

THE PRIVATE-CAR ABUSES, By SAMUEL MERWIN

# SUCCESS

## MAGAZINE

APRIL 1905



# Do You Want a 7% Stock Backed by New York City Municipal Bonds?



HOMER J. YOUNG

IF the men and women who read this magazine could find a stock which promised to pay as high as 15% which they could buy *without risking one dollar of the principal* it is safe to assume they would all become investors, is it not? Well—that is precisely what is offered to them and to you by

## The Homer Young Company of Toledo, Ohio,

the great mail order house dealing in manufactured Sewing Machines (sold direct from the factory to the consumer), whose business has been made familiar to millions of people the world over through the medium of their extensive magazine announcements.

The stock offered by the Homer Young Company is Preferred and Participating, every dollar you invest sharing in the profits of the Company up to 15%. The 7% is guaranteed, and under the Laws of Ohio must be paid prior to any other division or accumulation of profits.

*The New York City Municipal Bonds by which you are absolutely secured against the loss of your original investment are on deposit with the Dollar Savings Bank and Trust Company of Toledo, Ohio, capital \$600,000.00, deposits \$1,386,000.00, with which institution, or any one of the eight Toledo Banks whose names we will furnish, you are invited to correspond in reference to this really remarkable investment.*

Our records will show that we are having more business than we can possibly take care of, and must increase our capital. We are many orders behind and have turned away 25% of the orders received the last four months. Do YOU want a splendid investment? *Take all you can of this, you'll find it good, and safely invested.*

In offering this stock our first object was to secure a form of investment so surrounded with safeguards and securities that we could justly claim it to be the strongest and soundest industrial proposition ever presented to the American public; and the most cautious and critical investigation will satisfy you beyond a scintilla of doubt that we are fully justified in that assertion.

The magnitude of the business now handled by the Homer Young Company through mail orders from every city, town, village and hamlet in the United States and from all parts of the world; its remarkable growth in eight years from a one-man enterprise to a house whose monthly mail in the Toledo Post Office aggregates 15,000 pieces; the flood of orders received and the splendid satisfaction of the buyers with Young's "Steinway" Family Sewing Machines—all these things, as well as the details of the proposition now presented to you, can only be touched upon here.

But if an inspiring story of success appeals to you and you are ambitious to share in the growth and profits of an enterprise which has the whole world for a market and which is reaching out its arms and finding business and friends in every nook and corner of the Union, write at once and ask us for the book which tells the story in detail and for a catalogue of the Young Sewing Machines and Trunks.

Whether you are able to invest \$25 or \$2,500—and no amount smaller than the former or larger than the latter will be accepted—the information you will secure from these books cannot fail to interest, impress and convince you.

You will find the substance of the proposition infinitely more attractive than the outline given here. You will find the management of the Homer Young Company in the hands of a Board of Directors composed of the wealthiest, most influential and most respected citizens of Toledo. You will find \$100,000.00 worth of this stock taken by Toledo people. You will find that the "Gold Medal" was awarded to Young's Family Sewing Machines at the

St. Louis Exposition. You will find every avenue of information thrown wide open for your investigation—and that with every step you take in that investigation the 7% Preferred Participating Stock secured and guaranteed by New York Municipal Bonds will impress you more and more with its desirability. *Simply write and say:*

**HOMER J. YOUNG,**  
The Homer J. Young Co.,  
Toledo, Ohio.

Send me all literature relating to your proposition in the April issue of Success Magazine.

**Travel with A Good Trunk**

Trunk and Dresser Combined.  
**"Young TOLEDO"**  
Maker of Celebrated STANLEY TRUNKS  
Everything is in easy reach. No rummaging. Smooth, sliding drawers. Bottom as accessible as the top. No heavy trays to lift, the finest and most convenient trunk made. **Costs no more than others.**  
**SOLD DIRECT FROM FACTORY "On Approval."**

Until every traveler learns the true value of these modern and convenient trunks—we will sell them "direct from factory" at factory prices, giving all the privilege of returning any trunk if not thoroughly pleased and satisfied after making examination. We build every style of modern Wardrobe Trunks.  
**A Free Book:** A comprehensive booklet showing large views of this trunk (open and closed) and many other styles, sent free. Ask for catalog A 1504.  
**THE HOMER YOUNG CO., Ltd. Toledo, Ohio.**

## HOW WE SELL ON CREDIT

Most astonishing liberal offer on standard strictly high-grade sewing machines with attachments capable of doing the greatest range of work. Sold direct from factory on small easy monthly payments—\$2.50 each month. Orders must be guaranteed by financially responsible person. From 5 to 10 months will buy your machine. We give you a machine FREE to use 30 days in your own home.



FULLY WARRANTED

## FACTORY PRICES—SMALL PAYMENTS

Our machines have just received Gold Medal at World's Fair as highest type of modern household machines. Don't buy elsewhere, write at once to your neighbors to write. Have you an old machine? FREE, the most BEAUTIFUL CATALOG published with sample of the work done by the machine. Write immediately.

## THE WORLD'S GREATEST SEWING MACHINE

ASK FOR CATALOGUE NO. B-1804  
THE HOMER YOUNG COMPANY LTD. TOLEDO, OHIO.

# Aid the Natural Changes

of the skin by using HAND SAPOLIO. If you want a velvet skin, don't PUT ON preparations, but TAKE OFF the dead skin, and let the new perfect cuticle furnish its own beauty. Those who use HAND SAPOLIO need no cosmetics—Nature, relieved, does its own work, and you will gain, or retain, a natural beauty that no balms or powders can imitate.

**THE FIRST STEP** away from self-respect is lack of care in personal cleanliness; the first move in building up a proper pride in man, woman, or child, is a visit to the bath-tub. You can't be healthy, or pretty, or even good, unless you are clean. Use HAND SAPOLIO. It pleases every one.

**THE PERFECT PURITY** of HAND SAPOLIO makes it a very desirable toilet article; it contains no animal fats, but is made from the most healthful of the vegetable oils. It is truly the "Dainty Woman's Friend." Its use is a fine habit.

**WHY TAKE DAINTY CARE** of your mouth, and neglect your pores, the myriad mouths of your skin? HAND SAPOLIO does not gloss them over, or chemically dissolve their health-giving oils, yet clears them thoroughly by a method of its own.

## INSIST

Do it gently, wisely, but firmly.  
Insist on having **HAND SAPOLIO** from your dealer. He owes it to you.

He may be slow—hasten him a bit!  
He may be timid—don't blame him, he has often been fooled into buying unsalable stuff—tell him that the very name **SAPOLIO** is a guarantee that the article will be good and salable.

He may hope that you will forget it—that you do not want it badly—Insist, don't let him forget that you want it *very* badly.

He can order a small box—36 cakes—from any Wholesale Grocer in the United States. If he does, he will retain, and we will secure, an exceedingly valuable thing—your friendship.

## JUST INSIST!

**A BEAUTIFUL SKIN** can only be secured through Nature's work. Ghastly horrid imitations of beauty are made by cosmetics, balms, powders, and other injurious compounds. They put a coat over the already clogged pores of the skin and double the injury.

**WOULD YOU WIN PLACE?** Be clean, both in and out.

We cannot undertake the former task—that lies with yourself—but the latter we can aid with **HAND SAPOLIO**.

It costs but a trifle—its use is a fine habit.

**HAND SAPOLIO** neither coats over the surface, nor does it go down into the pores and dissolve their necessary oils. It opens the pores, liberates their activities, but works no chemical change in those delicate juices that go to make up the charm and bloom of a healthy complexion. Test it yourself.

## For Everybody at Home=**HAND SAPOLIO**

**THE BABY**, because it is so soft and dainty for its delicate skin.

**THE SCHOOLBOY**, because its use insures him "Perfect" marks in neatness.

**THE "BIG SISTER,"** because it keeps her complexion and hands soft and pretty.

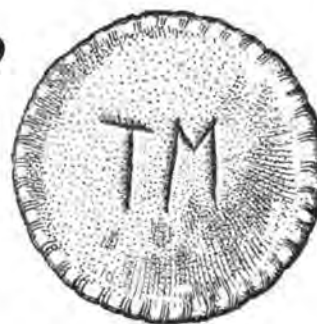
**THE BUSY MOTHER**, because it keeps her hands young and pretty in spite of housework and sewing.

**THE FATHER** himself, because it helps him to leave behind the grime of daily work, *AND*

**Yourself** BECAUSE IT KEEPS THE PORES OPEN, REMOVES ALL STAINS, SOFTENS THE SKIN, AND AIDS ITS NATURAL CHANGES.



# Bakers' Marks



There is a story of an old lady who made up a batch of mince and apple pies.

Wishing to be able to distinguish one kind from the other she marked the mince pies **T M** for "tis mince" and the apple pies **T M** for "taint mince."

The baker's marks on the ordinary run of bakery products are of little more value for purposes of identification than the marks on the old lady's pies.

*But HERE is a trade mark* that really identifies—



that enables you to distinguish the world's best baking—the Biscuit, Crackers, and Wafers made by the **NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY**. This trade mark appearing in red and white on each end of a package guaran-

tees the contents to be of highest quality—pure, clean and fresh. To learn something of what this trade mark means try a package of either of the products mentioned below.

### Lemon Snaps

An appetizing nibble with the flavor of the refreshing lemon. A revelation in modern baking.

### Butter Thin Biscuit

Unique little biscuit, in much favor with those who want "something different."

### Graham Crackers

Possessing the rich, nutty flavor of graham flour—unlike any graham crackers you ever tasted.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

# SUCCESS MAGAZINE

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## ACROSS EUROPE IN A BALLOON

The Thrilling Account of a Long Voyage  
at a Height of over Twelve Thousand Feet

### COMTE HENRY DE LA VAULX

[TRANSLATED FOR "SUCCESS MAGAZINE" BY ERNEST R. HOLMES]

**B**ALLOONING, a sport long misunderstood, which has only of late years, thanks to the young and vigorous Aéro Club of France, come forth triumphantly from the shades to which the apathy of an ignorant public had relegated it, had its first grand, official demonstration in 1900, at Paris.

In view of the movement initiated by the Aéro Club, the directors of the international exposition decided upon the organization of great aeronautic contests, and allotted one hundred thousand dollars to carry them out. Then, for three consecutive months, one could see, every Sunday, from Paris, aerial flotillas rising, each time ascending for the solution of a

distinct problem. One day the balloons were to arrive as near as possible to some point, a steeple or station designated in advance. Another time one had to reach the greatest altitude possible, and one of us ascended to the height of twenty-seven thousand feet. Then there were time, or endurance contests, the prize being awarded to the aeronaut who remained longest in the air. In other trials, efforts were made to traverse the greatest distances possible. Then, to increase the difficulties, toward the close, endurance and distance contests were combined. A balloonist, then, had not only to remain in the best meteorologic conditions in order to increase the time of

his voyage, but also to keep in the most rapid air currents in order to cover the greatest distance.

It was in the course of one of these last contests that I had the good luck to make the very fine trip, still unbeaten, which constitutes a double world's record,—that of duration and that of distance. This is the account of that memorable voyage.

It is Tuesday, the ninth of October, 1900, and the last day of the aeronautic contests of the exposition. Thus the aërodrome where the trials take place presents an unaccustomed aspect, still more animated than on preceding days of the contests. A large number of members of the Aéro Club has come to encourage, by their presence and their warm applause, the fellow members who are making ascents in efforts to win the Grand Prize of *l'Aéronautique*. The contestants number six. At half past four in the afternoon all the balloons are arranged on their rings. The aërial flotilla is ready to depart. At five o'clock the first departure takes place, then the second. At length it is our turn. Hands are stretched toward us, we give our farewells, and some enthusiasts, animated by a prophetic presentiment, cry "*Vive la Russie*." We thank them, proud of the confidence they show in us, and, at five, twenty, the old "*Centaure*," inflated almost to bursting for the supreme effort, and laden with seventeen hundred pounds of ballast, rises gently in the air, displaying proudly, in the last rays of the setting sun, its numerous wounds received in former struggles, and hastily healed. We are off, Castillon and I, sending back a last adieu to our earth-bound friends, and fired with good hope of winning. The "*Centaure*" has never known defeat. It seems to us impossible that our old comrade should abandon us in the final struggle.

#### *At a Height of Four Thousand Feet the Earth Looks like Stage Scenery*

We take our flight north-northeast, passing successively Fontenay-sous-Bois, Rosny, and Bondy, floating at an average height of twenty-one hundred feet. Paris is disappearing in the distance. We pass above Sevran-Livry, and soon nothing is seen of the capital except a great, vague light, which marks afar our point of departure. A light mist veils the earth. We throw out a few handfuls of sand, and soon mount above the fog. We are floating evenly at a height of four thousand, six hundred feet, beneath a clear sky, lighted by a moon so brilliant that we can read all our instruments without the aid of our electric lamps. The night promises to be fine, and a few meteors flash across the firmament, inciting us to wish for the success of our enterprise. But, while waiting for the fulfillment of our celestial wishes, the animal awakes in us in the form of stomach-cramps. It is eight o'clock and it seems high time to partake of some food. Castillon goes to rummaging in the provision locker and brings out some hard-boiled eggs, a capon, some pears and grapes, and a bottle of white wine. The meal is soon ready. Knees serve as a table and fingers for forks. It is a joyous dinner in the midst of the serene tranquillity of the upper air. From time to time, distant noises from the earth reach us to plague us and remind us that we are, after all, merely escaped prisoners, who are to be called back in a few hours to crawl again on the earth. Occasionally a nearer, more direct cry comes to our ears. It is some competitor floating in our neighborhood and saluting us. We still keep at four thousand, six hundred feet. The mist that has covered the earth dissipates little by little, and we see the plains of Champagne fleeing beneath our feet. Here is Rheims, whose cathedral, lit by a bright moonbeam, looks to us like a bit of stage scenery.

A balloon has followed us since the start, though uncertain in its balance, now mounting above us, now almost grazing the surface of the earth. We cross the Suipe River, whose clear waters mirror the moon. It is already midnight when we float over the ponds of Bairon, and the shadow of our balloon glides over the silent waves of the lakes like some phantom of a Brittany fairy tale. The temperature is mild. We put on our mantles rather to satisfy our consciences than from any real need. A great canal cuts a straight line across the earth. We consult our maps. We have just crossed the Ardennes Canal. Then, to the north, scarcely illuminated by a few trembling lights, we discover the town of Sedan. After a few minutes more of progress, during which we observe much that is new and wonderful, we cross the frontier. We are traveling along in a lively manner.

#### *While One Man Watches the Speeding Balloon, the Other Sleeps tranquilly*

Now we are in Belgium, over the Semoy River. Ahead of us stand forth the profiles of the high thickets of the forest of Bouillon. The thermometer in our car marks twelve degrees, Centigrade, or fifty-three, Fahrenheit, above zero. We continue to float at a height of four thousand, six hundred feet above a sparsely inhabited country, if one may judge by the complete absence of lights in the distance on the plain.

Our watches mark two o'clock in the morning, and from every point in the sky-horizon great, grayish, cumulo clouds rush toward us with terrifying rapidity. We are imprisoned in a circle of fog that grows constantly thicker and hides the earth from view. We rise with it to a height of six thousand, two hundred feet. Then, as if to play with us, the perfidious fog disappears again, and we again catch glimpses of the earth, but for a brief spell only, for soon the mists gather again beneath us at a height of about five thousand, one hundred feet. The moon appears to us surrounded by a circle of iridescent colors, called a halo, a phenomenon whose full splendor is enjoyed only by aëronauts. Castillon sleeps a little on the floor of the car while I watch over the equilibrium of the "*Centaure*." We have used four hundred pounds of ballast, and, if no accident happens, we have the best of chances to remain in the air all day, and perhaps the following night. Hence it is necessary for us to rest; for, if we land during the second night, we shall have need of all our strength. Pupils of the same school, that of Maurice Mallet, Castillon and I have the same method

of managing a balloon, and unlimited confidence in each other. When one watches, the other sleeps tranquilly.

At half past four, the fog in the east whitens, becomes more and more transparent, and then a ruddy spot, all ragged, reddens the horizon. Dawn appears. We cross a large river.

Half past five! It is broad daylight. Through the chilling of the air which immediately precedes the appearance of light we drop to within fifteen hundred feet of the earth. Everywhere shouts make known our presence. We try to get information, and hail the people with the megaphone we carry, but, alas! without success. The words that reach our ears are unintelligible. Moreover, that matters little to us, for we are certain of our direction, and we have all Europe before us. The country we pass is very much broken. The mountains look like wooded balloons, furrowed with abrupt, inclosed gorges. Picturesque landscapes grow more numerous. We should be over Saxony in the midst of the Thuringian Mountains.

#### *The Clouds Have much to Do with the Progress of an Aerial Navigator*

Six, twenty! The sun appears before our eyes, then mounts slowly and majestically above the horizon line. We examine the sky all about us and perceive behind us, higher than ourselves, a balloon. We aim our field glass at it, and think we recognize the "*St. Louis*," but it is too far away for us to be sure. Soon the rival balloon disappears in the clouds. With the heating of the sun, the "*Centaure*" also begins to rise. In turn we penetrate into the midst of the clouds, and soon have reached the altitude of the night, four thousand, six hundred feet. Great cumulo clouds roll in serried ranks beneath our feet, and we find again our rival balloon.

Seven, twenty! The upward movement continues. Here we are at seven thousand, seven hundred feet. We float above a sea of clouds, and the shadow of the "*Centaure*," surrounded by the famous aureole of the aëronauts, is projected on the aërial waves. Our competitor follows us at a slightly greater altitude. Then, suddenly, the clouds disappear as if by magic. Mountains flee behind us. We pass into a country of immense plains, and are going toward Silesia. The weather clears more and more, and the "*St. Louis*," which has come nearer to us, and been distinctly recognized, mounts toward the zenith.

The country is thickly settled. Cities succeed cities without our being able to name them certainly. Our direction is ever the same. We are stationary at a height of eight thousand, six hundred feet. Balsan, the aëronaut of the "*St. Louis*," still goes up. He throws out ballast, passes us, and scuds in a more southerly direction than we.

A miserable cirriform cloud comes between the sun and us, and forces us to throw out our thirteenth sack of ballast, then the fourteenth, and the fifteenth. That is our enemy,—a cloud. We mount to twelve thousand, three hundred feet. The temperature becomes less pleasant. The Fronde thermometer marks four degrés below zero, Centigrade, or twenty-five degrees above zero, Fahrenheit. We keep at this height some time, and begin to breathe some of the oxygen brought with us. It is an hour after noon. Great cumulo clouds again mask the sun. We descend rapidly, but manage to come to rest in the lower regions, at about five thousand, five hundred feet.

The "*St. Louis*" suffers, the same as ourselves, from atmospheric variations. It appears suddenly in a dizzying drop, and then, a moment later, it bounds with the same swiftness toward the upper regions. The struggle between the two balloons becomes exciting. At one instant we are near enough to hail each other.

Two o'clock! The "*St. Louis*," which, according to our calculations, ascended to twenty-one thousand, five hundred feet, drops again, arrives at our level, and then continues its descent. It appears to be using its guide rope. We follow its evolutions with anxiety, by means of our field glasses. The struggle becomes fiercer and more interesting.

We pass over a large city,—Breslau; we cross the Oder; then, softly, without throwing over any ballast, by one of those caprices to which balloons are subject, we ascend. Gradually our speed becomes greater, and we pass again through fog.

Three, thirty-five! Now we have gone up again to twelve thousand, three hundred feet; the thermometer marks seven below zero, Centigrade, or twenty degrees above zero, Fahrenheit. The "*St. Louis*" timidly pierces the clouds, then disappears before our eyes. It is the last time we see Messrs. Balsan and Godard.

Our upward movement continues, and these are our records:—

3.40 P. M. ;	..... 14,500 feet;	.....—10° Cent. ;	.....+14° Fahr.
3.42 P. M. ;	..... 15,400 feet;	.....—11° Cent. ;	.....+12° Fahr.
3.55 P. M. ;	..... 16,000 feet;	.....—12° Cent. ;	.....+10° Fahr.

We breathe oxygen continually, and from time to time we take a swallow of brandy. We are already in Russia. It is bitter cold,—as we French say, "*wolf-cold*," which is most appropriate, since the forests beneath us are infested with wolves. For some minutes we keep at this really too great altitude of over three miles, and then, in order to fulfill the words of Scripture, "*Whosoever shall exalt himself shall be abased*," a rapid condensation takes place. The "*Centaure*" becomes flabby, and regains the lower strata of the atmosphere faster than it quitted them. Without ceasing, Castillon and I throw over soup-ladlefuls of sand. You were not expecting soup ladles to figure in this affair? Well, a soup ladle is the finest measure of balloon ballast, and, with Castillon, I claim the honor of the discovery.

At length, after throwing out many, many ladlefuls of sand, we succeed in arresting our descent at an altitude of seven thousand, seven hundred feet. Happily, the temperature has risen, and the thermometer



COMTE HENRY DE LA VAULX

marks four degrees below zero, Centigrade, or twenty-five degrees above zero, Fahrenheit. Four, twenty-five! The sun has just set. We have only six sacks of ballast left,—that is, three hundred and twenty pounds. Nevertheless, we decide to launch forth into the night and go just as far as our forces permit. We descend slowly, throwing over an occasional ladleful of sand, and, at five, twenty-five, we are only two thousand, one hundred feet above the earth. We cross a region of great plains, where the wind blows fiercely. The moon has risen.

We profit by the equilibrium we have reached to eat a little, but it is without great appetite, for we begin to feel fatigue. Blackish clouds pile up in the northwest. Soon lightning illumines the shadows, and we hear the growling of thunder. The storm is still very far from us, and seems to be going in the opposite direction, but we are fearful every instant of being drawn into its whirl.

\* \* \* \* \*

I am just taking a nap when Castillon wakes me unceremoniously. The "Cent-aure" is cutting up tricks. Without any warning it bounds up to its former altitude of fifteen thousand, four hundred feet, and it is not hot up here, I assure you. The mantles are no longer enough, and we wrap ourselves in the tarpaulins of the balloon. We breathe much oxygen, and long for the end of this frigid ascent. But every misfortune brings some good, and the "Cent-aure," that we have been finding fault with, after attaining the height of fifteen thousand, four hundred feet, comes down so gently that it is a great saving of ballast, and it takes more than an hour to get back to two thousand, one hundred feet. We sleep "turn and turn about," but our watches get shorter and shorter, and the pilot on duty has great trouble to awaken his companion, who turns a deaf ear, and concludes to leave the bottom of the car only with much grumbling.

*A Balloon Can Cross Wildernesses Impassable by All Other Methods of Transit*

Below us, for some time, the cries of thousands of marsh birds have broken the silence of the night. It is a regular concert, or, rather, clamor of discordant cries, and, dominating all this noise, we hear the lugubrious, monotonous croaking of frogs, that impresses us most disagreeably. We are now crossing the vast, interminable marsh of Pinsk, whose moving bogs are the grave of anyone who ventures into them. This great region, with hundreds of leagues of area, is absolutely deserted. No human being risks himself there, for the few unfortunates who have attempted to invade this territory have been lost forever. Here is shown the notable and incontestable superiority of the balloon over other means of travel. It can, without danger and with the greatest ease, cross these virgin wildernesses, inaccessible to any other method of transportation.

In the east the clouds take softer tints. The storm has completely vanished, and already one feels that darkness is nearly over. Little by little the earth appears clearly. A few minutes later, dawn, for the second time, comes to cheer us. Plains seem to fly past beneath us, dotted here and there with groups of poor, thatched huts, in the midst of which rise structures surmounted with little steeples and domes of bulbous form and bright colors, some gilded, others silvered, and shining in the first rays of the rising sun. These are parish churches built in the Byzantine style.

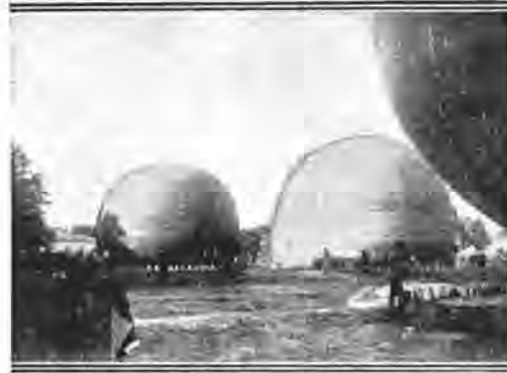
We are, then, really in Russia; we can have no doubt about it. Only two and a half sacks of ballast remain. In a moment we shall be warmed by the sun, which will try to raise us into the lofty regions. We have not enough oxygen to allow us to make this new bound toward the sky. So we decide to proceed as close as possible to the surface of the earth by letting out gas continually to compensate for the effect produced by the solar heat.

In the distance we descry a rather large town, the first that we have seen since daybreak. We go right over it, and see beyond it a forest whose end we can not see. We deem it prudent, then, to land in the neighborhood of this town, for who knows when we should be able to reach another, with the small amount of ballast left? The population seems considerably less dense than in the department of the Seine.

The guide rope touches earth, and we reach the suburbs of the little city. Our rope drags over the thatched roofs to the great astonishment of bearded beings who raise their arms toward us and shout unintelligible words. But the suburbs are quickly passed, and we are in the forest. The guide rope catches in one tree after another. The anchor rope is uncoiled. We reach a clearing. I throw the anchor, which bites in a forked tree, while Castillon pulls with all his strength on the valve. The car touches the earth gently, and the balloon, half deflated, falls over into the clearing.

The "Cent-aure" is at rest; our aerial voyage is ended.

From every corner of the forest, over the bushes and under the tall trees, run men and women. The men, dressed in tunics gathered



INFLATING THE BALLOON JUST BEFORE STARTING



THE "CENTAURE" READY TO MAKE THE START

at the waist and in wide trousers, and shod with boots, at our call for help rush to the car, which they cling to with all their strength. The women begin to chatter among themselves, and Heaven knows they are talkative! Their costume is most picturesque. Like the men, they wear tunics fitted to the form, but their boots, more elegant, are of red or yellow leather.

We have, it must be confessed, much difficulty in making ourselves understood. Finally, by much gesturing, we induce two good *mushiks* to consent to bundle us into their carts to take us to the town.

I was dressed just then in my goatskin coat, and one of the women pulled the hair of it curiously, thinking, doubtless, that that was my natural "plumage." So, when I took off the coat, she was greatly astonished.

During our ride to the town, I unfolded my map, and tried to have indicated to me the place of our landing. But one of my drivers pointed to the region of Moscow, and the other showed me Bucharest. In the face of such contradictory information we had to await our arrival in the town to know where we were. Also, on the road, we tried to make our guides understand that we wished to be taken to the hotel, and we thought we had succeeded. So we were very much astonished when, instead of stopping before a hotel, our *mushiks* set us down at the police station! They were police agents.

The chief of police received us charmingly, offered us tea, presented us to his wife and to his daughters, but made us understand by gestures that we were prisoners. Then he departed, with a mysterious air, making us signs to remain. During his absence, the wife very kindly rolled cigarettes to soften the hardships of our captivity. Finally, after an hour's absence, our excellent jailer came back and beckoned to us to follow him. He led us across the city through a crowd that lined the way on both sides and stared at us most uncivilly. Then we arrived at a fine-appearing house, in the midst of a park, where an old gentleman received us very well. It seems he was a Russian general, who spoke admirable French. From that moment we were able to explain ourselves, and to know exactly where we were. It was the town of Korostishef, in the province of Kiev, capital of Little Russia. We were in the midst of the Ukraine, the land of the Cossacks and of Mazeppa.

The general received us very amiably and busied himself immediately in getting for us the necessary permits to allow us to go to Kiev, where would be granted to us the passport which was indispensable to let us cross again the Russian frontier and go back to France. The permit to leave Korostishef arrived the next morning,—that is, Friday,—and the post chaise of the general took us to the station, a distance of about twenty miles. That same evening we were at Kiev, petted and spoiled by the Russians and Poles, who passed us on from one to another. At Kiev, this kindness was continued. Banquets followed each other without interruption, and yet we were prisoners,—on honor, it is true.

*The Trip from Paris to Korostishef Had Taken scarcely Thirty-Six Hours*

Between our gargantuan feasts we visited Kiev, built on hills, beside the Dnieper, whose waters roll on to the Black Sea. Ancient structures, mostly churches, adorn the city, which is one of the most curious and most frequently visited of Russia. Finally, on Monday, the governor delivered our passports to us, and the same evening we left for France, across Russia, Austria, Tyrol, and Switzerland. We had to submit successively to the botherations of three custom houses, on four frontiers, and only on Friday morning did we arrive at Paris. Our trip had lasted four nights and three days; that is, eighty-four hours, and in scarcely thirty-six hours the "Cent-aure" had made the same distance.

The secretary of the Aéro Club wrote, at the time, "There was a balloon worn by fifty ascensions in a year and a half, ripped open in many a landing, covered with tears hastily repaired, heavy with patches and successive varnishings, filled with impure, commercial hydrogen, and mediocre gas, a simple ball of cotton stuff, costing hardly as much as a gasoline run-about, a most ordinary balloon, which goes farther, swifter, and more cheaply than the most rapid railway train,—than the best and most costly automobile."

The devotees of automobilism know that they have tried in vain to organize automobile races to Russia. The problem that land locomotion has not been able to solve, aerial locomotion accomplishes easily. Not one balloon, but a whole flotilla, leaving Paris, scattered itself to the far corners of Germany, and even into Russia. The least favored aeronauts found themselves limited in their venturesome course only by a distant sea,—the Baltic.

Aerial locomotion has made a great step forward. The immensity of continents, owing to the balloon, has become a fiction. Where land routes are impracticable, aerial ways are always open. Aeronautics is now a science.



THIS PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN FROM A NEIGHBORING BALLOON AT A HEIGHT OF 1,000 FEET

# A MOUSE FOR A MONARCH

A Veracious Chronicle of General Phineas Emerson's Exasperating Struggle with the Woman-Suffrage Movement at Its Flood Tide



## PART I.

GENERAL PHINEAS EMERSON, with a fat hand stuffed in a trousers pocket, and rolling an unlighted cigar between his lips, strolled across the lobby through the eddying haze of tobacco smoke. Fifty as to years, iron-gray as to hair, shrug-necked; abnormally bow-windowed, and a bachelor that—well, he was one of those men who seem planned for a sort of natural bachelors.

On the day of the convening of the new legislature, General Emerson, as leader of the majority party in the house of representatives, and due to be governor, in a twelvemonth, as a "logical" candidate, was more of a king in affairs than the reigning executive,—for in the general were bulging potentials of patronage, and heads dipped before him like bearded grain before a breeze. The executive had already distributed most of the plums at his disposal.

A half hour later, at the seat-drawing, the house leader crumpled his slip in his broad white palm and grunted disgustedly as he pushed out of the press of men gathered in the area before the clerk's desk.

"I've drawn a seat 'way back on Cowhide Boot Row," he rasped, through the corner of his mouth; "who's old What's-his-name, in 181?"

The house clerk ran his eye down the list. "He's Arno, of Borderham."

"He's one of the thick-soled," explained a young man who wore a white waistcoat and a frock coat. "He owns a farm and a woolen mill, has been selectman, and all that,—never was here before."

"He'll trade, I guess," growled the house leader, and he sauntered up the aisle.

Arno was buzzing explanations in a young woman's ear. She sat in an aisle chair beside him. The rules of this house as to floor privileges were not enforced in the ironclad fashion that prevails in larger states. When the house leader paused at his desk the old man scrambled to his feet and poked out a thick, hair-sprinkled hand.

"You don't have to speak your name to me, General Emerson," he said, chattering nervously in his respect. "I'm Representative Arno, of Borderham. It's my first year here. I've always been too busy to come. I do n't understand a great deal about politics, general, but you'll find me all right, every way, shape, and manner, and if I do you any good here this winter you can lay it all to my wife. I should n't have been here if she had n't made me take the nomination."

There was nothing in the world that irritated General Emerson like any acknowledgment from a man that a woman ever did or could influence him. But he said, bowing and wondering just how to wedge his errand into this chatter, "The ladies of the state are certainly taking more and more interest in public affairs."

"My wife is president of the Borderham Parliamentary Club. So she's anxious, of course, to get a peek at politics at first hand."

"A very commendable ambition," the general murmured, bowing again. In his bachelor heart he hated with especial rancor all women who come poking into public matters.

"I think it's the duty of women—," the young wife began, a flush on her cheeks, but her eyes

steady, as she calmly met those of the house leader.

"It certainly is," the general interrupted, warily, remembering his tedious experience in certain committee hearings. He turned hastily to Arno, who was eying him with humid conciliatoriness. "If your wife will excuse you for a moment, Representative Arno,—"

Arno passed into the aisle. As they walked out of earshot the husband whispered:—

"Mighty smart woman I've got there, general. Second wife, you understand. Sharper'n a brier. Handles my business. Reads everything. One of the up-to-date sort, you know. This legislature will be a big treat for her."

General Emerson, without comment, entered bluntly upon the business in hand. Arno listened appreciatively and seemed astonished to learn that he had drawn the chair tacitly recognized as that of the leader of the house.

"Now, personally,"—the old man put his hand on the general's arm in a fraternizing way,— "personally, I should say 'Yes' to that, but—"

"Who else has got anything to say about it?" the general snapped, impatiently.

"I shall have to speak to my wife, you know," Arno went on. "She—"

"She? Why, my man, this is a matter of party."

"But I shall have to speak to my wife first," the old man persisted. "She will be here on the floor with me, most of the time, picking up points, and it won't be a square deal for me to shift without asking her. But I guess it will be all right when she understands. She understands things quick."

He hooked himself along up the aisle on his bowed legs, the general following and muttering, "Well, if this is n't setting up a mouse for a monarch!"

Mrs. Arno looked directly over her husband's head into General Emerson's chilly gray eyes.

"Representative Arno will certainly *not* change seats," she said, with a nip of her lips; "I want to be where I can see and hear, and I am very well satisfied."

This seemed like insolence, and the general bridled.

"I'll admit that you can see and hear very well at this desk, Mrs. Arno," he said, poking up the ends of his thick mustache into a more menacing slant, "but allow me to suggest that this is a hall of legislation, and not a *vaudeville* matinée."

"I understand perfectly, General Emerson." The young woman's eyes were snapping and her cheeks were red. She lacked a city woman's composure, but she did have the abrupt self-reliance of a country woman. "You need n't feel called upon to explain to me what a parliamentary body is."

"Why, my wife has even straightened out tangles in our town meeting," broke in the husband, admiringly.

The general ignored the woman. "This small matter lies only between us two, as members of the house, Representative Arno," he said, stiffly; "I can undoubtedly trade for another front seat, with some loyal member; but, as I have told you, this chair has become tacitly recognized as the place of the house leader,—yet, of course, I can

claim it only by courtesy. There has never been any trouble before. Now,—now, in order to make it amicable all 'round, I shall be willing—in fact, it's quite the custom,—to recognize the transfer by something—er,—substantial. Suppose we put it in the form of—say,—an expression of my gratitude to Mrs. Arno,—for instance, a bit of adornment that she will not be ashamed to wear at the legislative ball?"

The depth of General Phineas Emerson's contemptuous ignorance of women was then thoroughly revealed to one of the sex. Mrs. Arno surveyed him scornfully.

"I've heard that this legislature can be bribed to do almost anything," she said, viciously, "but I did not expect that the house leader would try to bribe a woman on the first day of the session. Lesson number one in practical politics! But I am not a man voter. I decline. Obed, I consider that both of us have been insulted."

General Emerson went away, then. Members had edged up and had overheard. In the first day's dearth of incident the little affair became the topic of the loungers about the statehouse, and several comical variations were tacked on.

The next day, more eyes sought seat No. 181 than studied the face of the new speaker. Mrs. Arno, in her aisle chair, seemed impervious to smiles and murmurs. She opened the mail that a page delivered to her husband, and then, exchanging seats with him, wrote several letters with a fine air of business.

Arno's seat mate was a young lawyer from up country, a quiet chap who surveyed the woman respectfully when she talked with him. It was the young lawyer who called her attention, suddenly, to an order.

"That means you," he whispered; "it's the fine hand of General Emerson."

The order did n't sound dangerous, being simply a direction to doortenders to enforce house rule number so-and-so.

"Is that a bill to put me off the floor?" hissed Mrs. Arno, excitedly.

"Not a bill, but an order," he smiled. "It means that women must stay up in the galleries."

"You get up and oppose it" she commanded, but while he stared at her dubiously a placid old gentleman on the other side of the chamber arose and demanded to know just what that order meant. A lieutenant of the leader explained blandly. The old gentleman had his wife and daughter in the aisle. In their beseeching presence he declaimed sputtering. They had enjoyed these privileges for three successive terms. He did n't want them relegated to the dark gallery. He did n't believe the gallery was a fit place for ladies. Its ventilation was execrable. He believed that the hall ought to be remodeled, anyway. However, that was too much of a question to be discussed at present. But until suitable galleries were provided for ladies he would not agree to the enforcement of the order. He said this and sat down.

His warmth in the matter and the applause that followed forced General Emerson to his feet. He arose, twirling his eyeglasses, and explained, with the autocratic incisiveness of a leader, that the presence of spectators on the floor, though toler-



ated in the past, had been found to impede business and distract the attention of members. Smiles that were much broader than his popularity prompted greeted him when he got up. The humor of the Arno case was still uppermost in the minds of all. Everyone knew what had attracted the leader's attention so suddenly to the infraction of the rules. When he somberly drew a picture of the abuse of privileges, a snicker, uncontrollable, audible, and tremendously derogatory to dignity, ran from aisle to aisle. General Emerson put on his eyeglasses, sternly surveyed the grinning members, and sat down, in some confusion, ashamed to have them think that he was warring against anything so beneath contempt as a mere woman.

His expression changed to disgust when the house defeated the order by a hilarious *viva voce* vote. "A hawk hatching a tomtit's egg!" he grunted. Mrs. Arno, inrenched at No. 181, had a triumphant sparkle in the eyes she bent on him, and had evidently misinterpreted the facetious spirit in which the members had just voted.

"Some one ought to post that woman and tell her she's making a fool of herself and a monkey of old Arno," he said to his seat mate, irritably. "Look at this house, to-day! A man loses his common sense with a woman hanging round him. Well, we've still got something to thank God for. They can't chase a man into an Australian voting booth,—the women can't."

During the days that followed, Representative Arno spent much of his time in the lobby, at one end of a leather-covered lounge, smoking a black pipe. He shrank more and more from the espionage of house visitors, who frankly stared at himself and his wife as house curios. Soon he was absent days at a time, on his return explaining to the speaker, who did n't care, anyway, that business had detained him in Borderham.

But Mrs. Arno was in her seat all the time. Members had begun to call it her seat. She was alert and self-possessed, filed her husband's documents, and wrote many letters. Members also remarked that she was a pretty woman, and they attempted innocent flirtations. But it was like trying to flirt with the lady on the silver dollar. No pouts, no blushes, all business! Some suspected that General Emerson prompted the daily parade of members past her desk, all pausing to shake hands with her; but, if the ruse were planned to make the floor uncomfortable for her, it failed. She endured with placidity, for a time, and then she began to solicit each man to sign a petition for woman suffrage. The daily parades ceased suddenly.

It is a matter of record that Mrs. Arno started a woman suffrage movement that winter that had elements about it to astonish the most *blasé* lawmaker. A few years before, a wide-awake woman had organized a state federation composed of all the scattered literary and social clubs, and the result was a loyal army whose ramifications reached into every town and city in the state. The study of parliamentary law and politics in the abstract had finally aroused a very lively feminine desire to experience the reality in some degree. At the annual convention in the autumn Mrs. Arno had been chosen chairman of the state committee on woman suffrage. Now she reflected with deep content that the woman's skirmish line was well advanced, for there she was, entrenched in the very heart of the hall of legislation, in the ancestral seat of the leader of the house. Other lobbyists might roam solicitously in the purlieus. She was "in the Presence."

Her young legal friend in the next seat—for a fee,—drafted her *referendum* bill, and she, using her power of attorney, endorsed with her husband's name and slipped it through the slit of the clerk's box. The stationery of the state provided blanks for round-robin petitions and general correspondence, and the legislative allotment of post-

age stamps paid the freight. Then came the signed petitions, like the leaves on the Babes in the Wood,—Mrs. Arno shaking the tree with the energy inspired by her tactical location in the heart of events.

The newspapers—more of General Emerson's suspected instigation,—had already made Mrs. Arno famous by attempting to ridicule her gently. Every vote-hankering woman was thus informed of the doughty champion. The more the men sneered, with the more devotion and enthusiasm was she acclaimed a martyr and trusted leader by the women. Even the women who had no use for a voting pen were anxious to follow the new and exciting club cult.

The meetings of the women's clubs became injected with a real crusade exaltation. A circular letter from Mrs. Arno called upon all loyal women to appear at the state capitol on the day of the hearing before the judiciary committee and make a demonstration that would impress the legislature as it never before had been impressed. Numbers! Numbers! That was the cry, and the dragnet was baited with a tempting morsel to the effect that on the evening of this field day the governor and his lady would tender a brilliant reception.

and stood against the walls. But, foot by foot, they were crowded out through the swinging doors, gallantry overcoming curiosity.

When the solemn Indian file of the judiciary committee came down from its room toward the house door, there was not a man remaining in the lobby, nor a man on the broad stairs, nor a man in the rotunda. After the expostulating and entreating doortenders had managed to squeeze through the press and clear a way for the judiciary's Indian file, said judiciary found there was not a man left in Representatives' Hall, either. Women filled every chair, every window seat, both galleries, all the standing room, and had even usurped the chairs ranged on the speaker's platform for the judiciary. The dozen apologetic gentlemen who had been hitching inch by inch through the jam took the chairs that frowning women vacated, but in a few moments they rose gallantly and gave the seats back. Only handsome women would have dared to invade the platform, anyway. The judiciary had eyes to see as well as hearts to compassionate. So, then, the hearing began with the lawmakers backed against the walls, and standing,—oozy as to foreheads, very red, and inwardly cursing the entire ceremony. They had not the



"REPRESENTATIVE ARNO WILL CERTAINLY NOT CHANGE HIS SEAT"

It will be a long time before the politicians forget that incursion. It was a day of irresistible displacement of the hereditary hosts of the state-house. It was like pouring quicksilver into a test tube filled with water. Out over the edges of the capitol slopped the men. In flowed the women. Trains came and women came, the stern, the gay, the silent, the chattering, the prim, and the furbelowed. They held their skirts away from the lobby cuspidors and glared on the smokers who were abjectly hunched in the big leather chairs. The smokers were the first of masculinity to retreat to the hotels. Then the corporation lobbyists went, for there were no unoccupied corners where legislators could be confidentially interviewed.

When, at the morning session, the members voted to open the hall of the house to the suffrage committee hearing, General Emerson grumbled that the house was certainly petticoat-possessed. The legislators, one by one, abandoned their desks to the inpouring ballot seekers. The old-fashioned woman's rights agitator, skimpy and scowling, does n't seem to be abroad in the land, nowadays; at least, so it seemed on that occasion. Pretty women attended, and each implored with a look, and legislators backed into the side aisles

least intention of reporting favorably on the bill, anyway.

"Having the honorable judiciary at bay," began Mrs. Arno, the spokeswoman of the occasion, "we will now proceed to make them listen."

She gazed on the forlorn wallflowers triumphantly, and the audience tittered.

"Behold us, gentlemen," she said, waving her gloved hand at the sloping terraces of feathers and flowers, and the galleries crowded to the rails, resembling niches filled with gay vegetation; "here we are,—the women of this state, your equals in intelligence, patriotism, and foresight, not supinely imploring the right of suffrage, but demanding it!"

There was a spreading patter of applause from gloved palms.

"There are women here who are taxed on thousands of dollars' worth of property, and yet the hired men who grease the axles of our carriages and split our wood, mere poll-tax payers, have the voice in the government of our affairs that we have not. And, if there are not women enough here to convince you that we mean business, the lobbies are full, the rotunda is full, and patient women are sitting on the stairs ready to

rally as reinforcements, and at our backs are all the thousands of our sisters who—"

"Are staying at home, where they belong," grunted General Emerson, *soito voce*, to a fellow committeeman.

"—are delegating to us who are present here their voices and their power."

There was a louder patter of gloved palms.

"Sisters," cried Mrs. Arno, "our rallying cry! One, two, three!" She marked time with her ribboned gavel, and the chorus came shrilly: "Give us the ballot, lords and gentlemen!"

Then most of the women laughed nervously, and settled themselves with flutters and nudgings.

"Now, Mr. Chairman," Mrs. Arno went on, self-reliantly, "there are twenty counties in this state, and we have here a woman from each county to tell you why the women she represents want the right to vote." The committee members stared at each other in alarm. General Emerson took off his eyeglasses and whispered to the senate chairman. General Emerson was subordinate, as the house chairman.

The senate chairman blinked doubtfully. General Emerson insisted, with a scowl. The senate chairman manifestly hesitated between two fires,—fear of a nascent executive and his duty as a public official. The general was plainly exasperated. The chairman's lips as plainly formed the murmur, "You say it!"

"Bloh, h-m-m!" General Emerson vigorously clears his throat, resumes his glasses, and glares through them uncompromisingly.

"Ladies, the committee, while recognizing the fact that, if it should listen to so many addresses from these brilliant speakers, it would have a rare treat, nevertheless would inform you, the petitioners, that it has a dozen other matters to consider, to-day,—advertised hearings. It must dictate its own programme,—a right it reserves. We will listen to three speakers."

"But, Mr. Chairman," objected Mrs. Arno, her cheeks very pink and ignoring General Emerson, "these ladies have prepared their addresses with great pains, have made canvasses at considerable personal expense, and desire to present facts and not the idle, abstract theories that have been so regularly turned down by preceding legislatures. We demand a full hearing."

"Allow me to hint that you seem to be here to hear yourselves talk," blurted the general, with a comprehensive flap of his hand. "You have inconsiderately crowded out the members who might have been converted by these addresses."

"Do you mean that this committee has its mind already made up, then?" demanded Mrs. Arno.

"The committee possesses a fair amount of intelligence," the general retorted, persisting in assuming the rôle of spokesman. "It does n't need to have the same arguments dinned over to it twenty times simply to make a holiday." His ancient grudge against this alert and assertive country woman was beginning to flame in his eyes.

"Ladies," cried Mrs. Arno, "the necessity for the civilizing influence of woman is clearly shown here, to-day." This sweetly voiced, yet pointed reference to the well-known bachelor existence of the stern soldier was hailed with appreciative laughter. "Now that we have the opportunity and the subject in our safe custody, let's proceed to civilize."

Above the irrepressible gale of merriment General Emerson roared:—

"This is an insult to the dignity of this committee, an infraction of all the rules of procedure. We and we alone are the judges of what witnesses we shall hear, and how. We are not on exhibition. The committee will go into immediate executive session. Doorkeepers, clear this hall."

This angry mandate silenced the fun.

"You do not dare to insult us by ejection, Mr. Chairman," declared the intrepid leader, still looking past the general. "Why don't you speak for yourself? Our men folks certainly do need the women at the polls, if a boss is to make himself dictator and lord of all. Mr. Chairman, are you a man or an automaton?"

At this the assemblage split its gloves. A quiver of excitement ran over the nodding parterres of headgear. The chairman, a prospective appointee to the office

of railroad commissioner under the Emerson dynasty, cracked his knuckles agitatedly.

"Assert your dignity! Threats and insults! Did n't you hear them?" growled the dictator.

"I can't turn this gang of women out in that fashion, general," whined the chairman.

"This is a mob, not a hearing," snarled Emerson. "Adjourn to our room and have them send a delegation. That was my advice at first."

But the women, following the example of their spokeswoman, were calling, in constantly increasing volume and excitement:—

"We demand a hearing! Listen to us! *We demand!* WE DEMAND!"

In the throng the chairman recognized his own wife, and most of the committeemen knew that they, likewise, were favored with the presence of the lights of their households.

"Hang it all, general!" gasped the dismayed chairman, "you're a bachelor, and don't care. It's different with the rest of us. We've got to humor them."

The house leader was losing his temper in earnest. From that first day of the session the uxoriously tolerant disposition of the members had angered him. He believed that women have no part in public affairs. He never could understand those eras of the petticoat in French and English history. In his bachelor asperity he had thanked God for the blessings of a republic where women do not sway.

"You've got to handle such ladies as those mighty careful," continued the chairman, in the house leader's reddening ear. "I'll have to let 'em talk. We don't shut men petitioners off in this manner, and they know it. We'll let 'em talk,—and that's all the good it will do 'em."

"You can stay here, then," snorted the general; "stay here and listen to these crowing hens, if you want to. Why did n't you bring your knitting? You make me sick!"

"Don't be bossed, Mr. Chairman," called a voice. "Show us justice, and we'll honor you as a statesman."

"And as a gentleman," called another.

The applause was hysterical.

The general, his gray hair bristling in fury, cast back with interest the spiteful eye-borings from the indignant petitioners. His position on the platform was becoming intolerable. He left the line of the judiciary and began thrusting his

white-waistcoated ponderosity through the press. He evidently expected that the rest of the committee would follow, if he made way for them. A hiss, long and shrill, began somewhere. Other hisses threaded upon it. The air of the great chamber was rasped through and through. It was a torture to the nerves, that sound! To nerves already throbbing with the mad rage of a dictator insulted and gainsaid, the chorus was like poking a ganglion pulp.

"Geese!" choked the general, his thick neck purple. "Geese! That for the flock of you!" He clacked his splay fingers into his palms, both arms above his head.

Then the uproar became really hideous. Women who had never before said "Boo!" to a cat rose in their seats and screamed insults at this man who had so arrogantly scorned their petition. The fire of mad resentment flamed in their cheeks. The courage of the unified mass animated them.

Women who had been able to get not further than the lobbies now came packing to the doors to learn the reason for the tumult. The jam was frightful. But on he jolted. Behind him he left women who staggered on bruised feet. He did not pause even at the ominous sound of rending cloth here and there. He did not apologize. Before he escaped he was smarting from pinches and even from pin pricks. In his moment of unwonted weakness he had allowed himself to be baited by women, and he was ashamed and infuriated at the same time.

He did not leave his hotel room that evening. The men who called on him, coming up from the hotel parlors and the smoke-wreathed lobbies, or, later, from the brilliant function at the executive mansion, looked at him curiously, but respected his somber gloom. They did not like to tell him that the city was sputtering like a broken trolley wire in discussing his amazing performance, that the women were in a frenzy of indignation, and that the governor himself, beset by hundreds of the fair petitioners, who flocked to the reception in dazzling bibs and tuckers, had gravely deplored and even blamed. And General Emerson failed to improve the situation by this curt statement that he sent down to the newspaper reporters who had been harassing him:—

"I simply insisted on my official rights that were threatened by a mob of sight-seeing, unreasonable women, who had forfeited the right to courteous treatment, and who ought to be at home."

The next morning General Emerson made his way sourly to his seat in the house, grumpily grunting to the few men who accosted him, and, in his self-isolation, paying little heed to the fact that all of the rank and file were just as grumpy as he.

"Mr. Speaker," he said, after asking leave to present an order, under suspension of the rules, "this house is drifting into license and slackness of method and inattention to serious business." A growl of resentment swept over the hall. There were angry buzzings, too, for women filled the aisle chairs,—the stay-overs from the day before.

"All about us on this floor it is gabble and buzz. If these women want to—"

The speaker's gavel whacked in vain. They howled him down,—these men who forgot legislative decorum in the presence of their insulted women folks.

When the leader went back to the hotel he glared at every man he met, classing him mutely as a rebel to authority. The man, obeying natural instincts, glared back. Even such indifferent members as had been laughing about the affair found their humor curdled by that fierce squint, bridled under it, and went over into the ranks of the real malcontents,—the men whose wives had been present at that memorable hearing.

During the remainder of the term General Emerson made no especial effort to mollify anyone who blamed his coarse affront to the women of the federation. On the contrary, in the councils of his close friends, he sneered at the men who mixed petticoats and politics. He did not even express the usual smug official regret when Representative Obed Arno, after sitting humped in the lobby two days, exhaling the combined aroma of onion sirup and camphor, bumped home to Borderham and succumbed to pneumonia.



THE LAW WAS FRIGHTFUL. BUT ON THE JUDGES.

# THE SHAMEFUL MISUSE OF WEALTH

## CLEVELAND MOFFETT

"Luxury is attained by naught else than the enslaving of man; the moment there is slavery luxury augments; the increase of luxury inevitably drags with it the increase of slavery, because only hungry, cold, want-driven people will all their lives do what is unnecessary for themselves but necessary for the amusement of their rulers."

My estimate last month of sums spent on dress by New York women has called forth query and protest by various ladies who evidently can not quite believe these things. No woman spends thirty thousand dollars a year on dress, declares one. And another asks if I am quite sure that New York has a thousand women who spend fifteen thousand dollars a year on dress,—that is fifteen million dollars between them.

As this is a matter of some moment (it is a sign of the times,) I have sought such further enlightenment as a man can get and I find—

In the first place I must admit a mistake about sable coats. I said that New York women spend as much as six thousand dollars for one of these beautiful garments, and in my fear of exaggerating, I let it be understood that six thousand dollars is a high price to pay. Now I find that six thousand dollars for a sable coat is only a fair price, in fact it is a very low price for a coat of fine sable. As witness this talk that I had the other day with New York's leading furrier:—

"Can you show me a good sable coat?" I inquired.

"Russian sable?" he asked.

"Yes," said I, "something especially fine,—say about six thousand dollars."

He smiled, "We have n't anything made up that I would call especially fine. We have a rather short coat of rather light skins, moderate quality, that will cost ten thousand dollars."

"Ten thousand dollars!" I exclaimed. "Then what would a good coat cost?"

He continued to smile and produced a number of fine skins,—the real Imperial sable, very dark with silver lights playing through the soft fur. And he showed me the price marks, five hundred and fifty dollars a skin, about ten dollars a square inch.

"This is the best Siberian sable," he went on. "A coat of moderate length, say thirty inches, requires sixty skins and—"

"Sixty times five hundred and fifty," I murmured.

"Thirty-three thousand dollars, which includes the cost of making."

"And a longer coat?" I gasped.

"One reaching to a lady's ankles would require, say eighty skins, that is forty-four thousand dollars," he replied rather matter-of-fact.

"And you sell coats at such prices?" I continued in amazement.

"We sell this kind of sable as fast as we can get it. The best skins are very scarce."

"And a muff?" I asked, meekly, "just a muff?"

"Five skins," said he, "twenty-seven hundred and fifty dollars. There's one in the show case."

"And a boa? A little boa?"

"Four skins at least, that is twenty-two hundred dollars."

Here then evidently I erred not on the side of exaggeration but of understatement; I put down thirty thousand dollars as the maximum yearly sum that a few New York women spend on dress including everything, whereas nearly fifty thousand dollars may be spent simply for a fur coat with boa and muff!

### III.—What We Waste on Clothes and Fêtes



"If a man wishes to spend one hundred thousand dollars on a costume party and he has the one hundred thousand to spend and got it honestly, no one has a right to find fault,—provided it is a good party. When people have money to burn they would certainly suffer cruelly if they were not allowed to burn it."  
—From a report of the recent Hyde ball in a New York paper.



"Just then there came a knock at the door, and a stranger entered,—an old man weak and ill. He said he was hungry and asked for food. The mother looked at her children and the children's eyes said, 'yes.' Without a word she pointed to the table and bade the stranger eat."

Needless to add that such prohibitive values in the real thing lead to a widespread production of the falsified or inferior thing, and we have Russian sables that were never in Russia, sables that grew on martens, dyed sables, touched up sables, as many frauds as there are in diamonds. Indeed, we shall find it true in every detail of dress that women, in their desire to follow extravagant fashions, are forced to choose between spending more than they can afford and adopting shams or imitations. Thus does ostentation lead to false pretense. Now as to gowns, I said that a New York woman will spend as much as eight hundred or a thousand dollars on some special dress for a ball or dinner. Well, I have from an expert the details of a certain wedding dress on which the lace alone, Devonshire Honiton, cost fifteen hundred dollars. And a friend of mine saw at Madame Rouff's, in Cannes, a "robe" of embroidered linen handspun and hand woven with threads so fine that they had to be handled in a damp cellar lest they snap in dry sunlight; over this was a solid mass of hand embroidery patterned by a *prix de Rome* artist with insets of *point d'aiguille* lace and this "robe" alone sold for forty thousand francs before the dressmaker began her work!

This same Madame Rouff sold to one of our rich New York families a bride's *trousseau*, just *lingerie* without any household linen, and the price was three thousand, three hundred dollars delivered in New York.

"Very nice for a girl going to boarding school," remarked the Frenchwoman, "but for a bride and a millionaire,—well I call it *mean*. You should see what we sell the great ladies of Russia! Why, there was n't a single monogram designed to order for that bride, not one embroidered letter that cost over five francs!" And she shrugged her shoulders scornfully.

It may be that our American women spend less on dress than their Russian sisters, but the following summary of items made after careful investigation and submitted to several New York dressmakers and milliners shows that they are doing fairly well for the daughters of a young republic. I may add that the dressmakers and milliners in question were the most prominent and responsible in the city, all on Fifth Avenue and without exception they insisted that this summary is *considerably too low*. Indeed one of the leading dressmakers declared that \$60,000 would not be too high a total.

#### ESTIMATE OF THE AMOUNT SPENT ON DRESS PER YEAR BY MANY RICH AMERICAN WOMEN.

Furs and fur accessories, .....	\$5,000
Dinner gowns, .....	5,000
Ball and opera gowns, .....	8,000
Opera cloaks, evening and carriage wraps, .....	2,500
Afternoon visiting and luncheon <i>toilettes</i> , .....	3,000
Morning gowns, shirt-waists, and informal frocks, .....	3,000
Automobile furs and costumes, .....	2,000
Negligees, .....	800
<i>Lingerie</i> , .....	1,500
Hats and veils, .....	1,200
Riding habits, boots, gloves, etc., .....	750
Shoes and slippers, \$800; hosiery, \$500; .....	1,300
Fans, laces, small jewels, etc., .....	2,500
Gloves, \$450; cleaners' bills, \$1,000; handkerchiefs, \$600; .....	2,050
Annual total, .....	\$38,600

I can imagine a man looking over this list and objecting to various items. He might say, for instance, that no woman would spend eight hundred dollars a year on shoes and stockings. Yet I can assure him that a dozen pair of stockings alone, say silk with inserts of real lace (not to mention the hand painted ones,) might easily cost five hundred dollars. And if he thinks six hundred dollars a year a preposterous allowance for handkerchiefs, I will refer him to a linen shop on the Boulevard Haussmann in Paris largely patronized by Americans where handkerchiefs at one hundred dollars each or more are displayed and sold. Indeed it is only a few months since a New York girl, of no very conspicuous family, carried at her wedding a handkerchief of rare old lace valued at one thousand dollars. And it is well known that the lace collection of Mrs. A. T. Stewart contained handkerchiefs of Venetian point, Florentine point Devonshire point and other fine real laces valued at two or three thousand dollars each. At the present moment a lace shawl is on sale at Arnold's marked down to the bargain price of ten thousand dollars!

On the whole then I see no reason to modify my estimate that six thousand New York women spend over forty million dollars a year on dress. And that leaves Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia and the rest of the country out of consideration. There are certainly ten thousand rich women in America who could save for the poor at least thirty million dollars a year by simply reducing their annual dress allowance to three thousand dollars. And after all a woman *could manage* to dress on three thousand dollars a year!

In his "Social Progress," (1904,) Josiah Strong concludes (page 76,) that the amount spent for clothing by the average tenement family is forty-nine dollars and eighty-five cents *per year*. That means clothing for the entire family of six or seven persons, and there are doubtless a quarter of a million such families in New York alone. So that even if a rich woman denied herself to the extent of spending only three thousand dollars a year on dress, she would still be spending enough to clothe sixty poor families. And the thirty million dollars that *might* be saved, that is the excess above three thousand dollars now spent on dress by our rich women, would at this rate clothe six hundred thousand families, practically *all the deserving poor* in the United States.

"But," I hear someone object, "what is the use of discussing an utterly impracticable thing? Do you suppose a single rich woman in the United States would modify her programme of dress by a hair's breadth through any masculine exhortation?"

Which brings us to the philosophy of clothes and the reasons underlying this general feminine madness for adornment. There is surely some mystery here. If you ask a woman to explain it she says "We dress to please the men." And so high an authority as Tolstoi seems to favor this view, for he makes one of his characters say: "The experienced coquette knows well the men are constantly lying about lofty sentiments, that what they want is really the woman herself, and whatever sets her out in the most seductive light. Hence these odious jerseys and projections behind; these exposed shoulders, arms, etc."

#### The Toil of the Poor Who Make Showy Dresses for Rich Women Is Wasted

That is all very well, but I am sure the average man thinks differently and will tell you that women dress rather to please themselves and for general admiration. If it were simply to attract men, that is to get husbands, we should not find it true, as it is true, that the most lavish dressing is done by women who have husbands. Furthermore everyone knows that a pretty girl has no difficulty in finding a husband even if she has no fine clothes. The fact is men marry women for love, for their beauty, their charm or their money, but *not* for their clothes. Then why this absorbing passion for dress, why these hours of talk about it, these enormous sums spent on it?

I stopped once at a quiet New York hotel and in the dining room happened to sit near a married couple who nearly always ate alone. And I noticed that every evening the lady wore a new gown. After about a week I began to watch for the reappearance of gowns I had already seen, but she still appeared in new ones, each more elaborate, one would say, than the others. This actually continued for about six weeks, when I left the hotel. I am sure I saw that lady in at least thirty gowns,—costly gowns, imported gowns, velvet gowns, embroidered gowns, lace gowns and all for hum-drum dinners with a commonplace husband.

I felt like saying to the lady:—"Madam, I see that you have thirty very handsome gowns. Each one of them stands for days and nights of weary toilers. These few yards of fine embroidery kept a dozen girls working ten hours a day for weeks. That lace taxed the eyes and nerves of a lace-maker for long, long months. Altogether when you wear your thirty gowns, you are wearing part of the life force of a hundred wretched women,—do you see them plying their needles in long silent rows, do you see their white faces bent over the machines,—a hundred sister women made prisoners for you,—mothers, wives, frail girls giving their strength for *you*. And why? For what good? For your personal satisfaction, nothing else, since the product of their toil is practically useless."

Now we will let the lady reply. Can you not see her lip curl, her eyes flash? "The idea! Prisoners indeed! Were n't they paid and *well* paid? Were n't they glad to get the work? Why, a woman who gives a large order for gowns is a

public benefactor. If the people get tired sewing,—well they get the money too, don't they?"

You see it's always money,—the brutal argument of money,—which, by the way, may be at the root of this whole dress infatuation, since costly gowns are the outward and visible signs of wealth and—perhaps dress is only the greeting that pride pays to envy.

Coming back to the lady, I should say to her:—"Madam, I beg the honor of pointing out your error. Let us suppose that instead of ordering thirty gowns you had ordered only ten, which after all, is enough for one woman. And, these ten gowns being finished, suppose you had kept the same people at work making warm coats for little boys until you had spent as much money as the thirty dresses cost, say fifteen thousand dollars. You would then have ten handsome dresses and some two thousand coats. It is true the women and girls would be just as weary, they would have given just as much of their life for the same pay, but now they could show something *useful* for their toil, two thousand tenement children warm and happy in these coats, your bounty, while before they could only look with envy at thirty pieces of useless finery soon to be cast aside by a selfish woman."

Lest anyone think me too severe, I will quote some lines from Ruskin in ("The True and the Beautiful," p. 423) who in stern rebuke of women that lavish fortunes on their gowns says:—"Yes, if the veil could be lifted not only from your thoughts but from your human sight, you would see—the angels do see—on those gay dresses of yours strange dark spots, and crimson patterns that you know not of, spots of inextinguishable red that all the seas can not wash away; yes, and among the pleasant flowers that crown your fair heads, and glow on your wreathed hair, you would see that one weed was always twisted which no one thought of—the grass that grows on graves."

#### Her Little Son Wore a New Pair of Clean White Kid Shoes Every Day

In another place Ruskin says:—"So long as there are cold and nakedness in the land around you, so long as there can be no question at all but that splendor of dress is a crime. In due time when we have nothing better to set people to work at, it may be right to let them make lace and cut jewels; but as long as there are any who have no blankets for their beds, and no rags for their bodies, so long it is blanket making and tailoring we must set people to work at—not lace!"

It is certain that the stern facts of poverty are all about us. I remember a case at 58 Sheriff Street, New York City, in a rear tenement, the home of a ragpicker who could only earn a few cents a day. Three children clad in scraps from the rag heap, one would say, were playing about the filthy room, while the mother held in her arms a sick child absolutely naked except for a little shirt. It was a bitter February day and the room was cold.

"How can you live like this?" some one asked. And the woman answered bitterly, speaking in German, "Dogs live, don't they? Well, we live too. It's not so easy to die!"

I remember another case, 120 Delancy Street, of almost inconceivable misery. The husband was away at the hospital in the last stages of consumption. The mother and children were left destitute. One of the children was stricken with diphtheria and taken to another hospital. Then the baby got pneumonia and was sent to still another hospital, where the mother had to go daily to nurse it. So the third child was left alone. It had no shoes or stockings and there was no fire. The child stepped on a rusty nail which ran into its foot. There was no one to care for the wound and gangrene set in. The child was taken to a hospital and its leg was amputated.

This case of a child without shoes or stockings reminds me of a story from Chicago, an absolutely true story, as I happen to know, of a woman there, the daughter of one of the richest men in the world. She always has her little boy wear white kid shoes and owing to the smoke of the city and the bad condition of the streets, she has had trouble in keeping them clean. One day she met another mother who was also perplexed by the shoe-cleaning problem, and she said with a naive enthusiasm, as if she had made a great discovery:—"You know I have solved that whole difficulty. I do n't send little Johnnie's shoes to the cleaners *at all* any more. I just buy so many dozen pairs at a time and let him wear a new pair every day. Is n't that really clever? It's a *great* idea!"

We know that American women love to alleviate distress and, without urging any impossible reform, I do believe that if these things were thought about, many women (and some husbands,) would favor a self-enacted tax on dress, say the old Bible tithe. Let our ladies wear beautiful gowns but not so many of them, let them buy lace but less of it and content themselves sometimes with the good imitations. I am sure no man can tell machine-made *valenciennes* from the real,—let them remember that the most beautiful garments are not the most ornate, for distinction in dress has always depended more on harmony in line and color than on costly needle work. Finally, let them recall that charming Japanese fable about the great bright god of self-restraint.

"As to percentages," says the Japanese writer, "this is our proceeding: if I would buy a dollar garment I manage by self-restraint and economy to get it for ninety cents and the remaining ten cents I drop into the self-restraint box; or if I would give a ten-dollar feast to my friends, I exercise self-restraint and economy and give it for nine, dropping the remaining dollar into the box?" And so on.



HUDDLED TOGETHER IN ONE ROOM  
This photograph was taken specially for SUCCESS MAGAZINE. The family comprises six members, all of whom eat and sleep in one small room.

Why might not American women adopt some such simple and effective plan in connection with their dress allowance, so much for a ball gown, so much for miserable mothers, this for an opera cloak and this for shivering children? Why not? Fashion can regulate benevolence as well as the width of sleeves. It is merely for women to get it into their system exactly as they give ten cents to a waiter or twenty-five cents to a Pullman porter. Nothing compels them to do it, *but they do it*. And ten per cent. on dress would mean four million dollars a year from rich New York women alone, four million dollars a year for the poor. And the rich women would scarcely feel it!

In the matter of charity that really *costs* something, it is worthy of note that the rich may often learn from the poor. A public school teacher told me of a case where a boy in one of her classes had all his clothes burned in a tenement fire. So he stayed out of school, and when the teacher looked him up she found him absolutely naked except for an old shirt. She reported this to her class, all poor tenement children, and the next morning each child brought something, an old shoe, a ragged vest, a hat found in an ash barrel, the best they had, and somehow the boy was fitted out.

#### *The Money Expended on Extravagant Functions Does Not Help the Poor*

This same teacher spoke of the pathetic efforts of her children to bring her some gifts for Christmas. There was one class of seven little children, all from the poorest tenements, and on the day before the holiday they came forward, shyly, one by one, and gave her the following articles:—

- A faded carnation (picked from a garbage can.)
- A picture cut from a Quaker Oats box.
- A stick of dirty candy.
- A broken cigarette box.
- A small round pebble from the sea-shore.
- A silver ticket that comes on muslin.
- A little pink pill box.

They gave what they had and often, it appears, these desperately poor people will literally give all the food they have to relieve someone whose hunger may be greater than their own. A worker at the University Settlement told me of such a case in a Jewish family where the mother and children depended absolutely upon the earnings of the oldest daughter who worked in a factory. By some mischance she broke her ankle and for weeks the family was left without resources. Finally they had left only a piece of dry bread and about a pint of cold coffee, this was all that stood between them and starvation. In spite of their hunger they decided to wait twenty-four hours before eating this last food and the next evening, almost famished, they drew about the table. The mother placed the coffee and the piece of bread before them and poor as was the fare their eyes were bright in anticipation.

Just then there came a knock at the door, and a stranger entered,—an old man weak and ill. He said he was hungry and asked for food. The mother looked at her children and the children's eyes said, "yes." Without a word she pointed to the table and bade the stranger eat. He snatched up the piece of bread and devoured it. Then he drank the coffee. The others watched him in silence. The next morning the daughter walked two miles on her broken ankle and did her work at the factory.

I have spoken of elaborate gowns, let us now come to the occasions when these gowns are worn, and pause a moment at certain brilliant *fêtes* given every year in New York,—dinners, balls, and entertainments,—and consider their cost and significance.

Speaking of the recent much discussed Hyde ball, a conservative New York newspaper remarks:—"If a man wishes to spend one hundred thousand on a costume party and he has the one hundred thousand to spend and got it honestly, no one has a right to find fault,—provided it is a good party." And again:—"When people have money to burn they would certainly suffer cruelly if they were not allowed to burn it."

Of course this particular estimate of one hundred thousand dollars is one of those obvious exaggerations to which our newspapers are prone. The whole affair may have cost Mr. Hyde thirty thousand dollars, say five thousand for food; five thousand for wines; five thousand for flowers; five thousand for music and carriages, and, possibly, ten thousand on incidentals. It probably cost less than thirty thousand dollars, but even that for an evening's amusement is something. And we have had more costly entertainments, notably the Bradley-Martin ball several years ago on which, by the lowest estimate, Mrs. Bradley-Martin spent a hundred thousand dollars, and for which certainly as much more was spent by her guests in gowns and costumes.

What shall one say of such prodigal diversion? As the editor just quoted says, these people have the money to "burn" and the evident desire to "burn" it. Are they then not justified? Can any fault be found with the old argument that the rich, by their extravagances, put money into general circulation and instead of hoarding it, give it back ultimately to the people? Two things may be suggested here, first that much of the money lavished on these entertainments goes to those who do not need it, is, in fact, simply transferred from one set of rich people to another set. Take the main items of outlay,—flowers, food, wines and cigars, music, carriages, the entertainment proper, decorations, gowns and costumes. No doubt the working

people benefit to some extent by all of this, extra waiters are hired, hair-dressers are kept busy, dressmakers work over hours (but many dressmakers are rich and the poor sewing girls who make the fine gowns may be on fixed wages and reap little or nothing of this harvest,) carriages are in great demand (but here again the coachman and footman have fixed wages and profit nothing by the *fête*, although they may be left out in the cold until morning,) florists tax their green houses to the utmost and employ outside helpers, thus at the Bradley-Martin ball, so it is recorded, fifteen men with their wives and children were employed for days gathering smilax in the swamps of Florida and as many more in North Carolina gathering the beautiful trailing galex. Furthermore, extra cooks are summoned, decorators swarm and altogether it can not be denied that a substantial part of the money spent reaches the laboring classes. But how much more goes to the caterer, the contracting decorator, the wine agent, the beef trust, sugar trust, tobacco trust, etc. Perhaps someone qualified for so intricate a calculation will tell us how much of Mr. Hyde's thirty thousand dollars or Mrs. Bradley-Martin's one hundred thousand dollars actually reached the poor and how much was simply transferred to comfortable pockets of the rich.

The second point is that even if most of the money spent on these *fêtes* did go to the poor the proceeding would still be of doubtful morality since money paid for unproductive labor is largely wasted. "The results of months of preparations," says one writer speaking of the Bradley-Martin ball, "and the outlay of hundreds of thousands of dollars were exhausted in a few hours." Nothing remained of it all but some faded flowers that had cost ten thousand dollars, some scraps of food that had cost fifteen thousand dollars, and some rumpled costumes that had cost a hundred thousand dollars! And that very night (it was in February,) hundreds of famished men shivered in the now famous "bread line" before Fleischman's bakery and thousands wandered homeless in the streets of New York!

It may be contended that these lavish *fêtes* give pleasure and that pleasure is a legitimate product of labor. No doubt there is something in that and if the guiding spirit of such an entertainment were one of kindness and generous hospitality, then its effect might be wholesome; but is it not clear that the more common guiding spirit is one of ostentation and notoriety seeking? How else comes it that these very exclusive ladies have their pictures in the papers, with minute descriptions of their gowns and ball rooms? I know they blame our "impertinent and prying press," and vow they would never give information to reporters,—oh never! Yet regularly, on the day after the ball, are the faces and the facts effectively set forth, and wicked editors will tell you with disrespectful winks that many of these ladies would be sorely disappointed if the facts and faces were omitted.

#### *You Can not Divert Any Social Force from Following its Natural Channel*

Whatever conclusion we may reach on this point, it is quite certain that rich people will go on giving costly and sometimes foolish entertainments in our great American cities as they have from time immemorial in all great cities. And perhaps it is better so, for the energy and emotional power thus exhausted might easily find a more reprehensible outlet, and the rich *must do something* with their incomes and their vital forces. You can no more divert a social than a physical force from its accustomed channel without turning it into some other channel. Thus to take a homely instance, the closing of certain race tracks in New Jersey has resulted in the great increase over the state of slot machines that in a measure satisfy the general passion for gambling.

Granting then the inevitableness of these extravagant *fêtes* it is well to consider one particular danger that attaches to them, I mean the danger of embittering class feeling. It is impossible to study the reports of the Bradley-Martin ball without realizing that harm was done in this direction. The ball was given at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, and Thirty-third Street was barred to all but invited guests. Three hundred policemen were detailed to enforce this order. "It is the first time in the history of New York," said one paper, "that police paid by citizens have been called upon to keep them from a public thoroughfare." One indignant individual who insisted on his right to pass the lines was arrested and brought before

a magistrate. The magistrate promptly released him with this comment:—"Such things lead to class distinctions that have ever been abhorrent to the American people and that argue no good for the future of the nation."

And it is a matter of current notoriety that the display of the recent Hyde ball aroused such general disapproval as to jeopardize this young man's inherited position at the head of a great insurance company, for serious people said:—"We do not care to trust so spectacular a person with money we have saved for our wives and children."

If ordinary well-to-do Americans are are thus aroused by such extravagance is it to be wondered at that the miserable masses are stirred to an active and increasing hatred? Let any man fancy himself a humble wayfarer crossing Fifth Avenue on some gala evening, a weary pilgrim, ragged, cold and hungry, standing there in the bitter night watching the line of carriages and automobiles sweep by with flash of silver and stare of liveried flunkies. How will he feel? What will he think? There reclining against pleasant cushions are women in furs and laces, their embroidered slippers resting on electric foot warmers, their gowns and



WHERE THE POOR DO THEIR MARKETING  
One of the many outdoor stands on the East Side, New York City, where the poor gather daily to buy what food and clothing they can afford

hair shining with jewels; they live in palaces, they have hundreds of people to serve them and work for them, they are rich, rich, rich! And his wife! And his home! And his children! Is it a wonder he scowls as he turns away? Perhaps he knows what suffering and misery lie yonder behind this flaunting avenue! Perhaps he has read that a hundred thousand men in New York are out of work! And that fifty thousand children go to school hungry every morning! And that hundreds of tenement babies die needlessly every week for the want of pure milk!

What makes this danger greater in our cities than it was in olden times is the unprecedented notoriety that now attends and surrounds the rich in their slightest movements. Every folly, every scandal is proclaimed broadcast in our sensational press, often with inaccuracies and exaggerations. Thus we see it recorded in one paper that a French actress danced on top of a table before Mr. Hyde's guests, which is almost certainly untrue. Another paper says, speaking of the Bradley-Martin ball, that "men as well as women were decked in jewels; one prominent society man wore seventy-five thousand dollars' worth." And another, "Mrs. F— G—, attracted much attention by taking her fluffy poodle dog in to supper and feeding him on truffles, champagne and ices. She had a special pocket made for him in her gown and carried him there all the evening."

So that the poor have their eyes fixed constantly on the rich; they are not allowed for a day to forget how very rich they are. They know what the rich eat, what they wear, how much they spend, and gradually the thought grows in their hearts, grows in thousands of hearts:—"How is it these people throw away in a night's feasting and frivolity more money than I can earn with all the toil of a lifetime? Where did they get the money? Why have they this wealth? Who are these people anyway?" And there is danger in thoughts like these!

Let me pause a moment to answer those who will protest:—"But, my dear sir, that is exactly what you are doing, talking about the rich, telling what they eat and wear; your position is absurd."

To which I reply:—"No, my position is not absurd, for I am doing this with a serious purpose and not to gratify any idle curiosity. Besides, I am simply reviewing a story that has been told a thousand times. I have no news to offer in these pages. The facts I deal with are known to everyone, they have been printed over and over again. And if there is any value in these articles it lies in the use and interpretation of facts and in the motive back of them which is simply this, to make the rich think about the poor (the poor think quite enough about the rich already,) and to make intelligent people of all classes consider these menacing problems of wasted wealth and poverty."

And here I make bold to suggest an easy way for the rich to lessen the envy and discontent not to say hatred that are now stirred by their prodigalities: let them give something openly to the poor at the moment of their grand entertainments; let them give it as a part of these entertainments so that a clear connection appears between the charity and the fête and that people may say:—"Yes, there were feasting and frivolity but there were also gifts to the poor. We know that Mr. Bradley-Martin wore eight jeweled buttons on his Louis XVI. coat worth a thousand dollars each but he gave so many hundred tons of coal to perishing families. And we no longer laugh at Mrs. Bradley-Martin blazing with jewels and approaching her throne with two small boys to carry her twenty-foot velvet train, because she gave thousands of quarts of pure milk to sick children."

As it is the rich give millions of dollars every year to relieve distress but they do it in secret (partly from delicacy and partly to avoid begging letters,) and it seems only fair to them, since their follies and extravagances are known, that their good works should be known also.

A few days ago I asked a sick mother whose husband had deserted her and who was absolutely destitute how she managed to buy coal through the winter. In reply she went to the bed, shook off her old shoes, showing bare swollen feet, and then dragged herself across the bed to a curtain against the wall, back of which was pinned fast her treasure hoard, an old chamois bag from which, with stiffened fingers, she drew forth some letters and slips of paper. These latter she handed me, they were pawn tickets for blankets and bedding,—that was how she got money for the coal.

I looked at the tickets and saw that she had received less than two dollars for everything, a quilt, two blankets and some pillows. To redeem these she must pay thirty-six per cent. interest and an extra ten cents for "hanging them up." She



This is only a wax figure at a fur store (Gunther's, Fifth Avenue, New York,) but it might serve as the text for an eloquent sermon. On the chair are eight skins of the finest Siberian sable costing five hundred and fifty dollars each. A muff made of skins like these would cost twenty-seven hundred and fifty dollars, a cape like the one shown would cost eleven thousand dollars, a full-length coat reaching to the ankles would cost forty-four thousand dollars.

could certainly not redeem them for a long time. Yet here we were in midwinter and her children were shivering. Those warm covers might save their lives.

This was one case among thousands, and I thought how effective it would have been the other night if Madame Rejane, instead of reciting verses or dancing or whatever it was she did on that sensational table-top, had told Mr. Hyde's guests of a custom they have in Paris, started, I believe, by the French kings and continued under the republic, of giving sums of money in the bitter winter months to release the bedding of the poor from pawn-shops. That would indeed have been a novelty!

In conclusion, let me quote from an editorial in the Woonsocket, Rhode Island, "Reporter," wherein the writer makes unfavorable comment on my Newport article. "What is the moral or economic difference," he asks, "between carrying a liberal pay roll at the factory and carrying the same pay roll at the home or on board one's yacht or at the Casino?"

Simply this difference, that the products of factory labor are useful to the community while the products of Casino labor, private-yacht labor and millionaire-household labor are useful only to the rich families who monopolize this labor for their selfish ends and pleasures. In the two cases the wages paid may be the same and the number of people employed the same, but the effect on the country at large is totally different. A million dollars spent on factory labor gives the country something tangible and useful,—boots, coats, wire-fences, buttons, typewriters, matches, lawn mowers, etc.—but a million dollars spent on Casino labor, private-yacht labor, spectacular banquet labor, etc.,—gives the country only lessons in wicked waste and ephemeral display, and spreads the unwholesome leaven of envy, discontent, and

class hatred, which is, in truth, one of the worst dangers threatening the nation.

"Nonsense!" exclaims my friend from Woonsocket, and then adds: (I am sure he would,)—"So you think it better for our millionaires to hoard their millions?" That is the stereotyped argument, and I simply reply that nobody hoards money to-day. The time is long past when gold was guarded in iron-bound treasure chests. Gold is invested now, which means that it is set to work in the market for useful labor. And, while there is nothing particularly glorious in the activities of a millionaire who merely buys and sells stocks, bonds, and real estate, he is, nevertheless, a more serviceable factor in the national economy than the millionaire who withdraws his wealth from the field of useful and productive labor and squanders it on show and self indulgence.

"Then why this outcry against the millionaires?" someone asks.

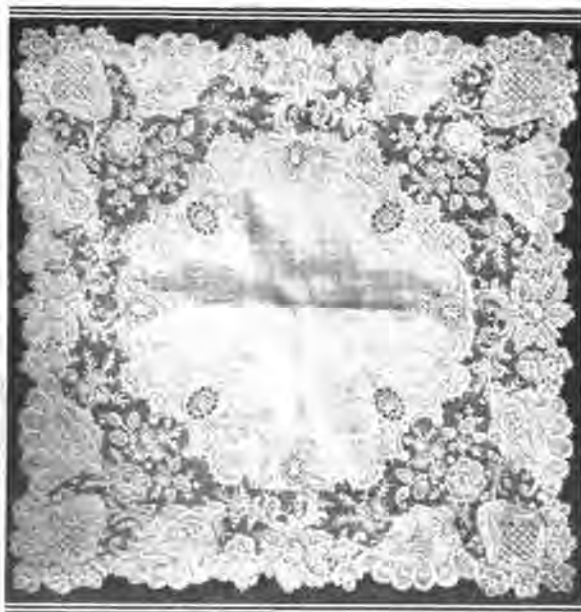
There is no outcry against the millionaire who lives his life usefully and does not try to prevent other people from living their lives usefully. But there is, or soon will be, an outcry against the arrogant and ostentatious millionaire, for his example is contaminating; also against the rapacious and monopolizing millionaire, for he encroaches on the liberties of others. There is certainly an uneasy wonder growing among ordinary people if there will never be any limit set to the number of hundreds of millions of dollars a man may amass. Frankly, is it right or reasonable that one

man should have five hundred million dollars? Is it possible for one man to earn so huge a sum by fair and honest means? Is it well for a republic that a few hundred families should possess or control (this is literally true in America,) one-fifth of the entire national wealth? If so, why not one-third of it? Why not two-thirds? Why not all of it?

"But the law permits this," answers my friend from Woonsocket.

Then, I say, so much the worse for the law. The law once permitted slavery, but the law was changed. The law now permits poverty, but it may be changed again, for poverty is but an aggravated form of slavery. The slaves at least had food and decent homes. We shall come presently to various phases of this question, and shall consider, notably, whether the solution of these distressing problems of misery and want does not lie in legislation rather than in philanthropy, in legislation in the interests of the poor. One thing is certain, that, whatever change is preparing, it can come about only through enlightened public opinion. And, to those who read the signs, the present intellectual stir all over America, the passionate interest in these problems of wasted wealth and poverty show that there is once more preparing in our midst a wonderful process of enlightenment.

The next article in this series will appear in the May issue. For opinions of distinguished doctors on Mr. Moffett's last article, "The Real Race Suicide," see page 286.



This handkerchief, fourteen inches square, of point de Gaze lace, is valued at one thousand dollars. It is in a collection of costly laces belonging to a rich New York woman. The making of such a handkerchief would occupy an expert lace worker in Belgium a full year. The center is of handspun, handwoven linen, so fine in texture that the weaving must be done in a dark damp cellar, as the threads would snap if exposed to dry sunlight. The money spent on this beautiful but rather useless handkerchief would buy warm clothing for a hundred half-naked tenement children. The lace worker, had she been allowed to spend the year in useful work, could have made this clothing instead of wasting her labor.



THE LAST ACT OF "CANDIDA," A SUCCESSFUL PLAY THAT WENT BEGGING FOR MANY YEARS

# GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

The Most-talked-of Literary Man of the Day.—His Rise From an Irish Peasant Lad.—His Method of Work and His Dramatic Aim

I.—The Man

JAMES HUNKEER

WHEN George Bernard Shaw, that Celtic compound of intellect and buccaneering proclivities, left his native Erin, he burned his ships behind him on reaching the cold shores of England. They were not large or many,—these ships,—but they might have been valuable assets later. Love of country and love of mankind were the names of the two destroyed vessels. This was over thirty years ago. Since that day Mr. Shaw has gradually learned to love his fellow beings with the consuming love of a great surgeon avid of his art, who uses the moxa and the scalpel that he may relieve the sufferings of the sick. The author of "Candida," "You Never Can Tell," and "The Man of Destiny" is a surgeon-psychologist. He flays souls that he may save them.

As an old acquaintance of the only Shaw, I am sure that he will be the last to resent the title of buccaneer. No pirate flying the black flag ever swooped down upon his prey with a more remorseless purpose than this Irishman. He does not demand your money or your life; it is your opinions, your prejudices, and your cherished beliefs that he seeks. Stand and deliver them, or be blown skyward by his wit, satire, merciless logic, and abuse! Shaw handles the entire artillery of attack; woe be to the man, be he bishop, politician, poet, or baronet, who comes within range of his quick-firing guns!

A story has to begin somewhere, else would I linger over this youthful pagan's boyhood. He has spoken of it with bitterness. He cared as little for Protestant as for Catholic Ireland, yet the roving mind of the young fellow must have noted a variety of things. He must have read enormously. He was fond of music,—he once wrote an article in an English publication to prove that it is excellent not to study the piano; it can be played without practice!

He knew a lot about pictures and plays, and he had no fear of God or devil, much less of man. Behold him, slender to emaciation, sandy as to complexion, with his mind fully made up on taking the boat—his boat,—across the Irish Channel. Before he reached England, his destiny flashed upon him. He would become a buccaneer in life and in letters. Overboard with ideals! A blazing fire for his ships!

It behooved a poor, raw lad to stir himself for bed and board in London. Long before he had realized the senselessness and cruelty of eating meat. The use of alcohol, from his point of view, was worse than foolish. He was an eater of vegetables and cereals and drinker of cold water, and contrived to live where stronger men would have perished. Furthermore, the garb of men struck him as silly and extravagant. Wool instead of linen, and wool for clothes, wool for hat and gloves,—wool a panacea for the evils of modern attire! So here is our man, our buccaneer on a mere plank, but bright and ready to scuttle the ships of state, religion, art, and literature.

Mr. Shaw confesses, in one of his numerous prefaces, that he perpetrated the sin of novel-writing in those early days. His stomach was often empty,—his head, never. He read and walked, talked and read. He met kindred spirits. He was boosted, from time to time,—only Shaw can write the story of those starving, beautiful days. They made a wonderful foreground for his present success. He began in a small way as a critic of books; then he took up music and said many wise and clever things of that art; pictures next attracted

his versatile taste; and, finally,—though there is no finality to him,—he wrote of the drama with his accustomed fearlessness, and the world began to ask, "Who is G. B. S.?" These initials were found in other places,—on socialistic pamphlets of uncommon force and acuteness, on billboard announcements, where all interested were informed that George Bernard Shaw would address a meeting in Hyde Park, next Sunday afternoon, from the tail of a cart. The name began to irritate people's nerves. Reputable citizens blustered when they saw the report of a peculiarly audacious speech, but nervously triple-locked and bolted their doors at night. "You never can tell," they said,—and Shaw wrote a comedy, using that proposition as the title. It was rumored that nurse girls in the parks employed the name of Shaw to frighten refractory children. This sounds like an invention,—doubtless one of the dramatist's own.

But the conquest of London had begun. Our hero unblushingly admits that he first drew upon him the eyes of the public by banging a drum and tooting a trumpet from a cart-tail. It is a pretty bit of autobiography. People shuddered at his heterodoxy until, one day, they saw him wink, and the news waxed into a legend: "Bernard Shaw is only a humorist! He is having fun with his hearers! He really does n't believe in the abolition of kings, churches, meat, and wines. He says these things that we may smile. What a wag he is!" Then London, vastly relieved, roared every time Shaw spoke. A true Irishman, he, and how witty, how brilliant! After that the game was up. London was totally subjugated, for Shaw, by his paradox, made London think that when he was most serious he was only shamming. And that is what it was,—shamming. No man was ever more deadly in his earnestness, more implacable in his resolve to make his auditors relinquish their convictions. He pretended to be humbugging when he was as serious as John Bunyan. His method of attack proves him to be a master of the comic spirit. If he were not a great propagandist he would have been the foremost comedian of his age.

## II.—His Books

While he was pacing picture galleries in Alpine boots with hobnails; while he followed, through the season, concerts and operas; and while he sat in the seats of the critical mighty at the theaters, the young man's brain was never idle; other schemes were whirring within. What were hours of leisure for his colleagues were spent by him at the Fabian Society, where some of the hardest-headed men in England, and elsewhere, met to debate economic problems. The "dismal science" of sociology had charms for Shaw. He wrote essays, made speeches, and wrangled with his peers, many of whom have made their mark since in politics or literature. No one was more convincing, more brilliant than he. Brilliance was his distinguishing hall-mark, and in that he was a typical Irishman abroad.

His novels, five in number, appeared at irregular intervals in the pages of still more irregular socialistic magazines. I can recall the titles of four: "The Irregular Knot,"—the theme of which is not difficult to guess,—"Cashel Byron's Profession," "An Unsocial Socialist," and "Love Among the Artists." The last three have been republished in America. A prize fighter as a hero is no new thing, but to Shaw must be credited the



GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

creation of a new kind of pugilist, a combination of brute and philosopher that startles and fascinates. Robert Louis Stevenson, in one of his letters to William Archer, praised the book while shuddering over it. He saw in the youthful writer—1882 was the date of publication,—a badly assimilated mixture of Charles Reade, Henry James, Disraeli, original talent and "blooming gaseous folly." The footman, Bashville, certainly the most entertaining character, drew from Stevenson deep admiration. No wonder! Raw as an uncooked beefsteak, and full of crude power and blundering, hasty writing, "Cashel Byron's Profession" is worth reading, notwithstanding its clumsy style, formlessness, long-winded harangues, and terrible mob of human beings.

In 1903, I witnessed, in London, this story turned into a stage play, a burlesque of Elizabethan blank verse. It was entitled "The Admirable Bashville; or, Constancy Rewarded." The undertaking was the outcome of a pirated play in this country founded on the novel. Shaw had also an opportunity of paying his respects to Shakespeare. "An Unsocial Socialist" is a farcical book with drab patches of sermons against society, against art, and against the primitive natural feelings. The hero is our friend, the author, disguised but slightly. The episodes at a young ladies' boarding school are stuffed with fun and satire. The future playmaker is foreshadowed in them. But the violence, crudeness and ill-adjusted mechanism of the book r.pel. One scene, in particular, is shocking. The hero, separated by his own whim from a pretty, rich, desirable wife, is summoned to her deathbed. He arrives too late. The scene between him and her indignant parents is, to put it mildly, unique in fiction. His reflections, as he gazes upon the dead woman, must have been written from sheer bravado; for, as we shall see presently, the author is a man with a heart in his bosom, despite his attacks upon sentiment. It is hardly a story to be read twice.

In "Love Among the Artists" Mr. Shaw did unconvincingly what George Moore, his fellow countryman, accomplished artistically. Yet—there are many capital pages in the novel, and several lifelike characters. A disagreeable, surly, arrogant, gifted composer, a charming Polish *pianiste*, a weak-willed, capricious painter and several women are drawn by one whose observation was keen, and his deductive powers fresh. But here, again, the indifference to the material which he handled made the story difficult to read. "Irritating" is the word that best describes its quality, just as its writer is best summed up as "exasperating." This sense of disquiet, even disgust, is exactly what he most joys in, for he is able to stir the languid currents of our likes and dislikes with his sharp tongue; and to make you quit the beaten track of your daily thoughts is a victory for Shaw. "Call me disagreeable," he says, "only call me something, for then I know that I have aroused you from your stupid torpor and made you think a new thought!" One scene, a street fight in Paris, is worth all the others in "Love Among the Artists." It proves Shaw to possess the dramatic instinct to a strong degree.

But polemics soon drove fiction from his brain. He has not a very high opinion of romantic cobweb-spinning, and, as he has—so he claims,—normal eyesight, he could only see in the world about him its gray, forbidding aspects. In a phrase, he is a painter of manners, with the brush of a satirist. He is as unlike the conventionalized Irishman as is George Moore. He mocks at the foibles of humanity as did Dean Swift. Our globe is overrun by Yahoos. We saturate ourselves in the superstitions of patriotism, love of family, love of sex, love of glory, and love of God. "Fictions, all," cries Shaw, as he waves his hand. He wrote "The Quintessence of Ibsenism," a summary of the great Norwegian dramatist,—but could not resist the temptation of reading into the dramas Fabian socialism and lots of Bernard Shaw. The consequence is that the pamphlet, reread in the light of broader, more illuminating, and more sympathetic criticism, has become faded. "The Perfect Wagnerite," another fearless attempt—and futile,—to prove that Wagner wrote "The Nibelungs' Ring" with the intention of making *Siegfried* a socialist,—the younger *Siegfried*, be it understood, for with the elder *Siegfried* of "Twilight of the Gods" Shaw has no patience. He is an antiquated, operatic backslider, and not the lusty young god who was impudent to grandfather *Wotan*, who went fearlessly through the painted flames of social conventions to his bride, the sleeping *Brunchild*. Shaw even renamed this hero *Bakoonin-Siegfried*, though he knew *Bakoonin* [or *Bakounine*,] was the tremendous anarchist of his time. When you consider that the Irishman is an ardent hater of anarchy, you will see that here is a remarkable discrepancy. But when has inconsistency ever frightened this man? "Only fools are consistent," he would quote to you from Emerson.

Numberless pamphlets, tracts—a sharp one against philosophic anarchy,



MR. SHAW FIRST APPEARED IN LONDON AS AN ORATOR

as if Shaw were not an individualist of the first rank!—and a smashing attack on Max Nordau were the fruit of these crowded years. This latter is a rarity, nowadays, as it is out of print. It appeared in "Liberty," and for me is the quintessence of Shaw. As he knew pictures, music, drama, poetry, fiction, and philosophy far better than Dr. Nordau, Shaw quite destroyed the arguments in that very glittering, superficial volume, "Degeneration." This answer is his best bit of controversial work.

### III.—His Plays

I verily believe, when you praise Shaw plays to real Shaw admirers, you praise Shaw prefaces. There are many who think they are enjoying the plays when they are only remembering these inimitable prefaces. It is always a dangerous matter to forestall the future, yet in this instance I am among those who feel that when the plays are long forgotten the prefaces to them will be as alive as ever in all their bristling, self-confident brilliance. But Shaw on Shaw, Shaw expounding the meanings of Shaw, may be purchased with his books. To attempt an elucidation of his elucidations would be worse than impertinent,—the rash critic would perish in a choral of reproach and oburgation. One may be permitted, however, to look at "Plays, Pleasant and Unpleasant," and "Three Plays for Puritans." Several have met with success in our American theaters, benighted philistines though we be, in the opinion of Mr. Shaw's English brethren. Richard Mansfield won applause and dollars with "Arms and the Man" and "The Devil's Disciple." Arnold Daly had the courage of his histrionic adolescence in producing "Candida" and playing it through an entire New York season. "The Man of Destiny" also saw the light, thanks to his solicitude. This season "You never Can Tell," at the Garrick Theater, has been one of the few successes of the year. As presented by Arnold Daly and a remarkably strong and well selected company,

the little comedy proved a refreshing relief from the conventional figures and stale situations of the contemporary stage.

To offset these triumphs on an alien shore London accepted Shaw with many chilly reservations. "Eccentric he is, and, as you never can tell whether or not he is mocking his audience," said the grumblers, "let's stay away and go to a Hall Caine drama. No mistake, there!" When "Candida" was put on, last spring, people laughed at the wrong places, and never smiled with "tears in their eyes," which the author has declared is true testimony to a play's worth. Is it surprising, then, that Shaw turns his face eastward and asks: "Can good come, after all, out of Bœotia?"

Volume II. of the "Pleasant Plays" contains "You never Can Tell," "Arms and the Man," "Candida," and "The Man of Destiny." The first, if it were not for its more modern philosophy and wit, might be mistaken for a topsy-turvy Gilbertian farce. It seems quite crazy at the initial reading. Its people are the most irresponsible set of beings ever set patrolling the boards, and the rapidity of the action and the deftness in construction demonstrate that the playwright knows his trade as well as his contemporaries,—when he so wills. The dialogue sparkles with wit of a particularly acid sort. Every one says disagreeable things in a sprightly manner, and the old waiter, who is in the storm center, is a delightful figure. Of "Arms and the Man" and "Candida" it is hardly necessary to say much, at this late day. If you have not seen these plays do not fail to see them. The first act of "Arms and the Man" is beautifully contrived, and the entrance of the "cream-chocolate soldier" and the scene with *Raina* in her bedroom are indescribably humorous. Mr. Shaw pokes fun at martial heroism throughout,—that is the thesis of the piece. He also introduces several women and does not fail to unveil their petty deceits. A more ungallant man has never written for the stage.

"Candida" has been in the mouths of all who have seen it. Yet it is not an astounding play. If Ibsen's "The Lady from the Sea" had not been written, we should not have seen Shaw's English version,—a diabolically clever one. *Candida* is the wife of a self-satisfied clergyman, a "wind-bag," who amuses herself by testing his love and patience with a mock flirtation. The subject she has selected is a young poet, who, after getting his wings scorched, sees that he is intended for higher things and goes out "into the night." Mr. Shaw has, himself, laid bare his esoteric meanings. He does not admire the matrimonial institution, though happily married himself. He thinks that without love marriage is—just what we all think of it under unfavorable conditions. However, "Candida" was and still is very successful, and a provocative little comedy. Some guesses as to its meaning have been very funny.

The "unpleasant" plays fully deserve their titles. "Widowers' Houses" I can't abide. The reason will be supplied by Mr. Shaw, below. "The Philanders" contains several excellent scenes of foolery, but how



futile! Bernard Shaw again figures as the hero, and the first act is irresistible. "Mrs. Warren's Profession" is very strong, but the subject is a hopeless one for exploitation on the English-speaking stage. I think his "Cæsar and Cleopatra" his wittiest. "Mrs. Warren's Profession" has been heard at a private matinée in London. It will never be played in a public theater, for the reason that, while we are permitted by polite convention to witness "Camille," on account of the candid sentiment in which it is doused, Mr. Shaw's study, cold, impartial, truthful, and without a hint of sugar, would shock our delicate moral sensibilities. I never cared for "The Devil's Disciple," which is Voltaire smothered in melodrama, or for "Captain Brassbound's Conversion," a dime novel with an Ibsen ending. Here bobs up our old friend Shaw, the buccaneer. What a leer! What impudence! What convulsing humors!

"Cæsar and Cleopatra" ought to be as immortal as the prefaces. As Carlyle was a hero-worshiper and hero-builder, so Shaw is an idol-smasher. He gives us the real Napoleon,—so he says in his "The Man of Destiny," and here the real Julius Cæsar. I can believe the latter better than the former. Perhaps it is because of "the pathos of distance." *Cleopatra*, as a cruel, vicious minx, is quite credible. The Napoleon play is a one-act skit, marred by the faults common to all the plays,—an intrusion of the author's views on history, morals, and philosophy. I can not swallow the awful mess, "Man and Superman," a so-called four-act play, one hundred and seventy-five pages long, compounded of Nietzsche, Mozart, Schopenhauer, Shaw, and heaven knows what else, followed by a series of maxims and aphorisms in the Nietzsche, Chamfort, and La Rochefoucauld style; not that this book lacks in wit or wisdom, for it is overflowing with both, but—it is not a play. I have read it only three times, however, and am not done with it yet. When it is announced for public performance, I anticipate an international uprising. These eleven plays are written in admirable and terse Saxon, the dialogues are crisp, and the general style is swift and concise. Formally considered, they might be called slovenly and irregular, did we not recognize the fact that Shaw perversely halts his action to preach. As his friend and best critic, A. B. Walkley, says, Mr. Shaw always tries to prove something in his comedies, and to prove anything in a play is not evidence of dramatic art, though it is often amusing. Since the foregoing criticism was written he has produced in London a new play bearing the suggestive title, "John Bull's Other Island."

IV.—Shaw on Shaw

We have seen that the gifted Irish buccaneer attacked the good old ship, "London," and that she succumbed to the arguments with which his own submarine was loaded. When examined critically, these intellectual torpedoes are found to be rather familiar, having been used before by Voltaire, Rousseau, Karl Marx, Lassalle, Nietzsche, Ibsen, Wagner, the French epigrammatists, and—yes, it is true,—Malthus. Just now Shaw is interested in stirpiculture and hopes that mankind will follow his advice, so that sickness, ugliness, vice, and pauperism will vanish. He has retained one ideal, at least,—the ultimate perfectibility of the race by purely scientific methods. Alas! destroy one ideal by proving its falseness, and it will be replaced by a fresh one. Shaw has been betrayed by Shaw!

I once voiced my objections to some of the plays, and Mr. Shaw, ever on the defensive,—and ever instructive,—wrote me a letter full of meat for dramatic critics. It has never been published, and I propose now to give one paragraph, as it bears on my inability to sympathize with his characters. He writes from London, under date of January 4, 1904, of some critics:—

"When I am on the general human-nature plane, they are delighted with me. When I am on the English plane, they become soreheaded at once. They love *Candida*: she might be an American, an Irishwoman, a Scotchwoman, or any other woman you please. But take my specifically English women,—*Blanche*, in 'Widowers' Houses,' (only one remove from her grandmother's washtub,) *Vivie Warren*, or *Lady Cicely Waynflete*, in that excellent Christian tract, 'Captain Brassbound's Conversion,' and, above all else, *Anne Whitefield* and *Violet Robinson*, in the 'Super-

man' drama, (*Anne* being my most gorgeous female creation,) you can no more appreciate these from the other side of the Atlantic than you could write Anthony Trollope's novels. The men among you judge in the same way: you can see the fun of *Brittanus* in 'Cæsar and Cleopatra,' and, perhaps, of the American captain in 'Brassbound,' and of young *Malone* in the 'Superman,' where national types are openly made fun of; but the *Hooligan* in 'Brassbound,' the *chauffeur*, *Straker*, in the 'Superman,' and the whole gang in 'Widowers' Houses,' rouse your instinctive anti-English prejudice almost as much as if they had been characters created by Thackeray. . . . I tell you, you don't appreciate the vitality of the English. . . . Cromwell said that no man goes further than the man who does n't know where he is going, and in that you have the whole secret of English success. What is the use of being bright, subtle, witty, and genial, if these qualities lead to the subjection and poverty of India and Ireland, and to the political anarchy and corruption of the United States? What says my beautiful, vital, victorious, odious-to-all-good-Americans *Miss Anne Whitefield*? 'The only really simple thing is to go straight for what you want and grab it.' How disgusting! How cynical! So say you; and so, also, say the Filipino and the Red Indian of you and yours."

Not at all, dear Bernard Shaw. Your *Anne Whitefield* is truly Yankee in her remark. Americans admire those who "go straight for what you want and grab it." It is a national trait. In a later letter, Mr. Shaw praises the trusts for exemplifying sound socialism. He writes: "Individuality is all very well, as a study product; but that is not what is happening. Society is integrating, not individualizing; and it is better to lay hold of what is doing and make the best of it than to sit complaining that it won't do something else. Trusts are most excellent things,—as superior to competitive shopkeeperism as symphonies are to cornet solos; but they need more careful scoring and better conducting. . . ." The ex-critic of music peeps out in the last sentence quoted.

Mr. Shaw makes but one error in his advice to his critics in general and to me in particular: he confuses our condemnation of his technical methods with a condemnation of his character. His criticism of life is his own. We dare not challenge it. It is the willfulness of the artist—the dramatist,—in Shaw that irritates us. He has the gift, but he casts it aside as worthless and hampering, so eager is he to make mouthpieces of his principal characters, [His subsidiary characters, free to move without the counterweight of his theories, are most engaging and vivid.] for the utterance of the Shaw doctrines. No one doubts that some of his characters are shrewdly observed, and closely transcribed; but the principals are lifeless automatons simply because their author gags them and binds their limbs. Ah, the cruel buccaneer!

But you end by admiring and liking this wonderful bundle of contradictions, this perverse, intellectual, big-hearted, gifted, ironical buccaneer,—for buccaneer he is; a wild Irishman sailing the seas of life in quest of moral plunder. Hold up your hands! Think as I do, or I'll send your soul to the land where Ibsen dwells in gloom and thunder! Then, if you are sensible, you agree to all he says and enjoy a charming hour of Celtic wit and blarney. It is all a comedy by Bernard Shaw.

The Need of Railroads in the Philippines

WILLIAM H. TAFT

[United States Secretary of War]

THERE are only one hundred and twenty miles of railroad in the Philippine Islands. In barbarous Algeria there are two thousand miles, although the territory is very little larger and the population is not as great by one third. This gives a fair idea of the disproportion in the matter of railway mileage in the Philippines, when you compare it with that of tropical colonies similarly situated in other parts of the world. Nothing else will so contribute to the education, elevation, and uplifting of the people as the construction of railroads through different parts of the islands. Nothing else will so contribute to their commercial prosperity, because the railroads will make it possible to bring the enormous crops, which can be raised on various parts of the islands, to the seaboard for exportation.

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A SCENE FROM BERNARD SHAW'S "YOU NEVER CAN TELL," UNDOUBTEDLY THE CLEVEREST PLAY OF THE SEASON. ARNOLD DALY, WHO PRODUCES MR. SHAW'S PLAYS IN AMERICA, IS SEATED AT THE TABLE

# A KINGLY FISHERMAN

The Story of a Busy Habitant of the Great Tahquamenon Swamp

WILLIAM DAVENPORT HULBERT



"IT WAS NOT MUCH OF  
A DEFENSE, BUT FOR  
THE MOMENT IT PROVED EFFECTIVE"

A KINGFISHER came north early, that year,—a little too early, in fact. It was April, and there had been a prolonged thaw which had melted most of the snow, but just when it looked as if spring was really on the way the wind had swung around to the north and winter had come back for a farewell tour of the Great Tahquamenon Swamp. Consequently, the ponds and lakes and streams were still partly frozen, fish were uncommonly hard to find, and there soon came a day when he was hungrier than he had ever been before in all his life. There had been other days when as tiny a creature as a tadpole was very welcome, and days when he had had to do without fish entirely and had been forced to come down to insects. Once he had even gone so far as to catch and eat a meadow mouse. But he had never before been half so hungry as he was the morning he arrived on a certain tributary of the Tahquamenon,—a stream that had known him well in other years. The kingfisher was almost always plump, and sometimes decidedly fat. On that day, however, he was thin and poor. Yet, even then, as he came shooting down the river, a living streak of blue and white against the dark green background of cedars and firs and hemlocks and the brown of the leafless hardwoods, he chattered to himself and the world at large in a loud, hearty, confident voice that was not unlike the springing of a rattle, but that sounded, also, as if he thought he knew just what he was going to do and how he was going to do it.

As he swept around a bend of the stream he saw before him a sand bank eight or ten feet high, forming the outer curve of another bend, and in its face, halfway between the top and the water, a small round hole, perhaps four inches in diameter. Last summer that hole had been to the kingfisher the most interesting feature of the entire landscape, but just then he made straight for a small birch that leaned out over the river, only a few rods away, settled himself easily on one of the lower branches, as if he felt at home there, and peered down into the water,—intently, eagerly, expectantly. He was a stockily-built bird, a trifle over a foot in length from the tip of his huge, conical, brownish-black bill to the end of his

short, stiff tail. He had a big head, and large, bright, hazel eyes, and he wore a crest of small blue feathers set close together, that stood up stiffly and rather belligerently, like a cluster of bayonets, and gave him a very up-and-coming expression. His wings were rather short, so that they had to beat the air quite rapidly when he flew, and his legs were very short, indeed, and were good for scarcely anything but perching. He was no pedestrian, the kingfisher; but, for clutching the limb of a tree and holding him steady for half an hour at a time while he stared into the water below him, his big grayish blue feet and black claws were exactly right.

The kingfisher seemed a trifle nervous, that morning, and every little while he gave his tail a jerk as if he could not sit still. Suddenly a little tremor ran through his crest and then through his whole body, and, as he leaned forward still farther, he seemed almost on fire with excitement. A minnow was coming his way and was almost within range,—a minnow about two and a half inches long, a very excellent size to swallow whole,—the only fish that he had seen for days. Nearer and nearer it came, till the kingfisher launched himself like a little blue and white thunderbolt, struck the water with a great splash, and went clean under and out of sight. A moment later he came up again, breathless, disgusted, and, alas! empty-billed. He had missed, and he chattered angrily as he flew back to his perch and settled down to watch for another.

It was no new experience. He had sometimes missed half a dozen times before succeeding, though success had never before been as desirable or important. But, considering all the difficulties in the way of the only method of fishing that was open to him, the wonder is that he ever succeeded at all. He always had to dive some distance, and the minnow, if quick to see and prompt to act, had a fairly good chance of getting out of the way before he hit the water. It is a mystery, too, how he ever learned to allow for refraction when taking aim. Unless the fish happened to be directly beneath him it must have appeared considerably higher in the water than it really was, and it is not likely that he had any scien-

tific knowledge of the laws of light. Perhaps, however, experience had taught him that he must strike low.

His oily plumage and thick coat of solid down shed the water like a diver's dress, and he was none the worse for his ducking as he settled himself again on the limb of the little white birch. But it looked for a while as if he had missed his only chance of getting a breakfast. He waited and waited and waited, but nothing came in sight, and at length he left the birch, and flew to the broken stub of a dead tree that stood out from the bank on the other side of the river. There, again, he waited for perhaps a quarter of an hour, and then something came in sight that fairly startled him,—not a minnow, this time, but a sucker as large as himself. It looked like pretty big prey, but the kingfisher was nearly desperate, and, moreover, game. He was n't going to give up without trying, so he dived, grabbed the sucker by the middle of the back, and, after a desperate struggle, landed him on the bank. Then the question was what to do with him. The sucker was actually longer than his own head and body, and he had no way of cutting him up. But something had to be done. He could n't let such a fish as that go to waste when his own need was so great, and so he took what seemed to be the only practicable way, beat the sucker against the stub till he was somewhat softened, like a pounded beefsteak, and then took him head first, swallowed as much of him as possible, held on to him firmly till the first section was digested, and then swallowed some more. It was a very disagreeable means to an absolutely necessary end, and I think we will not dwell on it except to say that he could n't possibly have managed it if his throat and stomach had n't been so straight, so simply constructed, and so distensible, and that, even then, it was a very unpleasant experience,—perhaps the most trying and painful he had ever passed through. But it saved him from starving, or at least from the keenest hunger he had ever known. A day or two later there came a thaw and a week of bright, warm weather that swept away the last vestiges of winter, and after that life was easier for all the

forest people, including our friend, the kingfisher.

Then, about the middle of that week of sunshiny weather, another kingfisher arrived on the little river,—one of the kind that wears the broad red belt, and thenceforth our friend had something else to think about besides fishing. The courtship was brief. Barkis was "willin',"—both Barkises. That was what they were there for. The season was late, there was a great deal of hard work to be done, they had already lost much time by reason of the cold snap, and it behooved them to get busy. Matters were soon arranged, and the next two weeks were full of activity.

The first thing they did was to examine last summer's burrow, with a view to occupying it again, but it proved to be in rather bad condition, and they finally decided on a new one. So one morning the kingfisher went at it, using his bill as a pickax, throwing the sand out behind him with his feet, and working with the greatest energy. When he was tired his wife "spelled" him, and he rested a little while, caught a fish, and then took another turn. Thus relieving each other, they pushed the job with might and main; yet, in spite of all they could do, it took them nearly a fortnight to dig that tunnel, and the longer it grew the slower they progressed, because the loose sand had to be thrown so much farther. But it was done at length, seven feet of the narrow, low-arched passage, four inches or a trifle less in diameter, running straight for three feet, then curving very slightly to the left to avoid a large stone, and running back four feet farther, to end in a domed chamber eight or ten inches high.

To a human being their home might not have been in every respect a pleasant one. It was dry and well drained, for there was a slight upward slope from the entrance, and the chamber was a little higher than the passage; but it was almost pitch dark and very poorly ventilated, and in a short time the floor of the little room became badly littered with fish bones and scales. A kingfisher's digestion is pretty nearly equal to that of an ostrich, but a fish's skeleton is a little too much for it, and when a minnow or a young herring or trout was swallowed whole, and its flesh disposed of, there seemed to be nothing to do with the bones and scales but to pass them up again the way they had come. One would think that they might have been thrown out of doors, but the kingfishers did not seem to consider this necessary, and in consequence there was not only a littered floor but also an exceedingly fishy atmosphere. I do not believe that Ceyx and Alcyone could have endured it for a moment, and in this respect their descendants would seem to have degenerated, though it is only fair to say that, except for these *rejectamenta*, the kingfishers tried to keep the burrow as neat and clean as they could.

Perhaps, in the battle of life and the fierceness of the struggle for existence to which they, along with most other wild creatures, were condemned, they had grown a trifle careless about

some of the niceties. But in the sterner virtues—courage, for instance, and even recklessness,—they were nothing lacking. More than once, as the kingfisher sat on his stub or on the limb of the birch tree, watching for minnows, a bear trapper who was working the Tahquamenon that spring went by in his dugout canoe, and our friend seldom flew till he was within a very few rods. The trapper often watched him admiringly on these occasions, and sometimes gave a little exclamation of approval. He liked a bird that was n't afraid. One day another man came tramping along the edge of the bank with a rifle over his shoulder looking for something to shoot at, but finding nothing till he caught sight of the kingfisher perched on the end of his stub. Then he raised his gun to his shoulder and fired. The kingfisher jumped at the report, but instantly settled down again and continued to watch the water as intently as before. Again the man fired, and this time the bullet passed so close that he heard it whiz by, but still he did not move. Six times that man shot at him, and not until a bullet clipped off one of the feathers of his crest did he take to his wings. Then he went off chattering loudly, but more in anger than in fear. His fishing was a very important matter, and he did not like to be disturbed when he was busy.

When the burrow was finished, the eggs were laid on the bare sand of the chamber floor,—an egg each day, until there were six,—and the kingfisher with the red belt sat on them and kept them warm, while her mate brought her food and looked after her generally. He was very good to her and never let her go hungry, but I think she had a pretty hard time, for all that. Only at rare intervals did she leave the burrow, and, to a wild creature who had lived so much in the sunshine and open air, the darkness and the close, foul atmosphere must have been almost unendurable. But she stuck to her task grittily, nevertheless, till one day it brought her the most exciting adventure of her life. Several times, of late, she had heard voices—men's voices,—just outside the burrow, and one morning a long, slender withe, limber enough to twist its way around the curve in the tunnel, was pushed in till it touched her on the breast. She struck at it with her bill, and bit savagely, and it was withdrawn. The next moment something was thrust into the mouth of the tunnel that blocked it completely, shutting out the few dim rays of light that had penetrated to her chamber, and leaving her in absolute darkness. A few minutes later she became aware



"HE SWALLOWED SOME MORE"

that the earth was being disturbed close beside her, and suddenly the wall of her apartment fell outward, and she was in broad daylight. Worse than that, two men dressed like river drivers were staring in at her, and one of them poked her gently with a short stick, whereupon she bit and struck even more fiercely than at the withe.

"Game, ain't she?" said one; "I wonder if she'd really fight;" and, stooping down, he gathered her up in his hands and lifted her out of her chamber.

She did fight,—she fought with all her might. She beat his hands furiously with her wings, she struck and scratched with her feet and claws, and she nipped his fingers with her sharp bill till she drew blood, and even sliced out one or two little pieces of flesh. At that the man dropped her with a curse and she scrambled back into her chamber, but before she could cover the eggs he had set his foot on them and broken them all. Then he climbed out of the hole which he had dug, and he and his companion went away; but, before they left, one of them, perhaps a little ashamed of what they had done, climbed down the bank to the mouth of the tunnel and pulled out the big stone with which they had stopped it.

They had hardly gone when her mate, who had been fishing at some little distance, and knew nothing of what had happened, came back with a minnow for her. He found his home in ruins, and there was much grief and lamentation. She had sat on those eggs twelve days, and in four days more they would have been ready to hatch. But even then the kingfishers did not long give way to despair. There was still time, if they hurried, to rear a brood before the summer was over; and they quickly went to work. Beginning at a point about a foot from the ruined chamber, they excavated a new room, throwing the earth into the old one, packing it in solidly, and sealing up that ill-fated apartment as if it had never been. Then six more eggs were laid, and once more the bird with the belt settled down to a sixteen days' term of darkness and confinement, cheered only by the constant visits of her mate and his offerings of minnows, and perhaps, at long intervals, by a few brief glimpses of the outer world.

This time no enemy came near her during the term of her voluntary imprisonment. From building their nest on the unstable waves, exposed to dangers of every kind, the kingfishers had gone to the other extreme and had made their home in what was probably the safest and most secure place that they could possibly have found. Hidden away in the bowels of the earth, there were few of the forest people who could ever have penetrated to their retreat, and those who could—like the weasel,—never chanced upon it, while the river drivers had gone far down the river, not to return for a year. So the sixteen days dragged by

"GAME, AIN'T SHE?" SAID ONE;  
"I WONDER IF SHE'D  
REALLY FIGHT!"



peacefully, if tediously, the eggs opened, and there were eight in the family instead of two. The six new arrivals proved to be very hungry for fish, and for the next few weeks our friend was as busy as he had been when digging the tunnel,—or busier. The long, long days of the northern summer, when the sun dipped below the horizon for only a few hours at a time, seemed all too short for the work he had to do, and when the moon shone his voice and his mate's could often be heard far into the night as they flew back and forth between the burrow and the stub, or the birch tree, or some other favorite fishing place. The worst of it was that at first the babies were not able to take raw fish, and, like so many other young birds, they had to be fed on food that had been partially digested in the stomachs of their parents, which, of course, added a great deal to the labor of taking care of them. It was a relief when they got where they could swallow small minnows whole, as their elders did.

Now behold the father kingfisher swooping down from his perch and plunging into the river! Up he comes, in a moment, with a fish in his bill, and away he flies to his burrow, springing his rattle as he goes. Into the open door and up the long, dark passage he creeps, to the chamber where the young are waiting for him. Instantly the fish disappears in the maw of a ravenous little kingfisher, and without a moment's pause he is out and away again to catch another.

Perhaps it was just as well that the chamber was so dark. For nearly a week the babies were blind, and a two-thousand-candle arc lamp could not have helped them to see; while, if the sight of them was pleasing to their elders, it must have been because the old birds' vision was greatly affected by parental love. Newly-hatched birds are apt to be hideous, and the kingfishers were no exception. Perhaps, indeed, they were a little worse than most. Not only were they featherless, but they had not even a scrap of down to cover their bare skins, and they were squatty and shapeless and ugly in every conceivable way. In some respects they had to manage rather differently from most young birds. They had no warm nest to lie in, and their mother's legs were so short that it must have been difficult if not impossible for her to stand over them as a hen stands over her chickens when brooding them. So, in order to keep warm, they had to cuddle close together and spread their big bills and their stumpy little wings over one another till they wove themselves into such a solid mass that it was almost impossible for one of them to move so much as a leg without disturbing all his brothers and sisters. It was lucky for them that they were so far underground, out of the reach of rain storms and chilly little breezes. Perhaps that was another reason why their parents had made their home in a burrow.

But they got along very well, on the whole, and in the course of a week or two they bristled with steel-gray quills, which soon burst open at the tips, like leaf buds, and covered them with plumage. Their eyes had opened, too, and little by little they were learning to use their feet and legs, though after a very awkward, clumsy fashion. They had also learned what it meant when their father's cheerful rattle was heard from without, and they often answered him, and before long got into the habit of scuttling in Indian file down the passage to meet him, each one crying out that he wanted that fish, and that it must be given to him and not to any of the others. None of them got it at the door, for the father drove them backward into the chamber before he would give it up, but the next time they heard him coming they would troop down the passage again, as eagerly and excitedly as ever. A kingfisher's legs and feet are so constructed that it is about as easy for him to run backward as forward, which must have been very convenient for the youngsters as they hurried up and down the tunnel. It must be confessed that at this stage they were not only greedy but also rather

ugly in manners and disposition, as well as in appearance, for they were somewhat given to quarrelling and hissing at each other, and even biting now and then, though they still huddled together to keep warm. They were not yet very strong, and their whole bodies would quaver when they sprang their rattles in answer to the cries of their returning parents.

But by the time they were three weeks old, or a trifle over, there was a decided change. Their voices were stronger, their muscles had hardened, they had all their feathers, their wings were large enough to carry them, and they seemed to have not the least fear of anything. It had taken a great many minnows to bring them to this stage, but the father and mother had toiled early and late and were reaping their reward. It was the time to get the children out of the burrow and introduce them to the world of out-of-doors, and one morning they went at it. It proved a rather difficult thing to do, however. I do not know that the young kingfishers were really afraid of flying, but they did not know how,—or at least they thought they did not,—and they hesitated. To strike out into the air as their parents did seemed such a marvelous thing, and, to them, such a new and strange and untried one, that, in spite of the old birds' coaxing and urging, they held back for a long time. But at length the boldest of them made up his mind all of a sudden, launched himself from the tunnel mouth, and found that it was not half so hard as he had thought it would be. All in an instant the inherited instinct of thousands of generations of kingfishers had come to his aid, and his wings almost seemed to go of themselves. It was a short flight, but it was a perfectly successful one, and it landed him in safety in a little bush that grew by the water's edge, where he promptly opened his bill and yelled for a minnow. One after another his brothers and sisters followed him until they were all scattered about among the bushes along the shore, and all of them wanted fish right away. Fortunately the minnows had never been more plentiful or more unwary than they were that morning, and the old birds bustled about in high spirits and soon supplied their offspring's needs if not their wants. It was the greatest day of the summer, the day toward which they had been working for weeks and weeks, and I doubt if even

Ceyx and Alcyone on their honeymoon were more pleased and proud than the kingfishers were as they saw their six children take wing from the tunnel mouth.

But it came near being the most tragic day of the season as well as the happiest. In the midst of the pleasant excitement, the kingfisher with the belt gave a sudden cry of alarm, and her mate sprang up from his stub and flew hurrying home. A hawk had hove in sight and was sailing swiftly over the tree-tops, steering straight for the sand bank. The kingfishers were taken all unawares, and the situation seemed desperate. To gather the young birds together and get them back into the burrow before the arrival of the enemy was out of the question, and to fight was about as hopeless. They had grit and courage enough, but they were no match for a hawk. Yet, as on that previous occasion when our friend struggled with the problem of the big fish, something had to be done; so they arose to the emergency and did what they could, dashing wildly about in front of the young birds, crying out at the top of their voices in fear, anger, and excitement, and throwing themselves almost in the hawk's face as he came hurtling down toward the sand bank. It was not much of a defense, but for the moment it proved effective, for they succeeded in getting him a little confused, so that on the first swoop he missed his aim and failed to seize the particular young bird that he had settled on as the most tempting of the six. Up he went into the air, and down he came a second time,—and a second time he missed. But on the third swoop he came with such a rush that it seemed as if nothing could stop him, till, at the very last moment, a shot rang out and he turned a somersault in the air and pitched headlong into the river. To the kingfishers he was hardly less terrifying as he lay there dead upon the water than he had been on the wing, and they still made the woods and the shores ring with their outcries, while the old bear trapper stood on the opposite bank and watched them with an amused smile; but it was not for long. The current quickly carried him away, around the bend and out of sight, and the excitement gradually subsided till all was quiet again. Another danger point was passed, and once passed it was best forgotten. In a life in which any moment may bring a new danger it is not worth while to worry over the perils that are gone.

The next number on the programme was the education of the young kingfishers in the art of catching fish,—if education it could be called. Perhaps they learned something from watching their parents, but I think that much of the skill which they attained sprang rather from an impulse from within. It was in them to catch fish, just as it had been in them to fly, and the main thing was to strike out and let that impulse have its way. But, even with its help, it took time and work to make them really proficient. Taking fish with the bill by diving for them from a tree or a stump is never easy, and much practice was needed before they were anywhere near as skillful as their parents. In the course of their practice there came a tragedy.

One bright, sunshiny morning, the kingfisher was seated on his favorite stub, while near him, on a perch somewhat lower and smaller, sat the most promising of his sons. Of all the brood, this one was the largest, strongest, and most precocious, and he would probably be the quickest to learn his trade. Several times, as the morning slipped by, he dived, and every time he failed to get his fish, but with each effort he grew a little surer of himself, his aim was a little better, and the minnow's escape was a little narrower. At length came the moment of success. Down he went once more, into the water, and for the first and last time he felt his bill close on a living, struggling fish. Then, with the first beat of his wings for the upward flight, a long, dark form came gliding up behind him, a huge mouth opened

[Concluded on pages 281 and 282]

\*THE TRAPPER STOOD ON THE OPPOSITE BANK AND WATCHED\*





MINNIE MADDERN FISKE AND JOHN MASON IN THE FINAL ACT OF "LEAH KLESCHNA," THE NEW PLAY BY C. M. S. McCLELLAN

# MRS. FISKE'S STRUGGLE WITH THE THEATRICAL TRUST

## MARGUERITE BROOKS

WE are so accustomed to monopolies or "trusts,"—a "cornering" of every product or material out of which a greedy few can make millions at the expense of the many, that we have come to accept the "trust" apathetically as a controlling factor of our industrial and economic life. But when the "trust" invades the realm of art, and stretches forth its avaricious hands to "corner" the theater, to drag dramatic art down from its high plane as a mold of public ethics, an instrument for the cultivation of the moral, spiritual, and æsthetic nature of a nation, and degrades it to the level of a mere vulgar, money-making machine, it is time for the American people to wake up and call, "Hands off!"

Desiring to place before its readers a full and authoritative account of the theatrical syndicate and its probable influence on our national stage, a special representative of SUCCESS MAGAZINE called on Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske, who, for the first time since the battle between the "trust" and the independent actors and managers began, consented to express her views on the subject for publication.

Those who go nightly to see and hear this great actress, who is upholding its best traditions and adding new luster to the American stage, do not, perhaps, realize what a heroic struggle she is making for its freedom and the ennoblement of dramatic art. The thousands of theater-goers, all over the country, who are arbitrarily deprived of this privilege enjoyed by New Yorkers do not, perhaps, realize that they are being treated as refractory children, or as adults without sufficient intelligence to determine for themselves what actors or plays they shall see. Mrs. Fiske's lucid and comprehensive replies to the questions put to her throw a flood of light on these points.

### *She Was Prevented from Playing in nearly All the Large Cities of the Country*

"SUCCESS is anxious to enlighten the public as to the effect of the theatrical syndicate or trust on dramatic art and on you and other independent actors, from a business as well as an artistic standpoint, and would like to have your views on the subject, Mrs. Fiske. The trust does not affect your appearance in New York, does it?"

"No, for I am appearing in the Manhattan Theater, which is controlled and managed by my husband, Harrison Grey Fiske. But the trust has excluded me from nearly all the larger cities of the country. If a wise foresight, added to large preparatory expenditure, had not been exercised, I should now be a trust victim, so far as New York is concerned, probably, and should have been compelled either to submit to the monopoly's exactions or to retire from the stage, or forced to practice my profession abroad."

"What is this trust, that seems to be so powerfully constituted?"

"It is made up of six business men who originally composed and still compose three distinct firms of theatrical managers, but who combined,

some eight years ago, with the purpose of getting control of all the first-class theaters in the United States and Canada, that they might make money out of them and dictate to the dramatic profession in all things."

"How could these men do this without opposition from the leading actors?"

"The syndicate had practically been formed and had obtained control of many of the theaters before those more legitimately concerned in the theater had any knowledge of the scope of the scheme. They made contracts for long terms with the local owners or managers of theaters, no doubt representing to them that this was a good business policy, and, having secured this advantage, they were in a position to dictate to the actors."

### *If Mr. Mansfield Had Remained Firm, the Trust Would Have Been Destroyed*

"But was not this very unusual?—in fact, a reversal of the natural controlling power as to the stage?"

"Yes; for, in the theater, as in all other professions in which art must figure chiefly, the artist by right must control. In the records of the stage we only occasionally find matters of moment about the business men who were employed in the business branch of the profession."

"Did none of the artists of the stage here seek to operate independently of this trust? Did no one oppose it?"

"Yes; there was, in the beginning, an attempt at opposition, but it was so insincere that it was futile. If the actors who at first combined had maintained their position the trust's scheme would have fallen like a house of cards."

"Was not Richard Mansfield one of the actors who bitterly opposed the trust, at that time?"

"Yes. If Mr. Mansfield had stood by his guns the trust would have failed. That actor's steadfastness would have given heart to, and maintained adhesion in, the opposition. His quick desertion almost at once ended the opposition as a body."

"What caused Mr. Mansfield's change of mind?"

"I do not know. It is said that he notified the waiting fellow actors who had joined him to fight, and who had gathered in his private business office to fully organize an opposition, that the trust had 'come to his terms.' That was, I believe, the only explanation given by Mr. Mansfield to his comrades in the fight. We had not supposed that it was a question of individual terms. We had understood that the independents were to oppose the monopoly on general principles as an evil in the theater."

"You say Mr. Mansfield bitterly assailed the trust. What was, in essence, the opinion he expressed about it?"

"One of Mr. Mansfield's published opinions at the time was this: 'Art must be free. I consider the trust or syndicate a standing menace to

art. Its existence is an outrage, and unbearable."

"Did not several actors make speeches from the stage in denunciation of the new combination?"

"I believe that in the beginning several actors attempted to address the public with regard to the trust from the stage. It is said that the trust ordered the descent of the asbestos curtain and drowned the voices of the protesting actors."

"Did other prominent actors denounce or publicly oppose the trust?"

"Yes. Joseph Jefferson declared it to be inimical to the dramatic profession; others expressed the same view; and James A. Herne, whose words were prophetic, said: 'Its effect will be to degrade the art of acting, to lower the standard of the drama, and to nullify the influence of the theater.'"

"But Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Mansfield seem to be the same artists as before. The trust has not dictated to them as to their plays, has it?"

"No. Mr. Jefferson, who has but recently retired, acted for short periods each year, and he, no doubt, felt himself too old to engage in a controversy with the combination he believed to be inimical to his profession. His theory did not count so long as he acquiesced in the trust to the extent of permitting it to 'book' his engagements. The trust was probably willing to yield to him in anything he might desire for the prestige his association with it gave the combination. In the same way, no doubt, it has been willing to concede everything within reason to Mr. Mansfield for the privilege of pointing to him as a 'star' under its direction."

"But, of course, these cases of very prominent actors who have submitted to the trust—"

"Or, rather, to whom the trust has submitted, for the prestige they carry,—"

"Yes, admitting that,—these actors, you must feel, then, have done great harm to their profession by yielding?"

"Very great harm. The support given the trust by prominent actors enables it to dictate wholly to the lesser actors, and to stifle modest individual enterprise. Mr. Mansfield probably referred to this aspect of its workings when he said that any actor who associated himself with the trust dealt a blow not only to dramatic art but also to all his fellow actors,—or words to that effect. It was inevitable that the trust would use the support of the strong 'stars,' when necessary, to crush the weaker."

#### *All the Work Done by Foreign Dramatists Is Controlled by a very Few Men*

"Does the trust prepare the plays and the companies that are to fill its theaters?"

"The trust has little or no knowledge of the stage. One or two of its members practically control the work of foreign dramatists, producing their plays after they have been tried in the other countries. Having this control, they make it difficult for an independent artist or manager to get material from abroad. The independent manager is obliged to depend upon the American dramatists, and that is a good thing. Certain members or firms of the trust produce flashy and superficial entertainments, but they have little to do with serious work, in which the theater has always found its greatest fame."

"But there seem to be many managers that do not belong directly to the trust producing plays or entertainments."

"Yes, but their number is steadily decreasing, and they too often find it very discouraging to yield up part of their legitimate revenues to the trust for the privilege of playing in its theaters, while, at the same time, frequently the trust 'books' its own enterprises in opposition to them."

"This would seem to be an unprecedented practice in business."

"It is. The trust enjoys unfair advantages over other managers who are not of it, yet who must submit to it. In fact, it is like one of two parties, for instance, playing a game of cards, with the power of keeping its own cards secret while it can safely peruse the 'hands' of the business men who theoretically are its competitors yet who are absolutely in its power; for it can make the routes of these outside managers as it pleases, with an eye to the better opportunities of its own companies, which naturally secure the cream of patronage by calculation of desirable 'dates.' As an instance of this, it may be said that its booking members seized all the time at the best theater in St. Louis during the entire period of the late exposition there, for its own enterprises."

"With its system, then, it must be able to know everything from which its own advantage may be subserved about its competitors in business, and at the same time be able to keep its own affairs secret."

"It is. It has that advantage; for, while it can keep secret the incomes and earnings of its own enterprises, it knows, from day to day, from one end of the country to the other, the exact receipts and profits of its 'competitors.' 'We have only to turn over our books,' a member of the trust once remarked, 'in order to learn the nightly receipts of any company in the country.'"

"It sometimes happens, does it not, that the better and more artistic of what are known generally as 'attractions' draw less money than others that are by no means artistic or a credit to the theater?"

"Yes, and this brings up the general question of the trust's idea as to what should be encouraged and what discouraged, from its commercial

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MRS. FISKE

viewpoint. When I returned to the stage, some eight years ago, the general public had forgotten me. I had not acted since I was a young girl. It was then difficult to secure plays,—I mean for one not within the circle of dominant management,—and my first season after my resumption of work was not profitable. I believe that it was during the next season that the trust took definite shape. At that time my fortunes had turned, and I was playing a very profitable engagement in New York City. When we decided to work independently of the trust certain members of that organization took the trouble to search the records of the theaters throughout the country in which I had appeared during the first season of my return to the stage. I have already said that this season was pecuniarily unprofitable. Certain members of the trust felt that the publication of these receipts would injure me. Therefore they had them published. The matter was of no consequence to me; for, as I have already said, my fortune had then turned. I merely mention the episode in order to show to what scurvy tricks the trust would resort."

"In the matter of plays,—you have continued to develop native playwrights, have you not?"

"For the most part, yes, and in that way the trust has done me a good turn. If the foreign market had been open to me, I should probably not have had the pleasure of introducing the works of several native playwrights. The dramatization of 'Tess of the D'Urbervilles' was made by Lorimer Stoddard, son of the late

poet, Richard Henry Stoddard; the dramatization of 'Vanity Fair' was made by Langdon Mitchell, son of the distinguished Dr. S. Weir Mitchell. 'Little Italy,' which has been described by a noted American critic as 'the most perfect American play,' was written by an American, Horace B. Fry. Other plays, more or less successful, have been written for us by Americans. C. M. S. McClellan, an American, is the author of 'Leah Kleschna.' We are to produce a play by another American, Rupert Hughes."

"Was not this last play, 'Leah Kleschna,' refused by trust managers?"

"I believe it was. They, being naturally mere business men, essentially, take few chances with new material. They do not profess judgment as to serious drama."

"It is remembered, Mrs. Fiske, that formerly you made tours of the country. Are you still able to make tours?"

"Only in a very limited way."

"How was it, then, that you were able to make a tour last season?"

"Up to last season the trust controlled only first-class theaters throughout the country. The second-class theaters were open to me and to other independent attractions. We would play in these second-class theaters, raising the rates to the scale of prices charged in the first-class theaters, and drawing the same audiences that frequent the latter."

"Are these second-class theaters no longer open to you?"

"No; they have been absorbed by the trust. A new combination has given it absolute control of the second-class theaters as well as of those of the first class. It was the only way in which it could prevent the tours of an independent actor. The second-class theaters were controlled by a smaller syndicate, with which the greater syndicate has now formed a combination."

"There are, throughout the country, numbers of theaters devoted to stock companies. Would not these be open occasionally to independent attractions?"

"I dare say not, for indirectly the trust controls them, too. I mean to say that the stock companies depend upon the trust for their supply of plays. Should these stock theaters open their doors to independent attractions it is probable that their supply of plays would be cut off."

#### *The Greatest Foreign Genius Could not Appear here unless the Trust Permitted*

"Are there many cities where you and the Manhattan Company can not appear?"

"Nearly all the cities are closed to us."

"Can not noted foreign actors come here independently of the trust?"

"Not one of them. Not Sir Henry Irving, or Eleanora Duse, or Salvini, or Coquelin could visit this country professionally without the sanction of the trust and submission to it. In fact, the greatest genius in the world, in the theater, could not come here properly if the booking agents of the trust should object for any reason."

"This is something the public ought to be greatly interested in. It does not seem possible that such conditions could exist, elsewhere,—for example, in Europe."

"They could not. It is only in free and independent America—the land of liberty,—that such a condition is possible. Do you suppose that any syndicate or trust of any kind could set itself up to dictate to the artists of the theater of any great city abroad?"

"It would be absurd, would n't it?"

"It would not be tolerated. If in England an attempt were made to subjugate the theater, the thousand and one letter writers who bombard the newspapers of England on every topic of general interest would raise such a feeling that parliament would be convened to pass a measure or institute an inquiry that would very quickly restore the equilibrium of the theater. The public abroad, in every country that encourages and sustains the arts,

would forbid any kindred attempt to embarrass the theater in any such way."

"How is the public here to understand these things? Is there no remedy in this country?"

"Certainly. The people have the release of the theater easily in their power, if they wish to exercise the power. The inhabitants of many of the prominent cities of the country, finding that certain players and companies and plays are debarred from their theaters, should find a way to rebuke the managers. A comparatively new star has dawned in the theatrical firmament, this season. This young actor has made a profound impression. I refer to David Warfield. He is one in whom the entire theater-going public should feel the keenest interest. Yet it is doubtful if Mr. Warfield will be permitted to appear before the public of more than half a dozen cities in this country. Nor will any of Mr. Belasco's attractions be given an opportunity to appear in many of our great cities. Is that honorable treatment of thousands of theater-goers? Let us hope the people themselves will ponder the matter and refuse to be dictated to. It is their right to demand whatever attractions they desire to see."

*There Is Nothing in This Commercial System to Develop an Actor's Ability*

"Aside from what you have said, do you think that actors can be developed under the trust system?"

"It is impossible that they should be developed under that system. If it continues, there will be, before long, an absolute dearth of ordinarily good actors, for there is nothing whatever in the trust system that permits of the development of an actor. In most cases, when the trust members produce plays of any kind, they select actors of certain types for certain type parts, and forever afterwards these actors, through narrow vision, are seen only in such parts as they were originally selected for. Naturally, you can see, it will not take long to exhaust possibilities in this direction and to abolish everything that resembles versatility."

"Is the idea to utilize present material without regard to the future?"

"Exactly. Therefore, it would be almost impossible, under the trust

system, for a Cushman, a Booth, or an Anderson to develop, even though young players might possess equal greatness in embryo. The genius who comes to stay requires years of development. He never succeeds at once. That is to say, the annals of the theater reveal the fact that the great actors do not 'make money' immediately. The trust demands that a star shall 'make money' immediately. I have been told that the trust would refuse to book an attraction that was not fairly sure of playing to a certain amount of money. It has no time to bother about development."

*The Trust Demands that All Its Actors and Plays Shall Be Money-makers*

"What about Mr. Mansfield?"

"He, fortunately, developed as an actor long before the trust came into existence. Like all other artists worthy of the name, he labored many years before he attained the position he now holds. If the trust had been in existence during the years of his struggle, he would probably have been wiped out. As I say, it has no time to bother about development. One of its more prominent members, in an interview, remarked that what the public wants is 'something new—fresh faces and fresh personalities,—in the theater continually.' That is the trust's keynote,—sensational newness, with superficiality. Now how could Booth, or Mary Anderson, or, earlier, Edwin Forrest and Charlotte Cushman, have been developed under such a régime? The trust, in all its requirements, is most strict in the requirement that what it calls 'the show'—meaning by that the actor or the play,—shall from the first be a money-maker. Now no great actor—no genius of the theater,—has ever been a money-maker until he has served the bitter apprenticeship made necessary in development. Young genius and the garret are synonymous terms in fact as well as in fiction. Talent and hardship, deprivation and lack of means, go hand in hand for years, before recognition. This is so not only with the actor's art, but also with all other art. The other day I took up a fugitive volume of an old English magazine,—a periodical fifty or more years old,—and saw in it poems by

[Concluded on page 288]

# SPAIN SINCE HER FIGHT WITH UNCLE SAM

(DIPLOMATIC MYSTERIES: NUMBER FOUR)

# VANCE THOMPSON

I HAD speech with an old noble. He was the Marquis de Grijalba, chamberlain of the ex-queen of Spain, Isabella, who died a few months ago. We sat together in his room in the Palais de Castille, in Avenue Kléber, in Paris. An old man, lean and tall, with white beard and parchment-like face, he had lived in the world where crowns are gambled for, and he had seen many things. Sadly he talked of the fall of Spain, and of "the two great materialistic nations," Great Britain and the United States, "which are crushing the Latin race." At length he threw down his cigar and stood up, with folded arms, as lean and haughty an old noble as need be, and said:—

"Spain will die like a gentleman!"

There was nothing very new in it; for a long time the subtle and seducing diplomats of the old school, like Morphy-y-Ferrez de Guzmán, pervaded the courts of Europe, averring, not without pride, "Spain is dying—like a gentleman."

Within the last few years, however,—since the Spanish-American War and by reason of it,—there has grown up a new Spain.

And this austere hidalgo, he who was dying so gracefully, wrapped in his ragged cloak, has decided that, in this workaday world, it is worth while living even if one has to live like a Yankee "materialist." The hidalgo has built him textile factories and gone down into his mines. The economic battle is a hard one, for the political situation in Spain is intolerably bad; but something, at least, has been accomplished,—something as worthy of record as charges up historic hills. The Spaniard has not worked alone; behind most of these achievements you will see a Scot, a German, or an Anglo-Saxon. So, in a way, there is going on a pacific conquest of Spain, against great odds.

## I.—"Dying Like a Gentleman"

It was in May, 1902. Wearing, for the first time, a field marshal's uniform, the little king, the thirteenth Alphonso of Spain, took the oath before his cortes; and he said: "I swear by God and on the Holy Bible to guard the constitution and the laws; and, if I keep my oath, may God reward me!—if I break it, may He punish me!" The politicians were content. Then two cardinals and thirty bishops led the young king to the Church of Saint Francis, (which is the Pantheon of Spain,) and his majesty intoned a *Te Deum*. The churchmen were content. Later came a horde



How Her Proud Conservatives Are vainly Trying to Uproot the Yankee Ideals Taught by the Late War

of generals and led the king to a review of the troops. The army was content. In the eyes of Madrid the coronation was incomplete, so his majesty went to the bullfight of the day.

So he had an oath for the politicians; a *Te Deum* for the priests; a review for the generals; and a bullfight for the sanguinary populace of Madrid, and for the people he was called to rule over.

A month later, in a proclamation, the king said: "I send my cordial salute to the Spanish people."

It would be difficult to picture more concisely this government of Ma-

drid,—a cohort of soldiers and monks and bloody-minded idlers,—which rules from afar the cities and tidal shores of Spain, and tosses, on great occasions, a salute, casual and insolent, to the people. As a matter of fact Red Russia is governed more liberally than Spain. Withal the government is more representative. Industrial and agricultural Spain is far from king and capital. The seven provinces which surround Madrid, and which are the heart of the kingdom,—Sória, Guadalajara, Teruel, Cuença, Albacete, Ciudad-Real, and Cáceres,—are arid and scantily populated; the capital, lonely, aloof, mysterious, and somber, is girdled by deserts and rocky silences; it is far from the populous regions of Spain,—far from all popular interests and the noise of common things. Thence Spain is ruled, and the power is divided among the classes you saw at the coronation: the king has the title, the politicians the credit, the generals the reality, and the priests all the benefits. The little king—a descendant of Louis XIV., heir of Philip II,—is a mere prisoner; he is tied hand and foot by the pseudo-constitution.

Journeying through Spain—whether by automobile or on the back of a white mule with bells,—you are struck by the fact that, in all the secondary towns, there is no middle class, and there is no upper class. You will see cities of fifty thousand inhabitants peopled exclusively by peasants,—hardly one decent house,—perhaps a wretched inn on the Calle Major or in the Plaza Real; a *café*, it may be, and a *casino*; nothing more,—miles of yellow streets where the peasants house their monotonous poverty. The people are there, somber and industrious; but they have no chiefs,—there is none to officer this dull army of toil. I can take you into ten cities where there is not a captain—not a corporal,—of industry. What is the reason? As soon as one of these peasants cranes himself over the heads of his fellows and gets money in hand, he has only one ambition,—to flutter toward some capital, such as Seville, Barcelona, or, best of all,

Madrid. It is the goal of every Spanish youth,—Madrid. These two roads of renown open before him,—his parliament and his *plaza de toros*. Those who have force of hand and quickness of foot take to bullfighting; those who have power of tongue and nimbleness of wit go into politics. It is one thing and the same. Your Spanish man of state, whether he calls himself Maura, or Guerra, or Moret, is a mere political *torero*, questing for the bravos of the public. They and their like come swarming up from the provinces; they are lawyers, professors, journalists, rhetors, hungry gentlemen, and peasant hidalgos, and they form an army of guerrillas in the train of this leader or that. Nominally, the deputies are elected by popular vote. In reality, they are nominated by the prime minister of the moment. The voting is purely farcical. Rarely a Spanish citizen takes the trouble to cast his ballot; indifferent to roguery, he lets the politicians have their way. There is no pretense of honesty. Where a hundred votes are cast thousands are counted. There is comedy in the situation,—tragedy, now and then. When I was in Lorca, a pig-headed man, one of the peasant hidalgos of that giant village, put himself in opposition to the official candidate named by Moret,—then the honeyed and vindictive minister of the interior. The pig-headed man had the promise of many votes. The night before election he was found dead in bed. Said my innkeeper, shaking a gloomy head: "Poor man, well, God made him obstinate!" This was his epitaph; and his death, like that of a drunkard, was a warning to others. Lorca elected Moret's man.

This sort of thing goes on in every Latin organization of society. The French politicians, no more than their Spanish brothers, disdain an occasional assassination. In fact, the Latin races are dying of politics, all their virility is expended in these sterile and Byzantine quarrels, and universal suffrage (the million-footed swine of the parable,) rushes violently down steep places in the Latin world.

Behind these politicians are the priests and generals who divide the real power.

The priests are the veritable police of the country; incidentally, they make the monarchy possible. They, and they alone, can control the fierce and ignorant populace that inhabits the peasant cities of which I have spoken. Ignorance is like an atmosphere in these yellow streets. In Andalusia, the garden of Spain, only fourteen per cent. of the recruits know how to read, and they are the pick of the population. Whole counties are fermenting with a vague sort of anarchy,—clamorous for the destruction of law. Only a little while ago a band of anarchists, several thousand of them, came down from the sierras upon Xeres, a city of over sixty thousand; the troops had to be reinforced before they could repel the invasion of these half-savage brutes from the hills. There is more than a little Africa in the race. It has old heredities of revolt and submission. Those very ruffians of the sierras will follow piously the image of a saint, borne in procession through the streets. To be sure, the saber supplements the saint; it would not do to overlook the generals.

The Spaniards are, beyond all doubt, brave and soldierly people, but they have ceased to be redoubtable.

They are the haughty, but rickety, sons of the *conquistadores*.

There is nothing quite like the pride of being a Spaniard. The Roman did pretty well with his "*Civis Romanus sum*," and the Scot's pride in his naked knee is beautiful, indeed; but the Spaniard's pride is above them both. Soldiers,—they are proud of being soldiers; wrapped in ragged cloaks,—they are proud of being wrapped in ragged cloaks.

Now, in the old days, while the priests were policing the country, the generals were holding the colonies; and, until the Spanish-American War, it was upon her colonies that Spain lived.

Weavers, manufacturers, and industrials of Catalonia; the shoemakers and leather dealers of the Balears; grocers and exporters of Corunna and the Ferrol; traders and merchants of Cadiz, of Seville, and of Santander; and wine producers and fruiterers of Valencia and Andalusia,—all the provinces, except Bilbao, Huelva, and Malaga, drew their revenues from the colonial markets, and by the colonial markets their commerce and their industries were kept alive. By a system of traffic artfully erected the colonies were forced to buy from the mother country; it was Chamberlainism before Chamberlain. The onions and peas eaten in Havana came from Corunna. What clothes the Filipino wore came from Barcelona, and the shoe leather between him and the ground was tanned and cut and sewed in Mahon. A rice country, Cuba had to buy its rice from Valencia; and, though the Cubans had sugar and cocoa, they were not permitted to bray them into chocolate and, thus, compete with the town of Galicia and the Asturias. Spain lived on her colonies, and, willingly enough, paid tribute to the generals,—Weyler, the turnkey of Cuba, or Polavieja, the bully of the Philippines, lived "like a gentleman."

It is an old law of languages that the words which pass over from one language to another, virtually unchanged, are peculiarly characteristic of the nation. Thus England has sent out into every language such industrial terms as "railway," "wagon," and "steamer," and such phrases as "it's all right" and "go ahead." Italy has colonized everywhere its vocabulary of musical phrases,—"soprano," "pianoforte," and the like. America has made international such words as "poker," "trust," and "bluff." France has taught the world to speak of the "*boudoir*" and the

"*salon*." And the verbal emissaries of Spain? "Hidalgo,"—"guerrilla,"—"El Dorado."

The Spanish-American War wrote *finis* to that volume of Spanish history. The day of the sword proconsul is over. In sun or shade the hidalgo may lean against a wall, wrapped in the pride of a ragged cloak, his hand outstretched,—but no Cuban gold falls clinking into his palm. His choice is between "dying like a gentleman" and living—like a Yankee.

## II.—Trying to "Live like a Yankee"

It is not in these pages that I can show—as I should like to show,—the immense advantages that have come to Spain by the loss of her colonies. There is a very different kind of story in my ink-well, which must get itself put on paper. And yet statistics, when they make plain the awakening of a nation,—an old civilization's change of life,—have a romance of their own. Often diplomatic and consular reports are more interesting than fiction. Our own, unfortunately, are not very good. Our consular service is still in its infancy. Our men are not trained for the work. It is mere chance if they are of use as economic agents of world commerce. The German consular service is the best, with that of England a close second.

After the colonies were lost, Spain was in the position of an idler who has lost his unearned income and has to go to work. The mining and agricultural industries were the first to feel the new impulse. There was work to be done, and there were men to do it. The colonies had taken yearly for defense and exploitation thousands of the youngest and most vigorous men of the mother country. As emigrants or soldiers almost all the youth and activity of Spain went to Cuba and the Philippines, and Spanish capital went with them. After the war capital came home. Came, too, a quarter of a million men ready for work. Now Spain, in minerals, is one of the richest countries in Europe, a fact the world and she herself had overlooked since Columbus gave her America. With capital and labor everywhere seeking employment, Spain re-discovered her mines,—those mines which were famous two hundred years before Christ. Bilbao led the way; the amount of iron already mined is considerable,—about five million tons a year,—and there are fifty-seven million tons of iron lying ready to the miner's pick. The ancient mines of Galicia and the Asturias have been reopened. Santander, Gijon and Corunna are in the way of becoming great mining and shipping centers. Prospectors are swarming over the interior provinces. New mines are being opened every year. New ports are

being created along the Spanish Mediterranean. I blundered upon one of them, last year. From the high bluffs above, the iron was carried down to the waiting ships on the backs of mules. (Admire, however, Spanish ingenuity!—the mules were fed at one end of the journey and watered at the other; so they went briskly to and fro.) To-day a railway has superseded the mule track. In five provinces of Spain, where idleness reigned before the war, they are now digging out iron ore,—which is the bread of modern industrial life,—or coal. In Galicia the gold mines, famous in antiquity, are being worked; they are digging lead at Cartagena, and copper comes down to the ships—English, Scandinavian, German, and Austrian,—in the port of Huelva. And these countries, one and all, are sending capital and expert labor into this new Spain. Over a quarter of the world's consumption of manganese, last year, came out of the Rio Tinto. The fields have benefited equally by the new conditions. Immense stretches of cane and beet land feed the sugar industry. Fruit and oil and wine have felt the new trade impulse. Spain is conquering the fruit market. A few years ago, American apples, pears, and peaches reached Paris in better condition, after journeying six thousand miles, than the Spanish fruit which had but to cross the Pyrenees. New methods of transportation and packing have changed all that. The very first year after the war five new lines of navigation were established in the Asturias alone.

Railways are being built, and—where they can not be obtained from the blind, corrupt, and idle government of Madrid,—the local authorities have established automobile routes. As the stagecoaches did, of old, these automobile "diligences" traverse Spain in every direction,—realizing, perhaps, the ultimate method of transit and transport. These facts—I might give scores like them,—are significant. It is also significant that, side by side with the Spaniards in this commercial and industrial renaissance, you find the adventurous Scot, the German, the Englishman, and the Dane, for Spain needs men to captain her young industries.

A rosy picture, is it not?

We see an end of shadowy El Dorados,—the guerrilla lies no more behind the hedge,—the hidalgo has laid aside the pride of his ragged cloak.

The situation would be, indeed, full of promise, were it not for the fact that Spain is Spain,—reigned over by a mock king, swarmed upon by parasitic politicians, ruled by priests, and governed by generals,—those same haughty, but rickety, sons of the *conquistadores*. A strange world is this Latin world.

Truly Spain has set out on the new road, but the ignorance, laziness, dishonesty and extravagance of the government are heavy obstacles in the way. The generals alone pocket one fourth of the public receipts. King, priests, and politicians waste the rest. Mon-



AN ANCIENT SCEPTER, A CROWN, AND CATHOLIC RELICS AT THE ALHAMBRA



THE HIDALGO REMOVED HIS CLOAK AND TOOK UP A SPADE



strous and foolish taxes weigh upon every industry. Local tariff laws enforce idleness upon the countryside and starvation on the cities. In this winter of 1904-1905 Spain has known a veritable famine. In Madrid alone twenty thousand families have been kept alive only by charity,—on soups doled out at the barracks and monasteries; in the Plaza de Aflijidos (well-named is this "Square of the Afflicted,") they gathered in thousands clamoring for bread and were charged by the soldiery. It was the same in Barcelona, and in Bilbao,—everywhere the same. People begged who had never begged before. Women fought for the foul soup in which floated bits of rotten vegetables. Hunger bred the inevitable discontent. There were riots in the laboring centers. Dynamite bombs, as you know, were thrown in Barcelona. Demos lifted his head and howled. Until you have seen a Latin mob you can not know how fierce a brute Demos is,—when he is hungry and pricked by bayonets. Agitators, many of them native, some international, were busy in all the great cities. The socialists, who will not be quiet anywhere in the world, in Spain organized the unemployed and discontented into revolutionists. Lean and ragged processions marched through the streets clamoring for "Liberty!" *Libertad!* In the grim Basque provinces, thousands of men were out. In Biscay, (which is the Ireland of Spain,) the agitation became almost an insurrection. At Bilbao, the republicans and the socialists made common cause against the monarchy. *Libertad!*

It was evident that something must be done; even Madrid realized that something must be done; even the great ladies of Madrid—whose nerves are proof against the foul horrors of the bullfight,—felt that something must be done. In winter, in cold, in famine, from one end of the peninsula to the other, the populace was crying for bread,—bread and liberty! Would you know what the great ladies did?—they whose hearts were touched by the spectacle of hungry men and women starving? They formed a committee and subscribed funds to purchase—

What do you think?

I will give you twenty guesses.

They subscribed the necessary funds and purchased a diamond crown for the Virgin of Pilar!

Very beautiful is the Virgin of Pilar; quite the most beautiful statue in this Spain of the countless statues; with awe I looked upon her, so hung about she is with necklaces, brooches, bracelets, rings, jewels, gems, and medallions, to the value of nearly one million dollars; but the new diamond coronet moved her not at all; not one rotten carrot the more floated in the foul soup doled out to the starving mob. Now while these great ladies—the wives of the ministers, Maura, Sanchez Toca, and Moret, among them,—were decking the Virgin of Pilar, the ministers themselves held council with the king. They extracted his majesty from an automobile, and he sat with them and listened.

"Something must be done," said Toca, "or there will be a revolution."

Moret said: "These laboring men are organized, and, if we call out the troops against them, there will be more than a riot."

Then Guerra spoke up and said: "And if we call out Don Carlos?"

Minister smiled upon minister, and the cabinet meeting adjourned.

### III.—"Libertad" and the Pretender

In any Latin society intrigue, it seems, is a prime necessity. The Latin is not a great diplomat, but he is a splendid conspirator. Bismarck, who said almost everything that was worth saying, has left some curious remarks on this subject. Said he: "The individual Briton is decent, respectable, reliable; the reproach of lying is to him the most serious of reproaches. Now English policy is the contrary of all that; its dominant characteristic is hypocrisy, and it employs every method which the individual Briton despises. An English gentleman will not lie; make that same English gentleman a diplomat and he will lie without scruple. That is English policy. It is the way England plays the game. Now the French policy is often violent or cunning,—as men are,—but it is never systematically perfidious. The Latin never separates the individual from the diplomat. He carries his personal passions, his individual honesty or brutality or cunning, into the game of politics; you know just where he is." So said the old master of diplomacy, himself a past master in systematic perfidy, looking out over the world he had once ruled. Few men who know the diplomatic stage of Europe will disagree with his opinion. The Latin takes politics seriously,—fanatically,—like a religion; he is too frank and passionate to make a successful diplomat; he is too impulsive to lie steadily and remorselessly to gain a far-off diplomatic goal. But he loves intrigue. There he is at home. Nothing else so stirs the Latin imagination as a cloaked figure in a dark alley. Latin politics is haunted with whispering conspirators. Traitors go abroad in the dark. Heroic imbeciles throw themselves on drawn swords,—and, indeed, it is an interesting world wherein an idle gentleman, weary of Venetian waters, may find profit and delight.

Don Carlos has his palace on the Grand Canal, in Venice. You may see him, any day, driving at full speed in his electric launch through the silent waterways. As the yellow, whizzing launch appears, the black gondolas scatter like water flies. In foam and noise it passes, Don Carlos lolling on the red cush-

ions, his handsome, dissatisfied wife beside him. Manned by flunkies in the red and yellow livery of Spain, it passes,—a thing of noise and pomp and color, which has no business there, drumming up the quiet waters of the canals. Don Carlos is a big man, physically; his body is vast,—high and wide and profound; he is rosy, blond, bearded, with bulging eyes; so far as the look of him goes he might sit on any throne with credit,—this last of the kings in exile of the male branch of the Bourbons of Spain. But he will never reign. That, perhaps, may be in store for Don Jaime, his son, who is with the Russian cavalry in the Far East. This pretender has found a more profitable occupation. Oh, men have died for him, truly enough! Still in Biscay women pray darkly for the day when he shall come to his own. Round about Bilbao good men—furious little royalists,—go to jail for him, joyous martyrs. Bankers, so far away as Frankfort, gamble money on his chance of reigning. Don Carlos smiles skeptically in his blond beard. He has long been one of the lackeys of the court of Alphonso XIII.; that, but nothing more. Whenever the ministry, or whenever the king, has need of a small revolt which may be promptly repressed and add thus to governmental prestige, the word is passed to the big pretender in Venice. Forthwith scores of frantic little Carlists go out to be shot or jailed for him. It is, I believe, a new industry. In time the pretended pretender may become a useful adjunct to every throne,—just as the circus carries its pseudo "Rube" and the bad gambler his innocent-looking "copper."

"Something must be done," said Sanchez Toca.

"What if we call out Don Carlos?"

And even so it was.

I was in Marseilles, that week,—in the austere and somber Hotel de Noailles; there, as in the forest of numbers, one may wander for days without meeting a friendly equation; but one evening, in the smoking room, I met a man who had just come in by the Rapide from Paris. I knew him well. He had fought in the Transvaal and in the Far East,—wherever, indeed, war clouds gather, this Irish stormy petrel is to be found. There are, in Europe, more of these soldiers of fortune than you would imagine. They go soldiering the world over. You come upon them in Egypt, in Morocco, in the Turkish Empire, and in the Balkans,—Englishmen, Yankees, or Frenchmen of the Legion; they are gentlemen, rogues, or adventurers, and very good fellows. The man of the Rapide told me he was off for Spain.

"Watch the news from Bilbao," he whispered.

Often enough you and I and our neighbors have watched the news from Bilbao. That is the historic stronghold which always the Carlists have tried to take; it is the stepping-stone to the throne of Spain. With dark references to O'Ryan-y-Vasquez, who had nothing to do with the case, my little adventurer sailed for Spain. I, in the gold sunlight on the Cannebière, watched the news from Bilbao. Blithely and familiarly it came. Republicans and socialists paraded the streets, shouting "*Libertad!*"—the great cohorts of labor marching to revolt. Oh, just at the right moment the big pretender loosed his mock revolt. Into the tumult of the streets of Bilbao a hundred ragged Carlists, heroically led by our little Irish adventurer, rushed frantically. Then, indeed, the troops were called out; they fired blank cartridges; then they fired balls. Oddly enough, not a Carlist was wounded, but the republicans could by no agility keep out of the way of the bullets. Over the shoulders of the Carlists the government (all liberals, by the way,) laid the whip on the back of Demos, guilty of shouting "*Libertad!*" Then the punishments were doled out: prison sentences were passed upon twenty republicans, twelve socialists, and

one Carlist,—one entire Carlist. Social discontent was damped down in blood once more. The melancholy cries of the republicans muttered away into silence, and the ministers at Madrid sent Don Carlos his fee. There was a ball in the Palace of the Arranjuez. The fifty-one maids of honor stood along the wall. The ladies made a pretty show; veiled in the official mantillas of white lace, they whispered the latest news of the Virgin of Pilar, and awaited the king. (The old Duchess of Medina remembered his first appearance; she it was who presented him—naked and newborn,—on a gold platter to the grandees of the nation and the diplomats.) But the king did not come. A new fortune teller had arrived from Paris, and he was busy spying into the future.

Such was the latest triumph of Madrid,—this insolent parasite which is destroying the new Spain as it destroyed the old. Madrid, with its king and its politicians, its priests and its generals, is the great obstacle in the way of Spain's advance in commerce, trade, and industry. Only when the whole administrative system is swept away will Spain secure that liberty—that freedom for the scientific spirit,—which will insure the success of her new movement, industrial and commercial and agricultural. Half the country is ready to revolt, and only the specter of Don Carlos keeps it quiet. Sooner or later a political revolution will come, and, unless Alphonso XIII. leads it, he will have to cross the Pyrenees. The destiny of Spain is likely to turn toward success. Already Sancho Panza has taken the upper hand. There is great significance in the marvelous growth in Spanish industry. Hidalgos, peasants, and merchants are refusing to "die like gentlemen," and in that refusal is the hope of her future.



THE ANCIENT THRONE OF BOURBONS IN THE ROYAL PALACE AT MADRID



THE VIRGIN OF PILAR ADORNED WITH ALL KINDS OF RARE JEWELS

# ORIGINALITY

## ORISON SWETT MARDEN

NO HUMAN being ever yet made a success trying to be somebody else, even if that person was a success. *Success can not be copied,—can not be successfully imitated. It is an original force,—a creative process.* Every man will be a failure just in proportion as he gets away from himself and tries to be somebody else and to express somebody else instead of himself. Power comes from within or from nowhere. Be yourself. Listen to the voice within. There is room for improvement in every profession, in every trade, and in every business. The world wants men who can do things in new and better ways. Don't think, because your plan or idea has no precedent, or because you are young and inexperienced, that you will not get a hearing. The man who has anything new and valuable to give to the world will be listened to and will be followed. The man of strong individuality, who dares to think his own thought and originate his own method, and who is not afraid to be himself, not a copy of someone else, quickly gets recognition. Nothing else will attract the attention of your employer or the rest of the world so quickly as originality and unique ways of doing things, especially if they are effective.

Blaze your own way, make your own path, or you will never make any impression on the world.

It is striking originality that attracts attention. The world admires the man who has the courage to lift his head above the crowd, and dares to step to the front and declare himself. Never before was originality so much at a premium. The world makes way for the man with an idea. It is the thinker, the man with original ideas and new and up-to-date methods, who is the real productive force in a community. He is wanted everywhere. But there is very little demand for human machines.

The world is full of followers, leaners, and taggers, who are willing to walk in old trails, and to have their thinking done for them; but it is seeking the man with original force, who leaves the beaten track and pushes into new fields, the physician who departs from the precedent of those who have gone before him, the lawyer who conducts his case in an original way, the teacher who brings new ideas and methods into the schoolroom, and the clergyman who has the courage to proclaim the message which God has given to him, not that given to some other man who has put it into a book. The world wants preachers who get their sermons out of life, not out of a library.

There are a thousand people who will do faithfully what they are told, to one who can lay out a programme or execute it; a thousand who can only follow, to one who can lead. It is a rare thing to find a young man who has the power of accomplishment, the ability to put a thing through with the force of originality.

Whatever your work in life, do not follow others. Do not imitate. Do not do things just as everybody else has done them before, but in new, ingenious ways. Show the people in your specialty that precedents do not cut much of a figure with you, and that you will make your own programme. Resolve that, whether you accomplish much or little in the world, it shall be original,—your own. Do not be afraid to assert yourself in an original way. Originality is power, life; imitation is death. Do not be afraid to let yourself out. You grow by being original, never by copying; by leading, never by following. Resolve that you will be a man of ideas, always on the lookout for improvement. Think to some purpose. There is always a place for an original man.

There is nothing else which will kill the creative faculty and paralyze growth more quickly than following precedents in everything, and doing everything in the same old way. I have known progressive young men to stop growing, become hopelessly rutty, and lose all their progressiveness by going into their fathers' stores, factories, or places [of business, where everything was done in the same old-fashioned way, and precedents were followed in everything. They lost all expansiveness. There was no motive for reaching out for the new and the original, because their fathers would not change; and I have seen these splendid fellows, who might have become great and grand men, shrivel to pygmies in their fathers' ruts.

How many of our business houses are weighted down with machinery, old, antiquated methods, ponderous bookkeeping, and out-of-date appliances, when new devices, or new methods with short-cut ways of doing things would enable them to economize greatly on room and get along with much less help; but they cling to the old with a fatal tenacity.

This is why so many old concerns, which have been strong and powerful for generations, gradually shrink, shrivel, get into ruts, and fail, while their newer competitors, the bright young men who have gone out from these houses, do things in a new way, adopt up-to-date methods, keep up with the times, and go on to greater success.

There is a great advertising quality in originality, or uniqueness. The man who does business like the great majority of men does not attract much attention, although he may have superior ability; but if he makes his own path, adopts original, unique, and progressive methods, puts his specialty in a class by itself, and attracts attention, everybody who patronizes him is a traveling advertisement for him.

There is a specialty store in Boston whose progressive proprietors make a study of original ways of doing everything. For example, all change is given in brand new money, direct from the United States treasury or mint. It does not cost much, and is no great trouble, yet it is a very shrewd advertisement. This is especially attractive to women and children, and has brought a great deal of trade. Aside from the danger of handling old, soiled money, which has been no one knows where, it gives a sense of pleasure to handle new, crisp bills, and brand new, bright coins. This is only one of the many unique methods this concern adopts.

People flock to the most up-to-date establishments, for they know that the newest styles, the latest and freshest goods, the greatest variety, the best display of taste, and the most appropriate things are to be found there, for

up-to-date houses pay the largest salaries and have the best buyers.

There is a hotel in New York which needs no advertising. It is one of the institutions which people visit just to see it, and they are always talking about it. Other things being equal, they will patronize it. If they can not

afford to have rooms there, they will go there to dine, to see the fashions, and prominent people. The amount of free advertising which this hotel has had, in addition to what, perhaps, other first-class hotels get, would probably have cost, if paid for, half as much as the hotel is worth.

The same is true in every line of endeavor. It is the newest and the most up-to-date concern, that has the latest devices and the freshest, and most original ideas, that draws the people. Do not, however, make the mistake of thinking that if you simply do things in new ways you will necessarily be successful. It is *effective* originality that counts. There are thousands of men who are always chasing new ideas, new ways of doing things, who never accomplish anything of note, because they are not effective, not practical. I know a man who has always been adopting every new device that comes along, and yet he has thus scientifically run through a large estate left him because he did not have the judgment or the sagacity to select effective devices or methods.

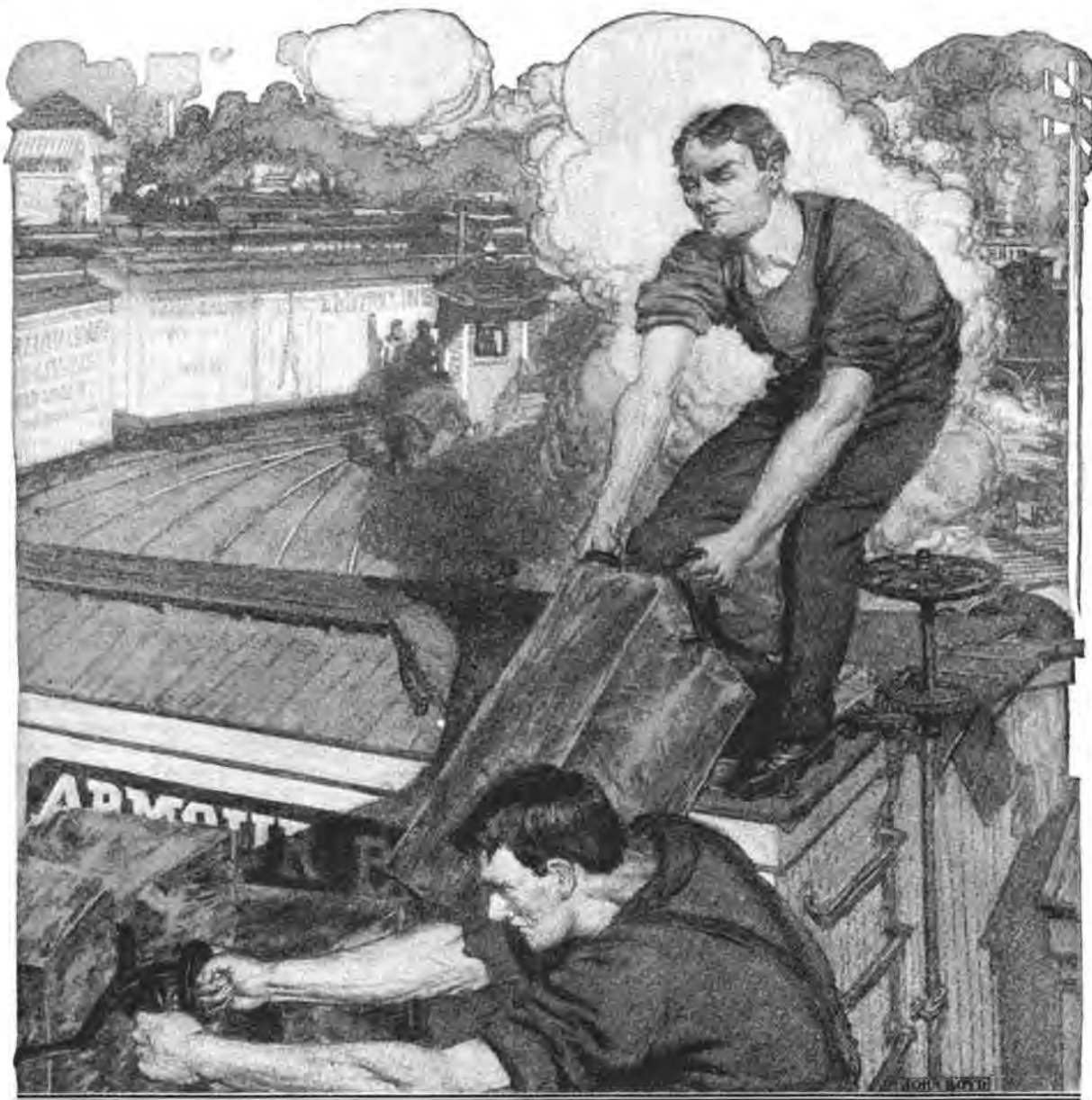
So the shrewdest thing a young man can do—to say nothing of the influence upon his character,—is to determine to put the greatest possible originality and the highest possible excellence into everything he does, to make a resolution, at the very outset of his career, to stamp his individuality upon everything that goes out of his hands, and to determine that everything he does shall have the imprint of his character upon it as a trade-mark of the highest and best that is in him. This is his patent of nobility. If he does this, he will not require a large amount of capital to start a business, and to advertise it. His greatest resources will be in himself. Originality is the best substitute for advertising, as well as the best thing to advertise, if quality goes with it, yet some men are absolutely afraid to do things in a new way. They must follow somebody else. "What was good enough for my father and grandfather is good enough for me," seems to be their motto. They can not see any reason for changing. They must have a precedent for everything or they reject it. They can not appreciate a new idea or a new way of doing things. They think there must be something the matter with it if it has not been used before. They have a peculiar love for the old; the antique appeals to them. They think the value of things lies in their age. These people with hide-bound intellects stand in the way of progress. Every town has these "precedent men" in the same old-sized stores with the same old, out-of-date show-windows, the same methods of displaying goods, the same old, cumbersome systems in the countingroom. They are progress-proof. New ideas frighten them. The precedent man is always nonplused, embarrassed by anything new, or when confronted with a condition which requires something original. He must get hold of something which has been used before, or he is powerless.

Some people think it is terrible to be unlike others in their personalities. They are always afraid of being thought peculiar, or eccentric. Yet the Creator never made two things alike, nor any two people alike. Nature breaks her mold at every new birth. Great characters always have strong individuality and originality, characteristics which mark them from the crowd. To be eccentric is not to be weak, but more often it is a sign of strength. Lincoln had eccentricities, but they were inseparable from his great character. Eccentricities which do not make a person disagreeable or repulsive are often advantageous rather than disadvantageous. What is more monotonous than a dead-level, insipid character, which has no strongly marked features which individualize it? We all love a great nature, a strong, vigorous, rugged personality, which impresses us with power,—something colossal which looms above us and inspires us with awe and admiration, such as we feel when standing under some mighty mountain cliff towering above us into the clouds. We do not wish the rugged crags smoothed off. They add to the peak's sublimity. They suggest majesty and power. Why should we want to plane off the eccentricities of a great character, or the individuality which characterizes him and distinguishes him from all others?

We believe in the original man or woman who does not remind us of others, who makes a new, strong, vigorous, and lasting impression upon us, who does not imitate, copy, or follow, who makes his own programme, who acts upon his own judgment, who leans upon nobody, and who does not ask advice, but acts fearlessly and boldly. We know there is force there that can do things,—that can achieve,—a reserve power that makes its possessor a master. Fearlessness is a quality absolutely necessary to great achievement, courage always accompanies force. It is a marked quality of the original man. Imitators, copiers are timid, weak.

Do not be afraid of being original, even eccentric. Be an independent, self-reliant, new man, not just one more individual in the world. Do not be a copy of your grandfather, of your father, or of your neighbor. That is as foolish as for a violet to try to be like a rose, or for a daisy to ape a sunflower. Nature has given each a peculiar equipment for its purpose. Every man is born to do a certain work in an original way. If he tries to copy some other man, or to do some other man's work, he will be an abortion, a misfit, a failure.

Do not imitate even your heroes. Scores of young clergymen attempted to make their reputations by imitating Beecher. They copied his voice and conversation, and imitated his gestures and his habits, but they fell as far short of the great man's power as the chromo falls short of the masterpiece. Where are those hundreds of imitators now? Not one of them has ever made any stir in the world. The world puts its ban upon all imitations. It despises the man who tags on to somebody else, leans, and imitates. He is always classed as a weakling, without force, power, or indi-



# THE PRIVATE-CAR ABUSES

## What They Mean to You and Me

**SAMUEL MERWIN**

**B**EFORE we get to the point of this discussion—and the point of it is the arbitrary control over the transportation of perishable freight exercised by the Beef Trust, so called,—let us look into the trust's methods for a moment and try to see what it is doing for us.

There is a stagnant little stream in the stock-yards district of Chicago which finds its ultimate outlet in the South Branch of the Chicago River. The packing houses have found this stream convenient as a sort of cess-pool; into it they dump that part of the refuse of their slaughterhouses which can not by any known process be utilized in making up their marketable products. This refuse consists mainly of animal matter, and, as this putrefying material in the water gives off gases continually, which find their way to the surface scum in the way of bubbles, the stream has come to be known by the name of "Bubbly Creek." Some time ago, an enterprising German perfected a process for converting the scum into lard. This process is in use to-day. Bubbly Creek is regularly skimmed, and the resulting product is a "fancy grade" of lard.

*Dead Hogs Are Removed from the Stock Yards and "Rendered" into Lard*

While speaking of lard, let us take another case. A farmer of any experience knows that, within a few days or a week after the appearance of cholera symptoms among his hogs, he is likely to lose the whole herd. Not unnaturally, as mundane things go, his first thought, on discovering cholera, is to rush the hogs to the stock yards and sell them before they die on his hands. If any reader of this article should be in Chicago, and if he should visit the stock yards, he could see where these diseased hogs are brought in by the carload. Those that have died in transit are thrown out on the receiving platform, and the living are hurried off to the shambles. It would be worth his while to stand by the heap of dead hogs for a little while. If he should do this, he would observe that the stock cars are soon hauled away and that one or more box cars are backed in by a switch engine. The hogs—dead from cholera,—are thrown into the cars, and the switch engine pulls out with them. Where, the reader may ask, are those cars going to? Now there is an obscure little town over the Indiana line which bears the imposing name of Globe. If the packers were asked what they know about Globe they would probably say that they have established rendering tanks there for reducing diseased meat to grease and fertilizers. They would hardly add that lard is manufactured at Globe in considerable quantities.

They are scarcely likely to explain why they go to the expense of "rendering" this meat in another state. The reader will have to draw his own conclusions.

We will pass on from lard to butter.

There were, at one time, two obstacles in the way of the happiness of the born packer. One was that no satisfactory way had been found to sell skimmed milk to the public; the other was the bitter fact that farmers here and there were making and selling their own butter. A process was brought to the notice of the packers which made it possible to combine rancid butter with skimmed milk in a new product. As the scheme was worked out, pressure was put upon country storekeepers to stop buying farm butter. When the local stock had become rancid, the packers bought it, at a few cents a pound. This offensive substance was placed in a tank, and air was forced through it by a process known as "oxidizing," to carry off the odor. Then the oxidized butter was combined with skim milk, re churned, made up into bricks, and sold in the retail markets at thirty or more cents a pound. At the time of writing, the price of butter in one suburb of New York is forty-four cents, and those of us who are not chemists have no means of knowing what we are buying.

*Are Packers, as Is very often Charged, deliberately Selling Diseased Meat?*

Something less than a year ago a leading official, whose name I withhold for the present, resigned his position in the Chicago health department under conditions which gave some concern to thoughtful citizens. Dr. \_\_\_\_\_ is a chemist and physician of broad experience. Soon after his resignation had been accepted the city inspection of meat was abolished by Health Commissioner Reynolds. The story of the peculiar situation in which Dr. \_\_\_\_\_ found himself throws so strong a light upon the strange condition, to-day, of the dressed-meat business in Chicago that it will be retold here, partly in his words and partly in my own. As Chicago is the center of this business, as almost a billion dollars' worth of animal food products is sent out annually from Chicago to the rest of the world, this is a subject which vitally concerns us all. If the Chicago packers are deliberately selling us diseased meat, we have a right to know about it.

"Tuberculosis," said this official, "is the serious scourge of domestic animals. As human tuberculosis is the penalty of civilization, animal tuberculosis is a result of domestication. It was practically unknown in the semi-wild Texas cattle. But the wide cattle ranges in the West are being

cut up into farms, and cattle and hogs are being produced in more restricted quarters; hence, tuberculosis is increasing in alarming proportions. In Illinois, during the administration of Governor Tanner, an examination of the dairy herds in the state institutions was made, and nearly every third animal was found tubercular. In solving the meat-inspection problem, the first and most important principle should be rigidly adhered to, *and that is that no diseased fowl or animal should be used for human food.*"

One day, after Dr. ——— had been installed in office and had begun work therein, a friend said: "———, did you know that you are responsible for the meat inspection in Chicago?" Dr. ——— had not known this; but, finding that it was true, he began, at once, to look into the matter. He uncovered a curious state of things. The condemnation and destruction of diseased meat is a state function, but it was delegated to the city of Chicago in a clause of the city's charter. The city council has made it the duty of the commissioner of health to detect and destroy meat that is unfit for food. He and his inspectors constitute the only power that can legally do this; even state inspectors, in Chicago, would be subordinate to him.

#### *Federal Inspectors Can not Regulate Domestic Trade*

Before we go on, let us understand that there is an efficient government inspection at the stock yards, but this applies only to export meat. Some years ago the foreign markets found themselves endangered by quantities of diseased meat from America, and it was to meet their protests that the federal government assigned one hundred and sixty-three inspectors to this work in Chicago. But these inspectors have no right to interfere in the domestic trade. If a government inspector finds a tubercular steer, he puts his mark of condemnation on it and forbids the packers to ship it out of the country. That is all he is empowered to do. After that it rests with the city to see that this particular steer is destroyed. Up to the time when Dr. Reynolds, under what pressure we can surmise, removed the health department's inspectors, the city had *three* men to do the work that one hundred and sixty-three men were doing for the federal government. To-day there is no inspection whatever of the Chicago beef eaten in this country,—and this in the face of the average found by the Tanner inspectors that more than *thirty per cent.* of the state herds were tubercular.

Dr. ——— began his investigations with a visit to the stock yards. He went first to the Standard Slaughter House. The work in this building is conducted, according to a polite theory, by the city. Here the condemned steers, also according to the polite theory, are locked up in bond until they can be destroyed in the rendering tanks. On approaching the building, Dr. ——— found an open platform so situated that wagons could drive alongside to load. A wagon was driving away at the moment, filled with beef which was partly covered by a tarpaulin. At the rear of the platform there remained part of a long row of quarters of beef, each bearing the condemnation marks of both the federal and the city inspectors. Nobody was there to see what was going on. It was a very easy sort of crime to drift into. Instead of locking up the condemned meat, it was necessary only to hang it in the open, drop a hint "to the right parties," and forget about it.

#### *To Be "a Good Inspector," One Must "Play Politics"*

Of the city's three inspectors, the chief was a political appointee, not an animal pathologist; and, being a political appointee, his interest in petty finance outbalanced his interest in protecting his fellow citizens from the poison of diseased meats. One of his schemes was so ingenious that it deserves mention here. When an especially fine lot of steers appeared in the yards, the inspectors would pick out, say, a dozen of the best, and order them into quarantine at the Standard Slaughter House. Here they would be killed, examined, and, of course, passed. Now it goes without saying that putting a steer in quarantine greatly reduces its value. The law requires that this meat, after passing inspection, shall be sold at auction; but the chief inspector said it meant that he should receive written bids. When all the bids were in, he would quietly turn the meat over to one of the packing houses at something like half its value. The packers thus bought some of their best beef far below the market price, the inspectors retained a commission, and the loss fell on the cattle raiser. As this last party to the transaction was four or five states away, and as the thing was so carefully man-



aged that the loss was spread out thin, this particular form of robbery had gone on unmolested for years when Dr. ——— went to his inspectors and ordered it stopped. Their reply is interesting. "What are you butting in here for?" they said; "we are cleaning up our ten thousand a month out of this. If you want to come in on it, say so."

This, perhaps, will give a hint of the situation which confronted Dr. ———. With some understanding of what it would mean, he issued his orders. The inspectors were to take their places at the spot where the cattle are killed, and stay there all day, examining the viscera and head of each steer before the parts were separated, and putting kerosene on all condemned meat. Whether he could ever have got those particular inspectors to work all day or not is a question. But one thing is not a question,—the packers would not for a moment entertain the notion of a direct loss of four thousand to five thousand dollars a day in condemned beef. They put on the screws at once. They "did not like" Dr. ———. Now it is hard to say precisely what was done. The packers do not work in the light. But thus much would not be far from the truth. Tom Carey is a strong political figure on the South Side, Chicago, and is therefore essential to the somewhat uncertain political welfare of Mayor Carter H. Harrison. There are plenty of well-informed Chicago men who will tell you that Tom Carey's friendly relations with the packers had their bearing on the campaign contributions which helped Harrison carry the last election. "Turn about is fair play." A word from the packers to Carey would be passed on to the mayor and to Health Commissioner Reynolds. Dr. ——— was promptly informed that his rigorous inspection "would n't do." As he puts it, "I was in the position of Building Commissioner Williams before the Iroquois Theater fire. I was responsible for conditions which they would not let me control." So, rather than play politics, and rather than accept his share of the graft, he resigned. Then Dr. Reynolds withdrew the last feeble semblance of meat inspection in Chicago by removing the three inspectors.

#### *We Are Forced to Eat Meat "Unfit for Foreigners"*

We are now helpless in the hands of the great packing houses. From a few more illustrations of their methods we shall be ready to understand how, with practical control of the sources of the food we eat, they have been able to browbeat the railroads, control most of the transportation, and thus, by removing competition, compel us all to buy their questionable products. "If," said an experienced pathologist to me, "this food is not fit for foreigners to eat, it is not suitable for the citizens of this country. If it is not fit for our markets, it is not fit to be canned and fed to our soldiers."

An interesting thing about the beef trust is the impression one gets, in studying it, that, in all its acts,—in its treatment of cattle raisers, of farmers, of commission merchants, of railroads, and of the long-suffering American people,—it bears the presentment of a big butcher. There are communities in which butchers are not permitted to serve on juries in capital cases. The shedding of blood as a daily habit brings its inevitable psychological results. This fact comes to mind again and again in considering the subject, in realizing how curiously indifferent to the public welfare, and how singularly free from mere human considerations this big butcher is. But, whatever might be said of the moral and social ethics of the beef trust, it has at least been the general notion that the Chicago packers are the keenest of business men. It is, therefore, all the more surprising to find them pursuing a policy which can hardly be called anything but stupid. It can hardly be called good business to strangle production. Yet this really seems to be their policy. A typical illustration or two will explain the situation as it affects cattle and hog raisers.

#### *All Independent Butchers Are Crushed by the Trust*

We know, of course, that corn-fed cattle bring good prices,—theoretically. At least, we have always been told that corn fodder makes the best beef. But let some inexperienced raiser, in a year when corn is plentiful, try feeding it to his cattle! When selling time comes, he will be told by the agent of the packers that there is no demand whatever for corn-fed cattle. That is all there is about it. The raiser is helpless. The union of the packers is absolute, and they will punish any butcher or small concern that may try the experiment of independent buying. The railroads will sidetrack and "lose" any but trust cars. There is never any

"demand" for the particular article which the raisers are ready to supply, and they must take what they can get.

A man who knows something about the packing business told me that he observed a fine herd of hogs, last summer, on a farm near his country home in Michigan. "Nice lot of pork you have there!" he said.

"Yes," replied the farmer, listlessly.

"Bring about twelve cents a pound, I suppose?"

"Twelve cents!" exclaimed the farmer; "I'll be lucky to get four and a half."

Now we have long been told that the by-products of the packing business—glue, grease, and so on,—about pay the expense of preparing an animal for market. If this is accurate,—and, even if it is not accurate, so wide is the margin of profit, the argument loses little of its force,—who gets the difference between the four and a half cents a pound and the twenty to twenty-five cents at which the packers sell their bacon? It is in the face of facts like these that J. Ogden Armour recently stated, in a newspaper interview, that the profits of the packing business are less than two per cent. Perhaps he was misquoted, but I have not seen the statement denied.

**The Beef Trust Dictates Terms to All the Railroads**

I wish to take up here, before passing on to the private-car question, an illustration of another sort. A hotel keeper in the Catskills, near the line of the Ulster and Delaware Railroad, was dissatisfied with the meat he was receiving. He knew that his local butcher was supplied from Kingston, twenty-five miles to the east. He knew, too, that there was another meat depot at Oneonta, the farther terminal of the Ulster and Delaware, fifty or more miles to the west. He stopped the Kingston meat and placed his orders with the depot at Oneonta. The two depots were branches of different Chicago packing houses, bearing different names, and supposedly doing business separately. Within a week the prices at Oneonta were advanced to such a point that he was obliged to change back to the Kingston house and put up with the former undesirable grade of meat. In other words, the packers not only decided for him where he must purchase and what he must pay, but also decided for him what grade of meat he was entitled to.

Now the question arises, if this is all true,—if the packers have this power, how do they manage it? How can a group of Chicago merchants practically force us to eat tubercular beef and unmentionable lard and butter? How can they make us pay twenty-five cents for bacon which they could sell at a profit at ten cents? How can they kill the cattle-raising business, crush farmers, and ruin fruit growers?

It is difficult to avoid the appearance of sensationalism in telling this story; the facts sound "yellow." The real trouble is that they are "yellow." The situation is not American at all,—it is distinctly feudal; and it is not even benevolently feudal. Indeed, the control exercised by the beef trust over the railroads seems to come singularly near to being absolute. The trust can force these products on us because it controls the transportation of about all perishable products. This control is exercised through its private-car service. This brings us to a consideration of the curious part played—unwillingly, they say,—by the railroads.

**By This Iniquitous System the People Are Plundered**

It is primarily a railroad problem. The interstate commerce commission says, in its report for 1903: "The refrigerator cars . . . came into use because a car was needed which would insure to its contents a cool and even temperature. . . . At first the railroad companies charged the owner for hauling these cars when they were not loaded; but, . . . as the competition for the traffic of the packers became more intense, the owners of refrigerator cars were able to secure the allowances for each mile their cars were hauled, whether loaded or empty." The allowance, to-day, is, in most cases, three fourths of a cent per mile. These allowances still continue to be made. In addition to this, a factor of great importance, is the running of refrigerator cars in special trains and on fast schedules, and the prompt return of empty cars, thus securing to the owners of these vehicles extraordinary mileage and compensation.

In other words, if a Michigan fruit grower has a carload of peaches to ship to Boston, the only vehicle in which he can ship them is a car belonging to one of the packing houses. His railroad rents this car, say, from Armour, and, in addition to the



regular freight rates, it saddles on him the rental of the car, a matter, in the words of the commission, of "frequently thirty dollars and upward per month, a sum which, in three years, would probably amount to as much as the cost of a refrigerator car and its maintenance." In addition to these exactions, he must pay the railroad, which is merely collecting for Armour, not only for the ice used in the refrigeration, but also for tons on tons of mythical ice, frequently four or five times as much as could possibly be got into the ice tank of the car. And this is not all, for the railroad will charge him at regular freight rates for hauling this mythical ice. Then, by way of adding a poetical touch to the transaction, Armour will charge the railroads three fourths of a cent per mile for the privilege of hauling the empty car back from Boston after the goods have been delivered. This means, of course, that all these charges are heaped upon the independent shipper, and that, if he is to get any profit, he must heap them, in turn, upon the consumer; so that it comes home, after all, to you and me. When we buy a box of strawberries, a considerable part of our fifteen cents goes to a packing house out in Chicago. When we buy eggs, fowls, California or Florida fruit, or vegetables, we pay tribute to the Chicago packing houses.

**Tribute Is often Exactd for Hauling Imaginary Ice**

Now the law on this point is interesting. Let us take a ruling from the same annual report of the interstate commerce commission from which we quoted the foregoing disinterested comment. We find it on page 81.

"It is a carrier's duty to equip its road with instrumentalities of carriage suitable for the traffic it undertakes to carry, and to furnish them alike to all who have occasion for their use, and its duty to furnish equipment can not be transferred to nor required of shippers. When a carrier accepts and uses cars for transportation owned by shippers or others, in legal contemplation it adopts them as its own for purposes of rates and carriage, and neither the manner of acquiring cars, nor inability to furnish its general patrons the use of cars similar to those furnished by some shippers for their own traffic, can excuse or justify a carrier for discrimination in rates that may give one shipper advantages over another; nor can any device, such as payment of unreasonable rent for use of cars furnished by shippers, be practiced to evade the duty of equal charges for equal service."

That seems to mean that when a railroad undertakes to haul a carload of strawberries it must include the provision of the car in the regular freight tariff, as published. It means that to charge the shipper, in addition to that tariff, a dollar a day for the car, thirty or forty or fifty dollars for imaginary ice, and so much a hundred pounds for hauling the imaginary ice, all of which, above the tariff, they will promptly turn over to Armour and Company, another shipper, is unfair and unlawful discrimination.

Yet this is what the railroads are doing. In the same annual report which announces this ruling we find the following remarkable sentence, applied directly to these private-car abuses: "As the material facts are nowhere seriously questioned, they deserve consideration by those who desire to promote justice and fair dealing in railway operation." In other words, the commission, after abolishing these practices, finds, in the statement that they are going on worse than ever before, a mildly diverting subject for a two-page discussion of the history of private cars.

**Rebates Have Reduced Dividends on Many Railroads**

We will pass over the impotence of the interstate commerce commission, for the present, for the most puzzling feature is the part played by the railroads. A general freight agent of one of the largest systems which center at Chicago told me that of all the hauling his line was doing for the packers only about one third brought in profit. On the other two thirds so much was paid back to the packers in car rentals and other disguised rebates that the road might as well have dropped the business. And yet, when it comes to dropping business, every road hesitates. Perhaps it is the continuous hope that some day it will yield a profit; perhaps it is the fact that the individual traffic man who fails to get business, rebates or no rebates, is likely to lose his head; but, whatever it is, the thing is to get business at any cost.

No intelligent railroad man is in favor of rebates: a rebate is nearly always a loss to a road. "But," one of them put it to me, "the roads can combine to keep up the published rates, but in every combination there is a weak sister. Before very long you find that this or that line is cutting the rate. Then everybody has to follow or lose the business. And what are you going to do, as a traffic man, if Armour's or Swift's man comes to you and says,

'How much do you want for hauling a hundred cars to New York?' He expects you to name a lump sum, paying no attention to the published rates or to different classifications of freight. They always approach you with this sort of proposition when your business is slack,—and they know it. You want that business badly, and so you figure it out just as low as you can and name your price. Then what does he do?—accept it? Not a bit. He says, 'Oh, well, I thought we might do something, but you're too high! So-and-so will haul it for forty per cent. less.' Forty per cent. less! And you thought you were putting it low. That's the way the big shippers treat the railroads. Of course it's against the law, but what are you going to do about it?'

But that is not all. Every traffic man knows that, if he antagonizes the packers, he is likely to find himself "on the street." Their vindictive methods are common talk. I was told in Chicago that one very high railroad official, who was suspected of working against them, found himself shadowed by private detectives. During the private-car investigation before the interstate commerce commission, last fall, in Chicago, there were certain high-salaried railroad men who did not dare go near the courtroom for fear that the packers would not like it.

But it is along South Water Street, in Chicago, that the most interesting stories are told. It is there that the commission merchants are found who handle most of the produce that comes to Chicago. They are, it may be said, what the packers would be inclined to call "soreheads." Their statements are undoubtedly colored by personal resentment against the packers, the railroads, and the interstate commerce commission. But in so far as they state facts they are entitled to a hearing. The case of Edward J. Davies is illuminating.

#### *The Packers Said, "Suppose We Shut off Your Credit and Keep the Goods!"*

Mr. Davies has an office at No. 2, Clark Street, just off South Water, where he is general consignee for several fruit shippers. In his testimony before the commission, last fall, he said that he had been charged forty-five dollars for icing a car—an Armour Car,—of melons during the sixteen-hour trip between Decker, Indiana, and Chicago. "Nine times out of ten," said Mr. Davies, "the trip was made with a single icing. The cars have a capacity of four tons of ice, and the almost universal charge for this ice is two dollars and fifty cents a ton." So Armour and Company were demanding payment for four and a half times the ice capacity of the car. The total charges on that car were eighty-four dollars and thirty cents. "My experience tells me," ran the testimony, "that it would be a physical impossibility to consume that amount of ice unless you put a fire under it." The "delivery carrier" in this instance was the Chicago and Eastern Illinois Railroad. Mr. Davies refused to pay the charges, claiming that the road was icing cars to Florida every week for a third of what it was asking him to pay. "They said that they had nothing to do with it, and I asked them why they tried to collect it; adding that, if they had nothing to do with it, they would better send me to the man that had. They said they had this to do with it,—that they paid the money. I asked them what they wanted to pay money for, for something they had nothing to do with; adding that they were not a claim agency. They said, 'Suppose we shut off your credit and keep the goods?' I said, 'Do it; you have lots of claims to settle.' They did not shut off my credit, and I do not think they had any reason to. I offered to pay on a reasonable basis, and I will submit that to any reasonable man, even to their own judgment, if they act according to their judgment in the matter."

Here we see the Armour Company not only collecting mileage from the railroad sufficient to pay for the car and its maintenance in three years, but also demanding a profit of four hundred and fifty per cent. on its ice, and throughout forcing the railroad company to do its collecting. Mr. Davies continues:—

"The next thing I heard was that my shipments were under embargo on the Evansville and Terre Haute Railroad. A circular had been issued by Mr. Hillman, general freight agent, saying that no business consigned to Edward J. Davies could be accepted unless the charges were prepaid. . . . I had a visit, as Mr. Urion has mentioned. They came into my office and invited me to step out, saying that they wanted a little conversation."

Question.—Who called on you?

Reply.—Mr. Urion (representing the Armour car lines,) and the other gentlemen. I went out with them. I did not know what they wanted. I thought it was a strange thing that they would not talk with me in my office without taking me outside. He gave me practically a notice to get out of business; saying that I could never have any more refrigeration done, that I would outgrow my usefulness practically, and that he was going to attend to all business for the shippers without charging them anything for it. I said, "Gentlemen, I will have you to understand here and now that I never knew Armour and do not want to know him now. He has nothing to do with the movement of interstate traffic, and, if it is necessary, I will mandamus the railroad company to perform the service for me. He left me, but that embargo is still hanging over my head on the Evansville and Terre Haute, and these bills are hung up until your honorable commission or some competent court shall pass on the question whether forty-five dollars is a reasonable charge for icing that can be performed for twelve dollars and fifty cents."

COMMISSIONER PROUTY.—Have you transacted any more business at those points?

MR. DAVIES.—No, sir.

COMMISSIONER PROUTY.—Would you have done so except for this embargo?

MR. DAVIES.—Assuredly so. I have a letter from a shipper saying that he was sorry that he could not afford to prepay the freight.



JOHN WILLIAM MIDGLEY,

Railroad Traffic Rate and Classification Expert

Mr. Midgley is largely responsible for the efforts now being made in Washington to regulate railway freight traffic. It was his testimony before the interstate commerce commission that first brought the abuses of the private-car system into general public notice.

Davies did not stop here. He set to work to collect evidence with which he could attack the packers and the railroads on every side. But the rest of the story, as he tells it, throws a sorry light on American administration of justice. If it is to be credited at all,—and it tallies throughout with other opinions and other experience I have heard,—it makes out a strong case against the interstate commerce commission of delay and temporizing and avoidance of duty, particularly in the matter of taking refuge behind the statute of limitations. Case after case seems to have been quietly shoved aside. It really looks as if the commissioners do not want to bring the railroads to book,—these railroads who supply them with passes, and, say these merchants, even with free transportation of freight. In one instance, Davies, threatened almost with ruin, laid his case before Commissioner Prouty, only to be waved aside in these words: "My dear fellow, the path of progress is paved with human skulls." He laid another case, directed this time against a railroad president, before United States District Attorney Bethea, requesting him to present it to the federal grand jury. And this, he tells me, was Bethea's reply: "I'll be —— if I will! That man's a friend of mine." Feeling his mettle, the packers approached Davies with an offer of fifty thousand dollars if he would be "a good fellow." But they could not buy him. "I owe them for five cars now," he said, "but they won't even sue me."

We all read in our newspapers, a few months ago, the statements made by George F. Meade, of the Boston Meat and Produce Exchange, before the house committee on interstate commerce. After speaking of the exclusive contract which Armour and Company secured for doing all the icing on the Pere Marquette Railroad, and which resulted in a rise of three hundred and fifty per cent.,—from twenty dollars to seventy dollars for icing a car of peaches from Michigan to Boston,—he made the following statement. I quote from the reports published at the time:—

There were exclusive contracts between the refrigerator car line and the railroads which bound the railroad company to notify Armour and other owners of private car lines of all intended shipments of similar products, no matter by whom. The result was, in several cases, that, when an independent shipper got off a carload of fruit, which arrived at Worcester, Massachusetts, say, on Wednesday, he found the Armour combination, having been notified in advance by the railroad and having the means to expedite its own shipment, had flooded the Worcester market with fruit on Monday or Tuesday, so the independent shipper found absolutely no buyers for his carload, and was obliged to sacrifice it or throw it away entirely.

G. B. Robbins, president of the Armour Car Lines Company, in addressing the house committee on interstate and foreign commerce, last February, denied Mr. Meade's statements. He said: "That is absolutely untrue. We have no advices as to anybody else's cars. . . . The statements here about our dealing in the articles transported are absolutely false. Armour and Company, or the Armour Packing Company, or any Armour interests have never dealt in fruits." Elsewhere he said, "I think there is no refrigeration profit on anything that Armour and Company ships, under present conditions."

#### *The Supreme Court Says that the Packers Are Doing an Interstate Business*

These statements, with J. Ogden Armour's assertion that his companies make no more than two per cent. profit, are somewhat difficult to reconcile with what I have gathered from other sources.

There are several things the matter. One is that the private-car owners are doing the business of common carriers without its responsibilities. Another is that, until the recent decision of the United States supreme court, the packers insisted on the point that they were not doing an interstate business.

The supreme court has now said that they *are* doing an interstate business. That opens them to attack under the Sherman Act.

The next step, apparently, is to increase the powers of the interstate commerce commission. But if one half of the common knowledge about the present commission is really knowledge, Davies was right when he said, in a speech on this subject before the interstate commerce law convention at St. Louis, last year:—

I am willing to concede that greater powers should be given the commission, but it is just as necessary to prescribe a good brand of nerve tonic for some of the commissioners if any results from such increased powers are expected from them.

After this remark, Davies went on to illustrate his argument. Here is the case of those Armour contracts in Michigan:—

"Testimony was taken in regard to the provisions of the Armour exclusive contract with the Pere Marquette and Michigan Central Railroads. Commissioner Prouty, in the opinion of the commission, held that the exactions of the Armour car lines were unlawful, yet in the face of that the commission granted 'corporate indulgences' to those people to commit the unlawful acts for another two months, or, practically, to continue the plundering as long as opportunity existed for this year in Michigan."

Here is another striking illustration of impotence:—

"I can hardly wonder that the commission hesitates to recommend to the department of justice the prosecution of the criminal cases that, with unanswerable proof, I have shown to them, for I find on page 45 of the (thirteenth annual report of the commission this pathetic admission:—

#### CRIMINAL PROCEEDINGS

"The federal grand jury, sitting at New Orleans, in the eastern district of Louisiana, returned an indictment on February 24, 1897, against J. C. Stubbs, William Mahl, C. W. Bein, and H. A. Jones, officers of



the Southern Pacific Company, and on June 18, 1898, eleven other indictments were found in the same district against the same parties. All of these indictments charged violations of the act to regulate commerce through payment of rebates and departures from established tariff rates. *The commission is not able to state why these cases have not been brought to trial.*"

"This information," continues Mr. Davies, "comes from the commission nearly four years after the indictments were found against the parties. There was once, at least, a semblance of belief that the commission had some powers; recently, however, it is evident that the question of the commission's powers is no longer debatable. The paramount question before the friends of railway interests is, has the interstate commerce commission any sense?"

"There are but few greater responsibilities and duties vested in the president himself than those imposed upon this commission, . . . yet the interstate commerce commission, or at least some of its members, will sleep whilst corporate officials recite, as the commonest of jokes, how they have been paying unlawful rebates, or, in some other way, have set at defiance the majesty and respect of the law that the commission was created to enforce."

The real question here is, of course, simple enough. How long is the commission to be employed as a haven for "tired" politicians?

**Mr. Midgley's Plan Should Be Put into Operation**

Fortunately there is another way of getting at this private-car matter. J. W. Midgley, of Chicago, has been trying for several years to solve the problem, and he now offers a solution which many railroad men consider practicable. Mr. Midgley is, perhaps, better known to railway men than to the general public; but his record in working out such inter-corporation problems as this entitles him to a hearing anywhere. Some little time ago he took up the question of car-service reform. The railroad had for years been at odds over the difficulty of controlling the movements of freight cars. There seemed to be no way of securing the prompt return of a car from a foreign line. It was not uncommon, say, for a coal dealer to open an office and hold coal cars on sidings to use as warehouses until they were empty. Shippers everywhere made a practice of detaining cars. The railroads, too, were serious offenders. Mileage charges failed to cover the loss, because no mileage charge could be made for the days and weeks that a car might lie motionless on a siding. Demurrage charges were hard to enforce against big shippers. It was as a result of Midgley's consistent work that the railroads were brought to agree on the charging of a *per diem* rental for cars. To-day an idle car brings the same rental as a moving car; consequently, there are vastly fewer idle cars.

It is a modification of this *per diem* rental plan that Mr. Midgley now proposes for the private-car problem. In a few words, this is the plan: railroads should "furnish the equipment necessary to move the products which originate along their respective lines." . . . "In answer, certain carriers, may say that they are at the mercy of private-car lines, not being equipped with sufficient refrigerators to care for perishable freight, . . . which is not a constant traffic. The solution is to form an equipment company to be controlled by the railroads." With this equipment company in operation, each railroad would rent refrigerator cars, when it needed them, at a fixed fair, *per diem* rental. With the icing charges next reduced to reasonable figures—that is, twenty dollars, not seventy, for twenty dollars' worth of ice,—the problem would be about solved.

**He Must Make Dozens of Railroad Presidents Agree**

An objection to Mr. Midgley's proposals raised by the private-car owners will probably be considered when the question is finally settled. These men say—and, indeed, the fact stands,—that the private-car service has grown up to supply a real need. The cars—including both refrigeration and stock cars,—can be used in many instances only in certain localities and during brief periods of time. At other times they must lie idle, or be held on sidings. The railroads have never felt disposed to provide adequate facilities for this uncertain traffic. If one is to accept the statements of those interested that over \$100,000,000 has been invested in private cars, it is conceivable that the railroads may feel that they could not afford to provide these facilities. Not unnaturally the car line companies, especially Armour's, have developed a very efficient service. They do the work frankly for a profit, and charge high prices for it. But there are growers and shippers who feel that the railroad companies, if they should

be compelled to take over this work and perform it at reasonable charges, would not give adequate service, and that the fruit and vegetable business would suffer in consequence. These men would prefer to pay the Armour rate and feel certain that their produce would be carried directly to its destination, carefully iced, in properly constructed cars.

The real difficulty in Mr. Midgley's way is the old difficulty of bringing dozens of competing railroad presidents to agree on anything. But he brought them together on freight-car *per diem*; perhaps he can do it again. Perhaps, too, with the aid of congressional activity and general publicity, he may be able to overcome their curious, cringing fear of the beef trust. If such a reform can be brought about, and brought about in good faith without secret rebates, you and I will feel the change in our butcher's and grocer's bills.

That would be a surface reform. It would help. But the real reform must go deeper. Just as was brought out in the post office investigation, and just as Folk uncovered it in Missouri, the taint of business greed and graft is in our system. In some way, sooner or later, if we are to grow great as well as big, we must be healed. It must be so that men of cultured stock, college graduates, will not be found covered with the mire of dirty business. The beef trust could not go plunging on its reeking, poisonous way if men everywhere, in the railroads, and in the governments, were not conniving, or fattening on the plunder. We have talked a good deal of our business ideals. What are they? Have business methods "made good," in the best sense, or are they, after all, only the hard old methods of the dollar and the foot rule? We have heard, in recent years, that men will plunder in "solid" business life as they plunder on the stock market; that some churches will accept high rents from immoral tenements; that supposedly high-minded, honorable citizens will accept pool-room profits; and that men will misgovern us for money, and adulterate our food for money; we have just seen that men will sell us diseased meat for money and will harness the railroads to their butcher wagons.

**Why Do Legislators and Other Officials Accept Passes?**

It is, perhaps, better to suggest a small, wholly practicable reform than to go at windmills. The eradication of this taint, inevitably a slow process, will not unlikely be brought about by a gradual elevation of public sentiment. At present, senators, representatives, governors, legislators and judges are accepting free passes from the railroads.

The fact is widely known. It has been illustrated in an amusing fashion within the last few months by New York's District Attorney. Mr. Jerome, finding that the up-state legislators were against any modification of the intolerable "Raines Law," which has dotted New York City with disreputable hotels, suddenly made the announcement that he proposed to investigate the "pass evil" at Albany. Within twenty-four hours State Senator Raines told the reporters that he was deeply interested in aiding Mr. Jerome to bring about the proposed reforms, and that he was sure the legislature would find little difficulty in coming to an agreement with the district attorney. And Jerome, not unlikely with a half smile, said no more about passes.

It is a small matter. The law on this subject was never popular and it has been generally ignored. Being a laughing-stock, throughout the three branches of the government, and reaching even to the chief executive, we find the custom all but universal. But, on the face of it, the custom is wrong. In the fact that it is "a small matter" lies its chief danger, for it is a subtle influence, not considered important enough to be squarely faced. I have been told, in a number of apparently trustworthy quarters, that the interstate commerce commissioners travel on passes. If this is true,—and anyone who has observed the comings and goings of politicians will be likely to accept it without question,—it is wrong. There is an incongruity in the spectacle of this body of men whose allotted work in life is to keep the railroads in hand and prevent such abuses and discriminations as these of the private car accepting, from these very railroads, favors which are as direct a gift of money as if they came in the form of certified checks. Transportation is money,—to the railroad, to the passenger, to the shipper; and the slip of paper which empowers the bearer to take a hundred dollars' worth of transportation comes about as near to being money as the slip of government paper which empowers the bearer to

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If the South Water Street merchants were to undertake to supply the tables of the interstate commerce commissioners free with "fruit in season," they would be bribing those commissioners. Yet in doing this they would, like the railroads, be merely offering of their wares. I have not heard any one say that the commissioners demand free fruit from the merchants. I have heard that they regularly ask for free railroad passes. I should not care to draw hasty conclusions from this comparison, but the facts do seem to bear out the feeling that passes have their influence, for we find that a good many cases against railroad officials are not pushed by the commission. Where a decision can not be escaped, it seems to settle down comfortably, as soon as made, in the "dead letter" office. As in the case of those Southern Pacific officials who were indicted by a federal grand jury in New Orleans, so, apparently, in other instances, "the commission is

not able to state why these cases have not been brought to trial."

It is certainly safe to say that great corporations are not in the habit of giving money away. If they did not see some prospect of return in giving passes to the men who are to sit in judgment on their actions, they would not issue those passes. If those who sit in judgment did not see that the roads feared their power they would not ask for the passes. It is "a small matter," easily got at (if some one in a high place would make the start,) and the mere spectacle of our governing bodies obeying the laws of their own making might have a healthy influence on us all.

[This is the first of Mr. Merwin's articles in the series on the great railroad systems and policies of America, which he has been specially engaged to write for "Success Magazine." Mr. Merwin's investigations will lead to the presentation of many startling matters in which the great American public is vitally concerned. In future articles he will tell how the various railway groups were formed,—stories of critical and dramatic episodes in their financial and organization lives,—the fights for independence against the combines, and some more hitherto unobtainable information about the Beef Trust.—The Editor.]

# JOHN WILLIAM MIDGLEY

Something about the Life-work and the Personality of the Man Who Started the Railroad War Which May Revolutionize the Control of Rates

THE "private car" evil, which has opened the whole question of control of railroad rates, on which most monopolies have grown and fattened, and which, President Roosevelt says, overshadows the tariff, was disclosed to the Interstate Commerce Commission and to the public by the work of one man, John William Midgley, and his testimony practically first revealed his personality to the public. Great newspapers, in commenting favorably on his testimony, had to admit that they had never before heard of him. Nevertheless, he has filled some of the most important railroad positions for thirty years, though not offices that the public knows and understands the best. In fact, he could testify before the Interstate Commerce Commission, "I have introduced more reforms and systems of economy into the railroad business in America than any other man living." Furthermore, he could say, "No one else would dare testify and make the statements I do." By this he meant that no railroad official could tell the bald truth about the throttle-hold the private car monopoly has on railroads, because it would be so signally revenged by the ones attacked. Mr. Midgley came to occupy this unique position from serving many railroads, not successively, as is usually the case, but at one time. He is the sole surviving member of the joint-rate committee that for many years bound the western railroads together. For twenty-one years he was commissioner, chairman, arbitrator of the association that grew to include all lines running westward from Chicago.

1901, and has compiled data nowhere else obtainable. That is why Mr. Midgley's statement to the commission was no idle boast. The investigation brought its remedy in the substitution of a *per diem* charge instead of a mileage charge for cars, which changed the whole system of handling. An extension of this to the private cars, now carried at very low mileage rates, Mr. Midgley deems imperative to correct grave abuses.

It is because of this most interesting work that the personality of this worker has become of public interest. Three countries have had a share in producing him. England gave him birth, on Christmas Eve, 1843, at Leeds, but he left, with his parents, nine years later, for Canada. They settled at Woodstock, Ontario, and there the boy grew up, and gained a common school and academic education. He served a four years' apprenticeship at printing, and studied stenography. Most naturally he thus got into newspaper work at the nearest large American city, Detroit. He became reporter on the "Daily Post." The editor, General Carl Schurz, saw ability in the young Canadian, and advanced him to the editorial department. After two years' service, Mr. Midgley repeated this promotion experience on the Chicago "Tribune," under Horace White. With such training, journalistic success seemed assured, when eye-trouble, brought on by night work, switched him into an entirely new line in which he proved just as apt. Mr. White procured him a place as private secretary to Marvin Hughitt, general superintendent of the Illinois Central Railroad, in 1868. The next few years gave him a grasp on railroad affairs, as, through shifts of officials, he served various general managers and presidents of this road and the Chicago and Northwestern. When he changed to the Northwestern, his successor as secretary to President John Newell, of the Illinois Central, was a young man from the New York office, Stuyvesant Fish, destined to become president of the road and one of Mr. Midgley's backers in his present work. A little later came the service under Mr. Porter, mentioned above.

When the Granger movement began to push legislatures to action against railroads, Mr. Midgley familiarized himself with the situation, and was selected to prepare arguments for the railroads, which were submitted to three successive Wisconsin legislatures. These arguments attracted the attention of men high in eastern railroad circles, among them Charles Francis Adams, Jr., and Jay Gould.

After the decision, under the Sherman Law, against the Trans-Missouri Association, really aimed to reach the larger association, Mr. Midgley spent one year with the freight committee that replaced the association, and then tried to retire, deeming twenty-eight years' ceaseless railroad work sufficient justification for withdrawal. However, he was soon interested in the Tehuantepec Railroad project, in Mexico, and then in a new road leading to Pittsburg. In the latter connection, six years ago, he called on H. H. Porter, then chairman of the Federal Steel Company. Back in the early seventies, Mr. Midgley was Mr. Porter's secretary, when he was general manager of the Northwestern Railway. Mr. Porter, knowing Mr. Midgley's intimate knowledge of traffic matters, begged him to undertake a work that no one had done, and which no one railroad could do. This was the investigation of how to make more lucrative the enormous investment the railroads had in freight cars, something like eight hundred million dollars. These cars, necessarily turned over to companies other than the owners, were kept indefinitely, used as warehouses on sidetracks, and were much of the time dead capital for the owners. The larger railroads suffered more than the smaller, from the poaching of the latter. Among the men who backed Mr. Midgley, when he undertook the work, were J. P. Morgan, Stuyvesant Fish, J. J. Hill, E. P. Ripley, and C. S. Mellen. The Bureau of Car Performances and Statistics, with Mr. Midgley as manager, was founded April,

In regard to the private car investigation, Mr. Midgley tells SUCCESS MAGAZINE that it was "the severest and most unique work that any railroad man has ever undertaken. I have written enough circular letters on that subject to make a good-sized book, and intended to issue them as such, but was asked by persons in high authority to wait until the United States government got through with it, because that would present a fitting conclusion."





EMPEROR WILLIAM, OF GERMANY, THE PRINCESS VICTORIA LOUISE, HIS ONLY DAUGHTER, AND THE EMPRESS AUGUSTA VICTORIA, HIS WIFE

# THE PANORAMA OF THE PRESENT

## The Influence of the United States in Porto Rico

WILLIAM B. HUNT.  
[Former Governor of Porto Rico.]

PORTO RICANS, almost to a man, are proud of their allegiance with the United States. The children in the public schools sing our patriotic songs with great gusto, and salute the Stars and Stripes with much enthusiasm. This is important in that it means that the next generation of Porto Ricans will be thoroughly imbued with the spirit of American institutions. Nearly seventy-five thousand children, out of a total population of about a million,—an excellent percentage,—are now attending the schools. In the last years of European rule the number was twenty-two thousand.

This is a representative measure of progress during five years. There are numerous others. In the vital matter of trade, for instance, there has been a notable growth. The imports from the United States in 1898 amounted to \$1,505,946. In 1903 they were \$11,976,134. The exports to the United States were \$2,414,356, in 1898, and \$10,909,147, in 1903. The greatly increased bulk of exports from our shores to the island means, of course, important new channels of commerce for American merchants and manufacturers, while the remarkable growth of the Porto Rico export trade with us means like benefits to the Porto Ricans. The truth is that the island has entered upon an epoch of commercial and agricultural activity entirely unprecedented in its history.

Another manifestation of the new conditions is to be found in road building. In five years we have made two thirds as many roads as were made in the whole four hundred years of European domination.

The opportunities in Porto Rico for capital, in large and small amounts, are worth the careful attention of those who are looking for new avenues of investment. Sugar cane and coffee raising, which have long been the chief agricultural pursuits of the island, offer rich returns. They require, however, large capital. Several American capitalists are now considering the sugar outlook as presented by Porto Rico. For a man of small means the growing of fruits is a most promising field. It has heretofore been neglected, owing to the fact that sugar, coffee, and tobacco raising have monopolized the agricultural labor. The people, officially discouraged from fruit raising by the Spanish governors, because of the need of labor on the



MAURICE RUVIER, the new premier of France

great sugar and coffee plantations, have not yet realized the possibilities in Porto Rico of this branch of agriculture. Moreover, they know little or nothing of scientific pomology. Until two or three years ago there was practically no cultivation of oranges, and yet the oranges of the island, though somewhat rough in appearance from lack of culture, have a flavor excelled by none. The conditions for growing them are all that could be desired. Before many years the valleys and hills will be aglow with the soft greens and yellows of a host of orange groves. The commercial value of the crop will prove to be very great. To the man with a capital even as little as two or three thousand dollars orange growing in Porto Rico offers a golden opportunity.

Land is not as cheap as might be expected. That suitable for oranges and other fruits ranges from forty to fifty dollars an acre. Each acre will support

about seventy orange trees, which, at the end of the five years necessary for their maturity, will bear about thirty-five thousand oranges. I have estimated the annual net profit of the crop to be two hundred and fifty dollars an acre. Other crops, such as pine-apples, tobacco, and potatoes or yuca, can be grown.

## Another Good Australian Suggestion

REBECCA HARDING DAVIS

AN English review has commended a plan on which certain new Australian cities have been built, as "making a perfect home for human beings," and lamented the fact that

towns in Great Britain have grown during their decades or centuries of life into irrevocable lines and hence can not be altered into the newer pattern. The plan of these Australian towns is certainly new and original and seems to satisfy all sanitary and æsthetic demands.

All the business houses, shops, mills, factories, hotels, offices, etc., occupy a circular space in the middle of the town. Around this working center is a wide belt of the original forest or prairie, laid out as a public park and intersected by shaded roads. Outside this park are crescent shaped streets, on which are all the residences, churches, and schools. By this arrangement the poorest citizen as well as the millionaire has the park on one side of his home and the open country on the other, thus gaining pure air, quiet, and all the other advantages of rural life. Except during working hours, he, with all of his fellow citizens,



CHAUNCEY DEPEEW, during a moment of merriment in the senate



We are sending Regal quarter-size shoes to people in all parts of the country who have never before found a fit except in made-to-order shoes.

The Regal, in quarter sizes, is a genuine bench-made custom shoe. Only, instead of measuring your foot and keeping you waiting ten days, we have Regal shoes, in all our 93 stores and in the Mail-Order Department, ready to fit at once every possible combination and variety of length and width, height of instep, shape of toe, curve of heel, weight and kind of leather.

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We could not produce such a shoe as the Regal for \$3.50—nor for anything less than \$6—if we sold it through the usual trade channels. We call it a "six-dollar shoe at the wholesale price" just because we do sell it to you at wholesale. The five profits that are usually divided between tanner, leather broker, manufacturer, jobber and retailer are reduced to just one—and you get the benefit.

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You take no risk in ordering by mail. Your order is filled personally by an expert mail-order salesman. Your shoes are sent out the same day, and you don't keep them if they don't suit.

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### You Save from \$75 to \$200

When you buy a WING PIANO, you buy at wholesale. You pay the actual cost of making it with only our wholesale profit added. When you buy a piano, as many still do—at retail—you pay the retail dealer's store rent and other expenses. You pay his profit and the commission or salary of the agents or salesmen he employs—all these on top of what the dealer himself has to pay to the manufacturer. The retail profit on a piano is from \$75 to \$200. Isn't this worth saving?

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We will place a WING PIANO in any home in the United States on trial without asking for any advance payment or deposit. We pay the freight and all other charges in advance. There is nothing to be paid either before the piano is sent or when it is received. If the piano is not satisfactory after 20 days' trial in your home, we take it back entirely at our expense. You pay us nothing and are under no more obligation to keep the piano than if you were examining it at our factory. There can be absolutely no risk or expense to you. Do not imagine that it is impossible for us to do as we say. Our system is so perfect that we can without any trouble deliver a piano in the smallest town in any part of the United States just as easily as we can in New York City and with absolutely no trouble or annoyance to you and without anything being paid in advance or on arrival either for freight or any other expense. We take old pianos and organs in exchange. A guarantee for 12 years against any defect in tone, action, workmanship or material is given with every WING PIANO.

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A book—not a catalogue—that gives you all the information possessed by experts. It tells about the different materials used in the different parts of a piano; the way the different parts are put together; what causes pianos to get out of order, and in fact is a complete encyclopedia. It makes the selection of a piano easy. If read carefully, it will make you a judge of tone, action, workmanship and finish. It tells you how to test a piano and how to get good from bad. It is absolutely the only book of its kind ever published. It contains 156 large pages and hundreds of illustrations, all devoted to piano construction. Its name is "The Book of Complete Information About Pianos." We send it free to anyone wishing to buy a piano. All you have to do is send us your name and address.

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is wholly removed from any sight or sound of labor.

It would be a good thing if some of our American communities, both native and foreign, that are founding new homes in the West, would build after this plan.

Our own old towns, like those of England, are too firmly fixed in their first lines to submit to such radical re-formation. But can we do nothing to lift them out of the ugly squalor into which many of them have fallen? Why should the rivers on which some of our cities stand so reek with filth that typhoid is epidemic the year round? Why should the streets and yards of any village be heaped with rags and tomato cans? Why should railway stations for thousands of miles grin a hideous yellow at us?—or the valleys and mountain sides be hidden beneath laudations of Smith's Liver Pills?

The boss and the money-maker have ruled us too long; it is time that some consideration was given to the man who tries to bring decency, quiet, and beauty into his everyday life.

It is largely owing to our carelessness about these matters that the average American has so little affection for his native town or village. He would die for his country. But of these local patriotisms he has none. Yet these little loyalties, to the old house or town where we were born, where we planned life, where those who loved us best lie dead, strengthen and ennoble a man's nature. Our pushing, money-making boys will need every softening influence in their lives which we can give them. Let us begin, then, to make our town or village decent and beautiful, and bring the children to help us in the work,—not for the sake of the town, but of the children. After all, there is no place like home. Every citizen is proud of the city where he lives and works, be it a metropolis or a village.

### Does the Average American Do too Much?

PHILIP F. O'HANLON, M. D.  
[Coroner's Physician of New York City.]

THE nervous strain of the typical busy life in a great city like New York undoubtedly hastens death. I base this evidence upon the tangible evidence of many hundreds of autopsies, performed as a part of my official duties. In a surprising large number of these cases the diseased condition to which the death could be directly traced was not, in itself, a sufficient cause. If there is enough general vitality or nerve force in the body, a human being can live for a long time with at least one organ far from healthy. The others, as in a happy family, come to its rescue and relieve it of a part of the burden of its work. Nature, spurred on by general vitality in her industry of preserving life, makes a new adjustment to meet the changed



MRS. WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN  
The latest photograph of the wife of Democracy's leader

Photograph by Van Der Weyde



JEROME K. JEROME AND HIS DAUGHTER

conditions in the body.

In post-mortem examinations I often find a disease of many years standing which has not been the cause of death. In another body, however, this same disease, in a milder form, will have had a quick and fatal termination. My observation has been that in a great number of cases the difference between life and death has simply been a difference in nerve force.

The rapidity of the pursuit of business and pleasure by the ambitious and active city dweller undermines this force. To put the matter on a physiological basis, there is too much blood in the brain. The circulation is impaired, and the other organs suffer from an insufficient supply of the vital fluid. The disturbance of the balance results in minor physical ills, which rob the brain of its elasticity. But it is still urged on, and this involves an extra strain which reacts upon the body. Thus brain and body are in conflict, and are injuring each other, instead of working in that harmonious partnership which is conducive to contentment and long life.

The tendency to be continually striving to put into effect the ideas of too ambitious brains is the great defect, from a physiological point of view, at least, in the American life of to-day. The race would have more longevity and strength, I think, if we would be content with a less rapid development, and would view life with more philosophic calm. I believe that the majority of the railroad accidents in the United States are due to the fact that employees are required to do too much work. My personal investigations of the loss of a thousand lives on the "General Slocum" have convinced me that that awful catastrophe would never have occurred if

the inspectors had not been expected to cover so much ground that careful work was out of the question.

Europeans do less work than Americans, but, on the whole, I believe they do it better. There are some things we could learn from them; chiefly, that to go slow and sure is one of the best policies, and that there is much more to be gained in life than can be attained by an eternal fight for money. My advice to the average American is,—slacken your pace, if you do n't want Death to knock prematurely at your door.

### The Defects in Our Universities

[From an interview with Rev. Frederick Burgess, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Long Island.]

THE great growth in our universities, within the last few years, of the purely elective system of study, of special courses and separate schools, has had a very strong tendency to subordinate what I regard as the most vital function of any education, namely, the building of character, the imparting of culture, and the symmetrical devel-



SAMUEL H. PILES,  
The new United States senator from Washington



JAS. S. METCALFE,  
The dramatic critic of "Life"

opment of the whole man. The college graduate of to-day may have missed entirely the broad training so useful as the foundation for the structure of a well-rounded manhood. The special or technical course, certainly, does not, in itself, give him this training.

I do not decry the technical school, but I do regret the tendency to regard its training as adequately taking the place of the old-fashioned college education. I believe in the study of Greek and Latin, as a means of giving us a better insight than we could get in any other way into the two greatest civilizations and literatures of the past. In my opinion, there can be no substitute for a sympathetic understanding of what we used to call the broad humanities, and I view with misgiving the inclination in many of our universities to relegate to the background such subjects as literature and philosophy in favor of the so-called practical courses, in order that the graduate may achieve a more rapid material success. This, of course, is a very important matter in a man's life, but is not, it is needless to say, the most important. Yet one might think that it was, from the prevailing tone in some universities I might mention. Idealism has been driven out, and materialism, the dominating spirit in this country, has taken possession. Not only is this shown in the courses of study, but also in the conduct of the universities in their relations with each other and the outside world. There is a rivalry among them for the greatest number of students, the largest endowments, the handsomest buildings, and the most special schools and courses. The steady increase of the latter has robbed the universities of the intellectual unity which once was one of the most potent influences in college life. I believe that a reason for the great popularity of football lies in the fact that it brings to the students a feeling of unity that their scholastic work no longer supplies. That the unity in sentiment in universities now has more of a physical than an intellectual basis seems to me to be an indication that, during the last few years, the development in higher education has not been altogether in the right direction.

## ORIGINALITY

ORISON SWETT MARDEN

[Concluded from page 248]

viduality. The imitator will always be used by others. He is a victim of the original mind, the stronger mind. It is impossible to get away from the domination of the strong, original, forceful character. We hear a great deal about the dangers of the one man power in our great corporations. People say that they should be managed by large committees, or boards of directors; that too much power should not be put into the hands of one man. But there is one original, dominating character in every committee, on every board of directors, who towers above all the others and ultimately rules.

Just be yourself. The consciousness that you are not another in the slightest degree,—that there is no suggestion of being a copy of somebody else about you,—is a great power in itself. It increases your confidence. The very reputation of being original buttresses you in any community. It helps you to have people say, after talking with you, "There, I have met an original man, to-day, who did not even remind me of anybody else I ever saw." It is refreshing to talk with a man who never reminds you of others, who uses no cant, who is not the slave of precedent, who walks on his own legs, who has no use for crutches, and who never leans,—a man of force, who radiates power.

Why try to be somebody else? To be yourself, or to express yourself with originality and power, is the greatest thing you can do. You can not be another if you try. It only makes you unnatural and ridiculous, and robs you of the power which comes from self-expression, and from being yourself. The more you differ from another man by nature, the more ridiculous you will make yourself by attempting to imitate him. Real strength inheres in personality.

Robert Ingersoll wrote on his photograph, which he sent to Mark Twain, "To the man who knows that mirth is medicine, and that laughter lengthens life."

The optimist does not record the shadows or remember the gloom. He covers all with light, floods it with sunshine, and—adds years of happy usefulness to his life.

# The News

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## SAVES WOMAN'S LIFE!

### A STARTLING POSSIBILITY Half a Day's Work Cut Out of Every Week.

**It Means a Great Deal More Than Perhaps You Think It Means, To Save a Woman Half a Day Every Week of Her Life.**

Cutting wash-day in hair with Fels-Naptha soap means more than the saving of time. It means saving the most precious part of a woman's life.

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It saves strength and energy and womanly vigor.

Like money laid up in the bank drawing interest, this saving goes on week by week, mounting up to years of added life and happiness.

The remarkable nature of Fels-Naptha is to loosen all the dirt quickly and completely, without hurting the clothes.

And it does this either in cold water or water just warm enough to be comfortable to the hands.

Does the same thing that boiling is intended to do, and does it better.

It is entirely different from other soaps and washing compounds.

### Fels-Naptha Soap

No raging fire, with extra coal to lug—and to pay for; no disagreeable suds-steam (perhaps a bad cold is saved); no lifting the boiler on and off; no lifting the clothes in and out of the boiler.

Just think of it! No boiling, and much less rubbing.

And what is the result?

The clothes are really cleaner and more purified than you can get them with the common way of washing, no matter how hard you work or how much scalding you do.

They look brighter and wear longer.

The clothes are not rubbed to

pieces. You save money. Above all, you save a good measure of that day's life.

If life is worth anything to you, or to your help, you can't afford to delay.

You can't afford to let another wash-day go over your head without trying Fels-Naptha.

### Surprising Discovery

**Thousands of women astonished at new value found in a familiar article.**

A multitude of women have lately discovered that Fels-Naptha soap is surprisingly effective in ways they never dreamed of.

Its wonderful purifying qualities take away all germs and impurities. It is a great boon to pet animals, as it drives off fleas and leaves fur soft and fluffy.

It cleans beautifully glass, silverware, fine rugs, oil cloths, straw and felt hats, silk, laces and other delicate fabrics, and many ladies say it is a grand thing to keep off dandruff and make the hair bright and glossy.

Ask your grocer for it to-day. If he hasn't it, send us his name and we will send you a free sample cake.

Full directions on each wrapper.

Fels-Naptha, Philadelphia



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**\$350 SHOES \$400**

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Rice & Hutchins' name on a shoe is a guarantee of honest value in every part.

All America Shoes are unexcelled in style, fit or finish, and there is a style made suitable for every occasion. Behind every pair stands forty years' experience as shoemakers and a reputation for producing dependable shoes.

Rice & Hutchins, in their seven large modern factories, produce shoes to fill the shoe wants of every member of every family, everywhere.

Awarded Grand Prize (highest possible award) Louisiana Purchase Exposition.

All America Shoes are sold by the best shoe stores everywhere.

Ask your dealer for them. If he cannot supply you write to us. Handsome booklet free.

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97 Cedar Street, New York City

GEORGE F. SEWARD, President

ROBERT J. HILLAS, Vice-President and Secretary

1876

1905

(Insurance Press, February, 1905)

### Strong in Dollars and in Brains of Management

The Fidelity & Casualty Company of New York is a great corporation and is steadily growing greater. At the close of business on December 31, 1904, it had assets amounting to \$6,791,185.19, of which \$2,186,230.47 was surplus to policy-holders. The company's capital is \$500,000. Its net surplus, above capital, is \$1,686,230.47, or more than three and one-half times the capital.

System and organization have reached an unusual degree of perfection in the conduct of the Fidelity & Casualty's business. Operating various lines of insurance, an effective organization is necessary for each line; in no other way could a diversity of interests be taken care of. The executive staff of the company is a strong one; the several departments are under the direction of underwriters of reputation and experience.

The purpose to build carefully, to underwrite conservatively, to separate wheat from chaff, prevails throughout the corporation. This is the wise policy which President Seward has impressed upon all his subordinates, and is to-day, and for a long time has been, the spirit of the Fidelity & Casualty's management. THE INSURANCE PRESS notices that the company continues to add steadily to the funds voluntarily set aside as a reinforcement of the liability reserves. In liability underwriting it adheres firmly to the most conservative practices.

The table below indicates briefly the growth of the company since 1884, in 5-year periods:

Year.	Gross Assets.	Cash Income.
1884	\$512,026.11	\$428,757.48
1889	1,017,315.74	1,079,754.92
1894	2,136,700.33	2,483,176.07
1899	3,601,126.49	3,591,338.86
1904	6,791,185.19	5,474,474.72

Since its organization, in 1876, the Fidelity & Casualty has paid losses amounting to \$19,655,793.02



## THE EDITOR'S CHAT

Now Is Your Chance

WHILE crossing the ocean not long ago, I noticed General Draper, United States Ambassador to Italy, with a little red book in his hand, making notes on the margin, apparently in deep study a great deal of the time. Most of the young men and older men on the ship did absolutely nothing worth while during the voyage. They stayed in the smoking-room or cabin playing cards, or promenaded the deck, but this man, who had been a member of congress and an ambassador, and who was several times a millionaire, was, with the exception of two German students, the only one on shipboard who made any effort to improve his time. Talking with General Draper, I found he was studying German. He said that he had picked up this language in his odd moments, as he had done the French language, which he spoke well.

He said that it gave him great delight to study during his odd time, and that he secured a great deal more pleasure out of it than in playing cards, or idling about, or gossiping.

No doubt the young men on board thought General Draper extremely lucky to have become rich and to have obtained so many honors, but the achievement of his success had been a serious business of his life. His father was a poor weaver, I think, in Lowell, Massachusetts, and General Draper knew what it was to struggle with poverty and hardship.

No matter whether you are out of work or buried in it, a priceless chance to better your condition awaits you in the long evenings or your spare moments. These precious hours may not seem much of an opportunity to you; but what would they have meant to young Abraham Lincoln or to Vice President Wilson, or to Senator Beveridge, or to hundreds of other men who have made or are making priceless capital, unmeasurable possibilities, out of the odds and ends of time which you may be throwing away?

What will you do with this great unworked mine of opportunity that confronts you? Will you coin it into riches which no disaster can take from you, no misfortune annihilate, or will you throw it away as tens of thousands of others are doing?

I have known young men while out of work to so increase their capacity for effective service that later they have taken positions in advance of the ones they lost or gave up. So they really accomplished more while others thought they were idle than when they were drawing salaries; but they did it by looking upon every bit of leisure as an invaluable opportunity to fit themselves for something higher. They increased their knowledge of business, reinforced their ability, and multiplied their power for seizing the opportunity when it came.

The pages of biography are full of splendid achievement wrought in spare moments, though its adequate story has never been properly told. It would make a romance more interesting, more fascinating than "The Arabian Nights." The civilization of America owes an inestimable debt to the spare moments of those who were born poor, yet had it in them to rise above themselves.

Can you read the miracles they have wrought, lifting themselves out of poverty into competence, out of ignorance into culture and a broad education, without feeling guilty that you are throwing away your more abundant leisure?

The way spare moments and long winter evenings were spent has made all the difference to thousands of men and women between mediocrity and brilliant achievement. What one gets out of life depends very largely on the preparation made for it. The stream can not rise higher than its fountain head. Accomplishment can not exceed one's inherent efficiency. No matter what investment you may make in life, there is no investment so satisfactory as self-investment,—coining bits of leisure into knowledge and power.

The great thing in life is to raise yourself to the highest possible value. No matter how much material wealth you may accumulate, your greatest wealth will ever be in yourself, your greatest work will be in broadening, deepening, and heightening your own growth. To give a splendid example of manhood or womanhood is the greatest success you can achieve.

### The Tragedy of Carelessness

WHO could ever estimate the lives lost, the vast number of human beings injured, and the tremendous loss of property caused every year by carelessness? Just a little indifference or carelessness, just a few little bubbles in a casting, and a whole building is wrecked, or a bridge goes down into the river, carrying its train of precious human freight.

Just a little flaw in a rail, or in a wheel, or a bit of machinery, just a little carelessness, and scores of people may lose their lives. We are always on the lookout for big things; but it is the little things that escape detection that cause the great mischief.

Oh, the tragedy of carelessness, enacted every day in our country by employees, which comes from indifference, from lack of interest, from not thinking, from a wandering mind! How many customers and how much money is lost by business houses every year from careless letters, careless packing, and careless addressing,—useless blunders! How many lives are lost from the carelessness of railway employees, of switchmen, and of motormen!

It is a most unfortunate thing for a large establishment to be honeycombed by the carelessness of its employees. Boys break things, ruin goods, furniture, china, glassware, works of art,—all sorts of things,—by sheer carelessness.

In our homes everywhere we see evidences of carelessness and indifference. Our furniture is always falling to pieces, because not properly glued or properly doweled, and our beds breaking down, castors coming out, and chairs coming to pieces.

The little mistakes of the employees in John Wanamaker's establishment cost the firm more than twenty-five

thousand dollars a year. The manager in a large Chicago house says that he has to station pickets here and there all through the establishment in order to neutralize the evils of inaccuracy. One business man states that inaccuracy costs the city of Chicago one million dollars a day, and, when we remember that somebody is blundering somewhere every minute of the day, this does not seem strange. Yet the most of those who make mistakes would say that they are little things to make such a fuss about; in the aggregate, however, they amount to a small fortune. These careless clerks doubtless wonder why they are not promoted, and would be greatly surprised if told that these trifling errors are the cause of their slow advancement.

Some minds seem to be almost incapable of accurate action. There is loose-jointedness about their very mental make-up. If we analyze these people, we find that they do not observe definitely or think sharply. They lack mental method and system. Slipshod thinkers are loose-jointed doers.

"Oh, that is good enough. Do not spend so much time on that thing. We can not afford it, Charlie. We do not get pay for it." This was the exclamation of a proprietor of an upholstery shop to a new boy who was employed to run errands and to get and deliver goods in a push-cart. When the boy had a few minutes, he borrowed tools and repaired furniture. He soon became so skilled that the proprietor set him to work at upholstering furniture. The only fault he had to find was that he was too particular, and he would say, "Do not use two nails where one will do. Do not spend two hours on a job when one hour will do. We do not get pay for that sort of nicety." But the boy was not satisfied with "good enough," or "pretty fair." He always insisted upon everything being done to a finish, and would never let a job go out of his hands, if he could help it, until it was done just as well as he could do it. This was his trade-mark.

The determination of this young man to do everything to a finish has carried him to a high and a very responsible position within a few years, and now he has hundreds of men under his authority.

The reputation of being absolutely accurate and painstaking is equal to a large amount of capital to a young man going into business for himself. Banks are more likely to give him credit, and jobbing houses will trust him when they would not place confidence in a slipshod man of equal ability.

Thoroughness is the twin brother of honesty. When an employee gets the reputation of doing a thing not pretty nearly, but exactly right, it has more influence with his employer than brilliancy or talent.

For example, a young stenographer who is accurate in taking notes, who spells correctly, punctuates properly, and whose judgment and common sense enable him to correct involved sentences, or matter that has been hastily dictated without reference to grammatical construction, will never be out of a place.

There is never a day in a business office when accurate understanding and clear-headedness are not at a premium. As an illustration, take the schoolboy, who has learned that the axis of the earth is an imaginary line, passing from one pole to another, upon which the earth revolves. "Could you hang a bonnet on it?" asked his teacher.

"Yes, sir."

"Indeed, and what kind of a bonnet?"

"An imaginary one, sir."

If this boy were an employee, he could be depended upon as equal to an emergency. He would seldom make a mistake, and would put things together that belong together, attending accurately to the details turned over to him.

**Stop Dreaming and Get Down to Business**

A GREAT many people float about in the ether of sentiment. They are always dreaming of great things they are going to do, but they never get down out of their balloon life on to the solid earth long enough to make their dreams real, or to work out their plans. They live in fancyland, never in real-land. They are always planning great things, but actually doing mighty little things. They are people of great promise, but of picayune fulfillment.

If you should meet one of these dreamers casually somewhere for the first time, you would, perhaps, think you had made a great find, and would congratulate yourself that you had met a wonderful character; but after you had known him awhile, you would find that he is too ethereal for use, that he has not much in common with the hard facts of every-day life,—that there is no real place for him on the earth. He belongs in the clouds.

Now, I believe in dreaming, in indulging the fancy, and in building air castles. The dreaming faculties, the imagination, were given us for a wise purpose, to enable us to hold bright, beautiful pictures before the mind when it is disposed to grovel in darkness and gloom. The ideal lives largely in dreamland; but this is only a pattern for us to work by,—life's great plan,—and if we spend all our time on the plans we can never make the ideal a reality. It takes hard, persistent, determined work to do this. The imagination is like sentiment,—very important to one's life, but not the only important thing. The beautiful is as important as the useful, but neither is complete without the other.

If Columbus had not dreamed of continents on the other side of the ocean to balance the lands that were known, if Cyrus W. Field had not dreamed of a cable for communicating across the ocean, if Prof. Alexander G. Bell had not dreamed of the possibilities of talking across continents by the telephone, if Elias Howe had not dreamed that there was an easier way for women to do their sewing, if Robert Fulton had not dreamed that the "Clermont" could sail up the Hudson, although the world doubted and ridiculed him, if all the people who have given the world a lift by emancipating it from drudgery, through their dreaming and discovery of a thousand ameliorating appliances and inventions, civilization would be in its infancy to-day.

Oh, how much we owe to the dreamers! But all these people made their dreams practical. They reduced them to realities before they were of any use. Go on dreaming, go on building your air castles, let the imagination have free wings to soar into the unknown; but come back with something tangible. Make your dreams practical realities, or they will be worthless.

No matter how much you dream, or how high you soar,



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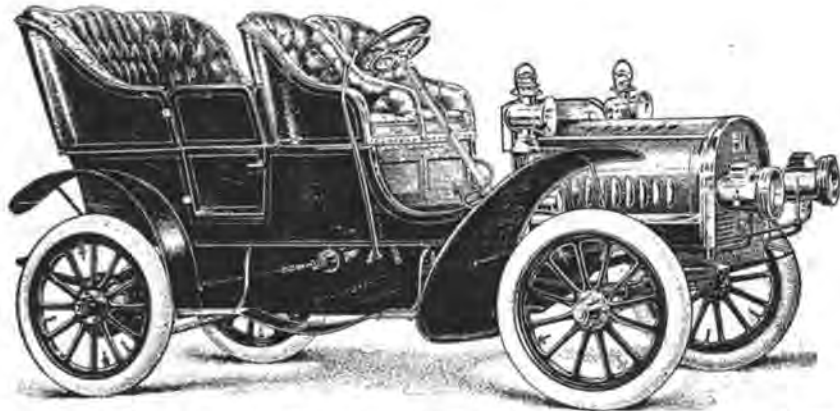
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you must keep one foot on the ground, or your dreaming and soaring will be useless. There is such a thing as indulging in dreaming so long that the practical faculties are ruined. We live in a very practical world, and dreaming should occupy a very small part of life. Unfortunately, it is the actual, the practical, and the very ordinary routine that occupies a very large part of all lives that are really worth while. To make a dream of value, it must have a counterpart in the real and must generate something that is tangible.

The world is full of dreamers who would like to do something if they could do it without much effort. Great armies of men and women are watching the achievers and the strugglers, longing to do something themselves; but they are not willing to pay the price in drudgery and in stern endeavor, and so they drift, spending their lives looking for short-cuts to various goals, for easy methods of carrying out their rather indefinite aims. These people do not prepare for opportunities, and when they come, they can not take advantage of them, because they have not the necessary knowledge, training or stamina. How many people there are in the world who would amount to something, if they added only two qualities to their make-up,—application, persistence. These dreamers waste their energies in making resolutions which they never carry out. They deceive themselves by thinking that mere ambition to do something will surely take them somewhere; but it will not.

Many men are always dreaming of some great invention or some marvelous discovery in chemistry or physics,—something which is going to benefit or revolutionize the world; but they carry their secret to the grave because they never develop their practical faculties commensurately with their dreaming faculties.

## To Take the Drudgery out of Your Occupation

Respect it.

Take pleasure in it.

Never feel above it.

Put your heart in it.

See the poetry in it.

Work with a purpose.

Do it with your might.

Go to the bottom of it.

Do one thing at a time.

Be larger than your task.

Prepare for it thoroughly.

Make it a means of character-building.

Do it cheerfully, even if it is not congenial.

Do it in the spirit of an artist not an artisan.

Make it a stepping-stone to something higher.

Endeavor to do it better than it has ever been done before.

Make perfection your aim and be satisfied with nothing less.

Do not try to do it with a part of yourself,—the weaker part.

Keep yourself in condition to do it as well as it can be done.

Regard yourself as a coworker with the Creator of the universe.

Believe in its worth and dignity, no matter how humble it may be.

Recognize that work is the thing that dignifies and ennobles life.

Accept the disagreeable part of it as cheerfully as the agreeable.

Choose, if it is possible, the vocation for which nature has fitted you.

See how much you can put into it, instead of how much you can take out of it.

Remember that it is only through your work that you can grow to your full height.

Train the eye, the ear, the hands, the mind,—all the faculties—in the faithful doing of it.

Remember that work well done is the highest testimonial of character you can receive.

Use it as a tool to develop the strong points of your character and to eliminate the weak ones.

Remember that every vocation has some advantages and disadvantages not found in any other.

Regard it as a sacred task given you to make you a better citizen, and to help the world along.

Remember that every neglected or poorly done piece of work stamps itself ineffaceably on your character.

Write it indelibly in your heart that it is better to be a successful cobbler than a botched physician or a briefless barrister.

Refuse to be discouraged if the standard you have reached does not satisfy you; that is a proof that you are an artist not an artisan.

Educate yourself in other directions than the line of your work, so that you will be a broader, more liberal, more intelligent worker.

Regard it not merely as a means of making a living, but first of all as a means of making a life,—a larger, nobler specimen of manhood.

Easter

MILDRED L. MCNEAL

Bright April smiles across her clinging tears  
This radiant morn.

The tears are for her flowers of other years,—  
The smiles for those new born.

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# The Care of the Voice

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

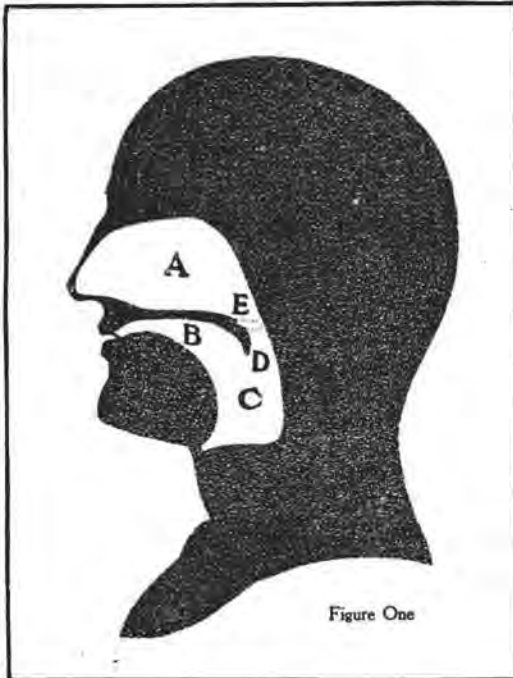


Figure One

THE process of voice production is not unlike the action of an æolian harp. In the æolian harp the wind causes a vibration of a set of strings; and this vibration, increased by the air in the box of the instrument, gives us its characteristic tone. Just so it is with the human voice. A blast of air from the lungs blown against the vocal cords causes them to vibrate, producing a note of a certain pitch. This note, reinforced and multiplied by the air in the cavities of the throat and head, gives us the human voice. That is to say, in a general way, the pitch of the voice depends upon the vocal cords; while the quality and power depend upon the size and shape of the cavities and the force of the air blast. The slightest change in the tension of the vocal cords, in the size or shape of the cavities, or in the power of the air blast from the lungs, causes a most striking change in the voice.

There are three principal cavities, the purpose of which is to reinforce the note produced by the vibration of the vocal cord. One of these is the hollow space lying just behind the nose and above the roof of the mouth, the naso-pharynx,—see A, Fig. 1. The second cavity is that of the mouth itself (B,) and the third is the hollow space below the soft palate, called the pharyngeal space,—see C, Fig. 1. All these cavities are formed of soft and yielding tissues and change their shape readily. Such changes in size and shape produce instant changes in the quality, pitch, and compass of the voice. For instance, the common fault of lifting the soft palate, see E, Fig. 1, cuts off the entire naso-pharynx (A,) from vibrating in unison with the vocal cords, and so makes the voice thin, hard, and laborious. Again, the fault, hardly less common, of lowering the tongue, causes the mouth cavity (B,) to become too large, and produces a harsh, brutal quality.

The strength and volume of the air blast which is blown from the lungs against the vocal chords is also an important factor in the process of voice production. If the body is bent and the chest small, shrunken, and inelastic, there is no possibility of throwing out a strong blast of air, and so producing a strong voice. While it may be harsh and penetrating under such conditions, owing to bad throat action, it can not possess either good quality or power. If, on the other hand, owing to a poor method, the chest, no matter how large, is held stiffly, it will be impossible to throw out from it a full blast of air, and again the resulting tone will be defective.

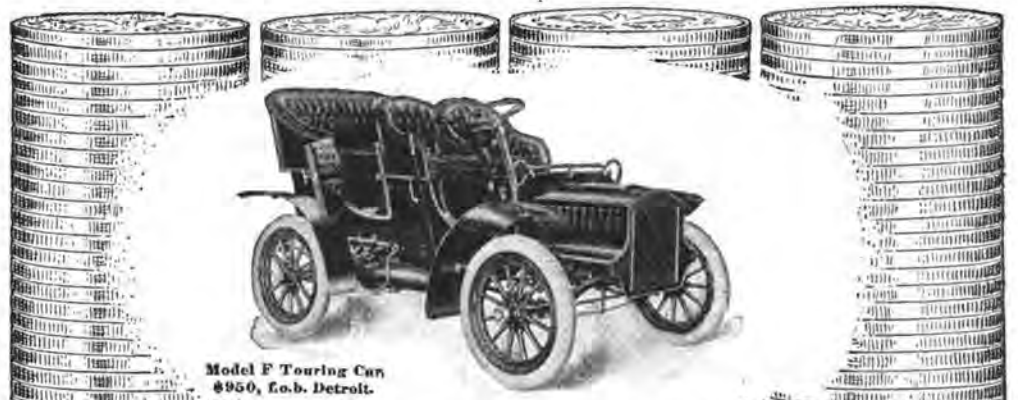
Complex as is the process of voice production, the conditions upon which it depends may be stated in a very few words: first, a full, free, powerful air blast; second, widely opened resonance cavities,—that is all, absolutely all. For the powerful air blast we must have a body that is properly carried and flexible, the back straight, the chest high, broad, and deep, and the whole body elastic. For the wide open cavities only one thing is necessary, and that is relaxation of the muscles of the throat and jaw.

How can these be attained? To straighten the bent spine, to broaden and deepen the chest, and to inculcate a proper carriage of the body the writer knows of no better methods than the exercises already described in this series of articles. For gaining flexibility of the chest the breathing and relaxing exercises given in the articles are believed to be the best yet devised.

We have yet to consider the matter of controlling the throat muscles, so as to prevent their excessive contraction and allow of open cavities, and also to combine these open cavities with a full-strength air blast from the large, flexible chest.

Now, the methods by which all these things are to be accomplished are neither difficult nor complicated. They must, however, be applied with exactness, regularity, and perseverance. Good results are sure. These methods have nothing in common with the instruction of well-meaning but often misguided "voice specialists," "tone builders," etc., but are based upon the demonstrable physiological facts of the process of tone production as described in the earlier part of this article.

We have seen that one of the prime requisites for correct tone is that all the resonance cavities—see A, B, and C, Fig. 1,—should be widely opened. With almost everyone, however, there is a firmly rooted habit of habitually closing one or more of them during speech or song. The first task, therefore, of him who would gain the economy of vitality and the added personal power of a correct tone



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is to learn to open these cavities during song or speech. The following exercises lead up to this end:—

### EXERCISE No. 1

Sit upon a comfortable chair, the body held easily upright and inclined slightly forward. Close the jaws lightly, keeping the teeth slightly apart. Breathe in and out through the nostrils as slowly and gently as possible. Continue for about one minute.

### EXERCISE No. 2

Without moving, continue breathing as before. Then, during an exhalation, allow the outgoing breath to produce a hum as soft and gentle as possible. Try, in making the hum, to avoid any movement whatever of the throat or the jaws. After one faint hum make two or three gentle, noiseless exhalations through the nostrils, then another hum, and so on. Repeat about twenty times.

### EXERCISE No. 3

Sitting easily, as before, allow the jaw to drop a little further, so that the lips are slightly apart. Then exhale without sound, as easily and gently as possible, feeling that the outgoing breath is passing through the nose and mouth. Repeat for about one minute, returning occasionally to one or two breaths, as described in Exercise No. 1, above.

### EXERCISE No. 4

This is the same as Exercise No. 3, save that, as breath is exhaled, it is allowed to produce a slight sound, hum, groan, or moan, taking care that the muscles of the throat and mouth are kept free from the slightest contraction or effort. Repeat about twenty times.

It will be seen that, in the performances of these exercises, great stress is laid upon gentleness. This is necessary, because the slightest effort, or the slightest attempt to "make tone," will cause the throat muscles to act, and throat action is a fault present in all defective voices.

It will be found that, at first, the tone resulting from the foregoing exercises is very faint and thin, and that any attempt to make it louder leads to throat action. This is due to the fact that the muscles are unaccustomed to passivity, and this can be overcome only by persistent practice, always with the thought of ease. Gradually a habit of throat passivity will be acquired so that it will characterize the voice at all times.

These exercises will suffice for acquiring throat passivity. For securing a wide opening of the resonance space the following will be found efficient:—

### EXERCISE No. 5

Walk easily back and forth, relaxing all the muscles as much as possible. Relax, also, the muscles of the face, assuming a sleepy, stupid expression. Allow the jaw to hang limply. Now take a full breath and exhale it, allowing the mouth to remain open, but feeling that the exhaled breath is passing out through the nose.

### EXERCISE No. 6

This is the same as the preceding, save that, as the breath passes out, it is allowed to make a slight, inarticulate sound,—a kind of groan.

### EXERCISE No. 7

Standing or sitting easily, take a breath and exhale it to the sound of *sh*, as in the word "hush." The more easily and gently this is done, the better will be the effect.

Faithful and careful practice of these simple exercises will soon produce a marked change in the voice, either in singing or in speaking. For the best results, however, they must be used in connection with a little "system" of four or five of the stretching, breathing exercises already described in these articles, so as to secure the activity and freedom of the chest cavity.

In the meantime, readers of SUCCESS MAGAZINE should pay some attention to the actual end in view,—the art of speaking or of singing. The most beautiful voice will fail of a proper effect if the articulation be careless or incorrect.

Speech elements are divided into two classes,—vowels and consonants. Vowels are formed by merely blowing air from the lungs through the vocal organs. Consonants are formed by blowing air from the lungs against some interposed obstruction formed by the speech organs. For instance, if the lips are held together and breath or voice is blown behind them, we obtain "p," or "b." If the lower lip is held against teeth, we obtain "f," or "v." If the tongue is held against the upper teeth, one forms "th," and so on.

For graceful and effective speech or song, these speech elements must be accurately and clearly formed. This is a task of very little difficulty, if the methods of practice be correct. The following are the best known to the writer:—

### EXERCISE No. 8

Sing a soft tone on the vowel *oo*, as in "tool." Then, on the same breath, change to *ee*, as in "feel," repeating this several times, thus: "oo—ee,—oo—ee," etc. The tone must be very thin and gentle, formed at the lips; and the distinction between the two sounds should be made as clear as possible. The writer and those acting under his advice have found the following list of words most serviceable in helping to form habits of correct articulation:—

Arm, oil, eel, own, all, aim, isle, your, owl, and. It is a good plan to go through this list, repeating each word three times and going over the list three times, first in medium pitch, then in high, and, lastly, in low pitch. The tone used in all this practice should be light and soft. Power of voice comes not from shouting, but from correct positions of the organs; and this can be acquired only by practice in a light voice.

Another list of words devised by the writer to embody all the important consonant sounds is the following:—

Pope, tight, hull, babe, deed, roar, thin, church, maim, thou, jaw, nine, rife, cock, ink, view, gag, borrow.

This list may be practiced in the same manner as the former. The two together will do more to develop the power of accurate, pleasing, and artistic utterance than a dozen courses of what is called "elocution." After all, the question of effective speech and singing is, from a practical standpoint, a simple one. A few weeks of careful practice along the lines indicated will prove this to any one. The practical results will be not only a marked increase of personal influence, but also immense economy of vital force through the more effortless and natural use of the organs.



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# THE SUCCESSFUL HOME

Conducted by Christine Terhune Herrick

## Spring House-cleaning

THE house-cleaning microbe begins to get in its deadly work along in late March and April. Few women escape its attack. It might almost be called a hereditary microbe that has been handed down from scores of house-cleaning ancestors, and in most cases it has abated none of its virulence in the transmission. It has been modified in the flat-dweller by force of circumstances, but the woman who lives in the country, or in a small town, and rules a house is as subject to it as if the influence of the New Woman had never existed.

The house-cleaning microbe would be by no means an unmixed evil if only the housekeeper were afflicted by it. But all the members of the family are made partakers of her sufferings. They don't want to clean house! The men of the household would be entirely contented to let life rub along in a serene dustiness and untidiness. It is no pleasure to them to find the house turned out of windows when they come home from their work. They do not revel in the smell of soapsuds and wet paint. The bacteria that are popularly supposed to congregate in unshaken draperies and unbeaten rugs have no terrors for them. Their philosophy of home life is largely summed up in Mrs. Boffin's desire, "Lor', let's be comfortable!"

After all, although "only men," they have some rights to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." A woman of ordinarily kindly instincts may strive with advantage to stay the ravages of the house-cleaning microbe in her own case by the application of a dose of common sense. Looking at the matter calmly and impartially, there is no real reason why every room in the house should be in a state of chaos at the same time,—any more than there is sense in a man stumbling over a scrubbing pail every day for a month. I have known homes in which house-cleaning was like whooping cough,—six weeks coming on and six weeks going off. During all this period the house was more or less of a purgatory.

I hope there are few women who take the disease as violently as this. Yet even in the milder cases there is a tendency to get all the house upset at the same time. Do n't do it, my friends! It may be a trifle easier to have the whole house swept at once or scrubbed at once,—although I do n't believe it. But even if you think so, try to restrain your preferences for the sake of the other inmates of the home.

Don't conduct your house-cleaning at haphazard. Have a scheme of campaign. Decide how you are going to do the cleaning and then attack the house in detail. It is a good plan to clean out the attic first,—if you are fortunate enough to have an attic. The dweller in a city apartment is sometimes in danger of forgetting that there are such things in the world as garrets. After the attic, go to the other extreme and clean the cellar. These are really the worst parts of the cleaning, and it is well to get them out of the way while you are fresh. Next you may attack your closets, unless you decide to do a room at a time and to take room and closet together. But don't get half a dozen parts of the house in confusion at one time. There must be more or less disorganization,—but try hard to have it less rather than more.

Don't get the bedrooms all "in the works" simultaneously. Don't do it with the living rooms either. Have one chamber of peace left in the establishment where the weary master of the house may find rest when he returns from his daily toil. He will appreciate it as much as ever did Noah's dove. The house is supposed to be kept for the comfort of the people who live in it. It fails of its purpose when it is made a place of wretchedness.



A well-started garden. Note that the tenderest plants are protected

## The Kitchen Garden

Practical Hints for the Inexperienced on Planting, Transplanting, and Thinning

MARY ROGERS MILLER

THE PLACE FOR THE GARDEN.—The choice of a garden site is not so simple. Convenience, soil, exposure to sun and winds, (and, perchance, to neighbors,) as well

as nearness to large trees, should all be given consideration. If too far from the back door, the garden will not be likely to yield those finishing touches so gratifying to the eye and taste. A few extra steps seem a journey at the critical point in a dinner! Yet the kitchen garden should not be near enough to intrude itself and its needs upon the weary commuter, enjoying a quiet evening on the side porch when he ought to be weeding. A row of sweet peas or climbing nasturtiums, grown on

"chicken wire," makes a pleasing screen between a front yard and a vegetable garden.

The soil is by far the most important matter to be considered. Rich, deep, mellow, and well drained, a sandy loam is about the best. The presence of sand makes the soil lighter, and less likely to pack after rains. If too much sand is present, decaying vegetable matter in the form of stable manure or leaf mold will improve both its texture and its content of plant food. Working the soil makes it mellow and fine; adding manure each year restores plant food, keeps the soil loose, and adds to its power to retain moisture.

A row of evergreen trees is a most valuable wind-break for the garden, and should be on the side from which come the prevailing winds. It should not be near enough to injure the garden, unless its roots are pruned each year on that side. The garden should lie on a gentle southern slope, or as near that as conditions will allow. The rows should run in the direction that gives the plants the greatest number of hours of sunlight.

PREPARATION OF THE SOIL.—If the garden is large it should be plowed. If small, spading is more satisfactory, because every square inch of soil is stirred and fined. Rubbish should be raked together and burned; the ashes enrich the soil and the weed seeds are destroyed in the burning. After spading comes the raking process. Here is where the work of the garden artist comes in. An extra hour with the rake before planting may result in a week's gain in earliness. This is true of all seeds, for none of them have any liking for clods; but with small seeds success is spelled in terms of the fineness of the soil.

PLANNING SHOULD PRECEDE PLANTING.—If the garden has been carefully thought out and mapped on paper, planting may begin as soon as the ground is ready. If not, there is a dangerously long interval here, much distress of mind, and many mistakes. Some garden devotees even write all their labels long before April. They usually begin to harvest before the rest of us.

GARDENING TOOLS.—These need not be "the very latest," but they really ought to be in good repair, and convenient. A frayed old clothesline tied to two pieces of lath, a crooked rake, and a dull, rusty hoe, are enough to take the enthusiasm out of anybody. The garden line may be homemade, but it should be clean, knotless, long enough, and attached to round, sharpened stakes. New labels are not absolutely essential, but who does not take satisfaction in the sight of a neat crop of them after a day's planting? The rows of vegetables must be marked distinctly, or confusion is sure to arise; both the name and date appear on our labels. Fifty cents buys a hundred twelve-inch wooden ones. A pencil or two should al-



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ways be in the gardening basket. For seed planting, a hoe, of triangular or regulation shape, is needed for making drills for large seeds, while a bluntly-pointed label is useful for shallow drills required for small seeds.

For transplanting, a dibble is handy, but perhaps a trowel is more satisfactory. A flat-bladed weeder will be found useful when thinning time comes. An old case knife might do, but it will not be easy to handle. A spade, a spading fork, a good rake and a wheelbarrow complete the list of necessary gardening tools. I do not know how any one could plant with fewer implements than these.

**EARLY PLANTING.**—The timorous gardener shrinks at the thought of starting anything earlier than "the regular time;" ergo, the timorous gets no earliest vegetables. The fact is that almost everything the ordinary garden contains, except lima beans, may be planted as early as the soil may be worked. But it is well worth while to plant some things just a little earlier. At the worst one loses a little time and perhaps two cents and a half's worth of seed, but with extra care and shelter on cold nights peas and string beans and corn, yea, even sweet corn, may be had a week or ten days earlier,—by "taking the risk."

Hotbeds and cold frames are well-nigh indispensable to the "hardened" gardener, but beginners usually buy their earliest tomato, cabbage, pepper, celery and sweet potato plants from some seedsman. Flat boxes, flower pots and tin cans, set in sunny windows, will produce vigorous plants enough for early setting if care is taken to harden them off by some daily exposure to outside air in the warmest part of the day. Some of the little seedlings should be taken out soon after they come up, or all will be crooked and spindling.

**SUCCESSION OF CROPS.**—I have never known of a garden that had produced enough green peas to satisfy the demand. There is always the regret that we did not have enough so that we could send baskets of them to city friends who had almost forgotten the taste of real peas. Every two weeks is not too often to plant them through the early months. Extra-early varieties may be planted in August for fall picking; as their season is short they will ripen before frost. The sweet-corn season has actually been extended from June thirtieth till frost by planting early in the hotbed and late in the garden.

Successive plantings of string beans of several sorts may continue through May and June. Lima beans are more susceptible to cold than other kinds. In planting these it is not absolutely necessary to put the eye of the seed downward, but it is a good, safe old rule, and saves time and beans in the long run.

**THINNING.**—One of the most frequent causes for late and inferior vegetables is neglect of thinning. A prominent agriculturist defines weeds as "plants out of place." This being true, the most troublesome weed in a row of turnips is the neighbor on each side of a particular plant. They crowd and starve each other, and the result is stringy tastelessness instead of plump succulency.

"I should think you would be afraid you were pulling up the very plant that would have produced the finest head," cried the "Apprehensive Sparrow," as we called our next door neighbor, as she watched me ruthlessly thinning the Cos lettuce to eight inches apart. "Well," said I, rather severely, "some of the biggest of them may yet, for I'm going to transplant them there between the cabbages. The ones I throw on the compost heap will never have a chance to show what they can do." Plants must have room to spread themselves. One big, well-grown tomato plant, with four square feet to cover, will produce more and better fruit than two or three which get tangled up trying to occupy the same space, to say nothing of convenience in cultivating and gathering. You can tuck lettuce and radishes and other quick growers in between the later vegetables, but they must be out of the way in time.

**TRANSPLANTING.**—This follows naturally after thinning in the garden, although not all plants take kindly to it. Generally speaking, plants do best if left where they originally came up. Seed is sown in drills much closer together than mature plants could possibly stand. This insures plenty of seedlings at no loss save that of seed. Before the plants begin to crowd, thinning should be done, onions to four inches, turnips to six, etc. Common sense, helped out by watching the plants as they grow, will suggest how much room each plant needs. Lettuce, celery, cabbage and its kindred, tomato, pepper, eggplant, and onion seedlings are now almost universally transplanted, either from hotbeds or from garden seed beds or drills.

**NOVEL VEGETABLES.**—For the main crops of the garden it is best to choose the "sure things," even to taking the suggested lists in the catalogues. After gaining a little experience, follow your own tastes, and venture a bit into novelties. The gaudy wonders in the "yellow" catalogues are not always as bad as they are painted, but a gardener must not risk too much. I like to try, each year, some new-old vegetable,—new to us, old to older gardeners. One year it was okra (delicious with chicken,) and vegetable marrow, then it was kohlrabi and Savoy cabbage. Last year we grew all the pickling plants we could



Burning of the fields before plowing

get hold of—cucumbers and cauliflower, of course, and dill, mustard, martynia, and peppers. This year we are giving a little space to such outlandish vegetables as chives, garlic, fennel, and celeriac, and every kind of salad plant we can lay our hands on, from such old standbys as asparagus and string beans to cardoon, chicory, endive, feticus, and rampion.

**DIRECTIONS FOR PLANTING.**—Never go to the garden to plant without taking along your favorite seed catalogue. The oldest inhabitant would probably advise the almanac instead, but the inconstant moon

has retired from the gardening business. If you forget how deep to plant endive seed, or how far apart to set Brussels sprouts, you have only to turn to the alphabetically arranged lists to refresh your memory and your enthusiasm at the same time. The catalogue directions are conservative and safe. For newest and as yet experimental methods, consult an up-to-date journal devoted to gardening. Experimenting with live plants, chemical elements, and atmospheric phenomena is a most delightful occupation. A reasonable amount of such work is recommended to all who would get mental stimulation as well as vegetables out of the kitchen garden.

## Entertainments at Eastertide

### EMILY HOLT

IF you are cherishing an ardent and certainly a highly commendable desire to show the hospitality of your nature, and if you wish to win, at the same time, the delighted approval of your friends, be sure and give an Easter party.

Try, however, to step aside, for the occasion, from the fixed and orthodox routine of the serious souvenir dinner, or the commonplace dance; for remember that the opening of the springtide revival of gaieties seems to demand something especially graceful and novel in the manner and method of entertainment. Therefore, plot and plan well ahead, that you may be able to give an affair, however unpretentious, having several quaint and pretty features.

Arrange matters so that your festivity, in honor of the beautiful new season, will take place on some evening of the week following the most universally celebrated Sunday of the year, and bear in mind, when deciding upon the particular character which you wish to give the event, that the most appropriate and convenient type of post-Lenten entertainment is always more or less distinctly of a floral nature.

With the help of the inspiration that can be drawn from the flowers that blossom in the spring, you should be able, easily and quite inexpensively, to amuse your guests with nothing more or less difficult, for example, than an Easter tree. In your invitations to your friends ask them to come to an Easter tree party; for, properly managed, this sort of amateur function is sure to be a success.

As with the very similar Christmas celebration, your first need is, of course, a tree. Any graceful young sapling will do, provided it is not an evergreen, and dogwood is one of the best frames I know for decoration. A dogwood just coming into leaf is most desirable and can be had if you live far enough in the south, where the various and abundant natural flowers of the time and place form the most suitable dressing for it. But if your home is too far north to permit indulgence in these luxuries, accept a perfectly leafless dogwood, or small oak, or beech, and decorate it yourself.

That is what I saw a young and resourceful hostess do, armed only with scissors, Japanese craped paper of many hues, yards of hat wire, and a lively imagination.

She spent two days of more or less unremitting and dainty effort at making her bare brown little tree burst into astonishing artificial bloom, but in the end she was thoroughly successful, the exertion of her taste and energy resulting in transforming the naked looking dogwood into a really charming apple tree. She made all the green leaves and pink and white blossoms herself, and the blossoms she wired on so thickly and in such trails and garlands, with little cotton and green paper apples clustered here and there among them, that the pretty tree was a wonder to behold.

About the foot of the dogwood, which, by the way, was set up in her dining room on a stout base, made of crossed pieces of wood, she built a fine mound of natural green turf, and in this she planted real violets and pansies and arbutus, bought from the florist; finally, a few hours before the guests were to arrive, she personally distributed through the tree's boughs her contribution of souvenirs.

There was a gift for every guest, and these gifts took the form of natural flowers, in which she had invested the major portion of the modest funds that she had decided to spend on the entertainment.

*Boutonnieres* there were for the men, and bouquets, corsage or hair decorations for the women, and these were all made up of spring flowers. Violets, yellow, white, and purple pansies, daffodils, *mimosa*, tulips, primroses, and hyacinths only had been chosen, and when the respective floral souvenirs were fastened with streamers of narrow

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green and white ribbon, they were labeled and tied here and there to the tree.

Finally, a big white dove was swung from the ceiling to hover over its topmost bough and last, but not least, among its decorations were tiny pink, white, and green candles fastened to the tips of the flower-laden branches and set alight just a moment before the guests were asked to enter and view the vision of floral, spring-like beauty.

Around the tree itself, after a bit, everybody gathered to sing as best they could, a spring carol, and then the hostess, wearing a pale green gown and apple blossoms in her hair, cut down and distributed the bouquets and *boutonnieres*, and her guests danced a very informal little cotillon before supper was announced.

With less expense, and less effort, perhaps, it is quite the simplest thing in the world to get up a young folks' Easter tree party, for then no real flowers are needed. The tree itself can be made by nailing light strips of wood of unequal lengths horizontally to a stout upright, fastened firmly to the floor, and then winding bands of gray paper muslin round the whole skeleton in order to roughly suggest bark.

Upon this frame, ropes and sprays and garlands and clusters of paper flowers, of the very gayest possible colors, with green paper leaves, must be hung and fastened in luxuriant masses; and then, to these elaborately decked boughs, all manner of quaint and amusing Easter souvenirs should be added.

Rabbits, ducks, brilliantly dyed eggs, etc., ought to form the bulk of the souvenirs along with bags and boxes of maple-sugar sweeties, long strings of sugared cherries, figures in gingerbread, gilded and silvered, and many pink and white peppermint mottoes.

One of the most successful features of an Easter tree party, given for the first time last year, was contributed by four charming children, the little nieces and nephews of the hostess of the occasion. The two small boys and their girl cousins were dressed respectively as "Benjamin Bunny," "Johnny Bullfrog," "Polly Apple Blossom," and "Miss Quack, the Duckling." The four jolly little people in their quaint costumes were secreted in the depths of gigantic yellow-paper sunflowers, that budded in the four corners of the room. When, however, the music began and the guests trooped in, to see what an Easter tree was like, the sunflowers suddenly burst into bloom, out rolled a comical tiny sprite from each one, and, catching up a big garland of tissue-paper flowers, the well-coached children drew a magic circle round the gay, fantastic tree.

With so infectious a spirit did they dance and sing, that in a moment the whole roomful of youngsters was swinging round the circle, laughing and singing as they ran, and the short evening of games and dancing passed off without a touch of constraint or formality.

To a hostess in doubt as to just how to entertain briskly and informally after Lent is over, and in a pretty home, which, with the most heroic stretching, won't admit of dancing, there is, beside the Easter tree party, infinite possibilities of safe hospitality offering in the parlor garden party.

It is requisite, for this entertainment, to give warning, in advance, of what is to be expected of each guest, for the parlor garden party is a new thing under the sun. Those who are invited, and who hope to attend, must needs be asked to assume the character of some well-known flower, and to give a clue to the name of the flower chosen by a decoration worn, or by a suggestive color, or an ornament.

There are no less than fifty or sixty well-known wild and garden blossoms that the guests are privileged to represent by all manner of absurd, graceful, and curious devices, and, when the party has assembled, the flower men and maidens are offered prizes for correctly identifying the greatest number of the blossoms by the hints of the costumes their human representatives have adopted.

At the first and the only parlor garden party given so far, a young man arrived in faultless evening dress, wearing, as his only suspicious badge of double identity, a large floating necktie of an astonishing variety of colors; his sleek, dark hair was covered by a curly golden wig and a soft simpering smile wreathed his countenance, and thereby he was eventually detected as indicating the leading characteristic of the dear familiar "Sweet William." A demure miss, in gray, was discovered to be a "Quaker Lady;" a dashing girl, in bright watermelon pink, went as an "American Beauty;" another, in white, was a "Bridesmaid Rose," and a girl in yellow, with darkly penciled eyes and a green girdle, typified gay "Black-eyed Susan."

When the keen edge of interest in the guessing contest has worn off, at a parlor garden party, and the prize winners have received their rewards for superior cleverness, in the shape of lovely bouquets of roses and *boutonnieres* of carnations, the game, "The Spider and the Fly," can be safely instituted with a view to keeping the guests busy and interested until supper is served.

"The Spider and the Fly" may be played by just as many of the guests as may choose to enter into the very diverting undertaking of trying to unravel a ball of twine, or a spool of stout black shoe thread, which the hostess has been at great pains to cast into a web of elaborate knots and snarls.

The day of her entertainment, the hostess should make her webs. She begins by attaching to the fore end of each ball of twine, a small or a large parcel, containing some pretty trifle. This for instance, she drops into the seat of an armchair and then, with deliberate ingenuity, she begins to weave the entire length of the twine over and under, in and out, forward and backward, about the chair, until all the string is used up and the remaining end she finally tucks away as obscurely as possible.

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rella, she can so weave her web of cord that it will take both time and cleverness to unravel and rewind the string and thus get at the little prize tied at the first end of the ball. Having cleverly played her part as the spider, the hostess then offers these webs to her guests to unravel out as best they can; but they are obliged to do so without once breaking the cord or failing to untie all knots.

In addition to the little souvenir that she fastens on to the first end of every cord, the hostess must offer to the guest who is the most promptly successful in unraveling out his web, another prize which is called the "grand reward," keeping in reserve a second and some absurd trifle for the less lucky member of the party who secures either the longest and most difficult string puzzle, or who is a bit less clever than any one else at disentangling the elaborate little spidery complication.

## What to Eat at Easter Time

### CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK

If one would introduce any culinary novelties into the Easter entertainments or functions they must lie in the deliciousness of the cookery, in new designs in favors, and in some unusual forms of decoration. New Easter dishes



Two pretty bonbonnières

are hard to find. In old or new, the egg plays a prominent part, and, fortunately, it can be employed in making all kinds of toothsome dainties, recipes for some of which will be given later.

An Easter function at which one may have many pretty addenda is a luncheon. This year the blessed season comes so late that one can find the fluffy pussy willow, if she will take a trip to country lanes and brooks. Add to this a few maidenhair ferns from the florist, and the color scheme of the luncheon is laid ready to one's hand. What can be prettier than the light green and pale gray, or silvery white? A table having these decorations has the centerpiece outlined by a circle of maidenhair ferns. In the middle of the centerpiece stands a slender vase of pussy willow. A half dozen sprigs of these are tied with streamers of wide, pale-green satin ribbon, and at each corner of the table is laid one of these bunches,—one end of the ribbon hanging over the corner of the table almost to the floor, and the other end hiding under the centerpiece. Here and there on the table are dainty bits of Easter china, for *bonbons*, salted almonds, etc., while at each place is a souvenir in the shape of a *bonbonnière* in some Easter design. One of these looks like a china bell, but when the bell is lifted it discloses a small rabbit rampant. Another is an egg-shaped receptacle, the handle consisting of a china ribbon holding down the pretty heads of three babies bursting from the shell. Two more are Japanese maidens, each wrestling with a bird that has just emerged from an egg.



A Japanese maiden

The *bonbons* are in an egg wheelbarrow propelled by a gnome; olives are in two broken eggshells, which are held by a small Dutch girl sitting between them. Perhaps the daintiest of all these novelties are the salted-nut holders. One is a Dutch child carrying on each arm an egg-shaped pail, and the other a rabbit bearing a yoke from which hang two egg-shaped holders. One of these may contain salted almonds, the other salted peanuts. Two other attractive designs are small pickaninies peeping from broken shells. One of them has just clutched a rabbit which, apparently, has shared the eggshell with him.



Babies in an eggshell

The prettiest dessert for such an affair would be ice-cream eggs in spun sugar. Any good confectioner prepares these. Where this



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**STUFFED EGGS.**—Boil six eggs for twenty minutes, then throw into cold water to loosen the shells. Peel carefully; cut a bit from each end of the egg so that it will stand upright, then cut the egg in half. Mash the yolks smooth with a little melted butter, finely shredded anchovies, and pepper to taste. Form this mixture into balls, and fit into the halved whites. Stand these on end in a fireproof dish and set in the oven until very hot. Pour a well-seasoned brown sauce about the eggs and serve. This is a very appetizing way of preparing eggs.

**EGGS POACHED IN CREAM.**—Cut rounds of bread, toast and butter them. Dip quickly in cream and arrange on a platter. In salted boiling cream poach eggs, one at a time, and lay carefully upon the rounds of toast. Set in the oven for a minute, pour the heated cream that is left over all, and sprinkle with salt and white pepper.

**RICE AND EGGS.**—Boil rice, and mix with it a little butter. Put in a pudding dish, sprinkle thickly with grated cheese, and break on top of this as many eggs as will lie side by side. Sprinkle with grated cheese and dot with bits of butter. Bake in the oven until the eggs are set, then serve.

**EGGS WITH TOMATO SAUCE.**—Boil eggs hard, throw into cold water and remove the shells. Cut in half, lengthwise, sprinkle with salt and pepper. Lay on a heated dish, and cover with a well-seasoned tomato sauce.

**CREAMED EGGS IN NAPPIES.**—Cook together a tablespoonful of butter and half as much flour, and when they bubble pour upon them a cup of rich milk, or half milk and half cream. Stir to a smooth white sauce, season to taste and pour into heated nappies. Have the sauce reach a third of the way up the inside of the nappies. Drop an egg in each, put a bit of butter on top, and set in the oven until the white is set. Send at once to the table.

**CHEESE AND EGGS.**—Make a pint of white sauce as directed in the above recipe, and when smooth and thick, stir in six heaping tablespoonfuls of grated cheese. Pour into a deep china pie-plate, and break on top of this cheese seven eggs. Set in the oven for five minutes, and take out. Garnish with sprigs of water cress and serve at once.

**EGGS IN TOAST NESTS.**—Cut six thick slices of bread, remove the crusts and press a biscuit cutter half through each slice. Take out the round of crumbs, and toast the hollowed slice to a golden brown, then butter. Beat the whites of six eggs very stiff, and fill the "nests" in the

dessert is out of the question substitute blancmange eggs, in a nest of wine jelly and candied orange straws.

Even the Easter breakfast may be a reminder of the glad feast day, and the Easter Sunday night supper characterized by some egg dainty. As at this season the egg is ruler of the feast, the housewife should remember that there are dozens of ways of preparing it,—some time-tried, others rather unusual.



Pickaninnee



An egg decoration



Easter luncheon decorations

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Probable Destination _____

toast with this, heaping it high. With a spoon make a hollow place in the middle of each heap of froth and drop the yolk of an egg in this. Put on each yolk a little butter, pepper, and salt, and set in the oven until the white is a delicate brown, then serve on a parsley-garnished dish.

**EGG AND CREAM CHEESE SALAD.**—Boil eggs hard and cut into quarters. With butter paddles make Philadelphia cream cheese into small balls. Line a salad bowl with crisp lettuce leaves, lay the cheese balls and eggs in this, and pour a French dressing over all. Some people think that this salad is improved by having finely-cut celery sprinkled over eggs and cheese.

**TUTTI-FRUTTI OMELET.**—Beat six eggs, whites and yolks separate, then mix lightly together and pour into an omelet pan. Have ready-mixed blanched and chopped almonds or English walnuts, minced citron, candied orange-peel, a few crystalized or maraschino cherries, a very little minced crystalized ginger, and three or four seeded and chopped raisins. When the omelet is set and ready to fold spread with the mixed fruits, sprinkle with powdered sugar, fold over, sprinkle with more powdered sugar, and transfer to a hot platter. Pour over it, or around it, a hot wine or Maraschino sauce, and eat immediately.

## A Model Sewing Room

A. L. GORMAN

If a woman has a room in her house which she can dedicate wholly and solely to a sewing room she can scarcely appreciate how fortunate she is. Many there are who do not conceive the real importance of such a room until one is acquired; then, as in similar cases, the woman wonders how she ever lived and accomplished anything without it.

Where there is a large family of children this need is all the greater. However, there are many women who have no children at all who grasp the idea of this necessity and have perfectly appointed sewing rooms, while those who actually need them more fail to reflect upon the importance, or to know that the setting apart of this room not only proves a time-saver, but also actually facilitates the work of the family sewing.

One of the smaller rooms may be used, but it is imperative that there be good light, so that the eyesight may not be impaired by even the finest work. Sometimes it is next to impossible to spare a small room to be used for no other purpose, and in this case a compromise must be made. Many houses are provided with a dark room on the upper floor, employed as a storeroom. This could easily be utilized for a sewing room by having, at slight cost, a skylight placed in the roof. If the room is large it could be partitioned off, so as to permit one portion to remain as a storeroom.

A closet is quite imperative. Have this arranged with shelves above, and a space for large boxes underneath. Upon the shelves dispose the small boxes which contain all the necessary findings and sewing-room helps. Shoe boxes are nice for rolls of tape, whalebones, and similar articles. White hooks and eyes should be in one small box and black ones in another. Another box should contain buttons. Spools of different colored sewing silk should have a separate box from the buttonhole twist, and the various spools of black, white, and colored thread should have a box by themselves.

In this closet should be also a box containing shoe buttons, coarse thread and needles, (or the cord with needle attached,) so that if buttons have to be sewed on a shoe at the last minute, when a child is ready for school, no time need be lost looking for the accompaniments. A box is a most convenient receptacle for the various colored darning cottons, darning needles, mending balls, etc., and it is a good idea to drop a cheap thimble in this box; it will save many a minute. It is best to have all these boxes plainly marked as to their contents, so that there may be no delay or confusion when a certain article is required.

If one is fortunate enough to have a second closet in this room it should be provided with hooks upon which may be hung the various dresses, coats, and other articles during their construction. If possible to provide a bureau for the room, it will be most welcome. In the drawers of this will be placed all the little rolls of pieces of material left over from garments. These will prove of great value later on, for mending, etc. Each member of the family should have his or her "piece-drawer" unless the family is very large, when the drawers must be divided.

If the bureau can not be provided, make bags of outing flannel, cretonne, or similar material, sewing the name of each member on the outside and hang these below the shelves in the closet. Should there be absolutely no closet in the room one must be constructed of shelves nailed to the wall in one corner, with a curtain hanging in front. A strip of wood bearing hooks may be nailed to the wall at one side, and upon them may be hung the unfinished garments, the curtain protecting these.

The sewing machine should be given a position in the room where the light is good, preferably with the light at the left-hand side of the worker. A gas or oil stove is a necessity for heating irons; moreover, the water for the four o'clock tea could be boiled upon this,—for the sewing party must be sociable. Besides the two irons that should be kept in the sewing room, so as not to interfere with the irons of the laundry, there should be a separate skirt board and a narrow sleeve board. These may be kept out of sight in the closet when not in use.

A very convenient and inexpensive rug can be made for the floor. Cut sixteen yards of denim into four strips and join; this will make a rug four yards square. Put a hem two or three inches deep all around, and sew in this,

or on the outside, small lead weights, such as are used in dressmaking. Place this rug under the cutting table and sewing machine before beginning to work, and try to keep all threads and scraps within its limits. Each night the rug may be taken up and shaken out of doors, thus reducing the labor of cleaning the room.

The cutting table should be as large as convenient for the size of the room, and is best with leaves that may be dropped when the cutting is finished. A yard long folding table is a great convenience when the larger one is not required.

It is needless to say that a well-equipped workbasket is a necessity. Several pairs of sharp scissors, various sizes of needles, for fine or coarse work, and thread of different numbers should be provided. It is impossible to do good work unless one is supplied with appropriate and needful tools. A well-equipped sewing room assists the work so far that it advances it immediately beyond the initial stage.

## Correspondence

A NUMBER of very interesting letters have been received upon the churchgoing question and a variety of other topics. I only wish there were space for more of them, or that they had come in season to be included with the letters on the church subject, published in the March issue of SUCCESS. As it is, I can only acknowledge with thanks the letters of A. M. J., of Mrs. O. I. H., of L. L., of F. A. H., of E. F. M., of "Roselle" and of L. M. J. Several of these letters I would have been glad to reply to personally, had a stamped and self-addressed envelope been inclosed. I wish my correspondents would bear this in mind if they ever desire personal replies.

"GILLIS." I have read your letter and thank you for your kind words of appreciation. It is difficult to say just how one may protect oneself against adulterated food. For the grosser faults in food this may be submitted to the Board of Health, and I believe that there is in Washington a department for the detection of adulteration in articles put upon the market for sale. I would advise you to read Matthieu Williams's "Chemistry of Cookery" and Dr. Gilman Thompson's "Practical Dietetics." In rheumatism meats should be avoided, spirits, sweets, starches, tomatoes and pieplant. The diet should be light and consist largely of vegetables. If you wish an answer more in detail will you kindly write and send me a stamped, self-addressed envelope?

## Homemade Gifts for Easter

MARY LE MONTE

AT Eastertide, when all the world is fragrant with the sweet odors of spring, the feminine mind seems to turn instinctively to the *sachet* as a gift wholly suitable to the season and acceptable to all women.



Two unique sachet bags

As perfumes are in fashion again, and people can use all they please of them, a great many *sachets* are required to keep the wardrobe drawers and shelves properly scented. A pretty way to insure variety is to make a set of *sachets* of all nations. An Indian doll's head may be decorated with a gilt band and gay feather, and a brightly colored silk or satin bag, stuffed with "raw" cotton, should be gathered with a thread around the neck. Bows of a color to harmonize with the bag may then be disposed upon the bag frock, and the Indian will look very attractive and exhale wondrous sweetness from the *sachet* wrapped in the cotton.



A Chinese doll sachet

A negro doll's head treated in this way looks best with a bright red dress and big red bow on the hair, while a blond and curly doll is fascinating in light colors. Instead of bows in the hair one may sew a single artificial rose upon the top of the head, and it will form

# The Mark That Multiplies Your Salary

When an institution with a working equipment valued at \$5,000,000 and a reputation of 13 years' continued success offers to show you *without charge* how to **multiply your salary**, either by advancing in your present work or by changing to a more lucrative occupation offering greater opportunities for your natural talents, isn't the offer worthy of your consideration?

When this institution further offers to give you the names and addresses of a **thousand and one** who as the direct result of investigating this offer have either secured lucrative positions or are managing enterprises *of their own*, isn't it worth the time it takes to ask how **you** can do likewise?

When this institution places before you a selected list of the most profitable and promising occupations, and invites you, without further obligations on your part, to indicate the position you would like to have by simply making

### A MARK LIKE THIS X

doesn't your curiosity, if *not* your ambition, make it impossible for you to allow the opportunity to go by?

Study the List—Mark the position you desire—Cut out the Coupon and mail it to us.

International Correspondence Schools,  
Box 1172 SCRANTON, PA.

Please send me your booklet, "1001 Stories of Success," and explain how I can qualify for the position before which I have marked X

Bookkeeper	Electrician
Stenographer	Elec. Engineer
Advertisement Writer	Elec. Lighting Supt.
Show Card Writer	Mechan. Engineer
Window Trimmer	Surveyor
Mechan. Draughtsman	Stationary Engineer
Ornamental Designer	Civil Engineer
Illustrator	Building Contractor
Civil Service	Architect
Chemist	Structural Engineer
Textile Mill Supt.	Foreman Plumber
French 7 with Edison	Mining Engineer
Spanish 5 Phonograph	

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street and No. \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

The practice of wearing low shoes has become almost universal among well-dressed men. Therefore, a snug-fitting stocking becomes an absolute necessity.

## Ball-Bearing Garter

keeps the stocking snug and tight without binding the leg. That is all you want in a garter.

If you cannot get the Ball-Bearing Garter at your store, just send your quarter to us and name the color, and we will send you a pair. Every pair guaranteed.

G. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO  
Makers of the President Suspender  
Box 325,  
SHIRLEY, MASS.

# President Suspenders

(LIGHTWEIGHT)

sustain the trousers without straining the shoulders.

If you had ever worn President Suspenders, you would never wear any other kind except by accident. 50 cents and \$1.00. Every pair guaranteed.

THE G. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO.  
Box 325,  
SHIRLEY, MASS.

If your dealer does not or will not sell you PRESIDENT Suspenders, send 50 cents to us. We will send the suspenders and the name of a dealer who will.

# New Victor April Records

Numbers beginning with 4 are in 10-inch size, \$1.00 each; \$10.00 per dozen.  
 Numbers beginning with 31 are in 12-inch size, \$1.50 each; \$15.00 per dozen.

- |   |  |   |  |
|---|--|---|--|
| <b>Sousa's Band.</b>  |  | <b>Bartone Solos by J. W. Myers</b> (orchestra acc.).       |  |
| 31361. "Masaniello Overture," Auber   | 4274. "Wearing of the Green," Irish Air                              | 4275. "Neath the Pines of Vermont," Strouse                 |  |
| 4265. "Bride of the Waves" (Cornet Solo by Herbert L. Clarke, accompanied by Sousa's Band).   | <b>Bartone Solos by Emilio de Gogorza</b> (orchestra acc.).          |   |  |
| 4266. "Kinloch o' Kinloch" (Piccolo Solo by Marshall P. Lufsky, accompanied by Sousa's Band). | 4257. "The Palms," Faure   | 31360. "La Marseillaise," De L'Isle                         |  |
| <b>Garde Republicaine Band of France.</b>   |  | <b>Soprano and Tenor Duet.</b>                              |  |
| 4221. "Tout à la Joie—Polka," Fahrbach  | <b>Miss Hayward and Mr. Maedonough</b> (orchestra acc.).             |   |  |
| <b>Arthur Pryor's Band.</b>   |  | 4272. "You and I"—(from Isle of Spice), Schindler           |  |
| 31361. "My Dream" Waltz (Mon Rêve), Waldteufel  | <b>Tenor Solo and Quartet.</b>                                       |   |  |
| <b>Pryor's Orchestra.</b>   |  | <b>Harry Maedonough and Haydn Quartet</b> (orchestra acc.). |  |
| 4264. "What the Pond Lilies Whispered," Betts   | 4277. "Where the Southern Roses Grow," Morse                         | <b>Comic Duet by Roberts and Murray</b> (orchestra acc.).   |  |
| 4265. "Love and Kisses"—Caprice, Harris   | 4276. "Oh! Oh! Sallie," Leonard                                      | <b>Comic Duet by Collins and Harlan</b> (orchestra acc.).   |  |
| 4270. "Wilhelmina Waltzes," Hall  | 4252. "The Bingville Band," Billings                                 | <b>Choir Records by Trinity Choir</b> (organ acc.).         |  |
| 31358. "Vale of Shenandoah" Medley,—Popular successes.  | 4271. "Safe in the Arms of Jesus," Fanny Crosby                      | 31357. "Sing Alleluia Forth" (opus 63), Dudley Buck         |  |
| 41359. Aida Selection, Verdi  | <b>March Song by Frank G. Stanley</b> (orchestra acc.).              |   |  |
| 31360. Midsummer Night's Dream Overture, Mendelssohn  | 4259. "Listen to the Big Brass Band," Dave Reed, Jr.                 | <b>March Song by Billy Murray</b> (orchestra acc.).         |  |
| <b>Mandolin Solo by Samuel Siegel.</b>  |  | 4253. "Bunker Hill," Von Tilzer                             |  |
| 4269. "A-Sa-Ma," Van Alstyne  | <b>Comic Song by Dan W. Quinn</b> (orchestra acc.).                  |   |  |
| <b>Soprano Solos by Florence Hayward</b> (violin obligato).                                   |  | 4258. "Esmeralda McCann," Heinzman                          |  |
| 4251. "Ave Maria," Bach-Gounod  | <b>Coon Song by Bob Roberts</b> (orchestra acc.).                    |   |  |
| 31354. "Angel's Serenade," Braga  | 4260. "Tennessee," Williams and Van Alstyne                          | <b>German Parody by Frank Wilson.</b>                       |  |
| <b>Soprano Solos by Edith Helenu</b> (orchestra acc.).  |  | 4268. "Teasing," Haydn Male Quartet (orchestra acc.).       |  |
| 4271. "Coming Thro' the Rye," Verli   | 4256. "The Holy City," Adams   | <b>Minstrel Record.</b>                                     |  |
| 31362. "Cato Nome"—Rigoletto, Verli   | 4262. Olden Time Minstrel's "F. Ballad," "My Love Remains the Same." |   |  |
| <b>By Richard Jose</b> (orchestra acc.).  |  |   |  |
| 4261. "She Fought On By His Side," Dresser  |  |   |  |
| 31355. "Time and Tide," Rodney  |  |   |  |
| <b>Tenor Solos by Byron G. Harlan</b> (orchestra acc.).                                       |  |   |  |
| 4254. "When the Harvest Moon is Shining on the River," Lamb                                   |  |   |  |
| 4255. "It Makes Me Think of Home Sweet Home," Harris  |  |   |  |

## Highest Award at St. Louis

Every Victor Record is a good Record

The Victor meaning of good records is: the very best possible reproduction of a good selection, by an artist of the highest class—without regard to cost.

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Victor  
Talking Machine Co.  
Philadelphia



A sachet bag

the daintiest sort of a coquette's hat.

Japanese and Chinese dolls look best when sewed to the outside of bags of a color that contrasts well with their bright little printed kimonos. One might elaborate infinitely upon the making of sachets representing dolls of all nations. The pastime is a pleasant one, for there are many nationalities which might be fetchingly represented in a sachet doll. The same idea can be carried out in making candy boxes for Easter, only, in this case, the doll is larger and is mounted over a tube-

shaped box of candy. Small boxes and bags for sewing implements are also to be fashioned with dolls' heads as decoration. These may be especially useful if dolly's cap is an emery cushion and her waist a cushion for pins. The skirt forms the bag for the sewing implements and thread.

A charming little Easter gift, that can be fashioned by any one expert with a brush, is a shallow box of thin cardboard covered with a pink silk bag, whose bottom is open and fits around the box with edges turned under and pasted on the bottom. A thin strip of water-color paper, just the size of the four sides of the box, is painted in a design of apple blossoms, or some other spring flower. If pink apple blossoms, the bag is pink silk. After the painting is done the paper is cut away between the leaves and blossoms and these are pasted on the box. A square piece of the same sort of paper is glued to the bottom, and four brass thumb tacks finish the under corners. The bag is much longer than the height of the box and has a band sewed inside the upper portion with drawstrings run through and finished with loops and bows. Clover, with green silk; daffodils with yellow; forget-me-nots with blue, and violets with mauve silk or satin, all form charming decorations, while lilies, with white or green silk, are beautiful but not likely to remain clean very long.



An Easter candy box

A pretty little pin-cushion to give to either a man or a woman at Easter is a butterfly,—which is appropriate to the season and easy to make. It may be in linen or satin, hand painted. The wings are cut of cardboard, two sides to each wing, and wadded on top with cotton. Each half is covered separately and the markings of the butterfly put on in color, then the halves are overseamed upon the edges, and pins are stuck in the edges between the two pieces of cardboard. The body is an oval, stuffed with cotton and painted in rings, and the horns are made with two curled bits of ostrich feather. A large pearl or colored pin in each wing tip adds to the attractive appearance of the butterfly. Where one can not paint, a few stitches of embroidery will supply the colored rings for the body and spots on the wings. The butterfly can be made tiny, to slip in the pocket, or quite large, to decorate the dressing table.

In the spring, even women who idle all winter and play their part in society begin to feel the want of a sewing basket. They fly to various resorts and amuse themselves with bits of fancy work for fun or for charity. The small sewing basket and bag and the pin-cushion basket are then found useful. The latter sort of basket is round and shallow, and fitted in the center with a large, round cushion, whose center is drawn in, like that of a tomato. Around



A useful bag for collars or handkerchiefs

# Plays in any Key

One reason for the superiority of the APOLLO PIANO PLAYERS is the

## Transposing Keyboard

which enables the performer to play the music in any key. It also provides for the shrinking and swelling of the music roll and gives to the APOLLO PLAYERS a distinct

**MONEY AND MUSICAL VALUE**

### The Apollo Concert Grand Player

HAS A RANGE OF 88 NOTES

Illustrated booklet, sent on application to the manufacturers Address, Dept. "Y."

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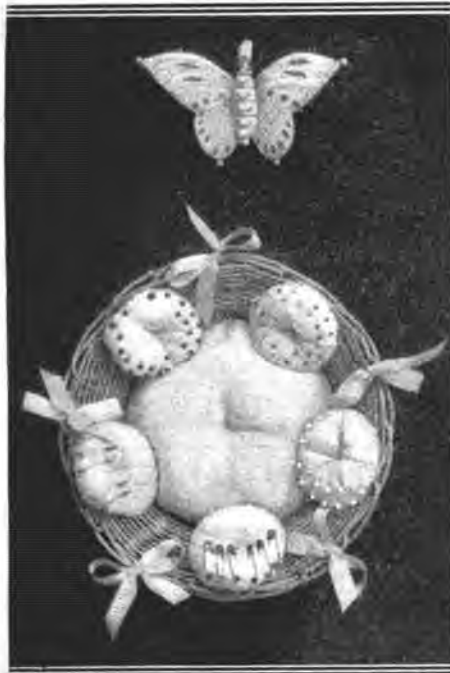
the sides of the basket five similar, but much smaller, tomatoes, daintily colored, hold different colors of pins and sizes of safety pins. Between each little cushion is a smart bow of ribbon corresponding with the cushions in color. Such a basket should match the coloring of the dressing table.

A very useful bag, which may serve the purpose of a *sachet* bag for handkerchiefs or stockings, a laundry bag for collars and cuffs, or a sewing bag for fancy work or darning, is quite a work of art made simply of two wide strips of pink ribbon with a flowered ribbon between the two, each strip being sewed together at the end and each to the other. The upper ribbon is gathered over an embroidery hoop, and the lower one between the edges of a circle of cardboard, covered with silk, and lined with a similar circle covered in the same fashion. Bows and loops to hang by are sewed to each side of the embroidery hoop, and when empty the bag flattens out in a very pretty lantern style. It might be called a lantern bag, and many colors can be effectively combined in it.

Another most effective bag for purposes of general utility is a long strip of brocaded satin in delicate tints of green, pink, and white. Each end of the strip is gathered over a separate embroidery hoop, which is first wrapped in ribbon of the same color, and the strip is folded double and gathered up each side until near the hoops. Here the unsewed edges are hemmed and a big bow is sewed over the place where the sides are drawn together. A full bow is placed at the termination of the gathers on the hoop, making two bows to each hoop. This is one of the simplest and most decorative bags that can be made. In this case the hoops serve as handles.



A square silk bag



A butterfly pin cushion is shown at the top. Below is a tomato sewing basket

### A Five-dollar Prize for Girls

MRS. CYNTHIA WESTOVER ALDEN'S paper on "Buying Things" ought to interest all my girl readers. I hope it will do more than interest them, and that it will set them to thinking about how they manage their expenditures. There are many girls who live on an allowance, and many more who earn their living and clothe themselves, even if they do not pay all their expenses. I wish to hear from some of these girls what it costs them for clothing in the course of a year. Many of them must have kept a close account of it and should be able to tell me, with tolerable exactness, what they spend on dress.

I am not speaking now to the girls who have well-to-do fathers, and who do not have to count the pennies, but to the girls who like to look well on a small amount, who go about more or less among their friends, and who, perhaps, make some of their own clothes. I want them to tell me how well they can dress on \$200 or less a year. Give figures, state how much of your own sewing you do, and

# JAP-A-LAC

"WEARS LIKE IRON"

## What JAP-A-LAC Will Do

We are trying to show you in this present advertisement exactly what JAP-A-LAC will do, and we have illustrated a few of the many uses to which it can be put.

In every house in America there is some painted thing that would be improved by a coat of JAP-A-LAC.

It will rejuvenate floors, weather-beaten front doors, chairs, old carriages, metal work, radiators, porch furniture, oil-cloth, refrigerators, chandeliers, andirons, or anything and everything that needs freshening, and you will never believe until you try it, just how complete the rejuvenation is.

Most of the JAP-A-LAC that is used is used by women. An intelligent child ten years old will have no trouble with it, and will take pleasure and gain knowledge in using it.

The old table, or chair, or desk, or bookcase that you think is fit only for kindling because the varnish is scuffed or because the color is not to your liking, can be brought back practically to its original new value with 25 cents' worth of JAP-A-LAC.

A simple description of JAP-A-LAC is, that it is a stain and a varnish combined, and its uses exist from the cellar to the attic of every house in America.

The colors of JAP-A-LAC are twelve:

WALNUT	MALACHITE GREEN	BRILLIANT BLACK
OAK	BLUE	FLAT WHITE
MAHOAGANY	OX-BLOOD	GLOSS WHITE
CHERRY	DEAD BLACK	GROUND

Besides these there is Natural or Clear JAP-A-LAC.

We want you to know JAP-A-LAC as it really is. For you will never perfectly appreciate it until you have actually put a brush in a can of JAP-A-LAC, and with your own hands transformed some old floor, or old piece of furniture.

We will gladly give you a full size quarter-pint can if you will pay the cost of mailing. Send us ten cents, and the name of your dealer, and we will mail free, to any point in the United States, a sample can of any color you select.

Upon request, we will gladly send an interesting booklet about JAP-A-LAC, and a color card showing the different shades

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Makers of High-grade Varnishes for all purposes  
Dept. Y, 1045 Williamson Building  
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**16  
D. & C.  
Roses  
\$1.00**

For nearly 50 years we have made Rose growing a specialty. With seventy greenhouses and a stock of over a million plants, we may fairly claim to be the LEADING ROSE GROWERS OF AMERICA. Once a year we make this special offer of our great Trial Collection of 16 D. & C. Roses for \$1.00, sent by mail prepaid to any post office in the U. S. Satisfaction and safe arrival guaranteed. Each variety labeled. Superb, strong plants, hardy, ever-blooming kinds; no two alike. All on their own roots. Will bloom continuously this year. The collection includes two great new Roses, *White Maman Cochet*, a superb, new, hardy, ever-blooming Rose, and *Keystone*, our sensational, new, hardy, ever-blooming, yellow climbing Rose. Mention this paper when ordering, and we will send you a return check for 25 cents, accepted as cash on a future order. We will send free with every order, to all who write for it, whether ordering or not, the 36th annual edition of our

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for 1905.—The Leading Rose Catalogue of America. 114 pages. Tells how to grow, and describes our famous Roses and all other flowers worth growing. Offers a complete list of flower and vegetable seeds. Ask for it to-day.

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70 Greenhouses. Established 1850.**

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# YOUR SPRING SUIT TO MEASURE \$10

**RAIN-PROOF OVERCOAT FREE**

Our magnificent display of exclusive Spring and Summer fabrics is now complete and we are ready to make to you measure your Spring Suit or Overcoat at \$10.00 using the richest, newest and most artistic fabrics of the day guaranteeing to fit you perfectly, to give you real elegance in style, and the highest class of materials throughout.

We are exclusive. We are able to save you from \$5.00 to \$10.00 on every garment we make for you. The Suits and Top-coats we are making for \$10.00 this season have never been equalled anywhere in the world for the price we ask. The man who gets one of them can safely feel that he is dressed in the height of style, and we give with every Suit and Overcoat our absolute guarantee as to its excellent wearing qualities. Let us make your Suit this season and see if we do not give you the most remarkable value you ever had from any concern you ever dealt with.

Our illustration correctly shows a new Spring fashion for which we display a number of choice patterns in our sample book for made-to-measure Suits at \$10.00. There is workmanship in these clothes that shows itself even to the man who is no judge of goods. These are Suits that will stand careful examination because they are honestly tailored by men of great ability in the art of cutting, designing and making.

We send you absolutely free with your order, an elegant Spring rain-proof Overcoat, made of high-grade fancy back covert cloth.

This is a really artistic garment, with broad shoulders, cut full, measuring fifty-two inches in length. The illustration shows it perfectly. This free offer is one of our methods of advertising our great tailoring establishment. The coat goes free with each Suit or Top-coat. Instead of the Rain-coat, if you prefer it, you may have a fine silk umbrella or a nobby up-to-date Fancy Vest.

You see the goods before you pay for them so you take no risk whatever in ordering from us. We send all suits and overcoats to be examined, tried on and found perfectly satisfactory before you are asked to pay your money.

**OUR GREAT CATALOGUE IS FREE**

Our great catalogue of Spring and Summer fabrics showing a magnificent assortment of patterns for made to measure Suits in the newest effects at \$10.00 to \$22.50 mailed FREE, postpaid on application. This catalogue contains full instructions for taking your own measurements quickly and without the least trouble, also order blanks, tape measure, etc. Write us to-day for this elegant book of samples.

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EXCLUSIVE OUTFITTERS FOR MEN.  
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# \$7.98 DRESSES ANY MAN

With an All-Wool Cheviot Made-to-Measure Suit.

**EXTRA PAIR OF TROUSERS FREE**

To introduce our famous made-to-measure custom tailoring we make this unequalled offer of a Suit made to your measure. In the latest English Sack Style, well made and durably trimmed for only \$7.98. Equal to your local tailor's \$15 suit, and give you an extra pair of trousers of the same cloth as the suit, or a fancy pattern if desired, absolutely free. Send us your name and address and we will send you Free Samples of cloth, measurement blank and tape-line. Send no money but write to-day to

**GENTS' OUTFITTING CO., Dept. 68,**  
349 Market St., Chicago.  
Ref: First National Bank, Chicago.  
Capital, \$12,000,000.  
Traveling Salesmen Wanted.

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about how many new frocks and hats you have in the course of the year. Write on one side of the paper and keep your contribution within two hundred words.

For the best letter on this subject a prize will be given of \$5. All letters must be in my hands by April 25. The prize letter will appear in this department, and as many of the other letters received as we have space for will also be printed.

## "Buying Things"

CYNTHIA WESTOVER ALDEN

To you girls, who are excellent listeners, I am going to tell a few facts about the American woman's habit of buying things for fun, and I shall begin with a little story.

Once upon a time—all good stories begin that way,—a young girl, a struggling illustrator of books and magazine articles, whose income averaged not more than seven dollars a week in New York City, and who spent three dollars of it for a room, in which she did light housekeeping over a gas stove, received an unexpected twenty-dollar bill from her father, who lived in a little New England village. One afternoon I saw her coming home to her room with a full shopping bag.

"O, come in with me," she exclaimed, "and just see what I have bought!"

I went in. Here is the inventory, with the prices, as nearly as I can remember:—

Three yards of yellow silk dress lining,—a remnant,.....	\$1.20
One pair of white canvas shoes,.....	1.00
One pair of cheap opera glasses,.....	1.50
One pound of chocolate creams,.....	.50
One shodworn ostrich feather,.....	.75
<b>Total,.....</b>	<b>\$4.95</b>

"And just think," she added, in glee, "I shopped all the afternoon, had a glorious time, and spent only four dollars and ninety-five cents. I'm going again to-morrow, and next day, too,—if it does n't rain."

The dress lining was narrow, and there wasn't half enough for a dress, even if she had any prospect of having a gown that needed to be lined with silk. The shoes were good only for the country or a watering place, and it was autumn. The opera glasses were of the sort that confound evil and good in a general blur. Her doctor had forbidden her to eat candy, and she did n't offer me any, so I suppose it was doomed to dry up and spoil. No milliner would have used the ostrich feather, at least no milliner whom she would call upon, and it would have spoiled an otherwise pretty bonnet. Every item, standing by itself, was a bargain. The difficulty was that she had no use for what she bought. And she was "going again," going again, as long as any of the twenty dollars was left!

Well, I never said one word of the things that were passing through my mind. I am something of a coward, I must admit, when you meet me face to face. But within a month that girl came to me with tears in her eyes and begged me to lend her six dollars, because she would be put out of her room if she did not get the money before night!

I am not going to resort to the commonplaces of the humorists about shopping. Shopping means seeing pretty things at the expense of tired saleswomen, and is a little selfish. Much as it is condemned, the worst thing about it is, that, if one goes shopping too often, one is sure to begin buying useless things in the end.

I suppose the instinct for bargaining is deep-rooted in women. It is not unnatural that the great-great-granddaughters of the Knickerbockers and the Puritans should dash into each department store foray full of the spirit of old Admiral Von Tromp, or of Drake, Frobisher, or Hawkins, and never come back without a trophy, even though skirts have suffered sadly, front hair is disheveled, and hats are all awry. Such bravery is indeed worthy of a better cause.

I do not know that the average dowager, inured to hardship, by thirty years of bargain-counter experience, loses much; but the athletic training secured in this school is accompanied by sad demoralization of the manners of the young. The "sweet low voice," which is such an "excellent thing in woman," is likely to become rasped. The habit of deference to others, common to well-bred people, suffers also.

If you live in a village or on a farm, do n't imagine that you are outside the range of this talk. True, the girl on the farm has had the advantage of the educative value of butter and eggs. You do n't know just what that means? Well, every generous farmer devotes to the women folks of his family the proceeds from butter and eggs.

The daughter learns from her mother, and from what she sees, how much time and care is involved in every pound of butter and every dozen of eggs made ready for the market. At the village store she trades these products for new shoes or peppermint drops, or gingham to make herself a gown. She generally buys wisely, just because she knows what she is giving for what she gets.

It becomes immensely important when that girl goes to the city to support herself as a teacher, a typewriter, or a saleswoman, and it gives to her a big advantage over other girls who have had allowances from fathers or brothers and have never learned what a dollar means.

But the girl on a farm is not out of the way of temptation. The "ten-centers" of unscrupulous businesses assail her conscience every week with alluring offers. Now and again she is likely to yield.

I advise you to read Benjamin Franklin, and take to heart the maxims of "Poor Richard." They are as good for girls as for boys. While I am on the subject of "Buying Things," I may as well quote a few of those maxims.

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They are better than anything I could write; better in their way than anything else that has ever been written. Here they are:—

Many estates are spent in the getting,  
 Since women for tea forsook spinning and knitting  
 And men for punch forsook hewing and splitting.  
 The Indies have not made Spain rich, because her outgoes are  
 greater than her incomes.  
 Beware of little expenses: a small leak will sink a great ship.  
 Who dainties love shall beggars prove.  
 Buy what thou hast no need of, and, ere long, thou shalt sell  
 thy necessities.  
 Many have been ruined by buying good pennyworths.  
 It is foolish to lay out money in a purchase of repentance, and  
 yet this folly is practiced every day at auctions.  
 Silks and satins, scarlet and velvets, put out the kitchen fire.  
 A child and a fool imagine twenty shillings and twenty years  
 can never be spent.  
 If you would know the value of money, go and try to borrow  
 some.  
 Fond pride of dress is sure a very curse  
 Ere fancy you consult, consult your purse.  
 Poverty often deprives a man of spirit and virtue. It is hard  
 for an empty bag to stand upright.  
 When you have bought one fine thing, you must buy ten more  
 that your appearance may be all of a piece. It is easier to sup-  
 press the first desire than to satisfy all that follow it.  
 It is easier to build two chimneys than to keep one in fuel.  
 If you will not hear Wisdom, she will surely rap your knuckles.

Oh yes, I can see a lot of pretty, ruby lips curling scorn-  
 fully, and a lot of brown or golden heads tossing saucily,  
 and I can hear a thousand voices, soprano and alto, sing-  
 ing the same response:—

"That does n't apply to me at all, [*Allegretto moderato.*]  
 My papa is glad to cheer my life, [*Con espressione.*]  
 I'm sure that whatever events befall, [*Andante moderato.*]  
 I never shall be a poor man's wife." [*Andante con spiritu.*]

That is good, cheerful music, and sauciness has its own  
 charm at your time of life. But it may be that the ques-  
 tion, whether or not you will be a poor man's wife, will be  
 settled for you in spite of yourself. Love is, truly, a tyrant.  
 He makes the queerest arrangements for people's lives.  
 He might bring you an earl or a millionaire, or a brave,  
 sturdy fellow without a penny.

The best remedy for the bargain mania is to broaden  
 the range of your interests and sympathies. Let music  
 and art and reading and athletics leave no room for the  
 petty pride of possession on which that mania feeds. But  
 do not think that I am setting up a straw woman just to  
 knock her over. The bargain mania, or the buying mania,  
 is a real curse, not a phantom. I am not wasting words  
 on phantoms!

## The Intellectual Life with Our Children

ANNE O'HAGAN

IT has often seemed to me a great pity that Froebel, in  
 furnishing the young mothers of the world with that  
 sweetly sentimental though somewhat supererogatory  
 motto, "Let us live with our children," did not supply a  
 list of exceptions, so to speak. Too many mothers have  
 interpreted the formula literally; they live with their  
 children exclusively; they even twist the formula to read;  
 "Come, let us make our relatives and friends, the stranger  
 within our gates, the casual, unwary visitor at our tea  
 tables, live with our children."

Perhaps in the many-millioned circles it may be true, as  
 we are so often told, that the children see but little of  
 their parents and are brought up chiefly by hirelings of  
 various grades. Doubtless it is also true that, in the fam-  
 ilies which feel the pressure of actual want, where both  
 parents are compelled to be wage-earners, there is too  
 little intercourse between parents and children. But, in  
 that broad circle of wholesome prosperity which we like  
 to regard as typically American, among the parents whose  
 conscience, affection and resources unite to make them  
 careful guardians, the tendency to-day is not neglect of  
 children, but too great devotion to them. This is, of course,  
 especially true of mothers.

In saying this I do not refer to that utterly unregenerate  
 class whose drawing-rooms are mere annexes to the nur-  
 sery and whose conversation is a repetition of excerpts  
 from "Baby's First Year." The limitations of the very  
 young mothers composing this class are so well advertised  
 that any one who puts himself in the way of falling a vic-  
 tim to them deserves his fate. Almost the same limitations  
 prevail among mothers long enough familiarized with their  
 duty to have discarded ecstatic seriousness in regard to it.

One accepts invitations to lunch or dine informally at  
 houses where children in their early teens form part of  
 the family. Whereupon one learns that he must refrain from  
 mentioning not only the X's divorce and Y's dipsomania,  
 —such prohibition does no conceivable harm to even the  
 most garrulous guest,—but also the District Attorney's  
 crusade against alleged perjurers and conspirators, the  
 treatment of the women in the convict camps in Siberia,  
 Tolstoi's "Resurrection," the tendencies of the drama as  
 illustrated in Pinero's new plays, and a hundred other  
 topics perfectly legitimate and even instructive for mature  
 discussion. Instead of adverting to these matters, one  
 listens with attention and reverence to what the young  
 master has to say of the Groton crowd at Harvard, and to  
 the young miss's rhapsodies on her favorite theatrical  
 "star."

In another house, the children dine in the nursery when

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there are guests. But does one escape the intellectual blight of their existence thereby?

"Have you read Münsterburg's book on the Americans, or 'The Masquerader,' or Robert Hunter's 'Poverty,' or 'The Golden Bowl'?" you ask the hostess.

"No," she answers, smiling vaguely; "we are reading Scott this winter."

"Oh!" you ejaculate faintly.

"Yes," enthusiastically. "Willie and Mabel are just taking up the Waverly Novels and it is such an opportunity to read with them,—to read Scott through their minds, as it were. Oh, they all think *Cœur de Lion* perfectly splendid, and they all like *Rebecca* better than *Rowena*."

You mention mildly that a three-second effort at recollection would have recalled this attitude toward the characters in "Ivanhoe," but your hostess merely shakes her head at the suggestion.

"We are taking the children to the opera matinees," says another maternal follower of the same cult. "You do n't know what it means to hear the music through your children's ears—"

"No," you interrupt. "Do you?"

Whereupon you are accused of not knowing the delight of seeing a child's "individuality" blossom.

The "individuality" of the child is a sacred topic nowadays, and no doubt it is a sacred enough affair, since a child is a man or woman in the making. Certainly the child who is treated like a mere adjunct to an adult machine is defrauded of his rights as an individual. But what of the adult who deliberately flings aside all that the training of childhood has given him or her, and elects to become the mere adjunct of a juvenile machine,—a permanent attachment, intellectually and actually, of the nursery, the kindergarten, or the preparatory school?

After all, there are comparatively few occupations which the immature and the mature can unaffectedly enjoy together,—apple roasting, the Virginia reel, and reading "The Christmas Carol" aloud, comprise about the whole list. And neither individuality nor happiness flourishes in an atmosphere of affectation. Where parents assume the same tastes and fancies as their children their is as grotesque a pretense as where children ape the manners and imitate the amusements of their elders.

It requires no superhumanly acute observation to perceive that children are not made happier or more truly themselves by having this make-believe community of interests and tastes with their elders thrust upon them. They develop most truly and most happily in the society of their true peers:—watch them at work or at play with their school companions and that fact is very apparent. So that the chief thing which a mother accomplishes who persists in living her intellectual life over again "with and through her children" is her own stultification, the boring of her acquaintances, and—*one deeply fears,—*of her children themselves.

## How Sadie Learned to Entertain

### II.—Ladies' Luncheon

MRS. BURTON KINGSLAND

*Dramatis Personæ:* MRS. ENDICOTT WINTHROP and MISS SADIE SMITH

SADIE.—I have taken you at your word, dear Mrs. Winthrop, and have come again to consult you in my social perplexities.

MRS. WINTHROP.—In the words of an old servant I once had, "I will do my endeavors" to help you, most gladly.

SADIE.—You see, my old schoolmates have been very kind to me, a newcomer here, and, though I tremble in my boots at the thought, I can not defer much longer the return of courtesies,—if I want to retain their friendship and keep the little foothold that their invitations have given me, in their set.

MRS. W.—Certainly, every woman wants a little place in the society of the world she lives in. She is a social animal and requires the companionship of her kind for her best development. I advise you to ask a half dozen friends to a little luncheon, by way of a beginning.

SADIE.—(Hesitating.) Ye-es.

MRS. W.—It will be very easy. I will help you. Now, first, as to the invitations.

SADIE.—Oh, yes, something cute, unique,—

MRS. W.—Not for worlds! The rhyming or original invitations have been used so much for bazaars and money-making affairs that they sound like advertisements. The conventional request for "the pleasure of the company" of your guest, for formal functions and cordial, friendly little notes for the informal ones, are the only invitations admitted to be in good taste. In this case it should be something like this:—

DEAR —: Will you give me the pleasure of your company at an informal little luncheon, on Wednesday, March the tenth, at half after one o'clock, to meet a few mutual friends? Hoping that nothing may prevent your joining us,

Most cordially yours,

Send the invitations two weeks in advance of the luncheon.

SADIE.—I have some pretty note paper that looks as if the edges were hemstitched.

MRS. W.—Do n't think me over-particular if I advise you not to use it. Get a little plain, white note paper, from

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Are you ambitious to make more—do you want to succeed?

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Sit right down and write us—we'll tell you all about our proposition—give you detailed information and let you know just what we'll do.

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Tiffany or some other leading stationer, of the best quality. If you have a die of your address, they will stamp the paper in white embossed letters free of charge. Such paper is perfectly correct. Little things of the kind are important, as revealing familiarity with conventional standards.

SADIE.—Oh, you do save me from making so many mistakes! But how would a breakfast do instead of a luncheon?

MRS. W.—A luncheon is usually called a breakfast when men are asked to be of the party as well as women. It is given at noon or shortly after, and differs little from a luncheon except in name. It begins with fruit, followed by a course of eggs or fish in some fancy form, one kind of meat, a salad, and a sweet—that is, not an ice,—and concludes with coffee in "demi-tasses." At a luncheon, after the fruit, comes *bouillon* in cups, a course of fish or crustaceans, an *entrée*, one kind of meat, then game with salad or salad and cheese, ices, and black coffee.

SADIE.—What shall we have to drink?

MRS. W.—At young girls' luncheons mineral waters are served instead of wine or "cup," and cups of chocolate are often offered after the fish course.

SADIE.—What souvenirs could I have?

MRS. W.—Souvenirs are quite gone out of fashion. The custom was so vulgarized by exaggeration and display that it was discontinued. A bunch of violets or one long-stemmed rose at each cover is the only remnant of the fashion now seen and either of these is rare.

SADIE.—When I have been at other peoples' houses, I have been so busy talking or feeling the responsibility of carrying Sadie Smith safely over any possible pitfalls that I have not noticed the tables much,—except to see that they were lovely.

MRS. W.—Well, as this is to be your initial step, it *must* be a success, and, among girls, a pretty table and some little novelty in the *entrée* and ices goes farther to give them the impression of a charming entertainment than



"Every woman wants a little place in the society of the world she lives in"

# Lea & Perrins' Sauce

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE



## The Peerless Seasoning

Rare piquancy is given to Chafing Dish cooking by using LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE as a seasoning. Welsh Rarebit, Lobster a la Newburg, Mushroom Saute, Stewed Terrapin, etc., to be perfect must have at least a dash of it. It adds enjoyment to every dinner.

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anything else. Terrapin, canvasbacks, or woodcock, done to a turn, would appeal to men, but such dainties would be utterly wasted upon a party of girls.

SADIE.—Will you tell me what would be a really swell—I mean smart—luncheon?

MRS. W.—I should not advise anything that appears as if you were aiming at a smart effect. It would be in better taste to have a somewhat simple luncheon,—a few dishes well cooked and perfectly served.

SADIE.—Our servants are nothing remarkable,—just ordinary. We brought them from the country with us.

MRS. W.—Then rehearse the dishes beforehand, when you are alone—so that you will be at your ease about what may appear when your guests are with you.

For your waitress, write out a list of just what she is to do,—each course separated clearly. Pin it up in the butler's pantry and have her consult it between courses every time.

SADIE.—I am stupid, I know, but what shall I write?

MRS. W.—For instance, your first course may be grape fruit,—a half to each person, the pulp loosened from the skin, the core removed, and the space filled with fine sugar. The pieces are placed on small plates with a leaf or a tiny doily under each.

On the paper for the waitress, write:—

**FIRST COURSE.**—Grape fruit. Place each plate separately containing the fruit, with the right hand,—at the same time removing the place-plate with the left. Begin with the lady at my right hand.

**SECOND COURSE.**—*Bouillon* in cups. Place in same manner as given above. Begin with the lady at my left.

**THIRD COURSE.**—As you remove each cup with the plate under it, slip a hot plate in its place with the left hand. Pass the lobster *à la Newburg*, holding the dish on your hand with a napkin between, with a large fork and spoon so placed as to make it easy for the guest to help herself.

So proceed. Think every detail over carefully, note each one, and give the paper to the waitress, a day or so in advance of your luncheon, that she may become familiar with it. You should have your mind entirely at leisure to devote to your guests.

SADIE.—I wish that I could have a caterer, but—I suppose it would be extravagant for so small an affair.

MRS. W.—Anything that looks as if a good cook in your home has prepared it is more *chic*, as the French say, than dishes that are evidently sent in from outside. The inference is that you live well every day and are not making a big effort.

For instance, serve a salad of apple and celery mayonnaise in a bright red apple hollowed out,—one at each place, with a lettuce leaf under it. The stem end is cut off and replaced as a cover. "*Coupe Jacques*" is a dainty sweet course, that is ornamental and yet easily made. It consists of oranges cut up in small bits, chopped pineapple, and a few thin slices of banana sweetened and served *very cold* in sorbet glasses. A tablespoonful of orange or lemon ice atop of each glassful, garnished with three or four French candied cherries, adds much to the appearance and taste. A wineglass of kirsch and a spoonful of curaçoa make an improvement, though but faintly perceptible if added to the whole amount.

SADIE.—Would you mind giving me a *menu* that you would approve?

MRS. W.—A good *menu* would be: grape fruit, clam *bouillon* in cups, with whipped cream, lobster *à la Newburg*, or creamed fish served in green peppers, small lamb chops, with a *purée* of chestnuts, or broiled chicken with French peas, apple and celery salad, "*coupe Jacques*," and black coffee.

More important than the *menu* is the congenial grouping of your guests. The old rule of placing an old friend at one side of a guest and a new friend at the other brings about the pleasantest results,—when it is possible of arrangement.

SADIE.—You spoke of a pretty table. I'm afraid that our table furnishings are not what my friends would call pretty.

MRS. W.—Oh, they are of little consequence, provided you have a few flowers. White stock gillyflowers are lovely and the least expensive of all flowers, I think. If you have no cut glass or silver bowl, vase, or other receptacle for them, a new tin pan with straight sides will do quite well for a centerpiece, with a wide satin ribbon, matching the flowers or foliage, tied about it with a bow at the side. Its plebeian nature will be quite concealed. Outside of this, leaving a foot of space, have a wreath of smilax and insert at short intervals among its tiny leaves single blossoms of the stock gillyflowers. You have no idea how pretty the effect is. The stock gillyflowers come also in soft pink and pale yellow, if you prefer a color. The ribbon, of course, should match exactly. Two small dishes of *bonbons*, two of little cakes,—iced to match the color of the decorations, or not, as you choose,—and salted nuts are all that you will require.

SADIE.—I thank you with all my heart. I feel more confidence about my social obligations and very rich in having a "friend in need." Some day I want to have a little chat about a girl's relations with her young men friends,—if I may.

MRS. W.—Certainly. "We pass this way but once," and if, from my experience of the road, I can give a little help to other wayfarers, it is a gratification,—even if it be only in the trifles that go to make up the charm and pleasantness of the journey. So,—"*Au plaisir de vous revoir.*"

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# A Kingly Fisherman

WILLIAM DAVENPORT HULBERT

[Concluded from page 242]



like a barn door, and a big pike swallowed him whole, just as he himself, if he had lived, would a moment later have swallowed the minnow. The kingfisher came darting down with a cry of rage and excitement, but there was nothing he could do, and the pike glided away as swiftly and silently as he had come. That was the end of the most promising of all the children.

But the other five prospered, and little by little they learned to fish for themselves, and the old birds were relieved of the labor of providing for them. At first the burrow was used as a resting place at night, but in the course of time it was abandoned almost entirely, and at length the family went the way of most bird families when summer is over. Did the kingfisher and his mate miss the children very much? I hardly think so. They had not expected to keep them. They had come north to dig their burrow, care for their eggs, raise their young, and then, when those young were grown and had become expert fishermen, turn them out to take care of themselves, and by and by find their own mates, and in their turn rear other broods of young kingfishers. For this they had sought the Great Tahquamenon Swamp, and all this, by dint of cheerful energy, hard work, courage, pluck, and loyal and affectionate cooperation, they had accomplished. What more could they wish for or try for? They had done what they had wished to do. So, perhaps, it was not unnatural that, as the season drew to a close, the parents themselves, as well as the children, should drift apart. They had been devoted mates, toiling with might and main for each other and their family, and ready to make any sacrifice—even life itself,—for their home and all that it meant; but the object of their union was accomplished, and, when the glory of the swamp maples had burned itself out, and the halcyon days had come once more, the kingfisher was alone.

But he seemed loth to go. The Great Tahquamenon Swamp was home to him, and he lingered and lingered until, one day, he had an experience which was more distressing and dangerous, if not more disagreeable, than even the swallowing of the big fish, and that sent him south on the double-quick.

At a certain point on his little river, not very far from the sand bank where his burrow was located, a small bayou puts back into the swamp. The water in that bayou is almost always very still and smooth, and when, one keen, cold night in November, the ice spears shot out from its banks and grew and multiplied until they had completely covered its surface with a thin crystal shell, the morning sun found it looking almost exactly the same as it had looked the day before. So little difference was there that, when the kingfisher came by, an hour or two later, he did not notice that things were not just as they had been all summer. A minnow was lying quietly in the middle of the bayou, and, as the kingfisher flew across on his way to a bend of the stream where fish were apt to be plentiful, he caught sight of it. He paused a second,—then down he went. To his astonishment his bill struck something hard, but he went crashing through it as one's fist crashes through a pane of glass, and, before he could realize what it meant,—if, indeed, he ever realized at all,—he was under the ice. He had missed the minnow, which had dodged sidewise when he was almost upon it, and in the endeavor to reach it he, too, had moved sidewise a little

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way,—only a very little, but just enough to take him away from the hole. As he tried to rise, his head bumped against something hard, and he came to a sudden stop. The kingfisher was bewildered. He could see nothing whatever. To all appearance he was just below the surface of the water, and had only to strike out with his wings and fly up into the air, just as he had done thousands of times before. Yet something was holding him down,—something invisible, yet unyielding and irresistible. It did not try to take hold of him, and, whatever it was, it was perfectly smooth. He could glide about beneath it as easily as he had ever glided through the water. But to save his life he could not rise, though there seemed to be only a hair's breadth between him and the upper air, and his bewilderment quickly passed into terror. He was not adapted to remaining beneath the water more than a moment at a time, and when he was caught and held there he began to suffocate almost immediately. He was naturally very tenacious of life, and he would not give up easily, no matter how desperate his situation might be, but there was a roaring in his head, his heart was pounding like a trip hammer, and all the strength seemed to be going out of him. Yet he struggled mightily, and for a minute or two he made the water boil and swirl with the beating of his wings as he dashed about, this way and that, under the ice. Then, little by little, he grew quieter, his motions almost ceased, the light of day, which had been so clear and bright all about him, was slowly darkened, and the kingfisher seemed falling asleep.

He was very, very near his end,—nearer than he had ever been before,—nearer, probably, than he would ever be again till the end should actually come. Yet he was very near to life, for, as he lay there under the ice, his head was within an inch of the hole. Suddenly, and almost involuntarily, hardly knowing what he did, he put forth his last remaining strength in what might well have been his death struggle; he shot forward a little way, and instantly his bill and his nostrils were in the air. As I have said, the kingfisher had a very strong hold on life. His works would go as long as they were given the least possible chance, and now, with the first taste of oxygen, they took a new start. For a few minutes he was too weak to do anything more than breathe, but by and by he crawled feebly out upon the ice and lay there in the sunshine while the strength came slowly back to his weary body. Once more the grit that would never give up till the very last shot was gone from the locker had saved him from disaster.

That afternoon the wind came out of the north, and the kingfisher left for warmer and sunnier climes. The summer was done, and with winter coming on the Great Tahquamenon Swamp was no place for him. He went alone. His love story was ended, also,—for that year. But some day, when the winter is over and gone, and the voice of the bullfrog is heard in the land, the kingfisher will come back to the Lake Superior country, and another kingfisher will come, wearing a red belt, and once more the old, old miracle—as old as the days of Ceyx and Alcyone, yet ever new,—will be repeated.

During one of his visits to a courthouse, Abraham Lincoln heard John C. Breckinridge make, as it seemed to him, a marvelous speech. It was in defense of a murderer. After court adjourned, the tall, awkward boy was so carried away with the speech that he rushed forward to shake hands with the great advocate, but the lawyer, with a sort of contemptuous air, would not notice him. Many years after he had beaten him in the race for the presidency, Lincoln recalled the circumstance to Breckinridge, and thanked him for his speech.

Hamilton Wright Mabie, in an address to the students of the Eastman Business College, said: "If I were a young man or a young woman going out into the world to-day, I should not dare to go unless I had given myself every possible educational opportunity,—unless I had made myself absolutely master of the thing I wanted to do. I tell you, to-day, that the tragedy of modern life is the tragedy of the half-educated man or woman. It is the tragedy of the man or woman who wants to do something and can not do anything well."

The following were Abraham Lincoln's maxims for longevity: "Do not worry; eat three square meals a day; say your prayers; think of your wife; be courteous to your creditors; keep your digestion good; steer clear of biliousness; exercise; go slow and easy; maybe there are other things that your special case requires to make you happy, but, my friend, these, I reckon, will give you a good life."

Some people have such fertile imaginations that they will take a grain of hope and grow a large and definite promise with bark on it over night, and later, when you go to pull that out of their brains by the roots, it hurts and they hollow.—GEORGE HORACE LOWMYER.

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## How "Standard Oil" Really Began

J. HERBERT WELCH

ALTHOUGH volumes have been written concerning the growth and the operations of the Standard Oil Company, the exact facts in relation to its origin have not until now been detailed in print. At his Palm Beach cottage, a short time before his death, Samuel Andrews, who, with John D. Rockefeller and Henry M. Flagler, started the enterprise, related the story.

In the late sixties, in Cleveland, Mr. Rockefeller had an office in the wholesale district of the city, where he sold produce of various kinds on commission. Mr. Flagler was a clerk in a grocery store. Mr. Andrews owned a small plant for refining crude petroleum. For the purpose of extending the market for his oil among retailers, Mr. Andrews sought out Mr. Rockefeller and offered to pay him a dollar for each barrel of oil he might sell. The latter accepted, and found the arrangement so profitable that one day, after he had been doing business some time with the refiner, he remarked to him:—

"There must be a good deal of money in oil."  
"There is," replied Mr. Andrews. The two discussed casually the condition and prospects of the trade, and the subject of forming a partnership was lightly touched upon, but at that time the matter went no farther than talk.

Meanwhile Mr. Flagler was attending zealously to his duties behind the counter in the grocery store, and, incidentally, was making an impression on the heart of a young woman who was in the habit of coming in to buy provisions. Within a few months after it had occurred to Mr. Rockefeller that there were possibilities in the oil business, Mr. Flagler married his customer. She was the possessor, in her own right, of about forty thousand dollars, and her husband began at once to look about for a promising field of investment. He was well acquainted with Mr. Rockefeller, and told him he had some money to invest. The two called on Mr. Andrews. The latter agreed to enter a partnership, and they organized an oil refining business, utilizing the plant of Mr. Andrews.

The affairs of the new concern prospered from the start. Its dealings with the railroads grew constantly larger, and it occurred to the partners that special freight rates would be advantageous. It was Mr. Flagler who attended in person to this important matter. He was the man who represented the company in the negotiations for the reduced rates which gave the Standard so great an advantage over its competitors, and have been such an important factor in its growth. Mr. Rockefeller had greater commercial ambitions than his coworkers. His ideas of business expansion were larger. He was always on the lookout for new avenues of development. Mr. Andrews, the oldest and most experienced man of the three, and, at that time, the most successful, was the conservative partner. His attitude toward the many projects of the other two did not always satisfy them, and finally they asked him how much he would take for his interest.

Mr. Andrews was making money and had no desire to retire from the company, so he answered, casually, feeling that his figure was prohibitive, that he would sell out for a million dollars, a sum which was much larger, at that time, (thirty years ago,) than it is to-day. To Mr. Andrews's astonishment, his partners procured the money and bought his interest.

"I invested most of my money in Cleveland real estate," remarked Mr. Andrews, in telling the story, "and it has not brought me one fiftieth of the returns it would have brought if I had let it remain in Standard Oil; but I have never regretted that I sold out. I have had more than enough money to supply my family and myself with the comforts and luxuries of life, and I have had leisure for the enjoyment of activities other than piling up money."

### The Crossing Was Made Safe

ONE of the ablest men in Canada is Andrew G. Blair, who, as minister of railways in the cabinet of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, came to be regarded as the Dominion's leading authority on the railroads in their relations with the public. Much to the regret of the ruling powers, Mr. Blair recently severed his official connection with the government. His supervision of the transportation lines, in addition to its notable efficiency, was marked by an unconviviality of method which often proved its superiority over red tape and formality in bringing quick results. The following little story is cited as an instance:—

The lives of many school children were daily menaced at a certain railroad crossing, where the approach of trains was concealed by woods and high banks. The people of the neighborhood had petitioned the company to better the conditions at this point, but the change would involve considerable expense, and nothing had been done. An appeal was made to the railway ministry, and still there was no result, except that the attorneys for the line filed papers intended to show that the danger was not so great as had been represented, and that the proposed change would be impracticable. There were prospects of a long delay. Meanwhile the lives of the children would undoubtedly be endangered. On a train, one day, Mr. Blair happened to meet the superintendent of the road, and bethought himself of the menacing crossing.

"I am going to ask you to hold up this train, a little farther on," he remarked to the official.

"Why?" inquired the latter.

"Because I want to see with my own eyes that bad crossing I've heard about. I think this will be an excellent opportunity for us to inspect it together."

The stopping of a through train between stations was, of course, no light matter, but Mr. Blair was influential, and he had his way. He and the superintendent looked over the ground, while the train waited. In a few minutes they resumed their journey, and Mr. Blair said:—

"I think you agree with me, Mr. Blank, that this is a very dangerous crossing. I am going to make the business of changing it a personal matter between you and me. I ask you if you won't at once give it your attention."

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## The New Spring Gowns MARTHA DEAN



6279.—Ladies' Blouse. Sizes:—32 to 42 inches, bust measure.

THE first showings of early spring costumes have revealed no startling phases; shoulders are a little broader and bodices take on the lines of the wasp-waisted basque, which follow the lines of the bust with more or less definite-



6280.—Ladies' Blouse. Sizes:—32 to 42 inches, bust measure.  
6281.—Ladies' Skirt. Sizes:—20 to 30 inches, waist measure.

ness. Of course, this has changed the silhouette greatly in the last year, but the change has been so gradual that



4658.—Girl's Coat. Sizes:—For girls 9 to 12 years of age.  
4659.—Child's Coat. Sizes:—For girls 3 to 9 years of age.

the new style has crept in almost unnoticed. It began with high girdles, which gradually grew into the *directoire*

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1905

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6278.—Ladies' Princess Wrapper. Sizes:—32 to 42 inches, bust measure.

type; then the natural attendant, the full sleeve and sloping waist, followed. The sleeve as well as the blouse has lost all its former drooping, and now its greatest breadth and width is at the shoulder. It is certain that the skirts are to be plainer than last year, although they have reached



6277.—Ladies' Plain Shirt-waist. Sizes:—32 to 42 inches, bust measure.

the limit of fullness at the hem. Frocks in general promise to preserve more simplicity of outline, although the thinness of the summer materials by their very nature encourages an immense amount of fullness, frills, and furbelows.



4656.—Girls' French Dress. Sizes:—For girls 3 to 9 years of age.

4655.—Girls' Surplice Suspender Suit. Sizes:—For girls 5 to 12 years of age.

[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 284 and 285 which may be desired. A uniform price of ten cents a pattern will be charged by the pattern manufacturers. In ordering, be careful to give the number of the pattern, and the size, or age, desired, together with your full name and address.

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The work will be done WELL-EASILY—SAFELY and

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Select the best advertisement, same size as this one or larger, the best advertisement one-half this size, and the best advertisement one-fourth this size, then select the poorest three advertisements of these three sizes in the present issue of this magazine.

Cut out the advertisements, paste them on a sheet of paper about 8x11 inches in size, and write below the advertisements, in as condensed form as possible, your own personal reasons for making the selections, signing your name and address to each page.



The prizes will be awarded to the persons giving the best reasons for making their selections. The first prize will be \$100.00 in cash; the second prize \$25.00 in cash; the third prize \$10.00 in cash; the fourth, fifth and sixth prizes \$5.00 each in cash; the seventh to fifty-sixth prizes inclusive, \$2.00 each in cash, making a total of \$250.00.

All answers must be received on or before May 15th, 1905, and the awards will be made the first of the following month, and the list of winners published.

We can afford to make this offer because we are designers of advertisements, and it is worth the money to us to know what the public likes, and we have found no better way to secure this information than by making this prize offer.

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**The Bureau of Design, N. Y. Life Bldg., Chicago**



## The Real Race Suicide

*The Opinions of Leading Doctors on Cleveland Moffett's Article in the March issue of "Success Magazine."—A Vigorous Law is Needed*

IN his consideration in the March issue of SUCCESS, of the deplorable hardships of the very poor in New York City, Cleveland Moffett commented strongly, it will be remembered, on the unfortunate position of thousands of mothers who are compelled by poverty to employ ignorant and careless midwives instead of physicians. The average midwife, it was pointed out, is so lacking in fitness for her important work that each year the lives or health of an army of women and infants is sacrificed to her incompetency. Herein, said Mr. Moffett, lies the measure of real race suicide,—a slaughter of actual babies. His presentation of this evil has attracted the attention of many physicians. Below are the opinions on the subject of a number who are specially well qualified to discuss it.

**Dr. Thomas Darlington, President of the New York Board of Health:**—Any movement for a proper regulation of midwives has my earnest support. Under the laws of New York as they now exist, there is no adequate regulation. It is very easy for a woman to become a midwife in this city. She is required, it is true, to come to the department of health with a certificate from some school of midwifery, here or abroad, or to present statements from two physicians as to her fitness and character, but the status of the school does not enter into the consideration, and that it is not difficult to obtain the indorsement from the two doctors is indicated by the great degree of incompetency and carelessness to be found in the ranks of the eight hundred midwives of New York City. Under the laws now existing we have no right to demand further proof of qualification. If the applicant meets the slight requirements we must put her down as a "registered midwife." She brings this phrase prominently into use in her solicitations for business in her neighborhood, and it inspires confidence,—a good deal more confidence than it should. Thus are the people deceived by the laxity of the law. A measure was introduced in the legislature, providing for a much stricter supervision of midwives than is now the case. The bill had the support of this department, and of the medical societies of standing, and yet, because of ignorance and indifference concerning the evils of the practice, it failed to reach a place on the statute books. My own opinion is that the midwife should, before being allowed to practice, undergo a schooling at least as long and as careful as that of the trained nurse.

**Dr. Charles F. Roberts, Sanitary Superintendent of the New York Department of Health:**—The strength of my feeling in regard to the sacrifice of life and health due to the unregulated practice of midwives is indicated by the fact that I was one of the chief instigators of the bill presented to the New York State legislature. The failure of that bill to become a law has undoubtedly meant death to many mothers. I believe that every aspirant to the midwife profession in New York should be required to pass a rigid examination set by the State Board of Regents.

**Dr. Henry C. Coe, Professor of Gynecology at Bellevue Hospital, New York, and Chief Surgeon of Gynecology and Obstetrics at the General Memorial Hospital, New York:**—Midwives are responsible for the majority of cases sent to public hospitals. It is a sad commentary on the medieval customs of obstetrics that such facts, known to all doctors, should be ignored by coroners. The remedy is plain,—to have educated midwives, as in Germany.

**Dr. J. Clarence Webster, of the Rush Medical College, Chicago:**—Cleveland Moffett's article dealing with obstetric conditions among the poor of New York applies with equal force to any other large city in the country. The midwives are, as a class, uneducated and untrained. They are responsible for the great majority of maternal deaths. Every gynecologist who works in a large charity hospital can give evidence of the morbidity among poor women resulting from infection where the attendant was a midwife. The splendid results obtained by the lying-in hospitals and dispensaries, where women are attended by skilled physicians and trained nurses, are chiefly due to a rigid technic, the essential feature of which is cleanliness. It is a disgrace to every city that the benefits of such institutions can not be extended to all poor women. Any surgeon who would dare to operate under the conditions observed by midwives would be denounced not only by the medical profession, but also by the enlightened laity. Yet the latter are apparently indifferent to the work of the midwife, and allow her to carry on her dangerous career uncensured. The extension of the benefits of scientific obstetrics is chiefly due to the persistence and self-sacrifice

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of the medical profession, but the doctors are unable, unaided, to do what remains to be done.

**Dr. Francis Quinlin, President of the New York County Medical Association:**—All reputable physicians who have given the matter the slightest consideration are of one mind in regard to the menace to life in the ignorant work of the great majority of midwives. The New York County Medical Association has let slip no opportunity to throw the weight of its influence on the side of remedial measures. That little has been accomplished so far is due to the fact that the midwife, as she exists today, is a time-honored institution, difficult to uproot. Most midwives have apparently no conception of the scientific cleanliness which is rightly regarded by physicians as being of prime importance. The most ordinary antiseptic precautions are ignored, with the result that, every day, women who have been attended by midwives are brought to hospitals suffering from blood poisoning. In their habits of carelessness the midwives also carry from one house to another the germs of infectious diseases. In the interest of a host of poor mothers and of children whose lives are valuable to the nation, I say that the practice of midwifery should come under a much closer scrutiny of the law than is now the case.

**Dr. Eleanor B. Kilham, Head of the Maternity Department of the Women's Infirmary, New York City:**—That much injury results to mothers and children from the unrestrained practice of midwives there can be no doubt in the mind of any physician who has been brought in contact with the conditions. There is an opportunity here for an important reform, and I am very glad to know that something is being done in this direction.

## What a Good Appearance Will Do

J. LINCOLN BROOKS

FROM a hygienic standpoint, not less than from any other, it pays to dress well. The knowledge that we are becomingly clothed acts like a mental tonic. Very few men or women are so strong and so perfectly poised as to be unaffected by their surroundings. If you lie around half-dressed, without making your toilet, and with your room all in disorder, taking it easy because you do not expect or wish to see anybody, you will find yourself very quickly taking on the mood of your attire and environment. Your mind will slip down; it will refuse to exert itself; it will become as slovenly, slipshod, and inactive as your body. On the other hand, if, when you have an attack of the "blues," when you feel half sick and not able to work, instead of lying around the house in your old wrapper or dressing gown, you take a good bath,—a Turkish bath, if you can afford it,—put on your best clothes, and make your toilet as carefully as if you were going to a fashionable reception, you will feel like a new person. Nine times out of ten, before you have finished dressing your "blues" and your half-sick feeling will have vanished like a bad dream, and your whole outlook on life will have changed.

By emphasizing the importance of dress I do not mean that you should be like Beau Brummel, the English fop, who spent four thousand dollars a year at his tailor's alone, and who used to take hours to tie his cravat. An undue love of dress is worse than a total disregard of it, and they love dress too much who "go in debt" for it, who make it their chief object in life, to the neglect of their most sacred duty to themselves and others, or who, like Beau Brummel, devote most of their waking hours to its study. But I do claim, in view of its effect on ourselves and on those with whom we come in contact, that it is a duty, as well as the truest economy, to dress as well and becomingly as our position requires and our means will allow.

Under the false impression that to be well dressed means to be showily or expensively dressed many young men and women spend all of their salaries, outside of what they pay for their board, on clothes. Some of them even incur debt in order that, as they put it, they may "keep up with the procession." The result is that their dress is either tawdry and vulgar or unsuitable, and makes them objects of ridicule or contempt.

For those who have to make their way in the world, the best counsel on the subject of clothes may be summed up in this short sentence, "Let thy attire be comely, but not costly." Simplicity in dress is its greatest charm, and in these days, when there is such an infinite variety of tasteful but expensive fabrics to choose from, the majority can afford to be well dressed. But no one need blush for a shabby suit, if circumstances prevent his having a better one. You will be more respected by yourself and every one else with an old coat on your back that has been paid for than a new one that has not. It is not the shabbiness that is unavoidable, but the slovenliness that is avoidable that the world frowns upon. The consciousness of making the best appearance you possibly can, of always being scrupulously neat and clean, and of maintaining your self-respect and integrity at all costs, will sustain you under the most adverse circumstances, and give you a dignity, strength, and magnetic forcefulness that will command the respect and admiration of others.

First think out your work and then work out your thought—HENRY WARD BEECHER.



**N**OWADAYS, when billions of dollars' worth of business is transacted by mail, the ability to write a strong, original convincing letter is an imperative business requirement. No man can hope to reach the highest place in business if he is unable to express himself clearly and forcefully. The language you use in correspondence—or even in speech—must help you sell goods, win customers, collect debts, even secure the positions you hold, but it cannot do these things if weak, clumsy and half intelligible. The success of an idea or plan—often of a business itself—depends upon the way it is presented.

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1000 new Visible Shoes machines, built to sell for \$75—our price while they last, \$35. All leading makes, \$10 to \$65. We rent all makes of machines for \$3 a month and up. Send for **big free catalogue** list of rare bargains and get our special offer to agents. Write today before sale closes. ROCKWELL-BARNES CO., 502 Baldwin Building, Chicago, Illinois. Big Discount on all Typewriter Supplies.

**\$3 a Day Sure** Send us your address and we will show you how to make \$3 a day absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free; you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully; remember we guarantee a clear profit of \$3 for every day's work, absolutely sure. Write at once. ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., Box 174, Detroit, Mich.

**Stanhope-Wheatcroft Dramatic School**  
Established 1893 31 West 31st St., NEW YORK  
Summer Courses in Drama, Elocution and Physical Culture open May 1st. Address Adeline S. Wheatcroft, Director

## Mrs. Fiske's Struggle with the Theatrical Trust

MARGUERITE BROOKS

[Concluded from page 245]

Robert Browning and others who, later, won fame,—poems not included in standard sets of their works, but poems, nevertheless, that represent a stage of their development. More significant even than these poems, I found in the same magazine an article on French agriculture,—the industry of the French peasant,—illustrated by the drawings of—whom do you think?"

"Some artist since grown famous, probably."  
"Yes. Drawings by Millais, one or two of which have since been elaborated into paintings among the most famous in the world."

"Are not sudden successes sometimes made by 'stars'?"

"Very often, but that sort of success amounts to very little. It is usually the result of some especial fitness in part or play, and is of no particular value to the theater, and that is the only sort of success that the trust cares for."

"What about Edwin Booth?"

"For many years Edwin Booth struggled through this country feeling his artistic way. He was not a money-maker, and, if the trust had been in existence, he would have been smothered by its methods. He played for years in a variety of parts before he was recognized and received as an actor who could command fortune as well as applause. It was so with Mary Anderson, and earlier with Forrest and Cushman and others of the players whose work has embellished American dramatic history. It must be so with all who win a place worth having. It will always be so. Henry Irving played a thousand parts, I believe, before his genius struck fire in London. Not one of these great players could possibly have developed and achieved fame under a system that demands money from the start and that holds the theater of this country in its grasp. Well may we thank God that there was no theatrical trust in their days! Had there been, it is doubtful if their names would have been known to the theater."

"And this idea of the trust, that the public always demands new faces, is not that false?"

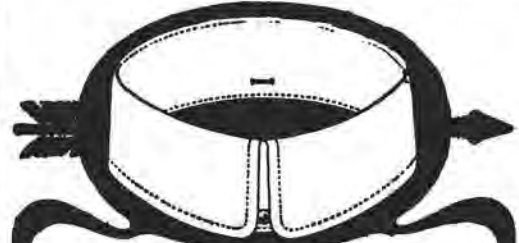
"Entirely false. The public's affection for its older actors—particularly for its greater actors who are old,—shows that it is false. Great actors, like other artists, are not for a season or a day. They develop under the jealous and affectionate eyes of the public, which applauds each new phase of growth and each new detail of development, and which, from year to year, looks for them to fly to greater heights, dreading the coming day when their art can no longer be enjoyed and their personalities shall disappear."

"You say the public has it in its power to liberate the theater?"

"In a great many of the western cities, theatergoers subscribe to the first-night performances throughout the entire theatrical season. Before doing so, let us hope that some day they will demand that the doors of their theaters shall be opened to those independent actors whose performances they desire to see. These subscribers have every right to demand that they shall see these actors and their performances. Let us hope that some day they will awake to their power and plain duty. Unless they assert their rights these supporters of the theaters in the various cities will be deprived of seeing the most conspicuously successful plays of the present season. The American people can free the theater here, if they will."

### "Don't Grumble, Lad" JAMES ROWE

Do n't grumble, lad, do n't grumble  
About the load you bear.  
For grumbling makes it heavier  
And sinks you to despair.  
Find in your heart a cheering song  
And sing it as you move along.  
  
Do n't worry, lad, do n't worry  
Because the way is drear,  
For worry makes it harder  
And fills the soul with fear.  
Find in your heart a cheering song  
And sing it as you move along.  
  
There's nothing half so helpful  
As a little song of cheer,  
When the burden groweth heavy  
And the way becometh drear.



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## Judge Parker Was Forgiving

JUDGE ALTON B. PARKER, the Democratic candidate for President in the last election, is now busy practicing law in New York City. In the big skyscraper building on Nassau Street, where his offices are located, he is known to every one of the hundreds of tenants because of his very affable disposition. In his attitude toward human nature the judge is a decided optimist. He invariably looks for the good qualities in a man rather than for the bad. Even when he personally is done a direct injury by somebody he is able to take an entirely impersonal view of the matter, and is quick to find excuses for the man. His mind does not seem capable of retaining, for any length of time, feelings of resentment.

"I remember once, when we were preparing for a reception at Rosemount to the prominent people of the community, that Mrs. Parker noticed on the invitation list the name of a certain man," said Arthur McCausland, the judge's private secretary.

"I hope you are not going to have that individual in the house," she remarked, quickly, to the judge: "surely you haven't forgotten how he tried to injure you."

"Well, now, it did escape my memory when I was glancing over that list," exclaimed Mr. Parker; "but what of it? He doubtless thought he was right. Let him come, if he wants to."

"I simply could n't be polite to him," remarked Mrs. Parker.

"The matter worried the judge. 'It would look pretty marked; it would seem as if I were harboring resentment, would n't it,' he said to me, 'if we did n't invite him?'"

"I replied that I thought it would. 'Well,' he answered, 'I dislike that sort of thing. Send him an invitation. I know that, if he comes, Mrs. Parker will relent.'"

### Where True Heroism Is Found

PROFESSOR WILLIAM JAMES, of Harvard University, relates that, upon a certain journey, he was questioning with himself whether or not the higher heroism of life was passing out of human society; and that, at the very moment, he looked from the car window and suddenly got sight of a number of workmen performing some task on the dizzy ledge of an iron construction, at a great height. This at once brought to his mind a sense of the every-day bravery of men in every-day occupations. It flashed upon him, on the instant, that the true heroism of life is found, not only on the day of battle and in desperate adventures, but also in building every bridge, or in the ordinary day-by-day service of the world, whether of the sailor upon his deck, the brakeman upon his train, the lumberman upon his raft, or wherever else men are at work.

"As I awoke to this unidealized heroic life around me," he says, "the scales seemed to fall from my eyes, and a wave of sympathy greater than I had ever before felt with the common life of common men began to fill my soul."

### There Is no Need to Worry

"THERE is no need to worry. When God shuts a door He opens a window." A world of sunshine and hope is epitomized in this Italian proverb. To look out on the world with eyes unclouded by shadows of fear or doubt or worry; to go forward in the spirit of love and trust, never for an instant wavering in faith or hope; to resolve

"Never to look behind me for an hour;  
To wait in weakness and to walk in power,  
But always fronting forward to the light—"

is to take a long step toward a happy and successful life. To look back constantly on past mistakes and failures is as destructive to the growth of spiritual beauty and power, aye, and to the development of material success, as it is to look forward to ills that may never come. The people who take a melancholy pleasure in recalling the fact that they "have seen better days," and in bemoaning present conditions never see "better days" again. Their attitude of mind shuts them out from all possibility of happiness or prosperity.

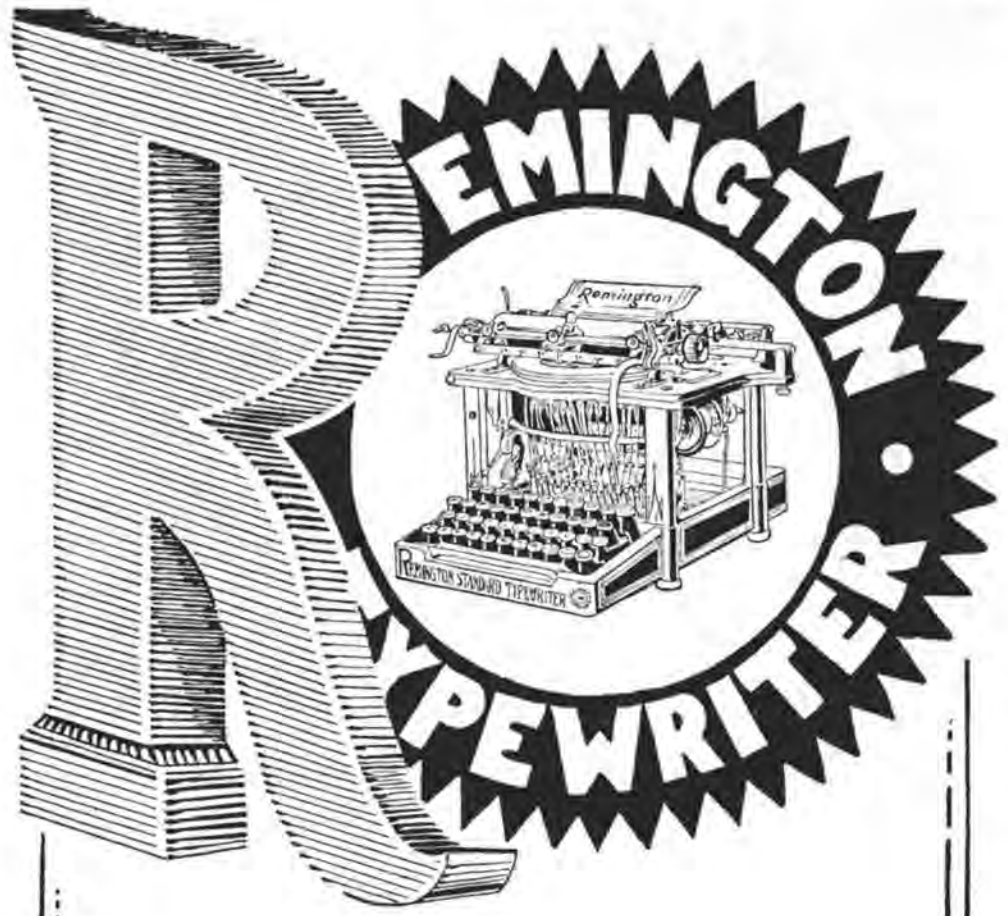
A celebrated authoress used to say that she reserved all her "i's" to be dotted and her "t's" to be crossed for some sick day when she did not feel like writing. As a rule, people who leave their "i's" and "t's" to be dotted and crossed till some more convenient time, never dot them and never cross them.

A character in "The Little Minister" said he was going to cut down a certain tree which was in his way, but he kept postponing it. The tree widened and grew tall. The man aged and still the tree stood. "I grew old looking for an ax," he said. We all know people who are all their lives announcing that they are going to do a certain thing, but they never get at it. They are always waiting for an ax, waiting for the most favorable opportunity, for just the right tools.

"The mushroom needs only a night," says the Reverend Newell Dwight Hillis, "the moss asks a week for covering the fallen tree; the humble vegetable asks several weeks and the strawberry a few months, but, planting his apple tree, the gardener must wait a few years for his ripened russet, and the woodsman many years for the full-grown oak or elm."

Of all the advantages which come to any young man, I believe it to be demonstrably true that poverty is the greatest.  
J. G. HOLLAND.

It would be an unspeakable advantage if men would consider the great truth that no man is wise or safe but him that is honest.  
WALTER RALEIGH.



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ADACHI KINNOSUKE

**The Two Rifles Became Remarkable Curios**

There came to Port Arthur a messenger from the empress of Japan, bearing words of consolation and sympathy to the men. The imperial messenger, on his way home, took with him two rifles. They were taken to the palace as souvenirs of his visit; to them was afforded the distinction of a personal audience with her majesty. They were not prized for the comeliness of their shape, for they looked for all the world as if they had just gone through a severe attack of smallpox; each carried seven scars of bullets. Nor were they valued because of their efficiency. They were cripples, and completely out of commission. The former owner of one of these rifles was called Asaka Rihichi, and the other belonged to Kinoshita Kunisuke. These men belonged to the same company of that regiment which introduced its regimental flag to fame over the battle of Takasaki Yama. On that historic night, when their regimental flag was making its acquaintance with history and Russian shells, private Asaka was suddenly introduced to that distinguished company of sainted ghosts who, they say, are the guardian spirits of the national honor of Nippon. Private Kinoshita was rushing on with the rest of the comrades over the slope of the hill. The blackness ahead of him, he saw, was torn by the flashes of Russian rifle fire. Of one thing he was thinking, and of that alone. There were the Russians; he knew his duty was to get at them and gently advise them to take to the rear. Thinking of nothing else, he rushed ahead. When the enemy was within a short range of his rifle, he lifted it up ready to fire. For the first time he saw that his precious rifle, as he held it up in front of his eyes, curved away from him like the nose of an elephant. Without stopping another minute, he rushed on, and soon he was in the thick of the fight, where a rifle could serve a man better as a club than as a firearm. Fortune was with us; the Russians fled, and in the aftermath private Kinoshita sat down to open his box of rice.

Before the starting of these men Lieutenant Takaki celebrated, in advance, the fall of a Port Arthur fort, against which he was about to hurl his men, and gave to his men rice cooked with red beans. Now, on all happy festal occasions, the dwellers of the lands of the gods partake of rice cooked with red beans. Private Kinoshita took down his lunch box, which he had carried hanging down his back. In opening it he was surprised to see six holes through its lid. A little later he found that there were six balls hidden in his rice that were not made for the human palate. "Seven bullet scars on his rifle, and six bullets in his lunch box," said the officer, in telling the story, "yet Kinoshita has escaped with only a scratch which did not take him even to a hospital."

**The Long Charge at the Crossing of the Yalu**

It was the last night of the fourth moon of the thirty-seventh year of Meiji, (April, 1904,) and the place was along the Yalu River. The Nippon soldiers were reading the following letter from their regimental chiefs:—

"With the break of day, to-morrow, will be given, to you men, an opportunity of meeting with the representatives of one of the strongest military powers of Europe. It will be given to you, also, to decide, once for all, whether an army of the Orient is able to entertain an army of the Occident on an equal footing. Moreover, to you will be given the supreme opportunity of your life, in dealing a blow for the very existence of your homeland and for his majesty, the emperor. . . . All that the brave and loyal, all that human beings are able to do, is certainly expected of you. That is not all. Your country expects of you the accomplishment of the impossible. But, if, unhappily, we are to be defeated, let it be understood that we, from the regimental chief down

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to the last private, are to leave our lifeless bodies upon the battlefield."

When the light broke, on May Day of 1904, a certain number of men belonging to the second division of the first army corps, under General Kuroki, found eight hundred meters of sand stretching away in front. Beyond the soft sand was the Yalu River. It was two hundred meters wide. Its waters were paling under the early light. Beyond the sandy stretch and the river were the Russian intrenchments and the fortified walls of the Kiuliencheng. The general order for the advance was given, as was arranged, a little after eight. It was the enemy who was surprised. Nothing prevented the Russian rifles on the Kiuliencheng and the intrenched positions across the river from picking off our men as they rushed over the eight hundred meters of soft sands; certainly they made splendid targets as they plunged into the stream and waded their difficult way through two hundred meters of swift current. One of the privates was knocked down, evidently by a spent ball, in midstream. He turned a somersault, gained his feet a few yards below, and naturally appeared somewhat dazed, at first. Upon his forehead was a ruddy hole from which blood was oozing down his face. The bullet had not pierced the skull, but glanced around and stopped near his temple. Wiping off the blood and finding the wound, he pressed his fingers into its mouth. Deliberately he fished out the bullet with his fingers. He looked at it curiously. The blood that was running into his eyes bothered him. He washed the ball carefully in the water of the stream and put it in his pocket. He took out his towel and tied it round his head to stop the blood. Always the Russian bullets were showering down about him and upon the men who were rushing past him. Without a word, the private rushed ahead, along with his comrades, against the Russian rifles.

**The Wounded Swelled the "Banzai" Chorus**

Over the Yalu, as soon as the Russian retreat began, the Fukuoka men were sent to cut off the retreat. The fifth company of the Twenty-fourth Regiment of Fukuoka, in the violence of its zeal, outraced its comrades. Suddenly they found themselves in front of a strongly fortified hill. It was the Homutan, and that was the place where the Russians meant to make their final stand. They had a splendid park of guns, and the men who were stationed there were fresh troops. Promptly they opened fire upon the Fukuoka men, as they spied the approach of a company of Nippon soldiers. It was impossible for them to see their own superiority in the number of men and guns. It was impossible for the Fukuoka men to storm the height. Nevertheless, they attempted the impossible more than once. In these desperate efforts they lost over seventy per cent. of their men. Not an officer survived to take command of the remnant. The men retired to a hilltop facing the Homutan; the idea of a retreat never seemed to have entered their minds. The Russians deluged them with shot and shells. As if the desperate condition of the Fukuoka men were not enough, the Russians who had been beaten back by the second division and by the Imperial Guards from the Kiuliencheng and from the banks of the Yalu appeared on the rear and the left flank of the Fukuoka company. The survivors of the Fukuoka men found themselves, therefore, in a death-trap, completely surrounded. The fire that the Russians maintained upon their position was beyond the imagination. Minutes after minutes went by without the appearance of reinforcements. Every second of time that came and went brought with it innumerable shots and carried away still more men. What could these few Fukuoka men who had survived do against the Russians on the Homutan? Apparently, nothing. They were being annihilated at a rapid rate by the Russian fire, but they stuck to their position.

All of a sudden there broke out against the din of bursting shrapnels and the hysteria of rifle bullets a great shout of the *banzai*. Immediately it was followed by the chanting of the national hymn of Nippon. The wounded, from whose lips had been coming suppressed groans a second before, took up the militant strain. The song swelled and swept over the din of the battlefield and reached the Russian ears. There fell a sudden pause and a deathly silence upon the Russian trenches and batteries. The national hymn swelled louder and louder. It seemed as if this unexpected singing from a body of men whom the

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Russians expected to annihilate every moment seemed to paralyze the gunners on the Russian side. They could not, and, as a matter of fact, did not, take this as the death song of a desperate band of Fukuoka men. As if this whole battlefield were a huge stage, and as if the gods had arranged for a dramatic climax, just at this critical moment there came the reports of rifles and guns from the crest of hill ranges opposite the Russian position. The Nippon reinforcements were there at last! They were surrounding the Russians who had surrounded the remnant of the Fukuoka men. It was not long before the white flag was seen fluttering over Homutan.

### The Self-Sacrificing Ideal of Japan's Samurai

The writer was talking, the other day, with a countryman of his. He said: "Long ago we succeeded in convincing the West that we are the politest race on earth. We gained that happy reputation without very much trouble, it seems. But to convince these good people of the West that the politest nation is at the same time the bravest, we had to put up a good fight; it seems to be a very hard work."

The national ideal of Nippon for many, many centuries has been the union of the soldier and the scholar in one. A man who is brave, but at the same time is not cultured and gentle, is very far from commanding the admiration of his countrymen. The gentle flower of culture alone is not sufficient for the making of an ideal man, to our way of thinking.

It was the historic night of the twenty-sixth of May, on the hillslopes of the Nanshan. We had driven the Russians down the hillside. The Nippon army bivouacked upon the battlefield atop of the Nanshan. Camp fires flickered upon as sad and bloody a field of battle as one could possibly see. An officer, who had missed a comrade, was searching over the battlefield for his lost friend. He had wandered long, far into the night. At length he came upon two soldiers who were trying to bury the remains of a heroic dead man. As the light of his lantern fell upon the lifeless body, the officer who had been wandering up and down the field of carnage was electrified by the discovery of the remains of his old comrade. Without a word he brushed aside the two privates who were about to put the body into its last resting place. Around the forehead of the dead there was a piece of white cloth stained with blood. The officer who had been searching untied the cloth. At first it appeared like a bit of innocent towel, but when the officer shook it out in the light of his lantern there fluttered upon the night wind the national flag, with the round, red sun of Nippon dyed in the center. There was upon the flag something besides the sun. In spite of the stains of blood, one had little trouble in making out the lines of a classic couplet. It was written with ink of rusty red. Unquestionably, it was written with blood. The dead soldier must have written it with his own blood, before going into action. The couplet read:—

Forever shall we guard thy standard, O sovereign prince, even if this our life shall vanish with the dews of the morrow!

### A Gentler Touch Showing Universal Kinship

On the eighth of June we occupied Saimatz Pass. Twenty prisoners were confided to the care of Second Lieutenant Kaku Waichi, to be sent back to Nippon. Now, our men can make ten *ri* (twenty-five miles,) a day, without very much trouble, over a fairly good road. Among the prisoners was a Russian officer. They had been waiting for our coming so long, these good Russians, that they seemed to have gotten out of the way of making steady marches; and, especially, this officer appeared to suffer a great deal from the fatigue of the journey. Second Lieutenant Kaku saw the trouble, dismounted from his horse, and offered his mount to the Russian officer, saying simply, "I am very much more used to traveling on foot than you seem to be. It would afford me pleasure if you would accept this mount, at least while your feet are tired and sore." The Russian officer looked up at the lieutenant with an expression that seemed to say, "It is not well for the conqueror to jest with the vanquished." It did not take very long, however, for the lieutenant to give him to understand that it was meant in all cordiality and sincerity. He happened to look back, soon afterwards, and saw that the prisoner upon his steed was weeping. The Russian tried to explain, but emotion choked him and he could

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not utter a single word. Finally, he managed to say: "Pardon me, but your kindness quite overwhelmed me with tears."

I mention this incident to illustrate the softer side of the Nippon soldier.

**The Apotheosis of Heroic Commander Hirose**

The making of gods is certainly not one of the modern enterprises. Nevertheless, the people of Nippon have just given a shrine to a newly-made god. The streets of Tokyo are filled with tributes to the war god, Hirose.

It was the twenty-fourth of February, somewhat before dawn. Port Arthur was lightless. That did not mean that the Russians were enjoying the sleep of the just. Both their forts and their men of war were as rigorous in their watch as the winter was severe. Near the foot of Liaotseshan Lighthouse there appeared suddenly the flashes from two search lights. It was our destroyer, "Atatsuki," throwing a side light upon the opening chapter of a heroic story, called "The Sealing Operation of Port Arthur." Five old vessels were guided by the lights of the destroyer. By half past three they were heading for the mouth of the harbor at full speed. One of these old steamers which were sent to their funeral on that grim morning was called the "Hokoku Maru." It was commanded by Commander Hirose. Steadily the "Hokoku Maru" made its way toward the east mouth of the harbor. The Russian shells were hailing all about her and upon her. The ship struck the boom which had been constructed to protect the Russian battleship "Retvizan," which had been torpedoed some fifteen days before. At the time, the hail of shots that came from the "Retvizan" smothered the old vessel. The smoke from the bursting shells enveloped her. Nevertheless, the steady hand of the commander held her straight to the mark. The ship was aflame. One of the lifeboats belonging to the vessel was shot away by one of the shells. The electric steering gear was gone. Just at this crisis, as if it were sent from a thoughtful Providence, there came a huge shell which exploded the charge that had been placed there for the purpose of sinking the vessel. The vessel began to sink, and, seeing how beautifully the Russian shell had cooperated with the work that our men had to accomplish, the men who manned the "Hokoku Maru" boarded the one remaining boat. The old vessel was rapidly filling. Commander Hirose, who was the last to take to the boat, suddenly remembered that he had left his sword on the bridge. At a word from him, the little boat turned its prow to the sinking vessel. The commander jumped from his boat and climbed the bridge. The Russian shots were falling all about him. Through a miracle he regained the boat. He said to his men, simply, pointing to his sword: "One of the most faithful friends the gods have given me. It is not becoming on the part of the fighting men of Nippon to be faithless to so faithful a friend."

That was the first attempt to seal the mouth of Port Arthur. You know it was not altogether successful.

On the twenty-seventh of March, at the same early hour of a little after three in the morning, you could see, once more, Commander Hirose steering one of the four steamers, called the "Fukui Maru," to the mouth of Port Arthur. At about two knots from the mouth of the harbor the "Fukui Maru" was discovered by a search light of the enemy. At once the forts on both sides of the entrance to the harbor centered their shells upon it. The "Fukui Maru" was the second in line. When the first steamer was beached on the west side of Golden Hill, the "Fukui Maru" passed it to starboard and made its steady way into the mouth of the harbor. Commander Hirose had a sergeant, Sugino by name, to attend to the exploding of the charge which was to sink the vessel. Sugino was known for his bravery. By this time, the vessel was on fire, and the shots were striking it right and left. The enemy, not content with the hail of shots that were centered upon it, launched a torpedo. It struck the portion where the charge for exploding the vessel was kept. It exploded prematurely, and Sergeant Sugino met instant death. Commander Hirose was quite ignorant of this fact. He was upon the deck. When he felt the explosion of the charge for the sinking of the vessel, he naturally concluded that Sugino had attended to his duty. He ordered his men to take to the boats. As usual, he was the last to walk toward



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the boat. Then it was that the commander found that Sugino was not among the men in the boat. At once he turned and went in search of Sugino below decks. The vessel was so full of smoke, at the time, that it was impossible to make careful investigation. Nevertheless, he went the length of the vessel three times. By this time, he was coming to the conclusion that the sergeant must have met his death, but he wished, at least, to have his remains. He tried harder than before through smoke and shots and fire to find the body of his brave comrade, but all in vain. The vessel was sinking rapidly. It was imperative to take to the boat if he were to save himself and his men. As he stepped into the boat, he was heard to say: "What a shame that we are not allowed even to catch a glimpse of even the remains of Sugino!"

The enemy, meanwhile, was playing a searchlight upon the sinking vessel and the boat which was carrying away those who survived. Two of the oars of the lifeboat were shot to pieces by shells. A moment later, an engineer, Koike Toyosaburo, received a twelve-pounder on his side, which sent him to eternity instantly, with a hole six inches in diameter through his body. At once a marine took his place at the oar. At this time, Commander Hirose was sitting at the stern of the boat with a map in his hand. The boat had made a few hundred yards away from the sinking "Fukui Maru." A sergeant called Suganami was sitting in front of the commander. Suddenly, Suganami thought that he saw something flash past his face. At the same time, he felt as if some one had emptied a bucketful of water upon him. When he recovered there was not a shadow of the heroic commander of a second before. Not a bucketful of water,—it was the blood of his beloved commander that was over his head, face, and overcoat. Beside him was the bloodstained map which Commander Hirose had held an instant before. Upon his overcoat he found a small piece of flesh,—the only remnant of the heroic leader.

**Drifting with the Tide**

A GREAT many people drift through life without aim or purpose or effort. They float along the line of least resistance, avoiding all obstacles and shrinking from anything that looks like hard work. Their great desire is to get "an easy job." They do not concern themselves at all as to whether or not there is any prospect of advancement in it, whether it offers any opportunity for self-development or not, or whether it is a stumbling-block instead of a stepping-stone to their future welfare. They have neither plan, nor programme, nor ambition to guide them. They simply live for to-day, and, literally, "take no thought for the morrow."

This happy-go-lucky policy can lead to but one thing,—failure. Thousands who have adopted it have drifted, in old age, to begging in the streets, to dependence on grudging relatives, or to the almshouse. Many of these unfortunates, if they had taken stock of themselves in youth, or had taken the trouble to find out their success possibilities and had planned their lives along common-sense, manly lines, might have contributed largely to the service of mankind and attained honor and prosperity in their chosen callings.

Whenever I see a youth looking for "a soft snap," I pity him. There can be no doubt where he will end, if he does not change his tactics. If he does not brace up, take stock of himself, and put vim and purpose and energy into his life, he will surely join the great army of the "might-have-beens."

Oliver Wendell Holmes says that it does not matter so much where one stands as the direction in which he is moving. If you are working according to an intelligent plan; if you are trying to make everything you do a means of advancement to the goal you have in view; if your great ambition is, not to make yourself famous, or rich, or happy, but to make your life mean something in God's world, go ahead, for you are moving in the right direction and will reach your goal. But if you are looking for an easy place, or running away from hard work; if you are too listless, or indifferent, or careless to take stock of yourself, to decide upon the path you wish to take, to look carefully ahead, but not too far ahead, or to make out an intelligent plan of action and follow it as nearly as you can, no matter where you stand, you are not moving in the right direction.

**People Who Fuss and Fidget**

SOME people never seem to be at ease. They are always fussing, fidgeting, worrying, or borrowing trouble. They actually feel uncomfortable if they do not find something to worry about.

People of this kind always have small, narrow minds. Worrying is a sure indication of weakness. It is a confession that we are not equal to our daily tasks, and that we have not the ability to cultivate and care for the little plot of ground that has been entrusted to us. We worry because we are not self-centered, and because we have not learned to walk with the poise and dignity becoming the children of a great Father.

No large, generous soul was ever a worrier. Calmness, serenity, poise, and power to move through life rhythmically, without jar or fret, are characteristic of greatness and true nobility.

The chief end of man is the one with the head on.—Chicago "News."

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## Striking Bits of Information

There is one horse for every three persons in the United States.

Great Britain has over three hundred billion dollars invested in submarine cables.

London has one licensed drinking place to every four hundred and thirty-six inhabitants.

It cost Great Britain nearly three million dollars to force her way into Tibet and demand certain trade relations.

The world's production of meat, since 1840, has increased fifty-seven per cent., and the production of grain four hundred and twenty per cent.

It has been found that out of every one hundred alcoholics attacked by pneumonia seventy die, while out of every one hundred non-alcoholics so attacked only twenty-three die.

America produces eggs to the value of three hundred million dollars a year. All the cattle and hogs slaughtered annually in the country are worth less, and so is the country's total annual output of both gold and silver.

A cubic meter of diamonds, "mine-run," is valued at approximately seventy-six million dollars. The Kimberley mines have produced more than five hundred million dollars' worth, or enough to fill a bin containing eight and one half cubic yards.

The Bank of England stands upon a piece of ground valued at two hundred and fifty dollars a square foot. If the bank ever should find itself pressed for money it could sell its site for thirty-two million, seven hundred and seventy thousand dollars.

Reports of the Austrian department of finance show that, during the decade, 1892-1902, Austrian and Hungarian emigrants to this country have sent home money to the amount of five hundred and fifty-two million dollars.

Reports of the Geological Survey of Canada for the last year show a decrease in the output of gold in the Yukon region. In 1900, twenty-two million dollars was produced. The total production for last year was only twelve million, two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

About a million telegrams are sent every day. In 1903 the total was 364,848,474. England sent ninety-two million, four hundred and seventy-one thousand. Next comes the United States, with ninety-one million, three hundred and ninety-one thousand. Germany, Russia, Australia, Belgium, and Italy follow in the order named.

The center man of the whole population of the United States is Henry Marr, a farmer, who lives near Columbus, Bartholomew County, Indiana. The census bureau has found that the exact center of population at the census of 1900 was on his farm, in latitude thirty-nine degrees, nine minutes, thirty seconds north, and longitude eighty-five degrees, forty-eight minutes, fifty-four seconds west. The spot was recently marked by a monument.

The pig iron produced in the United States in one year would make a column twice the height and size of the Eiffel Tower. The iron and steel rails, if made into one rail, would be eighty-one feet wide at the base, just as high, and a mile and a fifth long. The coke used in blast furnaces would form a column four hundred feet square and six thousand, five hundred feet high, and the limestone used would make a column two hundred feet square and five thousand, five hundred feet high.

### How a Defeated Candidate May Win


UNDER the present system of electing a president in the United States—by means of presidential electors.—it is possible for the candidate with the most votes to be defeated. In other words, the candidate that the majority want and vote for may, under certain, not only possible but also probable conditions, be defeated by the choice of the minority. In fact, this was probably the case during the Bryan-McKinley election, in 1896. Although denied by many, it is now generally accepted that Mr. Bryan received the most votes but that Mr. McKinley was elected, and this entirely apart from the question of the subtle use of money.

At first glance, that such should be the case seems a mathematical impossibility. For the sake of simplicity let us say that there are in the Union ten states and ten voters to each state,—one hundred in all. Remember that the voters do not vote for the presidential candidate directly, but for the electors, who later meet and cast their respective votes as they were instructed by the voters.

States	Popular Democratic Majority	Popular Republican Majority	
1.—A.....	9	1	Four Democratic electors
2.—B.....	9	1	
3.—C.....	9	1	
4.—D.....	9	1	
5.—E.....	4	6	Six Republican electors*
6.—F.....	4	6	
7.—G.....	4	6	
8.—H.....	4	6	
9.—I.....	4	6	
10.—J.....	4	6	
Total.....	60	40	

\*Republican president elected.

Here we have a perfectly honest election where sixty Democratic votes are cast for president against but forty Republican votes, yet the Republican candidate is elected. As said above the figures in this table have been chosen arbitrarily for the sake of clearness and simplicity, but anyone with an elementary knowledge of arithmetic can, by having the table a little more complicated, apply the foregoing facts to the forty-five states and prove how a great majority of the people can be beaten by a minority in their choice for president, and how, in a republic, under our present system, the candidate with the fewer votes may honestly be made president.



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## Why Girls Should Go to College

CHARLES F. THWING

[President Western Reserve University]

MANY reasons may be urged why both boys and girls should go to college. There are also special reasons why boys should go, and other special reasons why girls should do likewise.

Among the special reasons applying to girls which do not apply to boys some are very significant.

The college gives vision. It develops largeness. It is concerned with principles. It trains in great appreciations and relationships. The work of women is more largely work of detail than is the work of men. In the home, in the school, and in the library, women care—must care, delight to care,—for the particular and the minute. Such service bears along with itself the peril of making character small and thought and interpretation narrow. Such service is likely to take the sky out of life. From such a peril the college is designed to give release. The college represents an education which is called liberal, for it liberalizes and frees the mind. It makes one a citizen of every land. It allows one to be at home in any climate. It provides many of the advantages of travel while one hugs the hearthstone. A graduate said to me, a few days ago, "I have been working in the kitchen, this summer, but I have not been in the kitchen. The work, I believe, has been well done, but my chief thought has been somewhere else." The old Italian painters, in painting an interior, always left a door ajar, or a window open. It gave play to the imagination. To the life of small duties the college gives vision and largeness. Of the college girl in America it should be true, as it was true of Anne J. Clough, the mistress of Newnham, that "she never allowed her mind and heart to be absorbed in the local detail of her work; she was always considering it in its bearing on national education, and planning how its beneficial effects on the country at large might be improved and extended."

Moreover, college trains a girl to take the initiative. A college is a place of doing things. What do not college girls do? Girls versed in "classic lore" are fond of "harmless larks." Girls who are "geniuses in the bud" can have a "glorious spread." Perhaps the doing is too constant, too strenuous, and too diverse. Executive work is the foe of scholarship. A graduate of a year ago told me recently that there was no pattern which she would not dare to try, and that there was no dish described in the cookbook which she did not dare to make. Women in the past have not been forthputting. They have erred, if at all, on the side of a too quiet passivity. To-day not a few women err on the side of a too strenuous activity, but the college woman falls into the proper mean. Her passivity is not too passive, her activity not usually to be charged with strenuousness or strain. The college frees one from the peril of too great conservatism, which menaces some women. It gives courage, without boldness; vigor of action, without mannishness; power to take up and carry forward hard tasks, without either thoughtlessness or domineering.

College life, too, is of special value to girls by reason of the enlargement of the natural circle of friendship. Men's relations are more numerous than women's. Their circle of acquaintance is usually greater. Such relations are a condition and a result of business and professional life. Of a morning a merchant may meet fifty persons, while his wife will meet five. But friendships are quite as important to women as to men. The college age is the time for forming friendships. The college is the place for forming friendships. The greatest of modern poems is a chant memorial of a college love. College enlarges acquaintance, forms and develops friendships, and enriches love. Some of these relationships may be temporary; some are as lasting as the soul. Ten, or even twenty years from the day of her entrance, the college girl will have friends in a dozen cities or towns. On the day of matriculation she will have friends in only one or two. In such affections life becomes greater and finer.

College life, furthermore, tends to lessen the one comprehensive temptation of women. The one comprehensive temptation of women is self-consciousness. The one comprehensive temptation of men is appetite. To lessen the peril of appetite is needed the training, first, of the will, and, second, of the intellect. To lessen the peril of self-consciousness is needed the training, first, of the intellect, and, second, of the will. College life is three quarters formation and one quarter information; three quarters training, one quarter knowledge. Discipline turns the mind outside of itself. Knowledge so fills the mind that the mind ceases to think of itself and thinks in terms of learning.

Self-consciousness, too, is lessened not only through training and through knowledge, but also through the influence of personality. A great personality lifts a personality not great toward greatness. One of her students wrote of Miss Clough, saying, "She always brought a presence that made one think of the largest ideas." Personalities whom you meet in your college days and places should thus lift one out of a narrow self-consciousness into a large unconscious self.

For these four special reasons, therefore, girls should go to college. Many other reasons there are which influence girls as well as boys to go to college, but these four belong in particular to girls. The college gives vision, trains one to take the initiative, gives an enlargement of the natural circle of friendships, and tends to eliminate self-consciousness.

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WILLIAM S. POWER

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The mail-order habit has become almost universal, and banking by mail is merely one of its natural developments. It is difficult to say just when the banking-by-mail idea began to take definite shape. Like Topsey, it "jes grewed." It is a natural development of the banking business brought about by a distinct need that had to be supplied. It is probable that there are hundreds of banks all over the country that have had, for years, a few depositors on their books who live at a distance and conduct their banking business through the medium of the mails, but it was not until a shrewd Pittsburg banker recognized the fact that if a few depositors could be cared for in this way, a great many could be served equally well, that the banking-by-mail idea began to develop. That was about ten years ago. A number of the depositors of one of Pittsburg's oldest and most substantial savings banks had moved away from time to time, and had allowed their deposits to remain with the bank. Many of these long-distance depositors had continued to make their deposits or withdrawals by mail, and quite a substantial amount of business had gradually accumulated in this way.

Finally, one day, it occurred to the cashier of this bank that if it was possible to give satisfactory service to twenty or thirty out-of-town depositors, it ought to be entirely practical to take care of one thousand or more in the same way.

The Pittsburg banks were paying four per cent. interest. In most other parts of the country, three or three and one half per cent. was the rule. Manifestly Pittsburg banks had something to offer that was of distinct advantage, and, with characteristic energy, this particular banker made up his mind to offer it. He began to add a line to his advertisements in the daily papers, to the effect that those who could not come to the bank in person could send their deposits by mail.

A little later, daily and weekly papers in towns within fifty miles or so of Pittsburg were used; and finally, after a few years of experimenting and perfecting of methods, the national field was entered and conservative advertisements were inserted in magazines and other periodicals of general circulation. Other banks had fallen into line by this time, and banking by mail had become a recognized factor in banking life.

There was criticism, of course. Old-time bankers declared that the traditions of the profession were being shattered,—that no self-respecting bank would so boldly parade its name and business in the public prints, and that the results must inevitably prove disastrous. The public, however, looked upon the matter in a different light. The banks that were advertising were offering something that the people wanted, and the response was an emphatic refutation of the assertions of the critics.

Progressive banking institutions in various parts of the country were quick to recognize the greatly enlarged field of usefulness that was opened to them by the banking-by-mail idea, and there are, to-day, millions of dollars on deposit that belong to people who have never seen the institutions to which their money is intrusted. The great banking houses of Pittsburg and Cleveland have become international in their scope, reaching to the uttermost parts of the earth with their influence, and proclaiming the gospel of thrift and economy to every civilized nation.

A glance at the depositors' register of one of the best known of the banking-by-mail institutions discloses the fact that it has now depositors living in every state and territory of the United States; all but three of the provinces of Canada; four of the countries of Central and South America; Porto Rico, Cuba, Hawaii, the Philippines, England, Russia, Spain, Germany, Italy, and one or two African countries. Other banks have undoubtedly reached still other points, so that it is no exaggeration to state that the banking-by-mail idea has, in the brief decade of its existence, covered the civilized world.

The depositors are from every station of life. The cowboys and ranchmen of the West welcome the opportunity to get a portion of their income stowed away in a safe place where it will be earning something for them against a time of need. Officers and men in Uncle Sam's army and navy, stationed in various parts of the world, are probably as numerous as any other class, and many of them have very snug sums to their credit. A number of officers in the Philippines and other out-of-the-way corners of the world have sent orders to Washington to have a portion of their pay each month sent direct to the bank in which they have their account, thus obligating themselves to save systematically and regularly. Then there are farmers and business men, and even bankers, living in sections where interest rates are low, who send their surplus funds to the four per cent. banks in order to increase the earning power of their capital. Another very impor-



## The Citizens Savings and Trust Co.

of Cleveland, Ohio, is a very strong savings bank. Established in 1868, it has a record of financial strength that few banks throughout the entire country can equal, its paid-up capital and surplus amounting to Six Million Dollars, and its total assets to over Thirty-seven Million Dollars.

But strong as the Bank is financially, it is equally as strong in management. Its Board of Directors, Executive Committee and Advisory Board are composed of practical bankers, solid business men and men distinguished in the professions, whose tireless efforts, ripe experience and wise judgment have made The Citizens Savings & Trust Company what it is to-day—an absolutely



PORTICO

safe bank—a bank with which you can deposit your savings without the slightest misgiving. The Bank owns and occupies a fourteen story building, the exterior of which presents a most dignified appearance. The imposing portico, supported by

huge granite columns, each weighing over forty-two tons, and the massive bronze door form a fitting entrance to the beautiful Tiffany interior of the banking room, the walls and floors of which are solid Italian marble, inlaid with mother-of-pearl. The decorations were executed by two of the foremost artists of the country, and are expressive of the great solidity and strength of the Bank.

The vaults of the Bank are absolutely impregnable, all the latest improvements known to vault experts having been embodied in their construction. The walls, which are nine inches thick, are absolutely fire-proof, burglar-proof and electric-proof.

There are two doors to each of the vaults, and the bolt-work of the outside doors is controlled



ONE OF THE VAULT DOORS

by three movement-time-locks, arranged so that they will operate at a predetermined time only. These doors are seventeen and one-half inches thick, the total weight of the vaults being over one million pounds. The Citizens Savings & Trust Company is considered by many as the most ideal institution of its kind in the country, and every day hundreds of visitors from all parts of the world are loud in the praises of the many attractive features of the bank.

As banking is largely a matter of confidence, it will be of mutual benefit if you will send for free booklet "C," explaining how you may deposit your savings with this large Bank, by mail, as expeditiously and with as much security as if you lived next door to it. Savings accounts of any amount from One Dollar to Ten Thousand Dollars are solicited, on which is paid

**4% INTEREST**

THE CITIZENS SAVINGS & TRUST CO., Cleveland, Ohio



# Why we pay 4% Safely

We have just published an interesting book B, beautifully illustrated, which tells all about Cleveland and why local conditions enable us to pay 4% on deposits, safely.

This book is a convincing argument and will satisfy the most conservative business man. The financial standing of the Company is demonstrated not only by its great resources—assets twenty-five million dollars—but by the character of the men who are active in its management. We will send this book free upon request.

The careful and conservative methods of this bank have won the complete confidence of 48,000 depositors in less than ten years.

## Be sure of your Bank

Safety is your first consideration. Our book B will give you the information which every saver of large or small amounts ought to have.

**The  
Cleveland  
Trust Company**  
CLEVELAND OHIO

tant class of depositors is made up of those who have trust funds to invest. Four per cent. interest compounded every six months, without danger of loss or deterioration, is one of the most attractive propositions that can be placed before the average trustee or executor,—so that it has come about that hundreds of thousands of dollars of trust funds have found their way through the mails to the big savings banks of Pittsburg and Cleveland. These deposits, in sums ranging as high as fifty thousand or one hundred thousand dollars, and in some instances even more, are accepted either under the usual savings bank rules, or on certificates of deposit running for a specified period.

By far the largest class of depositors, however, in point of numbers, if not in volume of deposits, is made up of wage-earners,—people whose earnings are necessarily small, but whose accounts are especially welcome to the savings banks, owing to the fact that they are usually allowed to remain undisturbed for a considerable length of time. Very often as little as a dollar at a time is sent, and even less sums are sometimes accepted. The attitude of the best banks on this point is aptly illustrated by an incident that occurred in one of Pittsburg's largest institutions about ten years ago.

A ragged little newsboy entered the bank one day and boldly invaded the private office of the president.

"Say, mister," he said, "can I put some money in this bank?"

"Certainly you can," the president answered; "how much do you want to deposit?"

"A quarter!" exclaimed the youngster, pulling a handful of pennies and nickels out of his pocket. The banker took him over to the receiving teller and introduced him with all the deference that he would have shown to a millionaire.

The boy left the city soon after opening the account, but he kept adding to his deposit from time to time, and, as he was naturally bright and shrewd, everything he undertook prospered. He is back in Pittsburg now, the head of a successful manufacturing concern, and one of the bank's most valued customers.

The letters that come to the big banks with mail deposits throw side lights on many a romance, and not infrequently throb with the pathos of life.

A year ago a proud young father out in Michigan sent twenty-five dollars to open an account for his firstborn son, then less than a week old. "The boy'll need it some of these days," he wrote, "and we may as well begin to save for him right off." Six months later a tear-dimmed letter came, asking to withdraw the money, to pay the little fellow's funeral expenses.

A working woman in a little town in New York sent a dollar bill in the name of her daughter, six years of age. "She'll be marrying by and by," she said, "and ought to have something to start life on." That was nearly two years ago, and almost every week since a dollar bill has been added to the account. There'll be a snug little marriage portion for the young lady some day, if nothing happens.

Not long ago a woman living in Illinois sent five dollars, with explicit instructions not to let her "old man" know about it, as "he'd be after spending every cent of it for drink."

The request not to allow anybody else in the family or the home town to learn of the deposit is a very common one. A prosperous farmer in Iowa wrote, not long ago, that his principal reason for sending his money to a distant bank was that he might keep his financial affairs from the knowledge of his neighbors.

"We have a good bank here," he wrote, "but everybody in the township knows how much everybody else has on deposit. They think they know how much I've got, but I'll fool them."

A couple of months ago a Chicago business man walked into a Pittsburg savings bank. He wanted to know all about the bank and its method of doing business, and, finally, after his thirst for knowledge had been fully satisfied, he said, "Well, I guess you will do. I saw your advertisement in one of the magazines and as I was going East on a little trip, I thought I would stop off and leave a few dollars with you." He produced a roll containing twenty-three thousand dollars in gold certificates, passed it over to the receiving teller, then hurried off to catch the train that was to carry him to New York. He had been in the city only about one hour, yet in that time he had placed his money where it would be, not only absolutely safe, but where it would earn for him almost a thousand dollars a year.

Americans are naturally thrifty. One in every ten of the entire population is the possessor of a savings account and the aggregate of savings average four hundred and nineteen dollars for each depositor, a much higher average than is found in any other country in the world. Canada is the second country in point of average, having two hundred and eighty-nine dollars for each depositor, while in Hungary, which is third on the list, the average is two hundred and fifty-one dollars. The total deposits in the savings banks of the United States aggregate \$3,060,178,611, an average of about thirty-eight dollars for every man, woman, and child in the country. Just what amount of this vast savings-bank business is conducted by mail it is impossible to estimate, but the proportion is very considerable, and it is growing larger every year.

One question that is frequently asked is—"How can the banks of Pittsburg, Cleveland, and one or two other cities pay four per cent. interest when institutions in other parts of the country do not deem it wise to attempt to pay more than three or three and one-half per cent.?"

The problem is a very simple one. It will be found in almost every instance that the four per cent. banks are located in the great manufacturing centers of the country,—cities in which industrial activities demand large investments of capital, where money is made quickly, and things are done on a large, broad scale. There are opportunities for investment in these communities that are not found elsewhere,—opportunities that are perfectly safe and conservative, yet that offer liberal returns for the money invested.

The great banking institutions that are the leaders in the banking-by-mail field, are among the strongest, most

# Pittsburg Trust Co. 4% Coupon Deposit Bonds

The ideal form of Bank Deposit Investment for those residing outside of the city of Pittsburg is our new Coupon Certificate of Deposit. This embodies almost all the advantages of safety and convenience of a Government Coupon Bond, a Mortgage and a Deposit Account.

It pays 4% interest, or about twice the net returns of a Government Bond.

Being secured by the Company's Capital, Surplus and Profits of

**\$6,000,000.00**

it is safer than a mortgage and does not require such attention in the matter of insurance, bookkeeping, collection of interest and payment of taxes.

The Coupon Certificate of Deposit is the ordinary certificate of Deposit with the additional advantages of having the interest evidenced by coupons similar to those of a bond, and of being issued for a term of three years, with the privilege of obtaining payment of same at any interest period after the first, on sixty days' notice.

## 4% Coupon Certificates

Are issued in denominations of \$100, \$500 and \$1,000;  
Are issued for a term of three years, with the privilege of obtaining payment at any interest period after the first, on sixty days' notice.

Bear 4% interest from date of issue;  
Interest is payable April 1st and October 1st;  
Interest is collected by cutting off the coupons and sending them through the mail or depositing them in any bank;

Principal and interest are both payable through the Pittsburg Clearing House;

May be made payable to any person or to "bearer," in the latter case the name of the depositor does not appear on the certificate nor upon our books, thus insuring

## Absolute Privacy:

May be used as collateral for loans;  
Have a great advantage in that the funds of a deceased non-resident certificate-holder may be obtained upon presentation of the certificate properly endorsed, without requiring letters of administration to be issued in Pittsburg.

## Deposits \$10,000,000.00

Send your money by registered mail, express or postal order, or by check or draft. Certificates will be sent you by return mail.

We also pay 4 per cent. interest compounded semi-annually on Savings Deposits.

Write for Booklet No. 8, "BANKING BY MAIL."

**Pittsburg Trust Co.**  
PITTSBURG, PA.

**ON SAVINGS ACCOUNTS**  
*Compounded Semi-annually*

Be frugal and economical in your habits. Deposit regularly with us a portion of your earnings and the future will be much brighter. You can

**BANK BY MAIL**  
with absolute security. We have adopted a simple and safe plan for the benefit of out-of-town depositors.

**SEND FOR BOOKLET F.**  
It Tells How.  
Capital and Surplus  
**\$2,500,000.00**

**COMMONWEALTH TRUST CO.**  
327-331 FOURTH AVE.,  
PITTSBURG, PA.

# Made-to-Order Suits \$12.50

**Nothing Ready-Made**  
Guaranteed to fit and please you. You take no risk. You simply allow us to prove how much better our garments are than those you buy of your local tailor for twice our price.

**10,000 Pairs of \$5 Trousers Free**

To induce you to give us your first order, so we can actually show you the exclusive style, splendid fit and remarkable value we give, we will give you a pair of \$5 All-Wool Trousers free with your first suit order, providing you will mention this magazine and write today for Free Cloth Samples of our elegant \$12.50, \$15, \$18 and \$20 guaranteed all-wool suits, each made strictly to order.

We hereby agree to hold the money you pay for any one of our suits as a deposit, and you have 5 days to examine and try on the garments in your own home, with the distinct agreement to refund the entire amount upon the return of the garments to us, if you are not absolutely satisfied with them. Write today for book of styles, measurement blanks and superb assortment of nobby, all-wool suiting samples free, and see for yourself how well we can dress you and the dollars you can save by ordering a suit of us and getting a pair of \$5 all-wool trousers absolutely free. NOTICE—Write today and be sure and ask for samples of the free trousers given with the first order to introduce our made-to-order suits.

**OWEN T. MOSES & CO., 2107-2115 MOSES BUILDING, CHICAGO.**  
Established 1857 and our 50,000 customers are all satisfied.





**We Pay 4%**  
**INTEREST** **4%**  
on the money which

**YOU DEPOSIT  
BY MAIL**

Every six months we add compound interest to your account, at the same rate of **4%**

Your money is working for you in this way—

You get the same advantages as the heaviest city depositor on our books.

**THE COLONIAL  
TRUST COMPANY**  
317 FOURTH AVE.  
PITTSBURG, PA.

**Resources \$20,000,000.00**

A strong bank—guided in its conservative policy by some of the wealthiest and most highly honored men in Pittsburg.

This Banking-by-Mail system is used by professional and business men, farmers and mechanics.

It is absolutely safe; we have the proof—do you want it?

Write for

Booklet No. 8, "BANKING BY MAIL"  
—to-day.

**25%**

Why risk your money in fickle speculation when an opportunity to make **25%** a year is offered you in

**ARLINGTON**

The greatest realty offer of the year.

**RIGHT IN THE HEART OF  
GREATER PITTSBURG**

Where fortunes are made in realty. Realty is a staple, safe and sure investment. Arlington is the hub of a district that pays out \$130,000,000.00 a year in wages. \$10 SECURES ANY LOT—\$5 to \$10 a month pays for it. Free deed in case of death—Free life insurance.

We guarantee that any unsold lot in **ARLINGTON** in 1907 will not be sold for less than **50%** above present prices.

Send to-day for Booklet "R"—It tells all about it.

**G. M. Cypher & Co.**, Pittsburg, Pa.  
McKeesport, Pa.  
References: Treasury Trust Co., Pittsburg, Pa.;  
1st National Bank, McKeesport, Pa.

conservatively conducted financial organizations in the country. They are located in communities where they can keep their money actively employed at good rates, and hence are able not only to pay four per cent. interest to their depositors, but also to pay substantial dividends to stockholders and add snug sums to their surplus from year to year into the bargain. Four per cent. in Pittsburg, Cleveland, and a few other similar communities, is well within the margin of safety.

One of the largest savings institutions in Chicago not long ago sent its cashier on a week's visit to Pittsburg, to study the banking-by-mail system and find out how much of it could be adopted to conditions in the "Windy City." "What we can not understand, out in Chicago," he said, "is how these Pittsburg and Cleveland banks can spend thousands of dollars a year for advertising and still make money enough to warrant paying four per cent. interest. Does n't it cost more to get the average account than you can hope to make out of it?"

That question has been asked a good many times and has had a good deal of careful consideration by bankers interested. It is sufficiently answered in the fact that these bankers, who have the reputation of being a pretty shrewd, long-headed class of men, continue to appropriate more and more money for advertising each year.

The records of one prominent bank show that the accounts received by mail cost the bank less to obtain than those opened in person over the counter. In a single year this bank received, through the mails, in first deposits only, without counting subsequent additions to the accounts, the sum of four hundred and forty-nine thousand dollars and these accounts were obtained through the expenditure of less than six thousand dollars for national advertising.

Another query that frequently comes to banks from prospective depositors is:—"Can money be sent, with safety, through the mails?" So far as is known there has never been a dollar lost to depositors through the failure of the mails to take care of their part of the transaction. Uncle Sam is a very trusty messenger and it is a rare thing indeed for him to allow anything placed in his care to go wrong. Millions of dollars travel back and forth over the country every day, and the percentage of loss is so infinitesimal as to be scarcely worth considering. If the sender uses ordinary care in addressing and mailing his letter, his bank draft or post-office order is just about as safe within the envelope as it would be in his pocket.

**Sir William Was then Plain "Bill"**

**WILLIAM C. VAN HORNE**, one of the world's great railroad men, began his career as a telegraph operator in Chicago. He rapidly rose to high places in railroading, and in the early eighties had attained such a reputation in the business that Lord Strathcona, the financier of the project to construct the Canadian Pacific Railway, selected the young American as general manager and chief of the building operations. He was so successful in this work, and rendered such important service to the Dominion of Canada in pushing the railroad across her vast expanse to the Pacific Ocean that, in 1896, Queen Victoria knighted him. Preëminently endowed with common sense and humor, he is not the man to take his knightly honors too seriously. Shortly after receiving his title he exclaimed to a group of friends:—

"This 'Sir William' business is very fine, but I'd like to hear what the boys down in Chicago will have to say about it. They used to call me just plain *Bill*."

**Dan. Beard on Magazine Illustrating**  
I. NEWTON GREENE

"MODERN illustrations date back only twenty years," said Dan. Beard, the artist, recently, in conversation with some friends. "Abbey and Rhinehart are the pioneers, for it was while they were working at a desk in Harper Brothers' publishing house that they evolved the idea of breaking away from the old rut, and drawing from models, as painters do. In those days illustrators worked for the engravers; in other words, they were under the men of metal and acids. Anything dating back of 1872 in a drawing always contained a cocked hat."

"To-day, artists are students of costume, and do no work without models. Among the illustrators of the present time, probably the best known is Charles Dana Gibson. I have followed them all carefully, for previous to becoming an artist myself, I was a civil engineer. Gibson is a big, stalwart fellow, whom you would all like. You have no doubt noticed the puny little man he puts into his pictures. Then there is a great big chap alongside the little one. The big fellow is Gibson himself. A. B. Frost is the same, and all true artists put themselves in their work. If they do not, one may safely call them copyists. The real artist is a hard-working man, who turns out more work than the ordinary business man; he is not the velvet-capped lounge fiction frequently pictures him; no, not by any means. He oftentimes works so hard that his models faint from exhaustion."

"There are, to-day, a great many artists of mediocre order, who sit all day making up jokes and sending them, accompanied by rough sketches, to the publishers. I know one who turns out sixty good jokes in a day. One of these rough-drawn jokes was sent by a publishing house to A. B. Frost, to be drawn up in form. After three weeks' delay, the publishers wrote, asking Mr. Frost why he had not made the drawing. The artist replied that for three weeks he had been endeavoring to draw a goat as funny as the one sent, but could not. He did n't make the drawing."

"Authors are sometimes amusing, usually so in the case of a new one, for he invariably wants to draw his own pictures for the artist, even to telling the exact number of buttons on the gloves. Mark Twain's 'A Yankee in King Arthur's Court,' was sent me to illustrate. I went to see the author, to talk over the details."

"Mr. Beard," he said, with a drawl, "I do n't want to subject you to any undue suffering, but I wish you would read the book before you illustrate it."

**5%**

**On Your Savings**

INVESTORS seeking a little larger return on their money than 3 or 4%, while being assured that their savings are in safe, careful hands, will be interested in the "Certificate" Plan devised, simplified and perfected as a result of wide experience by the

**INDUSTRIAL SAVINGS  
and LOAN CO.**

Our investment does not interest those who wish to speculate with their money, but strongly commends itself to thoughtful, discriminating investors desiring a fair return on their savings.

**Established 12 Years.**

the business of this Company has steadily progressed. During this time we have never paid less than 5% per annum on savings entrusted to our care, distributing to holders of our certificates profits amounting to nearly three-quarters of a million dollars, while materially adding to our surplus.

**Our Patrons are Protected**

by assets amounting to almost two million dollars. Our loans are made upon the best class of New York and Suburban Real Estate—to home buyers, who pay us interest and part of the principal each month, which is in turn re-invested.

**NEW YORK BANKING DEPARTMENT  
SUPERVISION**

The Industrial Savings and Loan Co. has earned a reputation for reliability and prompt dealing not surpassed by any institution of its kind. Our business is conducted under the supervision of the New York Banking Department, by whom it is examined each year.

**WE PAY**

**5% Per Year**  
on Your Savings

which bear earnings for every day in our care. Your money is always subject to your control if required for other purposes. **START NOW.** Earnings begin as soon as your money is received, and are mailed you by check semi-annually, or compounded, if desired.

Our clients include many prominent clergymen, professional and business men in every State of the Union—some, doubtless, in your locality—to whom we are privileged to refer you. They heartily endorse our methods.

**Some Testimonials**

"I can cheerfully recommend your Company to anyone interested, in so far as my dealings with you were concerned. I was much pleased with the prompt manner with which the dividends were remitted and also the principal when I needed it."

"I feel safe in recommending a Company that shows such good business methods and especially when it is under the supervision of the Bank Inspectors of New York State. I only wish I had more money to invest with you."

"You may use my name in your business as a satisfied customer whose experience with you has been entirely satisfactory. I find the Industrial pays its withdrawal funds as promptly as it does its dividends, and should my new business prosper, I hope to be able to place more funds with you."

Full particulars with other letters of endorsement received from all over the country will be sent to anyone interested. **WRITE TO-DAY.**

Assets - - - - \$1,750,000  
Surplus and Profits - - \$150,000

**INDUSTRIAL SAVINGS  
and LOAN CO.**

1133-A Broadway, New York City



## Some Large Savings Institutions

# Money at 4 Per Cent.

An investment that is absolutely safe, that cannot deteriorate in value, and that pays

Four Per Cent. compound interest is an ideal disposition of trust funds or individual savings. This bank has depositors in every state in the Union and almost every civilized country in the world.

It accepts deposits in any amount, either as regular savings accounts or on certificates of deposit running for a specified period.

Its directors represent the strongest financial and industrial interests of the Pittsburg district.

*Department D Booklet tells the story in detail.*

Write for it.

### Directors

H. C. FRICK	WILLIAM B. SCHILLER
A. W. MELLON	W. N. FREW
H. C. MCELLOWNEY	B. F. JONES, Jr.
CHARLES LOCKHART	FRANK B. SMITH
J. M. SCHOONMAKER	EDWARD A. WOODS
JAMES H. LOCKHART	R. B. MELLON
J. B. FINLEY	H. C. FOWNES
GEO. I. WHITNEY	GEO. E. SHAW
P. C. KNOX	ROBERT PITCAIRN
D. E. PARK	WM. G. PARK

## THE UNION SAVINGS BANK

CAPITAL, \$1,000,000

Frick Building - Pittsburg, Pa.



Times Building, New York, Home of The Industrial Savings & Loan Co. This institution is under the supervision of the New York Banking Department and is regularly inspected by them. It has been in business twelve years and has made steady progress. By its plan of investments it is paying depositors 5%.



The Colonial Trust Company of Pittsburg is thought by many to have the most handsome banking rooms in the United States, having on deposit nearly \$11,000,000.00, with a surplus and profits of nearly \$6,000,000.00. This exceedingly strong institution pays 2% on checking accounts and 4% on time deposits.



Home of the Peoples' Savings Bank, Pittsburg, Pa. This is one of the strongest savings banks paying 4%. It is also one of the first banks to advertise for outside business and now has depositors from nearly every country on the globe due to their Banking by Mail arrangement.



Frick Building, the home of the Union Savings Bank of Pittsburg, one of the most substantial institutions in the country. The directors are men who have been largely instrumental in making Pittsburg. They accept deposits from \$1.00 up and pay 4% compounded every six months. H. C. Frick and United States Senator P. C. Knox are among its directors.



Home of The Cleveland Trust Company, Cleveland, Ohio. This institution has a very strong directorate and its deposits amount to \$22,800,000.00. It is a very active institution in the Banking by Mail plan.



Citizens' Savings and Trust Company of Cleveland, Ohio, occupying their own building, which is considered one of the finest bank buildings in America. They have shown a most remarkable progress in securing the deposits and confidence of over 28,000 patrons, paying 4% interest on deposits, having a surplus and undivided profits of over \$6,000,000, a total resource exceeding \$37,000,000.—Adm.



"Let her go!"  
You can't estimate the benefit and fun your boy or girl would get out of the

### Irish Mail

"It's geared"  
Ideal exercise for young muscles. Doesn't overtax. A cleverly designed, strongly built little handcar. Has speed, snap, style. Perfectly safe. If your dealer hasn't it, order direct from us.  
Write for illustrated booklet FREE.  
Hill-Standard Mfg. Co., 357 Irish Mail St., Anderson, Ind.  
Successors to The Standard Mfg. Co.

## An Education

FREE OF COST

In the College of Your Choice

The SUCCESS MAGAZINE is prepared to furnish a scholarship, covering tuition and all other necessary expenses in any school or college, in return for a little work which may be done in spare time.

If you want an education and lack the necessary means to secure it, write for our plan. It is simple and practical, and hundreds have won out on it.

The Success Bureau of Education  
3 Washington Square East, New York



**SEND FOR  
OUR  
FREE BOOK**

**This Book Will  
Tell You**

How and where Bananas grow.  
Their value as a food product.

How profits from Bananas compare  
with farm products raised in the  
United States.

The wonderful possibilities in the  
Banana industry for small investors.

How by the investment of \$10 a  
month for 20 months, you may secure  
a life income.

If you want insurance against  
poverty, a guarantee of independence  
in old age, and a life income of from  
\$8.50 to \$85 a month, write us at  
once for this

**FREE BOOK**

You will find it an interesting story  
about the most remarkable opportu-  
nity ever offered.

The book will be sent you free by  
return mail.

**CO-OPERATIVE TROPICAL FRUIT  
ASSOCIATION**

937 Real Estate Trust Building, Philadelphia

# Business Talks

By the Publisher of "Success"

I.—With College Men

Why is it that a lot of hardheaded business men, of the "Old Gorgon Graham" type, talk so largely and irreverently about "fool college boys?" Why is it that they "won't have 'em 'round?"

Are you in love? If you are—and what college man is n't?—you have begun to think about the future, and to build castles in Spain founded on the discovery of some large, rich, juicy store of treasure which is going to happen around at exactly the right psychological moment.

Now, such a delightful thing *may*, of course, happen; but the probabilities are that it *won't*. You will have to *work*, and work like the—next man—if you are going to found a home and a family.

The hard, cold fact is that, among all the life careers open to an enterprising young man or woman, nine tenths are crowded to the limit. *Supply* is greater than *demand*. In the professions, in literature, in scientific pursuits, in clerical work, and even in the manual trades, skill and ability are recognized only after many years, and "starvation wages" are far too often the rule rather than the exception. You will leave college better trained in the philosophy which will comfort you in *waiting*, than in the practical knowledge that will give you an immediate and large return for your daily work. Probably half the college graduates of the last twenty years are working to-day at salaries under one hundred dollars per month, and half of this half will never get any farther.

But one thing the world always wants and always pays for—one thing where demand is greater than supply—one profession, if you acquire it, which will make your upward climb to larger earning power a certainty. This Aladdin's lamp is *Salesmanship*—the power to secure a hearing, and to convince your hearer that you have the thing he wants. This power, once gained, will be your most valuable personal asset. You can use it *now* to complete your education. You can use it "on the side" after you have nailed up your shingle and are waiting for clients. And if you fail in other lines, you can always rub your lamp and build up your fortunes again. Salesmanship will stand between you and the wolf at the door in many a tight squeeze. It is *worth acquiring* at any reasonable cost of time, trouble, expense and persistent effort. Do not throw away any good opportunity to obtain it, particularly now, when you are young, for the principles upon which good salesmanship are founded will enable you to pass among your fellow men in a bright, cheerful, good-tempered way which will smooth over many difficulties and give you *power of accomplishment* in almost any line which you may undertake.

One of the very best ways of acquiring the art of salesmanship is to undertake "field work" for a great publishing house. Young people especially, and others unused to the work of selling, are often shy, diffident, afraid of themselves, and unfamiliar with travel or the ways of the world. They lack self-confidence and "manners." They do not know how to approach people,—how to win confidence,—how to gain ends. In no way can these defects be remedied more quickly and more pleasantly than by soliciting magazine or book subscriptions. You will meet in this kind of work the best and most cultured people of a community. In nine cases out of ten they will be kind and courteous to you, particularly if they recognize your diffidence and inexperience. Especially is this true when you represent the SUCCESS MAGAZINE, whose quiet influence for better things ought to be in every home.

The SUCCESS MAGAZINE is prepared to entertain applications from college men for high-class subscription work this spring and summer. Every man whom we engage will be personally trained for the work, either in the field or by our free Correspondence Course in Magazine Salesmanship. Our contracts provide for the payment by us of salary, with a commission option which gives to every man the full benefit of exceptionally good work. For full information, address College Department, The Success Magazine, Washington Square, New York.

# Success Magazine

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# Final Opportunity to Secure \$1,200 a Year for Life by Small Monthly Payments

This will be the last chance you will ever have to join an investment, which has been so popular with the readers of this magazine that all the shares have been now taken except the final allotment.

Remember, there are only 6,000 shares all together in this Mutual Rubber Production Company, and only a few hundred of them remain. When these are gone the sale must be permanently closed. Series A, B, C, D, E, F and G have been closed, and Series H, the **LAST AND FINAL ONE**, which we are now offering, will at the present rate of sale be quickly taken.

Every series of these shares have been over-subscribed, and the number of shares in the final series is so limited that many people will necessarily be disappointed. We reserve the right to pro-rate or to reject applications when over-subscribed. If you have been procrastinating—if you have been putting it off "until to-morrow," or "until next week," it behooves you now to

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No large cash down payment is required to secure these shares, as they are paid for in small monthly installments, as the work of developing progresses. For \$20, as the first monthly payment, you can secure five shares. Then you pay

Here is an industry new enough to be immensely profitable, yet old enough to have lost the element of uncertainty.

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This investment opens the door for you, not to immediate wealth, but to what is far better—a competency for future years, when, perhaps, you will not be able to earn it.

or \$90 per share. Then, from the maturity period onward, your five shares, or acres, will yield you or your heirs \$1,200 a year for more years than you can possibly live.

Early dividends are provided by "tapping to death" 400 of the 600 trees we originally plant to each acre, and the 200 trees remaining for permanent yield will produce every year at least two pounds of rubber each, at a net profit of 60 cents a pound. These statistics are vouched for by the Government reports of the United States and Great Britain—the most reliable sources of information in the world.

This means, on your five-share investment, a permanent and certain income of \$1,200 a year, or \$2,400 a year on 10 shares. Or better still, 25 shares will yield you \$6,000 a year. A single share can be secured on the same advantageous basis.

No such opportunity as this to secure a permanent annual income has ever before been offered to people of moderate means.

## Our Final Offer—Your Last Opportunity

If you do not promptly take advantage of this remarkable final offer, you will be too late to share the profits enjoyed by the hundreds of fortunate shareholders scattered throughout the country. Probably some one of them is your good friend or acquaintance.

Every possible safeguard surrounds this investment. The State Street Trust Co. of Boston, holds the title to our property in Mexico as trustee. We agree to deposit with them the money paid in for shares, and we file with them sworn statements as to the development of the property. This company also acts as registrar of our stock. You are fully protected from loss in case of death or in case of lapse in payments, and we grant you a suspension of payments for 90 days any time you may wish. Furthermore, we agree to loan you money on your shares.

We can prove to you that the five shares in this investment, paid for in small monthly installments, will bring you an average return of twenty-five per cent. on your money during the period of payment, and will then bring you \$100 a month for more than a lifetime. This opens the door for yourself, not to wealth, but to what is far better, a competency for future years, when perhaps you will not be able to earn it. Payments of \$4.00 per month the first two years and smaller payments thereafter will secure you one share.

Our literature explains our plan fully and concisely, and proves every statement. We will hurry it to you immediately on request, thus assuring you a possibility of securing shares before it is too late. This is absolutely the last call. The large demand for Mutual Rubber shares has made this final announcement necessary.

**Mutual Rubber Production Company**  
93 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

# S U C C E S S M A G A Z I N E

ORISON SWETT MARDEN, *Editor and Founder*

THE SUCCESS COMPANY, PUBLISHERS  
UNIVERSITY BUILDING, WASHINGTON SQUARE - NEW YORK CITY

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*In the United States, Canada and Mexico, \$1.00 a Year. Ten Cents a Copy.*  
*In all other countries of the Postal Union, \$2.00 a year. Postage prepaid.*

## Privileges of Subscribers

Regular subscribers to the SUCCESS MAGAZINE are privileged to make our New York offices their headquarters when in the metropolis, and to have mail addressed to them in our care. A reading and writing room, equipped with the current magazines, is provided for the free use of subscribers, and gives them in effect a New York "club connection."

Letters should be addressed to the Subscriber, "care of SUCCESS MAGAZINE, University Building, Washington Square, New York."

## Bureau of Information

Subscribers to, and advertisers in the SUCCESS MAGAZINE are privileged to write to us at any time for information upon any subject. A nominal charge of twenty-five cents will be made for investigating and answering such inquiries, and this amount in coin, money order or stamps should accompany the inquiry in order to receive attention. If the information sought for cannot be given, the money will be returned.

## Our Advertisements

We do not admit to our columns medical, liquor, tobacco, or other advertisements objectionable in the home.

We guarantee our readers against loss due to fraudulent misrepresentation in any advertisement appearing in this issue. This guarantee does not, however, cover "real estate," "agents wanted" or stock-selling advertisements (as it is obviously impossible for a magazine to make more than a merely superficial investigation of the profit-earning capacity of any business enterprise); nor does it cover what is ordinarily known as "trade talk;" nor does it involve the settling of minor disputes or claims between advertiser and reader. Claims for loss must be made within ninety days of the appearance of the advertisement complained of. The honest bankruptcy of an advertiser, occurring after the printing of his advertisement by us, entitles the reader only to our best services in endeavoring to secure the return of the money.

## OUR NEW OFFICES

THE SUCCESS MAGAZINE was born in 1897, in a little Boston bedroom at No. 43 Bowdoin Street, and for its first two years of life this bedroom formed the real editorial headquarters. Business offices were opened in a single room in Cooper Union, New York, a floor space of about 500 square feet, later increased to 2,000, sufficing during 1898 and 1899 for business purposes, composing room and New York editorial quarters.

In July, 1900, Success was "crowded out" by its rapidly increasing needs, and about 7,000 square feet of office space in the University Building was leased, this space being then regarded as probably ample for a long time to come. Within two years, however, further expansion became an absolute necessity, and as no more space was then available in the University Building, an entire floor was engaged in the next building, for storeroom and mailing facilities. During this two-year period, pressroom requirements (in other buildings) were increased in the ratio of *ten to one*.

Now, three years later, we are again crowded almost to suffocation, and have fortunately been able to engage, on a long-term lease, the entire eighth floor of the University Building, covering every available foot of space possible to obtain in this unusually exclusive building, the first seven floors of which are occupied by the American Book Company, and the ninth and tenth floors by the class and lecture rooms of New York University. This gives us nearly 15,000 square feet of space in a building occupying an entire block fronting on Washington Square, one of the oldest, most beautiful and most aristocratic breathing places of the metropolis. In addition to this, we are retaining our storeroom and mailing room in the adjoining building, and are seeking still further opportunity for their expansion. Our Home Office space is, therefore, about *thirty-five times* as large as was our first modest New York office seven years ago.

One of our most interesting and important business departures is the opening of Branch Offices for circulation work in Philadelphia, Chicago, Minneapolis, Kansas City, Des Moines, San Francisco, San Jose, Salt Lake City, Troy, and Toledo, in addition to which we continue our Advertising Branch Office in Chicago and our Editorial Branch Office connections in London, England.

Our subscribers, our advertisers, and our agents will be heartily welcomed at our Home and Branch Offices, and every courtesy will be afforded them on the occasion of their visits.

## Do you need New York Headquarters?



UNIVERSITY BUILDING

THE SUCCESS MAGAZINE has leased the entire eighth floor of the University Building, which occupies the northeast corner of Washington Square (foot of Fifth Avenue), New York,—one of the most beautiful and desirable locations in the great metropolis. Out of this space it has set aside a fine room overlooking Washington Square, which will be elegantly fitted up and provided with telephone, messenger, postal and stenographic service.

A strictly limited number of desk room rentals in this space will be made at reasonable prices. Contracts with desirable parties only. Special arrangements can be made elsewhere on same floor for meeting rooms and society headquarters. Double express elevator service to eighth floor.

The University Building is one of the best and most exclusive in New York City. The first seven floors are occupied by the American Book Company, the eighth floor by the SUCCESS MAGAZINE, and the ninth and tenth floors by the New York University class and lecture rooms.

Address, G. R. W.

**THE SUCCESS COMPANY**  
University Building, New York

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That's exactly what we mean by  
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10 copies of the current issue of

## SUCCESS MAGAZINE

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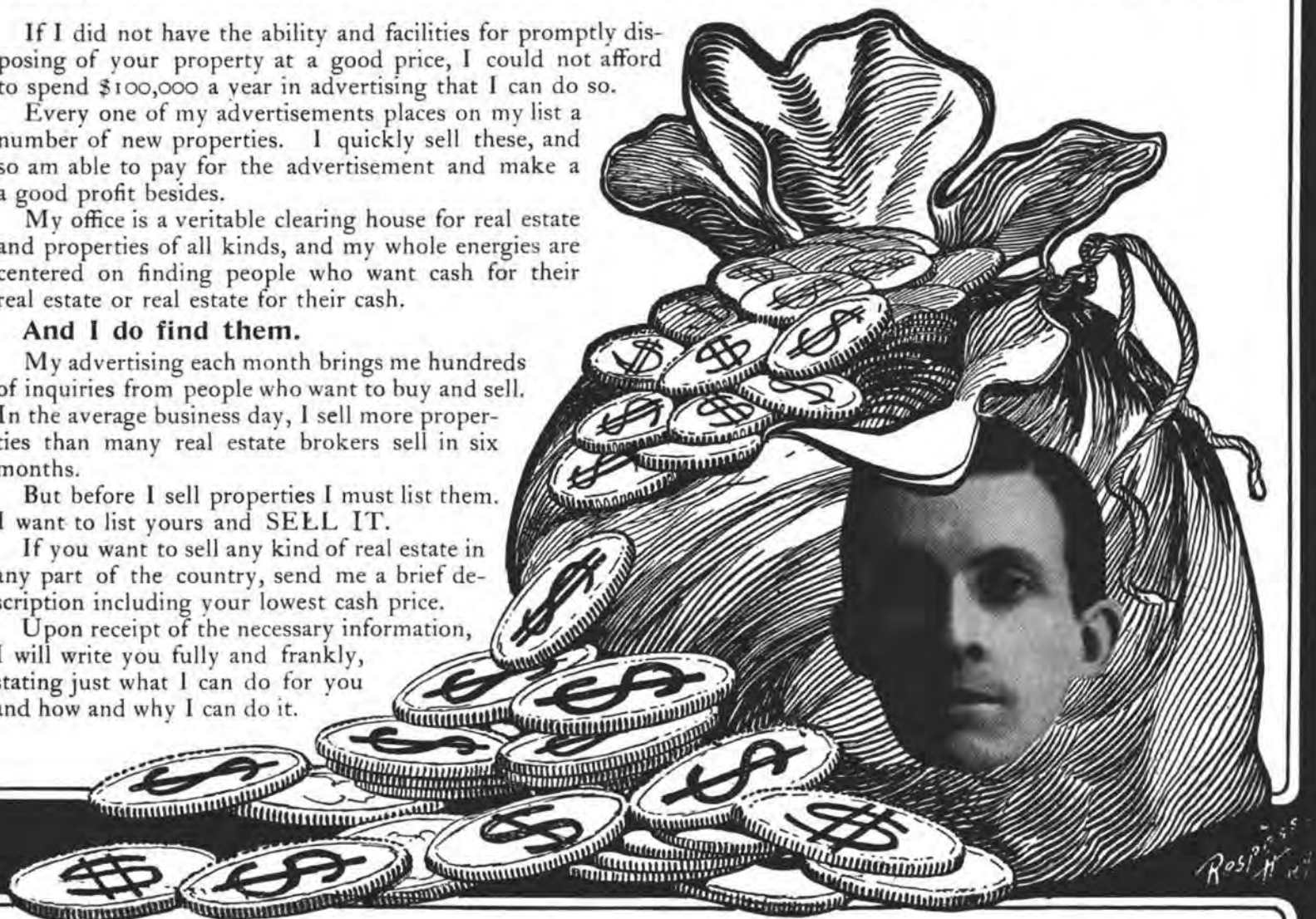
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My advertising each month brings me hundreds of inquiries from people who want to buy and sell. In the average business day, I sell more properties than many real estate brokers sell in six months.

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**30 H. P. Touring-car**

Send for catalogue and booklet which tells of the *Franklin's* record run from San Francisco to New York. Both books are read from cover to cover.

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