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SUCCESS

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The Ever-living Fairy-lore of Christmastide

The Familiar Flitter of Elfin Feet Awakens a Thousand Memories and Dreams of Childhood

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

[*Author of "How to Get the Best out of Books," etc.*]

FAIRIES, it is well known, can not cross running water; but, happily, fairy tales can; and it is strange, even mysterious, how these frail shapes of stories, frail as moonbeams, have still been hardy enough to make their way from land to land, and take on the disguises of the peoples, gentle or rough, among which, like thistledown, they happen to have settled,—frail, yet indestructible. The arduously wrought masterpieces of many ancient poets have disappeared from the earth. There must have been very great poets in Babylon, but their names are no longer upon the lips of Time. The great poets of Egypt, even, are lost to us; and what is saved to us of Greece is little compared with what is lost. Yet these fairy tales, mere butterflies of immortality, have continued to flit from shore to shore, and from age to age, from great-grandfather to great-grandchild, as if Time were loath to lay a destroying finger upon such little tender things.

Generally speaking, all the children in the world are told the same fairy tales,—little boys and girls in China and little boys and girls in Clapham; and the tales come from everywhere, carried to and fro on the four winds. Some of them are very old, old as the Bible; and some of them, some that are most familiar, and seem, perhaps, older than any others, on that account, were made comparatively recently in France and Denmark. If it be denied that there is actually a fairyland in the world, always open to him or her with that key of fancy which unlocks the door, it is not to be disputed that there are fairy-*tale* lands, countries inhabited with peoples with a natural gift of dreaming and making up tales. Greece was such a country, with its gods and goddesses of the south, its nymphs, its dryads, and its

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satyrs. Scandinavia—in which, for our present purpose, one may include Germany,—was another such country, with its gods and goddesses of the north, its thundering sagas, its nixies and its gnomes, and its innumerable shapes of elf and sprite. Before either Greece or Scandinavia, was there not "The Arabian Nights,"—with Aladdin and Sindbad and the Forty Thieves? The main population of Ireland, to this day, consists of fairies; and to France we owe Charles Perrault, who gave us Cinderella and Puss in Boots; Madame de Villeneuve, who gave us Beauty and the Beast; and Madame d' Aulnoy, who gave us the Yellow Dwarf. Perhaps England is the only country in the world that has contributed no fairy tale of any importance, with the exception of the characteristic, trandesmanlike fable of Dick Whittington. Such apparently indigenous fairy lore as England possesses it stole from Wales and Scotland.

Even America, misrepresented, as it is, to be a business country, has found time to honor Santa Claus, and to give us—Joel Chandler Harris,—I mean, of course, "Brer Rabbit." Indeed, America, strange as it may sound, is a fairy-tale country.

What is a fairy tale? Some one has defined a parable as an earthly story with a heavenly meaning. I think one might define a fairy tale as a heavenly story with an earthly meaning; for, the more you study fairy tales, the more you will find that they are, one and all,—in spite of their paraphernalia of impossibility,—fancies illustrating the hard facts of life. Maybe the reason of this is that they have grown out of the hard-wrought experience of the people nearest to the earth; namely, those who till it, who sow it and reap it,—the people unprotected by wealth from the terrors—and the wonders,—of the world.

One would expect fairy tales to find a home, of all environments, in a democracy,—because they are the consolatory fancies of the downtrodden and the despairing, the dreams of the dust. As I have said, it is in the dust that we find these diamonds of that desperate dust that is man.

In fact, the value of fairy tales is just here: they are the dreams of "the common people." No rich man could make a fairy tale,—according to the best known examples,—for the simple reason that he already possesses all that all the fairy tales can give him. A fairy tale is merely a paradox made of poverty and dreams. How do all fairy tales begin? Take any of the best-known. With a beauty in rags, or an adventurous barefooted boy, with nothing but his wits. How do all fairy tales end? The beauty once in rags becomes a queen upon a throne. The adventurous barefooted boy becomes a grand vizier.



In short, fairy tales represent the dreams of the poor and the unhappy.

Suppose, now, like Cinderella, you were the most beautiful member of the family, a mere child, whose very beauty made you a menace to two elderly ugly sisters, who, by the authority and opportunities of oppression, which are the sweets of age, hid you away in the kitchen. Your sisters, being ladies of wealth and distinction, and much older than you, are invited to parties. You hear the carriage coming for them as you are washing the dishes in the basement; and you take a cracked piece of mirror from the scullery and look at yourself, and you say,—well, you say, "What's the matter with the world, when my two ugly sisters are driven off to the ball, and I am left behind washing dirty dishes? Oh, if only some one, some fairy prince, for instance. could see me as I am!" No sooner have you sighed than a coach all made of crystal, with white horses and gold-braided postilions, drives up to your scullery, and—you are happy ever after.

Or suppose, now, that you were the third son of a poor miller, and your father, dying, left the mill to his first son, a horse to his second son, and to you, his third son, no more extensive property than a cat! How ruefully you would look at your little, apparently ineffective, unnegotiable asset!—and then suppose that your cat should turn into a genius and take your affairs into his hands and make you the Marquis de Carabas, and stop the king in his coach to do you honor, and give you the king's daughter for your wife,—how then? Well, of course, it would be a fairy tale!

Let us suppose, again, that you were very rich, with palaces and every form of luxury, but, at the same time, your head happened to be that of a wild boar, tusked and terrible, in spite of your kind heart! How you would dream of some good girl that would see below your uncouthness, see the gentle reality of your true self,—how you would dream of her, enchanted, as you were, into a shape so cruelly unrepresentative.

Again, suppose a princess came and sat by a spring in the forest, and, in the playfulness of her heart, tossed from hand to hand a ball of gold, and suddenly the ball of gold fell into the spring! And suppose you were a frog at the bottom of the spring,—really a prince, but apparently a frog,—would n't you think it a good world again if, taking the ball of gold in your mouth, you bubbled up to the surface and the princess, and, even after her breaking her promise to marry you, the fairy-tale king, her father, insisted on her keeping it,—in spite of your looking like a frog and being cold and clammy?

Once more,—if you chanced to be a bear right out in a cold winter night, with nothing to eat and no one to love you, would n't you dream of a warm little cottage in the wilderness,—in it a widow woman and two little girls, Snow-white, by name, and Rose-red,—and if, by chance, you found such a cottage and pushed your nose into the door, would n't you believe in fairy tales if the widow took you in and bade you come up to the fire and warm out the snow from your fur, and said to her little daughters: "Snow-white and Rose-red, come here; the bear is quite gentle; he will do you no harm?"

Indeed, one may say, parenthetically, that he can imagine no happier lot than that of a bear in a fairy tale. Why, I wonder, is it that the bear, in actual life a rugged, uncompromising animal, should, for the most part, be represented in story as a friendly, kindhearted creature, with quite a touch of pathos about him,—a sort of great big lonely lost dog? With one or two exceptions, he so figures in fairy tales, from the white bear that carried the poor husbandman's daughter to the "Land East of the Sun and West of the Moon" to perhaps the most fascinating of all bears, "Kroff," in Mr. Roberts's "The Heart of the Ancient Wood." The only bears that have a bad name in story are the three bears who almost ate up little Goldilocks in the middle of the wood, and even about them there is something engagingly human. Besides, it must not be forgotten that their home had been invaded during their absence, their porridge eaten, and their beds slept in. Fairy tales being nothing if not moralistic, no doubt the meaning here is, to use the words of the prince who appeared to Beauty in her dreams, "Do not let yourselves be deceived by appearances." The bear, so to say, is the rough diamond of the fairy tale. He is gruff and unpolished, but he has the best of hearts. No other animal is treated half so well in fairy tales, although the fairy tale generally has a kindness for animals, particularly for those, like the bear, whose appearance of ferocity and uncouthness belies them, or those, like the frog or the mouse or the ant, whose ugliness or apparent insignificance subjects them to another form of misunderstanding. In all this there may be seen a primitive naïve recognition of the bond that unites all living things, the mysterious freemasonry of just being alive together in a strange



Beauty and the Beast are often in evidence in our everyday life



In many a modern leaf-strewn wood, you may still find Hänsel and Gretel



The Sleeping Beauties of to-day dream of the prince that will yet awaken them



Little Goody Two-shoes may sometimes be discovered wooing the deep mystery of the fields

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The famous Frog Prince ever and anon finds a ball of gold for his princess



The beginning of the Forty Thieves has cast its shadow over our time



Snow-white and Rose-red are finding wonderful gnomes in our own woods



On some tall grass blade a modern Hop o' My Thumb is now and then seen

world. If you help a frog out of his difficulties, the day will come when he will help you. Be kind to an ant in trouble, and, when the cruel queen has demanded that you count all the ears of corn by morning, all the ants in the world will come and count them for you. Be kind, the fairy tales seem to say, always be kind,—and in your extremity your kindness to the unfortunate powerless things of the earth will be returned to you a hundredfold. Superficially tests of insight, the tests in fairy tales are always either tests of goodness or of courage. Whatever menaces you, whatever tempts you, be brave, be good,—and all will be well. The true insight is goodness. Equipped with goodness, there is nothing for you to fear, in spite of all the illusory terror of the world. Only be good, and, therefore, brave, and no wolf shall eat you, no ogre roast you in his oven, no wizard have power to enchant you,—except, perhaps, for a little while: just to give the fairy prince or princess an opportunity of breaking the spell. Be good and brave, and even your wicked stepmother or your ugly sister will get the worst of it in the end.

In regard to what I have been saying of fairy-tale animals, it is to be noted that, perhaps, the only animal for which the fairy tale has no kind feeling is the wolf. Actually, I suppose, the wolf is no more wicked than the bear, yet in all fairy tales—and particularly, of course, in "Little Red Riding-hood," he is always the symbol of the terror that devours. The wolf may be said to be, *par excellence*, the wicked animal of the fairy tale. Of course, there is the fox, too, but the fox is rather a symbol of cunning than of fear, and is only dangerous to geese.

I said that fairy tales represent the dreams of the poor and the unhappy. To the poor they bring diamonds, to the enslaved worker they bring idleness. In short, they bring to us all The Shining Impossible,—they bring us the remodeled universe of which we have dreamed, the reconstructed destiny. They fulfill Omar Khayyam's wish:—

> Would I could shatter it to bits and then
> Remold it nearer to the heart's desire!

In a fairy tale you have only to turn the ring of an old sorrow, or rub the extinguished lantern of an old dream, and all is back again,—palaces with shining windows, a thousand servants, and the only princess in the world. You have only to be named Aladdin, and all these things shall be added unto you.

In a fairy tale the most beautiful girl in the world may die, and the brier rose cover up her castle with its climbing bramble,—but she is not really dead,—she will awake again in a hundred years! Even death is not death in fairy tales. It is only—resurrection. For how many centuries the heart of man, leaning over the bier of the beloved, has dreamed: "If only she could awake! Is there no power in this magic universe that can lay the finger of resurrection upon these closed eyes, this stopped heart,—lay the finger of speech upon these silent lips?"

And, in answer to this sigh of the mortal heart, the mortal brain conceived an immortal fancy, and at the end of a hundred years Sleeping Beauty at last stirs and breathes and opens her everlasting eyes.

The human heart ever longs for the impossible—for the joy that lasts "for ever after;" for the loveliness that never fades; for the purse that is never exhausted; for the friend that is always true; for the device that will do away with all the inconveniences of time and space, and land you in Arabia the moment after you turn the screw in the wooden horse, or China, maybe, if, like Gautier, you should say:—

> She whom I love at present is in China,
> She dwells with her aged parents,
> In a tower of white porcelain,
> By the yellow stream
> Where the cormorants are!



The Shining Impossible! Obviously nothing else is so attractive as the impossible; and the power of the fairy tale over the human mind is that, whatever form of the impossible you may desire,—it gives it to you. It is only necessary for you to lack something you particularly want,—in a fairy tale,—and an invisible servant will bring it to you, even though it should be no more important than roast duck. Indeed, bearing out what I have said,—that the fairy tale is the poetry of the poor,—it is relevant to note what a part a good dinner plays in a fairy tale. "I was anhungered, and ye gave me meat!"

For instance, when Hänsel and Gretel, lost in the wild wood, came at length upon the witch's house, "made of bread and roofed with cakes, the window being made of transparent sugar," what was their good fortune but an answer to their children's dream of hunger. If only the universe will give us something to eat! That has been the cry of the poor man since the beginning. And the fairy tale answers his longing with banquets where, as in the story of "The Sleeping Beauty," "there was placed before everyone a magnificent cover with a case of massive gold, wherein were a spoon, a knife, and a fork, all of pure gold set with diamonds and rubies." Fairy tales are nothing if not *nouveau riche*. To eat! That alone is a fairy tale. To eat!

To eat,—perchance to dream!

Eating, indeed, plays a most important part in fairy tales. Something good to eat-Cannibalism, if necessary! Perhaps there is no more terrifying characteristic feature of the fairy tale than the stepmother or the mother-in-law with ogreish tendencies. Take the case, for example, of Sleeping Beauty. The prince must needs go to the wars and leave his wife and two children in the keeping of his mother-in-law. No sooner has he gone than she bids the cook serve up little Morning for her dinner, and the cook, being gentle, like all poor people,—in fairy tales,—serves up a lamb stew instead,—and so on. In the story of "Hänsel and Gretel" there is the same fear: the fear of little children that some one is lying in wait—to eat them up! "Hänsel, put out your finger, that I may feel if you are getting fat," said the old witch; and "That'll be a dainty bite," she numbled to herself, as she watched Gretel asleep in her bed. "What shall I do?" cried the queen in "The Yellow Dwarf;" "I shall be eaten up!" Oh, the fears, the frightful fears, the nightmares, of children,—the nightmares of a world still a child!

The hopes, the fears, the wonders of the world,—not only the tears in mortal things, but the cruelty,—the terror! If you would realize the dread that encircles the life of man, read any of the simplest fairy tales. Read "The Babes in the Wood," or read "Bluebeard." The dread that, mysteriously, is planted deep in our souls; dread formless, sometimes, and sometimes fearfully formed,—the terrible dread that comes of being alive! Yet, vivid as is this dread, no less vivid is the dream with which the fairy tale illumines the life of man. After all, it is a thing of hope, a parable of promise; even, one might say, it is the supernatural version of a supernatural world. For the world is a world—just because it is supernatural; and it goes on spinning its way among the other stars just because it is—a fairy tale.

The wonder of the world! Perhaps that is the chief business of the fairy tale,—to remind us that the world is no mere dustheap, pullulating with worms, as some of the old-fashioned scientists tried to make us believe; but that, on the contrary, it is a rendezvous of radiant forces forever engaged in turning its dust into dreams, ever busy with the transmutation of matter into

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All of the world's Little Red Riding-hoods have not passed with history



There are Cinderellas waiting for a magic carriage almost every day



The story of Jack, the Giant Killer, helps to illumine the life of man

mind, and mind into spirit,—a world, too, so mysterious that anything can happen, or any dream come true. One might even set up, and maintain, the paradox that the fairy tale is the most scientific statement of human life; for, of all statements, it insists on the essential magic of living,—the mystery and wonder of being alive, the marvelous happiness, the wondrous sorrow, and the divine expectations.

Those fairy tales that have taken the strongest hold upon the heart and the imagination of the world have been those that recognized the human need of supernatural aid and alleviation. The earth can not get along all by itself. It is always in need of help from the stars. This is one of the many morals of the fairy tale, which thus gives expression to the holy hunger of the human heart. A precocious child asked me the other day for a list of the twelve best fairy tales. I have little faith in such lists of anything, but, for the sake of my child friend, I suggest this dozen: "Beauty and the Beast," "Cinderella," "The Sleeping Beauty," "The Three Bears," "Jack, the Giant Killer," "Hop-o'-my-Thumb," "Sindbad, the Sailor," "The Forty Thieves," "Goody Two-shoes," "Aladdin," "Hänsel and Gretel," and "Little Red Riding-hood."

A New Series of "Diplomatic Mysteries"

We take pleasure in announcing to our readers that we have just arranged by cable with Mr. Vance Thompson for a continuation through 1905 of his wonderful series of "Diplomatic Mysteries," which have proved by far the strongest feature of any American magazine during 1904. These papers contain extraordinary and amazing revelations of the inner secrets of the official "cabinets" of Europe and America, and their publication in the SUCCESS MAGAZINE *has aroused widespread interest abroad and at home. The first article in the new series will appear in* SUCCESS *for January, 1905.*

We do not often "talk shop" to our readers, but we can not forbear saying that the collection, verification, and analysis of the vast mass of evidence out of which Mr. Thompson sifts the truth, (and in which work he will spend practically his entire time in Europe for a whole year,) means an expense for a single editorial feature larger perhaps than will be required for any other feature announced by an American magazine for the coming year.

The American Girl in Grand Opera

HEINRICH CONRIED

[Director of the Metropolitan Opera House Company]

THE singers of the United States are forging ahead of those of Europe. In a few years they will lead the world. For the operatic stage, for example, more excellent material may be found in America than in any other country on earth, not excluding Germany and Italy, which have been so long regarded as the wellsprings of music.

In thousands of church choirs throughout the country there are singers who might win fame and fortune in grand opera if they were properly trained. This is particularly true among American women singers, some of whom possess in great richness the natural qualifications for operatic work. Those who are representative have, besides the voice, intelligence, ambition, industry, and perseverance. They dress well, carry themselves well, and in face and manner are attractive. In these particulars they are, as a whole, far superior to the operatic aspirants of the Old World. The latter are apt to be better endowed in temperament, in artistic feeling, and in emotion, but a very considerable compensation for these deficiencies may be found in the American girl's greater vitality, sparkle, personal magnetism, and, always foremost, of course, her voice.

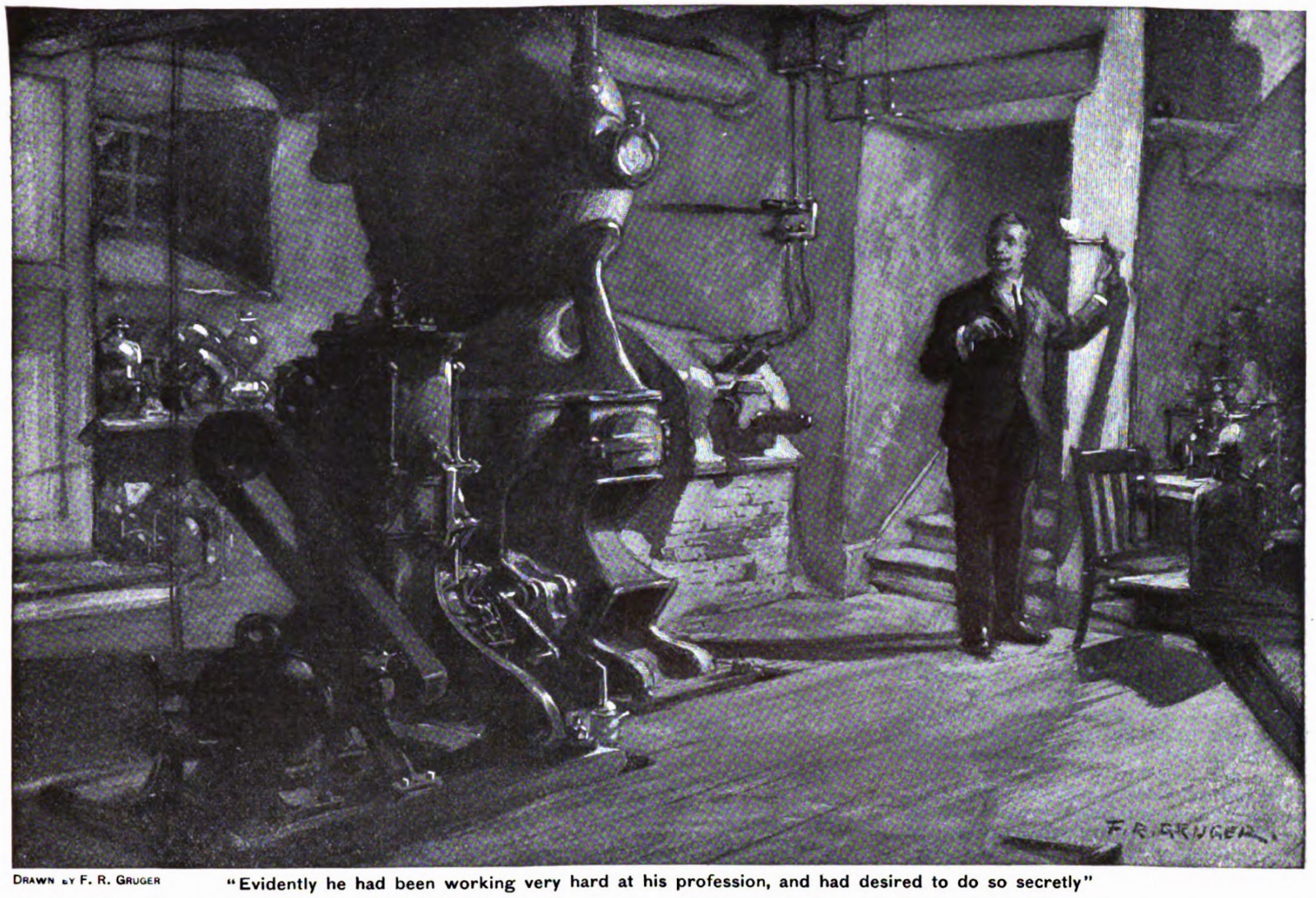
The feminine voice in America has strongly impressed me as being fuller and richer than in Europe. In this country, for example, I rarely hear the thin, quivering tones of the Italian and French tongues. The United States is less prolific in high sopranos, and, among the men, in tenors, than is the Old World, but in mezzo-sopranos, altos, and baritones, it has become preëminent.

The voice, however, is by no means the only consideration in judging a young woman's equipment for grand opera. Other essentials are the dramatic temperment, in some degree, grace, and attractiveness of face. In Germany I would give a good part in an opera to a homely woman who is an artist, but I would hardly dare do it in the United States. Here there is not yet a sufficiently great and general appreciation of art in itself to render it advisable to neglect the externals. The ear and the eye must both be pleased. Audiences demand beauty on the stage, and properly so. The effect of a good operatic performance is sensuous. There must be nothing jarring or incongruous. The music is beautiful, and to maintain an artistic harmony its exponents must at least appear beautiful. Therefore, a young woman who has not a graceful body and pleasing face would better not aspire to grand opera honors, however fine her voice may be, for she will be hopelessly handicapped.

Besides appearance there are mental weaknesses or characteristics that unfit many women for grand opera. I have often encountered an innate timidity and self-consciousness that could not be overcome in a great enough degree to make it worth while or safe for me to take a singer up. All true artists suffer from stage fright, of course, but where the artistic feeling is strong enough the fervor of the performance very quickly banishes the embarrassment. But a self-consciousness that can not be thus easily subdued is especially disastrous to a singer, because it chokes and weakens the voice. It has frequently spoiled scenes in operas, and is one of the factors in my consideration of an applicant's fitness for my company or school. After a careful trial I am often compelled to drop singers whose vocal equipment is fully up to the standard. The general term we use in describing such cases is, "not suited to the operatic stage."

Even with the voice and the personality, an aspirant is a long way, of course, from a place in grand opera, if he or she lacks special training. This requires at least five years, and can not be considered complete without a period of living in the musical atmosphere of Europe, where the traditions and feeling of music are absorbed. There is no substitute in the United States for these finishing influences of a musical education. It is obvious that this travel, the costumes needed for practice performances, and the many incidental expenses during these years of training require a command of money. It is rather depressing to think that art should be so dependent, but such is the case. Without financial backing at the start, an aspiring young woman would better turn her eyes to some other goal than grand opera, unless, indeed, she possesses genius, for which, of course, no rules can be laid down.

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DRAWN BY F. R. GRUGER "Evidently he had been working very hard at his profession, and had desired to do so secretly"

THE WRATH OF THE DIAMOND SYNDICATE

PART I.

H. S. COOPER

HALSEY, Dan and I were sitting around Dan's desk, waiting for Weston and swapping yarns, when he came rushing in. He paused, looked us over, ruminated an instant, and said:—

"Funny that you should all be together at this minute! Anything to do?"

"Not a thing, sir."

"Well, go into my room and I'll be there in a second," and off he dived for the sanctum of Mr. Hulbert, the editor in chief. Halsey is junior theatrical; Dan is senior police court and secret service; I am not on any assignment yet. Weston is the old man's factotum and right-hand man, his intermediary between himself and his cubs. He is also our paragon,—he is fifty, the best all-round subeditor in the city, while we are young, some of us very young. There are a lot more of us, as the "Gazette-Chronicle" is getting to be a big daily, but we four just happened to be in this story, and that's all you need to know about us.

Weston came in very quickly, and, to our amazement, Mr. Hulbert came in with him. We all shuffled to give him the best seat, but he waved his hand at us and seated himself on the table.

"Keep your seats, gentlemen; I'm very comfortable here. Now, Weston, let's have the mare's-nest."

Weston did not grin at the old man's affability, as all we young ones did, but looked as solemn as an obituary, and answered:—

"You may not want to hatch the eggs, Mr. Hulbert, when you know the pedigree!"

"H'm! you must have found something, after all, Weston,—now, do n't mind me, but go ahead."

Weston opened the door, and called a boy, and said to him, "Mr. Hulbert, Dan, Smith, Halsey and myself are in here for an hour, and Mr. Hulbert wants no interruption during that time," and he locked the door, sat down, and began.

"Yesterday afternoon I went out of here in a big hurry to catch a down-town elevated train. Just as I was passing under the tracks this fell in front of me," and he pulled out of his pocket a large morocco memorandum book. "I picked it up, and, as I did so, I heard a yell from somewhere over my head. I looked up and saw a man climbing over the platform of the uptown train that was just starting,—saw him scramble off to the ties and shin down the iron pillar. A policeman grabbed the man as he reached the ground. Just then I heard my train coming in, so I rushed for the steps, dashed up them, and just caught the last car. I walked quickly through to the end to see if I could catch a glimpse of my climbing friend, and I'll be hanged if he was n't on the platform racing after my train! Of course he could not catch it, and, as soon as he found out that he could n't, he stopped suddenly and dashed back again as if going downstairs. It was only after two or three minutes' wondering at his actions that it struck me that this book—that I still held in my hand,—might have been dropped by him from the 'L' train, and that its value might have tempted him to take the risks that he did. My train was just slowing up for Twenty-eighth Street, so I concluded to get out, take the next uptown train to Thirty-third Street, and see if I could find the climber and give him back his book.

"Well, when I got to the street, the first man that I saw was Dan here, on the scent of that McClure Case, and his first words made me pocket the book and forget all about it and its owner until I got home that night. *Then* I noticed the book as I took off my coat, and I opened it to see if I could find any name to guide me in returning it. I did not find any, nor any clue to any, nor did I, on first search, find anything valuable enough to warrant a man jumping off an 'L' train to recover it. It seemed to be completely filled with very fine writing, so I sat down and read it through to see if I could get a clue to the owner. I found, instead, a very strange story,—a most extraordinary story,—and, strange to say, I already knew a part of it; you, Dan, know something of part of it; you, Halsey, are interested in it, and you, Smith, know the sequel! That's why it struck me as strange to see you three together, and, as you are all interested and I know you to be trustworthy youngsters, I brought you in here to hear it, add your mite to it, and let Mr. Hulbert judge the whole thing. Now, before I read it, just look at this writing,—did you ever see anything finer or more distinct? And yet just notice the irregular slope of the letters and how each one looks as if it were painfully, slowly, and laboriously made. Now listen to this first part:—

"'To the person who finds this,—take it to your most private place, at once, read it there, where no one can see you do it, then lock it up in the safest place you have and let no one see it until you have made up your mind whether you will use it or not,—if you can and dare use it as I want it to be used. I have written this in my memorandum book under the bedclothes, at night, when I am believed to be safe and quiet,—the only few minutes of the day when I am not watched. If I can finish it without discovery, I will drop it out of the window of an elevated train in the most crowded spot we pass over, in the hope that some one will find it who will not think it the ravings of a lunatic, and will dare to publish it,—as a warning! I have not given the real names, for they would only be dangerous to the user, but I have simply told the tale of a great crime, one of those crimes so great that they can not be punished on this earth. Every bit of this tale is true,—it *is*, upon my honor! Oh, you who find this, consider well what you do with it, for it is no light task before you, and it will be no cowardice to shirk it! If you do it,—and I pray that you may,—do it *well*, do it quickly, and make *certain* of its success, or—burn it the instant you have read it, and forget it,—forget it,—forget it!'"

Weston stopped, and, before any one else could speak, Mr. Hulbert asked him:—

"Did you say that you know it to be a true story, and that these young gentlemen know something of it also?"

Weston shook his head. "No, sir; I know part of it to be true, and these boys know other parts,—although they do n't know now that they know them."

"H'm! *That's* lucid! Well, go on with the

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story, and, young gentlemen," and he turned to us, "no interruptions, exclamations, or explanations, if you please, when you find that you 'do know now that you know it.' I wish to judge the story from the manuscript alone, at first."

So we all sat silent and absorbed while Weston read. I saw Dan twitch once or twice, and Halsey pretty nearly break out, but the old man's eye was on them and no interruption occurred. I did not see what part my knowledge played in the matter, until the very end of it came, so I did not say anything.

This is what Weston read:—

Bob Allison and I attended the School of Mines; he was from South Carolina, and I from the East; but, as we were both up for the same course,—geological chemistry,—both enthusiasts in regard to it, and, as we often sat together at lectures, we became acquaintances, then friends, then chums. He moved to my lodgings and for three years we were inseparable,—the more so as we were both somewhat shy and made few outside friends. We both got good sheepskins, had a few days mild junket over it, and parted, each to his own home.

Letters passed, frequent at first, then with lengthening intervals until they stopped, and three years passed without my hearing from him. Into those three years came for me sorrow and trouble that put an end, for a time, to all my visions of fame and profit in my profession, and the end of the time found me in the employ of a big diamond-broking house, filling a position of considerable responsibility, for I was the trusted agent, buyer, seller, and, often, the unknown "go-between" for one or all of the big houses in the trade. How I got into it I can scarcely tell, but I had backing from one good friend, I always had a keen eye for gems, my "geochem" helped me, chance did the rest, and so I had already been to Kimberly, to Amsterdam, and to Paris, to buy and sell, and I knew that my employers were only a part of a big syndicate that controlled the diamond output and sale of the world.

I was thinking over these and other matters, one morning, coming down on the "L," when who should come in and sit down opposite me but Bob Allison, looking thinner, older, and haggard, but Bob, all the same. He saw me, as I looked at him, and we had hold of one another's hands in a minute. Just then my station was called, and I pulled him out with me and we went down stairs like a couple of boys. We went to a *café* and talked of old times and asked questions as to the new ones. Bob had been in hard luck, his family being all dead, and his property nearly all gone,—just about my fix! Then I asked him:—

"What brought you to New York, and what are you doing now?"

Bob smiled an odd little smile, hesitated for a minute, and then answered:—

"I've been here nearly a year. I'm living on the remnants of the wreck, am studying—and experimenting,—on the old lines, and am waiting for something to turn up. And what are you doing now? Is it 'Professor Macy' yet?"

I was just going to tell him, when young Rosenthal—the junior of our firm,—tapped me on the shoulder and said:—

"Excuse me, Macy, for interrupting, but can I see you a moment?"

So I went off to a quiet corner, as he had some important news, and talked a few minutes. Then I invited him over to meet Bob, but he had an engagement and had to be off.

When I went back to Bob I stood a minute with my left hand on the back of my chair, looking over the tables to see if I knew any one there. When I looked at Bob again he was gazing at my hand with a most indescribable mixture of earnestness and amusement on his face. Finally he pointed to my hand, and said:—

"Do you go in much for those?"

"Those" was an absolutely perfect water-white diamond that I was wearing in a ring. I always wore one diamond and that as fine a one of its size as I could find, partly because I was very fond of a good gem, and partly for business reasons, some very queer and profitable experiences having started from my so doing. I was going to tell Bob this and explain my business to him when Rosenthal's voice sounded over my shoulder again, saying, "I forgot to hand you this, Macy," and he gave me a paper connected with the business we had talked over before and quickly walked away. Bob looked after him curiously, and asked:—

"Who is your friend, Tom? Evidently he goes in for precious stones,"—which was true, as Rosenthal has a most barbaric taste for gems and wore them on two or three fingers of each hand.

If Bob had not made that remark I would have told him who Isadore was, my connection with him, and my business; but, after he had said it,—and said it in the way he did,—I made up my mind not to tell him,—at least, not just then. So I laughed, and answered:—

"Yes, he is fond of jewelry, but he's a good fellow, all the same, and I have business dealings with him. But you were asking if I 'went in' for diamonds? No, I don't; my finances, as well as my tastes, won't allow it. But I do like one good stone,—a perfect one, mind,—and this is absolutely faultless,—look at it!"

Bob took it and looked at it, and again that curious amused look came into his face. Still fingering it, he asked:—

"Do you know much about diamonds, Tom?"

"Quite a lot, for an amateur."

"Do you know anything about 'rough' diamonds?—uncut stones, I mean?"

"Not quite so much, for I can't wear *them;* but, if you want to know anything about them, I know a man who *does* know more about them than any other man in America,—I might say, in the world."

Bob did not reply at once, but sat looking at the stone with the same curious expression; finally he handed the ring back to me, and said:—

"Can you spare me a couple of hours, Tom?"

"All day, if you wish it, my boy."

"Well, we'll make it all day, for you shall



come with me and we'll have an old-time chat, and perhaps you can aid me in a matter in which I badly want somebody that I can trust implicitly,—and I know I can do that with you."

So we went uptown on the "L," way up to the "jumping-off place," walked a few blocks west, and Bob stopped in front of a rather tumble-down-looking building backing on the creek. He must have seen a look of astonishment on my face, for he laughed, and said:—

"It's a 'singed cat,' Tom,—better than it looks! It suits me, my purse, and my purpose, at this present time, as you'll soon see."

It really wasn't as bad inside as one would have supposed, for Bob had fixed up two rooms in very decent bachelor shape. After luncheon, he said:—

"Now I'll show you why I asked you those questions about rough diamonds," and he went out of the room and apparently down a cellar, and soon came back with a wooden box, which he handed to me, saying:—

"Look out: it's quite heavy! Take it to that back window and tell me what you think of the contents."

I went to the window and opened the lid,—and nearly let the box drop,—for in that box were, if in the light of Bob's question I saw right, several hundred tremendous rough diamonds! He brought a table over to the window, and I took them out one by one and tried to examine them, but my hand shook, my heart thumped, and my sight dimmed so that I hardly knew what I was doing. Now, I was a pretty good judge of cut stones, but in some ways I was and always had been a better judge of rough stones. I had been to Kimberley and Rotterdam several times for the firm, and always had a chance to pass opinion on the rough stones bought by it, and I could tell pretty well,—as well as any man alive, except one,—not only as to the color and "perfectness" of an uncut stone, but could also give a pretty good guess as to where it came from, and, if it were a very big stone, as to whom it came from. But these stones stumped me. That they were diamonds I did not doubt for a minute, for nothing in nature could imitate them so perfectly; but, although they were perfect in color, and apparently without a flaw, their "light" was strange and their shapes peculiar. I must have sat ten minutes fingering them over, examining them minutely with my glass, my thoughts running all sorts of ways,—in fact, I must have been in a sort of trance, for Bob's voice made me start, when he said:—

"Well, old man, what do you think of them?"

"For heaven's sake, Bob, where did you get them?"

"Never mind that, Tom! Tell me what you think of them. I'll tell you more about them, by and by."

"Well, Bob, if those stones are diamonds,—if they will cut, and if they are gemstones,—you have one of the biggest fortunes in the world in that box!"

"Too many 'ifs,' Tom; how can they be cleared away?"

"By having one—any one,—of them 'cut.'"

"Do you know where I can get one cut, and have it honestly done?—I mean by that, do you know where I can take one of those stones and have it put to any and every test that a stone can be put to, so as to be sure that it is a diamond, then to have it cut to the best advantage,—to be sure that no other stone is substituted for it, that the very stone I take will be returned to me, and with proof beyond doubt as to what it is and what its value is? Can you tell me of such a place, Tom?"

He was leaning earnestly forward toward me with an expression on his face as if his life hung on my answer. Did I know of such a place? Yes, several of them, but only one was in America. Old Leon Rosenthal—or the syndicate he represented in America,—had, some years back, a falling out with some of his Rotterdam grinders,—none of us knew what the trouble was, but it must have been a serious one, for he had sworn by all he held holy that he would drive the diamond cutters of Rotterdam to come to America and beg work of him, before he got through with them. To make his threat good he started diamond-cutting in America, and by hook or by

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crook, by the temptations of St. Anthony and the salary of a king,—or a bank president,—he prevailed on the most noted cutter in the world to come over and take charge of the work. He put him in a secure place, gave him every facility he wanted, and the most skillful young men and women that could be obtained, and in five years Leon Rosenthal's threat began to be fulfilled, for cutters—and rough stones,—began to come to America. Donner—the man he imported,—knew more about diamonds than any other man living. His knowledge of them was marvelous. To him came the representatives of emperors and kings when the mammoth stones of their masters were to change shape or ownership, and to him came for final decision all the big uncut stones of the world. He was the man to judge Bob's stone, and, as I was on familiar terms with him and had done him some little favors, and as he was notorious for his honesty of opinion and his fearless expression of it, I knew that I would get from him an opinion of the true value of Bob's stones and a fair test as to their character and cutting. So I finally answered:—

"No, old fellow, I can not tell you of such a place, but I know of one run by a friend of mine where I can take one or more of these stones and get them thoroughly tested, and, if they will stand cutting, perfectly cut. This friend of mine is absolutely trustworthy and is at the very top of his trade; if he says these stones are no good, you can rely on it that they are worthless, while, if he says that they are good, you can rely on that also. Although these stones are unique both in size and shape, he will ask no questions of me if I am able to tell him that I am satisfied as to their ownership and history. There is still such a thing as 'I. D. T.' in Africa and other places, and, although there is n't as much attention paid to it here, still with stones of this size there may be questions asked. Now, old friend, so far as you are concerned, I know you came by them honestly; but, back of you and before you, do you know anything about them or against them?"

Bob leaned back and laughed, a funny little chuckle as if there were some good joke in it all, and then said:—

"Forgive me, Tom, for laughing at your question, but the form in which you put that series of questions would strike you yourself as funny if you knew all,—and that 'all' I will tell you when that stone you are going to take comes back. Now I can only tell you this much: I know the full history of those stones from the very beginning, there is nothing crooked about them in any way, and they are mine, honestly and by every right. That is all that I will tell you or any one else at this time; is it satisfactory?"

"It's satisfactory to me. Now, if you are satisfied for me to try my friend, I will take this stone, as it is about an average of the lot in size, and, just as soon as anything absolutely definite is known about it, I will be sure to let you know."

"And how soon do you think that will be?"

"Perhaps twenty-four hours,—perhaps twenty-four days!"

"Well, we'll hope for the shorter time, for, to tell you the truth, Tom, I have waited so long on these stones that my patience is about gone. My whole life and happiness lie in that box; if they are as valuable as I think they are, I am a millionaire,—and you, old fellow, shall be one also!" He put his hand on my shoulder and laughed at me in a happy sort of way.

It was a little hard to talk much after that, for a while; I sat fingering the stones, speculating on their worth, and trying to make out to myself just how Bob had ever come to own them. Presently he got up, shook himself, and said:—

"Come, Tom, quit guessing, take your stone, and I'll put the rest away and we'll drop them entirely for this afternoon. I've got a boat out back here and we'll go out on the creek for a spin."

I put the one away in my pocket and he took the boxfull into another room. When he came back he said:—

"Now, I'm going to the boathouse for my boat and I'll have her here in a few minutes. Here is a magazine to look over while I'm gone."

But the magazine did not interest me. Those wonderful stones were too much on my mind, so I threw it down and started to take a look around



"'You and I have been watched and followed everywhere'"

Bob's rooms. From the front the house was apparently one story and an attic, but at the back, owing to the slope of the land toward the creek, there was another story below, a sort of stone-walled basement. There was no appearance of door or window in it from the outside, so I went inside again and into Bob's bedroom. I found a lot of our old knickknacks there, and, while pawing them over, I noticed a door leading—apparently,—nowhere. On opening it, I found stairs leading down into the basement, and, without thinking much of what I was doing, I started down them. It was pitchy dark down there, with not a ray of light from anywhere, so I struck a match, found a gas jet handy, lighted the gas, and looked around. I found quite a big room, dry and warm, stone-walled all around, and filled full of furnaces, retorts, crucibles, piping in all sorts of ways and places, and a lot of machines and implements that I could not even tell the use of. The whole apparatus was evidently metallurgical, and it struck me at once that the ready accessibility of this convenient and secluded basement was one very good reason why Bob liked the place. Evidently he had been working very hard at his profession, and had desired to do so secretly, too. If I had not known him so well, I should have said that he was either trying for the philosopher's stone or was counterfeiting,—for no thought or hint of the real object of all this apparatus entered my mind,—fool that I was! With my knowledge of that box of stones upstairs, with Bob's speeches still in my ears, and with the mystery and secrecy of this alchemist's cave all around me, I still did not have the faintest thought of the real object of it all! I thought at last that Bob might be coming and would feel bad to think that I had been prying into his secrets, so I hustled upstairs and resumed reading the magazine, and, when Bob came in, I said nothing to him of what I had seen.

Our *siesta* in the boat was not a success, for the tabooed subject was a skeleton at the feast, and neither of us could banish the thought of those stones; so, after an hour or two of desultory talk, I put in the plea of a forgotten business engagement, which Bob accepted with willingness, and then I went home, after making an appointment for the next afternoon.

PART II.

THAT night I slept badly,—probably the big stone under my pillow had something to do with that,—and the next morning I felt like a boy with a circus in town, for I could not do any one thing thoroughly, and it seemed as if I would "be late,"—which I intended to be, for I did not want old Rosenthal around when I should show the stone to Donner, as he would ask too many questions and want to take all the credit of the find to himself, or else turn nasty about it and forbid Donner having anything to do with it. He always came to the shop between nine and eleven, and was away by half past eleven, as he lunched at twelve sharp and always at one place. So I waited until nearly eleven before I went to the shop, and met Rosenthal coming down stairs. He greeted me as usual and asked if I had "anything big on," and, on my saying "No," he went on down stairs and I went into Donner's little office.

He was a typical Dutchman, rotund, exasperatingly slow of action and speech, and with a pronunciation that jumbled the consonants in awful confusion. I took the stone out of my pocket, and said:—

"Old man, here's a conundrum for you,—and a big one! Is that 'puilding schdones,' or 'bure garbon?'"—both expressive terms of his for worthless stones and for a "water white."

He took the stone and laid it carelessly in the palm of his big fat hand and rolled it around there with the fingers of his other hand,—a curious trick of his,—he called it "veeling der dexdure." Scarcely had his fingers touched it than he gave—what was for him,—a jump, hastily looked at the stone, reached for his clamp, hammer, and chisel, fixed the stone in the clamp, and clipped off a corner. This piece he examined with his glass with nervous haste, clipped off another piece, examined that, and then suddenly turned to me with his usually big red face a sallow white, and said, in tones that betrayed a curious anxiety:—

"Mazy, vere in blitzen you ged dod schdone?"

"From a friend of mine."

"Vere he ged id?"

"I do n't know, but he got it straight, I can guarantee that!"

"Hass he any more?"

"Why do you ask that, Donner? Are they valuable?"

"Wallable? No, no! Dell your vrendt to drow dem der riffer in, and vergeit dem. Go, Mazy, go kwig, dell him schdob id, schdob id, I zay, kwig! Oh, der vool, der vool! Iss der nod enough ploot on der dings alretty yed?"

I was paralyzed,—I had never seen Donner so excited,—the ruin of a half-million-dollar stone by an incompetent grinder had not moved him to an outbreak like this. I could not understand it. Half remembered tales of great diamond robberies flashed through my mind, and I said:—

"Donner, I tell you they 're honest stones. I can vouch for the man that gave them to me! He said they were his honestly, and I know—"

"Know? Know? You know noddings! You are a shilt, a papy! Honesdly! Ja-ja, dey vas honesdly his, dot vas so, dot *vas* so, und dot vas der trubble! Mazy, as you lofe your frendt, you do vat Donner zay, you dake dot schdone pack to him, und you dell him yust so,—Donner zay dot schdone no coot, drow id avay, drow dem all avay, vergeit dem unt kvid id,—kvid id, I zay! Dake der schdone, Mazy, und get oud kvig!"

"Give me the stone!"

It was old Rosenthal's voice, but it had in it a tone I had never heard, a fierce, discordant note,

[*Continued on pages 793 to 796*]

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MEN WHO HAVE MATCHED OPPORTUNITY

The Reason why Strong Men of All Ages—Hannibal, Cæsar, Cromwell, Washington, Napoleon, Jackson, Lincoln, Roosevelt, and Others,—Have Been Able to Encounter and Master Greatness

ALFRED HENRY LEWIS

[*Drawings by Charles Sarka*]

WRITING is so much like war that, if he who is to write and he who is to fight would write or fight at a profit, each must precede his labors of pen or sword with a season of thought. The one should study his subject; the other, his foe: also each should be sure of the lay of the facts and the ground. For all that, now, when I have concluded that prescribed period of study, and wholly ruminated the affair in interest, I still find myself, at the best, no more than badly prepared. I have been unable to break my ideas to any drill, or order them into aught like procession or sequence; wherefore, in their expression, it is a grave chance that they will offer only the spectacle of motion without direction, like a dog chasing its tail; or, as it were, a kind of rhetorical Dutch waltz, wherein the person performing and his kindly partner—in this case, the essayist and his subject,—seize on one another, solemnly to revolve, without once leaving the floor-spot of their first occupation.

What is *greatness*, in its definition? What are its meanings and its signs? Certainly, it is not a synonym of happiness; for a man is so much like a nation that the one you never hear of is indubitably the one of most felicity. He wrote wisely who declared, "Happy is the country which has no history," since the history of any country—*vide* the bookshelves,—is invariably the story of its troubles and its wars. And so it is with a man.

Neither does greatness mean content. Indeed, it is a broad risk that contentment would lead to the destruction of greatness. Contentment is the natural reason of stagnation, which is but a pausing, or waiting for death. Of all sentiments of condition, contentment is that one most disastrous. If it had not been for what fanged discontent has gnawed at the souls of men, we should be dwelling in caves,—should be eating our meat raw and saving our fire to pray to, as did our ancestors for ages.

What, then, is greatness, and in what does it consist? Is it fame, advertisement, celebration, or honor in men's mouths and in their annals? Is it contrast?—a dove upon an asp's nest, innocence brooding venom?

If greatness be fame, then it must rest upon and change with conditions. A modern greatness would discover more difficulties in its occasion than did the greatness of another day. Two centuries ago, when Addison wrote "Spectators," fame was found living within a radius of twenty miles from London Stone, and he was great who set three thousand tongues to wagging. In this wider hour of telegraph and steam, no one is famous, and, per consequence,—if the one rest upon the other,—no one is great who has not compelled the encomiums of thirty millions. Consider the slim limits of those fields from which such as Addison, and, later, Johnson, harvested their greatness. Now your English-writing man who would describe himself as great must blow so loud a blast upon his goose quill—a villain metaphor!—as to be heard, not alone in his own country, but across continents and oceans,—to such sort has the world become swollen and fattened through modern agencies and inventions. However, it is not altogether, but only partly true that fame and the mere mention by men's lips constitute greatness. Shakespeare is no greater, being read and honored in every printed tongue, than he was when known only to those who saw and heard him across the foot-candles of his little Southwark theater on the Bankside.

Speaking of the dramatic one of Stratford recalls his separation of greatness—worn threadbare by much quoting,—into an isosceles triangle of description. He speaks of those who are born great, those who achieve greatness, and those who have greatness thrust upon them. Of the last sort take Mrs. Stowe, with her "Uncle Tom's Cabin." There was the mighty question of black slavery wringing the hearts of men. The subject was absorbing, the interest ablaze and ready-made. The novel so fitted with the hour—an hour which its author had not produced,—that it was given vogue a thousandfold beyond its merit as simple literature. Had the writing and printing of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" been deferred until to-day, its author's fame would have been vastly moderated. The huge per cent. of the greatness of Mrs. Stowe was thrust upon her by conditions. The same thing could be said of Beecher, Garrison, Lowell, Whittier, and many another who flourished from the rostum or in the literature of that hour,—hot with antislavery. Even diamonds of the first water gain much by proper setting.

II.

"PLAGIARIST," wrote Mark, the Delicious, while making notes for a dictionary; "Plagiarist, one who writes plays." Now I wish that greatness were as readily laid down in a phrase. What should be that analysis to set out, each by itself, those elements which compose the sum of greatness? He who can make it could search the cradles of his country and indicate the future's champions. Greatness does not lie wholly in the seed, the attribute, and will lean on cultivation and opportunity. No man, however powerful, may at all times rule the thing,—the circumstance. Also, greatness will depend upon the unusual,—upon a poverty of occurrence. No matter how tall the tree, to be a great tree it must be taller than its fellows. By the same token, since we've seen how greatness is comparative, where all are blind the one-eyed man is king.



Mrs. Socrates, otherwise known as Xanthippe, frequently called her husband's attention to their empty larder

When he of Avon spoke of those who are born great, he meant princes of the purple. In his face be it written that seldom, if ever, was a king, of himself, great. His station and his scepter and his throne were great,—like the six-shooter of a sheriff,—but he, himself, and aside from these, was poorly meager. A scepter, or a throne, is the attribute of royalty; so far, however, as it concerns that man who chances to be royal, it is not an attribute, but a condition.

When one dips beneath the lies of history, where is that king who should take rank as really great? In whatever field he glanced, your search will show that he burned like the moon by the reflected light of some sun of commonalty. Is it a Henry to defy a Rome and found a church? You will find a Duns Scotus, a Wyclif, an Occam, or a Luther to precede him or live in his day, and plant that vine whereof he has the vintage. Is it a Black Prince to capture a French king at Poitiers? Chandos, the best soldier of England, rides at his bridle rein. Chandos halts him, or moves him forward, and holds him in military leading strings throughout. The prince plays with battle as a child plays with a toy, and, for all the man's or soldier's work he does, might have come upon the field in an ordinary perambulator.



Fabius no longer matched his moment, and was repulsed by Hannibal

Jefferson, who did not believe in the native greatness of kings, traveled through Europe only to confirm his republicanism, and returned complaining of "the folly of heaping importance upon fools." In good truth, a king would find the path to any personal greatness hopelessly choked up. He would be withstood and paralyzed in his ambitions by the adulation of his own courtiers,—adulation than which opium is not so soporific or more profoundly a deliriant. That, aside from a natural thin meanness of blood, which is the heritage of all royalty, has been the mighty setback in the crowned instance of a king. He has been too much stunned, not to say stunted, by flattery, and he was not made to strive. Carneades said that a king learns to do nothing right save ride. The horse, being no courtier, does not flatter, but tosses him from the saddle as flippantly as if he were the most vulgar of peasants. So a king—to save himself,—learns to ride.

Flattery or adulation destroys greatness. That is as true of commoner as of king. Diogenes, speaking from (inside) his tub, inveighs against it for that it lulls energy to sleep and betrays virtue. Also, recurring to kings,

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"Had a king done half as much he would have gone thundering down time"

you may gain a glimpse of the inferiority of that greatness which is born to that greatness which is achieved, and nourish anew your faith in a republic by comparing our presidents with what kings and kaisers, czars and sultans prevailed in their day.

Machiavelli writes that we are born evil and become good only upon compulsion. He might have paraphrased that utterance of his pen and written that we are born small and become great only upon compulsion. Taking this to be verity, there will be no true greatness where circumstances do not exert a pressure. A simile for bubbling humanity might be found in a kettle of soup. At the top is the froth, at the bottom the dregs, while what is hale and sound and sweet and worth an honest spoon abides between. There be those who, by vice of riches or station, are born above need,—that is to say, of fear. There be those, so blackly the dregs of a people, who are born below the touch of hope. And, since there is no fear for the one, no hope for the other, both classes, speaking generally, turn idle, desperate, and vicious. Upon neither falls that compulsion or pressure whereof the Florentine speaks. No greatness can come from them; it will have to emanate from that hale, sound, middle stratum which must strive that it may live, and in whose keeping lie race-safety and the solvency of time.

For the sake of Gray and his "Elegy," let us concede those Miltons mute, and bloodless Cromwells, and flowers that blush unseen and sweeten with neglected fragrance desert airs. And yet how shall one call these imagined folks, in their passivity and with their existences but guessed at, great? Without action, without assertion, they count for nothing, like the gold, supposed or suspected, in the unmined bosom of a hill. They say there is and can be no such noise-commodity as sound, wanting the presence of a listening ear. It would be like drumming, with no drum. It is the air-waves beating upon the tympanum which furnish the sound. Now I should say that the bloodless, mute, inglorious greatness of the reverend verse-maker might be of this latent sort. It exists in the antechamber of the possible, and might be invoked. Missing invoking occasion, however, how shall one call it greatness?



Mark Twain is the master of many hours

Granting them fairest measure, those unknown great must remain unknown, because we may do no better by them. Still, we may wring from them a deduction. Given the man, with every element of greatness rife within him and carried to its topmost bent, yet must he be added to the proper hour before greatness can express itself. Napoleon, wanting his hour, would have come to naught. Grant, unmet, or unmated of opportunity, would have lived and died a tanner. The suitable hour encounters Grant; in five years he rides about, the world's greatest soldier, a million and a half of men at his horse's tail.

III.

NOT only must the man meet with the hour before he may teach the world or even teach himself this greatness, but the man—to have recourse again to Machiavelli,—must also be studious to match that hour. "For," observes the philosopher of the De Medicis, "I have many times considered with myself that any man's great or little fortune consists in his correspondence and accommodation with his times."



"The scepter and the six-shooter,—both look well on a throne"

Hannibal overruns Italy and pens the beaten Romans within their walls. Fabius, whose genius is stubborn and defensive, like an oak tree or Colley Cibber's stone posts, matches the hour, which is one wherein shields, not swords, are at a premium. Fabius stands off Hannibal, and prevents his conquest of the city. Fabius is great.

Hannibal's supplies run low. The hour changes: Hannibal turns weak and aggression is demanded by Roman needs. Fabius can do nothing but defend. His greatness falters and its luster dims; he no longer matches his hour. Scipio, who was helpless in a day of bucklers, comes to the fore. His genius is for attack,—for javelins, not shields. The question is how to drive Hannibal from Italy. Scipio says: "Attack Carthage." The move results in triumph, and Scipio, matching the hour, becomes great, taking the place of poor Fabius, who dwindles out-of-joint of the new day.

Yet it is to be supposed that Fabious and Scipio were great. There have been many great ones of similar feather, who were only great in streaks and spots. Socrates, who leaves Xanthippe with a bare larder while he talks, preferring debate to his trade as a stone mason, is not a great husband. Cæsar, who owes millions before he is of age, is not a great business man. Sheridan, great as an orator and playwriter, is not a great moralist. Grant, mighty as a soldier, is not a great orator. Jefferson, great as a statesman, inventor, and scholar, is wanting in military instinct.

Of Americans, Washington, Franklin, Jackson and Lincoln were greatest in an all-round way. They were great in war and great in peace. Washington even achieved greatness in that most difficult of rôles, the rôle of a private citizen. Franklin was great as a thinker and discoverer, great in war craft and statecraft, and great in big and little things. He produces a fire department, a police department, and a postal department; he crosses the Atlantic and discovers the Gulf Stream; he flies a kite and tames the lightning; he writes proverbs, poetry, and prose; he does more for freedom, and for liberty, than any of those who were with him, or preceded him, or followed him. Jackson was great with the sword; he was greater with the pen when he vetoed a robber bank, and when he struck secession dumb and motionless with a toast. Also, he was great in his defiance and defeat of red tape,—that modern Minotaur. Lincoln was doubly great as one who not only matched his hour, but also made it. Speaking of Lincoln's speeches against Douglas, Colonel Morrison, himself a Douglas man, said to me:—



"Then Shakespeare trod the boards"

"I've heard thousands of political speeçhes and made hundreds. Those speeches of Lincoln against Douglas were the only ones I ever heard that hurt."

When folks speak of great ones of the past, they commonly have warriors, or conquerors, in their minds. That is for a reason given before, and because the history of a country is a story of its wars. Leaving America and Americans,—lest partisanship defeat judgment,—and crossing to the Old World, I should put Cromwell forward as that one greatest of the great. This will provoke a scream of protest from Napoleoniacs. And yet, consider: Napoleon is young, and Cromwell along in years, when they come upon the stage. Cromwell sustains himself to the last; Napoleon, defeated, ends at St. Helena.

Jackson was a firm admirer of Napoleon, and followed him step by step. In the end he pointed out the latter's pivotal mistake.

"It was Paris," said Jackson, "not the English, that defeated Napoleon. He ought to have burned Paris, and thrown himself upon the country. That is what I should have done, and the country would have sustained me." Jackson, unerring in his instinct as a congenital war-dog, was right.

Napoleon was a soldier by education; Cromwell was a farmer. Napoleon found trained soldiers at ready hand when his career began; Cromwell must make his peasants into soldiers under fire. In the blaze of battle he forged himself and them; and, later, at odds of a brigade against a roundhead regiment, the latter mowed down the flower of Europe.

Cromwell, in his cold, sullen English, had a more difficult metal to deal with than did Napoleon. It asks no mighty fire to melt a Frenchman,—at all times half-solved in the heat of his innate hysteria. Napoleon coaxed, bribed, and dazzled, as well as fought his way. The somber Cromwell merely lied and fought.

Napoleon made terms with the church; Cromwell conquered church and nation. Napoleon would lose courage and presence of mind; Cromwell's heart, whatever the occasion and whether of peril or of safety, beat as steady and measured as a clock.

Cromwell was whatever the moment asked. He could dissemble like a Talleyrand, or he could be as bluff as Harry the Eighth. He wedded caution to daring; he could follow policy and intrigue like Louis XI., or he could charge as recklessly as any Charles of Burgundy,—think in the saddle, and carry decision on the point of his sword. Cromwell knew humanity in the herd, and was great in that knowledge. When thousands greeted his return from Ireland, one at his elbow—a courtier, of course,—congratulated him on his popularity and the fervor of his welcome home.

"More would come to see me hanged," quoth the cloudy Cromwell, who never forgot that it is curiosity rather than love or loyalty that makes the reason of every popular demonstration.

Cromwell was an expert of the mask; he could feign a feeling or pretend a thought. He calculated coldly, and never permitted feud or the knowledge of another's treason, *in esse* or accomplished, to prevent use of that man. He would plow with the heifer of his foe,—even with the foe himself, while the plowing plowed advantage. He would meet folks known to be false, he would seem to give them his confidence, he would let the nose of venal expectation sniff reward, and he would be the picture of unconscious innocence. Those false ones had been deluded; they were in invisible irons, and always in sight. Cromwell, better than Napoleon, knew men; better than Napoleon he matched each new hour and dovetailed with events as they befell. In seeming ever frank, he was as close-locked as the grave; apparently pliant, he was as bendless as the oak; never hearing, he was all ears; never seeing, he had the eyes of Argus; innocent, he was a fox for policy; peaceful, he was as formidable as a bear; slow, he was as swift to smite as a bolt from above; hesitating, he was as prompt as a flashlight; careless, he was as accurate as a rapier; and of

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things, for things, and by things political he was never where nor when nor what his enemies anticipated. Military in his genius, he was always pushing for the high ground; being as selfish as military, he held, with Thrasymachus, that "justice is the interest of the stronger."

There are songs, like "Home, Sweet Home," which move me deeply. Yet I am unable to take words from music and say that it is the one or the other which engages my sensibilites. In similar manner you meet with men whom you can not fail to know as great, even while the secret of their greatness baffles your best research. Richard Croker, who held his foot on the neck of New York for sixteen years, was great. For all that you could make no analysis of him that would serve to unlock the mystery of it. To look upon him told as little as if you looked upon a Corliss engine. It was only by estimating results—the work done and the loads lifted,—that you were given a guess at the power that slept in him.

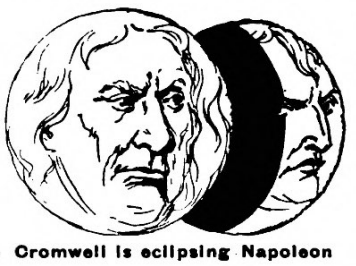


He really must not lose his precious monocle

In Croker, or in those better cases of Colonel William Ralls Morrison and Secretary Walter Q. Gresham, you got a glint of greatness in the attitudes that were held toward them by other men,—ones whom you knew to be strong. It was as if they owned an inborn trick of command. They told other men what to do,—and other men obeyed them. There is this sort of natural bigness, or greatness, to be an attribute of certain men, and its manifestation commonly is an attraction much like the attraction of gravitation. You discover their greatness by observing the actions of those who have come within range of their influences,—in brief, the old story of Newton and the apple. Astronomers discovered the existence of Neptune and Uranus through the actions of the other planets, long before any telescope was made strong enough to bring them into view.

Not only is there this greatness born of a fashion of gravitation,—I once described it as the hypnotism of beef, having most noticed it in stout, thick, solid, vital folks like orator Robert G. Ingersoll and Speaker Thomas Brackett Reed,—but there is also a greatness, like the greatness of a Phidias or an Apelles, that is helpless and handless without its proper tools. There have been statesmen—resistless forces of government, they were,—who, without money, were powerless. The elder Walpole, to whom England's debt is measureless, and who has not been matched for statesmanship since his day, if wanting money, would have been a turtle on its back. He said he knew the price of every man, save two, in parliament; also, he paid that price.

It is the fashion to say ill things of money. Even I, myself, took late occasion to remark that money is so much like water that it commonly collects in the lowest places. Now, in strict truth, there is reason for thinking that money has done more good than evil, and some of us ought to apologize. There are dollars as stainless as stars; and, if one must employ water in hyperbole, why, then, there be lakes high up among the hills whose purity is even with their altitudes.



Cromwell is eclipsing Napoleon

While turning the leaves of a world's annals, one finds few specimens of that regular and rounded greatness which belongs with such as Franklin. For the most part, greatness is special and single in its kind. Brummel was great as a fop; Byron, as a poet; Horace Walpole, as a gossip; Cagliostro, as a humbug; Carlyle, as a phrase-maker, and so one might continue throughout a summer's day, pushing the buttons of every possible phase of human development. At this pinch it is proper to say that no roster of the sort in hand could call itself complete that omitted a mention of ones who claim greatness by sheer stress of the physical. A prizefighter, in his way, is as great as a poet, and practices a more recondite art. Why should John L. Sullivan be refused his place with greatness? Was Franklin great? Why, then, Sullivan got his brawn where Franklin got his brains: both dealt at the same bargain counter of nature and paid the same price.

V.

WHILE the man who suspects himself as one capable of greatness should lie in sleepless wait for his hour, to seize upon and wed with it, he should be none the less sure that he possesses those attributes which will give him mastery when the hour arrives. It is all very well for the cat to play with the mouse; but there should be no reversal, and the mouse should not play with the cat. There is no more piteous spectacle, none more dangerous, than a little man in the coils of a great occasion. I think this warning proper. Some truths are so obvious that no one misses a knowledge of them. No one, for example, is so dull as to prepare for the past; no one is so reverently idiotic as to revere a future. Yet men miss a wisdom of themselves that lies wide open to the eyes of all who surround them. It was for these Burns wrote a poem, and wrote in vain. I say again, while arranging to be great, don't mistake ambition for genius, and think yourself equipped for greatness when armed only of desire.

And yet—to encourage souls of mustard seed,—there have been times when the counterfeit passed current for the genuine, dross was as good as gold, and folks of pasteboard were reckoned folks of power. The evidence of greatness, as greatness is here discussed, is glory; and Montaigne, I think, speaks of glory as a shadow, sometimes before, sometimes behind a man, and for a general rule a deal longer than the body which projected it.

Now, at the finish of all this cutting and basting and stitching of phrases, I confess, what you must have guessed in the beginning, that I can not tell what greatness is. There was once a man, gray and old. During the fight at the 'DobeWalls, when twenty-one buffalo hunters fought five hundred picked Comanches two weeks, killed eighty of them, and beat them off, he climbed from a window, bucket in hand, to walk fifty yards, stay five minutes, and bring water to a fever-eaten comrade, dying with a bullet through his lungs. During those five minutes, which were as five ages, full twenty score of rifles were barking at him from four hundred yards away. The pump and the pump-platform were pockmarked of fifty bullets. The old man's hat was shot from his head; a dog was killed at his feet. And still he pumped, stolidly and heroically. In the end he fills his bucket and returns without a mark.



Richard Croker was endowed with the inborn trick of command

I can not say that the stubborn old man was great, albeit his dying comrade thought so. Had a king done half so much, however, it would have gone thundering down the aisles of futurity to the last syllable of time.

When the torpedo boat "Winslow" lay helpless under a rapid-fire hail of Spanish shells, a common wooden tug, the "Hudson," steamed in to her relief, the captain of the "Hudson," cool and careless, on his little bridge. He brought his boat into that ark of fire without orders, and without hesitation. For ten flame-fed minutes he lay rocking alongside the helpless "Winslow." Then he got his rope aboard and towed her out of harm. The tug "Hudson" came forth as full of holes as a colander.

I will not say that the "Hudson's" captain was great, because the navy department has never said so. Besides, he was in the revenue service, not the navy proper, and it is a recognized naval axiom that greatness is impossible in the revenue service.

No, I re-confess that greatness, as an entity, escapes me; I can not grasp it. A grizzly bear is not great, and yet, had a grizzly met with Cæsar, in his day, the grizzly would have won a victory and Cæsar would have become a thing for urns and mourning.

Favorinus, the philosopher, disputes with Adrian, the emperor, and, when the dispute is hot, Favorinus yields himself as beaten.

"Would you have me," says Favorinus, winking an eye of philosophy upon complaining friends, "would you have me wiser than one who commands thirty legions?"

Who was greater, Favorinus, or Adrian?

Pollio, the poet, writes verses in contest with Augustin, the emperor, and the emperor's verses are finer than Pollio's.

"For," said Pollio, "it is not well to write better than one who has power to proscribe."

Who was greater, Pollio, or Augustin?

Dionysius, the tyrant, writes poetry against Philoxenus, and meets Plato in joint debate. Dionysius, being defeated in the contests, sentences Philoxenus to the quarries and sells Plato as a slave into the island of Ægina.

Who was greater, Dionysius, or Philoxenus?—Dionysius, or Plato?

No, I do not know what greatness is.

More, there is the element of accident. Cæsar goes through two hundred battles and escapes without a wound. Most men deny the potentialities of the accidental, and in Cæsar's case oft quote him as first resolving to be great and then proceeding to transact his greatness.

"Twenty-two," said Cæsar, thinking on the summers he had wasted, "twenty-two, and nothing done for immortality!"

"There!" cry the great Roman's admirers; and then they thrust the utterance under the noses of their cubs.

To you who aim at greatness and have come thus far, I can, in my weakness, give but this counsel: emulate the storm-tossed mariner as he appeals to Neptune. "Thou may'st," prays that sterling sailorman to the angry god, "thou may'st save me, or thou may'st destroy me; for myself, however, I shall hold my rudder true."

Here are some opinions that may not be amiss:—

Macaulay says: "Society, indeed, has its great men and its little men, as the earth has its mountains and its valleys. But the inequalities of intellect, like the inequalities of the surface of the globe, bear so small a proportion to the mass that, in calculating its great revolutions, they may be safely neglected. The sun illuminates the hills while it is still below the horizon, and truth is discovered by the highest minds a little before it becomes manifest to the multitude. This is the extent of their superiority. They are the first to catch and reflect a light which, without their assistance, must, in a short time, be visible to those who lie far beneath them. Those who seem to lead the public are, in general, merely outstripping it in the direction which it is spontaneously pursuing."

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

Vance Thompson's "Diplomatic Mysteries"

OWING to the fact that Mr. Thompson was obliged to make an extended trip to Russia in order to interview Count Leo N. Tolstoi for his article, "Why the Czar Does not Molest Tolstoi," he was obliged to omit the installment for this issue. We greatly dislike to break the continuity of Mr. Thompson's fascinating and interesting series, but he insists that his facts must be verified before he undertakes the completion of an article. He writes from Russia that he has been put to a great deal of trouble securing facts for the Tolstoi article, and that he has several more people to see before he can finish his manuscript. This article will explain a much mooted world question. In the vast prison known as Russia there is but one free man,—Tolstoi. He is the only man who has dared to express a free opinion of the czar, and has not been molested. Tolstoi has grown too great for punishment. A blow struck at him would really disrupt the Russian government more than anything else. This and Mr. Thompson's other mysteries, "How Treaties of Peace Are Made," and "The New British Empire,—Southern Asia," will be the first of the new series to begin with the January, 1905, issue.

"Why Japan Must Win"

HOSMER WHITFIELD, special commissioner for SUCCESS in the Far East; Baron Kentaro Kaneko, life member of the Japanese house of peers, and Yone Noguchi, the well-known author, have watched the war for SUCCESS from the time the first gun was fired. Many important matters which a rigorous censorship has withheld will be told by them in "Why Japan Must Win," in our January issue.

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A. MAURICE LOW,
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WASHINGTON DIPLOMATS OF THE PRESS

Newspaper Correspondents Who Stand close to the Government.—Their Many Notable Achievements.—How They Have Figured in the Great Affairs of the Government

C. ARTHUR WILLIAMS

It is related that, during the Republican National Convention, at Chicago, last summer, Speaker Cannon, of the house of representatives, was approached by a political writer from one of the papers of that city, who complained that certain important information which had been given to some of the Washington correspondents who were "covering" the big event had been withheld from the local reporters. "That is not fair," said the local man: "we are as good as the Washington correspondents, any time."

"My son," replied the speaker, in his inimitable manner, "the Washington correspondents were given that news because we knew we could trust them and were sure they would handle it properly. You may be just as worthy of confidence, but we do n't know it."



C. ARTHUR WILLIAMS,
The "Post," Houston, Texas

While this may give rise to a suspicion that the speaker is unduly prejudiced in favor of the men who have so materially helped to make him famous, it is undoubtedly true that no body of newspaper writers in the world occupies a higher place in the esteem of those with whom they come in contact, or enjoys their confidence more completely, than do the men who represent the press at Washington. There is a perfectly logical explanation of this, which in itself may be accepted as a justification of Mr. Cannon's view. The man whom a newspaper sends to the capital is usually the best on its staff. His fitness is demonstrated before he leaves the home office. The result is that the Washington correspondents are the cream of the profession and are recognized and treated as such by those with whom they deal. There are occasional exceptions, naturally, but they only tend to accentuate the rule.

Of course these writers who furnish the world with the news of the seat of government are not all on the same plane of ability and extent of operation. They range from the high-salaried chiefs of the bureaus maintained by the metropolitan journals to the representatives of the smaller newspapers, who are paid no more than average reporters; from the men who enjoy intimate confidential relations with the President, his cabinet officers, and other officials, to those who come in contact only with the congressmen from the states or sections in which their papers circulate; and from men whose views on current topics are regarded all over the country as authoritative, to those who handle only local news, and, not being expected or permitted to express opinions, are really reporters rather than correspondents. Yet confidence is reposed in all of them. The big men may have accurate advance information concerning the policy of the government in matters of the utmost international importance, while the others are told nothing of greater interest than the inside facts about some local appointment a member of congress is endeavoring to secure for a constituent. But the principle is the same in both cases.



Reporting an exciting debate

The *personnel* of the press-gallery membership undergoes changes, naturally, but they are not as numerous as might be expected. The numerical strength of the corps is being constantly increased as the smaller papers grow larger and richer. Many publications are represented, today, which were not in existence a decade or two ago, while others which could not afford a special Washington service a few years back now have their own men at the capital. At every session of congress new names are placed on the official lists of accredited correspondents published in the "Congressional Directory." The Associated Press handles general news in the most complete manner imaginable, but every paper wants matter its rivals do not get, and wants it to be individual in style and character. The growing army of special correspondents is the result. Should all those whose names appear in the "Directory" attempt to get into either the house or the senate press gallery at one time, many would have to go without seats. There were one hundred and one specials on duty during the first session of the forty-ninth congress, nearly twenty years ago. Now there are about one hundred and seventy-five.

Many of those who wrote Washington dispatches during Cleveland's first term are still writing Washington dispatches. Major John M. Carson, the dean of the corps and chairman of the standing committee through which is conducted all official negotiations between the correspondents as a body and the two branches of congress, has represented the Philadelphia "Public Ledger" for over a quarter of a century. O. O. Stealey has been at the capital for the Louisville "Courier-Journal" for twenty-two years. He was a reporter on the old Louisville "Courier" when, in 1869, it merged with the "Journal" and Henry Watterson became editor of the "Courier-Journal," and his service has been continuous since. A. Maurice Low, of the Boston "Globe," and S. E. Johnson and W. C. McBride, of the Cincinnati "Enquirer," have supplied their respective papers with Washington news for some twenty years, and several others are still in the press galleries who were there two decades ago. Most of these, however, have changed their connections in the meantime.

Some of the correspondents could not be induced to forsake their profession under any circumstances, but many another has used it as a stepping-stone to a more lucrative and responsible position in some other field of endeavor. Charles A. Conant, for years the Washington correspondent of the New York "Journal of Commerce" and the Springfield "Republican," showed such a marked knowledge of financial matters that he came to be recognized as an authority. When the

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MAJOR J. M. CARSON,
The "Ledger," Philadelphia



WILLIAM E. CURTIS,
Chicago "Record-Herald,"

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OTTO CARMICHAEL,
The "Herald," Boston



ROBERT M. LARNER,
Charl'st'n "News and Courier"



O. O. STEALEY,
Louisville "Courier-Journal"

problem of a new monetary system for the Philippines presented itself to the government, Mr. Conant was requested by the President to visit the islands and make a report on the conditions existing in them. The system at present in use there was based on Mr. Conant's recommendations, and for some time he has been the cashier of one of the biggest financial concerns in New York City.

Walter B. Stevens, secretary of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, was for a long time the Washington correspondent of the St. Louis "Globe-Democrat." His dispatches concerning the Chicago Exposition, in 1893, attracted wide attention, and were, perhaps, the indirect means of making him a prominent official of this year's exhibition at St. Louis. Most of those who have gained other, and, to them, at least, more attractive places through newspaper work in Washington are now to be found in official life. Robert J. Wynne, first assistant postmaster general, was formerly the New York "Press's" representative at the capital. Both the civilian members of the board of commissioners which administers the affairs of the District of Columbia are ex-newspaper men, Henry Litchfield West having been the Washington "Post's" chief political writer, and H. B. F. MacFarland the correspondent of the Boston "Herald." L. W. Busbey, Speaker Cannon's private secretary, represents the Chicago "Inter Ocean;" O. P. Austin, chief of the bureau of statistics of the department of commerce and labor, was formerly with a press association; Louis A. Coolidge, who managed the press bureau of the Republican National Committee, during the recent campaign, is the Washington correspondent of the New York "Globe," and one of his associates in the committee work, Jules Guthridge, was at one time a correspondent at the capital. Others who were formerly members of the press galleries are W. Scott Smith, private secretary to the secretary of the interior; George H. Walker, one of the assistant attorneys-general; H. Conquest Clarke, of the rural free delivery division, post office department; George E. Gilliland, private secretary to Senator W. A. Clark, of Montana; Francis B. Loomis, assistant secretary of state; Colonel W. H. Michael, chief clerk in the state department, and George H. Harries, president of a big transportation company in Washington, and commander of the District of Columbia militia forces. Two ex-correspondents—J. Adam Bede, of Minnesota, and Frederick Landis, of Indiana,—are members of congress, and James R. Young represented a Philadelphia paper at the capital before he was sent there as a congressman. A notable example is that of General H. V. N. Boynton, who was once Washington correspondent for the Cincinnati "Gazette," having succeeded Whitelaw Reid in that position, in 1867, and who, after a long career in journalism, is now president of the District of Columbia school board and head of the Chickamaugua Park Association, a national organization which operates under the war department.

M. G. Seckendorff, editor in chief of the Washington "Times," and formerly chief of the New York "Tribune's" bureau at the capital, is the man who first brought the postal frauds to the attention of President Roosevelt. Mr. Seckendorff secured his information primarily through Major J. J. Dickinson, then managing editor of the "Times," and before that a member of the "Tribune's" Washington staff. Instead of being rewarded for his great service to the public, Major Dickinson was discharged by the owner of the "Times," after having been dogged for weeks by detectives and others who brought all possible pressure to bear on him in an effort to compel him to cease his exposures of the corruption which was afterwards officially probed. Major Dickinson is now a special agent of the department of commerce and labor, and took a prominent part in the so-called beef-trust investigation which was conducted last summer.

William J. Lampton, Alfred Henry Lewis, George Alfred Townsend, ("Gath,") and Frank G. Carpenter, all well-known writers, were formerly Washington correspondents, as was Charles M. Pepper, the government's Pan-American railroad commissioner. Several prominent editors served their apprenticeship at the capital, among them, in addition to Whitelaw Reid, reference to whom has already been made, being the late Joseph McCulloch, Joseph Pulitzer, of the New York "World," St. Clair McKelway, of the Brooklyn "Eagle," Henry Watterson, of the Louisville "Courier-Journal," the late Henry Villard, of the New York "Evening Post," C. W. Knapp, of the St. Louis "Republic," Scott C. Bone, of the Washington "Post," and David S. Barry, of the Providence "Journal." W. H. Hunter, whose brilliant editorial paragraphs in the Washington "Post" are more widely copied than those from any other paper in the United States, was once assistant to Jewell H. Aubere, Washington correspondent of the St. Louis "Globe-Democrat," and his predecessor, the late Henry L. Merrick, also sent dispatches from the capital at one time. J. H. Maddy, once the correspondent of the Cleveland "World," is now an official of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and Lindsay F. Terbush, formerly of the Chicago "News," is a prominent figure in the commercial life of the Windy City. Howard N. Thompson, the Associated Press correspondent who has handled all the war news from St. Petersburg, was stationed at Washington for several years, as was Charles T. Thompson, the head of the Associated Press force in Paris. J. C. O'Laughlin, another *attaché* of the Associated Press's foreign establishment, was, until some two years ago, connected with the New York "Herald's" Washington bureau. The story of how he left the "Herald" incidentally furnishes an interesting illustration of the experiences with which the life of a Washington correspondent is replete. His work brought him in contact with the diplomatic corps, and a warm friendship existed between him and several of its members, notably Count Cassini, the Russian ambassador. So impressed was Count Cassini with O'Laughlin's ability and character that he caused the decoration of the Order of St. Stanislaus to be conferred on the young correspondent by the czar. The news of O'Laughlin's acceptance of the decoration soon reached James Gordon Bennett, proprietor of the "Herald," who sent his employee a peremptory message giving him a certain number of days in which to return the czar's badge of distinction. O'Laughlin refused, and, of course, was dismissed. The following day the "Herald" contained a column editorial in which he was scathingly criticised for preferring a bit of ribbon given him by a foreign potentate to service with the paper. O'Laughlin probably cared no more for the decoration than would the average good American, but he felt that his employer had no right to dictate to him regarding such a matter. At the time, some observers went so far as to declare that Mr. Bennett acted as he did because it was one of his subordinates and not himself who was decorated, rather than on account of any excessive patriotism.

Mr. Wellman Brought John Mitchell and J. Pierpont Morgan together

One correspondent who reversed the usual order and went into the press galleries from official life is Robert Lincoln O'Brien, of the Boston "Transcript," who was an executive clerk at the White House under President Cleveland. Henry Chalmers Roberts, once Washington correspondent of the Houston "Post," left the capital as private secretary to A. W. Terrell, who was minister to Turkey under Cleveland.



"Not a word,—not one word!"

The Washington correspondent who is closer to President Roosevelt than any other is Francis E. Leupp, of the New York "Evening Post." Unless it be Jacob A. Riis, the President has no more imtimate friend than Mr. Leupp among the many authors, editors, and journalists of his acquaintance. Mr. Leupp has written a notable book about the President, entitled "The Man Roosevelt," and some time ago, at the request of the executive, he conducted an investigation of certain alleged irregularities in the government's establishment in Indian Territory which resulted in a material reform.

There can be no doubt that, of all the special correspondents at the capital, the best known is Walter Wellman, of the Chicago "Record-Herald," and a frequent contributor to SUCCESS, whose signed dispatches are reproduced all over the country, and whose statements are usually accepted as authoritative. Mr. Wellman enjoys a wide acquaintance among public men and officials and is often consulted by them. It is a fact not generally known that he had much to do with the shaping of events which preceded the acquisition of the French Panama Canal Company's property by this government. While in Paris, in 1901, he met Phillipe Bunau-Varilla, who subsequently became minister of the Panama Republic at Washington. Theretofore Mr. Wellman had been a vigorous advocate of the Nicaragua route across the isthmus, but M. Bunau-Varilla succeeded in convincing him that the Panama route is the better of the two, and he commenced a crusade in favor of that route through his dispatches to the "Record-Herald." When the isthmian canal commission issued its first report, in favor of the Nicaragua project, Mr. Wellman ascertained that the real reason for its preference was the exorbitant figure at which the French Company held its Panama property, and that, if the price were reduced, the canal commission would reverse its findings. Ultimately he cabled this view of the matter to Paris, urging M. Bunau-Varilla to use his influence with the French company in an effort to induce it to offer its holdings at a lower figure. Bunau-Varilla acted on the suggestion, and not long afterwards it was announced here that the property could be had for forty million dollars. The rest is history. It is quite possible, of course, that the reduction in price

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would have been made had Mr. Wellman not gone into the matter as he did, but the fact remains that he did go into it and that the lower offer came soon afterwards.

The part that Mr. Wellman played in the settlement of the anthracite coal strike of 1902 is all the more remarkable as indicating the various fields of activity in which Washington correspondents sometimes operate. In the early days of the strike George W. Perkins, one of J. Pierpont Morgan's partners, was discussing it with H. H. Kohlsaat, the former owner of the paper Mr. Wellman represents in Washington. Mr. Perkins expressed the opinion that headway could be made toward an adjustment of the trouble if some tactful, reliable man could be secured to conduct negotiations between John Mitchell, the head of the striking miners, and the interests represented by Mr. Morgan. Mr. Kohlsaat suggested Mr. Wellman, and that gentleman, on being approached by Mr. Perkins, consented to perform the service. He accordingly went to Wilkesbarre and spent some time with Mr. Mitchell, whose personal friend he was and is.

He Would not even Trust the Document with the Hotel Stenographers

Without particularizing, it may be said that, after many conferences with the strike leader and other interested persons, Mr. Wellman went to New York with the outline of a plan of settlement to which Mr. Mitchell had given his complete sanction. Consultations with members of the Morgan firm followed, and various phases of the matter were discussed with the labor leader over the long-distance telephone. Then, one day, Mr. Mitchell telephoned to Mr. Wellman, at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, in New York, the exact language of his proposal, which the latter jotted down on a piece of paper. The matter had to be typewritten before its formal and final presentation to the other side. Mr. Wellman did not care to trust the document to the hotel stenographers, and a way out of the difficulty was found when he met A. Maurice Low, another Washington correspondent, in the lobby. The two men went to a writing room, a typewriting machine was secured, and the proposed plan of settlement was written out by Mr. Low at Mr. Wellman's dictation. It was then presented by Mr. Wellman to Mr. Perkins, and the latter laid it before the operators. Its main feature was a proposal that all the questions involved in the strike should be submitted to a single arbitrator, whose decision should be final. He was to have the right to appoint a number of conferees and to go with them into the merits of the case as thoroughly as he pleased, but his judgment was to be supreme in the end and both sides were to abide by it. When it is stated that the arbitrator thus suggested was none other than J. Pierpont Morgan himself, it is not easy to understand why the whole plan was utterly rejected by the capitalists. But it was. All negotiations were declared at an end, and the history of their progress and failure is here published for the first time.



Ready for a "gentle roast"

He Acted in a Confidential Capacity for Others while Serving His Paper

Then President Roosevelt interested himself in the matter, and again Mr. Wellman's services were enlisted. He made frequent journeys between Wilkesbarre and New York and Washington, and his diplomatic work undoubtedly helped to bring about the agreement by which the differences between capital and labor were eventually referred to the commission whose findings resulted in an amicable adjustment. During the last days of the trouble Mr. Wellman was called on by some of the individual operators to conduct negotiations between them and Mr. Mitchell with reference to certain details of interest to both parties. Thus, at different times during the strike, this Washington correspondent acted in a confidential capacity for J. P. Morgan and Company, for John Mitchell, for the President, and for the individual operators. He was obliged, of course, to use great tact and finesse, as information frequently came to him from one of these sources which could not be divulged to any of the others without jeopardizing the whole plan of settlement. All the time, it should be understood, Mr. Wellman continued to act in his journalistic capacity, sending to his paper daily dispatches telling of the progress of the peace negotiations without in any way violating any of the numerous confidences placed in him. So far as the outside world knew, he was merely performing the duties of a correspondent, and this fact made his task much easier, as it enabled him to act without subjecting himself to the espionage of other newspaper men, who, of course, would have found much news in his connection with the matter. One day he brought together George W. Perkins, John Mitchell, and the late Marcus A. Hanna in his room at the Waldorf-Astoria, and not one of the several reporters and correspondents who were watching those men, as only reporters and correspondents can watch, knew of the meeting or of the important matters that were discussed.

It was Mr. Wellman who was responsible for the christening of the tariff revision movement originated by Governor Albert B. Cummins and other Iowa Republicans, and known the country over as "the Iowa idea." Mr. Wellman had interviewed the governor at Des Moines, and, in writing his dispatches, thought long and earnestly over the matter of a name for the revolutionary propaganda set on foot by that official. Finally "the Iowa idea" was evolved, and "the Iowa idea" it is to this day. It was Mr. Wellman, too, who first suggested to President Roosevelt that George B. Cortelyou was the man above all others to manage the Republican campaign as chairman of the national committee.

Some of Mr. Wellman's most notable "beats" were his forecasts of the famous five-to-four decision of the United States supreme court, in the insular case, and of the appointment of Walter Q. Gresham as secretary of state, in 1893. Another important achievement, in conjunction with A. Maurice Low, was the forty-eight-thousand-word dispatch on the Dingley Tariff Bill, the publication of which in the Chicago "Herald" and the Boston "Globe" is recognized as one of the greatest "scoops" of recent years. He has lectured here and abroad, and his triumphs as an arctic explorer are well known. He is the inventor of a new system of rail transportation, to which the attention of magnates in New York and elsewhere has been favorably directed.



COLONEL WILLIAM G. STERRETT,
The "News," Galveston and Dallas, Texas

A. Maurice Low, the Washington correspondent of the Boston "Globe" and chief American correspondent of the London "Morning Post," is an authority on foreign politics, and is as widely read and quoted in Europe as on this side of the Atlantic. He has no superior as a gatherer of "big news," and no correspondent in Washington works harder than he. He is not large, physically, but his capacity for accomplishing things is truly wonderful. Writing is at once his vocation and his avocation. While others are enjoying themselves, he is usually at his desk. This close application has made it possible for him to turn out a popular novel, several volumes on economic subjects, a book on America, which is now in the hands of his London publishers, and numerous articles for magazines here and in Great Britain, in addition to his newspaper dispatches.



JOHN P. MILLER,
The "Sun," Baltimore

One of these dispatches, incidentally, may be said to have been the means of preventing a serious difficulty between this country and England, perhaps an actual conflict. It was during the Alaskan seal-fisheries troubles. James G. Blaine, then secretary of state, had given orders to the United States revenue cutters in Alaskan waters to capture all British sealers found operating there. The British government had ordered its fleet to recapture any sealers so taken. Julian Pauncefote, the British minister, had called on Secretary Blaine and earnestly requested the rescinding of that official's original order, with the understanding that such action would be immediately followed by the recall of the orders of the British admiralty. Mr. Low learned of all these facts and gave them to the world through his papers. The result was that the matter was discussed by the parliaments of both England and Canada, further diplomatic negotiations were entered into, the offending orders were withdrawn, and an agreement satisfactory to both nations was finally made. Had the news been suppressed, the situation might have been brought up to a point where actual hostilities would have been inevitable. Both sides had made some very vigorous representations, as may be seen from the official volume on "Foreign Relations" for 1890. Mr. Low's dispatches were promptly denied at the state department, as such dispatches almost always are denied, but they were later confirmed by the volume just referred to.

Mr. Low enjoys the distinction of being the only special correspondent in Washington who ever scored a beat on an international treaty,—at least, in recent years. He published the text of the general arbitration convention between this country and Great Britain, negotiated by Secretary Richard Olney and Ambassador Julian Pauncefote, some days before it was officially made public. One or two other treaties have been printed in advance, but they have not come from Washington. Mr. Low is a native of England, and is a brother of Sidney J. Low, the well-known English writer, who contributes regularly to the "National Review," of London.

Of the chiefs of the bureaus maintained in Washington by the larger New York papers, Samuel G. Blythe, of the "World," is the most

[*Concluded on pages 819 and 820*]



RICHARD LEE FEARN,
The "Tribune," New York

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ANGUS McSWEEN,
"North American," Philad'a



JOSIAH K. OHL,
The "Constitution," Atlanta

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DON'T LET THE YEARS COUNT

ORISON SWETT MARDEN
[Editor and Founder]

"I SAY to the years, as I have said to the public, '*Quand même*, I shall conquer you.'" There speaks a spirit that will never grow old; and who that has recently seen Sarah Bernhardt can doubt that, as time passes, she continues to make good her challenge to the years, "*Quand même.*" Within one year of the threescore allotted to man the great actress is in the prime of her powers, and does not look a day over forty.

It is not by any peculiar grace of nature that Madame Bernhardt and many others who are more advanced in years than she still retain their youth, but because of their attitude toward the years. They refuse to let them count. They have made up their minds that they will not grow old in the ordinary sense.

Mary A. Livermore and Julia Ward Howe are splendid examples of youthful activity and mental vigor and freshness in old age. Henry Gassoway Davis, the octogenarian nominee of the Democratic Party for the vice presidency, exhibits an elasticity and vigor of mind and body that puts many a man of forty to shame. George Meredith, on the celebration of his seventy-fourth birthday said: "I do not feel that I am growing old, either in heart or mind. I still look on life with a young man's eye. I have always hoped that I would not grow old as some, with a palsied intellect, living backward, regarding other people as anachronisms, because they themselves have lived on in the other time and left their sympathies behind them with their years."

When man becomes wise enough to recognize his own divinity,—that he is as indestructible a principle as the law of mathematics,—that no accident of life, no friction, trouble or difficulty can touch the divine part of him,—and when he recognizes the truth of being, that he is a part of the infinite creative principle, he will not begin to show signs of mental and physical decrepitude when he should be in the prime of all his powers.

▲ ▲

Age will never succeed in retaining a youthful appearance and mentality until people make up their minds not to let the years count,—until they cease to make the body old by the constant suggestions of the mind. We begin to sow the seed-thoughts of age in youth. We look forward to being old at forty-five, and to going down hill at fifty.

The very act of preparing for old age hastens it. As Job said, "The thing I feared most has come upon me." People who prepare for a thing and look for it, anticipating, fearing, dreading it in their daily lives, usually get it.

There is a great deal in the association of ideas. Never for a moment allow yourself to think that you are too old to do this or that, for your thoughts and convictions will very soon outpicture themselves in a wrinkled face and a prematurely old expression. There is nothing better established than the philosophy that we are what we think, and that we become like our thoughts.

Never smother the impulse to act in a youthful manner because you think you are too old. Recently, at a family gathering, the boys were trying to get their father, past sixty, to play with them. "Oh, go away, go away!" he said; "I am too old for that." But the mother entered into their sports, apparently with just as much enthusiasm and real delight as if she were only their age. The youthful spirit shone in her eyes and manifested itself in every movement. Her frolic with the boys explains why she looks so much younger than her husband, in spite of the very slight difference in their years.

Be always as young as you feel, and keep young by associating with young people and taking an interest in their interests, hopes, plans, and amusements. The vitality of youth is contagious.

When questioned as to the secret of his marvelous youthfulness, in his eightieth year, Oliver Wendell Holmes replied that it was due chiefly "to a cheerful disposition and invariable contentment in every period of my life with what I was. I never felt the pangs of ambition. . . . It is restlessness, ambition, discontent and disquietude that make us grow old prematurely by carving wrinkles on our faces. Wrinkles do not appear on faces that have constantly smiled. Smiling is the best possible massage. Contentment is the fountain of youth."

We need to practice the contentment extolled by the genial doctor, which is not the contentment of inertness, but the freeing ourselves from entangling vanities, petty cares, worries, and anxieties, which hamper us in our real life-work. The sort of ambition he condemns is that in which egotism and vanity figure most conspicuously, and in which notoriety, the praise and admiration of the world, wealth, and personal aggrandizement are the objects sought, rather than the power to be of use in the world, to be a leader in the service of humanity, and to be the noblest, best, and most efficient worker that one can be.

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It is the useless complexities in which vanity and unworthy ambition entangle us that wear away life and make so many Americans old men and women at forty. The simple life can be the fullest, noblest, and most useful. Rev. Charles Wagner, who is now among us, making his eloquent plea for simple living, says that a simple life and a strenuous life are not inconsistent, as a peaceful life and a vigorous life are not. In his little book, "The Simple Life," he shows most effectively how our needless complexities of thought and feeling cause us to waste energies that should be concentrated on useful ends. He emphasizes the fact that by our worrying and vexation of spirit we rob ourselves of vigor that, rightly employed, would accomplish valuable results.

If you would live long, love your work and continue doing it. Don't lay it down at fifty, because you think your powers are on the wane, or that you need a rest. Take a vacation whenever you require it, but don't give up your work. There is life,—there is youth in it. "I can not grow old," says a noted actress, "because I love my art. I spend my life absorbed in it. I am never bored. How can one have lines of age or weariness or discontent when one is happy, busy, never fatigued, and one's spirit is ever, ever young? When I am tired it is not my soul, but just my body."

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A lagging step, a crippled form, and signs of decrepitude are evidences of wrong thinking, and of ignorant or irregular living. Look at Susan B. Anthony, the veteran reformer, in her eighty-fifth year, and at Mrs. Gilbert, the veteran actress, in her eighty-third! Who thinks of these splendid workers as old, or failing, or left behind by younger competitors? Miss Anthony is as vigorous and full of enthusiasm in her work, to-day, as she was half a century ago. At the international congress of women, held in Berlin during the past summer, she was easily the most prominent among the representative women of the world gathered there, and one of the most active. Mrs. Gilbert, the oldest actress now on the stage, is this season "starring" in a new play. These women never thought of laying down their work or of growing old at fifty or sixty. They have found the great drama of humanity too interesting to give up their parts.

"We do not count a man's years," said Emerson, "until he has nothing else to count." It is not the years that age us so much as the use we make of them, and the way we live them. Excesses of any kind are fatal to longevity or the prolongation of youth.

Bitter memories of a sinful life which has gone all wrong make premature furrows in the face, take the brightness from the eyes, and the elasticity from the step, and make one's life sapless and uninteresting.

The Bible teaches that a clean life, a pure life, a simple life, and a useful life, shall be long. "His flesh shall be fresher than a child's. He shall return to the days of his youth."

We grow old because we do not know enough to keep young, just as we become sick and diseased because we do not know enough to keep well. Sickness is a result of ignorance and wrong thinking. The time will come when a man will no more harbor thoughts that will make him sick or weak than he would think of putting his hands into fire. No man can be sick if he always has right thoughts and takes ordinary care of his body. If he will think only youthful thoughts he can maintain his youth far beyond the usual period.

If you would "be young when old," adopt the sundial's motto,—"I record none but hours of sunshine." Never mind the dark or shadowed hours. Forget the unpleasant, unhappy days. Remember only the days of rich experiences; let the others drop into oblivion.

It is said that "long livers are great hopers." If you keep your hope bright in spite of discouragements, and meet all difficulties with a cheerful face, it will be very difficult for age to trace its furrows on your brow. There is longevity in cheerfulness.

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"Don't let go of love, or love of romance; they are amulets against wrinkles." If the mind is constantly bathed in love, and filled with helpful, charitable sentiments toward all, the body will keep fresh and vigorous many years longer than it will if the heart is dried up and emptied of human sympathy by a selfish, greedy life. The heart that is kept warm by love is never frozen by age or chilled by prejudice, fear, or anxious thought. A French beauty used to have herself massaged with mutton tallow, every night, in order to keep her muscles elastic and her body supple. A better way of preserving youthful elasticity is coming into vogue,—massaging the mind with love thoughts, beauty thoughts, cheerful thoughts, and young ideals.

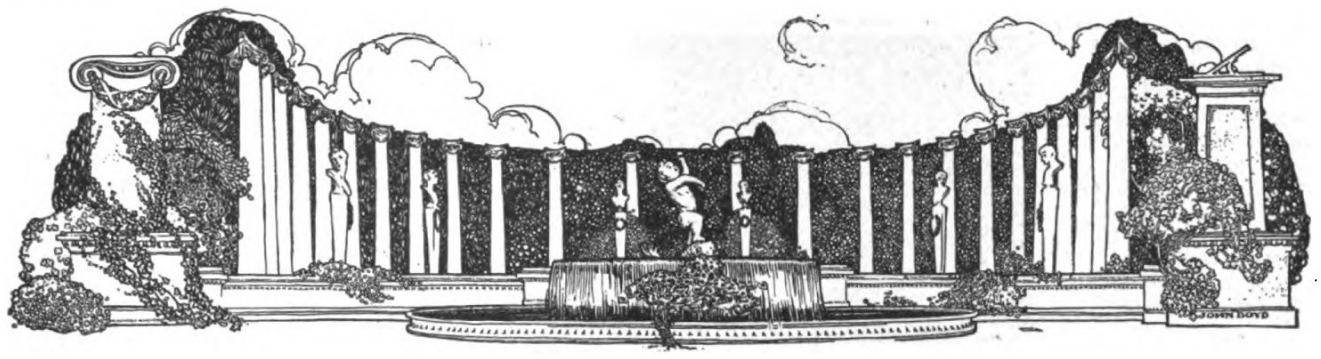
If you do not want the years to count, look forward instead of backward, and put as much variety and as many interests into your life as possible. Monotony and lack of mental occupation are great age-producers. Women who live in cities, in the midst of many interests and great variety, preserve their youth and good looks, as a rule, much longer than women who live in remote country places, who get no variety into their lives, and who have no interests outside their narrow daily round of monotonous duties, which require no exercise of the mind. Insanity is an alarmingly increasing result of the monotony of women's lives on the farm. Ellen Terry and Sarah Bernhardt, "who seem to have the ageless brightness of the stars," attribute their youthfulness to action, change of thought and scene, and mental occupation. It is worth noting, too, that farmers who live so much outdoors, and in an environment much more healthful than that of the average brain-worker, do not live so long as the latter.

When Solon, the Athenian sage, was asked the secret of his strength and youth, he replied that it was "learning something new every day." This belief was general among the ancient Greeks,—that the secret of eternal youth is "to be always learning something new."

There is the basis of a great truth in the idea. It is healthful activity that strengthens and preserves the mind as well as the body and gives it youthful quickness and elasticity. So, if you would be young, in spite of the years, you must remain receptive to new thought and must grow broader in spirit, wider in sympathy, and more and more open to fresh revelations of truth as you travel farther on the road of life.

But the greatest conqueror of age is a cheerful, hopeful, loving spirit. A man who would conquer the years must have charity for all. He must avoid worry, envy, malice, and jealousy,—all the small meannesses that feed bitterness in the heart, trace wrinkles on the brow, and dim the eye. A pure heart, a sound body, and a broad, healthy, generous mind, backed by a determination not to let the years count, constitute a fountain of youth which everyone may find in himself.

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RICH WITHOUT MONEY,—THE LIFE-STORY OF GEORGE FRISBIE HOAR

HENRY CABOT LODGE

[*United States Senator from Massachusetts*]

I HAVE been asked to write this brief article upon the late Senator George Frisbie Hoar "as an example of success without money." The words in quotation marks are very suggestive, for the men in the past who have made history, who have won high places, and whose names are household words are not reverenced or remembered because they had or because they made money. Very few, indeed, of the great men whose names are known to posterity, and whose lives and deeds we study and commemorate, have had any connection with money at all. Rulers and statesmen, soldiers and sailors, poets and artists, historians and philosophers, men of religion and men of science are those whom the world does not forget. If money enters into their lives at all it is only as something entirely secondary. What they did with money may have an interest, but the fact that they possessed or amassed money is to the posterity which honors or loves or is interested in them of no consequence at all. There have been lives written of celebrated misers, as of other oddities, but Mr. Boffin is the only person recorded as having a special interest in this branch of literature, and as to the successful makers of mere money their lives seem to attract even less interest than those of the hoarders.

His Life Was Successful in the Highest, Noblest Sense of the Word

Yet at this precise moment, to those who look neither before nor after, it seems not a little remarkable, as the quoted words at the beginning indicate, that a man should die at the close of a great and beneficent career, honored by the nation and loved as much as he was honored in his own state, who had never made or even sought to make money. Tried by all the standards of the past it is not remarkable that a life like Senator Hoar's should be regarded by all who know what that life was as a success of the highest and noblest kind, but it may seem extraordinary to a generation in which not the ability which makes money and conducts great enterprises, but the mere possession of large wealth, excites a more profound and unwholesome admiration, perhaps, than at any previous period of history.

No better antidote to this disease, which the frequent prostration before the merely sordid indicates, could be found than a consideration of Mr. Hoar's career. He was fortunate in his birth and in his upbringing. His early manhood was given to the advancement of a great and unpopular cause. His middle age saw the unpopular cause become popular, and beheld the accomplishment of the vision of his youth in the emancipation of the slave and the preservation of the Union. From that time until his death his days were crowded with great public work. He was for nearly thirty years a leader in the senate, statesman, maker of laws, and ruler and guide of the republic. He died at the summit of his career with his fine intellect undimmed, and his warm affections unchilled. The unhappiness of idleness, the restless misery of wondering what new excitement could be found to fleet away the petty time allotted to us here never touched him, for he had always hard and incessant work to perform and never shrank from labor. When the brief, well-earned vacations came, he was never at a loss and the hours never hung heavy on his hands. He was a devout lover of nature, and the woods and fields of Concord and Worcester were to him an unfailing delight. There he rejoiced not only in the inanimate beauties of hill and valley, of trees and flowers, but also in the flight, the plumage, and the song of the birds in whose name he wrote, not long ago, the charming petition which led to the Massachusetts statute that protects song birds from destruction. He was fond of travel; he went to England, traced the homes of his ancestors, and visited the places associated with his best-loved poets. He traveled in Europe, and to him all the monuments of the past told their story as he looked upon them.

He was a scholar in the broad, unspecialized, old-fashioned sense. His Greek and Latin went with him through life, and he read and read over again the poets, the dramatists, and the historians of Greece and Rome as he read his Scott or his Shakespeare. He had a wide and minute knowledge of English literature, and such a lover of books and of good literature has an unfailing resource and unending pleasure ever by his side.

He Loved Research and Discovery,—Historical, Artistic, and Literary

He loved history, and her ample page was always unrolled to him. All history interested him, but that of his own country and his own race he knew by heart. In addition he was an antiquarian and collector. The delights of research and discovery, just as keen when the subject is slight as when it involves the fate of nations and the joys of acquisition which only the seeker for historic or artistic or literary treasures is privileged to know, were all familiar to him.

These were the diversions and the pleasures of his holiday times,—of the moments when he sought relaxation,—and he pursued them with the same energy and earnestness which he brought to the performance of duty and to the serious work of life. And yet, after all, it was that serious work which was his greatest happiness, because he did it well, and because it was of use and benefit to others.

He Did not, originally, Intend to Remain in the Stress of Politics

He was descended on the father's side from a family of position in England which, for conscience' sake, had come to the New World, and which, in the seventeenth century, gave a president to Harvard College. On the maternal side he was the grandson of Roger Sherman, one of the most distinguished of a distinguished family and one of the most eminent of the Revolutionary leaders. Born in Concord, famous alike for its history and its great men, he inherited all the best traditions which America could give. He was born at the period when his birthplace was the home of Emerson and Hawthorne and Thoreau, and when the whole of western Europe and of America was stirring with the new movement which sought to complete the work of liberation in politics and society that the French Revolution had left unfinished. His earliest impressions were of the liberation of Greece, the fall of the Bourbons, the English Reform Bill, the new thought of Emerson, and the bitter wrong of slavery which drove his father from Charleston because he sought to defend a fellow being whose skin was black. It was a remarkable time and a remarkable community. Men's minds were filled with hopes for the uplifting of mankind, and with a deep faith in the future of a liberated humanity. It is little wonder that Mr. Hoar, with his family traditions of duty and public service, absorbed the generous ideals of the time as naturally as he breathed his native air.

A young, hard-working lawyer, making his own way in the world, he became one of the founders of the Republican Party in Massachusetts. With that party he went through the early years of struggle and defeat. With it he marched to the great victory of 1860. He went to the legislature, he rose steadily to the front rank at the Worcester bar, and in 1869 he went to congress. He looked forward only to a brief service. His work in Washington was to be merely an incident in his life, for his desires and his ambitions were confined to his books and his profession. In reality it was the beginning of a continuous public service, to be ended only by his death, thirty-five years later.

From the Time He Entered the Senate, He Was Known as a Leader

He served for eight years in the house and then was chosen to the senate, where he remained for the rest of his life. He had attained a high place in the house and had been one of the members of the electoral commission in 1876, so that he came to the senate with reputation and position already made. He was a leader when he entered the senate and a leader he remained, with an ever stronger influence and an ever widening fame even until the end. He brought to his service all the qualities necessary to make a great senator. He was a lawyer of experience, learned and distinguished at the bar. He was a scholar in the broadest, most generous sense. He was familiar with our history, with the growth of our constitution, and with all the decisions and arguments connected with it, to a degree rarely equaled. He had a keen sense of humor, which never deserted him, and a ready wit which made him extraordinarily quick in retort and most formidable in the rapid exchanges of debate. His remarkable memory enabled him to draw on his stores of knowledge at a moment's notice and without the slightest hesitation. In his speeches his powers of argument and of lucid statement, even more effective than argument, were most conspicuous. Eloquence of a very high order was also his. All that he said was admirable in form, expressed in English which had much of the stately dignity of the eighteenth century, excellent in style, marked by great vividness and force, and, when he was roused or deeply moved, full of feeling and imagination.

In the less showy but equally important qualities he was fully as strong. The acts to determine the presidential succession, to settle the method of counting the electoral vote, to repeal finally all that remained of the tenure of office act, that unfortunate legacy of the evil days of Andrew Johnson, and, in very recent years, to establish a uniform system of bankruptcy are examples of his power as a constructive statesman and lawmaker. These are, however, but leading incidents in a career of untiring industry, for Mr. Hoar was one of the hardest and most constant workers I have ever known. He never spared himself, never shirked, and to all questions, great and small, he brought the same thoroughness, the same determination, to do the very best that was in him.

Unusual abilities, learning, scholarship, eloquence, power of work,

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training, and experience,—all these great attributes were his, but greater than all else were the character of the man, his moral qualities, and the spirit which inspired him. Brought up, as I have said, in a time of revolution and reform, he was a man of '48, imbued with the profound faith in humanity and the confident hopes for the improvement of mankind which characterized that period. With all his strong common sense, his reverence for the past, and his love for precedent and order, he was essentially an idealist, and his ideals, from the time when he entered upon the struggle against slavery, were always noble and generous. He never ceased to believe, as did the other men of '48, that all human beings, if they are only endowed with perfect freedom, will be able to rise, sooner or later, to the highest civilization. The cause of oppressed humanity never found him deaf to its appeal or insensible to its suffering. Neither failures nor experience, nor the skepticism of science or of history could shake his faith in the ultimate perfectibility of man if the fetters woven about him by craft or force, by custom or by law, are once removed. Nor did his idealism stop with these hopes for humanity. He carried it into private life. He idealized his friends,—those few whom he admitted to the inner circle of his affections,—and in friendship, as in public duty, he always showed the same invincible, unswerving loyalty.

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THE LATE GEORGE FRISBIE HOAR

His life was simple. In his early days "plain living and high thinking" was not a phrase, but a reality and rule of life, and he never departed from it. He sacrificed to his public service the opportunity to amass a handsome fortune, which was assured him in his profession. It was no small sacrifice to a man who was the soul of hospitality, who loved to spend and give money, and whose private charities always went beyond what justice required. But he never spoke of the sacrifice with the least tinge of bitterness. He neither envied wealth nor despised it. He had simply a fine and total indifference to it, something well deserving consideration and admiration.

Mr. Hoar met with the sorrows and disappointments inseparable from a prolonged life, but his heart was set on nobler things than material success, and he achieved his heart's desire to a degree not given to many men. He saw the visions of his youth grow into realities in a measure rarely vouchsafed. He saw the slave freed, the Union saved, constitutional government established in Europe, the consolidation of Italy, the liberation of Hungary, and the final downfall of Spanish tyranny in the New World. The failures and the disappointments sure to occur in so long a time could not dull the glow of these triumphs, and he remained, to the close of life, a thorough optimist with his faith in his country strong and heartfelt.

Why Pensions Increase as Uncle Sam's War Veterans Decrease: O. C. VICO

THOUGH there was a smaller number of pensioners on the rolls during the fiscal year which ended June 30, 1904, the disbursements for pensions during the year showed an increase over those for the year preceding, lifting the total above that for either of the five preceding years, and above that for any other year in the history of the system except the fiscal years 1893 and 1898. There were 994,762 persons on the rolls, which is a decrease of 1,783 as compared with the preceding year. The disbursements, during the year, amounted to $141,093,571.49, which is an increase of $3,333,935, as compared with the fiscal year which ended June 30, 1903.

Some of the statistics are curious. For example, we learn that there are still on the rolls three pensioners of the Revolutionary War, which was brought to an end over one hundred and twenty years ago. Of pensioners accredited to the War of 1812, there still remain nine hundred and nineteen, while of the Mexican War no fewer than 13,055 survive. Of those accredited to the Revolutionary War, one is a widow and two are daughters. The report shows that pension payments are made to people residing in every state and territory in the Union, and in almost every known country on the globe. Among the states, Ohio leads in the amount of pension money paid annually to its citizens, with Pennsylvania second, New York third, and Illinois and Indiana following closely. At the date of the report, there were 4,910 pensioners residing outside of the United States, and they drew $722,440.69 in the last fiscal year. Nearly half of this amount went to persons in Canada. Quarterly pension vouchers were sent besides to persons in Mexico, South America, every country in Europe, the Azores, the Barbados, China, the Comoro Isles, East and South Africa, Samoa, the Seychelles Islands, Siam, and St. Martin. It shows that the pension bureau was a busy office last year. More than two hundred and sixty-eight thousand cases were passed upon, and one hundred and fifty-three thousand certificates were issued. No fewer than 108,114 applications were rejected, of which eighty-three thousand were thrown out on medical and twenty-four thousand on legal grounds.

Of much interest are the statistics showing the number of soldiers and sailors engaged in the several wars. They are as follows:—

Revolutionary War,	184,038
War of 1812,	286,730
Mexican War,	78,718
Indian wars,	83,993
Civil War,	2,213,365
Spanish-American War,	312,000
The Philippine and Chinese wars,	146,151

The total number engaged in all the wars was 3,304,995, and there was paid to them in pensions $8,179,717,161. The average pension to each enlistment was nine hundred and sixty-two dollars. So far the Spanish-American War has cost the government $8,586,200 in pensions. The annual amount of the pension roll for this war is $2,224,473, paid to 16,729 persons. The pension burden was heaviest in 1893. In that year the cost of pensions amounted to two dollars and twenty-four cents per one thousand dollars of taxable wealth. Last year it fell to one dollar and thirty-four cents per one thousand dollars.

Up to June thirtieth, last, forty-seven thousand, one hundred claims were filed under executive order number seventy-eight, which increased the allowances to pensioners beyond the age of sixty-two years. Under that order, pensioners who have passed the age of sixty-two are paid six dollars a month; after sixty-five years of age, eight dollars per month; after sixty-eight years of age, ten dollars per month, and, after seventy years of age, twelve dollars per month. Of the claims filed under the order, 18,627 were allowed in the months of April, May, and June. Of the one million, five hundred thousand dollars appropriated by congress to carry out the order, only six per cent. was called for, and the unused balance went back into the treasury at the close of the fiscal year.

The Old Tin Skimmer, "Polly O.": HOLMAN F. DAY

Aw-w-w! Here comes the "Polly," with a lopped-daown sail,
And Rubber-boot Rans is a-loafin' on her rail:
A tarheel at her pump, and 't is mostly often, tew,
If he's goin' to keep her floatin' 't is the only thing to dew.

Oh, clump along, Keturah, you are purty thund'rin' slow,
But you 're never stationary, like the "Polly O."

Oh, Rubber-boot Rans once he tacked all day,
A-ratchin' to the wind'ard down in Sheepscut Bay;
S'posed a staout head wind was a-holdin' of him back,
But forgot to h'ist his anchor, and was sailin' on the slack.

Oh, poosh along, Keturah, you are logy, yas, we know,
But you ain't tied to bottom, like the "Polly O."

Oho, Cap'n Rans, where ye baound, this trip?
Straight up and down, hey? Then, let her rip!
The nearest way around is acrost Goose Pass,
And it 's purty easy sailin' when the dew is on the grass.

Oh, squdge along, Keturah, you are racked from head to toe,
But you ain't an old tin skimmer like the "Polly O."

Hi-i-i-oy! Cap'n Rans, what ye luggin' for a load?
Pavin' blocks o' granite for a New Yo'k road?
Wisht you lugged intentions for contractors pavin' hell,
Guess they could n't finish that extension for a spell.

Oh, bunt along, Keturah, you are northin' great to go,
But the clams can hold a foot race round the "Polly O."

So 'long, Cap'n Rans, with your leetle blocks of stone;
Chaps who 've been to college have explained that rocks have grown:
Profit, then, for you, 'cause, by time you get to Yo'k,
Bet you 'll have material to build a city block.

Oh, slosh along, Keturah, you and me is purty slow,
But you ain't rock-incubatin' like the "Polly O."

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"At his shout the others swarmed from the cabin door, their mother behind them, all staring, laughing, and exclaiming"

DRAWN BY WILL CRAWFORD

THE DARING OF DIDELPHIA

A Possum Hunt in the Old South

MARTHA McCULLOCH-WILLIAMS



THE hollow was so still, so damp, that sound carried marvelously up and down it. It was deep, and well timbered upon both slopes with white oak, red oak, and upland hickory. A mile down it made into the creek valley,—thus it was not strange to find in the bottom of it much vagrant waterside growth. Sycamores, wild cherry trees, and shagbark hickories grew tall there, and black mulberries reached an umbrageous spread. Tree trunks lay prone across and athwart the lowermost part; some still in barken shrouds,—last year's windfalls, these,—and some brave in fripperies of vine and bough and leaf as when they had been uprooted by August thunder storms; others naked and stark, barkless and branchless, with even the sapwood gone,—besides all these a remnant, the least desolate of all, rotted and crumbly, of a dead brown in dry weather, but seamed and streaked with foxfire when the nights were warm and damp. They were, for the most part, half imbedded in the sweet-smelling light black earth, with thickets springing up about them, thorn bushes, crab apples, hazels, and blackberries,—self-sown, all, and equally nurtured by the living sunlight overhead, and the black mold, usufruct of death, at their feet.

All manner of forest denizens harbored and hunted in the thickets. Wood-nesting birds brought thither their fledgelings to grow full-feathered and strong of wing. Snakes came, too, along with lizards, toads, terrapin, tree-frogs in variety, and now and again a vagrant-minded turtle, to say nothing of snails, beetles, wood mice, and moles. Naturally the fourfooted things followed these small deer, even those lacking the instinct of prey. Molly Cottontail, the rabbit, knew every thorny fastness by heart,—often such a one had saved her from Reynard, the fox. Butcher Ben, the weasel, Scented Sam, the polecat, Musky, the mink, a beast hardly less ill-odored, Sinful Johnny, the gray squirrel, and his cousin Red, the fox squirrel, likewise knew where the woodpeckers nested, and when mulberries were ripe, or hazelnuts were in the milk. Ringtail, the coon, came for berries, whatever their season, also for white oak acorns, and birdlings just ready to quit the nest. But even he was not quite so omnivorous as old Miss Curlycue, the mother possum, whose name folks bookishly ignorant persist in miswriting *o*-possum, as if she had a pedigree full of Irish kings.

She had truly a noble appetite and was industrious in seeking wherewithal to satisfy it. Nothing came much amiss to her,—eggs, or young birds, it was all the same when she plundered a nest. She loved to root in the warm sunny places for the fleshy, sweetish bulbs of Adam-and-Eve, but devoured things less tasty if her nose turned them out. So with mulberries, if she had been forestalled in getting at the dead-ripe fallen fruit, she made nothing of scuttling up a tree, hopping from branch to branch of it, growling and showing her tusks to Sinful Johnny and Red, if they chanced to be foraging there. When elderberries burdened the hedgerows, and ripe pokeberries flaunted along every untidy fence, though she often broke down the stalks and ate her fill of them, she did not forget to search out juicy snails and fat beetles, nor cease from stealing upon the farms to prey upon hen yards, or to gorge herself with sweet half-rotten apples.

Not astonishing was this, if you consider her burden,—she was sole provider for a litter of nine. Before they came, tiny, blind, helpless creatures, hardly able to wriggle, she had whipped her mate away from the nest, under the sunny lee of a big hollow log. There she had stayed, the moral and pattern of morose ill temper, until the babies were snug in her pouches, each little mouth clinging for dear life to its allotted teat. That was round about March,—after a bit she had stirred abroad with them, choosing mild, sunny weather, and, at length, venturing to call her children out of their warm nests to play. By and by, as the sun strengthened, and, with it, the tides of growth, she had carried her children, grown too big for the pouches, on her back, with their tails wound snugly about her own, held high and rigid above them.

But when she had fetched them to the hollow, in the beginning of June, they had come on their own feet, scampering after her like pigs behind a sow, and marvelously obedient to her guttural commands. They were still obedient,—the seven she had brought to possumhood. Musky had got one youngster and Scented Sam another. By way of evening things, Miss Curlycue had nosed out and eaten three nestfuls of blind young rabbits, and sucked all the nine eggs in a wild turkey's nest. Ultimately, her brood had got the benefit,—they had tugged at and drained her to little more than a skeleton. She was proud of them, as became a proper mother possum,—also not a little tired; also, again, more than a little cross. It was mid-September, with the moon running on to full. She was ravenously blood-hungry,—though she had had more fruit than she could eat,—for flesh had been hard to get the last fortnight. There were no more nests, and the young birds were too strong for catching; moreover, dogs had bayed the moon so lustily that she had had to keep wary of the farmsteads. But even beyond her hunger and her weariness of family cares was the disturbing call of instinct. Two days back she had seen her forsaken mate ambling awkwardly through the woodland. He had not made a sound, but she knew that in a fortnight more he would be calling her to sport with him in

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in late moonshine over painted leaves. It would be much later before they would set up a new home together,—he was somewhat thin and ragged, although less so than herself. But she could never get away from unkemptness and a loosely-wrinkled skin, so long as she worried with a ruffianly litter which did not scruple to take the best of everything with force and strong teeth.

She had left the winter nest, upon a creek hillside, for a roomy hollow tree in the oak woods. As she headed from it to the hollow, she grunted sharply at her litter, although the sound was so low it could not be heard ten feet off. But her children understood,—they bunched themselves behind her and went niggling down hill to plunge into a thicket. On the way they kept their eyes open for tidbits of snails, earthworms, or beetles, jostling or even rolling each other over, in the eagerness of the chase. Notwithstanding this, they came to the thicket pretty well together. But, hunt through it as they might, they found nothing, so their mother led them outside, to where a partly rotted log lay clear. It was never a big log, and it had weathered to a shrunken ghost. Miss Curlycue stuck her nose under it, growling as she did it. Instantly the litter's noses also went under,—with thrusts and grunts they soon had the log out of its bed, leaving bare swarming wood lice, fat, juicy, white grubs, scuffling black beetles, and wriggling red worms, all up and down six feet of black earth. The litter started to pounce upon the discovered prey, but the mother rose on her hind feet, bristling, growling, and showing her teeth, and began to pummel them away,—darting in herself, between buffets, to snatch some specially tempting morsel. When she had eaten the best of everything, she growled again—if her squeaky utterance can be truly called a growl,—and whisked off, her tail jauntily high over her back, instead of trailing meekly behind. Presently she climbed an oak tree and curled herself easily in a broad sunny crotch. When her children, after scrambling for the fragments of the feast, came to the oak's foot, she spoke to them so fiercely that instinct told them to leave her alone.

She never went back to the hollow tree nest, so Didelphia, her daughter, became the head of things. But she did not stay head long,—what self-respecting possum could, with an only sister timid, and of feeble mind, and five strapping brothers forever fighting, each for his own way? Didelphia, who was reckoned the eldest, and, as such, the proud possessor of the family name, found her own hollow tree before the next new moon, and resolved to have a quiet life, whatever else she might lack. She slept there through the best part of daylight, going out when the sun got low to forage and frolic with other young possums, her deserted family among the rest. They would have had great sport, only all of them were still growing, and, therefore, always hungry. It was still warm, and so dry that the leaves fell fast, although there had been no frost. The ground was nearly everywhere too hard for rooting,—old grass was tough and tasteless; new, so watery-tender, and, withal, so short, that it was mighty unsatisfying to a vigorous appetite. Though nuts and acorns were ripening, Didelphia and her fellows wanted something else. Each and several they had sweet teeth, on edge for—they did not know exactly what.

Notwithstanding their hunger, they went through the whole round of possumly tricks. Didelphia learned easily to let go all foothold and swing by her tail from a high, slender bough, and, when she had tired of the sport, to curve herself into a lithe and nimble crescent, catch the bough with her fore paws, draw herself upon it, and sit there, triumphing over the clumsy fellows who had gone headlong to the ground, or caught on lower boughs halfway down. Sometimes she herself went down, but it was always of choice, for the advantage of a swinging start. Then she loosed her tail-hold, but, before she was much more than free, changed her flaccid pose to a tense spring, or a half somersault that landed her snugly on her feet. Sometimes, before springing, she would set herself swinging, pendulum-wise, so that she could reach, in her leaping, boughs very far aside. Indeed, the swinging trick had such an infinity of uses, and was, withal, so diverting, that she practiced it until she was past mistress of it.

When it came to "playing possum,"—that is to say, shamming death, lying limp, breathless, and inert, with no stir of muscle, nor so much as the batting of an eye, Grayhead, a yearling, a shrewd-witted fellow from the other side of the creek, was admittedly the best. That was not strange, his age considered, or the fact that he had been caught last season, and kept captive a full month, living riotously the while upon fatty bread, sweet apples, sweet potatoes, ear-corn, sliced pumpkin, mush, and chicken bones. His captor had been fattening him against Christmas time. Grayhead had somehow slipped away upon the very edge of slaughter, so fat that he could hardly do more than waddle, but so stout-hearted, and, withal, so tricksy, that he had not feared to make the attempt. It was thrilling to hear him tell, in classic possumese, how he had not tried to reach the woods, at first, being sure that his arch enemy, Wrong, the possum dog, would trail him, and run him down in a wink; but how, instead, he had painfully scrambled onto a low roof, thence to a tree, an oak, overhanging a bigger roof, and how he had dropped on the second roof and scuttled along it to another tree, in whose high hollow, twenty feet in the air, he had lain snug and safe for three days, laughing to himself at the puzzled Wrong, growling and scolding below. Then he had skipped away, not over the ground, but along a fence-top to the woods, liberty, and loneliness. It was past mating time, so he had been fain to house with another bachelor. He would never do it again,—this he declared with a languishing look at Didelphia,—Didelphia, who stared innocently back, being as yet too young and hungry to have a thought of love-making.

Grayhead, at first, had been supercilious. After a little he made a point of haunting the range of Didelphia and her crew. He taught them much besides playing possum,—for example, to break trail by climbing one tree, leaping thence to half a dozen others in succession, moving at right angles to the original course, then coming down with a long leap so as not to taint the earth at any tree's foot. He had possibly learned that from Ringtail and his sort, who invariably try thus to befool their pursuers. Through the woods he went almost straight away, but afield he ran in zigzags and half circles, without, however, doubling after the manner of Molly Cottontail. He fed alone, and counseled the younger ones to do the same, yet awhile. Greediness may have been the root of the counsel, but Didelphia preferred to think it wisdom.

She went to sleep in her hollow tree, one morning about daylight, wondering if she would ever fill her gray coat, which, weekly, got richer and thicker. Outside there was the lulling patter of steady rain, the swishing of wet boughs, and the fairy flitter of falling leaves. She was very tired. All night she had been playing or eating,—eating things bitter in the mouth. The water she had swilled at the spring branch had not washed away the bitter taste, any more than the ruffling south wind had made her cool. She wished she could shed her new coat,—the old one, thin and shaggy, would have been ever so much more comfortable. So she thrust her nose half out of the hollow, and forgot to nestle down among the leaves. Maybe that was why she slept so long, and so hard,—all through the day and on to midnight.

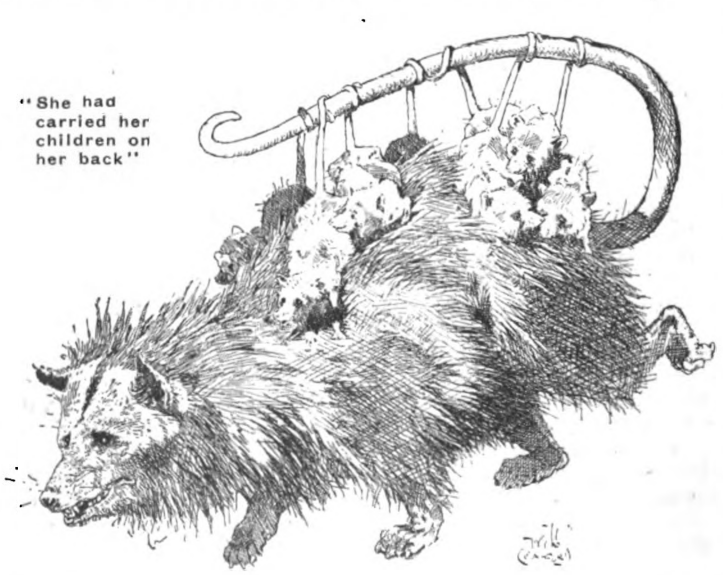
She awoke tense, thrilling, and electrically alive. The rain had ceased,—stars glittered overhead, and the wind, sitting at northwest, sang shrilly about her house. The moon, a little past full, swam high and white in the velvet purple east. Underneath its rays the whole world glistened,—everything was powdered royally with the diamond dust of frost. Didelphia was out and away, a mad thing in her joy. She did not know why she was so glad,—only that gladness had come to her in a sweeping flood. Instinctively she headed away from the woods and their shadows, toward the lighted open. There were big old fields along the creek, stretches of bottom and upland, untouched by a plow these thirty years. Didelphia knew that she would meet her fellows there,—like herself, riotously happy, and ready to run and race until long after sunrise.

What a night they had of it,—with the white moon wheeling up, then sinking down upon their revel! Grayhead led the rout, of course, with Didelphia at his heels. Up, down, round about, hither and yon, he darted, all hunger and weariness washed away by knowledge that the lean days were past,—henceforth the Brethren of the Gray Coats would eat the fat and the sweet. Frost-fall was the magic that had wrought the change. All the old field borders were festooned with vines, laden vines of frosted grapes, theretofore sour and tasteless, but henceforth to be sweet and full of spicy tang. And all the old field spread was dotted and blotched with persimmon trees, some growing singly, others in clumps, and all thickly beset with tawny, blue-bloomed, many-seeded fruit. It had been acrid, harsh, and biting beyond the power of words to express. Now it would be melting, even vinous, and more richly flavored than the grapes. Well might the Brethren of the Gray Coats rejoice and be glad. The feast set for them would endure until the sun should be on the turn again,—they might be gathering fragments of it even in February, and might live on their accumulated fat well into the spring.

There was no eating, that night,—the younglings, even, knew that they must wait till another dark. When it fell fairly the feast began, yet Grayhead, and others as wise, waited still another day. Frost came again to make sweetness sweeter, and fine flavors more flavorous still. Sunshine, also, had work to do. When it was done, and the third night fell, how these wary epicures raced to the gorging, skipping as they ran, climbing up, leaping down, tasting, testing, setting one tree over against another, and swinging perilously to snatch at grape festoons, or crouching, pictures of content, amid bending persimmon boughs. They ate smacking their lips delicately, as became epicures. Didelphia heard them without envy. She had been too hungry and too "growthy" to wait, but persimmons did not cloy like other things. She fed with a relish as keen as that of any epicure among them, and without the least lingering doubt as to the filling of her new great coat.

"It takes three frosty nights to fatten a rabbit or a possum." Thus says the countryside, with full belief in the saying. Didelphia proved it fairly,—the first frost had come late in October,—before November's moon was full she was round and sleek. So were all the rest,—Grayhead was sleekest of all. He was, indeed, in prime condition, a prize for any possum hunter, however discerning. Possum hunters came out nightly. Didelphia learned, in the first week of plenty, the exceeding worth of the tricks she had been taught. Although it was still every possum for himself, or herself, there were often three or four in the same persimmon tree, or clinging and swinging in the same grapevine. Thus she saw many moving incidents, and herself had more than one hair-breadth escape. Somehow she had always had the luck to be on the far side when the hunters came, and the wit to run away while still running was possible.

But there came a night, such as comes to all possums, when every way seemed barred. She had climbed a lone persimmon tree, whose fruit was almost the sweetest and most luscious in all the field. Grayhead and another—her father, though she did not know it,—were in the branches lower down. Didelphia had gone high,—not quite to the top, but far out on a bough so high and slender that it had as yet escaped despoilers. She lay along the branch, which bent under her, sucking and swallowing, the very moral and pattern of gormandizing bliss, when out from the woods, up from the tall sedge, came men with lighted torches, and axes over their shoulders, whooping, yelling, and crying on the dogs, which came, barking and yelping, straight to the tree's foot.



"She had carried her children on her back"

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"'I 'spect dey gwine make de tote-boy holler long befo' he gits um home'"

It was ten o'clock,—the moon, well up the east, had been under a cloud,—hence the torchlight. As the hunters, who had spread to encircle the tree, closed in upon it, the cloud drifted away,—in the white radiance the torches dimmed to smoky yellow flares. Moonlight can be cruel, for all it is so silver-soft. It showed to the hunters the crouching graycoats,—a sight that set them whooping more madly than before. The tree was not very big, but too stout for shaking from beneath. The axes would have made short work of it, but the hunters chose, instead, to leave it standing, in the hope of other possums. One of them shinned up it, almost as easily as if he had been a possum, gripping it with knees and elbows, until he came to the limbs, then, standing upright upon the stoutest bough, with both hands high above his head, he shook mightily the branch that held poor Grayhead and his fellow.

Panic-stricken, they leaped to another, barely caught it, and ran to the tip. The shaker followed them, laughing aloud, the men below encouraging him with whooping cheers. This time he shook so hard that each possum lost his foothold, but kept a desperate tail-clutch. It might have defied shaking for all time, but the shaker knew something more to do. He climbed until his feet were on the branch, then, holding to higher twigs, sprang up and down on it, accenting the springs between whiles with vigorous kicks. At the fifth kick Grayhead went down,—a breath later his fellow came plump on top of him. Be sure the dogs nipped them on the spot, although both lay, to all seeming, as dead as doornails.

Black Dan, Wrong's master, therefore head of the hunt, snatched them up, swung them high above his head, and shouted. "Whoop-ee-ee! My soul's alibe! Bofe dese rascals is butter-fat, an' so heavy I 'spect dey gwine make de tote-boy holler long befo' he gits um home." Then "the boy," who was not a tote-boy, being of white skin, begged for the privilege of sliding the captives into the gunny sack, which had been brought along, folded knapsack fashion upon Daddy Ben's back. Dan shook his head. "Dese better had be sont home on de stick," he said, eying his catch triumphantly. "You hear me,—dis is er possum night all right. We-all gwine cotch er bagful 'sides dese two. Fetch de stick, Dancy,—den draw straws, you an' Pete, fer who goes home wid it, an' who stays."

The stick was a six-foot length of sapling, split at either end. Dan opened the splits deftly, and slipped a possum's tail in each. Then the stick was balanced upon Pete's shoulder,—he had lost in the straw drawing. "The boy," looking after him as he trudged sorrowfully along the back track, saw a gray shadow leap from the outermost verge of the persimmon boughs, and disappear instantly in the thick sedge. Didelphia had chosen to run for it,—a choice of desperate wisdom, as the end showed. Wrong was after her, at the boy's shout, the other dogs tumbling upon his heels, but the men hanging back a little. They had never heard of *law*,—the fair start allowed by venery to every hunted thing, but possibly some echo of it had come down to them through tradition. Not till the chase was a hundred yards ahead did they stir themselves to follow. Running, they did not whoop, for Didelphia and Wrong set a pace that left them no breath fc it. Didelphia moved with such speed that nobody saw her when she finally reached in safety her hollow tree. Yet she had not gone straight to it, but by devious ways, up and down tree trunks and along big boughs.

She might not have escaped if possums had not promised to be so plenty it was hardly worth while to waste Wrong's nose in picking up her trail. Thus, and thus only, she was spared to eat many more persimmons, growing, all the while, fatter, bigger, and of finer coat. Bolder she grew, too,—bold to the degree of audacity. Else how, upon a crisp late-December morning, should the boy have found her still afield, with the sun shining fairly and folks stirring abroad? The boy's mind ran on Christmas,—was not the house full of greenery, and rich, sweet, spicy smells, and delightful mysteries? He was wondering if he should get a new gun, or a watch, or a camera,—or all three. He wanted them all, but not very badly,—he had already so very many other things. He was walking across the old fields, bound for black Dan's cabin, and ultimately for the crossroads store. The storekeeper was going to have a possum supper late upon Christmas Eve. His cronies, for ten miles around, were already bidden to it. Indeed, so many were coming that he was still looking out for possums, although he had ten fine fellows in hand, and had been stall-feeding them a fortnight.

When the boy spied Didelphia crouched in the top of a sapling persimmon, tall, and very slim, he shouted at her: "Ho, you big glutton! You're goin' to the possum supper. I'll shake you out, and you're too lazy-fat to run." But, when he came to the tree's foot, it seemed as if there might be two words to that bargain. Slim as the sapling was, he could not shake it hard enough to dislodge the possum,—if he should shin up it and swing off, though he would certainly fetch down his quarry, he would as certainly lose it. He felt in his pockets. Yes, there was plenty of string. In a twinkling he had knotted all of it, tied the end to a stout pebble, and thrown the pebble over Didelphia's perch. Then he tied the free end to a long pliant grapevine, cut in the thicket right at hand, pulled up the vine until it hung well balanced over the persimmon bough, caught both ends of it fast, and swung on them with all his weight and might.

He felt the tree top give. So did Didelphia. She tried to leap for the trunk lower down, but missed and came tumbling to earth, right at the boy's feet. As he seized her she bit him viciously, then pretended to fall dead, although she kept her eyes half open, meaning to be off at the least slackening of his hold. The slackening did not come. Not for naught had the boy hunted with Daddy Ben, and Dan. He might have tied Didelphia, paw, and tail, and snout. Instead, he managed to cut a stick with his jackknife, split it, put her tail properly in it, and marched away with her swinging from it, the proudest boy in the county.

The storekeeper would gladly give him a dollar for her. But first he must go by Dan's cabin. It was a log cabin with a door, no windows, and a big stick-and-dirt chimney, furnished mostly with children, although there were three dogs besides the peerless Wrong, who stayed up at the plantation house most of the time. Dancy, the oldest child, was just the boy's age,—that is to say, fifteen. He was chopping wood lugubriously in front of the cabin, but flung down his ax to shout: "Who-ee-eee!!!" at sight of the boy and his burden. At his shout the others swarmed from the cabin door, their mother behind them, all staring, laughing, and exclaiming, as they listened to the story of the catch: "My great gracious granny, but dat is er big un!" Luce, the mother, said, at length, fingering Didelphia's coat: "Mizzable fat, too. Fattes' I eber did see—"

"Fatter 'n your Christmas ones? Dan told me he had two in a barrel." The boy spoke proudly, and Luce dropped her eyes, sighing a little. "Dey is bofe done gone ter de supper," she said; "Dan 'lowed he mought ketch us some yother ones befo' Chrismus,—but, sence he's had dat misery in de side, I'se been 'feared ter let him go out ob nights."

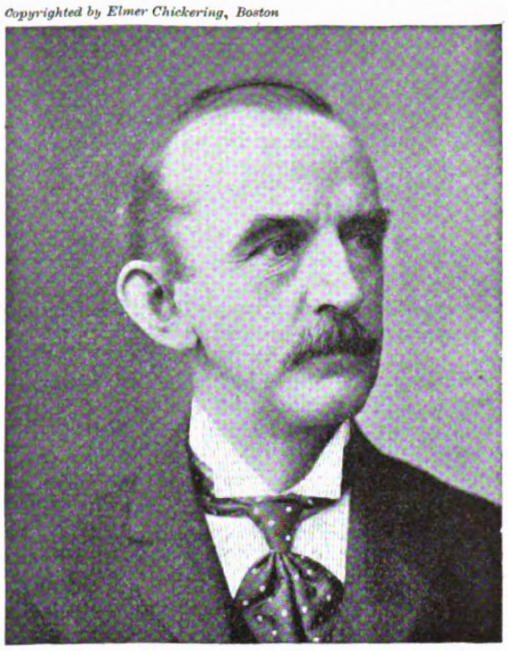
"I wisht he had er kep' um," Dancy said, sorrowfully; "yo' ma"—nodding toward the boy,—"done gimme sweet taters ter cook wid um. Dat whut make hit so aggervatin' not habin' um. Course we'll eat de taters, but dey'll jes' make us hongrier fer de possum."

"You hush, Dancy!" Luce commanded,—but again she sighed. The boy looked at her, then raised the stick to his shoulder. Didelphia was so heavy, and she had already made the shoulder ache so, that he had been half a mind to turn her loose. If he went on the chances were that he would turn her loose,—to be caught, maybe, next week, by somebody else. Already there was rising in him revolt against killing, where the game had not even a ghost of a chance for life. Impulsively he put the stick in Luce's hand, saying, "I'm glad it's such a big possum,—maybe it'll give you a taste all round," then ran away, not waiting for thanks.

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WINTHROP MURRAY CRANE,
a former governor of Massachusetts, who has been appointed to succeed the late George F. Hoar in the United States senate



CONRAD WILHELM RÖNTGEN,
the discoverer of the "Röntgen Rays," among the most valuable aids in surgery and many other sciences, who will soon visit America

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JOHN DAVISON ROCKEFELLER
[This new and exclusive photograph is the first that Mr. Rockefeller has had taken in forty years]
He is the richest and most powerful man on earth, from the standpoint of money. He is worth over three hundred million dollars, and his ambition has been to increase his personal fortune

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CHARLES WAGNER,
the Alsatian shepherd whose book, "The Simple Life"—a plea for simple needs, pleasures, and beauties,—has stirred the world

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W. W. RUSSELL,
the new United States minister to Colombia, who will undertake the difficult task of pacifying a country that Uncle Sam has ruffled

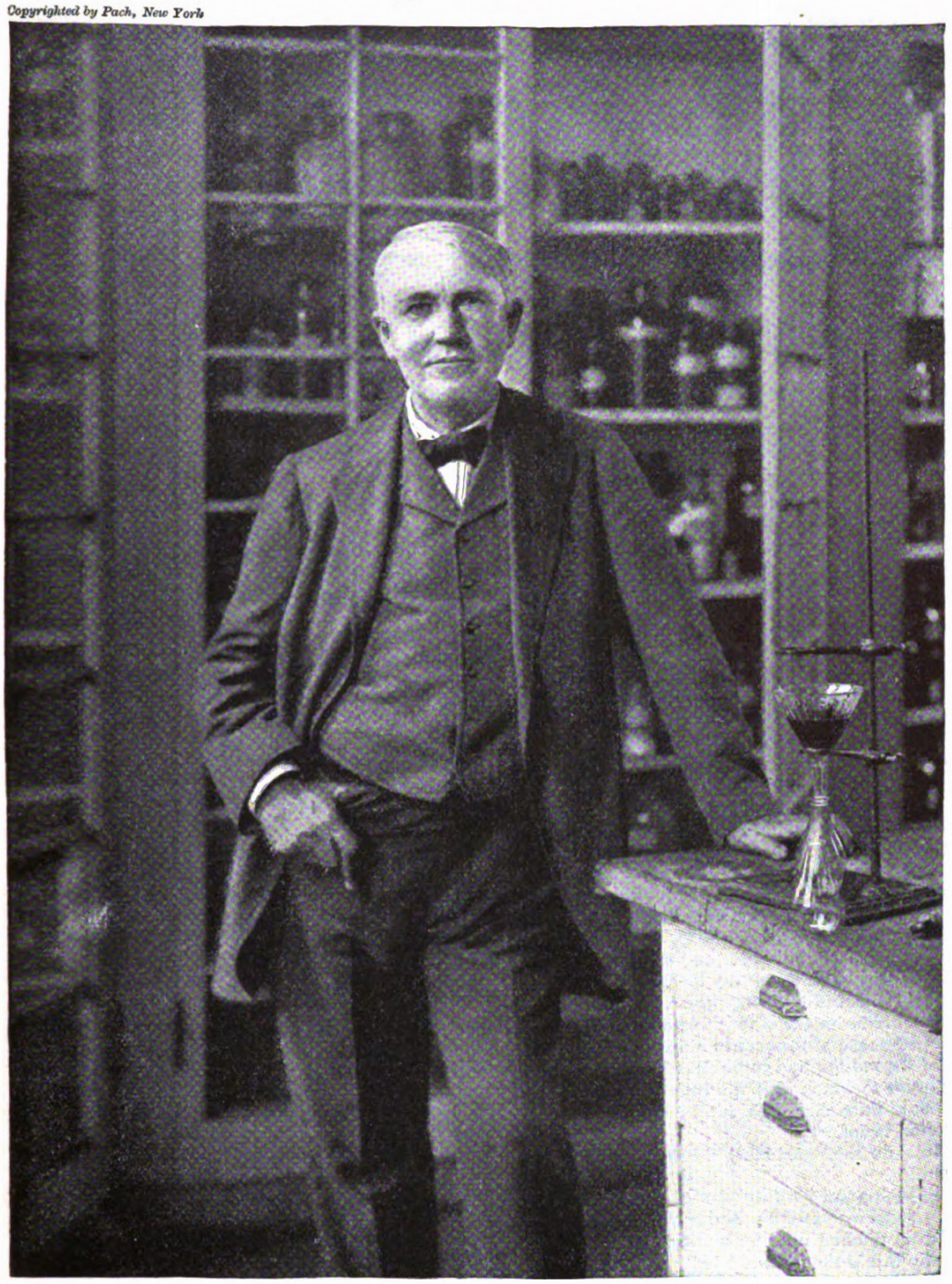


GENERAL NODZU,
the second in command of the Japanese army, who has greatly assisted General Oyama in forcing the recent fighting

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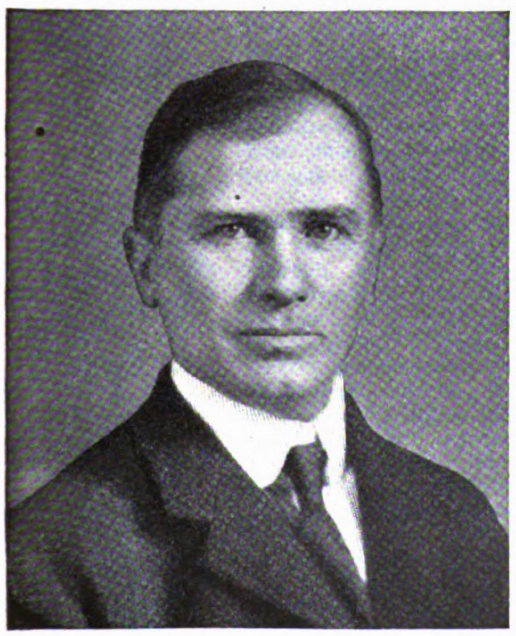
THOMAS ALVA EDISON
[This photograph was recently taken in Mr. Edison's laboratory, Menlo Park, New Jersey]
The most useful man in the world, from the standpoint of progress. His inventions have revolutionized civilization. His eight hundred patents are his largest material asset



DURHAM WHITE STEVENS,
an American recently appointed by the emperor of Japan as the legal and general adviser of the emperor of Korea



MAURICE MAETERLINCK,
who is called "the Belgian Shakespeare," and who hopes to analyze the secret of American supremacy in diplomatic affairs



DANIEL WILLARD,
appointed vice president of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad. Twelve years ago he was one of the company's engine drivers

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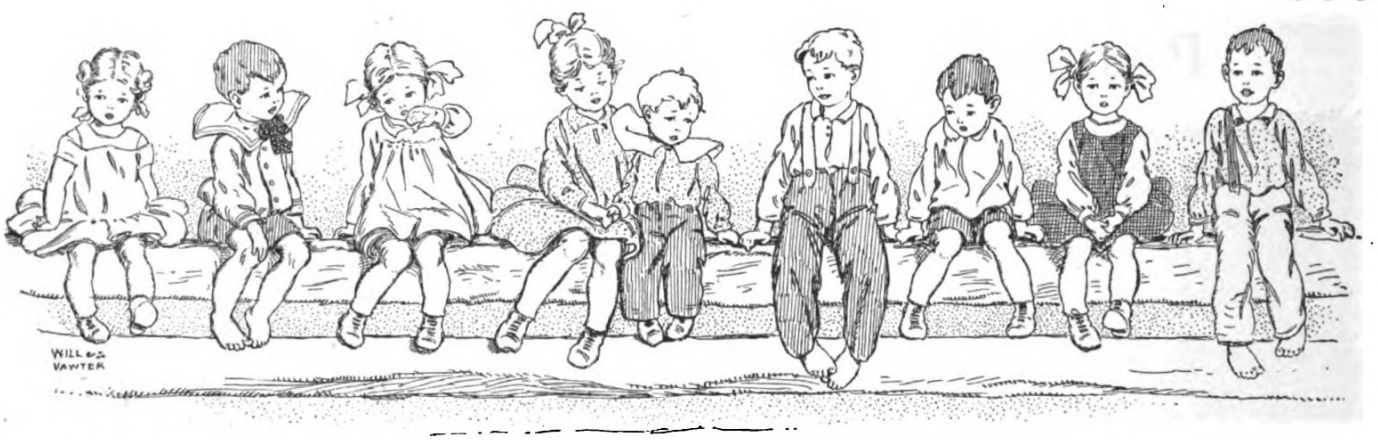
MRS. MINNIE MADDERN FISKE,
the American actress who was first to make a successful portrayal of Thackeray's famous character, "Becky Sharp"

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PRINCE PETER SVIATOPOLK-MIRSKY,
the new Russian minister of the interior, a mild-mannered man, appointed to replace M. Von Plehve, who was assassinated

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AN IMPOSSIBLE CHOICE

The Story of a Family That Was not too Large

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD

He held the lamp low, shielding the flame with one hand,—a big, brown hand, used to strong work,—and looked down at the rosy faces in the wide bed.

There were three in that bed,—a tangled mass of cherubs, one pillowed on another, and arms and feet thrust everywhere. There was Marnie, the first little girl that came after the older boy, her mother's mainstay, the sweetest thing that ever grew on earth, faintly flushed with sleep now, her curls in dewy rings. There was Betty, every one of whose freckles he loved,—fairy favors, he heard the minister call them,—little Betty, the child that made trouble. There was Rhody,—he recalled the day when he brought from town a pair of red morocco shoes for Marnie,—and Rhody came, and did not speak a word, but lifted her little foot to his knee and held it there a minute, bare and grimed, looking in his face, and he put the red shoes away till he could get some blue and some bronze ones for the others. No, it was out of the question: he could not let them go, his own three girls!

And in the trundle-bed there was Mamy, the pale, silent child he had taken home when his sister died, and had loved before he had any of his own to love. No, no, he could n't spare Mamy; she was always in a dream, but she was Mamy and his dead sister, too. He knew nothing about Madonnas; but, if he had, he would have said the young girl Mary must have looked this way. He did not put things into words,—but the worshipful feeling in his heart he had for her he might have had for that other Mary of long ago. He had some degree of worshipful feeling, indeed, for his own children,—they seemed to him such miracles,—called into existence as if one summoned spirits from the vasty deep. The baby slept with Mamy; her protecting hand still held the small blanket about him.

He stepped on lightly in his stocking feet to the room where the boys were, bowing his height in the doorway. The dark head of Charles lay on the pillow of the crosslegged bedstead. He had gone into infinite distance in a slumber deeper than dreams. The boy was his pride,—a very different person from Harriman's Charlie; Harriman's boy would never have come to anything if he had lived. He expected great things from Charles. Some day this fellow would go to the general court. Yes, he would do justice to an education; he ought to have it,—but he could n't. If there was any grit in him he 'd find a way himself. As for Tom and Billy, the little red-headed rascals in the other bed,—why, without the twins the place would be as still as the grave. They had been fighting, and had fallen asleep with their arms locked in a wrestling grip, and would wake up and be at it again at daybreak. And then the ray of the lamp caught a sparkle, and he saw a tear on little Jo's cheek; he had been sent to bed before the others, for some mischief he had done. That tear brought a tear to the father's eye. His mother was very tender of little Jo,—doubly tender since the fall that lamed him. He must make up to the little lad for that tear.

But, good heavens, how was he going to make up anything to these children for having brought them into the world to work and want and, perhaps, live in poverty? That was what the woman said, that afternoon, when she wanted Louisy to give her one. Why were such women allowed to go about the earth? An angry sparkle shot across the long-lashed hazel eyes that little Jo had inherited.

He turned away, but looked back from the farther door, as a miser might look back at his treasure. His wife was standing there, leaning against the wall; he saw her shadow tremble. He put his arm over her shoulder, and they went down the narrow stairs together.

His wife sat in the rush-bottomed chair, very straight and rigid. You might have said that she was one waiting for sentence of life or death. He crossed to the other room and brought back the big and battered Bible, and opened it at the leaves following the Apocrypha, where lay all the family records they had. At the foot of the last page was the date of the baby's birth; there was hardly room for one more. It was not an unusual occurrence, by the time the baby came. But Marnie's name made him recall the night when she was given back to them after the fever, and he went out into the wintry dark, and saw the stars shining in the deep midnight blue, far, far from universe to universe, and the crisp, white fields leading their level way to the great forest on one side, and into the soft, mysterious glow of the snowy horizon on the other. And he felt a sweet, unnamed sense of innocence about him, as if the soul of his mother had come out of the immeasurable spaces to watch over the little child. He shut the book hurriedly, and sat pulling at his sun-bleached beard.

"It's no use," he said; "I can't give up one of 'em."

"It seems such a thin' for Marnie," said the wife. "Seems 's ef we had n't orter slight it. She 'd be fetched up like a lady. And she does love the thin's thet ladies has."

"She loves us more."

The wife sighed, a long, low sigh, and took up her knitting mechanically. "You do n't suppose it 's stan'in' in Charles's light, do ye?" she said. "She 'd send him to school an' ter college, certain. He 'd know all there is ter know. He 'd be a great man, some day. He 'd stand a chanct of being president, mebbe."

"And we 'd be where we be!"

"I would n't let that hender," she said, bending low over her narrowings.

"I would."

"He ain't thet sort, anyway. Mebbe it would n't be right ter tek sech a chance away from him," she murmured, with another long sigh.

"It would n't be right to take away from him the chance of bein' loved by his own kinsfolks, of lovin' them back, or helpin' up his brothers and sisters. W'y, wife, I sh'd think you wanted ter git red of your children!"

She looked up, with a slow, bewildered look in her dark eyes. He had seen just such a look of soft reproach in the eyes of a creature he had had to kill. "It seems as ef we was doomin' of 'em."

"Doomin' 'em to what? I did n't know you was so onhappy, wife."

"Oh, I ain't, I ain't! But thet woman showed me the diff'rence, and it seems dretful selfish not to let 'em go," she said, in a moment.

"'T ain't. 'T ain't, nowise. They 're our 'n. They 're our flesh an' blood. They 're our love an' life. There 's no injustice in their sheerin' our lot. Ef we was rich they 'd sheer it. An' so, as we 're poor, they can."

"I do' know," she said, rather slowly; "'t seems ter me thet I can see Mamy, now,—the way the woman 'd dress her. She 'd look like a sperrit—"

"Mamy!" There was a note of horror in his voice, as if his dead sister stood ready to accuse him of unfaithfulness. "No, I tell you, no, Louisy! Ef we give one up, we 've got to do it teetotally, for good an' all. We 're never ter see thet one agin. She ain't goin' ter hev it 'shamed of a lot of poor relations, bimeby."

"She could n't help its rememberin'," the mother answered, defiantly.

"All but the baby."

"She can't have the baby! She can't have the baby! That's settled!" cried the mother, her shaking voice caught in a sob.

"I 'd ruther she 'd hev him than any of the others."

"No, no, no! My little baby! The helpless little thin'!" She rocked herself to and fro, her hands hiding her face, ashamed of tears, but glad of their relief. "I do n't ask for much," she sobbed, "but 't seems 's if I might keep my own babies!"

"I sh'd think I was tryin' ter rob yer of 'em!"

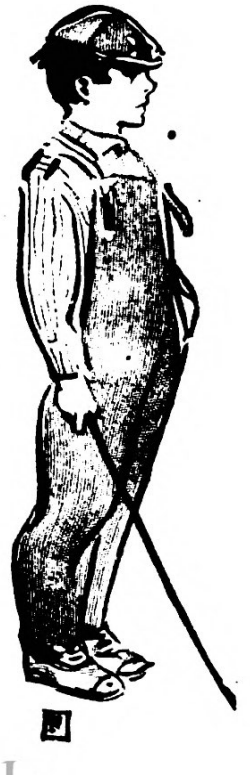
"I do' know but what ye be!"

"Come, Louisy. Do n't less quar'l over this. It 's too ser'us. You 're all worked up. The baby 's safe enough. She do n't want no nussin' babies. An' little Jo 's safe, though he 's so pindlin' mebbe some delicate livin' 'd be the best for him—"

"Soon 's she see he was goin' ter be crippled, she 'd send him back, an' he 'd miss it more 'n ef he hed n't hed it."

"He 's one thet needs love, too, little Joe is," said the father, reflectively. "An' she could n't love him, no way, like his own folks."

There was no sound in the room, for a while, but the woman's stifled sobs. She looked up with a shudder; the whole black night seemed pressed against the pane and staring in; now and then the wind stirred a vine there with a restless tap. She rose to light another lamp. "It's so dark," she said, "seems as if I could n't see to think. And it's so still I'll hev ter holler!" As the shadow crossed the window Bos'n woke outside, and far-off Harriman 's dog answered his bay.



"Folks can allus keep their dogs!" she said.

"There, there, there!" exclaimed her husband, "you ain't no need ter feel so, Louisy. I guess *we* can keep what 's our 'n. They ain't gone yit. They ain't goin',—none of 'em. I'll take the hull blame business on me. W'y, yes, s'pose thet pesky woman lost her money! Where 'd the child be, then?"—and he started to his feet and walked up and down the kitchen.

"Yes!" cried the mother, looking up eagerly from the lamp she was adjusting, whose flame glittered in her tears; "s'pose she did! 'T ain't. impossible, is it,

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now?" Then she tried to brush the tears back.

"An' that puts a new face on it, you see. We ain't stan'in' in their light sech an all-fired lot, be we? Wal, I was goin' ter say we'll sleep on it, an' see how it looks in the mornin'. Sleep sometimes seems ter winner thin's. But I guess we may as well thrash it out neow. Thet woman says it will be a great thin' ter be saved from work. But I do' know 's I want ter save the boys work. Work ain't no hardship."

"Thouten there's tew much of it!"

"An' there's a kind o' relish to the livin' you git outen' the yarth. W'en we've done with it, the farm'll cut up inter market gardings for the boys. It ain't ever ben worked fur half its wuth."

"An' some of 'em may take ter trades. Jo's a regular whittler a'ready," said the mother, picking up her knitting again; "but there's the little gels."

"They'll marry!" said their father. But then something dashed the triumph of his tone. "Leastways, it's likely. There's husbands enough,—sech as they be. I do' know. I'd kinder ruther they stopped ter hum whilst we did."

"A lot of little gran'children ain't so bad," said his wife, persuasively. "I wouldn't hev anybody miss the pleasure we've hed in our young 'uns."

"And the little folks'll keep us young, comin' back an' tumblin' roun'. Wal, I guess we'll chance it. Durn the woman! She thinks, because a man's got six or seven children,—how many be they, Louisy? I never can keep count, 'thouten I lot 'em off on my fingers."

"There's nine,—countin' Mamy."

"So they be. Wal, I guess there's love enough ter go roun', and porridge, tew. Ary one on 'em's got a better lookout 'n Harriman's poor youngster. How many 've they buried, Louisy,—the Harriman's?"

"All they hed, but this one. She was a dretful shif'less creeter."

"'Tain't everyone's got your faculty, Louisy."

The color mounted to his wife's face and burned out the freckles there. "The poor thin' never hed no stren'th," she said. "She was jes' beat out, like a flower in the wind. She was well meanin'."

"So's Harriman. He's a-bringin' of it up by han'."

"My! He'll never raise it,—an' this weather, tew. It'll foller its mother, sure. I wish 't—" she paused, and began to wind up the ball.

"Wall,—what is it you wisht?"

"Oh, nothin'. 'T ain't no matter,—excep' fer a' temptin' Proverdunce. I was goin' ter say 't I wish't we hed n't so many of our own, so's we could help Harriman."

"Louisy, I would n't darst say sech words. P'raps we hev got more 'n our sheer. And it bears on a poor man, fer a fac'." He stared hard at the crack in the yellow, whitewashed wall.

"But, you see," she added, brightly, "they ain't one too many!"



The clock struck stroke after stroke, with an air of finishing the business. "Wal, I've gotter put the taller on my boots," he said, stretching his long length, with his arms above his head; "guess this lamp'll jest about last us,"—as his wife turned out the one she had so recklessly lighted.

"Talk o' work! I do' know's there's any pleasanter feelin' than jes' bein' tired."

"When there's no more to du," she answered. "Did you let the cat out?"

"Yes. There he's on the winder, neow. You let him in whilst I wind the clock. What you barrin' the door for?" he cried, turning about. "That door ain't never bin barred. I guess the bolt's too rusted to be drawed."

"I do' know," she answered, nervously; "the children—"

He laughed. "I guess nobody won't git them children 'ith me roun'," he said. "I wonder thet woman did n't want this clock!"

"Ain't I told you? W'y,"—

"Wal, she can't hev it, little Johnny. It was gran'sir's, and it's goin' ter be gran'baby's. There! I've gotter be down to the last bars by the time the birds stir. I'll fetch my dinner along. An' w'en that critter comes by, you can tell her we ain't doin' no tradin' in children, an' our'n'll stay where God put 'em. But she can have the old sekkerterry she was hankerin arter,—fer w'at's fair. Did she really say fifty dollars?"

His wife nodded several times with emphasis.

"By mighty!" he cried, with his eyes flashing, "I sh'd think she hed a screw loose. Do n't seem reasonable. King! she ain't fit to be trusted with money, let alone children. W'y, I ain't hed so much as thet in han' since Bates was hung! Seems like highway rob'ry, or blackmail, or suthin'. P'raps we'd better say half that. 'T ain't no use to us."

"I keep rawsberry jam in it, and the jell,—thet is w'en there's any to keep. An' the sugar cookies," she added, hesitatingly. "I guess I'd better say sixty. Ef she's offerin' so much, she'll give more. She's made me sech a sight o' trouble I do n't feel ter spare her."

"She did n't mean ter make yer no trouble, Louisy."

"Anyheow, she made it,—a-wantin' my children! An' she wants the old flowered chany, tew. For my part, I'd ruther hev some new wite 'ith a gold band. And I forgit w'at she said she'd give fer the spinnin' wheel in the garret, an' the brass warmin' pan, an' gran'marm's big copper kettle to set a s'rub or a christian-anthem. But I do' know es it's jes' the thin' ter take advantage of a weak mind. Ef I knowed fer certain she wus n't a little off,—why, father, I do n' b'lieve but there'd be enough to buy a parlor organ!"

"Ef we do n't put it agin' Charles's schoolin'."

Her face fell a little. "Wife, I'd like ter give ye all the desires of yer heart," he said, wistfully.

"I do n't want anythin' but w'at I've got!" she cried, with a sudden passion, throwing her arms around his neck in unwonted abandon, and hiding her face a moment in his sleeve; "I've got you and the children!"

"And I've got the best wife, and they've got the best mother in the hull of Christendom. Wal, we'll hev to be a-stirrin' 'bout as soon's we're asleep, and it's close to no time at all, neow."

"I'm sorter sorry fer that woman, though," she said, standing off and twisting up her fallen hair. It was pretty hair still. "She's a real lady. She's real lonesome. She said 't would be like a sunbeam in the house, like flowers, like music. She'd orter take two of 'em, she said."

"Sho!" An' she can't hev one. Jes' hear that are owl a-laughin' at it. That's w'at I call music. It's a live flute—"

"She said I'd no idee, 'th all them a-swarmin' roun', w'at it wus ter hev an empty house and an empty heart like her 'n."

"Wal, then, I'm sorry fer her, tew. But I do n't feel no call ter give her my children. You can give her the sekkerterry, ef yer wanter."

"You do n't believe the children ever'll be a-layin' of it up agin us, do ye?"

"I do n't b'lieve they'll ever need ter know anythin' about it, 'thouten you tell 'em. An' if they du, I guess they'll think there's nothin' in heaven above, or in 'arth beneath, or in the waters that's under the 'arth, better 'n father an' mother love. By George, there's that durned rooster talkin' about mornin'!"

"Wal, you go 'long to bed. I've got a sponge to set." She went to her work, quick-footed, light-hearted, her pulses singing a note of thanksgiving. Presently all was quiet in the old farmhouse, except for the slow ticking of the clock, and nothing stirred but the shadow of a climbing rose that the red waning moon threw on the kitchen floor, and that the cat crept round to watch cautiously and play with furtively.

Sunset was pouring a purple glory across the fields, the next evening, when the little girls ran to meet their father, who came up slowly, and wearily, and somewhat hesitatingly, carrying an odd-looking bundle quite beyond their reach. "I thought I'd bring it, myself, this time, 'stid o' the doctor," he said; "but I ain't ast your mother yet ef she wants it. Wife," he added, as she came to the door at the tumult, "Harriman's been killed by the fall of that old ellum he was allus 'lottin' ter cut down. An' I come by, an' there was this baby 'most perishin',—hungry as a bird that's fell from the nest."



"'I thought I'd bring it, myself, this time,' he said"

"You do n't say! The poor soul!"

"I do' know. Your han's is pretty full up, now. But, ef they send it to the poor 'us', it'll die afore it knows w'at ails it. Somehow, I sorter felt pitiful for the little thin'."

"Oh, mother, mother," came a chorus from tiptoeing, peering, clamoring children, "it's a baby,—another baby! Oh, you'll keep it; do say you'll keep it, mother! We'll rock it, we'll—"

"The poor mite! Here, father, give it to me," said his wife, holding out her arms, the wild rose pink flushing up her face. "Men are the onhandiest,—goodness, it ain't no heft at all! Dear sakes alive, there's nothin' to it! Poor Harriman!—there! 'T ain't much more trouble ter fetch up two together than one. I'm glad you was goin' by, father!"

The Czar Was "Called Down"

EVER since he came to the throne, the czar of all the Russias has been accustomed to take a morning spin of two or three miles on his bicycle, whenever the weather of the cold land he rules has permitted. He says it is the surest way he has yet found of getting away from court formalities, and of keeping his mind in a proper condition.

Earlier in his reign this morning ride was the cause of several amusing incidents, at least one of which showed the gentleman beneath the monarch. He had that day chanced to wear the undress uniform of a colonel in one of his cavalry regiments. Before he had ridden far he passed a very pompous old general from the extreme southern part of his empire, but, not knowing him, the wheelman bowled merrily past without sign or word. The next minute he heard, "I say, colonel, stop!"

A little wondering and a little amused, the czar at once dismounted, and waited till the other overtook him.

"Why does not my inferior salute the officers above him?" demanded the general, abruptly.

The czar, standing at attention, his fingers at the edge of his cap, replied, "I apologize, general. I have been so short a time on the throne that I have not yet been able to meet all the men who support me so ably."

Use of the Earth in Electrical Power-transmission

SUCCESSFUL experiments in the employment of the earth's conducting power in long-distance transmission have recently been made in France, under the auspices of a Swiss company. It has been found that the use of the earth as a return-circuit or as a reserve line effects a saving of three quarters of the copper now required for power-transmission, and, accordingly, of three quarters of the energy now lost in the resistance of the line. The sensible zone of electrification extends only for a few hundred feet around the point where the line makes its earth-connection, and there is no disturbance of telegraph or telephone wires. In the opinion of M. Émile Guarini, the French expert, these results mark an epoch in the history of long-distance transmission of electric energy.

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CAN EUROPE IGNORE THE MONROE DOCTRINE?

The German Emperor and Other Great European Warriors Hint that It Must Be Abolished

HUBERT HOWE BANCROFT

WHEN so eminent an economist and statesman as Professor Adolf Wagner, of the Berlin University, asks, in all seriousness, "What has the United States of America ever done for the civilization of the world?" —meaning, doubtless, to say, "What has civilization ever done for the United States?"—and when both kaiser and professor pronounce the Monroe Doctrine "an empty pretension behind which is neither energetic will nor actual power," we pause for reflection, and are led to exclaim, with Saul of Tarsus, "Can these things be?"

Since our late little disturbance with Spain, if not indeed before then, we have been laboring under somewhat different impressions. We have even been led to believe that we may now, without presumption, hold up our national head beside Austria and Italy, cast a respectful glance at France and Germany, and even venture a wink at old England across the water. Hitherto we scarcely had the temerity to place ourselves in the category of world powers, though we had bluffed the Old Country to the top of its bent, unblushingly boasting throughout Europe what we had done and could do, all the while so interlarding our vainglory with dollars as to make it tolerated. So, when we awoke to find ourselves really "in the swim," and, withal, wealthy, humane, and progressive, it made us modest. In awe of ourselves we stood as before some mysterious dispensation, and we became humble. There is no further need of boasting; our acts speak for us,—in our treatment of Cuba, of China, and of Spain, even, in whose just and necessary chastisement there was no vindictiveness. We were surprised that so much should be made of that little affair in Manila Bay, and the other one off Santiago Harbor, or that so much importance should be attached to our cuffing Spain out of America, a feat which scarcely afforded us pastime.

Yet even so it came upon us, this, our greatness, and through no fault of ours. We could not help it. All unconsciously, without plan or premeditation, like a young giant merging into manhood, our strength developed and the result stood before us. To be told by the herr professor and his kaiser, men of parts and erudition who should know whereof they speak, that the United States has never done anything, and that the Monroe Doctrine is but an empty threat with no intelligent energy behind it,—it is discouraging. We do not claim to be working for civilization, which, whatever it may be, does not require our help but works for itself, tending to improve all things alike through agencies good and evil. Men and nations do not make the power of progress, but are made by it.



HUBERT HOWE BANCROFT

[Mr. Bancroft is the author of "The History of the Pacific States," one of the most important contributions to the literature of America. The preparation of this work cost him many years of toil and self-denial and an outlay of nearly seven hundred thousand dollars. When, in 1860, he began to gather *data* for his history, he first made a modest collection of about seventy-five volumes. Then he eagerly sought second-hand book stores for all manner of literature bearing on the early days of the Far West. He visited the East to collect more material, and secured thousands of manuscripts and personal reports containing the reminiscences of many living witnesses. Every book, map, and printed document touching on the matter was purchased, and, when he sat down to write his history, he had sixty thousand volumes in which to find useful suggestions. This is considered one of the greatest examples of careful literary effort ever recorded.—THE EDITOR]

"Let the Germanic and Romanic Nations Unite,"—for Our Destruction

But, however blind Berlin may be, we can plainly see, because of the origin and evolution of this commonwealth in the wilds of America, a fresh flowering of civilization. We can see, among the blessings to the human race wrought out by this benignant influence through the agency of these Anglo-American states, broader civil and religious liberty; a new and purer republicanism, which regards with disfavor monarchism, class aristocracy, a large standing army, and the degradation of labor. We can see a nobler manhood, an unfettered and more elevated womanhood, and a more intelligent and refined society. Besides these and other beneficent influences, many useful inventions have originated here, adding to the comfort and luxury of living, and, withal, a general development, in some respects, at least, in advance of Old World ways. Even war, that curse of the universe, as waged by us, is attended by more consideration and humanity and with less atrocity than when waged by any other nation; nor have we ever fought for gain or aggrandizement, after the manner of Europeans, but only from necessity, and for the vindication of some sacred right or high principle.

What, then, shall be done to us because we do nothing for civilization? as the Berlin school will have it; and what shall be done to us because of our "empty pretension" of a Monroe Doctrine with "neither energetic will nor actual power" behind it? Simply this, say the herr professor and his kaiser,—let the Germanic and the Romanic nations unite, relegate the United States to the infernal regions, and dominate the world. This is what they say; this is what they would do, were they able. Then would appear upon the earth new Germanies: besides the present Germany a Germany-in-America, a Germany-in-China, and a Germany-in-Africa, with spoils for Italy and France, and something also for Spain to civilize as she civilized Cuba and the Philippine Islands.

The Germans Sail the Seven Seas Firing at Mud Forts

Pleasing teachings these may be for the school of Berlin, but bad for Germany if she ventures too far, under the impression that the Monroe Doctrine is but an empty pretension, or that Romanic allies will enable her to dominate the world.

Before ever there was any kaiser, the Monroe Doctrine was an established entity, with intelligent energy enough to defend it against all comers. Since our Civil War, in which there was more and severer fighting than ever Europe will give us, some millions of men have sprung up with intelligent energy and money enough at command to achieve pretty much anything that they may deem to be right and necessary; and our Monroe Doctrine is one of those few questions that brushes its mustache upward and will never go for solution to The Hague.

The Germans are good fighters, but have not enough to do. So they sail around the world and fire off their guns at mud forts, while the good kaiser pats them on the back with one hand, and with the other placates the other great powers,—for more to be feared than armies is the world's enlightened opinion. The German emperor, however, is not to be taken too seriously; he may not be so unwise as he sometimes seems, even though his people do not like to have him out alone far from home. Berlin will be careful how Germany goes to war with a nation strong enough to give the kaiser the drubbing he is aching for; careful, also, not to ignore that power of powers, greater than any world power, or any combination of Germanic and Romanic forces, the world's sentiment as to what is just and fitting between men and nations. It was this greatest of powers that stopped the fire of the German gunboats on the Venezuelan forts, and sent apologies to Paris and London and Washington, whence emanated disapproval of such proceedings.

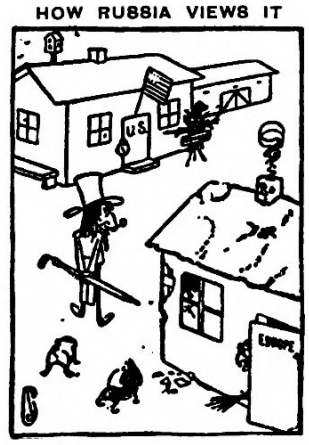
England Devotes a Million Dollars daily to Defense

Where, then, is the wisdom of this rivalry among the powers in maintaining standing armies and building vessels of war, when the question is one of merely men and money and the result can be determined as well before the fighting as afterwards? England, this year, in time of peace, including the new warships ordered, is spending a million dollars a day on her army and navy. Is Germany prepared to do more than this? Germany will fight for territory and domination,—not stronger powers than herself, but weaker ones; the United States will fight for neither, having all that is wanted of both; but Americans will fight for a principle, and that to the very end. Nor will it ever be safe for Germany to depend upon the Germans in America to side with the mother country in the event of war. Like Englishmen, Germans who have tasted liberty in these United States are in no haste to abandon it for the mummeries of monarchy, and the burdens and impositions attending it. All Americans, German-Americans as well as Anglo-Americans, well know that it would be better for the United States if Spanish-America were peopled by Germans in place of the mongrel intermixtures of Latin, Indian, and African blood, who spend their lives fighting each other for supremacy. Unintelligent and non-progressive, self-sufficient, and ungrateful, but for the United States they would become an easy prey to the rapacity of foreign powers. If respectable Europeans will come in and take their place, leaving at home their obsolete rulerships, and their work-disdaining aristocracies, with all their evil implantings and attendant manipulations of power, they will be welcome.

The Future of the World Is to Be Controlled by the Anglo-Saxon Race

The Germans in America no more want their kaiser or his representative to rule over them, here, than do Englishmen desire the presence of King Edward. Hence I say it is plain that, if Germany is not building war ships for home defense rather than for aggression, with the United States especially in view, she is throwing away her money; for of what avail is it for one sea power to arm to meet a superior sea power? With regard to the United States, the case is different. Arming for defense with us requires a force sufficient to meet any nation or combination of nations attempting to plant European rulership in America. We may be very sure that, without adequate means of defense, the Monroe Doctrine can never be sustained. Further than this, it is absolutely essential for self-protection and the peace of the world for England and America to have the best navies, at whatever cost; otherwise France and Germany will help themselves to whatever they want, under one pretext or another. Germany may likewise consider it essential to her welfare to have the best navy. But it is obviously impossible for the Anglo-Saxons and the Germanic and Romanic combination both to have the best fleet, so the longest purse will have to settle it.

HOW RUSSIA VIEWS IT



UNCLE SAM.—I'll smash every window in your house, if I like, but don't you come near mine.—"Novo Vremya," St. Petersburg

Quite at variance with the German dream of domination through alliance with the half-defunct Latin race are the visions of other nations from other points of view. As those who speak English read the signs of the times, the future of the world is in the hands of the Anglo-Saxon race. Having been the latest to emerge from barbarism into our present civilization, and having the experiences of older nations from which to draw, our nation has, or should have, a development superior to all others, more especially as with natural advantages were implanted inherent qualities not common to all the races; and, as Rome was nearing the period of decline when progress began in England, and the three or four thousand years which seem to be the allotted life-term of nations are not yet half spent, may we not expect, if, peradventure, we can escape the pitfalls of anarchy

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and luxury, ten or twenty centuries more in which to acquire and dispense before Syria will be reclaimed and England will become as Syria.

In every part of the world, on all the continents and among the islands, are well planted and rooted men whose origin was English, with English instincts and institutions, English culture and English integrity. They form the youngest among the nations, if we except the half development of China and the whitewash of Russia and Japan. They are the strongest, most liberal, intelligent, refined, and humane; they are daily becoming better and stronger, and are not likely to deteriorate for two or three thousand years, at least. It is an interesting study to watch the Englishman as he exhibits himself in Australia, in India, in South Africa, in Canada, and in the United States of America, and compare the several phases of his life and development abroad with what he was and is in his native isle.

Nor is it sentiment, or fraternal affection, or commercial or political policy, so much as it is natural affinity, or that inexorable necessity which underlies and governs all progress, whatever that may be, that draws together and unites, in a brotherhood based on mutual respect and confidence in the sincerity and humanity of each other, all the English-speaking peoples of the earth. In America the Anglo-Saxon race takes on new life, and the civilization of Greece and Rome seems to have been born anew.

There is, in the older countries, little absolute progress. Such inventions of ours as they honor us by copying they copy in an imperfect manner. There may be a good fast-running elevator in Europe, but I have not seen one. As to relative morals, it is not egotism in us to say that there is more honesty and integrity among English-speaking peoples than among those of the Latin race. Given over, though we are, to the cant of custom and the hypocrisies of fashion, yet by far the greater number of our men do not lie, —except in an emergency. We are not yet above or beyond the delightful occupation of killing, and that with energy and efficiency, when necessity demands it; but never before was humanity in war more conspicuous than in our late war with Spain; never was displayed by a conqueror a more intelligent chivalry, or by a government less inclination to rob or impose upon a weaker power, than when Spanish soldiers were given free passage home, or when Cuba was given independence because it had been promised, or when the greater portion of our allotted indemnity for alleged outrages in China was declined because it was deemed excessive and unjust. Much is now effected by arbitration, but there are vital principles which we never can arbitrate, such as the integrity of the Union, the maintenance of our Monroe Doctrine, etc. It is a fact, becoming plainer every day, that the wars of the future—those, at least, in which the United States may be concerned,—will be fought upon the water. As for invasion, it has become practically impossible, on the part of either Europe or the United States.



DRAWN BY ARTHUR E. JAMESON

"'Have you laid a plot to ruin me, Sayler?'"

THE PLUM TREE

The Confessions of a Politician

PART THREE

DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS

BEGUN IN THE OCTOBER ISSUE

ABOUT a month after the Chicago and Fredonia Bill was smothered in committee there appeared upon the threshold of my office, in the administration building of the Ramsay Company, a man whom at first glance you might have taken for an exhorter or a collector for some pious enterprise. But, if you had made a study of faces, your second glance would have cut through that gloze of almost timid appeal. Behind a thin screen of short gray beard lay a heavy loose mouth, cruel and strong; above it, a great beak and a pair of pale green eyes, intensely alive. They were in startling contrast to the apparent decrepitude of the stooped, shambling body, far too small for its covering of decent but somewhat rusty black.

"Senator Hoskins," said I, rising and advancing to greet the justly feared leader of my party. I knew there was an intimate connection between this visit and the death of his pet project. I thought it safe to assume that he had somehow stumbled upon Woodruff's tunnelings, and, with that well-trained nose of his, had smelled out their origin. But I need not have disquieted myself; I did not then know how softly he moved, sending no warnings ahead, and leaving no trail behind.

For several minutes the senator and I felt for each other in the dark in which we both straightway hid. He was the first to reveal himself in the open. "But I do not wish to waste your time and my own, Mr. Sayler," he said; "I have come to see you about the threatened split in the party. You are, perhaps, surprised that I should have come to you, when you have been so many years out of politics, but I think you will understand why, as I explain myself. You know Mr. Roebuck?"

"I can't say that I *know* him," I replied; "he is not an easy man to know,—indeed, who is?"

"A very able man; in some respects, a great man," Hoskins went on; "but, like so many other great men of business, he can not appreciate politics,—the difficulties of the man in public life where persuasion and compromise must be used, authority almost never. And, because I have resisted some of his impossible demands, he has declared war on the party. He has raised up in it a faction headed by your old enemy, Dominick. I need not tell you what a brute he is, the representative of all that is abhorrent in politics."

"A faction headed by Dominick could n't be very formidable," I suggested.

"But Dominick is n't the nominal leader," replied Hoskins. "Roebuck is far too shrewd for that. No, he has put forward, as the decoy, my

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colleague, Croffut,—perhaps you know him? If so, I need n't tell you what a vain, shallow, venal fellow he is, with his gift of gab that fools the people."

"I know him," said I, in a tone which did not deny the accuracy of Hoskins's description.

"Their object," continued the senator, "is to buy the control of the party machinery away from those who now manage it in the interests of conservatism and fair dealing. If they succeed, the only business interest that will be considered in this state will be the Power Trust. And we shall have Dominick, the ignorant brute, lashed on by Roebuck's appetites, until the people will rise in fury and elect the opposition,—and you know what *it* is."

"What you say is most interesting," said I, "but I must confess I have n't imagination enough to conceive a condition of affairs in which anybody with 'the price' could n't get what he wanted by paying for it. Perhaps the business interests would gain by a change,—the other crowd might be less expensive. Certainly the demands of our party's machine have become intolerable."

"It astonishes me, Mr. Sayler, to hear you say that,—you, who have been in politics," he protested, taken aback by my hardly disguised attack upon him,—for he was in reality "party" and "machine." "Surely, you comprehend the situation. We must have money with which to maintain our organization, and to run our campaign. Our workers can't live on air; and, to speak of only one other factor, there are thousands and thousands of our voters, honest fellows, too, who must be paid to come to the polls. They would n't vote against us for any sum; but, unless we pay them for the day lost in the fields, they stay at home. Now, where does our money come from? The big corporations are the only source,—who else could or would give largely enough? And it is necessary, and just, that they should be repaid. But they are no longer content with moderate and prudent rewards for their patriotism. They make bigger and bigger, and more and more unreasonable, demands on us, and so undermine our popularity,—for the people can't be blinded wholly to what 's going on. And thus, year by year, it takes more and more money to keep us in control."

"You seem to have forgotten my point," said I, smiling. "Why should *you* keep in control? If you go out, the others come in. They bluster and threaten, in order to get themselves in; but, when once elected, they discover that it was n't the people's woes they were shouting about, but their own. And soon they are docile 'conservatives,' lapping away at the trough, with nothing dangerous in them but their appetites."

"Precisely,—their appetites," said he.

"A starved man has to practice eating a long, long time before he can equal the performances of a trained glutton," I suggested.

His facial response to my good-humored raillery was feeble, indeed, and it soon died in a look of depression that made him seem even older and more decrepit than was his wont. "'T is the same story, wherever I go," said he, sadly, "as the business interests refuse to see their peril. And when I, in my zeal, persist, they—several of them, Sayler,—have grinned at me and reminded me that the legislature to be elected next fall will choose my successor! As if my own selfish interest were all I had in mind! I am old and feeble, on the verge of the grave. Do you think, Mr. Sayler, that I would continue in public life if it were not for what I conceive to be my duty to my party? I have toiled too many years in its service—"

"Your record speaks for itself, senator," I put in, politely but pointedly.

"You are very discouraging, Sayler," he said, forlornly, "but I refuse to be discouraged. The party needs you, and I have come to do my duty, and I won't leave without doing it."

"I have nothing to do with our company's political contributions," I said; "you will have to see Mr. Ramsay, as usual."

He waved his hand. "Let me explain, please. Roover is about to resign,—as you probably know, he's been chairman of the party's state committee for seventeen years. I've come to ask you to take his place."

It was impossible for me wholly to hide my amazement, my stupefaction. Had he had the shadowiest suspicion of my plans, of the true inwardness of the Croffut-Dominick movement, he would as readily have offered me his own head. In fact, he was offering me his own head; for, with the money and the other resources at my command, I needed only the place of official executive of the party to make me master. And here he was, giving me the place,—fancying he could use me as he had been using Roover.

He must have misread my expression, for he went on: "Do n't refuse on impulse, Sayler. I and the others will do everything to make your duties as light as possible."

"I should not be content to be a mere figurehead, as Roover has been," I warned him. He had come, in his desperation, to try to get the man who combined the advantages of being, as he supposed, an enemy of Dominick and of being in one of the financially influential families in the state. He had come to cozen me into letting him use me in return for a mockery of an honor. And I was simply tumbling him, or, rather, permitting him to tumble himself, into the pit he had dug for me. Still, I felt that I owed it to my self-respect to give him a chance. "If I take the place, I shall fill it *to the best of my ability*."

"Certainly, certainly,— we want your ability." Behind his bland, cordial mask I saw the spider eyes gleaming and the spider claws twitching as he felt his net quiver under hovering wings. "We want you—we need you, Sayler. We expect you to do your best."

My best! What would my "best" have been, had I had only what he thought,—dependent upon him for supplies, surrounded by his lieutenants, hearing nothing but what he chose to tell me, and able to execute only such orders as he gave or approved.

"I am sure we can count on you," he urged.

"I will try it," said I, with a hesitation that was not altogether show.

He did not linger,—he wished to give me no chance to change my mind and fly his net. I was soon alone, staring dazedly at my windfall and wondering if fortune would ever give me anything without attaching to it that which would make me doubt whether my gift was most bitter or most sweet.

Hoskins announced the selection of the new chairman that very afternoon,—as a forecast, of course, for there was the formality of my "election" by the sixty-three members of the state committee to be gone through. His proposition was well received. The old-line politicians remembered my father; the Reformers recalled my fight against Dominick; the business men liked my connection with the Ramsay Company, assuring stability and regard for "conservatism;" the "boys" were glad because I had a rich wife and a rich brother-in-law. The "boys" always cheer when a man with money develops political aspirations.



"Hoskins denounced me as an infamous ingrate".

I did not see Woodruff until I went down to the capital to begin my initiation. I came upon him there, in the lobby of the Capital City Hotel. As we talked for a moment like barely-acquainted strangers, saying nothing that might not have been repeated broadcast, his look was asking: "How did you manage to trap Hoskins into doing it?" I never told him the secret, and so never tore out the foundation of his belief in me as a political wizard. It is by such judicious use of their few strokes of good luck that successful men get their glamour of the superhuman.

I left Woodruff, to join Hoskins. "Who is that chap over there,—Doctor Woodruff?" I asked him.

"Woodruff?" repeated the senator,—"oh, a lobbyist. He does a good deal of work for Roebuck, I believe. An honest fellow,—for that kind,—they tell me. It's always well to be civil to them. They can do a lot of mischief."

Hoskins's "initiation" of me into the duties of my office wiped away my last lingering sense of double, or, at least, doubtful, dealing. He told me nothing that was not calculated to mislead me, and he was so glib and so frank and so sympathetic that, had I not known the whole machine from the inside, I should have been his dupe. It is not pleasant to suspect that, in some particular instance, one of your fellow men takes you for a simple-minded fool. To know you are being so regarded, not in one instance, but in general, is in the highest degree exasperating, no matter how well your vanity is under control. Perhaps I should not have been able to play my part and deceive my deceiver had I been steadily at headquarters. As it was, I went there little and then gave no orders, apparently contenting myself with the credit for what other men were doing in my name. In fact, so obvious did I make my neglect as chairman that the party press commented on it and covertly criticised me. Hoskins mildly reproached me for lack of interest. He did not know—indeed, he never knew,—that his chief lieutenant, Thurston, in charge at headquarters, had gone over to "the enemy," and was Woodruff's right-hand man, and it is not necessary for me to say where Woodruff got the orders he transmitted to Thurston.

My excuse for keeping aloof was that I was about to be transformed into a man of family. As I was fond of children I had looked forward to this with more eagerness than I ventured to show to my wife. She might not have liked it, eager though she was also. As soon as she knew that her longings were to be satisfied, she entered upon a course of preparation so elaborate that I was secretly much amused, though I thoroughly approved and encouraged her. Every moment of her days was laid out in some duty imposed upon her by the regimen she had arranged after a study of all that science says on the subject.

As perfect tranquillity was a fundamental of the *régime*, she permitted nothing to ruffle her. But Ed. more than made up for her calm. Two weeks before the event, she forbade him to enter her presence,—"or the grounds," said she, "where I'm likely to see you. The very sight of you, looking so flustered, unnerves me."

While he and I were waiting in the sitting room for the news, he turned his heart inside out to me.

"I want to tell you, Harvey," said he, "that the—boy or girl—whichever it is,—is to be my heir."

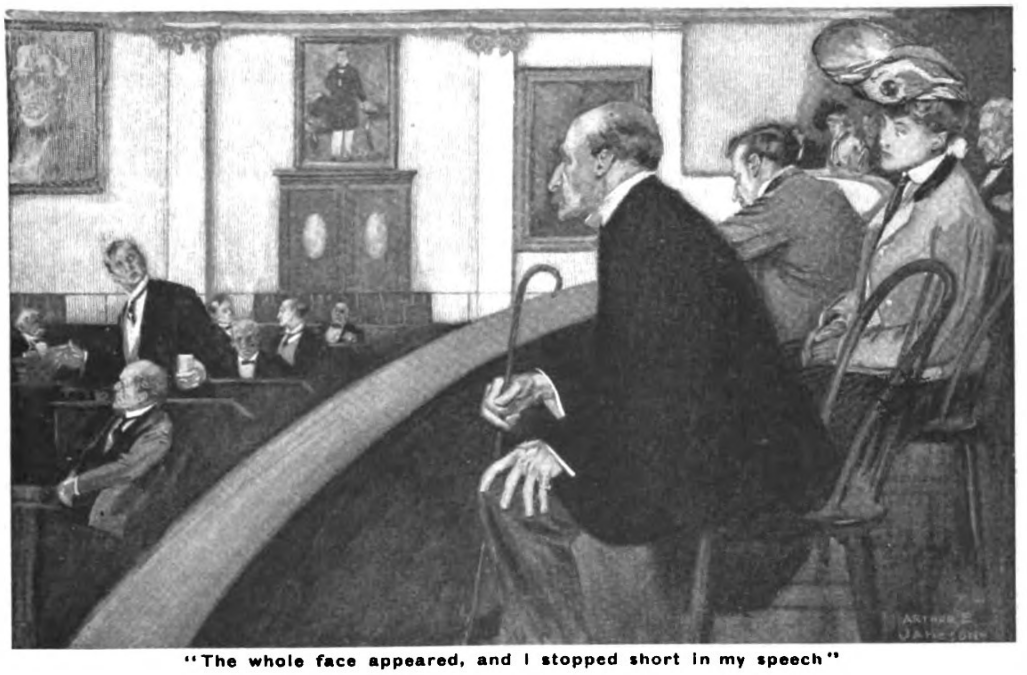
"I sha'n't hold you to that," I replied, with a laugh.

"No,—I'll never marry," he went on. "There was an—an angel,—you know the Shaker settlement,—well, out there."

I looked at him in wonder. If ever there was a man who seemed unromantic, it was he, heavy and prosaic and so shy that he was visibly nervous even in bowing to a woman acquaintance.

"I met her," he was saying, "when I was driving that way,—the horse ran, I was thrown out, and her parents had to take me in and let her nurse me. You've seen her face,—or faces like it. Most of those Madonnas over on the other side, in all the galleries, suggest her. Well,—her parents were furious,—would n't hear of it,—you know Shakers think marriage and love and all

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"The whole face appeared, and I stopped short in my speech"

that sort of thing are wicked. And she thought so, too. How she used to suffer! It wore her to a shadow. She would n't marry me,—would n't let me so much as touch her hand. But we used to meet and—then she caught a cold,—waiting hours for me, one winter night, when there'd been a misunderstanding about the place we were to meet,—I was in one place, she in another. And the cold,—you see, she could n't fight against it. And—and,—there won't be another, Harvey. All women are sacred to me for her sake, but I could n't any more marry than I could—could stop feeling her sitting beside me, just a little way off, wrapped in her drab shawl, with her face—like a glimpse through the gates of heaven."

Within me upstarted the memories that I kept battened down.

"Your children are mine, too, Harvey," he ended.

I took from Carlotta's workbasket an unfinished bit of baby clothing. I went to him and held it up and pointed to the monogram she had embroidered on it.

"E. R. S.," he read aloud. Then he looked at me with a queer expression beginning to form in his eyes.

"Edward Ramsay Sayler, if it 's a boy," said I; "Edwina Ramsay Sayler, if it 's a girl."

He snatched the bit of linen from me and buried his face in it.

The baby was a boy,—fortunately, for I do n't admire the name Edwina, and I should n't have liked handicapping a child with it. Carlotta and Ed. were delighted, but I felt a momentary keen disappointment. I had wanted a girl. Girls never leave their parents completely, as boys do. Also I should rather have looked forward to my child's having a sheltered life, one in which the fine and beautiful ideals do not have to be molded into the gross, ugly forms of the practical. I may say, in passing, that I deplore the entrance of women into the world of struggle. Women are the natural and only custodians of the ideals. We men are compelled to wander, often to wander far, from the ideal. Unless our women remain aloof from action, how are the ideals to be preserved? Man for action; woman to purify man, when he returns stained with the blood and sin of battle!

But—with the birth of the first child I began to appreciate how profoundly right my mother had been about marriage and its source of happiness. There are other flowers than the rose,—other flowers, and beautiful, the more beautiful for its absence.

* * * * * * *

We—our party,—carried the state, as usual. Our legislative majority was increased by eleven, to thirty-seven on joint ballot. It was certain that Hoskins's successor would be of the same political faith; but would he be Hoskins? At first that venerable custodian of the plum tree had n't a doubt. He had come to look on it as his personal property. But, after he had talked to legislators elect from various parts of the state, he became uneasy. He found that the party's members were dangerously evenly divided between himself and the "Dominick-Croffut" faction. Soon he was at me to declare for him. I evaded as long as I could,—which did not decrease his nervousness. When he put it to me point-blank, I said: "I can't do it, senator. I will not mix in quarrels within the party."

"But they are saying that you are against me," he pleaded.

"And your people are saying that I am for you," I said.

"But, surely, you are not against *me* and for Schoolcraft? What has he done for you?"

"And what have *you* done for me?" I replied,—a mere interrogation, without any feeling in it. "Tell me. I try to pay my debts."

His eyes shifted. "Nothing, Sayler, nothing," he said. "I did n't mean to insinuate that you owe me anything. Still, I thought—You would n't have been state chairman, except—"

As he halted, I said, "Except that you needed me. And you will recall that I took it only on condition that I should be free."

"Then you are opposed to me?" he said: "nobody can be on the fence in this fight."

"I do not think you can be elected," I replied.

As he sat silent, the puffs under his eyes swelled into bags and the pallor of his skin changed to the gray which makes the face look as if a haze or cloud lies upon it. I pitied him so profoundly that, had I ventured to speak, I should have uttered impulsive generosities that would have cost me dear. How rarely are our impulses of generosity anything but impulses to folly, injustice, and wrong.

"We shall see," was all he said, and he rose and shambled away.

They told me he was a pitiful sight, wheedling and whining among the legislators. But he degraded himself to some purpose. He succeeded in rallying round him enough members to deadlock the party caucus for a month,—members from the purely rural districts, where the sentiment of loyalty is strongest, where his piety and unselfish devotion to the party were believed in, and his significance as a "statesman." I let this deadlock continue—forty-one for Hoskins, forty-one for Schoolcraft,—until I felt that the party throughout the state was heartily sick of the struggle. Then Woodruff bought, at twelve thousand dollars apiece, two Hoskins men to vote to transfer the contest to the floor of a joint session of the two houses. After four days of balloting there, seven Dominick-Croffut men voted for me,—my first appearance as a candidate. On the seventy-seventh ballot, Schoolcraft withdrew, and all the Dominick-Croffut men voted for me. On the seventy-ninth ballot I got, in addition, two opposition votes Woodruff had bought for me at eight hundred dollars apiece. The ballot was: Hoskins, forty-one; Grassmere, (who was receiving the opposition's complimentary vote,) thirty-six; Sayler, forty-three.

I was a senator of the United States.

There was a wild scene. Threats, insults, blows, even, were exchanged. And down at the Capital City Hotel Hoskins crawled upon a table and denounced me as an infamous ingrate,—a traitor,—a serpent he had warmed in his bosom, etc., etc. But the people of the state accepted it as natural and satisfactory that "the vigorous and fearless young chairman of the party's state committee" should be agreed on as a compromise. An hour after that last ballot, he had n't a friend left except some galling sympathizers from whom he hid him-

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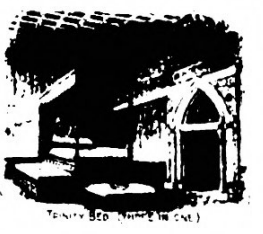
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self. Those who had been his firmest supporters were paying court to the new custodian of the plum tree.

The governor was mine, and the legislature. Mine to distribute—all of it, if I chose,—was the Federal patronage, also, for Croffut was my dependent, though he did not realize it. Mine also were the indefinitely vast resources of the members of my combine. No man could get office anywhere in my state—from governorship and judgeship down, as far as I cared to reach,—without my consent, subject only to the check of public sentiment,—easily defeated if it be not defied,—I was master of the making and execution of laws. Why? Not because I was leader of the dominant party; not because I was a senator of the United States; but solely because I controlled the sources of the money that maintained the political machinery of both parties. The hand that holds the purse strings is the hand that rules,—if it knows how to rule,—for it should never be overlooked that rule is power *plus* ability.

I was not master because I had the plum tree. I had the plum tree and all the other privileges and prerogatives of power because I was master.

The legislature attended to such of the demands of my combine and such of the demands of the public as I thought it expedient to grant, and then adjourned. Woodruff asked a three months' leave. I did not hear from or of him until midsummer, when he sent me a cablegram from London. He was in a hospital there, out of money and out of health. I cabled him a thousand dollars and asked him to come home as soon as he could. It was my first personal experience with that far from uncommon American type, the periodic drunkard. I had to cable him money three times before he started.

When he came to me at Washington, in December, he looked just as before,—calm, robust, cool, cynical, and dressed in the very extreme of the extreme fashion. I received him as if nothing had happened. It was not until the current of mutual liking was again flowing freely between us that I said: "Doc., may I impose on your friendship to the extent of an intrusion into your private affairs?"

He started, and gave me a quick look, his color mounting. "Yes," he said, after a moment's hesitation.

"When I heard from you," I went on, "I made some inquiries. I owe you no apology for doing it. You had given me a shock,—one of the severest I ever had in my life. But they told me that you never let—that—that peculiarity of yours interfere with business."

His head was hanging. "I always go away," he said. "Nobody that knows me ever sees me when—at such a time."

I laid my hand on his arm. "Doc., why do you do—that sort of thing?"

The scar came up into his face to put agony into the reckless despair that looked from his eyes, and for an instant I stood on the threshold of *his* Chamber of Remorse and Vain Regret,—and well I knew where I was. "Why not?" he asked, bitterly. "There 's always a—sort of horror—inside me, and it grows until I can't bear it, and then—I drown it,—why should n't I? Who cares for me? No man, no,—no one."

"That 's very stupid for a man of your brains," said I. "There 's nothing—nothing in the world,—except death,—that can not be corrected or mitigated."

"But *she's* dead," he blurted out. I wished he had n't, for I feared the day might come when he would hate me for knowing so much of his secret.

"Still,—play the game, Doc., play the game!" I said. "Play it with me for five years. Play it for all there is in it. Then—go back, if you want to."

He thought a long time, and I did not try to hurry him. At length he said, in his old offhand manner: "Well, I 'll go you, senator; I 'll not touch a drop."

He did n't. Whenever I thought I saw restlessness, evidence that the savage internal battle against the weakness was on again, I gave him something important and absorbing to do,—this, until I knew the temptation had lost its power for the time.

This is the proper place to put it on the record that he was the most scrupulously honest man I have ever known. He dealt with the shadiest and least scrupulous of men, those who train their consciences to be the eager servants of their appetites; he handled hundreds of thousands of dollars,—millions, first and last,—all of it money for which he could never have been forced to account. He has had at one time as much as half a million dollars in checks payable to bearer. I am not confiding by nature or by training, but I am confident that he kept not a penny for himself beyond his salary and his fixed commission. I put his salary, at the outset, at ten thousand a year; afterwards, at fifteen; finally, at twenty. His commissions, perhaps, doubled it.

Let me add a word as to our simple financial arrangements. My assessments upon the various members of my combine were sent, for several years, to me, afterwards to Woodruff directly, in checks for one thousand, five thousand, and ten thousand dollars, sometimes by mail, and at others by express or special messengers. These checks were always payable to bearer; and I made, through Woodruff,—for I kept to the far background in all my combine's affairs,—an arrangement with several large banks in different parts of the state, including one at the capital, that these checks were to be cashed without question, no matter who presented them, provided there was a certain flourish under the line where the amount was written in figures. Sometimes these checks were signed by the corporation, and sometimes they were the personal checks of the president or some other high official. Often the signature was that of a person wholly disconnected, so far as the public knew. Once, I remember, Roebuck sent me a thousand-dollar check signed by a distinguished Chicago lawyer who was just then counsel to his opponent in a case involving millions,—a case which Roebuck afterwards won!

From the very beginning of my control I kept my promise to reduce the cost of the political business to my clients. When I got the machine thoroughly in hand, I saw I could make it cost them less than a third of what they had been paying, on the average, for ten years. I cut off, almost at a stroke, a horde of lobbyists, lawyers, threateners without influence, and hangers-on of various kinds. I reduced the payments for legislation to a system, instead of the shameful, demoralizing, and expensive auctioneering that had been going on for years. In fact, so cheaply did I run the machine that I saw it would be most imprudent to let my clients have the full benefit. Cheapness would have made them uncontrollably greedy and exacting, and would have given them a wholly false idea of my value as soon as it had slipped their short memories how dearly they used to pay. So I continued to make heavy assessments, and put by the surplus in a reserve fund for emergencies. I thought, for example, that I might some day have trouble with one or more members of my combine; my reserve would supply me with the munitions for forcing insurgents to return to their agreement.

This fund was in no sense part of my private fortune. That has been the result of the opportunities which came through my intimacy with Roebuck and such others of the members of my combine as were personally agreeable,—or, perhaps it would be more accurate to say, not disagreeable, for, in the circumstances, I naturally saw a side of those men which a friend must never see in a friend. I could not help having toward most of these distinguished clients of mine much the feeling a lawyer has for a guilty criminal he is defending.

* * * * * * *

Except the time given to the children,—there were presently three,—my life, in all its thoughts and associations, was politics: at Washington, from December until congress adjourned, chiefly national politics,—the long and elaborate arrangements preliminary to the campaign for the conquest of the national field; at home, chiefly state politics,—strengthening my hold upon the combine, strengthening my hold upon the two political machines. As the days and the weeks, the months and the years, rushed by,—as the interval between breakfast and bedtime, between Sunday and Sunday, between election day and election day again, grew shorter and shorter,—I played the game more and more furiously. What I won, when once it was mine, seemed worthless in itself, and worth while only if I could gain the next point; and, when that was gained, the same story was repeated. Whenever I paused to reflect, it was to throttle reflection half born, and to hasten on again.

"A silly business, this thing of living, is n't it?" said Woodruff to me.

"Yes,—but—" replied I. "You remember the hare and the hatter in 'Alice in Wonderland.' 'Why?' said the hare. 'Why not?' said the hatter. A sensible man does not interrogate life; he

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lives it. He plays his best with the cards he has."

"H'm!" commented Woodruff.

We went back to the game,—shuffling, dealing, staking. But more and more frequently there came hours when, against my will, I would pause, drop my cards, watch the others, and wonder at them, and at myself, the maddest of these madmen,—and the saddest, because I had some moments in which I was conscious of my own derangement.

It was in my second term as senator, toward the middle of it, that I was speaking, one afternoon, in defense of a measure for the big contributors the party was forcing through the senate in face of fire from the whole country. Personally I did not approve the measure,—it was a frontal attack upon public opinion, and frontal attacks are as unwise and as unnecessary in politics as they are in war. But the party leaders in the nation insisted, and, as the move would weaken their hold upon the party and so improve my own chances, I was not deeply aggrieved that my advice had been rejected. Toward the end of my speech, aroused by applause from the visitors' gallery, I forgot myself and began to look up there as I talked, instead of addressing myself to my fellow senators. The eyes of a speaker always wander over his audience in search of eyes that respond. My glance wandered—unconsciously,—until it found an answering glance that fixed it. This answering glance was not responsive, or even approving. It was the reverse,—and, in spite of me, it held me. At first it was just a pair of eyes, in the shadow of the brim of a woman's hat, the rest of the face, the rest of the woman, hid by those in front and on either side. There was a movement among them, and the whole face appeared,—and I stopped short in my speech. I saw only the face, really only the mouth and the eyes,—the lips and the eyes of Elizabeth Crosby,—an expression of pain—and of pity. I drank from the glass of water on my desk, and went on. When I ventured to look up there again, the face was gone. Had I seen or imagined? Was it she or was it only memory suddenly awakening and silhouetting her upon that background of humanity? I tried to convince myself that I had only imagined, but I *knew* that I had seen.

Within me—and, I suppose, within everyone else,—there is a dual personality: not a good and a bad, as is so often shallowly said; but one that does, and another that watches. The one that does seems to me to be myself; the one that watches, he who stands, like an idler at the rail of a bridge, carelessly, even indifferently observing the tide of my thought and action that flows beneath,—who is he? I do not know. But I do know that I have no control over him,—over his cynical smile, or his lip curling in good-natured contempt of me, or his shrug at self-excuse, or his moods when he stares down at the fretting stream with a look of weariness so profound that it is tragic. It was he who was more interested in the thoughts—the passion, the protest, the defiance, and the dread,—which the sight of that face set to boiling within me. Sometimes he smiled cynically at the turmoil, and at others he watched it with what seemed to me a bitterness of disgust and disappointment and regret of which I should not have believed him capable.

It was before this turmoil had subsided that Carlotta suddenly appeared at Washington. She had never stayed long there after the first winter; she preferred, for the children, and perhaps for herself, the quiet and greater simplicity of Fredonia. But—"I got to thinking about it," said she, "and it seemed to me a bad idea for a man to be separated so long from his wife and children,—and home influences."

"That idea is not without merit," replied I, judicially.

* * * * * * *

It was through Carlotta that I came to know Burbank well enough to see his possibilities.

He was in the house, representing the easternmost district of our state. I had disliked him when we were boys in the state assembly together, and, when I met him again in Washington, he seemed to me to have all his faults of fifteen years before, aggravated by persistence in them. Finally, I needed his place in congress for a useful lieutenant of Woodruff's, and ordered him beaten for the renomination. He made a bitter fight against decapitation, and, as he was popular with the people of his district, we had some difficulty in defeating him. But when he was beaten, he was, of course, helpless and hopelessly discredited,—the people soon forget a fallen politician. He "took off his coat" and worked hard and well for the election of the man who had euchred him out of the nomination. When he returned to Washington to finish his term, he began a double, desperate assault upon my friendship. The direct assault was unsuccessful,—I understood it, and I was in no need of lieutenants,—more than I could easily take care of were already striving to serve me. His indirect attack—through his wife and Carlotta,—fared better.

The first of it I distinctly recall was after a children's party at our house. Carlotta singled out Mrs. Burbank for enthusiastic commendation. "The other women sent nurses with their children," said she, "but Mrs. Burbank came herself. She was so sweet in apologizing for coming. She said she had n't any nurse, and that she was so timid about her children that she never could bring herself to trust them to nurses. And, really, Harvey, you do n't know how nice she was all the afternoon. She's the kind of mother I approve of, the kind I try to be. Do n't you admire her?"

"I do n't know her," said I; "the only time I met her she struck me as being—well, rather silent."

"That's it," she exclaimed, triumphantly, "she does n't care a rap for men. She's absorbed in her children and her husband." Then, after a pause, she added: "Well, she's welcome to him. I can't see what she finds to care for."

"Why?" said I.

"Oh, he's distinguished-looking, and polite,—offensively polite to women,—he does n't understand them at all. He has a very nice smile. But—he's so stilted and tiresome,—always serious,—and such a pose! It's what I call the presidential pose. No doubt he'll be president some day."

"Why?" said I. It is always amusing to watch a woman fumble about for reasons for her intuitions.

Carlotta did uncommonly well. "Oh, I do n't know. He's the sort of high-average American that the people go crazy about. He—he,—*looks* like a president,—that sort of—solemn—no sense of humor,—*Sunday* look,—you know what I mean. Anyhow, he's going to be president."

I thought not. A few days later,—while what Carlotta had said was fresh in my mind,—he overtook me walking to the capitol. As we went on together, I was smiling to myself. He certainly did look and talk like a president. He was of the average height, of the average build, and of a sort of average facial mold; he had hair that was a compromise among the average shades of brown, gray, and black, with a bald spot just where most men have it.

His pose,—I saw that Carlotta was shrewdly right. He was acutely self-conscious, and was acting his pose every instant. He had selected it early in life; he would wear it, even in his nightshirt, until death. He said nothing brilliant, but neither did he say anything that would not have been generally regarded as sound and sensible. His impressive manner of delivering his words made one overvalue the freight they carried. But I soon found—for I studied him with increasing interest, thanks to my new point of view upon him,—I soon found that he had one quality the reverse of commonplace. He had magnetism. Whenever a new candidate was proposed for Mazarin's service, he used to ask, first of all, "Has he luck?" My first question has been, "Has he magnetism?" and I think I am right. Such of one's luck as is not the blundering blindness of one's opponents is usually the result of his magnetism. However, it is about the most dangerous of the free gifts of nature,—which are all dangerous. Burbank's merit lay in his discreet use of it. It compelled men to center upon him; he turned this to his advantage by making them feel, not how *he* shone, but how *they* shone. They went away liking him because they had new reasons for being in love with themselves.

I found only two serious weaknesses. The first was that he lacked the moral courage boldly to do either right or wrong. That explained why—in spite of his talents for impressing people both privately and from the platform,—he was at the end of his political career. The second weakness was that he was ashamed of his very obscure and humble origin. He knew that his being "wholly self-made" was a matchless political asset, and he used it accordingly. But he looked on it somewhat as a beggar looks on the deformity he exhibits to get alms.

Neither weakness made him less valuable to my purpose,—the first one, if anything, increased his value. I wanted an instrument that was capable,

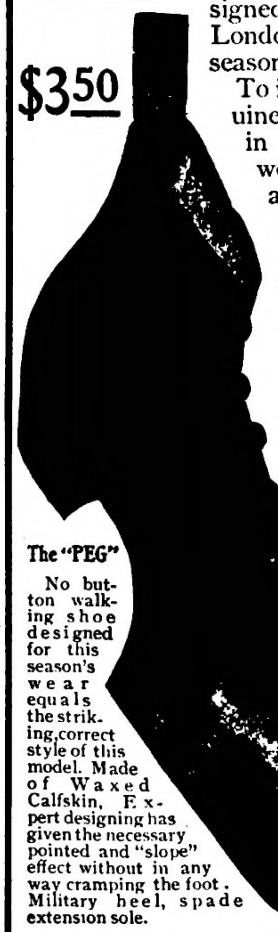
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but strong only when I used it and as I directed.

I wanted a man suitable for development first into governor of my state, and then into a president. I could not have got the presidency for myself, but neither did I want it. My longings were all for power,—the reality, not the shadow. In a republic the man who has the real power must be out of view. If he is within view, a million hands stretch to drag him from the throne. He *must* be out of view, putting forward his puppets and changing them when the people grow bored or angry with them. And the president,—in all important matters he must obey his party, which is, after all, simply the "interests" that finance it; in unimportant matters, his so-called power is whittled down by the party's leaders and workers, whose requirements may not be disregarded. He shakes the plum tree; but he does it under orders, and others gather the fruit, and he gets little besides the exercise and "the honor."

I had no yearning for puppetship, however exalted the title or sonorous the fame; but to be the power that selects the king-puppet of the political puppet-hierarchy,—to be the power that selects and rules him,—that was the logical development of my career.

In Burbank I thought I had found a man worthy to wear the puppet robes,—one who would glory in them. He, like most of the other ambitious men I have known, cared little who was behind the throne, provided he himself was seated upon it, the crown on his head and the crowds tossing the hats that shelter their unthinking brains. Also, in addition to magnetism and presence, he had dexterity and distinction and as much docility as can be expected in a man big enough to use for important work.

In September I gave him our party nomination for governor, which, in our one-sided state, was equivalent to his election. As I had put him into the governorship not so much for use there as for use thereafter, it was necessary to protect him from my combine, which had destroyed his two immediate predecessors by over-use,—they had become so unpopular that their political careers ended with their terms. Protect him I must, though the task would be neither easy nor pleasant. It involved a collision with my clients,—a square test of strength between us. What was to me far more repellent, it involved my personally taking a hand in that part of my political work which I had hitherto left to Woodruff and his lieutenants. One does not in person chase and catch and kill and dress and serve the chicken he has for dinner; he orders chicken, and hears and thinks no more about it until it is served.

Thus, all the vitally necessary but highly disagreeable part of my political work was done by others; Woodruff, admirably capable and most careful to spare my feelings, received the demands of my clients from their lawyers and transmitted them to the party leaders in the legislature with the instructions how the machinery was to be used in making them into laws. As I was financing the machines of both parties, his task was not difficult, though delicate. But, now that I began to look over Woodruff's legislative programme in advance, I was annoyed at the rapacity of my clients, rapacious though I knew them to be. I had been thinking that the independent newspapers—there were a few such, but of small circulation and influence,—were malignant in their attacks upon my friends. In fact, as I soon saw, they had told only a small part of the truth. They had not found out the worst things that were done; nor had they grasped how little the legislature and the governor were doing other than the business of the big corporations, most of it of doubtful public benefit, to speak temperately.

However, the time had come for me to assert myself. I made no radical changes in that first programme of Burbank's term. I contented myself with cutting off the worst items, those it would have ruined Burbank to indorse. My clients were soon grumbling, but Woodruff handled them well, placating them with excuses that soothed their annoyance to discontented silence. So ably did he manage it that not until Burbank's third year did they begin to come directly to me and complain of the way they were being "thrown down" at the capitol.

Roebuck, knowing me most intimately and feeling that he was my author and protector, was the most insistent. "We got almost nothing at the last session," he protested, "and this winter—Woodruff tells me we may not get the only thing we're asking."

I was ready for him, as I was for each of the ten. I took out the list of measures passed or killed at the last session in the interest of the Power Trust. It contained seventy-eight items. I handed it to him.

"Yes,—a few things," he admitted, "but all trifles!"

"You have already had thirteen matters attended to this winter," I said. "The one that can't be done,—really, Mr. Roebuck, the whole state knows that the trustees of the Waukeegan Christian University are your dummies. It would be insanity for the party to turn over a hundred thousand acres of valuable public land gratis to them, so that they can presently sell it to you for a song."

He reddened. "Newspaper scandal!" he blustered, but changed the subject as soon as he thought he had convinced me that his motives were as pure as he professed—and doubtless believed.

I saw that Burbank's last winter was to be crucial. My clients were clamorous, and were hinting at all sorts of dire doings if they were not treated better. Roebuck was questioning—in the most malignantly friendly manner,—"whether, after all, Harvey, the combine isn't a mistake, and the old way wasn't the best." On the other hand Burbank was becoming restless. He had so cleverly taken advantage of the chances to do popular things, which I had either made for him or pointed out to him, that he had become something of a national figure. When he got eighty-one votes for the presidential nomination in our party's national convention, his brain was dizzied. Now he was in a tremor lest my clients should demand of him things that would diminish or destroy this sapling popularity which, in his dreams, he already saw grown into a mighty tree obscuring the national heavens.

I gave many and many an hour to anxious thought and careful planning, that summer and fall. It wasn't until a few days before Doc. Woodruff appeared at Fredonia with the winter's legislative programme that I saw my way straight to what I hoped was broad day. The programme he brought was so outrageous that it was funny. There was nothing in it for the Ramsay interests, but each of the other ten had apparently exhausted the ingenuity of its lawyers in concocting demands that would have wrecked forever the party granting them.

"Our friends are modest," said I.

"They're gone clean crazy," replied Woodruff,—"and if you could have heard them talk! It's impossible to make them see that anybody has any rights but themselves."

"Well, let me have the details," said I. "Explain every item on this list,—tell me just what it means, and just how the lawyers propose to disguise it so that the people won't catch on."

When he finished, I divided the demands into three classes,—the impossible, the possible, and the practicable. "Strike out all the impossible," I directed. "Cut down the possible to the ten that are least outrageous. Those ten and the practicable must be passed."

He read off the ten which were beyond the limits of prudence, but not mob and hanging matters. "We can pass them, of course," was his comment. "We could pass a law ordering the statehouse burned, but—"

"Precisely," said I. "I think the consequences will be interesting." I crossmarked the five worst of the ten possibilities. "Save those until the last weeks of the session."

Early in the session Woodruff began to push the five least bad of the bad measures on to the calendar of the legislature, one by one. When the third was introduced, Burbank took the "Limited" for Washington. He arrived in time to join my wife and my little daughter Frances and me at breakfast. He was so white and sunken-eyed and his hands were so unsteady that Frances tried in vain to take her solemn, wondering, pitying gaze from his face. As soon as my study door closed behind us, he burst out, striding up and down.

"I don't know *what* to think, Sayler," he cried, "I don't *know* what to think! The demands of these corporations have been growing, growing, growing! And now,—you have seen the calendar?"

"Yes," said I. "Some of the bills are pretty stiff, aren't they? But the boys tell me they're for our best friends, and that they're all necessary."

"No doubt, no doubt," he replied, "but it will be impossible to reconcile the people." Suddenly he turned on me, his eyes full of fear

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and suspicion. "Have *you* laid a plot to ruin me, Sayler? It certainly looks that way. Have you a secret ambition for the presidency?"

"Don't talk rubbish, James," I interrupted. Those few meaningless votes in the national convention had addled his common sense. "Sit down,—calm yourself,—tell me all about it."

He seated himself and ran his fingers up and down his temples and through his wet hair that was being so rapidly thinned and whitened by the struggles and anxieties of his ambition. "My God!" he cried out, "how I am punished! When I started in my public career, I looked forward and saw just this time,—when I should be the helpless tool in the hands of the power I sold myself to. 'Governor!'" He almost shouted the word, rising and pacing the floor again,—"'Governor!'"—and he laughed in wild derision.

I watched him, fascinated. I, too, at the outset of my career, had looked forward, and had seen the same peril,—but I had avoided it. Wretched figure that he was,—what is more wretched, more pitiable than a man groveling and moaning in the mire of his own self-contempt? "Governor," I said to myself, as I saw awful thoughts flitting like demons of despair across his face, and I shuddered, and pitied, and rejoiced,—shuddered at the narrowness of my own escape, pitied the man who seemed myself as I might have been, and rejoiced that I had had my mother with me and in me to impel me into another course.

"Come, come, Burbank," said I, "you're not yourself; you've lost sleep—"

"Sleep!" he interrupted, "I have not closed my eyes since I read those accursed bills."

"Tell me what you want done," was my suggestion. "I'll help in any way I can,—any way that's practicable."

"Oh, I understand your position, Sayler," he answered, when he had gained control of himself again, "but I see plainly that the time has come when the power that rules me—that rules us both,—has decided to use me to my own destruction. If I refuse to do these things, it will destroy me,—and a hundred are eager to come forward and take my place. If I do these things,—the people will destroy me,—and neither is that of the smallest importance to our master."

His phrases—"the power that rules us both" and "our master,"—jarred on me. So far as he knew,—indeed, so far as "our master" knew,—were not he and I in the same class? But that was no time for personal vanity. All I said was: "The bills must go through. This is one of those crises that test a man's loyalty to the party."

"For the good of the party!" he muttered, with a bitter sneer. "Crime upon crime—yes, crime, I say,—that the party may keep the favor of the powers! And to what end?—to what good? Why, that the party may continue in control and so may be of further use to its rulers." He rested his elbows on the table and held his face between his hands,—he looked terribly old, and weary beyond the power ever to be rested again. "I stand with the party,—what am I without it?" he went on, in a dull voice. "The people may forget, but, if I offend the master,—he never forgives or forgets. I'll sign the bills, Sayler,—*if* they come to me as party measures."

Burbank had responded to the test. He could be trusted,—he would never have the moral courage to revolt. I felt that I might safely relieve his mind,—so far as I could do so without revealing my plans.

I had not spent five minutes in explanation before he was up, his face radiant, and both hands stretched out to me.

That was, indeed, a wild winter at the state capital,—a "carnival of corruption," the newspapers of other states called it. One of the first of the "black bills" to go through was a disguised street railway grab, out of which Senator Croffut got a handsome "counsel fee" of fifty thousand dollars. But, as the rout went on, ever more audaciously and recklessly, he became uneasy. In mid-February he was urging me to go West and try to do something to "curb those infernal grabbers." I refused to interfere. He went himself, and Woodruff reported to me that he was running round the statehouse and the hotels like a crazy man,—for, when he got into the thick of it, he realized that it was much worse than it seemed from Washington. In a few days he was back and at me again.

"It's very strange," said he, suspiciously. "The boys say they're getting nothing out of it. They declare they're simply obeying orders."



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"Whose orders?" I asked, emphasizing "whose."

"I don't know," he answered, his eyes sharply upon me. "But I do know that, unless something is done, I shall not be returned to the senate. We shall lose the legislature, sure, next fall."

"It does look that way," I said, with a touch of melancholy. "That street railway grab was the beginning of our rake's progress. We've been going it, —— bent, ever since."

He tossed his handsome head and was about to launch into an angry defense of himself, but my manner checked him. He began to plead. "*You* can stop it, Sayler. Everybody out there says you can. And—if I am reëlected,—I've got a good chance for the presidential nomination."

It was a beautiful irony that in his conceit he should give as his reason why I should help him the very reason why I was not sorry he was to be beaten; for, although he was not dangerous, still he was a rival public figure to Burbank in our state, and—well, accidents sometimes happen, unless they're guarded against.

"What shall I do?" I asked him.

"Stop them from passing any more black bills. Why, they've got half a dozen ready, some of them worse even than the two they passed over Burbank's veto, two weeks ago."

"For instance?"

He cited three Power Trust bills.

"But why don't *you* stop those three?" said I. "They're under the special patronage of Dominick. You have influence with him."

"Dominick!" he groaned, "but are you sure?" When I nodded emphatically, he went on: "I'll do what I can, but —" He threw up his hands.

He was off for the West, that night. When he returned, his face wore the look of doom. He had always posed for the benefit of the galleries, especially the women in the galleries. But now he became sloven in dress, often issued forth unshaved, and sat sprawled at his desk in the senate, his chin on his shirt bosom, looked vague and started when any one spoke to him.

Following my advice, on the day when I sent him away happy, Burbank left the capital and the state just before the five worst bills left the committees. He was called to the bedside of his wife, who, so all the newspapers announced, was at the point of death at Colorado Springs. While he was there nursing her as she "hovered between life and death," the bills were jammed through the senate and the assembly. He telegraphed the lieutenant governor not to sign them, as he was returning and wished to deal with them himself. He reached the capital on a Thursday morning, sent the bills back with a "ringing" veto message, and took the late afternoon train for Colorado Springs. It was as good a political "grand-stand play" as ever thrilled a people.

The legislature passed the bills over his veto and adjourned that night.

Press and people, without regard to party lines, were loud in their execrations of the "abandoned and shameless wretches" who had "betrayed the state and had covered themselves with eternal infamy." I quote from an editorial in the newspaper that was regarded as my personal organ. But there was only praise for Burbank; his enemies, and those who had doubted his independence and had suspected him of willingness to do anything to further his personal ambitions, admitted that he had shown "fearless courage, inflexible honesty, and the highest ideals of private sacrifice to public duty." They eagerly exaggerated him, to make his white contrast more vividly with the black of the "satanic spawn" in the legislature. His fame spread, carried far and wide by the sentimentality in that supposed struggle between his heart and his conscience,—his love for the wife of his bosom and his duty to the people. The party press promoted him to high rank among the presidential possibilities.

I was at length ready to give my ten clients the lesson they needed.

As a beginning, I resigned the chairmanship of the state committee and ordered the election of Woodruff to the vacancy. I should have substituted Woodruff for myself, in any event. I had never wanted the place, and had taken it only because to refuse it would have been to throw away the golden opportunity Hoskins so unexpectedly thrust at me. Holding that position, or any other officially connecting me with my party's machine, made me a target, and I wished to be completely hidden, for I wanted the people of my state to think me merely one of the party servants, in sympathy with the rank and



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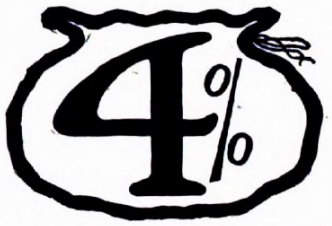
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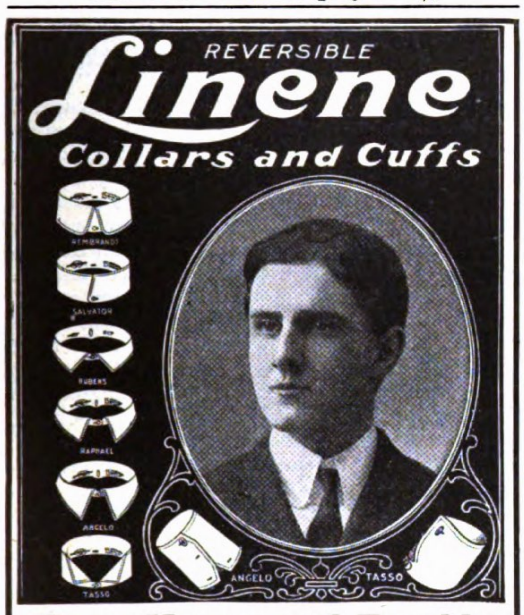
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file rather than with the machine. Yet, in the chairmanship—in the targetship,—I must have a man whom I could trust through and through,—and, besides Woodruff, who was there?

When my resignation was announced, the independent and the opposition press congratulated me on my high principle in refusing to have any official connection with the machine responsible for such infamies. When Woodruff's election was announced it came as a complete surprise. Such of the newspapers as dared, and they were very few, denounced it as infamy's crown of infamy; and the rank and file of the party was shocked,—as I had known it would be. He made not a murmur, but I knew what must be in his mind. I said nothing until six weeks or two months had passed; then I went straight at him.

"You are feeling bitter against me," said I. "You think I dropped out of sight when there was danger of heavy firing, and put you up to take it."

"No, indeed, senator," he protested, "nothing like that. Honestly, I have not had a bitter thought against you. I'm depressed simply because, just as I had a chance to get on my feet again, they won't let me."

"But," I rejoined, "I did resign and put you in my place because I didn't want to take the fire and thought you could."

"And so I can," said he. "I haven't any reputation to lose. I'm no worse off than I was before. Let them do their worst!"

"Your first campaign will probably be a failure," I went on, "and, the day after election, there'll be a shout for your head."

He shrugged his shoulders. "I'm enlisted for the war," said he. "You're my general. I go where you order."

I hope the feelings that surged up in me showed in my face, as I stretched out my hand. "Thank you, Doc.," said I. "And — there's another side to it,—it isn't all black."

"It isn't black at all," he replied; "I know you've got something up your sleeve."

"Just this," I explained,—"I've wanted you to have the place from the outset. But I shouldn't dare give it to you except at a time like this,—when our party has done so many unpopular things that one more won't count; and there's so much to be said against us, so much worse things than they can possibly make out your election to be, that it'll soon be almost neglected."

"They're beginning to drop me already and go back to harrying those poor devils of ours in the legislature," said Woodruff.

"A few weeks more," I went on, "and you'll be safe, and you are to stay chairman, no matter what happens. When they have leisure to attack you, there'll be nothing to attack. The people will have dismissed the matter from their minds. They don't care to watch the threshing of old straw."

I saw that I had lifted a great weight from him, though he said nothing.

So much for my first move toward chastening my clients! Further and even more effective in the same direction, I cut down our campaign fund for the legislative ticket to one fifth what it usually was; and, without even Woodruff's knowing it, I heavily subsidized the opposition machine. Wherever it could be done with safety I arranged for the trading of our legislative ticket for our candidate for governor. "The legislature is hopelessly lost," I told Woodruff; "we must concentrate on the governorship,—we must save what we can." In fact, so overwhelmingly was our party in the majority, and so loyal was its rank and file, that it was only by the most careful arrangement of weak candidates and of insufficient campaign funds that I was able to throw the legislature to the opposition. Our candidate for governor, Walbrook,—Burbank was ineligible to a second successive term,—was elected by a comfortable plurality. And, by the way, I saw to it that the party organs gave Woodruff enthusiastic praise for rescuing so much from what had looked like utter ruin.

My clients had been uneasy ever since the furious popular outburst which had followed their breaking away from my direction and restraint. When they saw an opposition legislature, they readily believed what they read in the newspapers about the "impending reign of radicalism." Silliman, the opposition leader, had accepted John Markham's offer of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars for Croffut's seat in the senate, but I directed him to send Veerhoft, one of the wildest and cleverest of the opposition radicals.

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The trousers are lined to the hips with fast black sateen and the vest is backed and lined with the same material.

Send your chest, waist and leg measure, your height and weight, and we will make the suit for you for Eight Eighty-Eight.



Actual photograph of our $8.88 Special

This All-Wool Overcoat for only $8.88

LIKE the suit, this overcoat retails for Fifteen Dollars; it is made of absolutely All-Wool Irish Frieze in either of two colors—Black or Oxford Grey. The lining is extra quality Black Italian cloth and the sleeves are lined with Iron Cloth sleek lining; which makes the putting on and taking off so easy.

The collar is of imported velvet and will wear as long as the coat. The seams are all sewed with strong, black silk. This overcoat is 44 in. long, but we make one 52 in. long for Nine Ninety-Eight. Send chest measure in ordering (measure with your under-coat on) and name choice in color.



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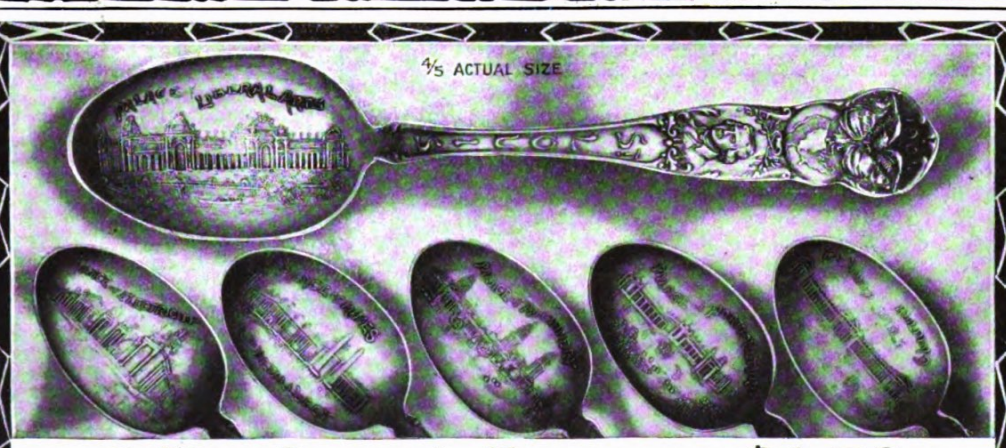
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He dared not disobey me. Veerhoft went, and Markham never saw again the seventy-five thousand dollars he had given to Silliman as a "retainer."

Veerhoft in the United States senate gave my clients the chills; but I was preparing the fever for them also. I had Silliman introduce bills in both houses of the legislature that reached for the privileges of the big corporations and initiated proceedings to expose their corruption. I had Woodruff suggest to Governor Walbrook that, in view of the popular clamor, he ought to recommend measures for equalizing taxation and readjusting the prices of franchises. As my clients were bonded and capitalized on the basis of no expense either for taxes or for franchises, the governor's suggestion, eagerly adopted by Silliman's "horde," meant ruin to them. If the measures should be passed, all the dividends and interest they were paying on "water" would go into the public treasury.

My clients came to me, singly and in pairs, to grovel and implore. An interesting study these arrogant gentlemen made as they cringed, utterly indifferent to the appearance of self-respect, in their agony for their imperiled millions. A mother would shrink from abasing herself to save the life of her child as these men abased themselves in the hope of saving their dollars. How they fawned and flattered! They begged my pardon for having disregarded my advice; they assured me that, if I would only exert that same genius of mine which had conceived the combine, I could devise some way of saving them from this tidal wave of popular clamor,—for they did n't dream of suspecting me of creating the overwhelming tidal wave.

When I saw that they had learned the lesson, and that they knew who was master in that combine, I consented to "see what I can do." The instant change in the atmosphere of the capitol, the instant outcry from the organs of both parties that "the people had voted for reform, not for confiscatory revolution," completed my demonstration. My clients realized who was master of the machines. The threatening storm rapidly scattered; the people, relieved that the wild programme of upheaval was not to be carried out, were glad enough to see the old "conservative" order restored,—our people always reason that it is better to rot slowly by corruption than to be frightened to death by revolution.

"Hereafter, we must trust to your judgment in these political matters, Harvey," said Roebuck; "the manager must be permitted to manage."

I smiled at the ingenuousness of this absurd patronizing speech. It did not even ruffle me. Roebuck was one of those men who say their prayers in a patronizing tone.

Yes, I was master, but it is only now, in the retrospect of years, that I have any sense of triumph; for I had won the supremacy with such small effort, comparatively,—with the small effort required by those who will see the conditions of a situation clearly, and, instead of trying to combat or to change them, will intelligently use them to his ends. Nor do I now regard my achievement as marvelous. Everything was in my favor; against me, there was nothing,—no organization, no plan, no knowledge of my aim. I wonder how much of their supernal glory would be left to the world's men of action, from its Alexanders and Napoleons down to its successful bandits and ward bosses, if mankind were in the habit of looking at what the man had opposed to him,—Alexander faced only by flocks of sheep-like Asiatic slaves, Napoleon routing the badly trained, wretchedly officered soldiers of decadent monarchies, and the bandit or ward boss overcoming peaceful and unprepared and unorganized citizens.

No, I should have been stupid had I failed.

But, even had I been disposed to rein in and congratulate myself at the quarter stretch, I should not have had the chance. The mind is like a nest where ever-recurring new broods crowd out the last-hatched fledglings. What had once seemed to me the top of my ladder had become a lowly rung.

[Some of the readers of "The Plum Tree" having taken occasion to confound the name of Albert J. Hopkins, United States Senator from Illinois, with that of the character, "United States Senator Hopkins," Mr. Phillips has requested us to make a change. In this and the following installments of this serial, the character will be known as "United States Senator Hoskins." We wish to assure our readers that Mr. Phillips is wholly innocent of any intention to injure Senator Hopkins in any way.—THE EDITOR.]

[*To be continued in the January* SUCCESS]

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"Lead Us not into Temptation"

SMITH D. FRY

"LEAD us not into temptation" is a part of the Lord's Prayer which the narrator often murmurs. To tell the story clearly of how he came to do so he must use the first person. It was midnight, March 3, 1899, and Benjamin Harrison was to be inaugurated at noon the following day. Just after all of the clocks had struck and chimed twelve, I met John Coit Spooner, United States senator from Wisconsin, in the senate restaurant, and said: "Senator, I must know whether or not Uncle Jerry Rusk is going into Harrison's cabinet."

"You want to print that in the St. Paul 'Globe,' eight hours before the inauguration, and I would n't tell you if I could!" was the reply.

"Well, to-morrow afternoon, in the midst of the crowd, I can't get to you, and I must telegraph something to the Milwaukee 'Evening Wisconsin.' What shall I tell them?"

"It is dangerous for you, and not for me," said Senator Spooner, "but I will trust you. Now you telegraph the 'Globe' that I said that, while Senator Sawyer and I are sanguine, we can't say whether Governor Rusk will be a member of the cabinet, or not. To-morrow afternoon you may tell the Milwaukee 'Evening Wisconsin' that, since the inauguration of President Harrison, I said that we have just been assured that Governor Rusk will be secretary of agriculture."

Well, the temptation was great. Any Chicago newspaper, particularly the "Times," would have given one hundred dollars for that paragraph, and I needed the money. Two weeks later, when we chanced to meet in the senate lobby, Senator Spooner said: "You did n't see the club that I held over your head in that Rusk matter did you?"

After receiving a negative reply, he said: "Well, I watched those papers; and, if you had broken faith with me, I should have gone to every senator, Democrat as well as Republican, and told all of them that you were untrustworthy, and your days of usefulness as a newsgatherer would have been gone. As it is, however, I am doing you some good, here and there, by bragging on you whenever I can get an opportunity."

Drawing a long breath, I then said, and have often repeated that prayer: "Lead us not into temptation."

Some readers will draw the inference that newspaper men have religion; but it is the religion of practical integrity, man with man.

He Learned to Sing

A PROFESSOR at the head of the department of music, in one of our colleges, asked a young man, not long ago, at a rehearsal, in which the whole college took part, why he did not join in the singing.

"I can not sing," the young man answered; "I have no voice."

"Shout, then," replied the professor; "make a noise with the others, for we need it."

"I was studying once, in Berlin," he continued, to the students, "and we were drilled in some of the great oratorio choruses every noon by Herr H——, one of the finest directors in the world. I had never sung a note in my life, and refrained from taking part, because I was afraid of putting the others out of pitch.

"After three rehearsals he came to me, saying: 'young man, why do you not sing?'

"'Oh,' I replied, 'I can not sing a note, and should only put the others out.'

"'Bah!' returned the great man, 'in the chorus your voice will be grand. I have missed it already, and shall look for you at the next rehearsal.'

"So, you see," he said, "that, when we work together, every one counts, and the man who does not take part is either over-modest or lazy, both very bad faults."

Mr. Barnum Knew Them

THE late P. T. Barnum was a keen student of human nature, as well as a natural humorist, and nothing which set forth human traits that were odd, or amusing, escaped his attention. He was very fond of telling stories of incidents that brought out features in human character,—one of which, that delighted him immensely, was connected with the Siamese Twins.

When he was exhibiting those oriental freaks, the press of the country made them widely known, and they became very soon one of his best drawing cards.

One day there came to see them a back-country rustic, who was perfectly absorbed in them, and inquisitive enough in regard to them to require almost a bureau of information to answer his innumerable questions. Mr. Barnum happened to be the one questioned, and he was asked their age, occupation, original home, whether they were single or married, their weight and stature, and their religious belief. Nothing, at any rate, was too trivial or irrelevant, which the rustic thought of, all of which interested the showman intensely.

Finally, the bucolic visitor started slowly, but reluctantly, to leave; but, after walking away a few steps, he returned, and said, with the most solemn simplicity:—

"They are brothers, I presume."

The Feet of the Poem Were not Molested

RUDYARD KIPLING, so the story goes, was spending an informal evening with neighbors at Rottingdean, Sussex, England, where he has his home. A young lady recited one of his poems. As she bowed and retired she accidently trod on the foot of the author, much to her confusion.

"Do n't apologize," whispered Mr. Kipling; "you trod four toes away from a corn."

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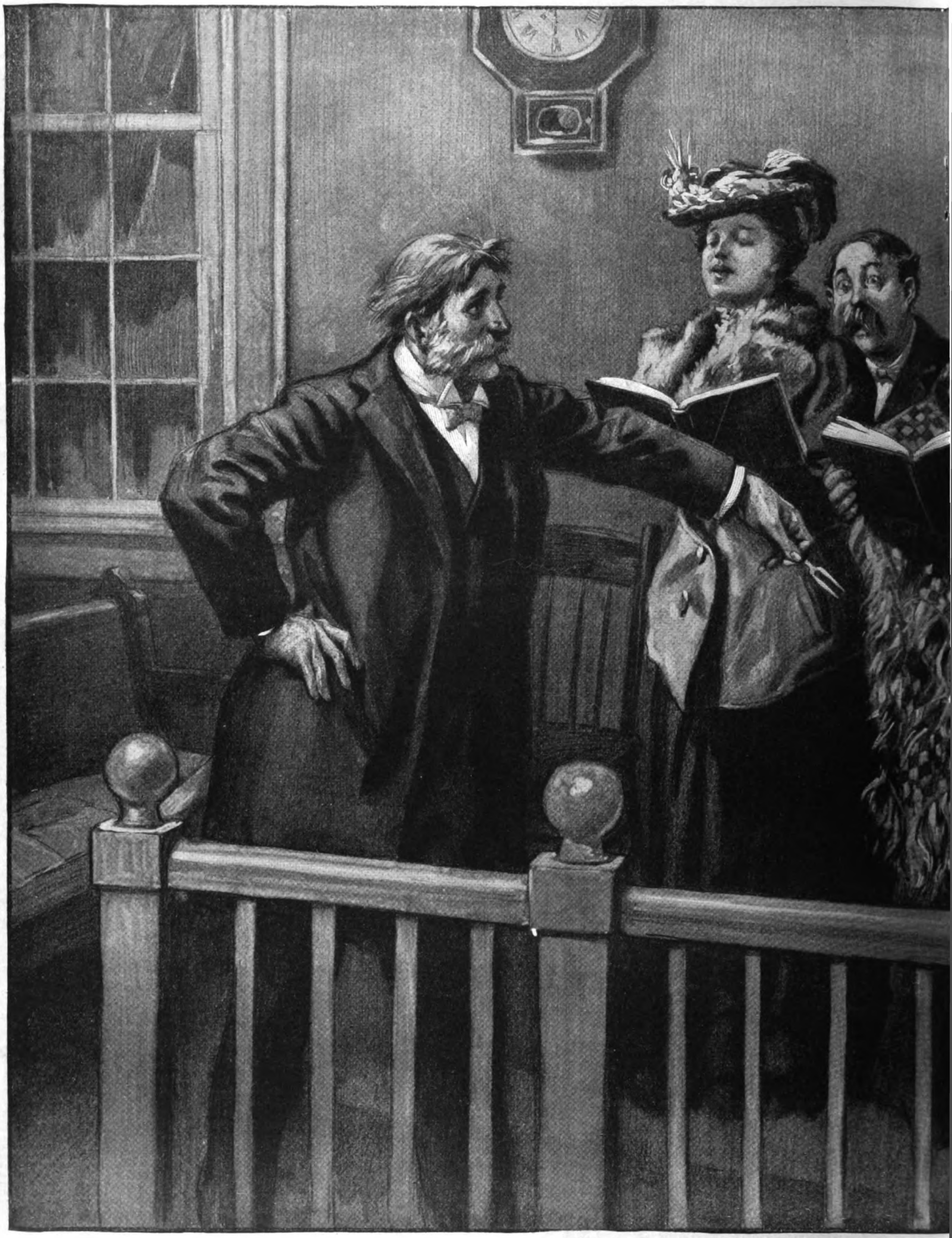
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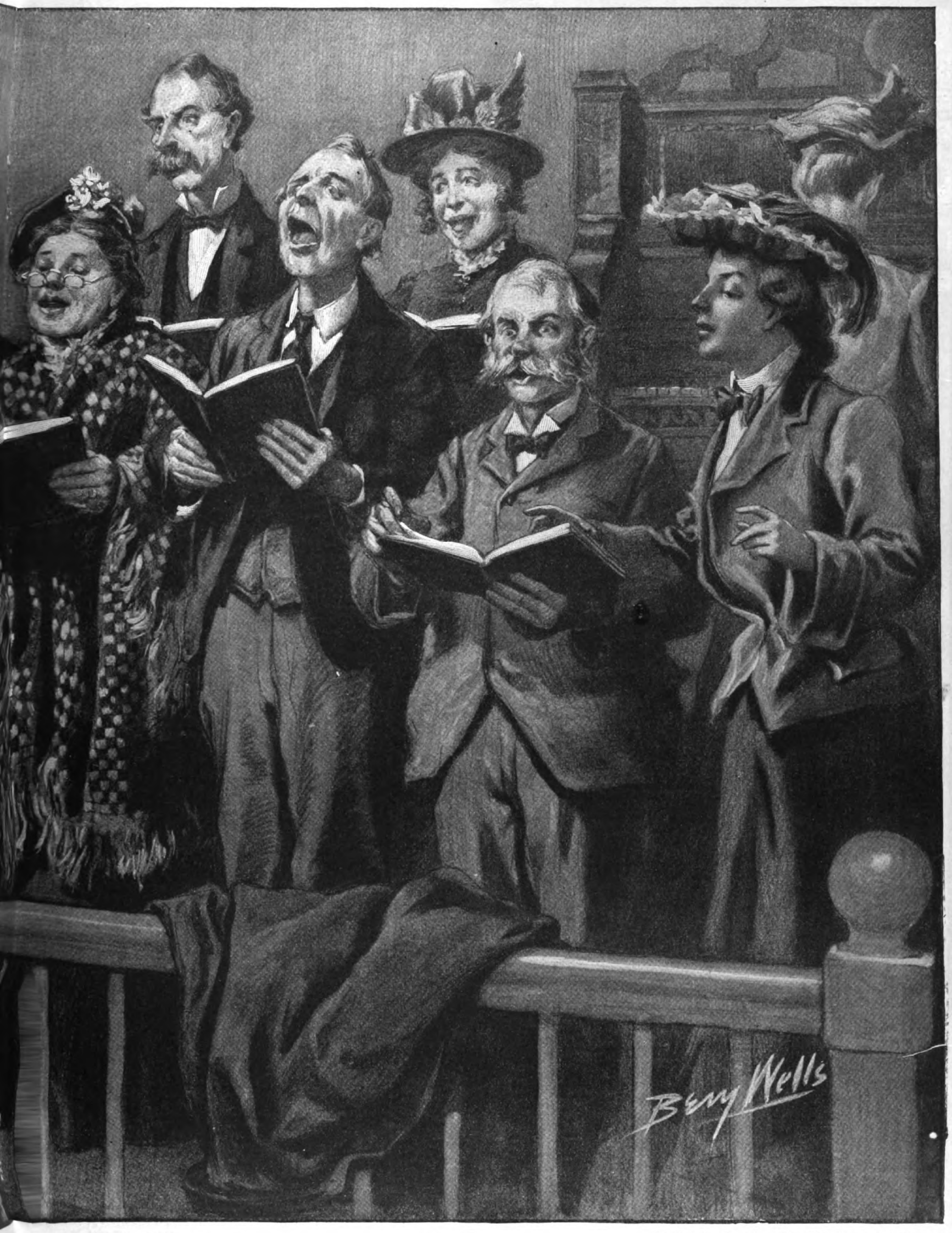




THE VIL

The minister takes a hand in

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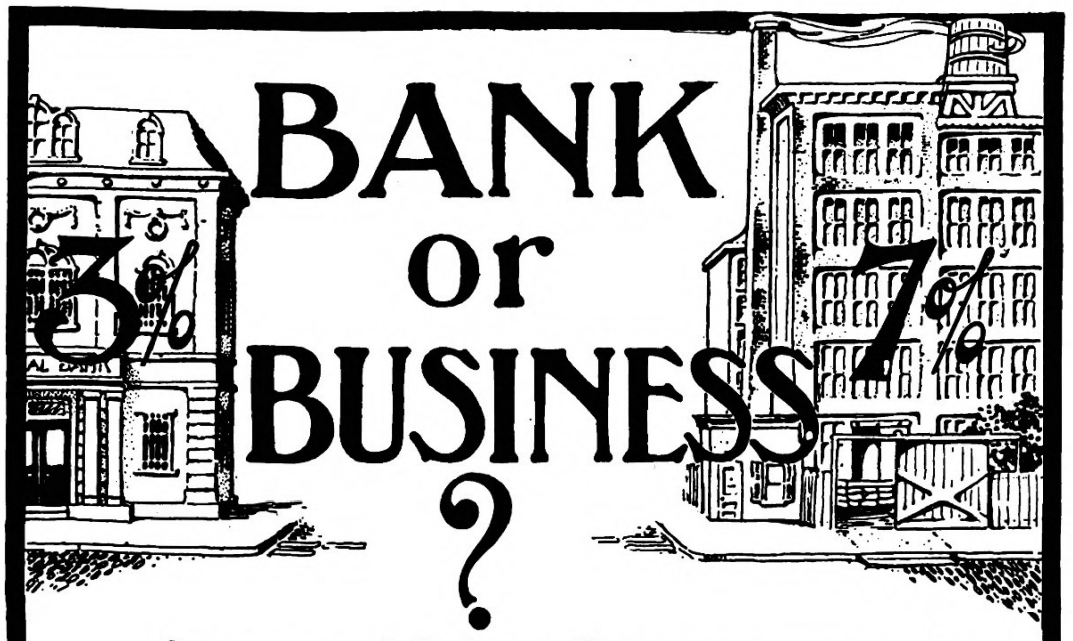


VILLAGE CHOIR

d it. rehearsing the Christmas hymns

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We recently placed on sale 2,500 shares of the 7 per cent. Preferred Stock of The Pennsylvania Soap Company at par value $100 a share. We are reserving 1,500 of these shares to be sold at $10 down and $10 a month for nine months per share. Upon the completion of the payments the stock becomes dividend-bearing, sharing pro-rata in the Company's regularly declared dividends. With each share of the preferred stock sold, we will give as a bonus one share of the common stock, par value $25.

This offer means that the small investor can become a stockholder in a highly successful and profitable industrial enterprise, on the same footing as the larger investor.

If you deposit money in bank at two, three, or even four per cent., or if you are investing in "trust fund" securities, while this seven per cent. opportunity is in sight, you do yourself an injustice, even without considering the certainty of advance in price on The Pennsylvania Soap Company's stock. Accumulations on $100 at seven per cent. in twenty years would be $387, as against $180 at three per cent. But in the bank at three per cent. the value of the principal would remain stationary.

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The business of The Pennsylvania Soap Company is the manufacture of soaps. MILLER'S SOAP (made with Naphtha) MILLER'S POWERINE and DR. RAUB'S CUTANEOUS SOAP, are our leading staples. We manufacture hundreds of other brands of soaps and many perfumes to meet the demands of the retail drug and grocery trade, as well as many special brands for large department and chain stores, for hotels, railroads, etc.

We have two large factories at most advantageous points of distribution; one at Lancaster, Pa., one at Buffalo, N. Y.

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J. G. Miller,
Treasurer.
The Pennsylvania Soap Company,
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J. G. MILLER, Treasurer,
The Pennsylvania Soap Company,
Box 476, Lancaster, Pa.

The Tale of an Ugly Dog

HELEN KENNEY

"NO, HE'S not much to look at, but there is n't money enough in Uncle Sam's treasury to buy him, for I know that while that 'mongrel cur,' as you call him, lives, I have my best friend with me."

So spoke Harry Culver, whom I had just overtaken on Fifth Avenue. We had been college chums twenty years before, but since those days had not met, as he had become established in law in New York, while I had gone to California to practice medicine. We had, however, kept up a desultory correspondence, and now, as I left my hotel, almost the first person I saw was my old friend walking side by side with the most disreputable-looking cur to be met in a day's travel.

"Well, Hal," I replied, "that's a lot of money, and I doubt if the beast has yet seen light that I would n't part with for a very small fraction of it. As you admit that he's 'not much to look at,' what makes him so valuable in your eyes?"

"It's rather a long tale," Culver said, "so come up to my den if you wish to hear it."

I gladly consented. In the course of a few moments we were comfortably seated.

"Now for the story," I suggested.

"'T was about ten years after we left college," Hal began. "I had been working very hard here in town and along in October I decided to go into the Maine woods and have a try at some big game. I spent a week in the Moosehead country and was pretty successful. One day I started out with only the dog, not meaning to go far, and leaving the guide to pack up the spoils, as we were to break camp the next day. I tramped on and on, talking now and then to the dog, who kept close beside me when presently I discovered deer tracks. Of course my huntsman's blood was up in an instant, and on I went, not realizing how far I was getting from camp, when I suddenly became aware that the sun, which had been shining but feebly when I started, had entirely disappeared. In fact, just at that moment a few big snowflakes came drifting lazily down. I stopped and tried to get my bearings. Unfortunately I had left my compass behind and had no idea in which direction lay the camp. In a very few minutes the snow was coming down more rapidly and a strong wind was blowing. I decided that, in accordance with the old maxim, the 'longest way 'round' would be the 'shortest way home,' and began to retrace my steps. I realized then that I must be at least five miles from camp, and I confess that the thought was not pleasant!

"The dog was acting queerly,—snuffing the air, running ahead at top speed, stopping, growling, and returning to me, then whining and again starting to run. I thought that the weather was worrying him, and so talked to him as I tramped on. The snow was falling fast, and I realized with growing anxiety that ere long the deer tracks we were following would be entirely obliterated. At that moment I heard, as I presumed, a dog howl, the sound coming from a direction opposite to that in which I was going. I stopped, wondering whether there was another hunter in distress, or if I was near a camp. The dog was now frantic. In a moment there was another howl,—then two,—three,—a half dozen,—and the horrible truth came upon me with a rush. *We were being chased by wolves!*

"I had only a few cartridges with me, was heaven only knew how many miles from camp, and a blinding snowstorm was raging. I was pretty sure that that would be my last day on earth, but I determined to die fighting; so, calling to the dog in as encouraging a voice as I could command, we started on at our best, the dog in the lead and I willing to be led.

"The howling of the pack drew nearer and nearer. I thought that, if they should get near enough for me to shoot one, I could gain a little headway while the ravenous beasts halted to devour their fallen comrade. On and on they came, and, when they were so close that I could hear the rustling made by gaunt bodies slipping through the underbrush, I turned, and in sheer desperation fired at random. That my shot was effective, I learned from the yell of the wounded. I was just congratulating myself and starting to make the most of my respite, when I stumbled over the root of a tree, and was flung to the ground with such violence that I lost consciousness.

"When I recovered my senses, I was back in camp with the Indian guide bending over me, while this 'mongrel cur' lay on the ground beside me in the saddest condition imaginable. His sides were literally torn open, one ear was gone, and the other was in strips, while an ugly gouge over one eye completed the story of his combat with the wolves.

"As nearly as I could make out from the guide, who spoke little English, he had noticed the storm coming up and had started out to overtake me. The snow had begun to fall soon after he started, and, driven by the wind, had so obliterated our tracks that he was unable to trace us and had been calling and firing his rifle in the hope of attracting my attention, when at length he ran across the dog, painfully dragging himself along in this mutilated condition. In a moment he understood and was about to take the dog in his arms and return to camp, confident that I had been killed and by that time devoured; but the animal seemed so distressed when he turned back, and tried so hard to ask him to go forward, that he decided to do so and perhaps get a shot at my slayers. Shortly afterwards he came upon me and managed to get me back to camp, where, after a rest, I came out as good as new.

"There had been only three wolves in the pack, so far as the guide could judge, and, after the remaining two had devoured the one I shot, they had attacked the dog. After a fearful struggle, he had apparently succeeded in wounding one, whereupon the other, true to its nature, completed the dog's work and was still at its feast when the guide arrived and dispatched him.

"After hearing how the dog had led the Indian to me when the poor brute was himself more than half dead, I did n't wait a minute 'till I had him as my own. Since then he has never left me; and now you understand why I say Uncle Sam has n't enough gold to buy him,—has he, my boy?"—and he leaned down and stroked the faithful beast's ugly head.

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The Wrath of the Diamond Syndicate

H. S. COOPER

[*Continued from page 761*]

—half fear, half menace,—and his face had the look I had seen on Donner's,—he was pasty-white and great drops of perspiration were on his face! What had brought him back I do not know,—I never shall know! Blind fate, I guess,—the fate that had made me lie to Bob,—that was driving us on to the bitter end!

Donner handed him the stone without a word and sat in his chair shrunken, old, and haggard, as if a great fear were on him, and Rosenthal took the glass and the chips and examined them long and earnestly. Finally he turned to me, tried to speak, choked, gasped, cleared his throat, and said, in rough, husky tones:—

"Macy, I want to speak to Donner alone; go outside a minute! Don't leave, though,—stand right outside, for I may want you any minute."

I went out with my head in a whirl and stood just outside the door. I heard Rosenthal's voice, harsh and eager, and I heard Donner's deep voice say, "*I* misdagen? You vergeits dings, Mr. Rosendal!" Then the voices changed to a lower key, and it sounded as if Donner was pleading for something, for his gruff tones changed almost into a falsetto as they sometimes did when he was touched or hurt. Finally the door opened and Rosenthal beckoned me in, and said, in a very earnest tone:—

"Macy, what do you know about that stone?—if it is a secret that you can not tell, I do not want to urge you about it; but, if you can tell all you know about it, I wish that you would do so."

He seemed so agitated and his manner toward me was so different from his usual masterful one—so actually pleading in tone,—that I was taken aback. All sorts of suspicions passed through my mind,—fool that I was,—all but the right one,—but I threw them off, for I knew Bob too well to think that anything that even touched on wrong would have a place with him, so I finally answered:—

"That stone was given me yesterday, Mr. Rosenthal, by a friend of mine that I had not seen for years; he asked me to find out if it is a diamond and if it will cut,—that is, to find out positively if it is a gemstone."

"Then he was not certain as to its being a diamond?"

"Yes, he seemed certain as to its being a diamond, but not as to its being a gemstone."

At these words Donner gave vent to a noise that was either a grunt or a groan, and Rosenthal turned to him with a sharp gesture, as if to silence him; then he turned to me, and said:—

"Has he any more of them?"

I thought over the question a bit before I answered it. I could not see that it would do Bob any harm to answer it truthfully, while to deny it or refuse to answer it might make trouble, if the truth should become known.

Just then my eye was caught by Donner, who was shaking his head vigorously at me from behind Rosenthal's back,—I was so flustered by this strange proceeding that I mechanically answered:—

"Yes."

Donner groaned again,—and it was plainly a groan this time, but Rosenthal did not notice him, and went on:—

"Many of them?"

Donner's head began to shake vigorously again, and he held up one finger,—but I was in for it, and determined to tell the whole thing straight, no matter what happened, so I answered:—

"Yes, a great many."

"How many?"

"Over a peck,—several hundred, I should say!"

"Wh-a-t?"

As Rosenthal s d this his voice rose to a perfect shriek, his face became a fiery purple, his eyes glared at me as if he were going to strike me,—his appearance was so diabolical that I stepped hastily back and Donner's huge bulk rose and was placed between us, but Rosenthal pushed him to one side, and, as soon as he could control his voice, stammered out:—

"Did you—did you see them?"

"I did."

"You saw them and handled them,—you ex-

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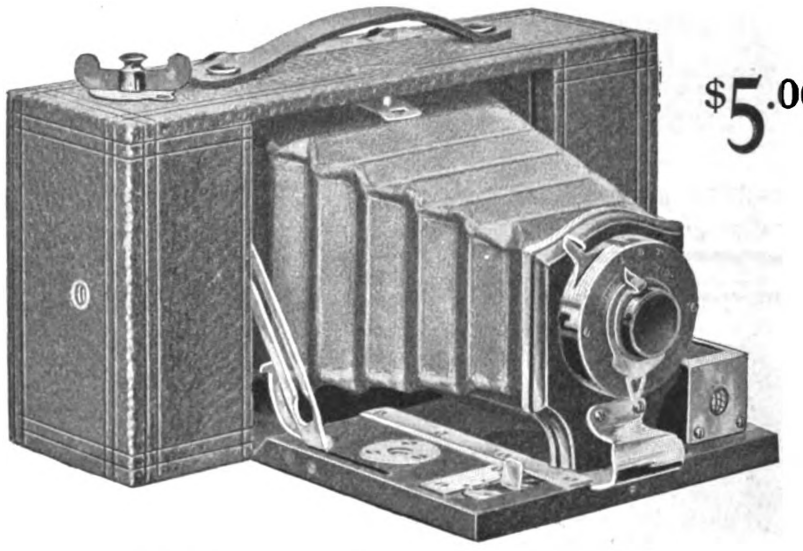
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amined them very carefully, every one of them?"

"Yes."

"They were all like this one?"

"Yes, all of the same character, only some were smaller and some larger."

Rosenthal waited a second or two, and then, looking me straight in the eyes, as if to be certain that I told the truth, he slowly asked:—

"Do you know where or how he got them?"

"No, I don't, Mr. Rosenthal; but, wherever he got them, he got them honestly,—he told me they were honestly his, and, when he says so, I would stake all I'm worth that it's so."

I'd gotten somewhat over my scare and was getting angry at Rosenthal's manner. There might be something not straight about the gems, but I knew that Bob was straight in it, and it jarred on me to have Rosenthal going on as he had been, so I continued:—

"If you know these stones, Mr. Rosenthal, and think they are stolen or 'I. D. T.,' just say so, and I'll bring my friend to you mighty quick and you can get their story straight from him. I think that would be the best way out of it, anyway, and I'll have him here in an hour,"—and I started toward the door. Rosenthal, however, sprang forward and caught my arm, saying:—

"No, no, Macy, don't go off that way! I suppose I did act funny about those stones; but, to tell you the truth, I was flustered over another matter, and something this old Dutch fool here said made me angry. Now, about this stone,—Donner shall give it a thorough test, and, if it is 'fine,' he will start the best man he has on it and in a week or two your friend shall know all about it! And now, Macy, I want your promise on one thing,—don't tell your friend a word of what has occurred here,—don't give him any hint of it or of what Donner has said about the stone,—will you?"

I hesitated,—somehow the words did not ring true; I had known Rosenthal a long time, and his manner now was not genuine; he was "talking for time," and I could see it. I knew as well as possible that his outburst before had been genuine, and the cause was neither "another matter" nor that "old Dutch fool" who was sitting there with a woe-begone expression that was pathetic on his big honest face. I could see, also, that Donner was trying to catch my eye, and that Rosenthal knew it and had shifted his position so that he could see us both and anything that was done by us. Still, I could see no reason for not giving the promise asked. That it was a trick to "do" Bob out of the stone I did not believe, for I knew Rosenthal as "dead straight" in any deal and Donner's absolute honesty was a proverb. I was completely at sea to know what to do, for to tell Bob of the rumpus caused by his stone did not seem to be promising of any good, nor did the suppression of that part seem as if it would wrong him in any way. All this passed through my mind in an instant, and, while I hesitated, Rosenthal did not relax his tense attitude of watchfulness nor did Donner raise his head. I made up my mind—and heaven only knows why I did it,—to give the promise asked, and so I said:—

"All right, Mr. Rosenthal, I won't say anything to my friend except that I have left the stone with a man who will give it a fair and honest test,—I have your word for that,—and that he will know the truth about it in a few weeks."

"That's right, Macy, that's all I want, and, as for the stone, I'll give you my word that you and your friend shall know the absolute truth about it as soon as it is known. Another thing, Macy, is your friend a talkative man,—is he liable to say anything about these stones to any one besides yourself?"

I saw Rosenthal's game then,—at least, I thought I did; he suspected, or, rather, believed the stones to be genuine, and he wanted the first show at them. His anger had evidently been directed against me under the impression that I was trying to make a tremendous big deal in rough stones on my own hook, perhaps making a profit or commission out of a sale of them to him or some rival of his in the business, a profit that would be a fortune in itself. So, in my egregious and egotistical folly, I smiled to myself at my astuteness in discovering his motive, and answered:—

"No fear of that, Mr. Rosenthal; I am his closest friend, and we were college chums together. I know he trusts me as he trusts no one else on earth, and he would not tell me a thing about them nor would he talk to me much of them. I can pretty well guarantee that no one will hear a



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word from him on the subject until I tell him finally about this stone."

Rosenthal's face cleared up considerably, on hearing this, and he said:—

"That's good! That's good! Best be cautious in the matter of stones like that, if they are genuine,—and also if they are not, sometimes, eh, Donner?"

But Donner did not respond. He only sat with his face as glum as a funeral, and, as he glanced up at Rosenthal's remark to him, his eyes met mine, and they had such a worried look as I had never before seen in them. Rosenthal seemed to catch the look, for he said:—

"Oh, I'd forgotten what brought me back,—I want you, Donner, on important business. You'll have to drop things here for an hour,—let Macy stay and keep office for you until you come back,—no, no objections, you *must* go with me and go *now*,—Macy, you won't mind staying here and watching matters until Donner returns? It won't be more than an hour."

I had kept office for Donner before, now and then, while he went out for a short while, so I agreed willingly enough and Donner departed with Rosenthal, looking very much like a sore-headed bear in the leash of a watchful master whom he feared.

Left to myself, I wondered a lot over what had just passed, thought out all sorts of theories to account for it, got tired of thinking over the matter, and started to read the paper. In about an hour the telephone rang, and, on going to it, Donner's unmistakable voice informed me that he would be detained considerably longer than he expected, and that I'd better shut and lock the safe, lock the office, tell the foreman that he—Donner,—would not be back for some time, and go about 'my own business,—all of which I did, and went over to the café where I had agreed to meet Bob. He asked no questions, but his look was an interrogation point, so I sat down, and said:—

"Well, old man, the man I spoke of will take your stone in hand and push it through, and to-morrow—or the next day,—he can tell me as to its being a diamond or not, and can also probably tell me when the cutting will be finished. So possess your soul in patience, old man, and don't think about it between whiles."

The next day, about eleven, I was in Donner's office again. The old fellow was very crusty,—well, that does n't express it,—for he was grave and serious to me and would not respond to any jokes. Finally I said:—

"Well, you old Dutch bear, what about my big stone? Is it a diamond?"

"Ya!"

"Is it a gemstone?"

"Ya!"

"Will it cut?"

"Ya!"

"Oh, for heaven's sake, stop your 'ya'-ing and answer questions in a decent way! Have you started cutting?"

"Ya!"

"How long will it take to finish it?"

"Vife week!"

"What! That big stone cut in five weeks? Is it soft?"

"Nein!"

"Hang it, Donner, *do* open your mouth and tell me about it! It's a serious matter with me!"

Then he did open his mouth and berated me for all the fools in the world, he berated Rosenthal, he disparaged all diamonds, he berated himself, and wound up by the astounding news that the cutting of this stone would go on continuously, days, nights, and Sundays, until it was finished, that it was a marvelous stone, a wonder, a miracle,—and a curse,—and again he rumbled on until I thought him either drunk or crazy, and told him so,—and then I saw I was mistaken, for he got up and threw the office door wide open, seated himself where he could see if any one entered the outside door, and said,—I won't try to reproduce his odd pronunciation,—

"Macy,—I like you, for you've been friends with the 'Dutch bear,' and I believe you'd do me a friend's turn if it lay in your power. Now I'm breaking my given word to tell you even so little as I tell you, but I *must*,—heavens, I must! Macy,—what*ever* Rosenthal asks you, tell him *every*-thing, and tell it true! Whatever he asks you to do,—do it and do it straight! Whatever he asks you to promise,—no matter how strange it seems, promise it and keep your promise,—and, Macy,—urge your friend,—beg him, implore him to do the



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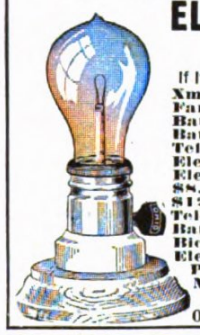
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same! Now I say no more,—ask me no questions, for I will not answer, and—as you value your life and mine and your friend's,—give no hint to Rosenthal that you have received such a warning! No,—no questions,—nothing more, for I can not say more!"

More he would not say on that subject, and I left him with a pretty lot of mixed feelings in my head. What was it about the stone that had so suddenly changed him and Rosenthal, that made them rush the cutting as if they were as anxious for the results as Bob and myself, that had made such an imperturbable and phlegmatic man as Donner give me the melodramatic warning that he had, and that had made him rave like a madman? The more I thought over it the more muddled I became and the less I felt like telling Bob anything in regard to these goings-on. So, in the next few weeks, I told him nothing except the news that Donner doled out to me in regard to the stone,—he would not let me see it,—how it was of the most wonderful color and brilliancy and of such hardness as to require the very best of his workmen to cut it at all. The five weeks went by, and five more on top of them, and I could see that Bob was beginning to chafe under the delay, and that the strain of waiting began to tell on his nerves, and at length, one day, while we were at luncheon, he said, suddenly:—

"Tom, are you *sure* that you can trust your men in regard to that stone?"

"Perfectly! What makes you ask?"

"A great many things,—this unreasonable length of time of cutting it, for one,—"

"Why, my dear fellow, ten weeks is not a long time to *finish* a big stone; I've known it to take ten *months* on some not near as big, and this one would probably take that long if the men were not rushing it,—it never leaves a grinder's hands day or night, Donner tells me, and it is only touched by the very pick of his men."

"Why is it necessary to go to all this work to tell its value?—is n't it going a little too fine?"

"Not at all, old man. 'A diamond is never done until it's finished,' is an old saying in the craft. The very last few hours on the wheel may show a flaw or a fault that spoils the whole thing, and, besides that, the full beauty of a stone is never brought out until it is perfect in shape, and every facet is of the right size, shape, and angle,—and it is that final beauty that makes its value. Now what other 'things' are there that make you think these folks of mine are not trustworthy?"

"Because, Tom, since the day after you took that stone, both you and I have been watched and followed wherever we have gone and whatever we have done; my place was gone over from top to bottom while I was down-town to see you about the stone, the day you first showed it to your friend; I was drugged and my clothes were searched that same night,—as I have been many times since; everything in my place has been ransacked again and again, the stones have been handled over and substitutes put in their places, probably temporarily; and I am followed and every one I speak to or have any dealings with is followed and watched in the same way. It is done in the most expert way, and the very finest men in all detectivedom must be at it, for I have only once or twice been able to fix on the men who are doing it."

[*To be concluded in the January* SUCCESS]

Our New Vice President

A CONSIDERABLE length of time before he was spoken of for the vice presidency, Charles W. Fairbanks delivered, in New Jersey, a stirring address on William McKinley. After it was over an enthusiastic auditor, who had just been introduced to him, remarked:—

"Senator, you are the successor at Washington of Daniel W. Voorhees, 'the tall sycamore of the Wabash,' are n't you?"

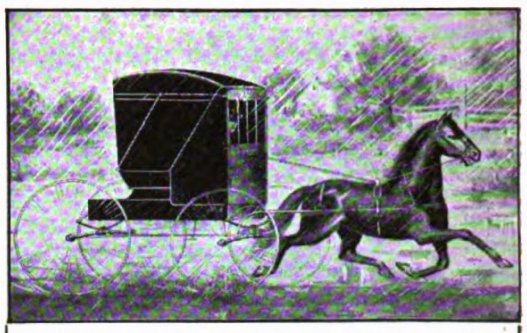
The senator said, smilingly, that such was the case.

"Well," exclaimed the new acquaintance, "as I sat listening to your speech I said to myself that you are a good deal of a tall sycamore yourself, and that there is fine presidential timber in that tree."

To the influence of the strength of character of his mother Vice President Fairbanks attributes most of his success. She watched over him very tenderly and zealously in his boyhood and youth. Because she was afraid of town influences she sent him to a country school. Mrs. Fairbanks was particularly uneasy when her son went to college, but she decided that he could be trusted implicitly when she received the following letter:—

"DEAR MOTHER: To-night I had to disobey your instructions to stay off the streets at night. When I came to my room I found that there was no oil in the can, and I had to go down to the grocery to get some."

It is quite plain that Charles must have been a very good boy.



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In the "Good Old Times"

In 1838 envelopes were absolutely unknown.

A century ago farmers reaped their grain with sickles, one acre being a fair day's work.

Not until February of 1812 did the people of Kentucky know that Madison was elected president in the previous November.

In 1834 one of the leading railroads of the United States printed on its time-table: "The locomotive will leave the depot every day at ten o' clock, *if the weather is fair.*"

The first typewriter was received by the public with suspicion. It seemed subversive of existing conditions. A reporter who took one into a courtroom first proved its real worth.

In England, some centuries ago, if an ordinary workman, without permission, moved from one parish to another in search of work or better wages, he was branded with a hot iron.

When Benjamin Franklin first thought of starting a newspaper in Philadelphia many of his friends advised against it, because there was a paper published in Boston. Some of them doubted that the country would be able to support two newspapers.

One hundred years ago, the fastest land travel in the world was on the Great North Road, in England, after it had been put into its best condition. There the York mail coach tore along at the rate of ninety miles a day, and many persons confidently predicted Divine vengeance on such unseemly haste.

When Thomas Jefferson was elected president of the United States, on February 17, 1801, after one of the most exciting political campaigns in our history, the gratifying news did not reach the successful candidate for as many days as it now takes hours to transmit the result of a presidential election to the whole civilized world.

When, in 1809, Richard Trevithick uttered the following words, there were many who considered him an insane, dangerous person: "The present generation will use canals, the next will prefer railroads with horses, but their more enlightened successors will employ steam carriages on railways as the perfection of the art of conveyance."

When Benjamin Franklin first took the coach from Philadelphia to New York, he spent four days on the journey. He tells us that, as the old driver jogged along, he spent his time knitting stockings. Two stagecoaches and eight horses sufficed for all the commerce that was carried on between Boston and New York, and in winter the journey occupied a week.

Napoleon, at the height of his power, could not command our every-day conveniences, such as steam heat, running water, bath and sanitary plumbing, gas, electric light, railroads, steamboats, the telegraph, the telephone, the phonograph, daily newspapers, magazines, and a thousand other blessings which are now part of the daily necessities of even manual laborers.

When the first two tons of anthracite coal where brought into Philadelphia, in 1803, the good people of that city, so the records state, "tried to burn the stuff; but, at length, disgusted, they broke it up and made a walk of it." Fourteen years later, Colonel George Shoemaker sold eight or ten wagonloads of it in the same city, but warrants were soon issued for his arrest for taking money under false pretenses.

In the days of our grandfathers, carpets were a luxury. There were a few woolen carpets in Philadelphia and New York, a few ingrains, and here and there an imported Turkish rug. But these were used for state occasions. A rag carpet was the glory of a thrifty housewife. A few Axminster carpets were made in Philadelphia, but the century was well begun before ingrains appeared. Until 1850 there was not a power loom for carpet making in America.

When, in 1858, Matthew Vassar was considering the founding of Vassar College, he asked the advice of William Chambers, the great philanthropist and publisher, of Edinburgh, who tried to dissuade him from his purpose. He urged him rather to apply the money to the founding of a school for the deaf and dumb, or for the feeble-minded, assuring him that his design for the higher education of women was absurd and chimerical to the last degree, and could but end in ignominious failure.

When our first foreign minister arranged to go to London he was requested by the captain of the sailing vessel in New York harbor to go aboard immediately. Hastily buying a sack of flour, three hams, and a bag of potatoes, he hurried on board ship to arrange with some sailor to cook his meals, not knowing but that they might sail at any hour. Five weeks passed before the boat left the harbor. After six weeks at sea the traveler at length beheld the outlines of the coast of old England.

On October 26, 1788, Aaron Burr wrote to his wife, from Albany, after a journey from New York: "The headache with which I left New York grew so extreme that, finding it impossible to proceed in the stage, the view of a vessel off Tarrytown, under full sail before the wind, tempted me to go on board. We reached West Point that night, and lay there at anchor near three days. After a variety of changes from sloop to wagon, from wagon to canoe, and from canoe to sloop again, I reached this place last evening."

A common nail is an excellent illustration of the difference between old and new methods. Formerly the metal was cut into strips and then forged into shape with hammers, and an expert took about one and one half minutes for each nail. To-day they are made of steel and are lighter and stronger. Strips are cut with steam shears and fed into automatic nail machines. One man tends three machines, each machine dropping a nail every second. He turns out a hundred-pound keg of nails in less than two hours, a work that once would have taken him twice as many weeks.

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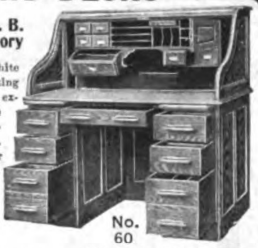


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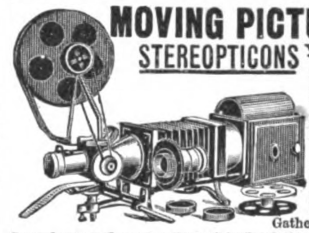
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The Latest Christmas Styles

MARTHA DEAN

THE fashions for winter are now, to a certain extent, decided, and one may speak authoritatively of what is being worn, rather than of what will be worn. There is always more or less lingering doubt, and, to a great extent, uncertainty attendant upon fashion's first rumors, and, as these frequently abound in multitudinous absurdities, a well-poised woman is more than disposed to ponder awhile before choosing.

Over-popularity is another argument in favor of deliberate decision, for there is nothing so fatal to one's enjoyment of a particular vogue, as to meet it at each turn of the road. One can but extol the charm of individuality which some women possess instinctively. They seem to know intuitively how to twist a bow or bend a hat to give it artistic finish. Their gowns are characteristic, for they have fashioned them solely with a view to becomingness. They are well gowned, for they steer clear of exaggerated styles. It is the inconspicuous that is always the most tasteful, and it is good taste developed along original lines that is at all times the keynote of smart dressing.

The wise woman of limited income will economize on every adjunct of her wardrobe rather than on that most important of all,—the street gown. Aside from the fact that this must do duty in all kinds and conditions of weather, it is the costume in which she is oftenest seen by her neighbors, and by which her sartorial reputation is judged. It is this that she dons for shopping and for travel tours, morning calling, attending church, and all other practical purposes. As it may bear the brunt of wear for one, or, perhaps, several seasons, it can not be too carefully considered.

Gradually, pronounced looseness of fit is disappearing in the coats of well-modeled "tailor-mades." The smartest of these seen this season are made to fit figures quite trimly, their rounded skirts reaching a becoming length below the hip line. There are, of course, many fashionable three-quarter coats being worn, which, save for slight changes in the cut of the sleeves, almost duplicate those of last season.

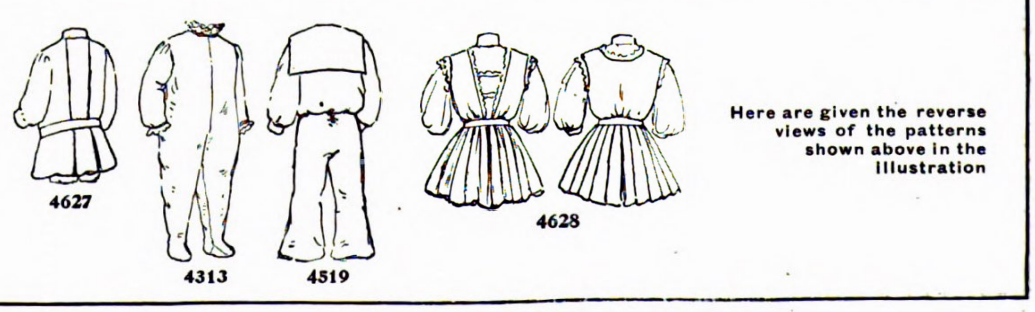
It may be said that waistcoat prophecies, rampant in the opening of the season, have been proven distinctly authentic. In many of the smartest costumes the waistcoat forms a conspicuous feature. Something of a departure from the strictly conservative is the short tailor-made cutaway jacket, with tiny waistcoat front effect, and rather spreading postilion back. This particular cut carries with it a foreign air, somewhat suggestive of Paris or Vienna.

Skirts are round and short, without exception, and are almost invariably unlined. They are made of the most supple fabrics, and, though full and flaring, are distinctly clinging in appearance. Happily for us, there has not yet appeared among the revival of the old fashions the hoop-skirt and crinoline petticoat, which at one time caused fair woman's dimensions to border on a caricature. The round skirt, of which box plaits are set on at the hip line, is extremely fashionable this season. The plaits, when left loose from the knee down, give the proper flare, and the plain effect at the top of the skirt precludes the possibility of additional bulk to the figure.

The quantity of new materials manufactured for winter wear is more than usually large. The old-fashioned weaves have been adopted with an eagerness amounting to exaggeration. The open-meshed, wiry cloths, that come under the name of voile, have not been particularly favored, because of the difficulty experienced in handling the material by unprofessional dressmakers. One charming material that our grandmothers loved well, for the ease which it lent to home dressmaking, is now being made into gowns of every description. The manufacturers have maintained its old-fashioned name and still call it cashmere. It comes in all shades and colors and, being very inexpensive, promises to hold a favored place among us all. Afternoon and theater gowns of tucked, smocked, or shirred cashmere are within the reach of even depleted purses. The softness and simplicity of the material is its chief charm, and that gowns may be fashioned of it entirely without garniture, one might say, is its saving grace. Surah and *faille Française* are other old-time favorites. Burlap, usually suggestive of wall covering, is now shown in a silken variety of the canvas family, and is called "Burlingham silk." It is particularly adapted for street costumes or for capes or other wraps. A rich red shade is brought out which combines well with dark fur or Persian bands.

It is in the outer wrap that amplitude is charmingly emphasized. Cloaks loose and baggy, and capes of the regulation coachman's cut, cover the gown almost entirely. The latter style of cape is more properly for evening wear, though, when made of the dark materials, there is much in its favor for street uses. Long cravenette capes are taking the place of storm coats. They are slashed at the arm opening, and fastened down the front with buttoned straps, golf vests underneath furnishing the necessary warmth.

For quite young girls, black cashmere gowns, made al-



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Here are given the reverse views of the patterns shown above in the illustration

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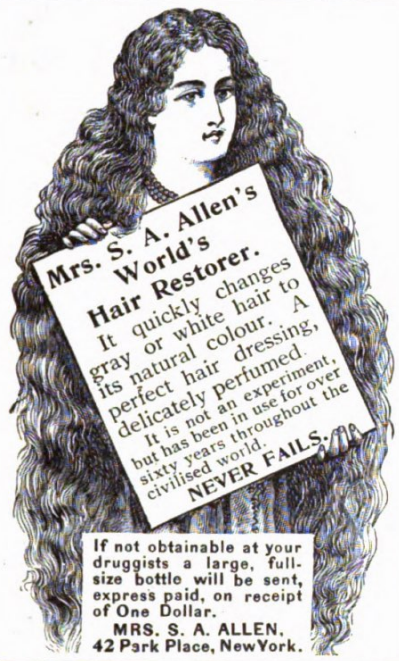
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most perfectly plain, with a bit of Irish lace and Persian embroidery brightening up the bodice, are wonderfully attractive in effect. Two or three Persian medallions, combining many bright colors, are inset on the front of the waist, at intervals. The full skirts of these gowns are simply finished with two or three wide hand-run or stitched tucks above the hem. Persian medallions are very lovely on gowns of white serge, another popular fabric this season.

All-red beaver felts, with alpine crowns, have wound around the crown the same shade of velvet, and are completed with a side trimming of red *coque* feathers.

6232.—Ladies' Blouse. Sizes: for ladies from 32 to 42 inches, bust measure.

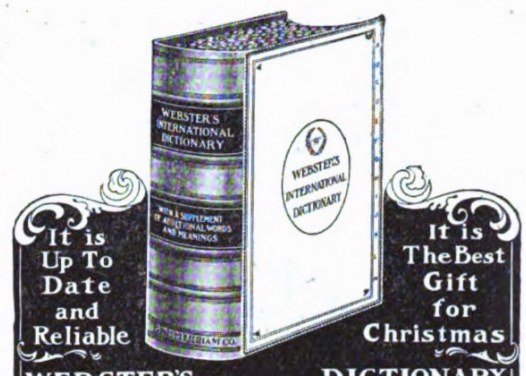
6233.—Ladies' Circular Skirt, with fullness at waist taken up by tiny tucks. Sizes: for ladies from 20 to 30 inches, waist measure.

6230.—Ladies' Blouse, with or without waistcoat; closing on side; leg o' mutton sleeve. Sizes: for ladies from 32 to 42 inches, bust measure.

6231.—Ladies' Seven-gored Skirt, with double box



6233



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Ensures that complete rest to body, brain and nerves, necessary to business men, brain workers or invalids. Sure preventive of insomnia. Write for Ideal Spring Booklet.

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No worry for mother if baby is left in an Ideal Accident-Proof Crib. High sliding sides, closely spaced spindles, woven-wire springs, patented rail fastener (on our cribs only)—guaranteed not to break. Different styles and prices. Enamelled white or colors. Write for booklet, "A Mother's Invention," sent free with name of dealer who sells the cribs.

Foster Bros. Manufacturing Co.
Manufacturers of Ideal line of Spring Beds, Iron Beds, etc.
35 Broad St., Utica, N. Y. **1425 N. 16th St. St. Louis. Mo.**

This trade mark THE IDEAL GUARANTEED LINE on all our goods.



(Corn Razor ready for use.)

STAR SAFETY CORN RAZOR

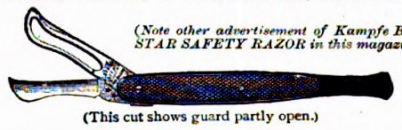
Manufactured by Kampfe Bros. (manufacturers of the original and only Safety Razor of Merit).

BE YOUR OWN CHIROPODIST

No skill required in using this corn razor. It is SIMPLE, SAFE and SURE, and will do its work quickly, relieving the sufferer at once. The directions which are sent with every Safety Corn Razor give clear instructions as to its use.

Please note illustrations carefully. They will give you some idea of this wonderful invention, which will absolutely remove ANY CORN, no matter how hard it may be, without cutting the foot. Price, **$1.00.** Full descriptive circular mailed on request.

KAMPFE BROS., 8-12 Reade St., New York



(Note other advertisement of Kampfe Bros. STAR SAFETY RAZOR in this magazine.)

(This cut shows guard partly open.)

New Foot Warmer

Ladies' superb house shoes. New idea. Fleecy, warm, pliant. Only $1. Men's sizes, $1.15. Our popular high-top, warm bed shoes are, Ladies' size, 25c. Men's 35 cts. All postpaid. Send for "warm goods" list.

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Sense of Perfect Cleanliness

The courtesy of employes on The

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is proverbial. Politeness is a simple thing; but it measures the difference between a thoroughly enjoyable three days' trip and one which falls far short of satisfaction.

Ladies and children especially are assured every attention. Daily, Chicago to Los Angeles and Frisco. Santa Fe All the Way.

For pamphlet of the train, and California trip book, address Gen. Pass. Office, A. T. & S. F. Ry., Chicago



FREE *This Fine Hollow Ground Hand Finished Razor Will for a Limited Time, be Given Free to Every Purchaser of the*

Radiumite Dollar Razor Strop

Send 10c extra for postage, etc.

We make this remarkable free offer of a most excellent razor, that sells at $2.00 at retail, to acquaint all with the marvelous and instantaneous honing and finishing properties of the RADIUMITE STROPS which will not harm the finest and most delicate razor. They make shaving a convenience and a delight, even to men having the hardest beards.

The secret of a quick, clean shave does not lie so much in a good razor as in a good strop. With the RADIUMITE STROPS, the most inferior razors are brought up to a fine edge, and the effect of the strops upon the finest razors is to keep them at all times in the best possible condition, ready to shave the hardest beards easily and delightfully. **Each Radiumite Strop is sold under the positive guarantee that if it is not satisfactory your dollar will be refunded.** They are for either Ordinary or Safety Razors. Most dealers handle the RADIUMITE products. **Those who do not are rapidly taking them on.** ***Radiumite Strops--50c to $2.50. Radiumite Razors--$1.00 to $3.00.*** Radiumite Catalog free to all.

THE STROP THAT HONES

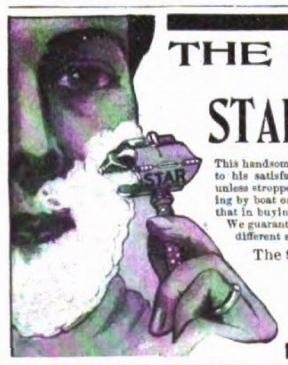


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DEALERS, WRITE FOR TRADE DISCOUNTS!
CATALOGUE FREE.



THE CHRISTMAS GIFT that will please your husband, brother or friend beyond question, is the

ORIGINAL AND MECHANICALLY PERFECT

STAR SAFETY RAZOR *and the* New Star Stropper

This handsomely finished safety razor has stood the most exacting test for the past 25 years. THE MAN WHO SHAVES HIMSELF, and is shaved to his satisfaction, knows how necessary it is to keep his razor blades in perfect condition. It is impossible for any blade to do its work properly unless stropped before using. Over 5,000,000 Star Safety Razors have been used by individuals in all parts of the world—at home, also while traveling by boat or train. The STAR SAFETY RAZOR has been imitated by numerous manufacturers of so-called safety razors. For this reason be sure that in buying a razor you find three stars stamped on the frame and blade.

We guarantee this razor, and if not perfectly satisfactory we will cheerfully refund you the price. Our catalogue, giving illustrations of the different sets, prices, etc., sent on request. In sending for this catalogue please mention the magazine in which you saw this advertisement.

The **Star Safety Razor** has been **imitated** but never **duplicated.** (In purchasing a razor please remember the above fact.)

Razor, complete, $2.00. Handsome sets, $3.50 and up. New Star Stropper, $1.50.

KAMPFE BROS., 8-12 Reade St., N. Y. or all leading dealers in high class cutlery. (Remember the word "Star.")

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



6231

plait inserted in each side seam, at yoke or flounce depth. Sizes: for ladies from 20 to 30 inches, waist measure.

6217.—Men's Negligée Shirt, with detachable cuffs and collar. Sizes: for men from 32 to 46 inches, chest measure, or 14 to 17½ inches, neck measure.

6234.—Ladies' Blouse, to be worn with or without fancy bertha. Sizes: for ladies from 32 to 42 inches, bust measure.

6235.—Ladies' Skirt, tucked in panel effect. Sizes: for ladies from 20 to 32 inches, waist measure.

4627.—Child's Russian Suit. Sizes: for children from 2 to 6 years of age.

4313.—Child's One-piece Sleeping Garment. Sizes: for children from 1 to 6 years of age.

4628.—Girl's Frock, with closing on shoulders. Sizes: for girls from 5 to 12 years of age.

4519.—Boy's Middy Suit. Sizes: for boys from 4 to 10 years of age.

NOTICE

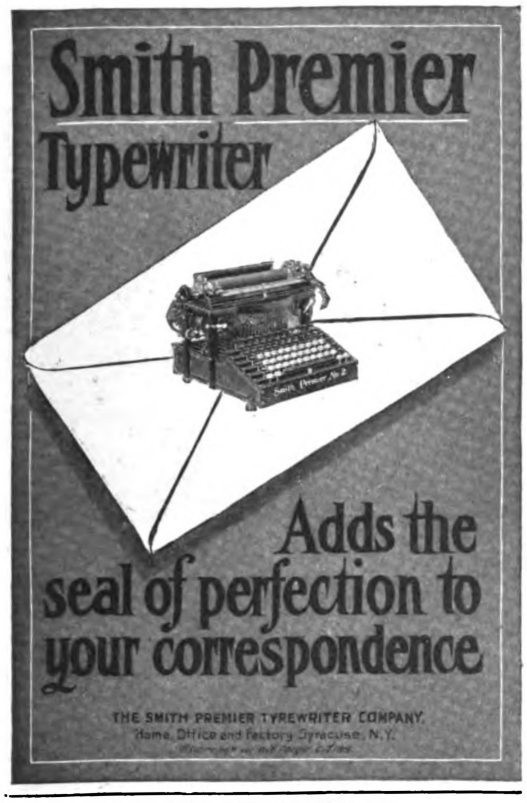
[For the convenience of our readers, we will undertake to receive and forward to the manufacturers orders for patterns of any of the designs on pages 798 to 800 which may be desired. A uniform price of ten cents a pattern will be charged by the pattern manufacturers. In ordering, be careful to give the number of the pattern, and the size, or age, desired, together with your full name and address.

Address: Fashion Department, The Success Company, Washington Square, New York City.]



6217

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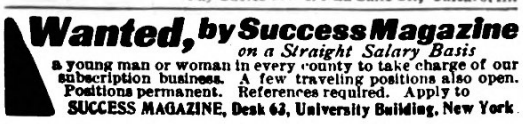












Character-building through Thought

XII.—How Negative Creeds Paralyze

NEGATIVES do not accomplish anything. There is no life in them,—nothing but deterioration, destruction, and death. They are great enemies of the success candidate. He who is always talking down everything, and is continually complaining of hard times, bad business, poor health, and poverty, attracts to himself all the destructive and negative influences about him, and neutralizes all of his endeavor.

Constructive thought abandons one who is always thinking destructively, and using destructive language, for he has nothing kindred with the positive,—nothing to attract it. Creative principles can not live in a negative, destructive atmosphere, and no signal achievement can take place there. So, negative people are always on the down grade, and become failures. They lose the power of affirmation, and drift, unable to get ahead.

Negatives will paralyze your ambitions, my young friend, if you indulge in them. They will poison your life. They will rob you of power. They will reduce your self-confidence until you will be a victim of your situation instead of a master of it. Power to do is largely a result of self-faith, or self-confidence. No matter what you undertake, you will not do it until you think you can. You will not master it until you first feel the mastery and do the deed in your mind. It must first be thought out or it can never be wrought out. It must be a mind-accomplishment before it can be a material one.

There is no science in the world which will bring a thing to you while your thought repels it, and while doubt and suspicion linger in your mind. No one can pass his self-imposed bounds or limitations. He who would get up in the world must learn to deny his belief in limitation. He must throw all negative suggestions to the wind. He must think success before he can achieve it. He must affirm continually with decision and vigor that which he wishes to accomplish or be.

Supposing that a boy, some morning, should say, "I can't get up; I can't get up; what's the use of trying?" It is perfectly sure that he could not get out of bed until he thought he could, and had confidence in his ability to leave his bed.

Do n't Become a Helpless Victim of "Can't"

No boy can expect to rise in the world when he is all the time saying to himself: "I can't do this thing; It is useless to try, for I know I can't do it. Other boys may do it, but I know I can't." The boy who thinks he can't get his lessons, who decides that he can't solve his problems, and who is sure that he can't go through college, can not do any of these things. Very soon, he will become the victim of chronic can't. Negation will have mastered him. "I can't" will have become the habit of his life. All self-respect and self-confidence, and all consciousness of ability will have been undermined and destroyed. His achievement can not rise higher than his thoughts.

Contrast this with the boy who always says, "I will." No matter what obstacles confront him, he says, "I will do the thing I have undertaken." It is the constant affirmation of his determination to do the thing which increases his confidence in himself and his power to do the thing until he actually will do it.

It would be impossible for a lawyer to make a reputation in his profession while continually thinking about medicine or engineering. He must think about law, and must study and become thoroughly imbued with its principles. It is unscientific to expect to attain excellence or ability enough to gain distinction in any particular line while holding the mind upon and continually contemplating something radically different.

Is it not, therefore, more than foolish, even ridiculous, to expect to develop a strong, vigorous mentality while acknowledging or contemplating weakness or deficiency?

So long as you contemplate any personal defect,—mental, moral, or physical,—you will fall below your possible attainment, and can not approach your ideal or standard.

So long as you allow negative, destructive, tearing-down processes to exist in your mind, you can not create anything, and will be a weakling.

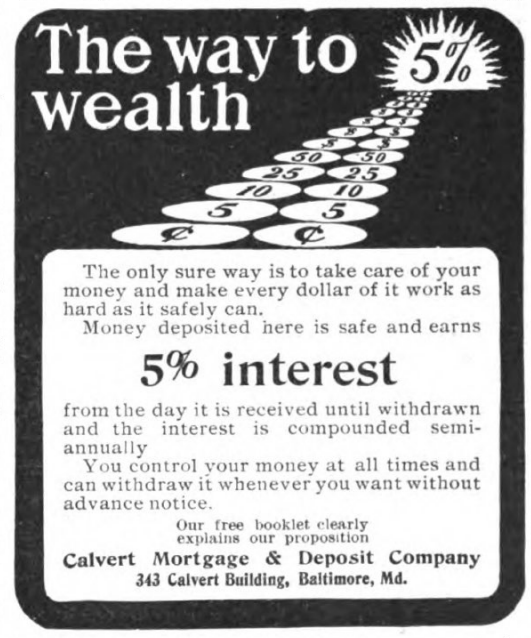
Many Are Handicapped by Failure Thoughts

Most people go through life crippled and handicapped by thinking weak thoughts, diseased thoughts, or failure thoughts. It would be just as sensible for a girl to try to develop the highest type of beauty of physique and character by holding in her mind the ugliest ideals and thinking of herself as hideous. If she wishes to be beautiful, she must hold steadily the beauty ideal in her mind and try to measure up to it; then not only the physical but also the moral nature will respond to this effort to attain the æsthetic ideal; but, if she goes through life thinking she is hideous, and deformed, and lamenting the fact, beauty will never respond.

What a misfortune to see bright young men or young women hampered and restrained in their careers because of holding sickly ideals and confessing weaknesses and defects! Banish these ghosts, these unrealities, these enemies of your success and happiness forever from your mind. Rise up out of the valley of despair and despondency, out of the miasma which has poisoned the air around you, and out of the foulness which has suffocated you all these years, into the atmosphere of excellence, of power, and of beauty: then you will begin to accomplish something in life, and to be somebody.

If people could only realize the demoralizing influence of holding sickly ideals or failure ideals in the mind until the standards of excellence are all dragged down to the level of mediocrity or commonness, they would never again be content to dwell in the valley of failure, or live in the basements of their lives.







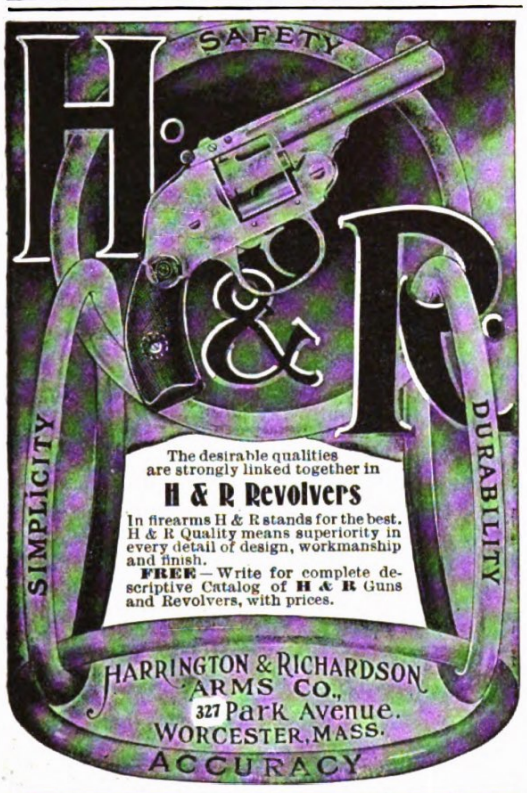
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HOW many times have you said to yourself—

"If I just had a little ready money!"
And why haven't you?
Saving is a good deal of a habit to be sure—but it is an easy habit to acquire.
And it is
the safest provision that can be made for future needs.
This bank has
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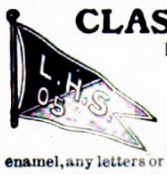
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THE SUCCESSFUL HOME



The Office of the Father

LILLIE DEVEREUX BLAKE
[Vice President, New York City Mothers' Club]

THE paramount duty of a father, from a practical point of view, is to provide the means of supporting his family in a manner suitable to "that state of life to which it hath pleased God to call him," as the church catechism has it. The man who finds fate too hard for him and fails in the struggle to obtain a livelihood is often to be pitied rather than blamed, but it is none the less a sad condition of affairs when the mother must assume duties which take her away from the home. It is the theory of society that men "protect, represent, and support women." They are usually good protectors of the women of their own families, but are sometimes but poor protectors of the women of other men's families, and they are always willing to "represent the ladies" in public functions where glory is to be won. There is no doubt that the man who honestly earns the money to make wife and children comfortable is happy in so doing.

An important duty of a father is to spend his time with his family. There are homes where the father is rarely seen except at breakfast, for engagements of business or pleasure take him out even at the dinner hour, and the children grow up without the guidance and the instruction which he alone can give, in the affairs of the world. In the case of "the traveling man" who must be away from home to earn a living for those who are dependent upon him, this unfortunate state of affairs reaches an extreme which is illustrated by the story of the small girl whose father was almost constantly away, and who came weeping to her mother one morning. When asked to explain her grief she sobbed out, "That man who comes to see you sometimes boxed my ears just now."

An important office of the father, in many families of moderate circumstances, is to do certain work about the house which is beyond the limits of the mother's strength. There is a little distich which comes down from a far-away age, and still survives in one of the round games of childhood, which runs thus:—

"Now you are married you must obey,
You must be true to all that you say,
You must be kind, you must be good,
And make your husband saw the wood."

Here it will be observed, the old doctrine of obedience on the part of the wife is inculcated, but in the same breath, with singular inconsistency, she is advised to "*make* her husband saw the wood." This would seem to apply to the rural districts, where the functions of the father include also the putting up of stoves and the laying down of carpets.

Through countless centuries and by many races the father was held not only to be the head of the family, but also to be entitled to a sacerdotal position. His word was law, implicitly to be obeyed, and he had power over wife and children that was little short of absolute. It is not well for any frail human being to be endowed with so much authority, and in the higher development of humanity such extreme preëminence was finally curtailed. The modern husband frankly admits that the wife rules over the home, and even sometimes rejoices in his mild subjection.

The early Puritans, those stanch people who refused to bow the knee to any sovereign and dared the perils of an inhospitable shore for the sake of religious freedom, adhered sternly to the doctrine of the subordination of the family to the rule of the "head," who was, of course, the father. His word was law, absolutely, and there was small sympathy with any woman who dared to question the propriety of what her "lord and master" said. Modern good sense has modified this view, and the "lady and mistress" is now admitted to have an equal right in regulating the family affairs. Yet even now in our churches the words of the evangelists are read in stern accents to the women who form the congregation, and who sit meekly before the preacher while he hurls at them such texts as these:—

"Wives, submit yourselves unto your own husbands, as unto the Lord."—Ephesians; v., 22.

"Therefore, as the church is subject unto Christ, so let the wives be to their own husbands in every thing."—Ephesians, v., 24.

It is usually a noticeable fact that the following quotations defining the duties of the husband are read in a much less emphatic manner:—

"Husbands love your wives, even as Christ also loved the church, and gave himself for it."—Ephesians; v., 25.

"So ought men to love their wives as their own bodies."—Ephesians; v., 28.

"Let every one of you in particular so love his wife even as himself."—Ephesians; v., 33.

He who fulfills these injunctions, who loves his wife as he does himself, and who loves her so truly that he is willing to lay down his life for her, fulfills the highest ideal of a devoted husband, and may be quite sure that his wife will "reverence him."

The Office of the Mother

CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN
[Author of "Women and Economics"]

IN all too many homes the office of the mother is that of a general servant. Nine tenths of the mothers of America are "mothers-of-all-work."

To such mothers it is almost cruel to talk of culture, to bid them add study hours to sewing hours, and to keep up an intelligent interest in the world they know nothing about. But the remaining tenth, the mothers who keep servants, what is their office in the home? The fairly well-to-do middle-class mother, with two maids, what does she do? She purchases for the household, selects, orders, and arranges. She is responsible, then, for the health and comfort of the family,—thus filling a position of great importance. For this position she no doubt prepared herself as a girl, studying to fit herself for her business as every honorable man studies to fit himself for his business. Such a book as Helen Campbell's "Household Economics" shows the range of sciences, arts, and crafts involved in this position of homemaker.

But all this could be done by any competent housekeeper,—the mother has higher duties yet.

Education is rapidly passing into the hands of specialists, and rightly so; but from baby-garden to university the home still remains the underlying formative influence, and the mother is its main factor. She is the radiating center of home culture. If a professor marries a cook, his children have lost much; but if a *professorinn* should marry a butler,—she could still give her children her own standard. Now, what do the thoughtful mothers of to-day need in the way of suggestion as to this great branch of their prerogative? They should be exhorted to be themselves as well as somebody else's mother.

Cheerfully a mother immolates herself for her young. That is the primeval instinct of motherhood, under which the plant seeds and dies, the insect lays its eggs and dies, the eider duck plucks bare her breast, and the mother whale follows her harpooned baby to her own sure death. We are no longer insects, ducks, or whales. Human maternity does not—or should not,—involve the extinction of the mother. Instinct is a good thing in its way, but no substitute for intellect.

It is not sacrifice our children need, but intelligent service, companionship, and the stimulus of a noble, progressive life. Here is where our mothers fail. They surrender all to the children—and are rewarded by being "only mother."

A young human being needs nursing and feeding and clothing, no doubt; he needs teaching, too; he needs loving always; but most of all he needs the great social stimulus of active living.

If a mother simply spends all her thought and love, her time and strength, on her child, he must be a self-idolator to praise her for it. That care he needs, but he needs more to honor and admire, to enjoy and imitate his mother.

The good officer is he who says to his men, "Come!"—not "Go!"—who leads them, not sends them.

How can a mother lead her children when she is not going anywhere?

No mere study of books makes up for the honorable activities of life. It is not only the mother who knows things, but also she who does things, that we want. We want better citizens,—we want them badly. If the mother knows nothing of civics,—either its facts or its feelings,—how can she cultivate the civic spirit in her boys?

It has been said that English "society" ranks higher than any other on the Continent, because there are so many more valuable men in it,—professional, artistic, and scientific. The mere aristocrats surround themselves with the really valuable people. A valuable person is one who is of service to others. The mother must needs give much time and thought to her children, but, if she gives it all, they get less in quality. Unless a woman is a useful factor in the world, she is limited in her usefulness in the home. Unless she is of some human importance as a personality, she can not be of the highest importance as a mother.

A higher and happier home atmosphere, in which father and mother have more in common, and in which the child finds room to grow, is needed everywhere, and the mother can do most to make it; not "only mother," helplessly buried in a home of small material limitations, but a woman widely loved and honored, busy and useful in her own world-channel, whatever it may be, in touch with the best spirit of the times, and keeping that best spirit before the eyes of her children. Such a woman will meet the daily needs of her family efficiently, will give them wisdom as well as love, and will bring the best thought and feeling of her age to enlarge and illuminate her office in the home.

The world generally gives its admiration, not to the man who does what nobody else ever attempts to do, but to the man who does best what multitudes do well.—T. B. MACAULAY.

The noblest mind the best contentment has.—SPENSER.

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The Demand for New Ideas

WALDO P. WARREN
[Advertising Manager, Marshall Field and Company]

THERE are many refreshing tendencies in the business theories of to-day. We hear too much of the wrong tendencies, and not enough of the right ones. But there are right ones, as well as wrong ones; and, as the right ones are gaining ground rapidly, the wrong ones must be giving way to them. There are many grand and noble ideas which are finding their way into the working theories of business management, and from there are radiating good to an ever-widening circle of men and things.

One of the most hopeful tendencies of the times is the reform which is going on, because of the demand made by large corporations that their employees shall abjure liquor, tobacco, gambling, and bad company. This is a strong force for good. A young man who "plays the races," contrary to his father's advice and his mother's prayers, is frequently brought to his senses by the sudden realization that he must quit it in order to hold his position. Every time the point is mentioned, some other large house sees the great value of it and adds the requirement to its book of rules, and so the reform spreads. It tends to hasten the coming of a time when a man will have to be strictly moral in order to obtain and hold a position of trust.

Again, the recognition of public confidence as the greatest asset of a business enterprise has led to a reform in manufacturing, buying, selling, and advertising. A manufacturer who values the confidence of his customers more than ill-gotten gains is careful not to adulterate his goods. The point he thus wins enables him to pass his competitor who is slow to understand, and virtually forces the latter to cease adulterating his wares or to go out of business. Wholesale buyers value confidential relationship with an honest manufacturer, and so meet him on a better basis than formerly; and for a similar regard for their own customers they demand of the manufacturer only such wares as are trustworthy. Retailers stand in the same relation to their customers, and select and offer for sale only the kinds of merchandise which it will pay consumers to buy. Advertisers soon learn that the simple truth about their merchandise is the strongest advertisement, because it begets that confidence in the mind of the public upon which the success of their business depends.

Friction between Employees Creates Useless Expense

It is also becoming recognized by many business managers that friction between employees, or lack of proper coöperation between the different branches of a business, are sources of great and useless expense. It is found that this may be measurably overcome by dismissing those types of human nature which prove unable to do anything but breed dissension. This is a forcible object lesson for the remaining employees who have even a taint of quarrelsomeness. Word passes around that, if you don't stop your fussing with your fellow workers, you will lose your position. It becomes an unwritten law that a chronic fuss-raiser must get out. This puts a premium on genuine coöperation, and in time the idea permeates the entire organization, and harmony results.

The idea that hoarding all the information about a part of the work makes a man secure in his position is giving way to the better idea that a man who can teach others to do his work is a most desirable kind of worker. Such a man can broaden his own sphere by becoming a director of other men, thus accomplishing many times the work which he himself could perform, and infusing into it the knowledge he has accumulated. This inevitably broadens the men under him to whom he passes on his knowledge. They, in turn, having a good example above them, are taught to push the details down the line. The plan thus enriches every member of the organization, and inevitably tends to develop the entire business.

It has been satisfactorily demonstrated that responsibility develops the latent powers of an employee, thus making him more valuable to his employer. The recognition of this fact leads to many subdivisions of a business, with a man in charge of each subdivision, who is held responsible for its successful conduct. This not only gives a microscopic view of the various parts of the business, promoting the perfection of details, but also develops in the employee a larger capacity, which enables him to relieve those above him of their smaller responsibilities, allowing them to progress on a still larger scale because of the additional time and freedom at their command.

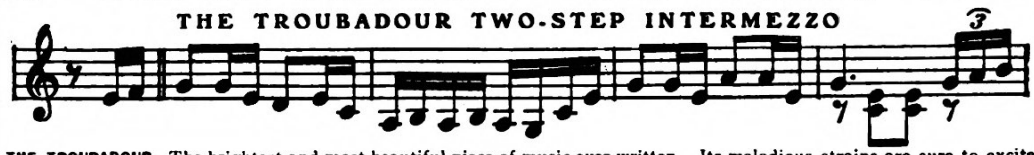
The Rewards for New Ideas Were never before so Great

Perhaps never before have men been so willing to pay for ideas. A railroad director receives a handsome salary for his opinion on a measure. A corporation lawyer is asked a question, which he instantly answers, and his bill for a large sum is cheerfully paid. It took only a moment in each case, but the value of an idea can not be measured by the time it takes to express it. It has taken a long time to convince moneyed men of this point, and some of them have not been convinced. But those who are wise enough to see it are availing themselves of great opportunities for the betterment of their business. The idea has its extensions, reaching throughout an organization. The man in charge of a division of a business is given credit for what he knows as well as for what he does. He is given credit for what he leaves undone,—what he sees it were wise not to do. The tendency is to encourage real thinking throughout the organization, where formerly only blind work was expected, according to the plan then in use.

The recognition of the value of a new idea, in regard to a business point, is leading employers to encourage criticisms and suggestions from employees in respect to the details of the business, thus utilizing their microscopic view rather than depending solely on the bird's-eye view which is taken by the manager. A friendly feeling results from this attitude, and the employee takes a deeper interest in his work, developing his own capacity and helping

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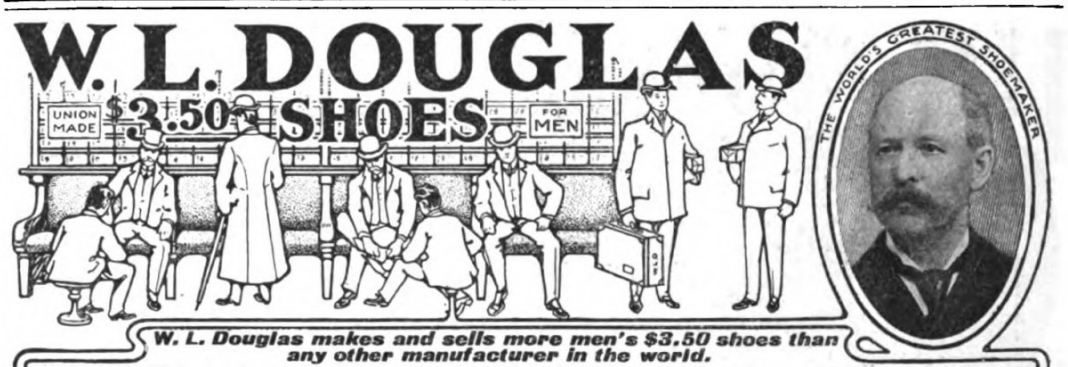
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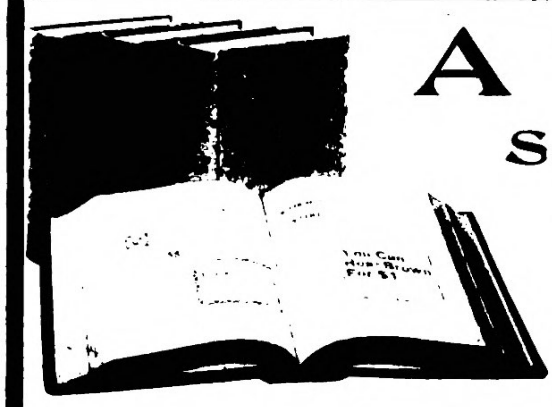
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the business. To see his idea carried out by his superiors puts new life into him, and adds new enthusiasm to his efforts. He will work harder to develop another point, and so win this approbation, than he would for any other compensation.

When a business organization becomes a body of thinking men and women, instead of a vast machine of which each individual is but a part, it becomes possible to govern them more by the spirit and less by the letter of the rule, thus utilizing individual judgment at those points where a strict adherence to the rule is undesirable. It becomes possible to eliminate a great deal of detailed system or "red tape," and to substitute active judgment. This develops individual capacity in the employee, while it greatly lessens operating expenses for the employer, and enriches the business with more intelligent work.

The advent of large corporations and great business enterprises has necessitated the placing of salaried men in positions of responsibility. In administering their affairs they can not follow their own personal inclinations, because they must carry out the general idea of the owners of the business. The owners or directors can not express their wishes on every point these men will be called on to decide, but the final result must be in accord with their wishes. This condition has given rise to a tendency to build up a governing ideal, which dictates the policy on every point, and rises absolutely above the personality of the man in charge of a division of the business who is called upon to interpret a point according to that ideal. The far-reaching effect for good of this method is hardly appreciated. Its tendency is to preclude the possibility of one personality growing dictatorial and autocratic to the detriment of the business and to the impediment of harmonious coöperation. The erstwhile autocrat must bow to the business ideal or he will be instantly judged out of harmony with the purposes of the company. So thoroughly understood is the ideal among all members of the organization that in his rulings he dares not vary from it, fearing that it will react on his standing.

The spirit of these grand ideas permeates the business world and begets other ideas which are in harmony with them. They are the leaven at work in the great mass of unleavened endeavor, and their further development is certain.

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JOEL BENTON

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I 've always yearned for money,
But have looked for it in vain,—
And now there comes a new talk
Which threatens direst pain;

For the men of science tell us
The bills that so much please
Are covered with *bacilli*
That are sure to bring disease.

Yet, thinking of the trouble
(Of which I 've had my fill,)
It takes to line my pocket
With a solitary bill,

It seems superbly needless
To stop one's hunt for gain,
By saying what you seek for
Will give you bitter pain.

How is it those who owe you,
And neglect to pay their dues,
Seem never much affected
With diseases, or the blues?

They can even say, with science,
That their non-debt-paying ease
Is merely altruistic
To keep you from disease.

Still—in spite of all such logic,
Or whatever it may be,—
I have long been free from danger
From all kinds of currency.

And I wish a million microbes,
On dollars old but brisk,
Might drop within my pocket,
And I 'd take the awful risk.

Is It Hard or Easy to Fly?

THAT the act or art of flying is not hard, in the sense of requiring a great deal of mechanical power, is asserted by a recent writer on the subject. The opposite opinion has been maintained by competent engineers, but this writer points out that their figures, if applied to bird-flight, would indicate that a small goose must exert, when on the wing, at least one horse power, which is, of course, absurd. He believes that the power necessary for animal flight is extremely small, though successful flight implies always very high speed.

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Glimpses of Progress

The largest telephone plant on any vessel has been placed on the steamer "Minnesota." It is both an intercommunicating and a regular exchange. The switchboard can be connected with the system of any city in which the ship may dock.

William Greenow, Jr., has devised a method of electrically heating the third rail above the temperature of the air and thus melting snow and ice that mechanical means have failed to remove. The invention has been tested in New Haven, Connecticut.

A Cleveland man has put in operation a stenographic office, where the dictations are received by telephone. Thus six stenographers type the correspondence of about forty business men who have not enough work to keep stenographers of their own.

Röntgen rays are used to examine insulated cables, every air bubble, particle of foreign substance, or imperfection, casting its shadow on the screen. This is especially useful for ocean cables, where faults would cause serious trouble after laying.

A much-desired method of plating aluminum with gold and silver has been devised. The troublesome oxide is removed from the surface by a little soluble fluoride, and a superficial coating of zinc or copper is applied by electroplating, which can then be plated with gold or silver.

Building the Siberian Railway around Lake Baikal, where thirteen tunnels had to be bored, was greatly facilitated by using electrically operated rock-drills, from a steam generating plant in the middle of the section. Lights and pumps were supplied from the same current.

Los Angeles, California, will try converting three thousand acres of brush land into a public park and a productive forest, after the plan of many European parks that pay for their care and produce a profit from the sale of mature timber. It is the first experiment of the kind in this country.

Two engineers of Southend, England, have compounded from the waste of chemical factories a new fuel for use in gas-heating, replacing asbestos and fire-clay, calling it "radiant." It costs no more than fire-clay, gathers and utilizes the blue flame, and affords three times the heat available in present gas-heating.

This year completes a quarter of a century since electric traction was introduced into Germany, and finds only thirty-three miles of track operated by horse power. There are now 2,400 miles of electric railroad or 3,500 of single track. During the past year five per cent. of the branch railroads substituted electricity for steam, and the success makes probable a much wider substitution.

The electric ore-finder is locating ore beds in various parts of the world, long lost copper lodes in Coniston, England, lead in Wales and Cornwall, and gold in Mexico. In the Barrow district, England, where the hematite iron supply was failing, the instrument indicated new beds, and boring revealed them, below the limestone that had previously been thought to bound the ore strata.

An entirely new power generator, named "sylphon," has been devised by Professor W. M. Fulton, of Knoxville, Tennessee. It is an expansible and collapsible vessel of very thin sheet steel, filled with liquids and gases peculiarly susceptible to changes of temperature and air pressure. Its chief application is as a clockwinder, the the power generated being stored by a weight or spring.

The "gold-ships" which are working the alluvial soil in valleys of California and other western states, are making fortunes from earth carrying only from twenty to thirty cents a ton of gold. They are combinations of excavators, belt carriers, and the latest processes of gold saving, and cost from sixty to ninety thousand dollars each. Valuable fruit land is being turned into deserts of rock by this new kind of hydraulic mining.

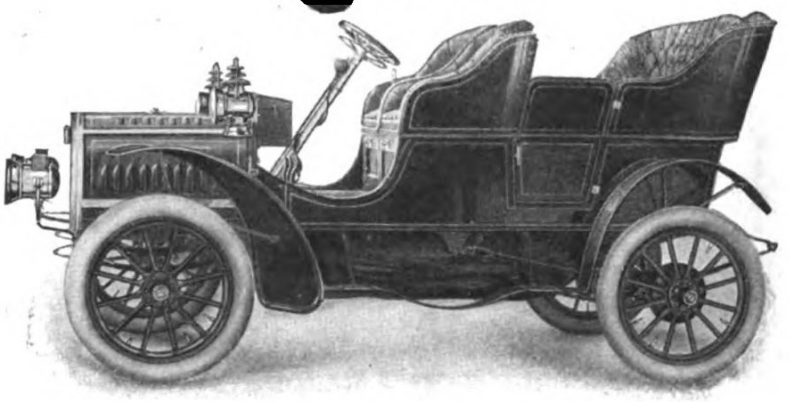
Extensive experiments in the effect of electric light on the growth of plants are being undertaken by the Horticultural Society of England. Experiments in America have shown marked effects, but not desirable ones in all cases. Cauliflower and radishes run largely to top. Melons, cucumbers, strawberries, beans and other vegetables were quickened in growth by several days. Flowers are invigorated and produce deeper shades of color.

The treasure-seeking expedition to the bay of Vigo, Spain, using the hydroscope and the compressed air elevator invented by Cavaliere Pino, of Italy, has located nine of the sunken galleons. Gold and silver worth $140,000,000 are said to be in the galleons. Permission to search for treasure sunken at five other places, including Trafalgar, has been granted, and the sunken ships at Port Arthur are to be raised by the process when war ceases.

Three buildings for the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research in New York will be completed in six months. Superintendent Simon Flexner has studied the most recent methods of scientific research in Europe, and the most approved facilities and equipment will be installed. Water cure for skin and eruptive diseases will be among the first things investigated, and elaborate baths are provided for the animals to be experimented on. Photographic records of all experiments are to be kept.

Several safety switches have lately been devised. One tested by the "Big Four" Railroad has a double switch-bar, united in the middle of the track, and this can be worked by a trip on an engine pilot, operated by the engineer if he sees the switch is left open. Another switch, invented by a young New York insurance clerk, Roy V. Collins, is especially for electric roads, and is worked by the motorman of a car from the platform, simply by shutting off his power. This is being tested by several large city railroads, including the Metropolitan, of New York.

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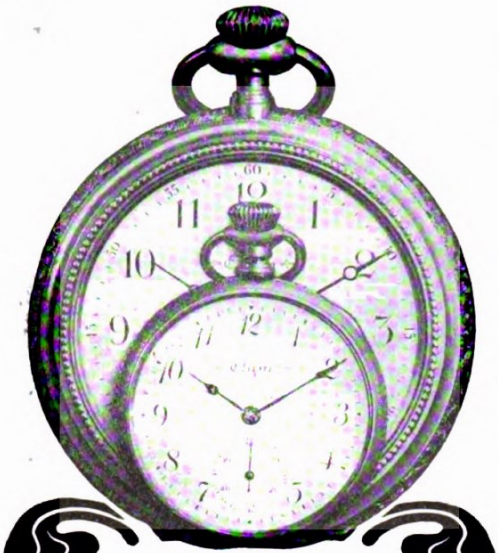
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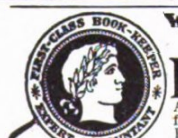
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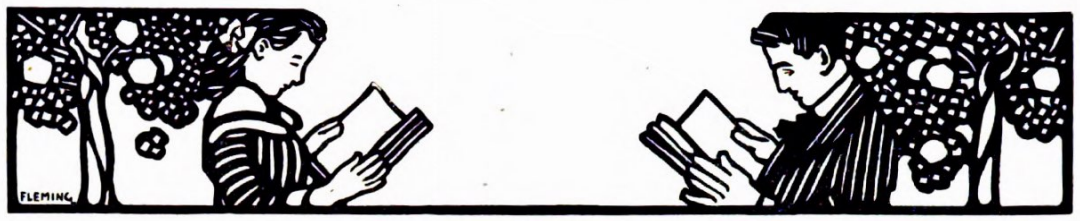
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BOOKS WORTH READING

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE TRUSTS, by John Moody. The Moody Publishing Company, New York City.

SUCCESS AMONG NATIONS, by Dr. Emil Reich. Harper and Brothers, New York City.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF HERBERT SPENCER. D. Appleton and Company, New York.

IN "The Truth about the Trusts," John Moody has completed a work which will prove valuable for another generation, to those who want to know something about the inside of American monopolies. He has made a careful, analytical study of this phase of industry. His work is a broad and generous attempt to exhibit to public view the entire phenomena, as he says in his introduction, which goes under the general name of "The Trust Movement." It is, therefore, a uniform presentation of facts, and facts have always been the most difficult things to secure in regard to trusts. Many writers have asked for information, but in vain. There has always been a deep-seated mystery, on the part of trust operators, to keep the information regarding their monopolies from the people, who, according to the laws of the land, have the best right to know all about them.

Mr. Moody has spent many years in Wall Street, and has had special facilities for securing information. His former work, "Moody's Manual of Corporation Securities," is a classic of American finance. He does not condemn the trusts, but attempts to indicate with honesty and common sense the evolution of their growth. But, practical and conservative as he is, the reader can not help but see the horrifying hold which the trust movement has on American progress. His book seems to echo the declaration of John J. Ingalls, twenty years ago, that the industries of this nation were slowly being controlled by the few, and that competition would soon be a thing of the past.

Mr. Moody holds that the word "trust" has been somewhat abused, and especially by "sensational newspapers" and "demagogues" as a menace to general welfare; but, he says, "the more conservative element, and particularly those known as the capitalist class, persistently insist that there is no such thing as monopoly."

There is the very rub. If the trusts have tended to create a "capitalist class" in the United States, they have sown their worst seeds. If it is going to be that young men will be obliged to accept trust doctrines because their fathers hold them, then one great phase of American liberty will be stamped out. The fact of the matter is this: the trusts are anxious to be classed as the saviors of the country, and they would have economics so changed that every college student would be induced to come to their meaning. There is not a thinking man throughout the length and breadth of the United States, college professors included, who has ever said that the trusts are going to do this country one iota of good.

Mr. Moody begins his book with the startling statement that there is "in the United States, to-day, an aggregation of over four hundred and forty large industrial franchise and transportation trusts of an important and active character, with a total floating capital of $20,379,162,511.

"This," he continues, "is sufficient evidence, in itself, of a necessity for a work such as this, which, it is believed, will throw at least a partial light on the momentous and steadily growing trust movement."

His book goes into a close and careful description of each monopoly, and it is adorned with maps, diagrams, and tables, which simplify his great effort. The department, "The Classified Statistics of all Trusts," gives some startling and interesting *data*. "The Greater Industrial Trusts," seven in number, head the list with the following figures:—

CLASSIFIED STATISTICS OF ALL TRUSTS, INDUSTRIAL, FRANCHISE, TRANSPORTATION, AND MISCELLANEOUS, REVISED TO JANUARY 1, 1904

Name of Company	Date	No. of plants acquired or controlled	Total capital stocks and bonds, outstanding
1. Amalgamated Copper Company,	1899	11	$ 175,000,000
2. American Smelting and Refining Company,	1899	121	201,550,400
3. American Sugar Refining Company,	1891	55	145,000,000
4. Consolidated Tobacco Company	1901	150	502,915,700
5. International Mercantile Marine Company,	1902	6	170,786,000
6. Standard Oil Company	1899	400	97,500,000
7. United States Steel Corporation,		875	1,370,000,000
Totals of seven greater industrial trusts,		1,528	$2,662,752,100

"The Lesser Industrial Trusts" number two hundred and ninety-eight. They control three thousand four hundred and twenty-six properties, with a total capitalization of $4,055,039,433. The "lesser" trusts include such organizations as "The Meat Trust," capitalized at $15,000,000, and "The Flour Trust," capitalized at $11,500,000, *two monopolies that have repeatedly denied an existence too strenuous to be kept under, but which are responsible for a large percentage of the growing poverty in our large cities.*

On perusing further the interesting series of tables, we find that there are thirteen important industrial trusts, representing three hundred and thirty-four properties, in the "process of reorganization." They have a capitalization of $528,551,000. The leading franchise trusts, which comprise the telephone and telegraph consolidations, are eight in number, control one hundred and thirty-six plants, and are capitalized for $629,700,500. There are one hundred and three electric-light, railway, and gas companies that control one thousand, two hundred plants, and are capitalized for $3,105,755,571.

The great steam railroad consolidations are divided into the following six parts: the Vanderbilt Group, the Pennsylvania Railroad Group, the Morgan Group, the Gould-Rockefeller Group, the Harriman-Kuhn-Loeb Group, and the Moore Group. They control about six hundred and ninety companies, and are capitalized for $9,017,086,907.

Besides the six groups just named, there are ten other railroad systems known as the "allied independent" systems, which, while operating separately, are directly under the control of the six trust roads. These ten systems control about two hundred and fifty other lesser systems and are capitalized for $9,397,363,907. Each is a tentacle of the monster.

There is little argument in Mr. Moody's book, but there is a great deal to provoke argument. He holds that the trusts are the natural outcome of established social conditions and ethical standards. He hints that it is futile for the government to attempt to regulate and control them, giving as his reason that, of the twenty-six prosecutions under the Sherman Act, only ten were successful, and, of these, four were against labor combinations, while three of the remaining six could have been won without that statute. But the failure of the Sherman Law by no means proves that a law can not be framed that will regulate monopolies, and make it possible for the merchants of the United States to purchase our goods at the same rate at which they are sold in foreign countries.

▲ ▲

A BOOK of which all the world should approve would quickly pass away, for men habitually agree with only those opinions which they hold. It is the books which stir us, even to angry debate, like Dr. Emil Reich's "Success among Nations," that rout us from the careless ruts of daily thought to new planes. Children may be stimulated more often by suggestion than by antagonism, and men may be led where they can not be driven; yet to drive a man mentally may stir his thoughts to concentration, and lift them to heights where mental laziness, the curse of most of us, would never allow them to go. So it is probably of real value to our national life that we, as Americans, should so often be criticised by foreigners, though we can hardly agree with the views of those who have seen us only from the outside,—from the car windows, as it were.

Dr. Reich compares us most unfavorably with the other nations of the world, ancient and modern, but his book fails, where conviction seems reasonable, because of the very aggressiveness of the style. Candor, the balm of criticism, is lacking. We are asked to take our pills without sugar or water. The author is hopelessly addicted to dogmatism, not merely the positiveness of a man of science, but also the unyielding assertiveness of a prosecuting attorney. Time and again he seems to start from his conclusions and force facts and history to lead up to them. "Obviously" (perhaps the most irritating word in the language, when you do not agree with the writer,) appears in spirit, at least, on every page. Success among nations can only be intellectual (philosophy, literature, and art,) or religious, or both. Granting the elevation of his standards, the American mind will refuse to follow him as he measures one country after another by them. Egypt, Babylon, China, and the pre-Columbian states of America, fostered in the fertile plains God gave them, failed utterly; for wealth and luxury came, and with these art can never dwell. So the United States will fail,—have failed, in fact,—though our age might lead a more optimistic writer to hope. Geopolitically and geographically we are hopeless. No remedies are given; but, since only those nations have attained the ideal which have had to battle against nature and hostile neighbors, we may assume, logically, that our salvation lies in the development of interstate strife and the abandonment of our fertile West for the rock-strewn farms of New England. Meanwhile the Latin nations of Europe are already glowing with the sunrise of great futures, the Slavic are one-sided, and Great Britain is uncertain.

You will disagree with the book all the way to the last chapter, when America is brought to the bar. When you reach that, only the humorous side of it can save you from violence. Dr. Reich says:—

It is with great diffidence that we begin our remarks respecting the Americans. This diffidence has been inspired by five unbroken years of sojourn in the United States, and those five years have only succeeded in confirming the impressions received on the first day of landing. The Americans are filled with such an implicit and absolute confidence in their Union and in their future success that any remark other than laudatory is unacceptable to the majority of them. We have had innumerable opportunities of hearing public speakers in America cast doubts upon the very existence of God and of Providence, question the historic nature or veracity of the whole fabric of Christianity, but never has it been our fortune to catch the slightest whisper of doubt, the slightest want of faith, in the chief god of America,—unbounded belief in the future of America.

Yet Dr. Reich's five years yielded only skepticism. He declares that our women are our curse, that they are "overmentalized," antagonizing the men, struggling for a "fierce energy," desirous only of the recognition of their "bright intelligence," and that they are destined to an absolute physical breakdown. The very existence of unnumbered boarding houses shows their attitude toward domesticity. Thus he goes on for pages. Where did he spend his five years?—Perhaps he lived in one of these boarding houses.

Why review such a book? Dr. Reich is a man of really remarkable mental attainments,—overmentalized, perhaps, if that is not *tu quoque* wit. Quarrel with him as you will, on almost every page, you will be stimulated to more

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definite thoughts and awakened to the higher aims of civilization. The book is worthy of careful reading. The stimulus will come from antagonism and not from suggestion.

▲ ▲

FOREIGNERS, writing of America, even in deploring the mad, soul-destroying energy of our people, are generally caught by the spirit of this life, and their style is keyed to the pitch of our national fever. Not so with Herbert Spencer, though he has a word for us. His visit here in 1882 is told so characteristically in his autobiography as to be worthy of a summary. Though he avoided numerous dinners and receptions, partly by traveling incognito, and partly through the "leonine presence" of his friend Lott, yet he found two occasions for criticism of our life. With a pleasing tact he does not repeat them here. Instead, we find him surprised, after the carping of Englishmen, at the beauty of New York, and the vastness and evident sincerity of our life. "We have nothing to compare with Fifth Avenue," he writes, and, after a journey through the Catskills, and thence to Pittsburg, Cleveland, Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and Boston, he recalled only the ice-water habit, which he lays at the door of the prohibition movement. He went to Washington before visiting Baltimore, as nearly as he can recall, because he was afraid of meeting the president. The tonal evidences of complacent superiority will only amuse his readers.

"Whether the fact that the president was away at Newport prompted the decision . . . . I can not remember; but I remember that his absence was a cause of satisfaction to me. Aversion to ceremonial interviews I have before exemplified as a trait of mine."

Of George William Curtis's hospitality, in Philadelphia, he has to say, "He makes it a point to entertain all notables." Yet, when he was ready to sail and discovered by a map how small a patch of our country he had seen, he was deeply impressed with our possibilities. Nevertheless he adds, in commenting upon the imminence of our leadership in the world, "Unless internal dissensions should cause separations, which is quite possible, ..."

Spencer's name means so much to all that it is all the more inappropriate that this book should be approached in a flippant mood. An American could hardly avoid it. There is an irresistible temptation, figuratively speaking, to tweak his whiskers and playfully poke his useless twelfth rib. Verily he must have been stodgy. Habitually a "non-conformist," he made it a practice of his life to question every statement he heard. Such a mental process developed his synthetic philosophy; it developed, too, as he admits, an irascible and obstinate personality. He seems to have taken pride in his rudeness and selfishness.

A master mind, working under the greatest difficulties, his range of interest ran from biology to a fishing-rod joint which he invented. Yet the human side of his nature was little developed. He had a youthful love affair, which a bit of girlish coquetry seems to have eradicated without pain. He had a friendship, causing gossip, with George Eliot, for whom he had the keenest admiration. But he denounces as untrue the report "that I was in love with her and that we were about to be married." He had a perfectly regulated mind, but an undeveloped heart. This must cause us to cringe a little when he writes of his father and mother. It can not be strictly American to honor parents. Whatever failings we may find in them, as we look back, does it not seem impossible to write of them as biological specimens, carefully classifying their habits, traits, and weaknesses, and revealing even their domestic unhappiness? Certainly the criticisms are unnecessary to an appreciation of Spencer.

With all his good points his father was "exacting and inconsiderate," "not kind to mother," did not "habitually display sympathy;" indeed, seems to have jarred the progress of their married life in divers ways, refusing even to take note of questions "mother put,—letting them go unanswered," if the form did not suit him. Mother was "simple-minded, ... of her intellect there is nothing special to be remarked; . . . . . a trait which injuriously coöperated with this [Patience.] was an utter lack of tact. Unlike women in general, she was too simple-minded to think of maneuvering; or, if, exceptionally, she attempted it, she showed her cards in an absurd way. Benevolent feeling was displayed, as by my father, but it was less diffused." Of home and home life there are few sweet memories. His mind absorbed his heart.

Of necessity, the value of such a book is belittled here by lack of space to take up the reminiscences of great men and women whom he knew. Of such friendships there seem to have been many. The very fact that people bore with him, and even liked him, can reveal but one thing,—the spirit of the autobiography is not true. Spencer was not as he has painted himself. Pride in his unpleasant qualities dominated him even in this writing. Yet Spencer, the philosopher, an old man from childhood, and an invalid for the greater part of his life, is here. If you would know of him, read with candor. If you would know of the scholarly English life, the life of the mind and soul, of science and thought, go to this book.

▲ ▲

The Invention of the Maxim Gun

HIRAM MAXIM was once asked how he came to think of the idea of the automatic gun that made him wealthy and his name famous.

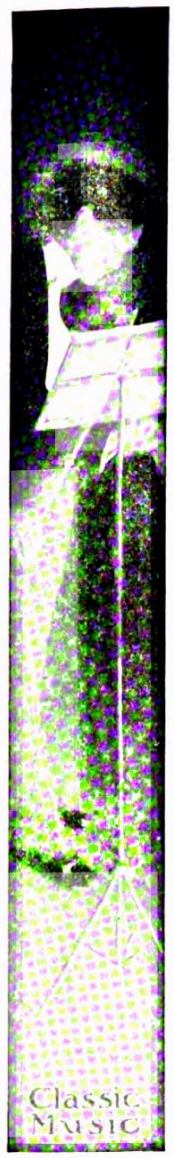
"The idea was kicked into me," he replied. "Soon after the end of the Civil War I was induced to fire one of the old-fashioned Springfield rifles. There was tremendous energy in the recoil, and my shoulder was so sore afterwards that I set about finding some way to utilize the superfluous power."

The British Government ordered the first gun, stipulating that it should weigh not more than one hundred pounds, and that it should fire four hundred rounds in one minute, and six hundred rounds in two minutes. Mr. Maxim furnished an engine of death weighing forty pounds, and capable of firing six hundred cartridges within one minute, or two thousand within three minutes.

In discussing the Maxim gun, Lord Salisbury once remarked to the Prince of Wales, now King Edward: "Sir Hiram has prevented more men from dying of old age than any other man who has ever lived."

▲ ▲

He who is taught to live upon little owes more to his father's wisdom than he that has a great deal left him does to his father's care.—WILLIAM PENN.



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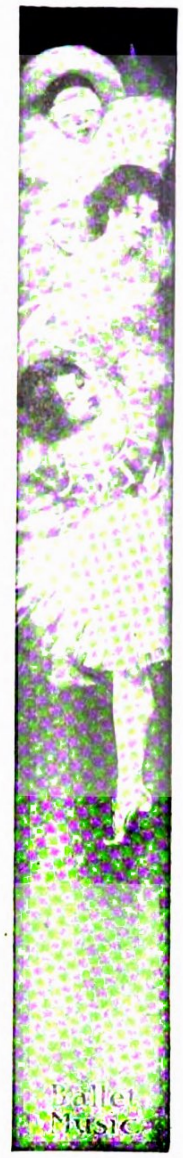
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Mrs. Burton Kingsland's Talks

Entertaining a House-party

IF you would experience the gratifying assurance of success in entertaining friends, there are three rules to be observed. Do not attempt more than you can do easily, pleasantly, and well; aim, rather, to bring together those likely to be congenial, rather than to pay off social indebtedness; and be to all alike a fresh, unwearied, cheery hostess, who seems to be enjoying herself *with* her guests.

Some there are who appear to be working hard and with evident anxiety for their friends' amusement, but at the expense of their own. An atmosphere of worry is created, and to the guests it is like seeing the machinery behind the scenes.

For the entertainment of several guests under one's roof, for three or four consecutive days or longer, we have adopted the English name of "house-party."

It is not as formidable an undertaking as it seems to those inexperienced in such hospitality, particularly in the country; for, where there are many guests, they entertain each other, every one has the "love of approbation" to be gratified, and the mere fact of numbers gives an effect of gayety that is stimulating.

Let us suppose that you have decided to ask a half dozen friends to spend a few days, that your establishment is a moderate one, and that you wish to give your guests a pleasant time without putting too severe a strain upon the domestic exchequer. Of course, it is evident to the least thoughtful that the pleasantest results follow when the party includes an equal number of men and women.

Send your invitations as long as possible in advance, if you would secure the guests whom you desire. Such invitations are often given months ahead, but two weeks is the shortest notice at which you may hope to get your party together. The time should be as definitely stated for the departure as for the arrival. It is easily included in the phrase, "I shall not let you go before Tuesday."

Invitations Should Correspond with the Affair

It is well to give, in the invitation, some idea of the pursuits that may be expected, so that the guests may bring bathing suits, riding clothes, and their favorite tennis rackets, golf sticks, etc. It is also a distinct satisfaction to visitors to know whom they are likely to meet.

Specify the train or boat by which you desire your friends to come, or, better, give them a choice of two. A time-table is often inclosed, to give fuller information. It is our cordial American habit for one of the host's family to meet the guests at the station, and the hostess welcomes them with evident pleasure upon their arrival at the house. She may herself show the women guests to their rooms, or delegate that little attention to a daughter or a well-trained servant. The host usually takes the men to their rooms, and tells them how they may get their baths, etc. It is most important that an express wagon or other conveyance shall be at the station, that the visitors' luggage may be promptly delivered. Delay in this regard is most annoying, for everyone knows that first impressions are important, and the traveling costume of man or woman looks incongruous by evening light, and is, therefore, embarrassing to the wearer.

A good time for the arrival of a house-party is in the late afternoon. The freshness of the air is pleasantly associated with the place, upon arrival, and it gives opportunity for all the guests to meet informally in the living room for a cup of tea, after removing the dust of travel and before dressing for dinner or "high tea."

The furnishing of the guest rooms should be simple,—elegance is out of place in the country,—but "the pink of neatness" should be the ideal. Every hostess should personally occupy her guest rooms long enough to make trial of their deficiencies and insure their comfort and attractiveness.

A lounge, with a slumber-robe folded at its foot, a dependable clock, a wastebasket, writing and sewing materials, a whisk broom, cologne, a fresh cake of soap, plenty of towels, an extra blanket, a candle, and matches should form part of the furnishings of a guest-chamber.

Where two occupy a room, a screen will be appreciated, and two small beds are preferable to a large one. Before the arrival of her guests, the hostess should visit each room, adding fresh flowers, and bestowing a touch here and there to unstiffen the arrangement and give a homelike look. Her personal ministration is needed and will be recognized appreciatively.

People Are usually Hungry, away from Home

One of the secrets of ease in entertaining is the observance of the same care in setting and serving the table, the same small courtesies in the relations of the family members among themselves, and the habits of well-bred deportment in the ordinary, everyday life, as when guests are present.

The table linen may be less fine, but as spotless, and the few dishes may be carefully prepared and habitually well served. There remains but the need of catering more bountifully and of adding an extra course or two upon hospitable occasions. People are usually hungry when away from home, and are not as critical as a nervous hostess imagines.

The first evening is the most difficult to the hostess, but games, in which the wits, memory, or attention of the players is brought into competition, quickly break down barriers of formality and make people feel acquainted. A trifling prize—if only a pretty penwiper or a box of bonbons,—insures greater interest. The little award makes the victory more conspicuous and adds *éclat*. The hostess may be guided by circumstances whether to give a "booby" prize to make fun, or a "consolation" prize, to be drawn for among those who failed to get the first honor.

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known to the hostess, should be amiably held at her disposal.

The hostess is the one who should propose going to bed. The women usually withdraw first, leaving the men to chat as they list. The host may retire when he pleases, delegating to some one of the company the extinguishing of the lights.

Before separating, the breakfast hour should be mentioned and an offer made to awake any one dependent upon that service. Where there are many servants, guests are given the option of breakfasting in their rooms or with the others in the dining room.

When the guests enter their bedrooms, they should find the gas or lamps lighted, the beds opened, and the nightclothes laid ready at hand.

As far as possible, let your guests live your life with you and enjoy the individual charm that belongs to every true home. If you try to make it what you think theirs is, you will give them but an imitation of that which has no novelty for them.

Be simple and natural, and do not hesitate to absent yourself from your guests to attend to home duties or enjoy the society of your family. Provide books, magazines, picture papers, games, music, croquet, tennis,—and freedom to enjoy them. A continuous devotion on the part of the hostess is wearisome.

Friendships Grow when People Act naturally

The liberty to go to one's room to write letters or off for a solitary tramp,—if the spirit should so move one,—or to tuck oneself away in a cozy nook to enjoy a book undisturbed, or snatch forty winks in a hammock, on a drowsy summer afternoon, makes one feel at home and at ease. To be keyed up to "company pitch" all the time makes welcome the hour of departure.

Real friendships grow when people are simply themselves,—their best selves, of course. On the other hand, persons away from home, with no duties to perform, like to feel themselves cared for and provided with amusement,—so the hostess must be somewhat on the alert without appearing to be so.

I know a certain hostess who, when things begin to flag a bit, not only has resources of amusement provided in advance for this contingency, but introduces the idea by saying, with animation, "I feel just like doing so and so! What do you all say to it?" Politeness and the wish to please predispose her guests to fall in with her suggestion, her enthusiasm is contagious, and the boredom that threatened is put to flight before it has been fully recognized.

Those who have had much experience in entertaining advise that the men should spend their mornings together and the women be left to their own devices unless some special sport or excursion is planned. Variety gives zest. All meet at luncheon or early dinner with a renewed interest in one another.

A tramp through the woods or through shady lanes may lead to some pretty, retired spot, where all find a surprise luncheon ready for them,—sent on in advance. Coffee, tea, sandwiches, salad, fruit, and cake, with, possibly, the addition of hard-boiled eggs, will amply suffice. It is an improvement on the picnic, for, after a walk, one is glad to rest and eat, instead of beginning preparations for a meal.

Any repast served out of doors, or on the piazza, is sure to please. There is often a pleasant interchange of neighborly hospitality. We may insure kind attentions to our guests by a like thoughtfulness when our neighbors have visitors.

It seems a calamity when it storms,—at first,—but experience shows that the common misfortune draws people sympathetically together, and most surprising resources for entertainment are often revealed.

Do not Relax in Your Conduct before Visitors

Self-respecting households do not relax their principles because of the presence of visitors, and, if it is their habit to observe the Christian Sunday, they pursue their customary devotion. While not imposing their views upon their guests, they may exert what they believe to be the right influence by inviting them to accompany the family to church,— or by placing books in the living room or on the piazza that are interesting, or even entertaining, that yet "tempt one to one's good,"—of which there are many.

In the evening, most people enjoy singing favorite old hymns in chorus, assembled on the piazza, with no light but that of the stars, the darkness relieving self-consciousness. The accompaniment of a piano from an adjoining room gives support and confidence to the voices.

A good story may be read aloud, after the singing, by the light of a lamp set behind a window opening on to the veranda. Hawthorn's "Celestial Railroad" makes a good choice.

If the weather is chilly or stormy, forcing one to stay indoors, there are many games that are adapted to instruction in Bible lore while preserving all the spirit of fun and enjoyment that are supposed by many to belong only to secular amusements. I know of a family that brings forward a microscope on such occasions, and the marvels of infinitesimal creation impress and interest more than a sermon.

When the time of departure has come, the hostess is no longer considered to be lacking in cordiality if she refrains from urging her guests to prolong their stay. Other friends may be coming, and she need but express regret at the near separation.

When a visitor is obliged to depart by an early train, he or she takes leave of the hosts and their friends the evening before, and all possible preparations are made to insure every comfort. The breakfast is promptly served in bedroom or dining room, and provision is made to drive the guests to the station and insure that the luggage shall arrive in time. Some member of the family should appear in time to wish them "Godspeed." If the journey is a long one, an appetizing luncheon should be put up in a box, that may be thrown away and not add to the "impedimenta" upon arrival.

Guests should be made to feel that they have *conferred* pleasure as well as received it.

The very art of life, so far as I have been able to observe, consists in fortitude and perserverance.—WALTER SCOTT.

No young lady could have a better safeguard against adversities of fortune, or a better resource in time of need, than a good knowledge of business affairs.—HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

How I Doubled My Salary



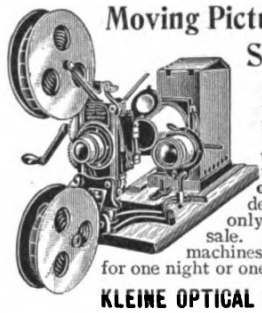
SOME few months ago I was a saleswoman earning $6.00 a week. Being dissatisfied with my position I answered an advertisement of The Commercial Correspondence Schools of Rochester, N. Y., and accepted their offer to teach me bookkeeping free. They also assured me they would endeavor to place me in a position as soon as I was qualified to keep a set of books. Every promise made me has been carried out to the letter. When I decided to take a course in bookkeeping I knew absolutely nothing about that subject, yet by the time I had completed my eighteenth lesson, the Schools procured for me my present position as head bookkeeper with a large manufacturing concern, at exactly double the salary I was formerly earning. I cannot say too much in favor of the thoroughly practical and yet simple course of instruction in bookkeeping as taught by The Commercial Correspondence Schools. I could not have learned what I did in a business college in six months. Besides, if I had taken a business college course, it would not have only cost me $60.00, but I should have had to give up my daily employment to attend school. As it was I was able to study in the evening and earn my living during the day, and I did not pay one cent for instruction until I was placed in my present position. I have said all this for the Commercial Correspondence Schools out of pure gratitude for what that Institution has done for me, and entirely without solicitation on their part. (Signed) *CLARA DONER.*

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Is the Sun Losing Power?

Recent Phenomena Indicate to Astronomers that "Old Sol" Is Beginning His Long Struggle against Extinction

PROFESSOR SAMUEL P. LANGLEY, whose invention of the bolometer and solar researches made him famous in the world of science years before his experiments with aërial navigation began to attract attention, has recently startled the public with the announcement that the sun's light and heat are probably variable to an extent which can be measured with instruments now in existence, and that within the past two years the variations have been just enough to produce a cooling of the whole face of the earth, followed by a subsequent partial warming up again.

Moreover, Professor Langley avers that, in all probability, the radiation of the sun has varied through much larger ranges in the past, and may do so again in the future. It is needless to say that here is a subject of prime interest and importance to the whole race of mankind. If we can not depend upon the sun, what can we depend upon?

Professor Langley's investigations, based on temperatures observed at stations scattered all over the northern hemisphere, indicate that last year the heat of the sun rapidly declined about ten per cent., beginning in the closing days of March. The result was an extraordinarily cold summer in 1903, alike in America, Europe, and Asia. Late in the fall there appears to have been a partial recovery of the solar power, but the comparative coolness of the spring and summer of 1904 suggests the question whether there may not have been another falling off.

Even more interesting, and somewhat daunting, is the question whether or not ten per cent. measures the maximum diminution that the sun's radiation is capable of experiencing. Even that diminution, if indefinitely continued, would lower the general temperature of the earth, both winter and summer, twelve or fifteen degrees,—a hard experience for many living forms. Suppose, then, that the solar radiation should decline *fifty* per cent. the thought is appalling! But there is no use of borrowing trouble. Professor Langley does not say that he is absolutely certain that the sun varies; he only deems variation to be the most probable explanation of the observed facts.

But to the astronomer there is nothing improbable, or contrary to the order of things observed by him in the heavens, in the idea of a variable sun. The man who knows nothing of the history of the stars may cherish a childlike faith in the constancy of the sun. Like seedtime and harvest, it is for him something to which an end is not thinkable. As it shone on the Garden of Eden he takes it for granted that it will continue to shine forever.

But astronomers know better. Their observations show them that the universe is full of suns, many of them far greater than ours, which are in all stages of evolution, and that, whenever a sun reaches a stage at which our sun has arrived, variability begins to assert itself. It comes to a sun as stumbling footsteps and hardening arteries come to a man with the advance of years. There are suns within the range of human vision whose struggles against extinction are painful to look upon. They are much farther advanced in age than is our god of day. Their perishing energies give forth a lurid and uncertain gleam. They flicker, and flare, blaze forth with sudden fury, and die helplessly down again. So far as we can tell, a similar stage will not be reached by the central fire of our solar system for several million years.

But the sunspots are ominous. They show that the work which is to end in the extinction of the sun has already begun. They disappear and then come back, like the stigmata of an incurable disease. Slowly the absorbent vapors thicken over the face of the sun. Sudden changes in them, as yet inexplicable to science, may temporarily alter their transparency, and thus increase or diminish the amount of solar light and heat that passes through them on the way to the earth. We may as well recognize the fact that our globe is a satellite of a variable star, while thanking our good fortune that the variations effecting us are not yet very great, and not likely to become very great in our time.

▲ ▲

Radium Will Clarify Diamonds

The Continual Vibrations Caused by the Bombardment of the Radium Emanations Produces the Change

THE universal interest awakened by recent experiments with that wonderful new property of matter, radioactivity, has served to make the world of readers generally aware of the fact that diamonds phosphoresce brilliantly in the dark when exposed to the emanations from radium. Indeed it has been suggested that this property offers a sure and ready means of detecting fraudulent stones. But Sir William Crookes has just discovered that radium produces another effect upon diamonds which is still more remarkable, and possibly of more commercial importance. It appears to be able to cure the defect of "off color" stones by changing their objectionable yellowish hue to the desirable pale-blue or blue-green tint characteristic of first-water gems.

Sir William took two yellowish diamonds, closely matched in color and quality, and placed one of them inside a tube containing radium bromide, keeping it there continuously for a period of seventy-eight days. In the meantime the other stone was kept in a drawer, carefully placed at a safe distance from all radium and other radioactive substances. At the end of the time mentioned the two diamonds were compared and it was found that the one which had been subjected to the action of the radium emanations had been deprived completely of its yellowish color, but at the same time its surface had been considerably darkened with a deposit of graphite. After being heated, however, for ten days, in a mixture of strong nitric acid and potassium chlorate, the dull film disappeared, and the stone appeared perfectly transparent and sparkling with a beautiful blue-green tinge.

The explanation seems to be that the state of continual vibration in which the diamond was kept by the bombardment of the radium emanations for so many days produced an internal change resulting in an alteration of the color of the stone. Thus the effect of the emanations, as the experimenter suggests, may be to cause a chemical as well as a physical change, and he adds that, if the yellowish hue is due to the presence in the diamond of iron in the "ferric" state, a reduction to the "ferrous" state would quite account for the change of color. It may be said, by way of explanation, that iron in the ferric state shows a yellowish or reddish color, and in the ferrous state a greenish or bluish color.

This discovery is one of the most interesting as well as most unexpected that has yet been made concerning the effects of the radium emanations. The investigating chemist, interested principally in the purely scientific aspects of the phenomenon, is not likely to care very much about the possible results on the diamond market, but possessors of off-color stones may comfort themselves with the thought that science has possibly found a way to increase the value as well as the beauty of their jewels, although, in the present state of the matter, it would, perhaps, cost more to "cure" a cheap stone by a course of radium treatment than to exchange it for a better one.

▲ ▲

How Nature Produces New Species

The Old Darwinian Theory of Descent, for the Existence of Life, Seems to Be Banished

SOME people think that, because science changes its views from time to time, it is unworthy of confidence. They do not sufficiently distinguish between facts and theories. Science is compelled to deal with both, and a man of science is never at a loss between them. Facts are fixed things which, in themselves, can not be changed; theories are attempts to group and account for facts, and a single fact which refuses to fall into line may upset a theory and compel its reformation.

A great deal of noise has lately been made over the change that has come about in the opinions of scientific investigators concerning Darwin's theory of evolution and the origin of species. One might think that the whole evolutionary doctrine had been overthrown, but it is not so. On the contrary, the truth of evolution appears more firmly established than ever before. The new facts have simply brought about necessary changes in theoretical details. A long neglected line of inquiry has been taken up and pushed with extraordinary results, and thus phenomena which puzzled Darwin have been explained. It is in this way that science advances, by putting forward one foot after the other. But, because she can take only one step at a time, while each step produces a change in the point of view, we must not jump to the conclusion that, upon the whole, she is not advancing. Such changes are the surest evidence of advance.

It is the study of the phenomena of heredity that has caused the recent revolution in evolutionary doctrine. Darwin and his immediate followers taught that new species of plants and animals arise by a slow process of continual accumulation of impalpable differences, under the guidance of natural selection, influenced by their environment. In order to account for the vast changes in life-forms that the world has experienced within geologic time they pictured the history of this earth extending back and back hundreds upon hundreds of millions of years,—far longer than the discoveries of astronomy indicated that the solar system could have been in existence. Thus a dispute arose between the astronomers and the physicists, on the one side, and the naturalists on the other.

"The earth must have been in existence at least a thousand million years to give time for the evolution of its living species," said the Darwinians.

"It can not have existed more than twenty million years, at the most," replied the astronomers and the physicists.

So both stood fast, with locked horns.

Now, however, come such investigators as Hugo De Vries, with experimental proof that a new species may originate suddenly and develop rapidly, not as the result of a "sport" of nature, which was Darwin's explanation of such, to him, inexplicable phenomena, but in accordance with the distinct laws of heredity. In De Vries's garden, in Holland, an American plant, the evening primrose, as if inspired with the purpose of opening the eyes of scientists to the truth, suddenly began to produce new forms. Nor is this the only example. Now that they have learned how to seek them, naturalists can find abundant instances of similar mutations. But, best of all, they have formed a law underlying them.

An indication only of what this law is can here be given. In brief, it depends upon the union of different germ cells in the living organism. What this means is best shown by an example quoted at the recent meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, by William Bateson.

The blue Andalusian fowl is known to be a product of crossing between certain species of black and white fowls. Now, if a pair of blues are taken only about half of their

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chickens will be blue, the others being white or black. Let these chickens grow up and produce in their turn. From a pair of whites only whites will come, and from a pair of blacks only blacks, *but from a pair consisting of a white and a black the chickens will be all blue.*

These facts give us a hint as to how nature operates in the sudden production of new species. Such species are the result of heredity, the product of latent germ cells suddenly asserting their predominance when the circumstances demand it. Of course the complications of such tendencies in all the races of living things must be very great. Many years of study will be required even partially to disentangle the facts, but a good start has been made, and enough has already been learned to banish the old difficulty about the inordinate length of time required by Darwin's theory of descent for the existence of life on this globe.

A Magnetic Peril of the Deep

It Is Believed that a Number of Vessels Have Been Lost through Unexplained Deviations of the Compass

LAST April I endeavored to describe in "Success" some of the peculiarities of terrestrial magnetism which cause the compass needle in most parts of the world to point many degrees either east or west of a true north-and-south line. Attention was called in that article to the many variations which the direction of the magnetic force undergoes, and the consequent need of frequent revisions of magnetic charts, especially for the benefit of mariners, to whom an incorrect chart might mean certain shipwreck.

Since then a great shipwreck, resulting in the loss of six hundred lives, has occurred, which, there is reason to think, may have been caused by an unexpected and uncharted deviation of the compass. The disaster referred to was the loss, on the morning of the twenty-eighth of last June, of the Norwegian steamship "Norge" on the half-submerged islet of Rockall in the North Atlantic. A mysterious significance is added to this explanation of the loss of the "Norge" by the suggestion that a magnetic storm, originating in disturbances upon the sun, and accompanied, as such storms frequently are, by a display of the aurora borealis, may have been the immediate cause of the fatal deviation of the needle. The imagination is profoundly stirred by the thought of a great ship crowded with passengers laboring in an Atlantic storm and blindly following the deceptive indications of its compass, whose needle, unknown to the captain, was swayed from its normal pointing by a force emanating millions of miles away in space, and which, at that moment, was filling the upper atmosphere, high above the clouds, with the flickering banners of the Northern Lights!

This suggestion as to the possible cause of the disaster is based upon information collected at the Copenhagen University by Dr. August Krogh. A few years ago the captain of the steamship "L. H. Carl," sailing from America to Denmark, while approaching Rockall on a clear night, when Northern Lights were playing in the sky, suddenly discovered, to his dismay, that his compass was pointing ten degrees or eleven degrees east of its normal direction for that latitude and longitude. He corrected the course of his ship, and, after a few hours, found that the needle had returned to its proper pointing, while the aurora had disappeared. If the night had not been fair so that he could observe the pole star, the unexpected deviation of his compass might have led to the loss of his ship.

Another ship captain reports a similar occurrence while in the vicinity of Rockall, the abnormal deviation of the compass bringing him twenty-five miles nearer to that dangerous rock than he had intended to go. In this case no appearance of the Northern Lights was noted, and thus another question is raised; namely, whether there can be any local cause, centering about Rockall itself, capable of producing aberrations of the compass needle in the absence of a magnetic storm.

It is not needful to point out the extreme importance of such questions. The nations that possess great shipping interests could well afford to spend large sums of money in an endeavor to throw light upon them. The eccentricities of the earth's magnetism and the supposed influence over them of disturbances in the sun constitute one of the greatest and most puzzling of scientific problems. How many of the ships that have sailed forth from great ports, thronged with life and inspired with brilliant hopes, never to be heard of again, have been the victims of aberrant magnetism?

Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp!
Or what is heaven for?—ROBERT BROWNING.

Unconscious Success-training

A MODEST, unassuming young business man, to his great surprise, was recently promoted to a position very much in advance of the one he then occupied. He did not understand when, or where, or how he had prepared himself for such unexpected promotion. His friends, however, and those who have been watching his career, know that, unconsciously, he has been preparing for his promotion ever since he got a job as an errand boy in an office. Indeed, if he had had the position to which he has been advanced in mind from the outset, and if every step he took had been directed toward it, he could not have adopted a more effective means for the attainment of his end.

As a boy, this young man did not wait to be told things, or to do this or that when it was obvious that it should be done. He found out all he could for himself by observation, by keeping his eyes and ears open, and by being constantly on the alert to increase his knowledge; and he always did whatever he saw needed to be done, without waiting for instructions. He did everything that was given him to do as well as he possibly could do it. He did not wait for big opportunities, but found his chance in every little thing that came his way. In every errand he did he found a chance to be prompt, businesslike, and polite. In every letter he wrote, he found an opportunity for self-culture, for learning how to be concise and how to express himself in the clearest and purest English. He found an opportunity for neatness and order in filing away papers and in keeping the office clean and tidy. These are a few of the steps which led to his rapid promotion, although when he was taking them he was not conscious that he was laying the foundation of his career broad and deep.





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BE A BUSINESS MAN

Little Stories about President Roosevelt

A NEW YORK business man who was once a ranchman in the West tells this story about President Roosevelt:—

"Several cowboys, of whom I was one, were camping near the trail, out on the plains of North Dakota, one day in the early eighties, when we saw a man coming along on horseback. We did not know him, but, from his new and elaborate trappings, we at once decided that he was a tenderfoot. This being the case, we felt that it would be appropriate and interesting to give him a cowboy reception.

"Partly hidden among the bushes, we awaited his coming. Suddenly, when he was almost among us on the trail, we sprang to our feet and gave vent to wild and blood-curdling yells, at the same time emptying our six-shooters. The bullets flew all around the young man on the horse. Being rather careless as to where we shot, in those days, it was a wonder that at least the horse was not hit. The ordinary tenderfoot would have ridden for his life out of range. But this one sat straight as an arrow and never changed his half-amused expression during the fusillade of yells and bullets. More than this, he held his horse down to a walk, and, when he had got a few paces beyond us, he turned in his saddle and made us a low, sarcastic bow. We had no idea who he was, but we at once decided that this particular tenderfoot was all right. The next day, at a round-up, I saw him in the corral roping calves,—a dangerous pastime for any but an old hand.

"'Who's that chap with the get-up of a stage cowboy, but the nerve of the real article?' I asked.

"'Why,' somebody answered, 'that's young Roosevelt, a New York swell, fresh from college.'

"'Well,' I replied, 'even with them things against him, I reckon he's about as good as anybody in the outfit.'"

▲ ▲

AT Oyster Bay, Long Island, near which village President Roosevelt has his summer home, there lives a venerable hackman, Jacob White, who basks in the warm friendship of the President. Long before the latter was known to fame, he and Jacob White were companions. Old Jacob tells stories of the summers when he used to see the President and the rest of the boys running down through the meadow to the swimming hole, encumbered with no superfluous raiment; of the times when he would meet them on the road coming home from nutting and would give them all a lift in his wagon, except when he had a load. On these occasions he would have to switch them off.

Because the President remembers these times vividly, he gives Jacob, and no other hackman, the privilege of driving visitors through the grounds on Sagamore Hill; and he never fails to salute him heartily when they pass on the road. Jacob delights to talk of the President, and of the pilgrims he has driven up Sagamore Hill.

"I druv up a couple o' big politicians awhile ago," he recently remarked. "They hed an appointment with the President, of course, and from their talk as we went up I see they were calculatin' on spendin' about two hours with him. This bein' the case, I took the team down to the stable after I had unloaded the politicians on the porch, so's I could loosen up their harness and water 'em.

"Well, sir, in about fifteen minutes them statesmen come posting out again, the President followin'. They all looked around fur me, and then spied me down by the stable. My fares stood there waitin' fur me to come back, but the chief o' this big country come steaming down just to shake this here hand and say, 'How are ye, Jacob?' On the way back to the station one o' the politicians says to me: 'Jacob, it would be worth a good deal to us to have your pull with this administration.'

"Another time I had a crowd o' sightseers in my wagon. They kept sayin' they only wisht they could see the President, and botherin' me with questions as to whether I thought they would or not. I told 'em 't warn't likely, but all of a sudden a man on horseback come galloping along the road. 'T was him. He slowed up when he came 'longside us, and, salutin', calls out, 'Good mornin'.' It set them people all in a flutter, and they began to figure out who he was bowin' to. One man begun to give the rest the impression that it was him. I stood this fur about a minute, and then spoke up an' says: 'The President was greetin' me. I'm about his best friend hereabouts.' This quieted 'em, and 't warn't no lie, nuther."

▲ ▲

EARLY one morning a woman of advanced age sat on the stairway leading to President Roosevelt's summer executive offices at Oyster Bay, Long Island. It is here William Loeb, his secretary, and other assistants attend to the routine work of the administration. The President himself never appears in the little building on the main street in Oyster Bay, but the old woman thought he did, and was waiting for him. She was the widow of an officer who had won honor in the Civil War, and she had journeyed to the President's home town to consult him about a matter connected with her pension.

For hours she waited patiently on the stairs. When someone finally told her that she would never see the President there, she was very much discouraged. She continued to sit on the stairs, saying that she must see him, and perhaps he would "just run in for a minute." The President himself, in the course of the day, heard of this patient pilgrim to Oyster Bay, and he telephoned down from Sagamore Hill to send her up to the house.

He helped her out of the hack himself, remarking, "Madam, I am honored and delighted to meet you. I have heard of your husband. He was a hero, but I want to tell you what I think of heroes. I don't believe a man can be one unless he has a good wife."

The pension matter was arranged to the old lady's satisfaction.

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A Song of Christmastide

ERNEST NEAL LYON

Heaven lendeth goodly gifts to thee,—
Thy Fortune-shield rang silverly;
A fruitful field and golden store,
A multitude would ask no more.
Indeed, a comely thing to see
Is Wealth that weddeth Charity.

Heaven lendeth goodly gifts to thee,—
A fairly-won nobility;
A stately lineage and proud,
With crest baronial endowed.
"Noblesse oblige!" thy motto be,—
The guerdon of gentility!

Heaven lendeth goodly gifts to thee,—
Ah, thou with sunshine witchery!
Thy random smile a heart may bind
In skeins the reason can't unwind.
The Inner Peace illumine thee,
And keep thee fair for Heaven to see!

Heaven lendeth goodly gifts to thee,—
A wonder-worker's magicry!
Imagination's voice and wing
To soar the upper air and sing,
In notes of purer minstrelsy,
The Dream and Vision yet to be!

Heaven lendeth goodly gifts to thee,—
Saith one, "I must forgotten be:
Nor fortune mine, nor noble blood."
Thy gift, dear heart, is doing good.
Thy comrade—to Gethsemane,—
Is still the Man of Galilee!

Forfend, our gracious Lord, that we
Should ever bury covertly
Or fling in wastrel discontent
The precious gifts Thy love hath lent,—
But "to the least of these" may be
Thy servants in humility!

A New Japanese Paper

HELEN KENNEY

FROM faraway Japan has come a new product which has been appreciated by American women, and the work of manufacturing fancy articles from it bids fair to become a recognized industry for women with ingenuity, good taste, and practical talent. The land of the chrysanthemum has ever been rich in artistic effort, and once again has sent to the Occident a product of great beauty and varied uses; namely, Japanese hand-pulled, wood-pulp paper. This paper, as its name implies, is made from wood, and appears to be a thin surface of wood highly polished, showing the grain and having a satin finish. It comes in numerous shades and tints.

One of the most effective rooms seen this year had the walls hung with this paper in panels, banded with bamboo reeds about half an inch in width. The color was a delicate rose pink, and the ceiling of gold gave the room that exquisite, effulgent glow seen only at sundown of a beautiful summer day. Two widths of panels were used, one of three feet and a half, the other of eighteen inches. On the smaller panels the lady of the house, who was an artist of no small talent, painted in water colors various Japanese subjects,—a marine scene, a spray of plum bloom, a Japanese tea house, and so on.

A literary friend who saw this odd and charming room deplored the fact that she had no home of her own; but, wanting to use this beautiful paper, she got some of a dark wood color and carefully covered several books with it, using as back bindings a paper resembling birch bark. These she carefully lettered in red and black ink, using Japanese lettering. The result was so happy that she at once showed it to a publisher, and many of this year's holiday books will be bound in this manner.

A child eight years of age saw one of these books, and, having been given some of the paper, covered one of her storybooks, improving on the copy shown her by cutting small patterns of bright colored paper, as she had learned at kindergarten, and pasting them on in geometrical figures. The effect was decidedly oriental. This same child also made some charming souvenir boxes by covering plain boxes, such as dry goods houses often use, with paper of natural wood color. On the covers she pasted a picture of a pretty Japanese maiden, and the sides were decorated with single blades of grass or flowers. Another sister obtained some Japanese lanterns, not the collapsible style, but those of the panel order, and made some most effective lanterns by using this paper in delicate shades, having each panel a different color from all the others. When they were lighted the effect much resembled that produced by decorative glass.

Art dealers have found this paper, and, as it takes reproductions wonderfully well, are using it in this manner, also for mats for photographs, while one shop is showing a large line of picture frames covered with it in natural wood color.

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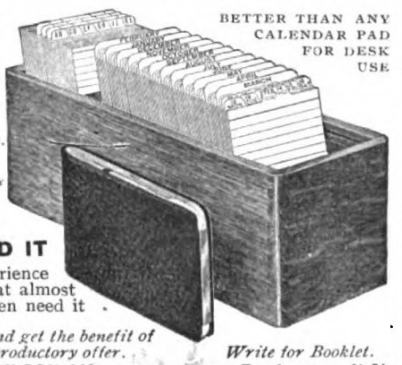
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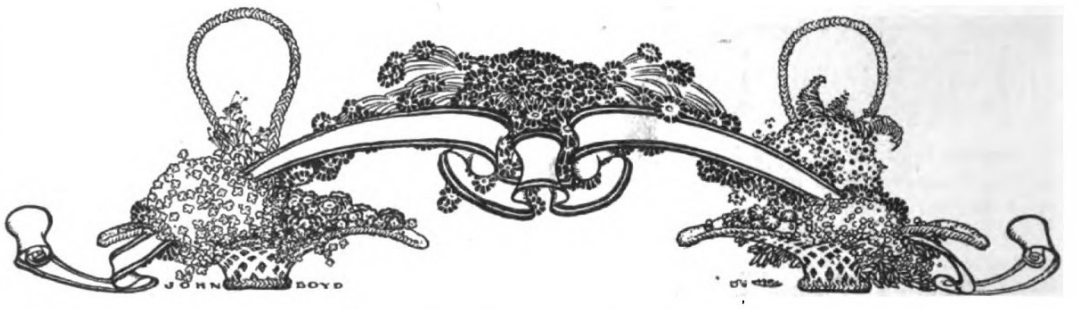
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THE EDITOR'S CHAT

To-day Is the Day

WHAT makes you think that you are going to do wonderful things to-morrow when to-day seems so commonplace, so void of opportunity? Why does to-day look so prosy; to-morrow so poetic? What reason have you to believe that you are going to be ideally happy and harmonious, unselfish and helpful at some indefinite time in the future, when to-day you are irritable and selfish, uncharitable and unhappy? How is it that in some distant future you expect to get so much time to write good letters to your friends and to those who are sick and discouraged, and also to devote to self-improvement, to broadening your mind, when you can find no time for these things to-day?

What is there in to-morrow that can work such magic of improvement upon to-day? Why do you feel that you are going to be so generous to-morrow when you are so stingy and narrow to-day? Why think that you are, some time, going to pick up the many things lying about the house,—almost useless to you, but which would be very valuable to those who are poorer than yourself,—that you are going to make up a box of cast-off clothing, books, pictures, and other things that you can spare just as well as not, and send them next week or next month to those who will be glad to get them? You have not done it in the past, why delude yourself into thinking that you will do it in the future?

To-day is the day to say the kind word that springs to your lips, to obey the generous impulse that stirs your heart. These people who haunt your mind, and whom you promise yourself that you will help some time, need your help now, and you can give it more readily now than at any other time. Every to-morrow has, in addition to its own cares and duties, all those which were neglected in the past, while its opportunities and possibilities are no greater than were those of yesterday.

Do not be selfish, at least with the things that you can spare. Do not hoard them, thinking that you may want them later. You can make an infinitely greater investment, in your own character, in satisfaction and happiness, by giving them away than by keeping them in anticipation of some future contingency that will never arise. You may not be as magnanimous as you ought to be. You certainly are not if you are covetously hoarding things which you can afford to give away. Giving will soften your heart and open a little wider the door of your generosity.

How can you ask an all-wise Providence to be generous with you and to supply all your needs when you are so stingy and mean with others? How can you ask Him to give you abundance when you are not willing to share even your superfluities with those who are absolutely in need?

Go up to your attic, look about your house and see how many things are lying round that you can not only dispense with, but which are also really in your way, that would bring a measure of comfort and happiness to others less fortunate than yourself.

Look over your old clothing and pick out the articles that you will never wear again, but which would prove a real godsend to some poor girls out of employment or who have so many depending upon them that they can not afford to buy necessary clothing for themselves. Do not keep those things until they become useless, thinking you may need them some time. Let them do good now, while it is possible.

Perhaps you have a number of pretty, but useless old Christmas presents which you have been keeping for years, merely out of a feeling of sentiment. Why not make some poor children who, perhaps, never have had a Christmas present, happy with those things? They made you very happy once and they will do so again, when you know that they are making this Christmas brighter and happier for others.

Look over your books. Pick out the duplicates, or the paper-covered ones that you have read, and give them away where they will be appreciated. There are probably books in your library, or lying around the house, which no one has looked into for years, or will read for years to come, which would be of inestimable value to boys and girls who are trying to educate themselves under great difficulties. Pass them on. The more you give away the more you will have and enjoy. The habit of stinginess strangles happiness; the habit of giving multiplies it.

Perhaps you have damaged or old pieces of furniture stowed away in the attic which would add greatly to the comfort and brightness of some poor home. Go over your china closet and see how many odd or chipped and discolored dishes are lying there unused which would fill an embarrassing want in many a poverty-stricken home.

When the fit of generosity comes over you as Christmas time approaches, when you feel your heart softening with human sympathy, go about the house and pick up everything you do not need and send them away on their mission of love while the impulse is upon you. Do not let selfishness and stinginess try to convince you that you would better keep them, that you may find some use for them in the future. Your impulse to do good is a divine inspiration. Beware how you smother it, or let it pass by.

When you pass a great, brilliantly lighted store and see poor, ragged, barefooted children looking wistfully from the cold sidewalk at the beautiful Christmas things in the show windows, go home while the picture is fresh in your mind, and send your glad greetings to those poor children.

Odds and ends of ribbons, toys, trinkets, picture-books, dolls, old clothing, Christmas cards,—anything and everything that has been cumbering your house and clogging your mind for years,—pass them along. They have served your turn, and really do not belong to you any more. Let them be messengers of good cheer, evidences of your love and "good will to men."

How many people, not through stinginess, but from sheer thoughtlessness and ignorance of the needs of others, stow things away in cellar or attic that might help to open the way to a great future for some poor boy or girl!

A highly cultured and refined woman not long ago told me of her struggles to get a musical education in New York when she was a young girl. She was so poor that for a long time she could not afford to hire any kind of an instrument, and used to practice for hours daily on a piano keyboard which she had marked on a sheet of brown paper. While struggling to get along in this way, she was invited to a dinner at the home of a very wealthy family. After dinner she was shown over the house by her hostess, who took her from kitchen to attic. "And there," says the lady, "in the attic, I saw stored away an old piano, which I would have given anything I had in the world to have possessed. I would have been glad to have walked a long distance every day for the privilege of practicing on it. I cared nothing for the sumptuous dinner, the handsome furniture, the beautiful pictures, and evidences of luxury on every hand, but that old piano, lying unused in the attic, haunted me. It would have opened the door to paradise for me, yet I dared not ask for it."

Recently, I was in the home of one of the most kind-hearted of men, who is all the time helping others, yet he had four pianos in his house only one of which was in actual use. Probably it had never occurred to him that he could help some poor struggling music pupil by giving, or loaning him one of those unused pianos.

There are hundreds of poor girls in this country struggling to get a musical education who can not afford any kind of a piano. Why not give your superfluous pianos or organs to these strugglers?

Give! give! give! not only for the sake of helping others, but that you may help yourself to grow larger, broader, happier, more useful to humanity as the years go by. If you have no material gifts to bestow, you can give your love and good wishes to those who have little enough of love or good cheer to brighten their lives. You can, at least, help those poor people by your generous thoughts and helpful encouragement. Perhaps you can show them how they may better their condition. You may be able to help them by practical suggestions to get away from their sordid poverty. Perhaps you can show them how to plan a little better, how to make their limited incomes go farther, how to make their homes and lives a little brighter and more comfortable. No one is so poor that he can not give something to enrich others.

▲ ▲

You Can not Feel "blue" with the Corners of Your Mouth Turned up

A WELL-KNOWN physician who has made a specialty of nerve diseases, has found a new remedy for the "blues." Not getting satisfactory results from drugs, he tried the experiment of inducing his patients to smile under all circumstances,—to compel themselves to smile whether they felt like it or not. "Keep the corners of your mouth turned up," is his prescription. It works like a charm. With the corners of their mouths turned up the patients are obliged to smile no matter how melancholy or depressed they may feel. "Smile; keep on smiling; do not stop smiling," the doctor will say. "Just try turning up the corners of your mouth, regardless of your mood, and see how it makes you feel; then draw them down, and note the effect, and you will be willing to declare, 'There is something in it.'" He has his patients remain in his office and smile. If it is not the genuine article, it must at least be an upward curvature of the corners of the mouth, and the better feelings invariably follow.

This physician declares that if people will turn down the corners of their mouths and use sufficient will power they can actually shed tears. On the other hand, if they will keep the corners of their mouths turned up, pleasant thoughts will take the place of forebodings. His remedy for the "blues" is the fruit of experience in his own home. His wife was of morbid temperament, and, when she was despondent, he would ask her to smile a little, until the saying came to be a household joke; but it brought good results.

You may not be able to cultivate the optimistic temperament to any great extent, if you lack it, but cheerfulness can be cultivated. We all know that, if we brood over our sorrows, and dwell upon our misfortunes, our physical being very quickly sympathizes with our moods.

I know a clergyman who gets great comfort for himself and his people out of this assuring Bible text, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee."

A woman who has had great affliction says: "I have had nothing I could give but myself, and so I made the resolution that I would never sadden any one with my troubles. I have laughed and told jokes when I could have wept. I have smiled in the face of every misfortune. I have

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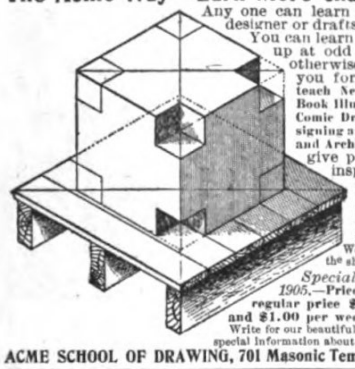
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tried to let every one go away from my presence with a happy word and bright thought to carry with them. Happiness makes happiness, and I myself am happier than I would have been had I sat down and bemoaned my fate."

▲ ▲

The Girl Who Is Ashamed of Her Mother

IT is a sorry day for a girl when she feels herself superior to her mother, and considers herself called upon to apologize for her bad grammar, mispronounced words, foreign accent, or slips in her speech. When a girl becomes so small and contemptible that she is ashamed to appear in public with her mother, because she is old-fashioned and dowdy in appearance, her hands brawny, her face prematurely wrinkled, and her form bent by long years of drudgery for her children, she is indeed to be pitied. She has fallen below contempt.

What a return to make to the poor mother for all her self-sacrifice, for the years of patient trials cheerfully plodded through that her daughter might enjoy advantages that she, in her youth, never dreamed of!

The girls who are ashamed of their hard-working mothers are few, happily, compared with the vast number who appreciate, and endeavor to repay, their mothers' sacrifices. Still, there are too many of them,—girls who do not even darn their own stockings, mend their own clothing, or make their own beds.

I have in mind a mother who is constantly making sacrifices in order that her daughter may make a good appearance in society. She wears her old cloak and shabby bonnet another year; she remodels for the second time and tries to freshen up the gown which should have been discarded last year, so that the young girl may have new ones and appear to as good advantage as other girls of her age. She drudges from morning till night, and often far into the night, so that her daughter may have more leisure to practice accomplishments, or to have a good time. Anything is good enough for the slave-mother. When the tired hands should be at rest, they are busy with some dainty laundry work, or plying the needle on some pretty thing for the girl's adornment when she shall make her next appearance at a dance or a reception. The daughter, meanwhile, is gossiping about the neighborhood, or is at the theater or some other place of amusement, or, perhaps, she sits by reading a silly story, or strumming on the piano. Should her mother ask her to assist her by washing the dishes, clearing off the table, or doing some other simple duty, she usually finds some excuse for getting out of it.

▲ ▲

You Owe It to Your Mother

To manifest an interest in whatever interests or amuses her.

To seek her comfort and pleasure in all things before your own.

Not to forget that, though she is old and wrinkled, she still loves pretty things.

To make her frequent, simple presents and to be sure that they are appropriate and tasteful.

To remember that she is still a girl at heart so far as delicate little attentions are concerned.

To give her your full confidence, and never to do anything which you think she would disapprove.

To make her a partaker, so far as your different ages will permit, in all your pleasures and recreations.

To lift all the burdens you can from shoulders that have grown stooped in waiting upon and working for you.

Never to intimate by word or deed that your world and hers are different, or that you feel in any way superior to her.

To treat her with the unvarying courtesy and deference you accord to those who are above you in rank or position.

To study her tastes and habits, her likes and dislikes, and cater to them as far as possible in an unobtrusive way.

To bear patiently with all her peculiarities or infirmities of temper or disposition, which may be the result of a life of care and toil.

To consult her and ask her advice in regard to whatever you are about to do even though you have no doubt as to what your course should be.

To be on the lookout for every occasion to make whatever return you can for her years of sacrifice and planning for your happiness and well-being.

To defer to her opinions and treat them with respect, even if they seem antiquated to you in all the smart up-to-dateness of your college education.

To do your best to keep her youthful in appearance, as well as in spirit, by taking pains with her dress and the little accessories and details of her toilet.

Not to shock or pain her by making fun of her religious prejudices if they happen to be at variance with yours, or if they seem narrow to your advanced views.

To introduce all your young friends to her and to enlist her sympathies in youthful projects, hopes, and plans, so that she may carry her own youth into old age.

To talk to her about your work, your studies, your friends, your amusements, the books you read, the places you visit, for everything that concerns you is of interest to her.

If she is no longer able to take her accustomed part in the household duties, not to let her feel that she is superannuated or has lost any of her importance as the central factor in the family.

To remember that her life is monotonous compared with yours, and to take her to some suitable place of amusement, or for a little trip to the country, or to the city if your home is in the country, as frequently as possible.

The girl who endeavors to pay back what she owes her mother is the one who will be most sought after by the people who are worth while, and be apt to make the most successful life.

Tools & Hardware

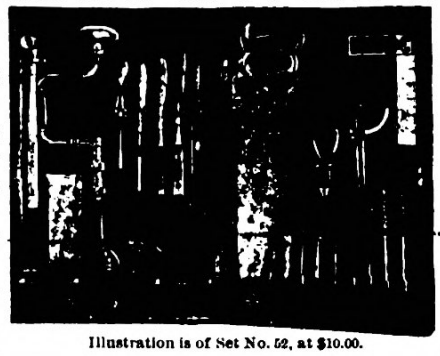


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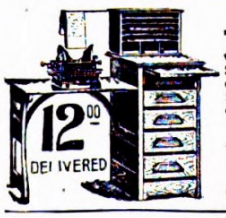
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The Well-dressed Man

ALFRED STEPHEN BRYAN

[Editor of "The Haberdasher"]

IN a former paper I said that fullness is the dominant feature of men's dress, to-day, and this fact should be kept in mind if one would understand the underlying principle of the mode. Anything that is narrow and niggardly and hinders free movement sins against one of the rudimental laws of fashion. The whole purpose of men's dress is to make the wearer feel comfortable, and to suit his clothes to time, place, and circumstance. Contrary to general belief, fashion is not a drill-sergeant, and does not aim to make a man a starched-and-stiff fashion plate. In truth, he who looks ill at ease or self-conscious in his clothes can not lay claim to being well dressed. The clothes must seem a part of the wearer's personality, he fitting them and they fitting him.



For Morning Wear

I illustrate, this month, the correct collars and cravats for morning, day, and afternoon wear. The turn-down, fold, or high-band collar (it is known by all three names,) is essentially an informal collar to accompany lounge dress. It may be worn to business or on any occasion not tinged with formality. This collar is moderately high for the winter, and has edges meeting closely in front. With it goes a tie, sometimes called a "bow," that is knotted firmly in the center and flares a bit at the ends. Both square and round corners at the bottom of a fold collar are proper. The stitching around the edge of this collar may be either wide or narrow, but I recommend the wide as lending rather more character to the collar.

The second sketch pictures the fold collar with another correct cravat form, the so-called "imperial." This is tied into a long, tapering, pear-shaped knot, and has voluminous, spreading aprons. The pin is inserted some distance below the knot, and in such a manner that both head and stem show. This cravat is extremely pretty, and allows of more distinctive designs than the diminutive "bow," which is more suited to summer wear. It will be observed that plenty of material is used in the "imperial," and here I return to where I began,—fullness is the dominant feature of men's dress.

The third sketch represent the correct wing collar and "four-in-hand" for day dress, including both mornings and afternoons. It may be worn to business and also on any semi-formal occasion, such as an afternoon call, promenade, or the like. The collar is high, and has what are termed "concave" tabs or wings, instead of tabs that are on a straight line. The stitching on this collar is wide. Below is a broad four-in-hand, folded in. I said, in opening, that fullness is the characteristic of the mode, and this applies to both the essentials and the incidentals of dress. The four-in-hand illustrated is cut three times its apparent breadth, and folded in and left unstitched. It may seem a waste of material to do this, but, as I have reiterated, material is never to be stinted in any article of dress.



For Day Wear

The fourth sketch portrays the "poke" and the "Ascot," the collar and cravat demanded for formal afternoon dress. The collar is high, and tapers gradually from the neck upward into a peak. The "Ascot" is very wide, simply folded and loosely knotted, with a gold or jeweled pin quite far down in the upper apron. With this cravat and collar go a frock coat, gray striped trousers, double-breasted white waistcoat, silk hat, pearl-gray gloves, and a walking-stick. It is considered good form to have the shade of one's gloves and the shade of one's "Ascot" harmonize, and so *suède* gloves and a pearl-gray cravat are inseparable companions.

Dressing correctly is not an abstruse problem, as many suppose, but simply the applied good taste of each individual. No man who wishes to be well dressed will put himself unconditionally into the hands of his tailor. The personality of the wearer, his tastes and his notions alone, can give to his dress character and distinctiveness. The truly well-dressed man studies himself, his stature, coloring, and cast of features, and picks the shades and patterns that are most becoming to him. Wearing a thing just because it is "the thing," and regardless of whether or not it is fitted to him, stamps a man as a mere "me, too," in dress, akin to a tailor's dummy or a barber's block. A person's individuality can be expressed

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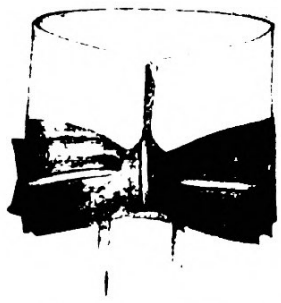
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in his mode of dress as clearly and unmistakably as it can in his manner or speech. The main thing is to dress neatly, cleanly and without ostentation. Quiet colors always look well. They are becoming to every man. No man can wear a gayety of tints, and if you will venture among well-dressed men,—you for whom this series is specially written,—you will observe that they do not affect "loud" and gaudy colors, and that their chief effort is plain, rich simplicity. The man who throws a watch chain across his evening waistcoat is as much to be pitied as he who sports black socks with russet shoes, or he who insists that pale pink is the only color to be shown in ties.



For Morning Wear

Faddism and frothiness do not constitute fashion and do not create style. The assumption that a thing is "the thing" because some eccentric wears it, is unwarrantable. Many of the peculiarities in men's dress seen at the recent horse show in New York were ridiculous and impossible, and evolved nothing but the wearers' distorted taste and itch for the lime light. The day is over when any one man or group of men can force a fad.



For Afternoon Wear

In America, dress has been lifted to a sane and sensible level, and the deep appreciation of its function in business circles is destined to endure. The ignorance of what fashion fundamentally stands for, which for a long time made the fop the commonly accepted conception of a well-dressed man, has been largely dispelled.

Correct dress in business is an important matter of our life. Many large concerns now insist that their clerks must be careful about their appearance. The insurance companies and banks are unusually particular about the dress of their employees, who are requested to make it a matter of particular concern. A stroll through the business section of New York or Chicago, during the noon hour, or after business, would convince one of the manner in which our young men look to their clothes. But it is not the dress of the fop that is demanded. Far from it. What is desired is the plain, simple, effective style that stamps the American business man of refinement.

Whistler's Lost Sketches

It is not generally known that the late J. McNeil Whistler once lost some of his best South American sketches. He told the story to Arthur Jerome Eddy, as follows:—

"I went out to Valparaiso in a sailing ship. I was the only passenger. During the voyage I made quite a number of sketches and painted one or two sea views,—pretty good things, I thought at the time. On arriving in port, I gave them to the purser to take back to England for me. On my return, I did not find the package and made inquiries for the purser. He had changed ships and had disappeared entirely. Many years passed, when, one day, a friend, visiting my studio, said:—

"'By the way, I saw some marines by you in the oddest place you can imagine.'

"'Where?' I asked, amazed.

"'I happened in the room of an old fellow who had once been purser on a South American ship, and saw tacked on the wall several sketches which I recognized as yours. I looked at them closely and asked where he got them.

"'"Oh, these things," he said; "why, a chap who went out with us once painted them on board ship, and gave them to me. Don't amount to much, do they?"

"'"Why, man, they are by Whistler!"

"'"Whistler," he said, blankly, "who's Whistler?"

"'"Why, Whistler the artist,—the great painter."

"'"Whistler, Whistler,—I believe that was his name. But that chap warn't no painter. He was just a swell who went out with the captain. He thought he could paint some and gave me these things when we got to Valparaiso. No, I don't think I care to let them go,—for, somehow or other, they look more like the sea than real pictures."'"

He Gave His Man as Much Time as He Wanted

Judge Saunderson, who is practicing law in Everett, Washington, formerly lived in Kentland, Indiana, the boyhood home of George Ade, the humorist.

"Ade was a peculiar character, in his younger years," says the judge. He made my office a sort of a loafing place during the little time he spent in loafing. He was employed on a farm owned by a banker. One day he walked into the office and said to me:—

"'That man is the best I ever worked for.'

"'Why?" I asked, for I knew that something funny was coming from Ade.

"'Well,'" he replied, 'he does n't ask a man to do a days's work in ten hours,—he gives him sixteen.'"

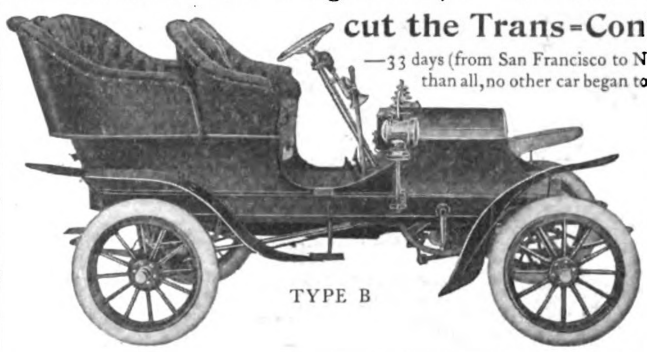
"As a boy we did n't suppose that Ade would amount to much," continued the judge, "though his drollery was always amusing."

THE FRANKLIN for 1905

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Charles Wagner and the Simple Life

GEORGE WILKINSON

FEW writers apply to their own lives all of the theories and principles which they commend in their books. Those who do are almost all invariably men of notable character and writers of unusual force and influence. One of these is Charles Wagner, the pastor of a church in Paris, and author of "The Simple Life," a little book which has deeply impressed the people of the United States.

The simplicity which Mr. Wagner extols with such sincerity in his book he personifies in himself. He is a plain man,—plain in appearance, manner, and speech. In physique he is of large bulk. His face is broad, with full cheeks, a heavy mustache, and blue eyes eloquent with earnestness. In dress he is wholly regardless of the prevailing fashion. His manner is one of courtesy reduced to its simplest terms. In his talks he at once takes hold of the vital points.

He is so absolutely free from the intellectual pose of the ordinary man of letters that, in the first moment of acquaintance with him, one experiences a feeling of surprise that he writes at all. It is easier to picture him with a hammer at an anvil than with a pen at a table. He appears to be what might be called an elemental man,—a man like those of old, who saw life with an unblurred vision, and who, when they set down what they saw, touched the fundamental chords.

The writer first met Mr. Wagner in a place rather remote from the suggestions of the simple life,—the Grand Central Station in New York City. Everywhere was a confusion of sound and movement. Travelers were crowding about the ticket windows, asking hurried questions at the bureau of information, or flocking to the trains. Telephone calls were ringing, and telegraph keys were clicking. Outside the doors cabmen were chorusing importunities to a stream of incoming passengers. Car bells were clanging, vehicles were rumbling by, and newsboys were shouting shrilly. A thousand noises combined in a complexity of sound. In every direction there was hurry and agitation.

"Not much simplicity here," I said loudly to Mr. Wagner.

"True, true," he replied, with a smile, glancing about him. "See how the people hurry; see how anxious their expressions are. Many of them are undergoing a nervous strain, and for what?—merely to catch a train. I think that, with the great majority of these people, it is not a vital matter that they should catch this particular train. And yet they run, jostle others, and excite and exhaust themselves.

"It is a symbol of our modern life, this train-catching. The train does not often carry them to places where they will be happier or better off, and yet the passengers will strain every nerve, and will sometimes knock each other down, to catch it. In the same way people will wear themselves out striving for the nonessentials of life, things which are drawbacks rather than aids to real happiness or contentment.

"We might change the metaphor, now that we are on the subject, from a train to a ship. People leave the deck of the ship of life and climb into the superstructure, in order, chiefly, that they may have the pleasure of looking down upon their fellow beings. But, when they are above the deck, they find that there is no secure footing, and they worry through their lives fearing that they may fall, or striving to prevent others from climbing higher than they. It is hard, however, to live in accordance with one's ideals. For example, I must hurry now, to catch my train."

In another chat Mr. Wagner spoke of his impressions of this country. "I think," he remarked, "that my feeling in regard to the United States, at the end of these few weeks of my first visit, may be best summed up by the word 'astonishment.' On the other side of the water we have long known, of course, of the greatness of this country, but, for those who have not been here, it is an abstract conception, and far from adequate. The material achievement is very remarkable, but the spirit behind it all is still more remarkable. My visit here has given me the first opportunity of my life to observe a people, a nation, in the flush of youth. The spirit of the United States, it seems to me, is the spirit of young and lusty manhood, and my meetings with your President, Mr. Roosevelt, have impressed me with the feeling that he, in a way that is striking, embodies this spirit.

"His purposes are very strong, and, instead of endeavoring to attain them by following the devious ways of intrigue and diplomacy, as is the method in the Old World, he takes the direct path, surmounting rather than going around the obstacles in his way. It occurs to me that it was this same spirit of directness that built up your East, that carried settlers into the wild regions of your West, and pushed your railroads over the plains and the mountains.

"I was particularly struck with the simplicity of the home life of the President. To one accustomed to viewing the pomp and ceremony which surround the rulers of Europe, there seems to be something notable in the entire lack of ostentation in the Roosevelt family. I was surprised at Mr. Roosevelt's habit of inviting to his private dining table those who are doing good work in the world, quite regardless of what their power or social position may be. He looks to the man himself rather than to his appurtenances, and this is a brushing away of the superfluities which is rare in men of his position. In Washington I saw his boys starting to a public school, and one of them did not even bother to wear a hat. This, of course, was a small matter, but it impressed me. In Europe the children of a ruler with not one tenth of the power of Mr. Roosevelt do not go to school at all, much less to a public school. They have a corps of private tutors, and rarely venture into the streets except in elaborate equipages.

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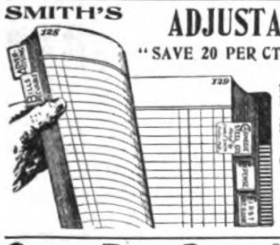
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Washington Diplomats of the Press

C. ARTHUR WILLIAMS

[*Concluded from page 767*]

widely known. Mr. Blythe has a remarkably well developed sense of humor, and his satirical stories of public men and matters are recognized features of the "World." No matter how serious his subject, he is never unduly serious in his treatment of it, and sometimes he is almost flippant. But he is always effective, and in his field he has no superior. Henry Schroff Brown, of the "Herald," enjoys a wide acquaintance, and his bureau has an established reputation for news-getting. Richard V. Oulahan, the "Sun's" chief, is one of the most popular of all the Washington correspondents, as well as one of the ablest. The "Tribune's" bureau is in charge of Richard Lee Fearn, while that of the "Times" has been directed by Major John M. Carson since that paper and the Philadelphia "Ledger" came under the same management. The Brooklyn "Eagle's" chief is Addison B. Atkins, who, during his fifteen years at the capital, has sent his paper enough facts—interesting, but not partaking largely of the nature of news, as that word is understood in the average newspaper office, —to fill many volumes. But he by no means neglects the live news field, and he has many "beats" to his credit. At one time he was temporarily in charge of the "Eagle's" Paris bureau.

Few if any of the writers at the capital enjoy a wider acquaintance with public men than Arthur Wallace Dunn, the principal political man in the Washington office of the Associated Press. Mr. Dunn was born in Minnesota, and is still a westerner, notwithstanding his long residence in the East. He is an ex-president of the Gridiron Club, as is William E. Curtis, of the Chicago "Record-Herald," whose daily letters on travel and politics are of remarkable value as sources of information to the reading public. Mr. Curtis travels most of the time, and has but recently completed a tour around the world, but he is still an accredited correspondent of his paper at Washington, and a notable authority on practical politics.

The political reporters on the Washington papers, notable among whom are N. O. Messenger and W. W. Price, of the "Star," and E. G. Walker, of the "Post," are in close touch with officialdom, and much of their matter is used by the correspondents of outside journals. A large proportion of the news from the White House comes originally through Elmer E. Paine, the Associated Press writer on duty there.

The Gridiron Club, the most remarkable organization of its kind in the world, is composed of forty resident correspondents and ex-correspondents and of a number of others who were formerly located at the capital. It gives a series of elaborate dinners, every winter, and some of the most distinguished men of the age have been its guests. The President is frequently entertained, and foreign notables, diplomatists, cabinet officers, members of the supreme court, senators, representatives, and other officials are present on practically every occasion. The organization derives its name from its habit of "roasting" its guests and new members. This is done indiscriminately. The club is no respecter of persons, and the President and other prominent and dignified personages have been chaffed as unmercifully as any. Of course it is all intended to make fun, and, though the grilling is frequently severe, everybody enters into the spirit of the thing, and the willing victims show, or try to show, that they enjoy the proceedings as much as the others. The motto of the organization is, "Ladies are always present; reporters, never," which, being interpreted, means that, although the gentler sex is never in evidence at the events which have made the club famous, nothing is ever said that any woman might not hear, and nothing that is said is ever printed. The reports published in the newspapers are confined to references to some of the cleverest things arranged for the entertainment of the guests and a list of those present. Of all the many notable speeches made by equally notable men none has ever found its way into type except on one occasion when it was made apparent that a distinguished guest, knowing he was with newspaper men, expected his remarks to appear in the newspapers. Those who are favored with invitations understand that they may be quite free and frank without danger of publicity, and they act



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accordingly. Invitations to the dinners are always in demand and membership is a thing greatly desired. New members are admitted only when vacancies occur through deaths or removals, and the waiting list is consequently very large.

The correspondents and their families play an important part in the social life of the capital. The entire corps is invited to the four official receptions given by the President at the White House, each winter, and many individual members are on the most intimate social terms with the recognized leaders of the city's society. Fine homes are owned by several of the more prominent writers, and the offices of some of the bureaus, notably that of the Brooklyn "Eagle," in a historic old house on Fourteenth Street, are as handsome as any in the capital.

The press corps is a recognized part of the official establishment at the capitol. Commodious and well-furnished rooms are maintained at government expense, in connection with both the senate and the house, and there is one elevator on the senate side which may be used only by members of congress and the newspaper men.

As showing the degree of confidence reposed in the correspondents it may be stated that many of them knew why the commencement of hostile operations against Spain was delayed, in 1898. The reason was a woeful lack of preparedness on our part. Several knew, too, that large quantities of munitions of war were being shipped here from Great Britain, and, perhaps, from other foreign countries. The information was withheld until there was no longer any reason for its suppression. Nearly every man who has acted as secretary to the President in recent years has been more or less confidential with the newspaper men, sometimes for the purpose of testing public sentiment on contemplated governmental actions, but more often because the correspondents are liked and respected and have demonstrated that they are to be trusted. Frequently information is given out with the understanding that it is not to be published until a given date, and such confidence is seldom or never violated. On many occasions, though, the news that comes to the correspondents in confidence is never to be printed. The things that Washington newspaper men have suppressed have been more interesting, perhaps, than those that have been told in the columns of their papers.

The Captain of the Supreme Court

FEW of those who witnessed the opening session of the United States supreme court at the national capital, recently, recalled the fact that Justice Holmes once served his country on the field, even as he does now in her highest tribunal. So, in all probability, none of them realized that the dignified judge seated farthest at the right of the chief justice was the "my captain" of Oliver Wendell Holmes the First, the hero of that delightful sketch by the essayist-poet, which he called "In Search of the Captain." Yet it was a true story—of the paternal quest for the son reported seriously wounded at Antietam.

Numerous distressing circumstances united to throw the anxious father off the track, again and again, but at length the search culminated happily in a railroad train. This is what Dr. Holmes wrote of it:—

"In the first car, on the fourth seat to the right, I saw my captain; there saw I him, even my firstborn, whom I had sought through many cities.

"'How are you, boy?'

"'How are you, dad?'

"Such are the proprieties of life as they are observed among us Anglo-Saxons of the nineteenth century, decently disguising those natural impulses that made Joseph, the prime minister of Egypt, weep aloud so that the Egyptians and the house of Pharoah heard,—nay, which had once overcome his shaggy old uncle Esau so entirely that he fell on his brother's neck and cried like a baby, in the presence of all the women."

How Hanna Saved John Ellsler

PERHAPS no other of the many anecdotes which have been told of the late Senator Marcus A. Hanna shows more clearly the man's true kindliness, his steady loyalty to his friends, and, withal, his innate business shrewdness, than the following about the strong right hand of helpfulness which he once held out, in time of need, to old John Ellsler, the dramatic manager:—

About the time that Mr. Hanna took up his home in Cleveland, Mr. Ellsler, whose career is, to-day, one of the traditions of the American stage, built the Euclid Avenue Opera House there. He had put practically all his money into the venture, so that, when some enemies started to drive him to the wall, with the intention of buying in the property at some merely nominal figure, they had very little trouble in forcing the house into the hands of the sheriff. Mr. Hanna had met Ellsler, and liked him; moreover, he felt that the effort to bring the best "shows" into the West was one that deserved well; so, on the day of the sale, he was on the edge of the crowd that had gathered to see the new theater change hands.

The bidding ran well, with Mr. Hanna always a little in the lead, till, at length, it went to him. Then he made Mr. Ellsler his manager on shares, backed him up generously, and, in general, so guided and guarded the destinies of the house that, at length, it passed again into Mr. Ellsler's sole control, the transaction having proved, financially, advantageous for all concerned.

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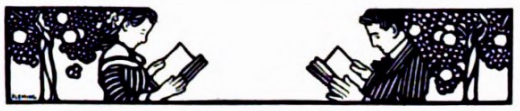
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Thoroughly alarmed and nervous, he did not dare to go to sleep, but kept his tallow dip lighted and lay there in his wet clothes, listening to the roar of the storm outside and the steady mutter of voices in the room below him, where the mountaineer and his wife were evidently conferring together about something. After a while the voices ceased, and Mr. Read, at a loss for something to do, pulled a drenched newspaper out of his pocket and began to look it over rather aimlessly. As he did so, his eye chanced to light on the advertisement of a patent remedy for indigestion. It was a large advertisement, and bore, in great letters at the top, the inscription:—

CUT THIS OUT: IT MAY SAVE YOUR LIFE

"That's an idea," thought Read, who was troubled with indigestion himself, and he began to cut out the advertisement, thinking it would do no harm to try the remedy,—at least, when he got back to civilization. As the damp paper came away under the rough strokes of the jackknife it left a jagged hole in the newspaper, through which Mr. Read was able to see the opening in the board floor of the loft, where a ladder gave access to it, and at that very moment, rising through the opening, the black face of the mountaineer, with a good-sized knife in his teeth.

In his surprise at that sight, Mr. Read nearly lost his nerve for a second, but in another moment he had whipped out his revolver and pointed it at the man's head. The mountaineer was completely taken aback to find the tables so turned, but he was at the mercy of the younger man.

"Throw down that knife," Mr. Read commanded.

The man obeyed, doggedly.

"Now climb down that ladder and keep your back turned to me until I get out of the house."

The man obeyed again, and Mr. Read scrambled down after him, without moving the revolver from its steady aim. He then tied his host's hands to a chair in such a way that it would take him and the woman several minutes, at least, to undo them, and, mounting his horse, which was tethered outside, he rode off once more into the night. The storm had abated, and he managed to find the path again and reach his destination in safety. Thus, by an exciting combination of cool-headedness and almost miraculous luck on the part of one of its reporters, a certain Southern newspaper was enabled to publish, two days later, a half-column account of a very tame lynching.

Consoling the Donkey

THE late William M. Evarts used to tell a good story about himself. While he was in the United States senate, his wife and children were in their mountain home in Vermont. One of the latter was looking out of the window thinking of her father and wishing that she could see him, when a donkey in a contiguous pasture came to the fence, poked his head over the top rail, and brayed most dolefully. The child wiped a few lonesome tears from her eyes and then called to the donkey: "Never mind! Don't be lonesome, for papa will be home Saturday evening."

Why Simeon Ford Preferred Mutton

WHEN Simeon Ford, the witty after-dinner speaker, returned recently from Europe, he was met at the wharf, as usual, by a group of newspaper reporters. When rallied upon his golfing, and especially his mutton-eating, in Scotland, he let the reporters account for it in their own way. What they said was various and funny, and it made readable copy.

Not long afterwards, however, when Mr. Ford arrived at his hotel, Joel Benton, one of his guests, told him that the reporters had not really explained his ravenous fondness for mutton. Of course, if there was any new reason for such an appetite Mr. Ford was eager to know it.

"Why," said Benton, "the reason is that which was once given by a Dutchman: you ate mutton because it was sheep, and you did n't eat venison because it was deer."

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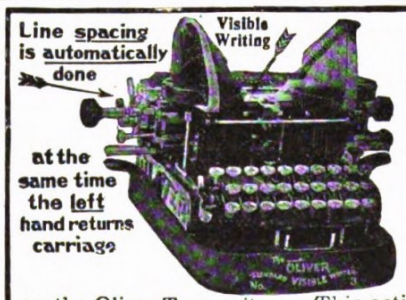
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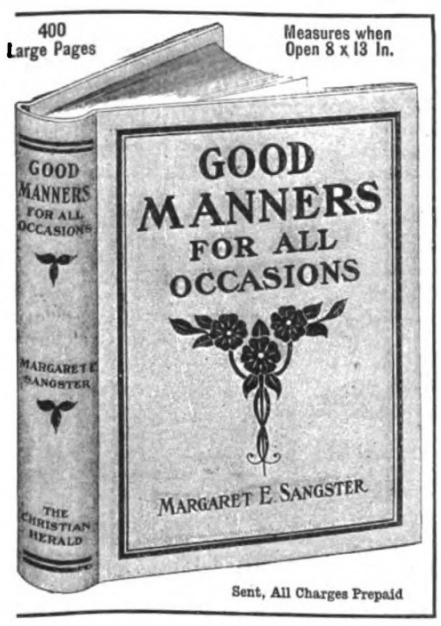
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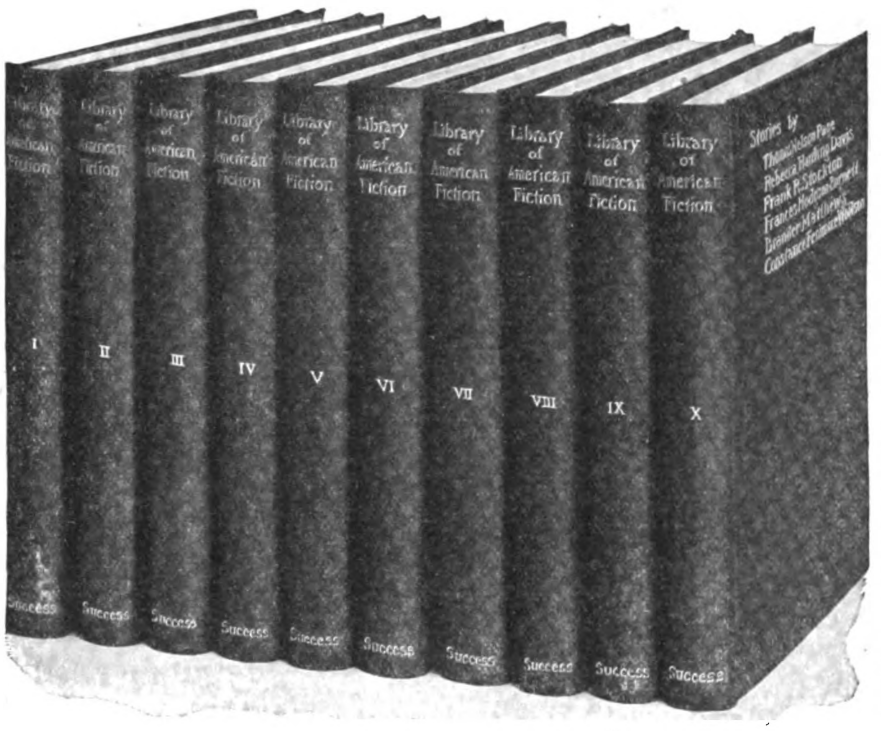
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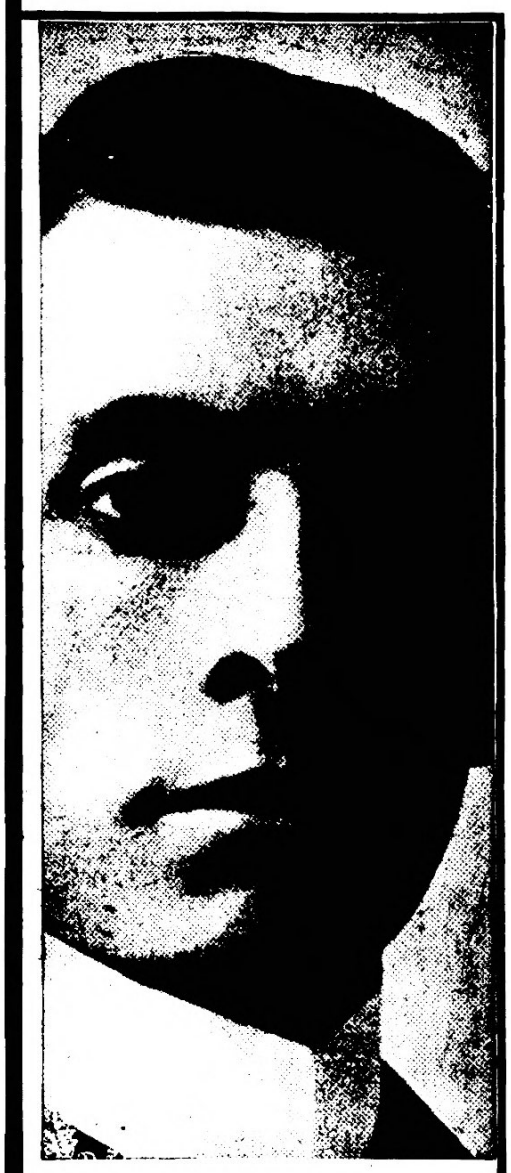
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