's imperfections ever since, and I daresay he has some. But that's not the point, either. As she said, it's awfully easy to get a divorce, nowadays, but what I want to know from you is whether it really would be—why,—advisable. Do you disapprove of it altogether in the old-fashioned way, or are you beginning to approve of it—just the least little bit?"

"Approve of it!" Mrs. Dale did not know whether she had spoken the words or had merely screamed. The common sense that for forty-five years had regulated her existence had again assumed command of her brain.

"Of course, in a way, you're not a good person to consult," continued Mabel, her red lips opening wide over her childish teeth, and her baby eyes raised in appeal to Mrs. Dale. "Tom always says that you and Uncle Hiram are an ideal couple, and that the quiet light of your married life shines out strong and clear in the midst of modern turmoil. Tom is absurdly poetical, at times. I wonder if that fault would be a valid ground for a divorce? But, seriously, Aunt Jane, what do you think of it all? Tell me in just plain words, is it or is it not a disgrace? All that rubbish about debasing oneself by letting one's husband tell one what to do didn't appeal to me at all. With me, it isn't in the least a question of will. I like Tom's will just as much as I do my own. But then, I'm doing all the talking and I've really come to you for advice, Aunt Jane. Miss George was terribly convincing, in a way. I really felt that I was doing wrong in going home to Tom. But then, Miss George has never been married. I could n't help thinking of that. So, of course, she could n't really be speaking from experience. When every one got up to make suggestions, I wondered if I might n't suggest that she ought to marry some one for a little while and see if she felt just the same about the matter. It might make a difference, you know. But I was afraid that those women would think I was frivolous, and I'd so hate that."

For five minutes Mrs. Dale had been trying to speak. For two minutes she had been murmuring disjointed words. Now she spoke clearly and firmly. For ten minutes she talked without pause for breath or interruption. She expressed the most violent denunciations of Miss George and her doctrines. She upheld with the strictest dogmatism the sanctity of the marriage vow. She

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denounced all modern thought that led to open pitfalls for unwary feet, and when she spoke of unwary feet her eyes blazed with a sense of personal iniquity. Her cheeks flamed with the fires of wrath that burned within her, and, more than once, her clinched hand was brought down on the arm of her chair.

Poor little Mrs. Jennings cowered under the vials of wrath that she had opened over her head, and her trembling fingers clutched her dainty silk skirts as if she would hold them between her aunt and herself. Yet never before, in all her intercourse with Mrs. Dale, had she held such a warm place in that woman's heart.

"I—I'm sure I'm awfully obliged," stammered Mabel, at length; "I really was n't thinking of it very seriously, you know, because I'm very fond of Tom. But, Miss George—"

"*Never* mention that woman's name to me again," commanded Mrs. Dale; "she's an outrage upon every law of man and God. She ought to be put in jail. She ought to be stopped from spreading abroad her awful ideas."

"Ye-es, I think so, too, Aunt Jane," gasped Mabel, retreating toward the door. "Please don't think that I really thought of divorcing Tom, will you?"

It was almost dinner time, and Mrs. Dale, her cheeks still flushed and her eyes shining, was groping about among her preserves for some especially sweet and thick currant jam. She had remembered that once—quite ten years before,—Hiram had said that, for a change, he liked plain cookies with currant jam. As she was lifting the paper from the top of the glass, she paused suddenly. "I'm awfully glad I did n't say a word to him," she whispered. "It'll be so much easier to be nice to him since I've no hasty words to take back, and I—I almost think that I can tell him that I knew he was right all the time."

The reconciliation between the old lovers was as short as the quarrel had been, but it was different in another way, for both had a part in it. When Jane told Hiram that she knew he had been right all the time, it was easy for Hiram to admit that he had been wrong all the time. When Hiram said that he hoped, if Jane wanted to belong to the club, she would, and that he'd like to give her the money for the initiation fee, it was joy to Jane to say that nothing would induce her to belong to the club.

After dinner, over the glowing coals, they came to the conclusion that a woman like Miss George, with such outrageous opinions, is a menace to the peace and decency of the nation, and that she ought to be—well, shut up where she could not harm innocent people, according to Mr. Dale's suggestion, but that penitent woman could think of no milder fate than frying in boiling oil. It must be remembered, though, that Mrs. Dale knew much better than Mr. Dale just how much harm the woman could do. Her own perilous morning and the vicarious trials of the afternoon had taught her that only too well.

The Growth of the Library of Congress

THE new Library of Congress, Washington, D. C., was completed only a few years ago. At the time the building was planned it was designed to make ample provision for the growth of the institution for more than a century. The report of the superintendent, Bernard R. Green, for 1903, shows, however, that already every part of the building, from cellar to roof, with the exception of a couple of attic rooms, is in full use. He declares that the great progress of the institution has by far exceeded the estimate made at the time the library was planned. "It is even now evident," he says, "that the original estimate that something like a century's growth had been provided for, based on the conditions and data of the day, must be discounted seventy or eighty per cent."

The electric-lighting apparatus is already overtaxed, though built to furnish light for two-thirds of the library. More power than the plant now can produce is necessary. New machines must soon be added to increase its capacity.

The number of persons that visited the library in 1902 and 1903 was 834,201. Of these, 356,411 visited it in the evenings. This makes a daily average, for the 363 days the library was open, of 2,298. The library is closed to the public only on Christmas and the Fourth of July. The smallest number of visitors in any day from December 1, 1902, to December 1, 1903, was 509, in July. The greatest number was 6,873, in February.

The expenditures of the library during the year amounted to $588,366.49. Of this sum $305,000 was used for salaries, $79,000 for new books, $75,000 for care and maintenance, $45,000 for furniture, and $40,000 for fuel and lights.

Though the library has been completed only a few years, the use of it has been so great that new furniture is already needed in the law department. If the present great production of books keeps on, and if the library shall be able to complete its collections, it is evident that extensions must soon be made to provide for the unexpected growth.

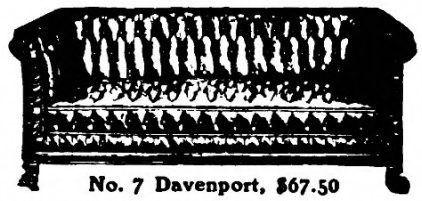
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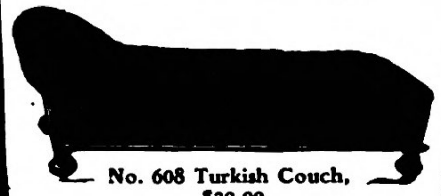
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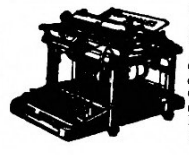
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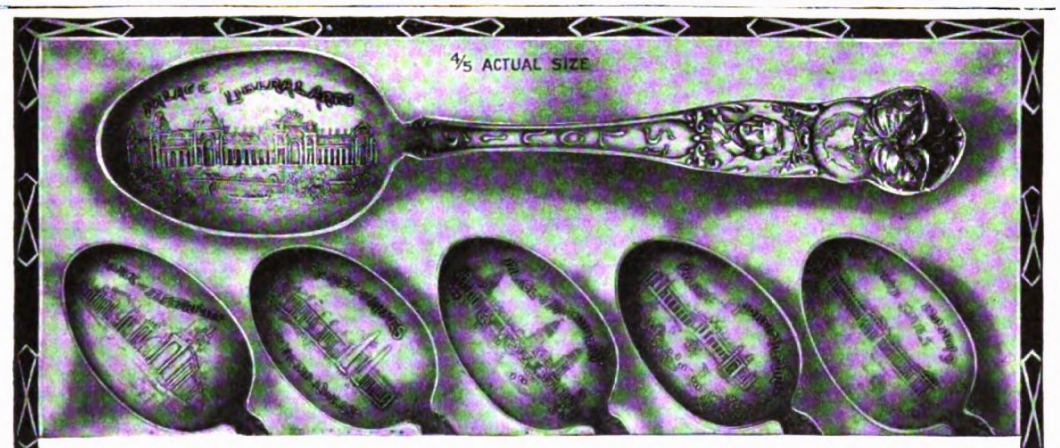
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Diplomatic Mysteries

VANCE THOMPSON

[*Concluded from page 693*]

to come. There can be neither peace nor compromise between this apostolic pope and the bitter-minded man who governs France. Already the anti-clericals of France foretell the downfall of the papacy. Their clamor sounds like the echo of another age. When the soldiers of the French Revolution camped in Rome, another Pius, (VI.,) exiled and a prisoner, died at Valence; the Jacobins, as they threw his body into a ditch, proclaimed that the papacy was dead. Yet, a few years later, the seventh Pius traversed France in triumph, passing through an endless lane of kneeling people who implored his benediction. There had come, you see, a Napoleon, who knew how to domesticate these savage Jacobins. In the destiny of France there may be another Napoleon,—not that Victor Napoleon, of Brussels, who vegetates, mute, inert, and bored in his mansion on the Avenue Louise, but a veritable Napoleon, come from where he may.

Oh, the wise old man with whom I paced the Place of Spain in Rome, a few months ago, talking of these things! He had seen governments come and go; he had played his part in the wreck of kingdoms and empires; he had no illusions. Living in the shadow of the Vatican, he knew many things.

"The great nations of Europe," he said, "are all exclusively schismatic. Only the secondary nations are Roman Catholic. Yet everywhere the schismatic emperors and kings have comprehended the necessity of papal authority, which alone prevents their thrones from being washed away in the tides of democracy. They are the real allies of the pope. If they must choose between Rome and Paris, which, think you, will they cast aside? France has no friend in Europe. Of all the monarchies that ring her round, there is not one which does not hate this eternal firebrand of revolt,—this eternal protest against thrones and seated power. In the destruction of France as a nation, in the partition of her lands, they would find safety for themselves and would pay their debt to Rome."

This, too, may be in the troubled horoscope of that tempestuous country.

Such a possibility irritates the political mind, so long has that dark monument of power stood there, dominating the struggling nations. One after another the centuries have come, beating at the door of the Vatican, and the Roman Church in the frail, worn form of some old man has come forth.

"What do you want?"

"Change?"

"I do not change."

"But everything else in the wide world has changed; astronomy has changed; chemistry has changed; philosophy has changed;—and empire has changed."

"I do not change."

Against this immobility political forces break themselves in vain. Others have ridden out before Jaurès and his cohorts of Socialists; stronger armies than the one led by Combes and officered by international financiers have charged against it; the immobile remains. You who read and I who write shall witness this new struggle, which is so immemorially old; but the end of it we shall not see.

[This is the sixth of the "Diplomatic Mysteries" series. Mr. Thompson is in Europe, completing the remainder, which will deal with three of the most important matters of the day. "What Russia Intends to Do with the Powers" will throw new light on the efforts of the czar to add to his territory and increase his power. It is a story of the ever-growing aggrandizement of the Russian plutocracy, and the facts were supplied to Mr. Thompson by one high in imperial authority. "How Treaties of Peace Are Made" will reveal the methods used by one nation to separate two belligerents. "The Aftermath of the Spanish-American War" will tell how that memorable affair has completely changed some of the oldest and most conservative military and commercial conditions of Europe.—THE EDITOR.]

Men of character are the conscience of the society to which they belong.—EMERSON.

It is worth five thousand dollars a year to have the habit of looking on the bright side of things.—SAMUEL JOHNSON.

He who resolves to do one thing honorably and thoroughly, and sets about it at once, will attain usefulness and eminence.
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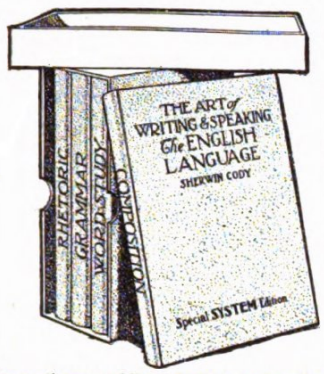
The greatest wisdom of speech is to know when, and what, and where to speak; the time, matter, and manner. The next to it is silence.—ROBERT SOUTHEY.

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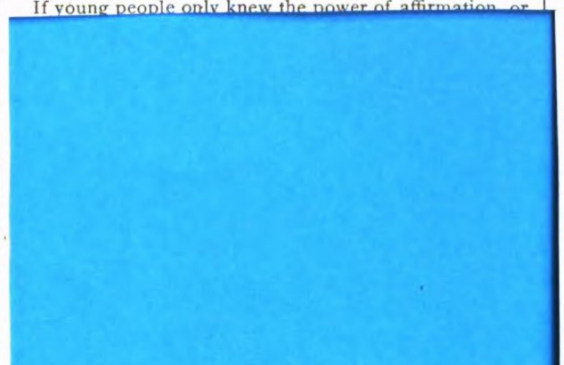
Confidence is the father of achievement. It reënforces ability, doubles energy, buttresses mental faculties, and increases power.

Your thought will carry only the force of your conviction, the weight of your decision, and the power of your confidence. If these are weak, your thought will be weak, and your work futile. Some people are incapable of strong, deep conviction; they are all surface, and liable to be changed by the opinions of everybody else. If they resolve upon a certain course, their resolution is so superficial that the first obstacle they strike deflects them. They are always at the mercy of the opposition, or of people who do not agree with them. Such people are shifty and unreliable; they lack strength of decision and positiveness of resolution.

What is a man good for if he has n't strength of resolution? If his convictions are on the surface, he stands for nothing; nobody has confidence in him. He may be a good man, personally, but he does not inspire confidence. No one would think of calling upon him when anything of importance is at stake. Unless conviction takes hold of one's very being, there will be very little achievement in life. It is the man whose conviction is rooted deep, and has taken hold of his very life-blood,—he who is strong and persistent in his determination,—that can be depended upon. He is a man of influence, and carries weight; he is above the influence of any man who happens to have a different opinion.

The Power of the Will Is Another Form of Affirmation

If young people only knew the power of affirmation or



of all great forward movements.

When Savonarola entered Florence as a poor, obscure priest, and saw the abject misery on every hand,—brought about by unreasonable luxury, and fawning on wealth,—he immediately determined that he would uplift the standard of living. Although constantly approached with bribes, money never influenced him. He kept his ideal always in sight. He found Lorenzo de' Medici at the height of his power. At that time the worldly Alexander VI., who sympathized with the wealthy and the powerful, was at the head of the papacy. This did not discourage the sanguine Savonarola, and, fighting almost single-handed against overwhelming odds, and believing that justice would triumph, he finally did succeed in overthrowing the Medici despotism, and established what he desired, a state "wherein justice shall rule." Savonarola died a martyr to the church, lifting its ideal high above the commonplace by helping to bring about the Protestant Reformation.

So it was with Columbus. His absolute confidence in his unproved, ridiculed theory carried him past untold obstacles and revealed new continents to startled Europe. Discoverers, inventors, and reformers all have this spirit of invincible affirmation; while, if we analyze failures, we shall find that most of them are weak in their self-faith, and that they lack the abounding confidence in themselves that marks successful people. You can do a difficult thing only with a positive state of mind, never with a negative. It is the plus force, and never the minus, which does things,—which achieves results. If you get into a tight place where you can not move, you can at least stoutly affirm determination not to give up, but to go on, and a way will open up before you, for the world makes way for a bold man, never for a timid, shrinking, dillydallying one. It is the decisive, positive soul that wins.

Never Countenance the Idea that You Are Unlucky

If you wish to amount to anything, never permit the idea to come into your mind that you are unlucky, or that you are less fortunate than other human beings. Deny it with all the power you can muster. Discipline yourself never to acknowledge weakness, or to think of mental, physical, or moral defects. Deny that you are a weakling, that you can not do what others can do, or that you are handicapped and must be satisfied to take an inferior position in the world. Strangle every doubt as you would a viper threatening your life. Never talk, think, or write of your poverty or unfortunate condition. Cut out of your life all thought that limits, hampers, dwarfs, and darkens it. These are ghosts of fear. The Creator never made them or intended them to haunt and torment you. He made you for happiness, for joy, and for conquest over your environment.

Persistently affirm that the Creator handicapped no one, and that our limitations are all our own. Resolve that, come what may, you will be an optimist, and that there shall be nothing of the pessimistic in you. Believe in the final triumph of the right, and in the victory of all



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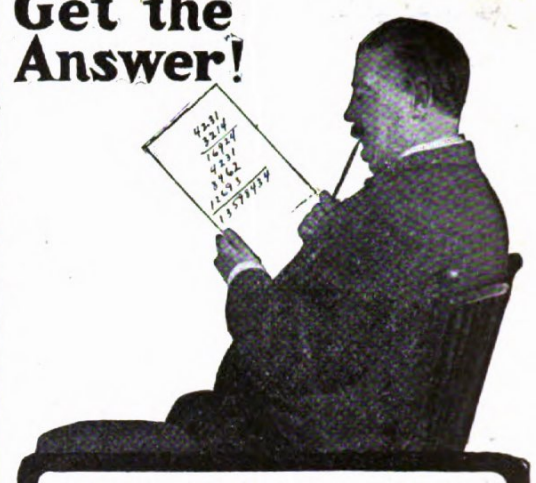
that is true and noble. Affirm that you are one of the most fortunate of beings. Congratulate yourself that you were born just in the nick of time, and in just the right place; that there is a definite work for you to do that no one else can do; and that you are one of the most lucky persons in the world to have the opportunity, the health, and the education to do the thing you are bound to accomplish. Think health thoughts; hold persistently to success thoughts; and contemplate abundance, beauty, power, and efficiency.

You will find a wonderful advantage in starting out every morning with the mind set toward success and achievement by permeating it with thoughts of prosperity and harmony, whether by repetition of set formulas, as some advise, or not. It will then be much harder for discord to get into your day's work. If you are inclined to doubt your ability to do the thing you undertake, school yourself to hold self-trust thoughts firmly and persistently. It is the assumption of power, of self-trust, and of confidence in yourself and your integrity, or wholeness, that can not be shaken, that will enable you to become strong, and to do, with vigor and ease, the thing you have undertaken.

You will find that perpetual holding of these ideals will change your whole outlook upon life. You will approach your problems from a new standpoint, and life will take on a fresh meaning. This perpetual affirmation will put you in harmony with your surroundings, it will make you contented and happy, and it will be a powerful tonic upon your health. It will help you to build up individuality and personal power. It will make your brain clearer, and your thoughts more effective. Keeping the mental machinery clean promotes vigorous thinking and decisive action.

All that you dream of, and all that you yearn for, and long to be, will be within your reach, if you have power to affirm sufficiently strong, and if you can focus your faculties with sufficient intentness on your single purpose. It is concentration upon the thing you wish that brings it to you, whether it is health, money, or position. Constantly affirm that which you wish, hold it persistently in the thought, concentrate all the power of your mind upon it, and, when the mind is sufficiently positive and creative, the desired thing will come to you as certainly as a stone will come to the earth when left free in the air, through the attracting influence of gravitation. You make yourself a magnet to draw the condition you wish.

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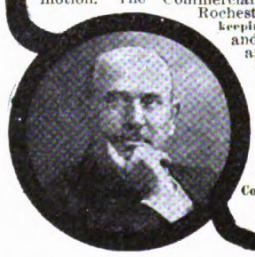
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"When, Mr. Read, Do You Work?"

OPIE READ, the novelist, recently attended a press-club reception given in honor of F. Hopkinson-Smith. The author of "Colonel Carter of Cartersville" was surrounded by a group of women who felt it a great privilege to come into the presence of a real literary lion and were making the most of the opportunity. "When," inquired one of them, "do you write your delightful stories?"

"I am a very consistent worker," answered the artist-engineer-author; "my literary work is done regularly between the hours of eleven and two o'clock." There was a murmur of polite "Ohs!"

"And when, Mr. Read," said one of the group, turning to the author of "The Kentucky Colonel," "do you do your work?"

Running his fingers through his thatch of brown hair, the tall humorist solemnly responded, "Between anxiety and necessity,—invariably!"

Then Mr. Smith began to talk of the difficulties of lighthouse building.

Tademas Were Sold then by the Dozen

WARWICK JAMES PRICE

NOW THAT Lourenz Alma-Tadema's pictures bring almost any price up to thirty thousand dollars, it is amusing to recall that, once upon a time, they were ordered by the dozen, "like gloves," as the artist-wife of the artist said when she told of the incident recently.

It all happened when Gambart, the famous French picture dealer, was at the height of his career. He came over to London on a purely "buying" expedition, and found himself at the door of the wrong studio. At least, it was not the one he was seeking, but the pleasant-mannered young man who was the occupant invited him to enter; whereupon, without further preface, this conversation ensued:—

Gambart, pointing at a partly finished canvas on an easel, asked, "Did you paint that picture, sir?"

Alma-Tadema, with a touch of challenge in his tone, replied, "I did."

Gambart, feeling for his cardcase, asked, "Can you let me have twenty-four of the same sort, at progressive prices for each half dozen?"

Alma-Tadema, repressing an impulse to embrace his caller, responded, "I can."

So the bargain was struck, and, as was to have been expected, it proved to be mutually so satisfactory that, on its completion, three years later, twenty-four more canvases were ordered and, in due time, executed. To-day, in the great artist's wonderful treasure-house in St. John's Wood, there is a graceful silver jug, bearing a flattering inscription, given by Gambart to Alma-Tadema to commemorate the final completion of the picturesque contract.

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For Those Who Laugh

YEAST:—What makes you think he lost his political job?
CRIMSONBEAK:—He told me he was going to work next week.—Yonkers "Statesman."

▲ ▲

ALICE:—A man should not propose by letter, anyhow.
MAY:—Well, at any rate, it gives him a chance to say what he thinks when the girl says no.

▲ ▲

FIRST JUDGE:—Daubleigh is a prolific painter, is n't he? How would you estimate his work?
SECOND JUDGE:—By the quart.—"Life."

▲ ▲

"I have n't seen any testimonials from people who have been cured by radium."
"No. It has n't reached the testimonial stage."

▲ ▲

SHE:—You told me when we were married that you were well off.
HE:—I was, but I did n't know it.—Chicago "News."

▲ ▲

"Are you sure that my daughter favors your suit?"
"Well, no, she does n't. But I promised I 'd go to another tailor as soon as I fixed things with you."—Cleveland "Plain Dealer."

▲ ▲

LITTLE HIRAM:—What do they mean by the speed limit?
UNCLE JOSH:—Well, that 's when the automobile goes faster than the constable.

▲ ▲

"But," said his confidential adviser, "all these theories about freedom and equality are moonshine."
"Of course they are," said the czar. "Just look at me,—I can't call my soul my own!'"

▲ ▲

"People who have their children taken care of by nurses never know the real joy of parenthood."
"Maybe not, but they do n't lie awake at night worrying about it."—Chicago "Record-Herald."

▲ ▲

SWATTER:—I see you are mentioned in one of the books just published.
PRIMLY:—Indeed! What book?
SWATTER:—The directory.—Chicago "News."

▲ ▲

"Never mind," said the friend, soothingly, "you 'll wake up some morning and find yourself famous."
"Not much!" growled the pessimistic poet, "it would be just my luck to oversleep myself that morning."—Philadelphia "Press."

▲ ▲

"My wife and I went to call on the Dumleys last night. I can't imagine anything more tiresome than spending an evening with them."
"You can't? Wait till they come to spend an evening with you."—Philadelphia "Press."

▲ ▲

FARMER GREENE:—So thar warn't nuthin' but sawdust in th' satchel when ye got it home, hey!
FARMER MEDDERS:—Why, th' infernal bunko-man did n't even hev th' decency to put in sawdust! He had it filled up with breakfast food, b-gosh!—"Puck."

▲ ▲

FAIR PASSENGER:—Won't you have a paper, sir?
HOGGLY:—Why—er—what makes you offer me a paper?
FAIR PASSENGER:—I thought you'd be more comfortable while women are standing if you could hide your face!"—Exchange.

▲ ▲

"Did you ever make any money on the board of trade?"
"Yes, I made one hundred and seventy-five dollars there one day in less than twenty minutes."
"Whew! What did you do with it?"
"Oh, they got it back before I had a chance to see it."—Chicago "Record-Herald."

▲ ▲

A secretary of a fire insurance company tells of an old woman who called on an agent to arrange for insurance on her house and furniture. "We have n't had no insurance for five years," she explained; "we hev jes' been dependin' on Providence; but I says to my old man, I says, that 's terrible risky, I says."—"Tit-Bits."

▲ ▲

ASCUM:—I hear your son is going in for a literary career.
MRS. DREAMER:—Yes, he started in this very morning.
ASCUM:—Indeed? What has he done?
MRS. DREAMER:—He's sat for his photograph in two poses, one where he 's reading a book and another with his brow resting on his hand.—Philadelphia "Press."

▲ ▲

LAWYER:—You have taken your oath, and I want you to answer each of my questions honestly.
WITNESS:—Yes, sir.
LAWYER:—What is your occupation?
WITNESS:—I am a driver.
LAWYER:—Do you drive a wagon?
WITNESS:—No, sir; I do not.
LAWYER:—Now, be careful, and remember that you are on your oath. You admit that you are a driver; now, honestly, do n't you drive a wagon?
WITNESS:—No, sir; I drive a horse.—Albany "Evening Journal."

Any Woman Can

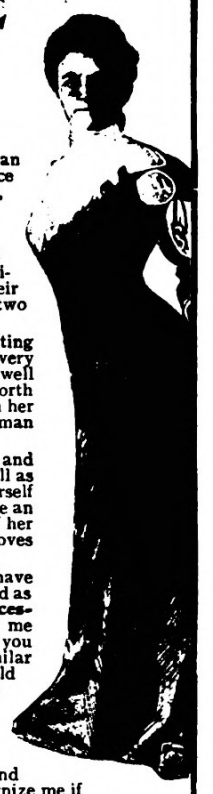
HAVE A GOOD FIGURE

Can Be

Well
Wholesome
Happy
Vivacious

With a

Clear Skin
Strong Brain
and a
Buoyant Step



OVER 10,000 WOMEN ARE STUDYING THEMSELVES

You will doubtless take up some special line of study this year—why not make an exhaustive study of yourself, determining whether every vital organ and every force of your being is perfect, whether your brain has reached its perfect development, whether your figure is symmetrical and whether you have dynamic force and magnetism necessary for attractiveness and for wholesome influence and usefulness. Many a woman by fifteen minutes work in the privacy of her own room has surprised her husband, family and friends by the results of her self-study this year. There is too much to do, to enjoy, to love and to live for in these gloriously progressing days to permit any woman to waste herself in semi-invalidism. Men want bright, buoyant, well poised women who can rise with them, appreciate their efforts and share their triumphs. I have worked with nearly ten thousand women during the past two years, studying with each individual woman to bring her to her best.

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 centre, 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

Unless the body is properly poised it is impossible for the vital organs and nerve centers to do their proper work. 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

Write me about yourself and I will tell you frankly whether I can help you. I have worked solely with women for the past thirteen 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, free**—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 67 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."

I wish you could read the letters from my pupils any one day, I know it would do your heart good as it does mine.

Susanna Cocroft

Dept. 1131, 57 Washington St., Chicago

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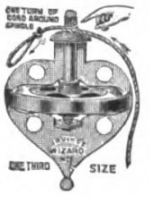
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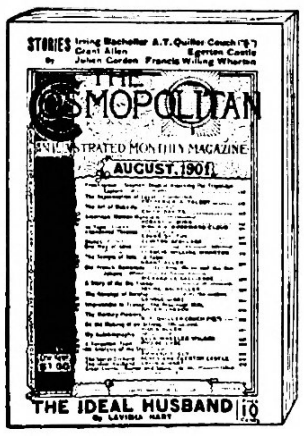
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Itself the greatest and cheapest magazine in the world, the COSMOPOLITAN is without a rival as a family magazine. Of its World's Fair issue over a half a million copies were printed to supply the demand. This one magazine contained twenty-five articles and two hundred illustrations of the World's Fair on fine coated paper, constituting in itself a volume worth two or three year's subscription.

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One of the considerable costs in publishing a magazine such as the COSMOPOLITAN is the expenditure for entering names upon its books, cutting the perforated addresses which appear on the wrapper, taking out names on expiration date, re-entering them, billing, soliciting renewals, et cetera—and this work is largely thrown upon the office force during its busy season.

To save all this expense, and to secure the names upon permanent lists, we propose this year

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Few families have any Encyclopaedia—mainly because those published have been so costly, ranging in price from $20 to $120.

Yet every family should own one. Every office desk should have on it a compact Encyclopaedia for ready reference. The expensive Encyclopaedia's are too large for this purpose. These five volumes are just the right size. Anyone keeping them on a desk constantly at hand for ready reference, will be surprised at the growth of knowledge through this convenience.

Postage eighty cents—or you can have it sent by express, charges guaranteed not to exceed letter postage.

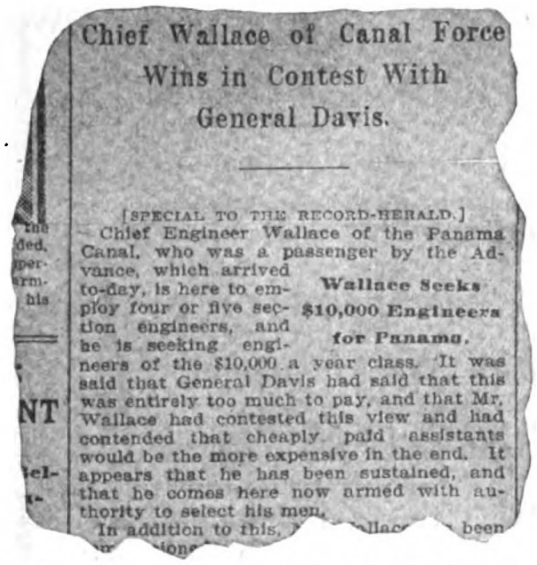
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$10,000 Engineers Wanted

This is the call from big enterprises everywhere, from the manufacturing and industrial plants to great engineering undertakings like the Panama Canal. The railroads, transportation companies, manufacturing concerns and all engineering enterprises are looking for engineers—good ones—young men who know *what to do,* and *how* to do it.

We here reproduce from recent issues of the two leading Chicago Dailies two articles; one a News Item, and the other a clipping from the "Help Wanted" column.



Chief Wallace of Canal Force Wins in Contest With General Davis.

[SPECIAL TO THE RECORD-HERALD.]

Chief Engineer Wallace of the Panama Canal, who was a passenger by the Advance, which arrived to-day, is here to employ four or five section engineers, and he is seeking engineers of the $10,000 a year class. It was said that General Davis had said that this was entirely too much to pay, and that Mr. Wallace had contested this view and had contended that cheaply paid assistants would be the more expensive in the end. It appears that he has been sustained, and that he comes here now armed with authority to select his men.

Wallace Seeks $10,000 Engineers for Panama.

In addition to this, [illegible] been



...—FOR WOMEN'S SKILL. ...children's garments. Address, giving ...e and references, D 586, Tribune office.

DRAFTSMAN — STRUCTURAL STEEL; 8 o'clock Monday morning. JOHN S. METCALF CO., R. 628 The Temple.

DRAFTSMAN—TO TAKE CHARGE OF ORNAmental iron office; out of city; permanent; good salary. Address E 599, Tribune office.

DRAFTSMAN — FIRST CLASS; EXP. ABSOlutely necessary. Address C X 124, Tribune.

DRAFTSMEN—STRUCTURAL DETAILER AND checker; also one bridge detailer. D 598, Tribune.

ENGINEER WITH CITY LICENSE—TO RUN A steam heating plant and small electric light plant; must be a single man; furnished room and $12 per week. Address D 448, Tribune office.

ENGINEER—WHO UNDERSTANDS DYNAMOS; good, sober man; twenty miles from Chicago; references required. Address B 408, Tribune.

ENGINEERS—MECHANICAL GRADUATES OF leading universities for Panama Canal; salary $75 to $100 gold per month; state age, references, education, and personal history in detail; opportunity A1. Address C K 599, Tribune office.

EXPERIENCED DIAMOND SETTERS AND manufacturing jewelers. Risenstadt Mfg. Co., St. Louis, Mo.

...ERIENCED GLOVE CUTTER—TO CU... ... APPLY A... ...

If you want to qualify for one of these positions—if you haven't had a chance to go to college—**we can help you by correspondence study.**

Dr. Harper, President of the University of Chicago, goes so far as to say of correspondence study—under proper teaching:

"The work done by Correspondence is even better than that done in the class room. Students who come to us after a year of such work are better prepared than those who have taken it with us in the class room. The Correspondence Student does the work himself: he does it in writing, and does 20 times as much reciting as he would in a class of 20 people. He works out the difficulties by himself, and the results stay by him."

If you are prepared to give one single hour, every evening, to a conscientious study of the lessons we send, we will promise you this:

1st—That you will acquire through our courses the nearest equivalent to a four years college course costing hundreds of dollars a year.

2nd—That this knowledge will be of personal and direct value to you having gained it by your own individual effort.

3rd—That what you learn from our Correspondence Course will equip you to fill a position worth many times the salary you could probably earn without it.

4th—That we will help you to secure such a position so soon as you are competent to fill it.

Scores of such positions are open at this very minute and there are not enough people who know the things we teach, to fill these waiting positions.

The salaries of Electrical, Civil, Mechanical, Steam and Sanitary Engineers, Architects, etc., range from $1,000 to $10,000 a year.

In the great engineering enterprises now under way, such as the Panama Canal and the huge Manufacturing and Milling industries, big positions are "going begging" for want of engineers capable of filling them.

For example, the press tells us that

Chief Engineer Wallace of the Panama Canal Wants as Assistants Only Men Who Are Competent to Earn at Least $10,000 a Year.

In many cases the big positions already filled, are occupied by self-taught, home-study men—the Lincolns, Edisons, Carnegies, Marconies and Westinghouses of their respective lines.

The home-study of engineering under our Correspondence system will prepare any man to enter a profession which commands the hign salaries named above.

If you cannot attend a Resident School you may acquire such an education without the loss of an hour's wages while learning, and when once well started on the chosen course of study, you will enjoy it, as you would enjoy reading for pleasure. If you can take a course at a Resident Engineering School we will prepare you to pass your entrance examinations.

The cost of this is only 10 cents a day until you finish the full engineering course and get your diploma.

You may begin studies at any time—quit at any time—and take them up again at any time within five years, if necessity or illness makes such delay necessary.

Think what this means to you—

A technical education, from lessons laid out for you by as able professors, engineers and technical experts as there are in the country, and examinations supervised by the professors of a great engineering school, Armour Institute of Technology.

No other School of Correspondence can offer you this, which sets the seal of approval on the work you do.

Three Special Inducements Good Until November 30

We are offering three special inducements for immediate enrollment in these courses listed in the coupon. Write at once for full particulars. It is to your interest to know about this great special offer.

College Preparatory Course Special attention is called to this course for those wishing to prepare for entrance to resident engineering colleges and especially Armour Institute of Technology.

.....**COUPON—Cut Off Here**.....

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CORRESPONDENCE

At Armour Institute of Technology, Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Please send me full particulars regarding your three special offers in "Success" (November) and particulars of the course marked (X).

....Electrical Engineering	....Sheet Metal Pattern Drafting	....Railroad Engineering	....Architectural Engineering
....Central Station Work	....Shop Practice	....Surveying	....Contractors' and Builders'
....Electric Lighting	....Stationary Engineering	....Hydraulics	....Woolen and Worsted Goods
....Electric Railways	....Marine Engineering	....Structural Drafting	....Knit Goods
....Telephone Practice	....Locomotive Engineering	....Heating, Ventilating and Plumbing	....Cotton Course
....Mechanical Engineering	... Structural Engineering	....Complete Architecture	....Mechanical Drawing
....Mechanical-Electrical Engineering	....Civil Engineering	....Complete Mathematics.	....College Preparatory

NAME.....Age.....Present Occupation.....

STREET and Number.....CITY.....STATE.....

(Success November)

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CORRESPONDENCE

At Armour Institute of Technology, Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

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Did You Ever Get a Letter from Ostrander?

Would you like to hear of the most profitable way to invest small sums ($10. or more a month)?



Would you like to have a partnership in a big industrial enterprise and share in its profits—big profits every three months?

Would you like to see letters from hundreds of satisfied clients who have been investing their savings through me?

Would you like to hear of a place to put your savings—as safe as a bank and four or five times more profitable?

What I have to offer will interest only those who have $10. or more a month to invest. Fill out the coupon or write me at once. Do it before you turn this page, and I will send you full, convincing proof of all I claim.

FILL OUT, CUT OUT, AND MAIL THIS COUPON TO-DAY.

W. M. OSTRANDER,

391 North American Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

Send me full particulars about how I may secure a profitable partnership by paying in $10. a month as advertised in November "SUCCESS."

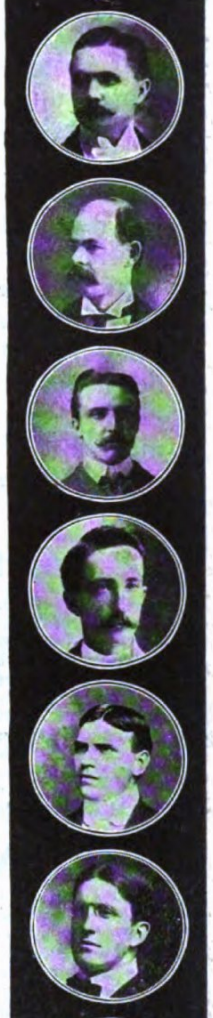
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LEARN TO WRITE ADVERTISEMENTS





President Roosevelt

Said to a class of Harvard Students:

"If an educational institution means anything, it means fitting a man for better service than he could do without it; if it does not mean this, it means nothing, and if a man does not get that out of it, he gets nothing out of it."

This very idea is the foundation upon which this institution has been built and the President has voiced the sentiments of every man who has risen above the masses. They found out that life is too valuable to waste with the false idea that they can be advanced without any special, acquired qualifications. This has been proven by the progress of the very men you know. You will find that the reason these men have passed you is because they have possessed a certain acquired qualification that you have not taken into account.

A knowledge of advertising is a special qualification that distinguishes the successful man from the ordinary one—whether he be an employer or an employe. ***Advertising is the modern education.*** It is a new and necessary factor in mercantile success. What a classical education is to the literary man, the study of ad-writing is to the business man. Modern education is gradually changing men's brains and accomplishing the object of eliminating failure and discontent. No other study in the world embraces so many features of successful business principles as that of advertisement-writing. It is the very embodiment of practical commercial supremacy.

The Page-Davis Company has taught hundreds of merchants to build up their business through better advertising. We have brought young men from small towns and placed them in large cities to fill important positions. We have placed ambitious clerks in large cities and put them at the head of advertising departments. We have taught sons of successful merchants and prepared them for more important work in their father's business. We have made experienced advertising men still better advertisement writers. We have helped bright young men in every position of importance by adding the knowledge of this important factor of advertisement writing, which has proven the stepping stone to every future success.

All this we have been doing in the past seven years, and we have been doing it thoroughly, practically, exclusively by mail, and these benefits should be taken advantage of by you. It can be done during your spare moments. You need this institution, you need this instruction regardless of what your calling may be, and regardless whether you intend to devote your life to its practical application or not. We are glad to have you ask us what has the Page-Davis Company done, what our students are doing, and what we can do for you. We will send free a beautiful Prospectus and a monthly report of hundreds of graduates who are earning up to $100 per week.

FREE! to Page-Davis Students! FREE!

THE ONLY ENCYCLOPEDIA OF ADVERTISING IN THE WORLD!

"Fowler's Publicity"

IN FOUR ELEGANT VOLUMES.



Given away **absolutely free** with a full paid enrollment in this, the original and most substantial institution of its kind in the world.

The only School of Advertising in the world with a reference book, and that reference book being the recognized authority.

"Fowler's Publicity" covers the entire world of publicity.

"Fowler's Publicity" is to the world of advertising what the Dictionary is to the English language.

"Fowler's Publicity" has over 800 pages.

"Fowler's Publicity" contains 10,000 money-making ideas.

"Fowler's Publicity" comprises over 100 departments.

"Fowler's Publicity" embraces the experiences of 250 successful merchants.

"Fowler's Publicity" is published in four elegant volumes.

"Fowler's Publicity" is printed on high grade paper and bound in superior *Vellum de Luxe*.

"Fowler's Publicity" is without doubt the greatest, positively the most practical and complete work of its kind ever published.

"Fowler's Publicity" is worth $100 to any ambitious man or woman, but it is free to our students only.

"Fowler's Publicity" is $15 to non-students, AND CAN BE SECURED ONLY THROUGH PAGE-DAVIS SCHOOL.

This famous work is spoken of in glowing terms by the following papers:

New York Herald, Boston Herald, Munsey's Magazine, Chicago Post, Washington Star, Inland Printer, Baltimore American, Minneapolis Tribune, London Iron Mongery, Philadelphia Record, San Francisco Examiner, Toronto Globe, and a host of others.

In all the world of instruction, there is no offer like this, a $15 work free to Page-Davis students only. Write us about it at once.

Page-Davis Company

ADDRESS EITHER OFFICE

Suite 1121, 90 Wabash Avenue, Chicago

Suite 1121, 150 Nassau St., New York City



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$8.50 a Month for Life

By Investing $10.00 a Month for 20 Months

A postal card written **To-Day** will bring our handsomely illustrated **Free** prospectus, which tells all about our novel method of co-operative fruit-growing.

Write the postal now, while you have the matter in mind, before you turn the leaf—or write a letter, or sign, tear out, and mail us the coupon at the bottom of the advertisement.

We realize that our statement that **$8.50 a month for life may be secured by an investment of only $200** is so extraordinary that hardly any one will believe it until we have proven it.

We don't expect **any one** to accept our mere statement that it can be done. We expect to furnish overwhelming proof—a hundred and one kinds of it—in every case.

Don't Decide Now—Investigate

Eight years ago the writer of this advertisement was told that a German scientist had discovered a method of photographing the bones **through the clothing and flesh.** The writer had a pretty good opinion of himself and he **knew** better than that. Such a claim was too preposterous to even sound like a good joke to say nothing of the truth.

Since then the writer has seen his own bones, through his own clothing and flesh, with his own eyes. And everybody now knows that the **X-Rays** claims of eight years ago were **all absolutely true.**

Certainly you do not want to be as conceited as the writer was eight years ago. You do not want to condemn a proposition simply because it is remarkable and because you do not understand it.

Most everything is possible in this age of wonderful industrial development.

Wonderful Possibilities

We believe the greatest money-making possibilities anywhere in the Western Hemisphere to-day are in the scientific growing of tropical fruits—especially bananas.

The demand for bananas is so great that it is practically unlimited. The magnitude of the industry is beyond human comprehension.

Ten times as many bananas would be marketed right here in the United States if the banana-growing countries would produce them.

The present demand is beyond all precedents.

A New Kind of Competition

The various steamship companies that buy the banana **right on** the plantations and bring them up (from Honduras and other banana countries) and market them are in competition with each other **not in selling the fruit** but in **buying it.** This condition makes the banana-growing industry more and more profitable for the banana growers.

It is even reported that one big steamship company may have to go out of business this year because the other steamship companies contracted in advance for the entire product of every banana grower who would enter into such a contract.

Selling Costs Nothing

The most difficult part of nearly every business is in selling the goods—in finding the necessary market. But here is a wonderful combination of circumstances which insure an unlimited market, at big prices, without any expense at all for selling.

Certainly this is the best kind of a business to get into because it is an absolutely sure business.

From one point of view it looks almost as easy as finding money or winning a big prize in a lottery.

But such is not the case.

To make big money out of the banana business a large plantation is required—the larger the better.

Safety

We have a large plantation (the best banana land in the world), and are making a lot of money, and making it easily, and we are just as sure of our big profit from month to month as you are of your 3 per cent. or 4 per cent. from your savings bank. Perhaps our capital is even more secure than yours, because banks do sometimes fail, while real estate never gets away. But we are not talking against savings banks. The banks are safe enough and are all right, if you are satisfied with the very small rate of interest. If, on the other hand, you want the largest possible income without risking your capital, it will pay you to investigate the banana business by a careful study of our prospectus.

In addition to our large plantation, we have a large tract of unplanted banana land adjoining.

Co-operative Tropical Fruit Association

937 REAL ESTATE TRUST BUILDING

PHILADELPHIA

What We Are Doing

We are planting this out of the profits of our present planted acreage, but the tract is very large, and all our available capital and all our profits for some time to come would not enable us to plant the whole tract.

We want to plant the whole tract without delay.

The larger the plantation the better the terms we can make with the steamship companies. The demand is so great that the steamship companies want to buy in big quantities. They will buy from anybody in any quantity, but the big planters get the best attention and the best prices because it costs the steamship companies less money per bunch to handle bananas in large quantities than in small quantities.

We want to make all the money we can, and make it as soon as we can.

What We Can Do For You

Therefore, we make the very extraordinary and liberal offer to plant some of this banana land for you—as much as you want if you apply at once.—and let you pay us in small monthly installments.

We will take care of the land and market the crop for you, and charge you only ten per cent. of the gross receipts from your crop for management.

This arrangement will enable us to offer a large crop to the steamship companies so as to make better terms with them, and at the same time our ten per cent. from your crop will be an addition to our income.

If we had the capital now to plant all of our land you wouldn't have a chance to invest a dollar in our business. We are not simply looking for an opportunity to divide up our large profits, but the best arrangement we can make for ourselves is one which creates a most extraordinary opportunity for a few outside investors.

A Life Income

It will pay you to at once write or mail the coupon and get our interesting and instructive pamphlet and look into the matter thoroughly. It is a wonderful chance to secure **a life income.**

The British Foreign Report No. 385 (and government reports are always conservative) gives the average income per acre as $250. But we aim to be even more conservative. We figure only on the low average of $100 per acre.

Based on This Estimate

$10 a month for 20 months should net you, at least, $8.50 per month for life.
$20 a month for 20 months should net you, at least, $17 per month for life.
$50 a month for 20 months should net you, at least, $42.50 per month for life.
$100 a month for 20 months should net you, at least, $85 per month for life.

After reading our prospectus you will wonder why "most everybody doesn't go into the banana business"—the most profitable business known.

The reason is that most people know little or nothing about it, and they won't investigate anything extraordinary with enough care to become convinced of the possibilities.

Are You the Exception to the Rule?

You may look into this opportunity carefully enough to go into it, and if you do go into it you will make a lot of money out of it. But, while you may go about things in a practical way and thoroughly investigate the good opportunities which come along from time to time, you must remember you are but one person, and for every far-sighted, practical man or woman there are a thousand who are more or less otherwise.

The vast majority of people will take it for granted that our offer is too good to be true, and they won't look into it at all.

Those who do look into it will be the thrifty ones who are not going to be in poor circumstances or living on relatives in old age.

Don't Fail to Read the Free Booklet

This is not a machine-made advertisement. It is not a lot of theorizing on the part of a twenty-five-dollar-a-week "ad-writer." The writer is actively engaged in the management of our company, and he knows exactly what he is "talking" about. He didn't condemn the enterprize because it looked too good to be true. He investigated it thoroughly before expressing any opinion. He knows that his free pamphlet, or prospectus, or booklet, or whatever you prefer to call it, concerning the banana business in general, and our plantation in particular, will interest you. Write for it, or sign and mail the coupon now.

FREE

Co-operative Tropical Fruit Association

937 Real Estate Trust Building

Philadelphia

Send me the free illustrated pamphlet telling how I may secure a life income of $8.50 or more a month.

Name.....

Address.....

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Write a Postal To-Day

For my new, handsome, free Prospectus of Chicago Highlands. It is a guide to profitable real estate investment—a wonderfully interesting and instructive pamphlet for every man and woman who can and will save $10 a month—33 cents a day—or more.

I wish every reader of "Success" who is in a position to save $10 a month, or more, would drop me a postal card so that I may send some very interesting printed matter concerning Chicago Highlands, the new industrial suburb of Chicago.

This enterprise, backed by an association of wealthy New York, Chicago and Milwaukee business men, has interested me more than any other real estate operation which has come to my notice during all my experience as a real estate broker.



THE GREAT DEGREE OF CERTAINTY

It is an enormous enterprise, and yet the ideal location of the property for a manufacturing center, the almost unlimited capital back of the enterprise, and the many powerful influences which are being utilized to bring in large manufacturing enterprises, insure a degree of success which I do not consider possible at any other point on the North American Continent.

I believe that every single investor in Chicago Highlands will make a great deal more profit on his investment than can be made by investing in real estate anywhere else at the present time.

YEARS OF CAREFUL PLANNING

The members of the enormously wealthy association back of this enterprise got together about ten years ago and quietly bought up thousands of acres of land at the junction of the Chicago and Northwestern and the Elgin, Joliet and Eastern Railroads. They have held this land for a number of years without any effort at development, waiting for more prosperous times and for the greater development of the city of Chicago itself.

In the meantime, extraordinarily advantageous concessions have been granted by the two railroads and successful negotiations have been carried on with numerous large manufacturers with a view of bringing their plants to Chicago Highlands.

A YEAR'S PRELIMINARY WORK

For the past year I have been assisting the Chicago Highlands Association in getting this enterprise in shape for very rapid development.

During that time I have gone over every foot of the ground, I have talked with pretty nearly every man directly or indirectly interested in the enterprise, I have also thoroughly investigated every single transaction of the Association since its organization, and I have studied, with the greatest possible care, every proposed plan for development. Every reader of "Success" will certainly be interested in the wonderful facts and figures concerning Chicago and Chicago Highlands which are given in my new prospectus.

Every person who wants to be well informed should read this prospectus and thus store up a little of the wonderful knowledge it contains, even if he has no idea of ever investing in a piece of real estate.

SPECIAL OFFER

I am offering exclusively to "Success" readers, a few of the choicest lots at Chicago Highlands at prices ranging from $190 to $310 each. These prices are net when investors pay in monthly installments of $10 a month per lot. A discount is allowed for cash.

Chicago is the fastest growing city in the world and real estate in and about Chicago is, therefore, the best possible investment.

Many of the facts and figures given in my prospectus are so remarkable that few people would believe them if they were not proven. I will guarantee to prove, to your entire satisfaction, absolutely every statement made in my advertising and in my printed matter.

A $327 LOT SOLD FOR $16,000

For instance, I tell in my prospectus about a lot in an industrial suburb of Chicago (not as well located as Chicago Highlands) which cost $327, and which increased in value at an average rate of $965 a year for ten consecutive years. I prove this statement positively by giving the names and addresses of the owners of the surrounding property, etc.

WHY I AM AN EXPERT

When you consider that I have offices of my own in fourteen of the principal cities in the United States, and I have agents working for me in more than 2,000 of the smaller towns and cities throughout the country, and that I have been spending more than $100,000 a year for a number of years, in advertising my business, and that, as a result of these facilities practically every investment enterprise that has been launched anywhere in this country during the past several years has been submitted to me, I think you will concede, that I am in a position to know all about the relative merits of different investment enterprises.

I am in a position to know absolutely that there is no other opportunity for a small investment in real estate, at the present time, which can compare with this one.

Write at once for my special offer to "Success" readers. A postal card will do.

Simply say: "Send special information about Chicago Highlands, as advertised in "Success."

Address all communications to the Home Office.

W. M. OSTRANDER, Exclusive Sales Agent, **Home Office, 391 North American Bldg., Philadelphia**

CHICAGO OFFICE: Chamber of Commerce. NEW YORK OFFICE: 10 W. 23d St.

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Whether you live to eat, or eat to live

Uneeda Biscuit

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

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AMERICAN COLORTYPE CO., N. Y. & CHI.