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**BUSY MAN'S
MAGAZINE**

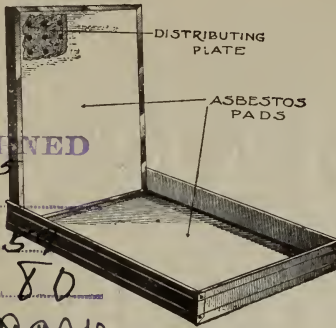
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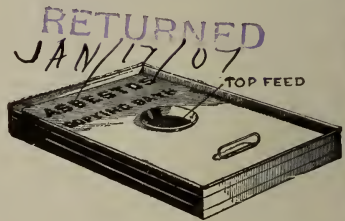
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"If it's a Good Thing we have it"

THE BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

(Formerly "Business" and "The Business Magazine.")

Reproducing for Busy Men and Women the best
Articles from the Current Magazines of the World.

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Inside With the Publishers

WHILE it has always been the aim of the publishers of this magazine to make it as comprehensive as possible, yet those who have read each issue carefully will have observed that there has been an underlying trend, that has given the publication a necessary unity. This trend has been towards the goal, which in the busy world of to-day, we term "success." That is, the aim of the magazine has not been merely to entertain and amuse, but also to encourage and inspire its readers, especially young men and young women, to press forward to the attainment of their ideals. Our records of successful lives, our articles on success, all our educative articles are published for this end and, while we also publish stories and humorous articles, these are a necessary supplement to give the correct balance to the magazine.

* * *

"While the idea of the Busy Man's Magazine is excellent," writes one of our readers, "it would not amount to much if it were not well carried out. And I think I can safely say that you have not only conceived a brilliant idea, but you have worked it out brilliantly. Your selection of articles is admirable."

This is encouraging. We knew we had a good idea, when the magazine was first thought of and other magazine publishers admitted it. We went to work hopefully and then awaited the verdict of our readers. That we have succeeded has been amply proved by the scores of flattering letters we have since received and by the rapid increase in circulation. Readers have one and all proclaimed that we have carried out the idea of the

magazine to the best possible advantage.

* * *

The Winnipeg Telegram, in commenting on The Busy Man's Magazine, remarks: "In most reviews the articles are so condensed that we get only the dry bones, with none of the flesh or sap, and as a result they are not popular with the bulk of readers. Besides, the type of reviews and digests is nearly always small and consequently hard reading. The MacLean Publishing Co. have broken new ground in giving us a magazine of reproductions that is interesting to read, pleasant to hold and of so convenient a shape and size as to be easily tucked in one's pocket. The articles, too, are especially well selected."

* * *

A word of explanation of the reason why The Busy Man's Magazine is published on the 20th day of each month and not earlier, may interest our readers. The bulk of the American magazines reach this office by about the first of every month and, were we dependent solely on them for our material, it would be quite possible to bring out The Busy Man's Magazine much earlier. But we are most anxious to give our readers the benefit of the English reviews and magazines as well and, by postponing the day of publication to about the 20th of each month, we are able to cover nearly all of them. Occasionally, owing to delays in the receipt of English mail, some valuable publications are received too late for reference. This month, for instance, we regret that the Contemporary Review has only just arrived as we go to press.

A decorative border of repeating floral and scrollwork motifs surrounds the central text area.

Labour

Toil swings the axe, and forests bow,
The seeds break out in radiant bloom,
Rich harvests smile behind the plough,
And cities cluster round the loom,
Where towering domes and tapering spires
Adorn the vale and crown the hill,
Stout labour lights its beacon fires
And plumes with smoke the forge and mill.

—George W. Bungay.

THE BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

Vol. XII.

JULY, 1906.

No. 3

James J. Hill, Railroad Magnate

BY GEORGE C. PORTER.

During the past few months Canada has been stirred by the announcement that James J. Hill would build a fourth railroad from Winnipeg to the Coast, through the western provinces, without any subsidy from the Dominion Government or the issuing of any bonds. About the time of this announcement, Mr. Hill afforded Mr. Porter, of the Winnipeg Telegram, the rare opportunity of an interview, and the result is the following self-told story of his life, which appeared on May 12 in the Winnipeg paper.

LIKE a page from fiction reads the story of James J. Hill's rise from obscurity to opulence. "How to become a millionaire, or my progress from a Canadian farm to command of the greatest railroad combination in North America," would be a very faithful title for the entertaining personal reminiscence furnished by Mr. Hill. For the first time during his busy career, in which he met and mastered such keen intellects as J. Pierpont Morgan, John W. Gates, Jay Gould, Russell Sage and other satellites of the great world of finance and railroading, Mr. Hill has consented to make public some of the rules, as he calls them, by which he advanced up fame's ladder, but the acquisition of fabulous wealth is one thing, and the practical use of those millions for the employment of hundreds of thousands of individuals is another. James J. Hill is one of the great captains of industry who has solved both problems. Having reared one of the most colossal industrial fabrics in modern history, covering an empire

with transportation facilities, giving profitable employment to more than 100,000 men, involving combined capital exceeding \$500,000,000, he quits the exciting game long enough to tell his life story.

The heights to which James J. Hill's genius has carried him have not made him forget his Canadian nativity nor dimmed his recollection of early battles with adversity around Rockwood, Ont.

In consenting to mention the elements which he conceived had contributed most to his success, Mr. Hill said he was moved largely by the hope that his experience might be the source from which some of the young people of the Dominion could draw their inspirations to mount the ladder of life. The versatile mind that created the Northern Securities Company evidently still clings fondly to the memory of those days between 1838-58 when as a ragged boy the young Canadian was laboriously moulding the foundation upon which his great fortune was to be constructed.

Sitting in his gigantic office building, looking about upon a network of steel rails, over which the traffic from all parts of the world was streaming in obedience to his direction, the railroad king turned back the pages of his life history and dwelt with apparent satisfaction for an hour upon those days when he was so poor and so happy. He traced his way from the farm to the little old Quaker schoolhouse, the country store, across into the United States to more days of toil on the farm, and then to the unknown west, where he wended his way, without a cent, to woo Dame Fortune with such dazzling success.

The strong features of the railroad dictator softened as he revived those spirits of the past, he smiled in recollection of boyish pranks, and his great, piercing eyes were half-closed as the entertaining story was concluded. James J. Hill's reverie was rudely disturbed by the roar and whirl of one of his great limited trains from the Pacific slope, as it steamed out through the yards. He rose from his chair, his countenance again assumed that alert expression so characteristic of the man and the picture of the Canadian farm boy had given place to the president of the Northern Securities Company and the most influential force in the affairs of western railroads of the day.

Briefly, Mr. Hill asserts that conditions to-day present more opportunities for young Canadians to acquire millions than when he carved out his fortune, that, in his estimation, the western hemisphere is entering upon an era of prosperity, in comparison with which the big things of the industrial world during the past decade will be the merest pigmies, and that no boy need feel that

he is required to seek his fortune beyond the confines of this Dominion, since, in his judgment, Canada will be the centre of the industrial wave for some years to come.

"Give some rules which have governed me in my lifework? I can't say that I have any rules. I attribute it all to work and a measure of good luck," and Mr. Hill smiled, as if he did not take the "good luck" feature seriously.

"Let me see; this thing of laying down a set of rules to govern one's career, or to run back over a lifetime of hard knocks, and say just what rule contributed to my good fortune is not easy for me. In the first place I was born on a farm—a Canadian farm. That was in 1838. This is a good beginning, for it means a sound body as a rule. In other words it starts a chap right. That's about half of the battle; I might say it is everything, because a bad start means a big handicap in the race. But as far as rules go, I would say that those that have helped me to succeed are:

"Work, hard work, intelligent work, and then more work.

"A sound body and a sound mind; I had both of these, though I left school when fourteen and a half years old and never got time to see inside a schoolhouse again. An education, however, is indispensable. I do not mean necessarily college training. An education comes frequently with contact with the world; studying conditions, life as you see it.

"Don't mortgage your future. Practically, have an eye to securing the benefits of what you earn. Look ahead to the point where you are determined to get into business for yourself. If you are not worth your hire you cannot be hired, and if you

can earn money for another you can earn money for yourself.

“Be satisfied to start in a small way. Too many young men want to begin to pile on before the foundation is finished, and what they accumulate they cannot retain. A slow beginning makes a permanent business.

“Be economical, but not penurious. This is not a distinction without a difference. It is the difference between the mind built on the broad gauge and the narrow. It is the difference between great things and small things; between boundless success that sheds a generous share of its prosperity on the whole community and a meagre competency, that distinguishes the miser from the man of affairs.

“Have confidence in your own future and conditions generally. Men prefer the optimist to the pessimist. The bright side of things is a view that helps a chap forward. Even if the worst occurs, a person has more strength to meet it from having taken a complacent view of the situation. When a fellow has put forth his best efforts, been thoroughly alert, done the best he could, he has no room for worry.

“The selection of a vocation is quite important. My experience is that those things are largely matters of chance. I don't think I ever expected as a young man to get into the railroad business. Having chosen a profession, I do not think a young man is warranted in sticking to it when he feels that he is not fitted for it, or that he sees a better opportunity to acquire wealth in another direction. I was first a farmer, then a merchant's clerk, then a farmer, a laborer, a clerk, a builder of steamboats, a constructor of rail-

roads as a sub-contractor, and then stockholder and owner. So, again comes the question of confidence in one's ability to discern that which is best for him and to strive for that regardless of opposition. In other words, it is the confidence that enables the young man to take risks without which great things can never be accomplished.

“Perhaps you might accept these outlines as the rules which I have observed through life. The young man should not make the mistake to-day of imagining that conditions are not as favorable as at any time in the past century for the poor boy acquiring wealth. The world is in its infancy, especially the western world. Industrial development is just beginning. Agriculture, mining, contracting, shipping, railroading, land speculating, mercantile life and manufacturing offer every inducement for the ambitious youth to-day to become a man of millions. Money is so plentiful that a determined boy of worth can borrow all he needs. Bankers accept the element of prospects in lending money as well as ability to pay, and there is no more promising prospect of a monetary value than youth, ambition and grit, backed by western intelligence. Therefore, the way is, if anything, more easy; that is, the way to the top. The real struggle is at the bottom. There is where the ranks are crowded. The fight is very fierce there. When you begin to get away from the crowd it is easier. You pass many commercial derelicts, failures and wrecks of men along the way, but the great trouble is in getting started up. Everything seems to contribute to hold a man down until he starts, then everything turns to boost him

up after he has secured a start. That is the way of the world.

"My father's farm was located four miles south of Rockwood, Ont., Canada. James Dunbar Hill, my father, was not very prosperous. The farm was not very fertile, and my early experience was that of a very little boy on a big farm. I recall that my father frequently remarked that he could trace our family tree back sixteen generations through Scotland and Ireland. To this I attribute my mental and physical vigor. I had to walk four miles to the Quaker Academy at Rockwood. The average boy to-day would think this a mighty hard way to get an education, and it was. One winter, arrangements were made by which I remained in Rockwood. I paid part of my tuition by doing chores around the little old academy. I don't think I studied any harder than any other 14-year-old boy, but I had much work to do.

"Then the exigencies of my family required me to begin to make a return for my living. That was in the spring of 1853, and I began to clerk in a general store at the crossroads. I continued this employment, occasionally varying it with a little work on the farm, until I was 19 years old. I was dissatisfied, and yet, when I look back to those days it was very pleasant. Altogether, life is always pleasant in youth, little matter the conditions. But I had concluded to go to the United States.

"I made up my mind that I would have a better chance in the Western States, which were then just beginning to attract settlers. Perhaps I might have done just as well in Canada, but I did not think so. Others remained there and prospered. I have many relations to-day around

Guelph. I had not saved sufficient money to make the trip west, so I went over to Syracuse, N. Y., and worked for a few months on a farm. That was the spring of 1858. It was July 4 of that year I started west. I can never forget that day, for it was a big day in my life and also a big day in the life of the American Republic—their independence day.

"When I reached St. Paul, a week later, I practically had not a dollar to my name and knew not a single individual here. This was the outpost of civilization in the northwest then. I liked it, and I enjoyed particularly, the rough, cordial welcome the westerners gave all newcomers.

"My progress was mighty slow for ten years. It consisted of some rough experience. I was without what is known as a "trade," and this was against me. I was forced to do manual labor. Still, I mingled with rough and ready people, and it sharpened my wits. That was my matriculation into the western college of life and my education was rapid and thorough. When I was handling baggage as a railroad employe in those days, I cannot say that I ever expected to own a railroad. I did intend, however, not to work for another man all my life, though I believe I work harder to-day than I did then. Then, at least, I had no cares if my wages were small. With increased income came additional burdens. I became a shipbuilder in a small way. This was my introduction into the transportation world.

"My hours of work? Well, I try to work as much as I can, as I have a good many things to look after. Of course, I don't get up like I used to on the farm before daylight, though I see many stories to that ef-

fect. I rise at 7 o'clock. I can't sleep after that, and I get around to my office about 9 o'clock. Sometimes I get away by 5 o'clock and sometimes not until midnight. That just depends.

"But Canadian boys should make up their minds that they have as fine opportunities at home to-day for getting rich as anywhere in the world. I have some thirty Canadians here in my general offices, and young Canada is spreading out a good deal, but it is usually easier to acquire fortune in a new country than an old, and, in a sense, Western Canada is a new country. That is the centre of great enterprise at present. Great fortunes are to be made there in the next decade. My final advice to the young men of the country of my nativity is to be alert, keep abreast of the times and grasp Opportunity when he passes, holding on to him firmly. Prepare yourself to recognize him when you see him, too. That is quite important. Learn this lesson well."

Mr. Hill's handsome residence overlooking the Mississippi River is one of the interesting sights of St. Paul. The busy man has found time to fill it with a rare collection of paintings, relics of his travels, and the choicest productions of the artists of many countries. The president of the Great Northern railroad is said to have fear of cyclones, whose devastating work he has witnessed more than once in the west. He has constructed his residence therefore somewhat after the fashion of some of the great bridges on his roads—a ground work of steel, anchored to great beds of cement, around which his splendid home is built.

President Hill has an eye single

always to advancing merit, even though he at the same time advances his own interests. It is something like the rules that Carnegie applied in business. It is related that he had more than once observed the enormous expense of his different roads for the long lines of rubber hose used at nearly every station for filling tanks of cars, sprinkling lawns and kindred work. He bought an improved quality of hose, but the dragging of the line over the platform surface usually wore it out in a short time. Away out on a mountain division, at a small station, he observed a day laborer filling the tank of a dining car with a piece of hose, around which was wrapped an old piece of telegraph wire, coil-like. He asked the man what that was for.

"To allow me to drag it around without destroying it," was the reply.

The mystery was solved, and the invention saved the company thousands of dollars annually. The laborer is now one of the chief mechanical men on the Great Northern.

The president of the big railroad is too alert to let anything escape him. Examining the operating expense account, he noted the increased consumption of coal on the engines. He figured down the average quantity of coal consumed by each engine, and posted a bulletin offering each engine crew half of the value of all coal they could save monthly under this established average. Each engine had its separate account. The first year the company divided with the men some \$30,000. Now it is an established rule, each side profiting.

Not long ago, some five years, in a wreck, a conductor, who had been a medical student, saved the lives of

two passengers who were bleeding to death, by the simple process of tying a handkerchief around their lacerated arms, making a windlass of a stick and twisting it around until the hemorrhage ceased. The president rewarded the man, and at once, required the conductors and the engineers of the entire system to take a course in "first aid to the wounded," which the company instituted. Now, when a passenger gets hurt on his lines Mr. Hill knows he has always present several experienced men to render immediate aid until the surgeons can arrive. The company spent \$50,000 establishing this system. For every life thus saved the company reaps a reward in avoiding damage suits, to say nothing of preserving human life.

President Hill is always intensely interested in the development of the country through which his lines pass. He figures that he may carry the

freight of any manufacturing industry on his line, therefore he aids in every practical way these industries. He has a "promotion" department, which receives all communications addressed to him on the subject of aid, saw mills, factories, etc. This department supplies literature of a highly interesting character on short notice, touching the resources of the northwest.

President James J. Hill is a powerfully-built man. His enormous head is set off by massive shoulders. He probably weighs 210 pounds. His eyes, of most piercing brightness, are abnormally large, and are shaded by shaggy brows. Sixty-five years of age, his style of wearing his beard and hair give him rather the appearance of greater age. He speaks with the greatest deliberation, his mental restlessness being apparent in the quick movement of his head from side to side during conversation.

High excellence of character and achievement are the result of accumulated excellencies in so-called minor things. One who, on common days, amid the humdrum and the frequent nerve-taxing experiences that accompany the daily task, can keep his temper equable, his inner life unspotted, his loftiest ideals undimmed, and his steps towards the goal of his life unslackened, is weaving into the fabric of his character qualities of abiding beauty and masterly strength.—Don O. Shelton.

The Brink of Destruction

BY JOHN WARNE IN AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

Summer days are now upon us and the Summer man and the Summer girl are enjoying life at the various resorts. For them, as well as for all who love humor, this little tale of perversity will be full of delights. Human nature is the same the world over, and all will appreciate its expression in this story.

HE lit another pipe. It was the same pipe. But he had filled it with different tobacco. He returned to his old position, on his back, with his head propped against a mound of grass and studied the western sky.

It promised to be a glorious sunset.

"In about twenty minutes," he said to himself, "the rays will get right under that black mass of cloud and set it on fire, and it will split up into blazing purple shreds and each shred will float away and turn pink on a background of blue and green, and the one thing wanting will be a girl, to whom I can explain it as I hold her hand."

He had always felt that about sunsets. It is a pardonable weakness among young men, particularly with this young American, acquiring a rather painful amount of education at an English university.

This particular sunset promised to be particularly glorious—especially as it would be reflected in the river.

The river ran within two feet of his two feet. Occasionally May flies flicked its surface and gave shivers to the reflection of the trees. So did occasional small fishes, at the May flies' invitation.

He closed his eyes for a minute and guessed which cloud the sun had reached by the time he opened them. He tried this several times and came to the conclusion that the sun's movements were too erratic for him to have any chance of success.

And each time he shut his eyes the

interval before they opened became longer. They had been closed for quite five minutes when a new and strange sound disturbed the peaceful glory of the scene. It was not a distant cow, nor the splash of a water-rat, nor the twitter of a dissatisfied bird, nor the sound of the setting sun, so he opened one eye to look. It was the sound of a maiden struggling with a punt. He opened the other eye, sat up, and watched. She was dressed in something white and subtle and simple, with dark braid round the edge, and the punt was going sideways with uncomfortable rapidity. At intervals she made frantic dives with the pole and seemed to be searching vainly for the bottom of the river. At irregular intervals she found it, but the only result was that the punt turned round the pole and proceeded on its other side, chafing at the unnecessary delay. At last she got a firm grip of something solid and brought the vessel round in a circle three times. Tiring of this, it advanced once more, and a look of horror came into her face. The alternatives were pole or punt; she preferred the punt after a short, sharp struggle and the pole remained behind. She recovered her balance and stood glaring wildly at the legend on a board on the bank, "Beware of the Dam! Danger!!" He had read it unmoved, now it seemed to take on a new meaning.

The sun continued to set in indescribable splendor.

The punt and the girl floated down

past him and he roused himself to action.

"Can I do anything to help?" he asked in a gentle voice.

She turned and saw him for the first time.

"The dam!" she cried. "I've lost the pole! Help me! Quick!"

His own boat was moored a few yards away. He got in and rowed up to the punt. Just before reaching it he stopped and rested on his oars. "Quick," she said, "the dam is just down there."

Her face was hot and red and she was struggling to reduce her hair to order. He did not move. They floated down with the stream together.

"Quick!" she said again. "The current is awfully strong."

"Admit that you were flirting with Charles," he said.

A look of alarm and indignation came over her face.

"Don't sit arguing there! Can't you see I shall be over the dam—"

"Admit that you were flirting with Charles."

She stamped her foot.

"Don't be silly. Here, take this rope and tie it to your boat."

She stood holding the painter in her outstretched hand. He looked at it calmly and without interest.

"Admit that you were flirting with Charles."

She looked round with horror. The "danger" board was now behind them, and the voice of the dam was heard rumbling in the middle distance.

"Harry, don't be idiotic!" she screamed. "If you let me get drowned I'll—I'll—"

She seemed uncertain what she would do in that event.

"Admit that you were flirting with Charles."

She looked at him for a couple of

seconds in silence, with a twitching mouth and tears coming to her eyes. Then she turned away, arranged the cushions and sat down in the bottom of the punt, apparently resigned to death.

"I never flirt," she said.

There was silence, and the sun was near the earth in a bed of fiery clouds. And still they floated on. The rumbling of the weir grew more aggressive, and the speed of the boat and punt increased.

His eye had been determined and calm; it now seemed to grow a little anxious.

"Admit that you were flirting with Charles," he said in rather a louder voice, but she made no reply. She seemed to have observed for the first time the glory of the sunset. She was drinking it in with rapt admiration.

"You know perfectly well," he said, "that your behavior with Charles was disgusting."

She turned quickly toward him, leaving the sun to set alone.

"I beg your pardon," she said apologetically yet casually, "I wasn't listening. Did you say something?"

"I said you know perfectly well that your behavior with Charles was disgusting."

She turned back to the sun, which, having languished for a moment, basked once more in the brilliance of her eyes.

They floated on more rapidly. The dam was roaring hungrily just round the next bend of the river.

"Look here," he was becoming exasperated. "Are you going to admit that you were flirting with Charles?"

"No."

"Then our engagement is to be off?"

"Certainly. What a lovely sunset!" she sighed as she rested her

delicious chin on her adorable hands and her gaze was far away across the ends of the earth among the pink and purple clouds.

He looked at her in doubt. She was a fascinating study at any time. In this light she was irresistible. He pulled two strokes and caught hold of the punt.

"Get in," he said abruptly.

She gave a little gasp of relief. It had been a struggle to appear unconcerned, and she was not sorry it was over.

She got into the boat with dignity and took her seat in the stern.

"What about the punt?" she asked as she leaned back to arrange the rudder lines. "Quick, or we shall be too late!"

Instead of remaining at the oars he stepped into the punt and pushed the boat away.

"What are you doing?" she cried.

"Now you can row home," he said, settling down among the cushions and turning his face to the sun.

She looked at him in blank astonishment as the vessels drifted apart.

"Harry, what on earth do you mean?"

Hurriedly she scrambled forward and took up the oars.

"Admit that you were flirting with Charles."

"Certainly not!"

She pulled up to the punt.

"Harry! Get in here at once! What are you doing?"

"Don't know," he drawled, "and don't care. You will find me lower down—if you drag the river. By George! it is a pretty sunset."

The dam was in sight and roaring like anything.

She clutched the punt with one hand and backing with the other,

tried to check its course. But the stream was too strong for her.

"Harry, don't be foolish!"

"Admit that you were flirting with Charles?" he murmured with closed eyes.

"No!" she said fiercely, battling with the elements.

"Then it's no good arguing, let me drown in peace."

"She lost her hold of the punt and it slipped away. The dam was only fifty yards off. Pride, wrath and terror struggled in her breast. It required all her strength to check the way on the boat.

"Harry!" she shouted in despair.

The noise of rushing water drowned all but three words of his reply.

"—flirting with Charles," was what she heard and her heart hardened even to the point of murder. It seemed like murder, to leave him in that punt.

She pulled the boat round towards the bank. It was too late to follow him and even if she did she could not see how she was to help. She ran hard for the shore and the murderous desires vanished.

The sun was dipping behind the hills but she had forgotten its existence. Her heart was in her mouth. She leaped out and with an oar in one hand and a piece of rope from the rudder in the other hurried along the bank, struggling through long grass to the pool below the dam.

The oar and the rope were for rescue.

How they were to do it was not clear in her mind. Nothing was clear except that she would admit anything—even that she had flirted with Charles. That she would do fully, frankly and without reserve, except that it wasn't true. The way was short but the minutes seemed

like hours till she emerged from the trees by the calm, deceitful pool.

She looked all round in agony.

"Harry! Harry!"

But there was no punt bottom upwards, and there was no hat floating grimly on the waters.

"Harry!"

"Hullo!"

The punt had drifted sideways and was held at the top of the cataract by two posts sticking up and designed, no doubt, for this very purpose.

His legs, crossed, were all that she could see. She breathed again. Then she called out:

"Harry, are you—are you safe?"

"Pretty well, thank you."

"Can you get the punt to the shore?"

"Not without the pole. Bring the boat, you can get her here all right if you're careful and keep her head up stream."

"I see," she said, "that will be ing with Charles."

"Rot. I saw it with my own eyes."

"You're a horrid cad and you may stay where you are."

He paid no attention. Slowly she strolled back to the boat and pushed off.

The sun had almost disappeared. The water of the stream was all a fiery red with the reflection of the clouds and the trees wore that mysterious air of unearthliness and unreality and indescribable beauty which they take on in the glow of a Summer evening.

But it was all lost on her. She paddled gently towards the dam, whose voice seemed to have abated its ferocity. Even the current seemed less violent and the awful strain of the last quarter of an hour had given way to a most delicious calm of body and of mind.

Within sight of the punt she held the boat up and watched. For a moment Harry's head appeared in the place where, from the attitude of the legs, it was expected. Then it disappeared again.

"Admit that I was not flirting with Charles," she cried.

"Hold her steadily and let her stern drift down here," said a voice from the punt.

"Admit that I wasn't flirting with Charles."

No answer.

She drew away a few yards.

"Shall I say you may be late for dinner?"

No answer.

"If I tell them to bring dinner for you here, it will all be cold, won't it?"

"Can't stand hot things on a warm evening."

She moved a little further off.

"Good night," she called.

"Gooooo-ooo-ni-i-i-i—"

"Very well," she said to herself in exasperation, "he can stay there, I don't care."

She worked hard for a minute and brought the boat under the bank behind a jutting tree. There she repented—within limits—and stopped and watched out of sight.

She had not been watching long when there was a movement in the punt. He sat up and looked around. She could not make out clearly what he was doing, but he seemed to be filling his pipe. There was a pause. Something had gone wrong.

A horrid word floated across the waters. He got up and shook himself. Then he crawled on his knees from one end of the punt to the other. He was looking for something. Then he stood up again and pushing one of the posts tried to alter the position of the punt. Appar-

ently that did not work for there was a swish of water and he clutched the post and pushed himself back again. Then he looked round once more and the same horrid word thrilled through the peaceful air.

She emerged into full view and rowed steadily up the stream. He saw her and waved a white handkerchief frantically. She stopped and rested on the oars. He put his hands to his mouth and bellowed :

"Your behavior with Charles was absolutely irreproachable.

She backed down with a grin of triumph.

"Apologize ?" she said.

"I apologize,"

"Say you behaved like a cad in suspecting me."

"I behaved like a cad in suspecting you."

"Say I gave you no cause at all for thinking anything of the kind."

"Hang it, do be reasonable ! You must admit—"

She pulled away again.

"Hi ! All right ! You gave me no cause." She backed towards him.

"Go on your knees and say you'll never do it again."

He collected the cushions and obeyed.

She was satisfied. Following his directions she let the boat drift

gently against the punt. He fastened the two together, got in, took the oars and pulled both in a few minutes to a place of safety.

They looked at each other and frowned.

"You've had a narrow escape," she said.

"Not a bit. The edge of the dam is the place I always go to, to get away from the crowd. It is the nicest-mannered dam I know."

"But you wouldn't have liked spending the night there."

"Shouldn't mind, it's quite warm."

"Then why did you give in ?"

"Ah !"

He looked at her and smiled.

"I think I know," she said.

He ran the boat against the land and sat by her side in the stern.

"What was the reason," she whispered.

"I found that when I came out to rescue you—"

"Well ?"

"I left my matches on the bank."

"Oh, then I don't mind admitting that Charlie and I had a jolly good time this morning."

But then the moon rose—and it is against nature to quarrel any more when the moon is round and bright and large.

I am what I think, even more than what I do, for it is the thought that interprets the action. It is behind the veil, in the silent world of thought, that life's greatest battles have to be fought and lost or won, with no human eye to witness, no voice to cheer or encourage. — Rev. Basil Maturin.

Human Failings of Ancient Moguls

BY GEORGE ADE.

George Ade has already been introduced to the readers of this magazine, and we are sure another breezy sketch from his pen will be appreciated. This time he takes as his text the monuments of ancient Egyptian dynasties and shows how they have a lesson for the people of the twentieth century. His amusing references to the old kings are very ludicrous.

TAKEN by themselves as mere mouldering chunks of antiquity that have been preserved to us because they happened to be dropped down into a dry climate, the fragmentary remains of old Egypt are not very inspiring. They are big, but seldom beautiful. As records proving that humanity—old fashioned, unreliable humanity, with its fears, jealousies, hatreds and aching ambitions—is just about the same as it was five thousand years ago, the temples and the decorated tombs seem to bring us direct and heartfelt messages from our brethren of the long ago.

For instance, from the beginning of time probably the most maddening and unbearable persecution that can be visited upon a sensitive human being is to have some other human being always held up before him as a shining moral example.

You know the story. The preacher in the pulpit shouted out: "There never yet was a perfect human being, a mortal without sin or failing." Then a woman in the back row stood up and said: "Yes, there was—my husband's first wife."

Do you recall, O male reader, how you writhed in humiliation and laid plans for assault and battery when the good little Rollo of your native town was constantly dangled before your depraved soul as the paragon of juvenile virtues? "Rollo never smokes corn silk." "Rollo never puts ticktacks on teacher's bedroom window," "Rollo never carries crow

dabbers in his Sunday clothes." "Rollo never runs away to go swimming and then comes back with his ears full of gravel.

No, indeed, Rollo never showed any of the traits that have been the essence of boyhood since Adam and Eve started the original brood. And do you remember how bright and sunshiny that day seemed when Rollo, having grown to pale and side-whiskered manhood, was arrested for stealing money from the Building and Loan Association?

Mr. Pinero's latest successful play in London deals with the tormenting experiences of a young wife who is constantly reminded of her failure in household management as compared with wife No. 1. Mr. Pinero might have taken his plot from the hieroglyphs in Egypt. In the new English play the wife, driven to desperation by a constant recital of her own shortcomings, welcomes the chance to blast the fair reputation of her predecessor. In ancient times in Egypt the victim of odious comparisons got even in another way.

Take the story of Queen Hatasoo. She was the Victoria of the eighteenth dynasty and was on the throne just about 1500 B. C. The lineal male descendant of that period had a blot on the 'scutcheon or a bar sinister across his pedigree or something wrong with his registry certificate—anyway, he could not qualify as king, and so his sister Hatasoo was made ruler and he was permitted to hang around the palace as a kind of

HUMAN FAILINGS OF ANCIENT MOGULS

shawl holder and cab opener. He led the cotillions and attended public dinners and wore decorations, but Hatasoo ran Egypt and Thutmes Second was merely a trailer. When he dropped off there did not seem to be any considerable vacancy in court circles. Queen Hatasoo continued as chief monarch, although her step-nephew, Thutmes Third, carried the honorary title of co-regent. Hatasoo was energetic and ambitious. She put nephew into a remote back seat and ran things to suit herself, waging wars, building temples and organizing expeditions to far distant lands. Also, according to ancient customs, she had her portrait and the record of her accomplishments carved on the obelisks and painted all over the walls of her private temple, which is still standing, about three miles west of the present city of Luxor.

She reigned for thirty-five years, and then Thutmes Third, grey bearded and worn with much waiting, emerged from the nursery and took up the reins of government. According to the judgment of later historians, his reign was about the most glorious in the whole history of Egypt. He was possessed of military genius, and under his direction Syria was recaptured and the influence of Egypt was firmly established in Western Asia. But no matter how many battles he won or how many captives he brought back to Thebes to exhibit in the court house square, the old timers around the court wagged their heads and said: "Yes, he's doing fairly well for a beginner, but he'll never come up to the mark set by his Aunt Hattie." Hatasoo was her full name, but those who had known her for a long time called her "Hattie," and

to a few of her intimates she was known as "Hat."

Thutmes was merely human. For years his domineering aunt had kept him out of the running, and now that he was on the throne the glory of her achievements was constantly being dinged into him. Every time he rode out in his chariot, standing up and sawing away at four horses, just as they do in Ringling's circus at the present time, he saw her name and picture on all the public buildings, and, of course, two or three years after her departure everybody bragged about her a good deal harder than they had while she was alive. Even the English newspapers speak in kindly terms of an American statesman who is safely deceased.

Thutmes stood it as long as he could, and then he broke over. He ordered the stonecutters to go forth and gouge out all the inscriptions relating to his superior aunt. The temple which she had built as a special memorial he appropriated to himself and put his name over the main entrance. It may have been pretty spiteful, but the whole proceeding somehow seems to establish a sympathetic link between those remote heathen days and the unselfish, Utopian civilization that we now enjoy in Chicago, Omaha, West Superior and other centres of brotherly love.

After Thutmes had put in years of erasing and chiselling out all complimentary references to Hatasoo, he passed away and was carried to a winding subterranean tomb in the valley to the west. For two hundred years the great monuments which he had erected in his own honor or quietly borrowed from his aunt, remained intact. Then along came Rameses Second, to whom we have already re-

ferred as the best little advertiser of ancient times. He had the name of Thutmes removed from all the temples, obelisks and public buildings and put his own glaring label on everything in sight. In the language of Mr. Peasley, the Kings seemed to spend most of their time in "knocking their predecessors" and "boosting" themselves.

Here are a few instances: Tut-enkh-Amon erected in the fore court of the temple of Ammon at Karnak two colossal statues of Ammon and Amonet and dedicated them to himself. He wished to perpetuate his name. At this late date we cannot understand why anyone should wish to perpetuate that kind of a name, but Tut, like the millionaires of to-day, wished to be remembered pleasantly long after people had ceased to inquire as to whether or not he had ever accepted rebates, so he put in a lot of time having these large figures carved and propped up in the court of the temple. After he died, and almost before he was cold, his successor, Haremheb, had Tut's name removed and dedicated the monuments to himself.

Shakabo, the Ethiopian, erected two of the five large gateways to the temple of Ptah (pronounced as it is spelled) at Karnak. Later on some Tillman of the Ptolemy period came along and scratched out all references to the colored office holder.

When Queen Hatasoo put two huge obelisks in the temple of Karnak she removed a row of columns erected by Thutmes First. After Thutmes Third became King he got even with his aunt by building a stone wall which blocked the view of her pet obelisks. This was probably the original "spite fence." Amenop-

shis Second had some grudge against the memory of Thutmes, for he tore away most of the wall and put Hatasoo's columns on exhibition once more.

Hatasoo built a rock temple at Benihassen and dedicated it to a goddess who happened to be a particular friend of hers. Pakht was the name. Thutmes, the nephew, had her name erased wherever he found it in or around the temple, but neglected to substitute his own, so when Sethos First came along and discovered the blank spaces he said, "This is my temple," and unblushingly ordered his name to be carved on every open spot.

In the temple at Abydos the aforesaid Sethos took up a large area of wall space in blowing about himself and telling of his wisdom and piety and how he stood in with the gods. His son Rameses the Great, started on another part of the wall to tell about himself. When Rameses (this is our old friend, the boss advertiser) got wound up his chief delight was to tell of his filial devotion. In the temple at Abydos he started in to explain how sincerely he revered the memory of Sethos and how he was probably the most dutiful son that ever grew up, and before he got through he had so much to say about himself and his love for the departed male parent that he had to chisel away most of his father's autobiography in order to make room for his own.

Take the case of Taharka, of the twenty-fifth dynasty. He built an addition to the temple of Karnak and had his name marked on one of the columns. A hundred years later a monarch who rejoiced in the name of Psammetik had his name put in just above that of Taharka, thereby

reducing the original builder to the subordinate position of an "also ran."

At Karnak there is a temple dedicated to the god Mut. Can you imagine a bright and civilized population falling down to worship a god with a name like that? In the court of the temple of Mut are several seated figures of the lion headed goddess which were placed there by Amenopshis Second. On several of these figures Sheshonk First has substituted his own name for that of Amenopshis. What could you expect from one by the name of Sheshonk?

A hundred instances could be cited to prove that the kings of the old dynasties were what Mr. Peasley would call "ringers."

Nearly every ancient structure has been defaced or altered to gratify a private jealousy or some prejudice founded on religious belief. The Romans tried to obliterate the old Egyptian deities. The early Christians hacked away at anything that failed to strike them as being orthodox. Then the Turks capped the climax by coming in and burning everything non-Mohammedan that was at all combustible. A few ancient records remain, because they are carved in huge characters on very hard stone. The theologians wanted to batter them down, but it would have meant a lot of hard work and they had been leading sedentary lives. So they merely crisscrossed them and wrote the equivalent for "Rats!" underneath, and let it go at that.

Half-Done Work

The extravagance and waste of doing work badly are most lamentable. We can never over-estimate the value in a successful life of an early-formed habit of doing everything to a finish, and thus relieving ourselves of the necessity of doing things more than once.

The extravagance and loss resulting from a slipshod education is almost beyond computation. To be under the necessity all through one's life of patching up, or having to do over again half-done and botched work, is not only a source of terrible waste, but the subsequent loss of self-respect and life is also very great.

There is great economy in putting the highest possible personal investment in everything we do. Any thoroughness of effort which raises personal power to a higher value is a judicious expenditure of individual effort. Do not be afraid to show thoroughness in whatever you undertake.

Thoroughness is a great quality when once mastered. It makes all work easier, and brings to life more sunshine.

The Democratic Theory of Distribution

BY T. N. CARVER IN ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

In the course of an article on the proper distribution of wealth, Mr. Carver expounds the three theories, the socialistic, the aristocratic and the democratic. His explanation of the democratic theory is supplemented by an argument in its favor based on the necessity for individual freedom of effort in order to ensure the progress of society.

THE democratic, or liberalistic, theory puts every one upon his merits. The worthless and the inefficient are mercilessly sacrificed, the efficient are proportionately rewarded. It frankly renounces, for the present, all hope of attaining equality of conditions, and confines itself to the problem of securing, as speedily as possible, equality of opportunity. In fact, under the rigid application of this theory there would be room for the greatest inequality of conditions, because some would be forced into poverty by their own incapacity, and others would achieve great wealth through their superior ability to produce wealth or to perform valuable services.

This phrase, "equality of opportunity," has been so persistently travestied that one hesitates to use it; but it is a good phrase. It simply means the free and equal chance for each and every one to employ whatever talents he may possess in serving the community and in seeking the reward of that service, and a correspondingly free and equal chance for everyone else to accept or reject his service, according as they are satisfied or dissatisfied with its quality and its price. Though the lame, the halt, and the plethoric would have little chance of winning in a race where the prize was to the swift, yet there would be equality of opportunity if the race were open to all and without handicap. Similarly, the dull, the stupid, and the inefficient would have little chance of winning

in economic competition, where the prizes are to the keen, the alert, and the efficient; yet there would be equality of opportunity, provided the field were open to all without organized discrimination or political favoritism. In other words, equality of opportunity does not mean that men are to be relieved of the results of inequality of labor. Nor does it mean, on the other hand, that men are to be left absolutely free and unrestrained in their pursuit of self-interest. If this were true, it would require that the burglar, the swindler, and the skinflint should be left free to ply their respective callings without legal interference. This principle only requires that such avenues to wealth as are deemed harmful should be closed to all alike.

Equality of opportunity means liberty, to be sure, but it means liberty in performing and seeking the rewards of service. The ideal of liberty is fully realized when every individual is absolutely free to pursue his own interest by any method which is in itself serviceable to society, and when he is absolutely debarred from pursuing it by any method which is in itself harmful to society. Therefore, to say that a certain man's fortune is the result of his superior skill, shrewdness, or industry, is no justification at all, unless it be further shown that these faculties were usefully directed, that by their exercise the community has been made richer, and not poorer. If this condition is omitted, the highwayman, the coun-

terfeiter, and the confidence man are all justified, for it takes skill, shrewdness and industry to succeed in their callings. In short, service, and not industry nor intelligence, is the touchstone by which to determine what opportunities should be open and what closed under the principle of liberty. The principle of liberty, thus interpreted, is a part of the democratic or liberalistic theory of distributive justice.

Liberty to pursue one's own interest in one's own way, so long as the way is a useful one, gives rise to what is known as competition, which can only be defined as rivalry in the performance of service. Production is service. Wherever two or more men are seeking their own interests in the performance of the same kind of service, or, more accurately, are seeking the reward for the same kind of service, there will normally be rivalry among them. This rivalry sometimes leads the less scrupulous to seek their interests in other ways than through service. In a few glaring cases these predatory methods become the characteristic ones, and attract more attention than the great mass of activities in which men compete in real service. In reality, however, it is only in the limited field of "high finance" that mere shrewdness rivals serviceableness as a means of livelihood. But these predatory methods are not essential to the competitive system, and the principle of liberty as already defined requires that they be put in the same class with ordinary stealing and swindling.

In spite of the glaring weaknesses of the competitive system, and its undoubted waste of effort, it is the belief of the liberal school that it is the most effective system yet devised for the building up of a strong community. This belief rests upon a few

well known propositions which only need to be stated: (1) Every individual of mature age and sound mind knows his own interest better than any set of public officials can. (2) He will, if left to himself, pursue his own interest more systematically and successfully than he could if compelled to pursue it under the direction and supervision of any set of public officials.

(3) He will pursue his interest by performing service for others, provided all harmful or non-serviceable methods are effectually closed by law. (4) Where each is free to pursue his own interest in serviceable ways, and where his well-being depends upon the amount of his service, all will be spurred on to perform as much service as possible, and the community will thus be served in the best possible manner, because all its members will be striving with might and main to serve one another.

It is worth noting that this argument is neither a glorification of self-interest nor an approval of *laissez faire*. It requires governmental interference with every non-serviceable pursuit of self-interest which it is possible for the law to reach. At the basis of the doctrine of *laissez faire* has always lain the assumption, expressed or implied, that human interests are harmonious. If this assumption were true, the argument for *laissez faire* would be irresistible, being somewhat as follows:

(1) Each individual of mature years and sound mind will pursue his own interest more energetically and intelligently when left to himself than when directed by any body of public officials.

(2) The interests of each individual harmonize with those of society at large.

(3) Therefore, if each is left to

himself, he will work in harmony with the interests of society, and he will work more energetically and intelligently than he could if directed by public officials.

This conclusion is contained in the premises, and cannot be questioned by any one who accepts them. Though the individual is liable to error as to his own interests, he is much less so than any body of officials would be. If we could postulate something like omniscience in public officials, the first proposition of the above argument might be rejected. And here lies the danger. The natural egotism of all men, and especially of those who thrust themselves forward as candidates for public office, and those who inherit office, leads them to believe in their ability to regulate things in general. They are thus under constant temptation to exercise their superior intelligence in the regulation of other people's affairs. Against this tendency the public needs to be continually on its guard, and government ought not to be allowed to interfere with the affairs of a mature individual of sound mind, for his own good.

With the second proposition the case is different. It was on this assumption that Adam Smith based his famous dictum regarding the "invisible hand," which, in the absence of interference, led the individual to promote the public interest while trying to promote his own. But all such dreams of a beneficent order of nature belong to an older system of philosophy. One of the services of the evolutionary philosophy has been our disillusionment on this subject. It has opened our eyes to the stern fact that, in spite of many harmonies there is still a very real and fundamental conflict of interests. The term "struggle for existence" has no

meaning unless it implies such a conflict. In the light of this philosophy the primary function of government is to neutralize as far as possible this conflict and mitigate the severities of the struggle. The most enlightened governments of the present perform this function mainly by prohibiting those methods of struggling which are in themselves harmful. We must conclude, therefore, that, while there is no good reason why the state should interfere with a capable individual for his own good, there are abundant reasons why it should interfere with him for the good of others. The old liberalism erred in assuming too much in the way of harmony of interests. The new liberalism must correct this by insisting upon: (1) the absolute necessity of suppressing harmful methods of pursuing self-interest; (2) the absolute freedom to pursue self-interest in all serviceable ways; (3) the absolute responsibility, under the foregoing conditions, of the individual for his own well-being, allowing those to prosper who, on their own initiative, find ways of serving the community, and allowing those who do not to endure poverty.

The principle of adaptation, which, according to the evolutionary philosophy, lies at the basis of all progress, must determine our theory of distributive justice. As already pointed out, a theory of distributive justice is a rule for the guidance of the lawgiver rather than the individual consumer. Now the lawgiver is one who must adapt means to ends as truly as the mechanic—that is, he must facilitate the process of human adaptation. The question becomes, what principle of distribution will most effectually promote human adaptation or social progress?

It goes without saying that indus-

try is the primary active factor in human adaptation. It is the agency whereby the material environment is adapted to the needs of men. Other things equal, that rule of distribution which most effectively stimulates industry and inventiveness must be the most effective in hastening progress. It must generally be admitted that the competitive system stimulates industry more effectively than any other system yet devised. If we can leave every one free to pursue his self-interest in his own way, so long as his way is that of the industry which produces or serves, the active form of adaptation will take care of itself.

It is the belief of those who accept the evolutionary philosophy that selection, natural or artificial, is the chief factor in passive adaptation. It is the factor by which the species is itself improved or adapted to its conditions. Though artificial selection, as practiced by the scientific breeder, is vastly superior to natural selection, yet it does not seem possible that any democratic society will ever intrust the propagation of the species to any body of scientific experts. We seem to be limited, therefore, to some form of natural or automatic selection. But this does not commit us to the principle of natural selection in the ultra-Darwinian sense. In the absence of some form of social control, this principle would work in man as it does in the lower animals. Survival would depend upon

the mere ability to survive, and not upon fitness in any sense implying worth, merit, or usefulness. The adept murderer, thief or confidence man would stand the same chance of survival as the efficient producer of wealth. But when society suppresses all harmful methods of pursuing self-interest, leaving open all useful ones, it deliberately sets up a standard of fitness for survival. If this standard is rigidly enforced, only those who are useful to the race, who are able to make conditions better for their fellows, are allowed to survive. This differs from artificial selection in that it leaves the individual free, within certain prescribed limits, to shift for himself and survive if he can. Within these limits it works automatically, like natural selection. It differs from natural selection in that, by virtue of these limits, a standard of fitness is set up.

A society which thus makes service the basis of individual reward, and at the same time the test of fitness for survival, will inevitably be a progressive society, because it will tend to weed out the useless individuals—that is, those who are not capable of promoting the process of adaptation—and to produce a race highly capable in this direction. In addition to this it will call out in the fullest degree the capabilities of the individuals by appealing to their self-interest, plus—and not instead of—whatever altruistic feelings they may possess.

We can never be perfectly miserable so long as it is in our power to perform a good-natured action.—Sir Philip Sidney.

A Society of Social Service

BY MARY R. CRANSTON IN HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

The social institute, which undertakes the work of advising social workers and philanthropists, is a very modern undertaking, dating back only to 1894. It has developed considerably since then, institutes having been formed in England, France, Belgium, Russia, Italy, Denmark, Sweden, Germany and the United States. A description of the American Institute gives a general idea of the working out of the idea.

THE American Institute of Social Service is composed of forty members, one hundred associates, and one hundred collaborators, men and women identified with social work in its broadest aspect. President Roosevelt is an associate who gives hearty and much valued endorsement to the institute's work and aims. The collaborators, men and women in foreign countries, and many corresponding members throughout the United States, form a strong social chain of many links. Through them the institute receives periodicals, books, and reports of social progress from the four quarters of the globe.

Holding a charter from the regents of the University of the State of New York, the work of the institute is educational as well as constructive. Educational in the sense that it tends to mould public opinion, it is a conserving influence in opposition to irrational isms and ologies, and at the same time the radical force which encourages the substitution of improved for out-of-date methods. Constructive, in adapting entirely or in part work done in one locality for a certain purpose to another far distant, and needing just such a form of activity for a widely different situation. As in all enterprises which are not money-making, the financial question is a serious one and makes it necessary for the institute to charge a small fee for work done for inquirers

by the staff. At the same time its resources are absolutely free to any one who will go there and do his own reference work, whether he be an American or from a foreign country. Such students are constantly doing research work in the library and supplementing it with personal investigation in New York City—an ideal laboratory for this purpose.

A lens which gathers up the rays of social light from all directions, the institute is sought alike by old and young, wise and ignorant, rich and poor, capitalist and laborer, practical business man and idealist, the orthodox and the freethinker, the emancipated woman and the housewife—in fact, representatives from all walks of life find the way to it sooner or later.

Boys and girls look up such questions for debate as "Municipal Ownership," "Is a Lie Ever Justifiable?" "Are the American People Degenerating?" "Is Immigration a National Evil or a National Benefit?" "Should Girls Work in Factories?" A spirited debate upon the last-mentioned subject recently took place in a New York settlement. The little girls went post-haste to the institute, eagerly seeking facts and figures which would enable them to "smash the boys." The latter appeared next day, more courteous as regards their opponents, but no less bent upon annihilation. Young people are encouraged to use the institute, for in so doing they, the men

and women of to-morrow, will heed the experience of those of to-day — will gain a knowledge of social service which will stimulate them to continue, without interruption, work carried on by the present generation.

College students work up graduation theses, their professors find data for lectures. Industrialists are given advice in developing the social or artistic side of factory towns and sites; pension systems and plans for sick-benefit associations are made up for them, or perhaps suggestions are given for a luncheon room or rest room for employes. A business man will want to know if industrial betterment pays in dollars and cents; unsound theorists must have practical ideas substituted for their proposed wildcat schemes; a wide-awake club member will have outlined for her a course of study for her club year; the woman suffragist will look into the rights and wrongs of her sex; the conscientious mother will ask about child-study; the perplexed housekeeper will want to know where she may find a remedy for the domestic-service problem. Social workers seek suggestions for organizing boys' clubs or forming a social settlement, the best architectural plan for a social centre in a small town, how to start a village improvement association, how to teach citizenship, and others of like character.

In a word, this clearing-house for social betterment is a place where may be seen humanity's needs and the way to meet them, or, as Dr. Strong tersely puts it, where "the experience of all is available for each."

With a literary department engaged in classifying and cataloguing publications, a lecture department pre-

paring illustrated reading lectures to be rented, with lantern slides, for a nominal sum or given by one of its staff lecturers, and a publication department which issues a monthly bulletin of social news, the institute is doing a broad work—work which supplements that of the public schools, colleges, and universities by coordinating theoretical knowledge and social forces.

Although primarily for reference, the library circulates publications all over the United States and even in foreign countries. Books and periodicals which may be easily obtained from publishers or found in the public libraries are not lent, but reports of organizations and other pamphlets containing valuable information, and difficult if not impossible to procure shortly after publication, are widely circulated. Whenever possible, duplicate copies of pamphlets are obtained for distribution among those whom they will most benefit. This accomplishes two things: it gives publicity to good work and offers practical suggestions to those in need of them.

Much reference work is done by correspondence, and consists in sending out, upon request, bibliographies upon concrete social questions. These lists are rarely comprehensive, because each inquiry is treated individually, the institute sending precisely what is wanted rather than a bewildering list of references. A most interesting phase of the work is the diversity of requests upon the same topic from widely distant parts of the country—sometimes of the world. A man in Massachusetts may want to know the history of municipal ownership of public utilities, another in Ohio will ask for the arguments against it, another in California for

arguments in favor of it, a Georgian will want both sides, a subject of King Edward will want the situation in the United States, and so on. In this way the institute may be said to have its finger upon the world's pulse, foreseeing tendencies long before they crystalize into definite achievements.

What is now known as the socialization of the school is an instance of this kind. When the institute was first organized, Chicago and New York had vacation schools in connection with the public schools, and, in addition, New York had her fine system of free lectures, but elsewhere no interest was manifested in making the public school the centre of social life in the community. Then, one by one, requests for advice about socializing the schools came from various cities and towns. In the meantime, foreseeing the demand for it, and recognizing it as a new and desirable movement, the institute's library department had collected, here, there, and everywhere, every scrap of information obtainable as to what was being done by any association which could be adapted to the use of the public school, and in this way made all possible preparation for supplying such information. To-day, through its wider use, the public school is reaching more people than ever before, and it is thought by many that it will, in time, supplant the social settlement.

Innumerable illustrations could be given, but a few will suffice to show the scope of the institute's work.

During the recent war a Japanese gentleman in Tokio wished to inaugurate a movement for the establishment of a national hospital. He asked for information about hospitals in this country and in Europe,

their construction and management. Reports and photographs of representative hospitals in America and abroad were collected and sent to him, giving precisely the facts he desired. Without such a centre for social advice it probably would have required a personal visit to various countries, consuming valuable time and a great amount of money, to gather the data needed by this gentleman, and at the end of his quest a doubt would have remained whether or not the best places had been visited.

The juvenile court is another example of quick accomplishment through social service. More than twenty-five years ago Massachusetts had a children's court, but not until social work was organized did the idea cross the state line. To-day a majority of our large cities have children's courts.

Within the last year the movement has spread to Great Britain and Ireland. Juvenile courts have been established and are now in operation in Dublin, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, and Bradford, and in London and Leeds in a modified form. Still more recently has the institute sent literature to Germany, while in Sweden and Italy it has received evidences of deep interest in the subject.

Within the past few months the tide of immigration has been diverted toward the Southern States in response to a need for labor in that section. Realizing the benefit as well as the danger which immigration brings, the people of the south are casting off their old-time conservatism as an outgrown garment. The institute perceives this awakening through requests for aid from many sources. Among others was one ask-

ing for a study outline upon immigration from all points of view, but particularly as it relates to the south. The organization making the study will form centres of investigation in southern seaport towns for the purpose of learning the best way to assimilate the foreign element soon to become part of its population.

The question is sometimes asked, what has the institute done—what definite, tangible thing has it accomplished?

For one thing it has created a new profession, that of the social secretary, a person employed in factories and department stores to look after the health, comfort, and happiness of the workers. In the human hives which industries have become it is no longer possible for the employer to have a personal knowledge of factory conditions or his employes, hence abuses easily creep in—through nobody's fault, but simply because it is nobody's business to correct them. The social secretary is to do this, to be the point of contact between the firm and its employes.

Pioneers who first took thought for the well-being of working people were regarded as cranks, visionaries who would soon discover the wastefulness of spending money in beauti-

fying factory surroundings, establishing lunch rooms, and otherwise making life livable for the workers.

As for giving factory girls seats with backs to them, or footstools, or books to read, these things were considered silly coddling. Experience has shown the humanitarian employer wiser than his critics, for improved factory conditions are to-day found profitable for both employer and employed.

Only those in touch with such work can have the faintest idea of the very genuine interest in their working people manifested by many capitalists who have the reputation of being mere money-lovers—of the amount of money they will spend or the lengths to which they will go to add to the pleasure and comfort of their force. The time is rapidly approaching when the sanitary, cheerful factory will be the rule instead of the exception.

The thing most distinctly seen at the institute, the fact which stands out with all the clearness of lightning in a murky sky, is that there is a force which is guiding our destinies, call it God, nature, what you will, ever leading onward and upward, bringing nearer the day which shall give abundant recognition to the brotherhood of man and the unity of life.

Life is a mirror for king and slave,
'Tis just what you are and do ;
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you.

The Pleasures of Old Age

BY MRS. HUMPHRY IN LONDON CHRONICLE.

It has been said and with a good deal of truth that this is the day of the young man. Our current literature attests this. Newspapers and magazines are full of articles for the young man and the young woman and old age is swept into the background. An article such as this serves to place it in its rightful position.

YOUTH cannot believe that age has any pleasures. In the thoughts of the young old age looms dark and dreadful. An atmosphere of twilight grey seems to enfold it. The prospect is all dim dulness, as seen from the "wild gladness of morning." Must I, even I, some day grow old? wonders the girl or boy in all the riotous joy of youth. It is incredible to them. They feel quite certain that some very beautiful, noble and romantic form of death will relieve them from the horrid doom of growing old.

In the glow and radiance of youth and health it appears impossible that the day should ever come when energies begin to fail, when the fresh, clear skin begins to wrinkle, when the aid of spectacles is begged for by the dimming eyes, and when the happy outlook on existence is changed for one in which thankfulness for small mercies and gratitude for immunities play the prominent part. Take, for instance, the postman's knock. How significant of youth or age is the attitude of mind it causes. Youth is all eager expectation. Age dreads something troublesome or disagreeable.

But let youth be reassured! Age has its pleasures, and many of them are keen and sweet. What can youth know, in its turbulent effervescent restlessness, its tumultuous emotions, of the calm joy of "port after stormy seas?" How can the young man, the girl in the pride of youth,

comprehend the placid pleasures of repose? "Rest after toil is sweet," but the young ones have life's business all before them. To them, with their untried capacities, their ardent hopes, repose is but inanity, a futile indolence, a waste of time. Not even in imagination can they understand that after the toilsome climbing of the hill, the weary passing of the summit, age is well content to rest by the wayside, and be a spectator only of the dramas unfolded before them in the lives of others. A kindly spectator, be it understood.

There is little pleasure of any genuine kind in an embittered age which sneers and frowns at those who still enjoy the glory of youth.

"The fallen leaf hates the falling leaf,
For it hangs a moment longer,"

wrote one who unfairly attributed to inanimate things the "hatred, malice and all uncharitableness" that our Litany bids humanity to pray against. The nature that has not, in ripening years, grown sweet and mellow cannot forgive the young for their present beautiful gift of youth. And here we get our constant supply of Mrs. Grundies, male and female. The milk of human kindness has curdled in these ancient posoms, and from its sourness they are themselves the greatest sufferers. To enjoy a really happy age one must be in perfect sympathy with youth, remembering that we, too, were once

in Arcadia; that we, too, once felt that exultant spring and rush of hope and life in our veins, and that we, too, once dreaded and detested the very thought of the sum of years we have attained.

In this, as in many other matters, it is the initial step that costs. It is a poignant pang we feel when first we realize that youth has slipped away from us. Usually it is from outside our own consciousness that the news reaches us. We feel as young as ever, and our mirrors have failed in recording any distinct impression of the passage of the years, so gradual have the changes been. To inform us is one of the uses of the candid friend, that unloved acquaintance whom we all possess. Or it may be accidentally that we hear ourselves described, to our astonishment, as middle aged, or elderly, or even old. It is a disagreeable moment to either man or woman, but when the unpleasant intelligence has been assimilated the rest is not so difficult. We are old, and we know it. It is better to be aware of it, and to adapt ourselves to the knowledge.

In the vegetable world there is no growth between late September and the early days of the new year. Human nature has its physical parallel with this. The body ceases to grow when maturity is past; but mental development goes on to the very latest day of life. One of the secrets of a happy old age is in this possibility of growth, and we must see to it that we do not cheat ourselves of it. We may not have the opportunity to increase in knowledge, in scientific or artistic skill, but at least we can improve in patience, in kindly feeling and goodwill to our fellow creatures and the lower creation; in those qualities of industry and per-

severance, of constant endeavor to fill our part in the world to the best of our ability. If we had not our tasks life would be flat and unmeaning, stale and commonplace, when youth is past. But we are all learning our lessons, even the oldest of us.

To be perfect in sincerity, which involves absolute justice in all our dealings, is not the acquirement of a few years. It needs the practice of a lifetime, the assault of circumstance, the industry and triumph over obstacles that form character and give us insight into the difficulties of other lives. This is one way in which we may always be growing, and in which we sometimes sadly fail to grow. We shirk the lessons set us, forgetting that we must learn them, and that the learning of them will be all the harder if we put it off. Deliberately we stunt ourselves, usually from inertness.

"Too much armchair" has been the grave of many ambitions, the spoiling of many lives. An old Swiss proverb says:

"God has His plan
For every man."

And every human soul has had its vision, though haply but a fleeting one, of this divine plan, and of its own possibilities. How often we, in our indolence, our selfishness, our impatience, thwart the great Architect of our lives in this little span of earth. Could we but realize that here is but the foundation, and that a future life will see the structure rise, we should welcome every difficulty, every sorrow, every disappointment, rejoice in every hard-won achievement as means towards a splendid end. To a modern novelist we owe a beautiful thought. "Only God's aristocracy are crucified." he

says, "only a few suffer so." This is the suffering that means development.

The divine plan for every man will surely work out to completion in the end, though many of us in our ignorance hinder it and do our best to spoil the beautiful design.

There is a happiness in growth; no priggish consciousness of improvement, but a satisfaction in increased capacity, in serenity attained, and maintained, in wider outlook on a world of endless interest. Age, too, brings freer communion between mind and mind. Youth is engrossed with the wonder, the constant surprises of its own existence, "the fever called living." Age has left behind it the turmoil of emotions and is at leisure to observe. The elderly man or woman who is not muffled in indolence, or shut away in egotism, finds the key to many hearts, and is free to study that most captivating and fascinating lore, humanity. This is one of the finest pleasures of age.

Nor is there lacking a keen appreciation of outside things—of flowers,

of trees, the song of birds, the sweet sunshine and soft air, the beauty of a starlit night. No girl nor boy could be more penetrated with a sense of ecstasy in the beauty of the world than the man or woman whose whitened heads proclaim that youth has left them long ago. The loss is never forgotten, it is true. It is with a yearning regret that one remembers the days when youth was ours. But would we have it back again? Would we climb once more the long, long steep ascent, toil upwards once again in "the heat of the sun and the furious winter rages," again be buffeted by that long array of circumstances, that, all unknowing to ourselves, fortified and built us up and made us citadel and garrison in one? Could we again encounter the assaults of life? Let each of us answer for himself. To some the joys of youth may seem worth all that has been striven for and attained. To others the "light at eventide" is very beautiful when the shadows are long, indeed, but the golden glory of the sunset lies beyond them.

The Effects of Habit

I trust everything to habit, upon which, in all ages, the lawgiver, as well as the schoolmaster, has mainly placed his reliance; habit, which makes everything easy, and casts all difficulties upon a deviation from a wonted course. Make sobriety a habit, and intemperance will be hateful; make prudence a habit, and reckless profligacy will be as contrary to the child, grown or adult, as the most atrocious crimes to any. Give a child the habit of sacredly regarding truth; of carefully respecting the property of others; of scrupulously abstaining from all acts of improvidence which involve him in distress, and he will just as likely thing of rushing into an element in which he cannot breathe as of lying, or cheating, or stealing.—
Brougham.

The Strange Creed of Tolstoy

BY REV. CONRAD NOEL IN LONDON CHRONICLE.

When the writer of this brief article characterizes Tolstoy as neither a Christian apostle nor a Christian philosopher, the reader pauses. What then is Tolstoy's creed, which has apparently won the interest, if not the respect, of many people? It will be found tersely expressed in the following paragraphs.

BACK to Nature, Back to the Land, Back to the Gospels, so run the popular watchwords; but are they not mutually contradictory? It is by no means evident that a return to nature involves a return to Gospels written with the express purpose of supplementing nature by grace; and the land-backers should ponder the fact that the Gospel did not commend itself to the simple lifers of the country-side, but spread like wildfire among the complex lifers of the Greek cities. Possibly they were tired of complexities, but, on the other hand, they were proud of their "life" as citizens, and heartily despised the "mere existence" of the villager, and with all this took to the Christian religion as a duck takes to water. In any case, I think we may safely say that the statement about God making the country and man the town would have puzzled the "citizen of no mean city" exceedingly.

Among the many thousands who are playing with the notions first enunciated by Lot's wife, and used as an effective title at a later date by Mr. Edward Bellamy, one meets a few who are not only looking but walking backwards; they get terribly bruised in the process, banging into civil institutions, and bashing the back of their heads against the sharp edges of the Catholic Church, but they continue their progression by retrogression undismayed, amid the plaudits of the mob who are looking neither backward nor forward, but only looking on, and shouting hoarsely, "at any rate you are sincere."

But no one asks, "why go back?" Everyone assumes that Tolstoy is the really consistent Christian, although we can't all of us live so rigidly. But why not? One hardly ever sees his ideas seriously challenged. He has backed out of civilization—such civilization as exists in Russia, and everybody applauds. He mistakes the anarchy known in Russia as administration for the real thing, and anathematizes all government; and everybody says, how unpractical and saintly and Christian! He dismisses liturgies and ceremonies as "bosh," and everybody says, how primitive! The church registers his opposition to her principles and traditions by a sentence of excommunication, and everybody says, how intolerant!

Tolstoy notices that civilization is different from savagery, the mass from the meal in the upper chamber, the Catholic religion from the Gospel, and in that they are different the latter phases are self-condemned. It may be so, but why assume it? Is the oak self-condemned because it differs from the acorn?

Leo Tolstoy is a convert, a saint, a leader of great force and integrity, a realist within certain narrow limits, but he is neither a Christian apostle nor a Christian philosopher. A man who has never faced the theory of Catholic development, the most suggestive hypothesis of modern theology, can hardly be taken seriously as theologian or philosopher. Tolstoy is a parochial casuist.

People used sneeringly to say, he does not practise what he preaches. They can hardly say that now. Tol-

stoy owes his enormous power—a power that reaches to the ends of the earth—to intense earnestness and fulgent convictions. He reminds one of Ibsen's "Brand." It is "all or nothing" with him. Opposition on the score of insincerity is dumb before such a cry as this: "My heart is breaking with despair because we have all lost the road; and while I struggle with all my strength to find it and keep in it, you, instead of pitying me when I go astray, cry triumphantly. See! He is in the swamp with us!"

Men can never get right with God until they get right with one another. The shirkers feast while the workers starve. Some men are overworked and underfed to produce food and houses and raiment for idlers and gluttons. Justice is the basis of the Christian religion. Set your foundations in order. So far Leo Tolstoy's creed has at least the implicit support of the Gospel. People should learn to get their own living, and cease picking the pockets of the poor. Many physical diseases and mental maladies come upon a society which has forsaken justice. Games and gymnastics are no true substitute for manual labor.

But up to this point he has no quarrel with Catholic tradition, as expressed in patristic authorities or the schoolmen, or in even so modern, prosaic, and local a form of our English Church Catechism. He now proceeds to spoil his ease by battling not against class luxuries wrung from hungry workers, but against luxury itself. He denounces the Life of the Senses. The virtue of magnificence is for him a vice. He confuses sensuousness with sensuality. Marriage is the fallen life. The pro-

creation of children is disgusting. Patriotism is a crime. He wars not against the sinful lusts of the flesh, but against all human lusts. He is intolerant of human desire. How can he wrest the Scriptures into conformity with his creed? He himself has suffered from the black brush of the Russian censor; he now steals the censorial brush and blacks out whole passages. Cana of Galilee must go, not in obedience to any law of textual criticism, but because miracles are silly, alcohol poisonous, and marriage filthy. On the same principle he should have substituted the word "spirit" for "flesh" in the sentence "they twain shall be one flesh." He is sorely puzzled by Christ's consecration of wine in the blessed sacrament. Tolstoy hates the sacrament, and considers all intoxicants devilish. What does he make of Christ's contrast of himself with John Baptist, flesh-eater and wine-drinker with vegetarian and teetotaler?

Again his are not always sins of omission. He often adds to the text. "Resist not the evil man," becomes "Do no physical violence to the evil man." He explains away the incident of the scourging of the Temple money-changers, and tells us that Christ forbids the use of physical strength against any man under any circumstances. For the positive command, "Love one another," is substituted the negative command, "Do not knock one another about." You must not even physically prevent the torture of children or animals. He argues his theory with the terrifying logic of the insane. In the interests of Universal Abstract Humanity he urges cruelty, negligence and crime.

Great Britain's Unique Battleship

BY POMPEIUS IN FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

Now that the huge new battleship, the "Dreadnought," is nearing completion in full view of all the world at Portsmouth, some details of her construction can be secured, which were previously kept concealed. In the course of a lengthy article on this magnificent battleship, the writer gives the following information about the size, construction and equipment of the ship.

WHAT are the dominating features of the Dreadnought?

She will displace nearly 18,000 tons of water when ready for service, will be propelled by turbines of the Parsons type, with four propellers, will have a trial speed of over 21 knots an hour—equivalent to 25 statute miles—will carry ten 12 in. guns of a new type of a most destructive character for use in line of battle, and twenty-four quick-firers, particularly handy for repelling torpedo craft, supplemented by five submerged torpedo tubes as in all recent battleships. She has no ram, because a ram is as dangerous to attacker as attacked, but she is specially strengthened forward. Her furnaces will be fitted to burn oil as well as coal, of which she will have sufficient to carry her to Quebec and back without re-coaling. The Dreadnought will be practically unsinkable, because her hull is divided into a great number of water-tight compartments with no doors or other communication such as led to the rapid sinking of the ill-fated Victoria; officers and men having to pass from one compartment to another will be conveyed in lifts—a unique feature of this ship—up to the main deck, and then down into the compartment to be visited in other lifts, which means real subdivision of the ship and at the same time tends to save time. It is understood that there is a special arrangement of the double bottom and sides which will render the Dreadnought largely

immune from destruction by torpedo or mine, while her shell rooms and magazines are so arranged that it will be humanly impossible for her to share the fate of the Russian battleship Petropavlovsk, which, struck by a mine which exploded all the accumulative explosives in the forward end, was sent to the bottom in a few terrible seconds with almost her entire crew.

Abandoning phrases trenching on technicalities, it may be said that the Dreadnought is a combination of five powerful sea-going fortresses. Visitors to Spithead are familiar with the forts that rise from the water off Southsea. This new man-of-war consists of five such circular forts, or redoubts, which rise from the bottom of the ship, through the armoured deck, to the upper deck, where they are capped with revolving turrets, each containing two 12 in. guns. Each redoubt is thickly armored and is entirely separate and self-contained, with an ample supply of ammunition. Round these five redoubts the ship has been constructed with a belt of armor varying in thickness from about 6 in. to 11 in., so that where the guns are placed there is a double defence, (1) the belt, and (2) the redoubts' armor. From end to end of the ship runs an armored deck, and beneath this, with the armor of the belt and the armor of the bulkheads on the four sides, the powerful engines and the water-tube boilers are placed.

In every former British ship the

admiral, captain, and officers have lived in the after part of the vessel, while their work has been chiefly in the forward part. This is changed in the Dreadnought. Officers will have their accommodation underneath the scene of their work, and lifts are being made so that they may be "run," in an emergency, from their messroom to the bridge directly above them. A complete bakery is being installed to enable the crew to have bread, instead of hard biscuit, even at sea. The vessel will be heated in winter and ventilated in summer as completely as a mail steamer. Instead of little round ports she will have windows of a large size so as to let in plenty of light and air—as much as we have in our rooms ashore—and in every minute detail the fittings and equipment customary in British ships have been scrutinized with a view to incorporating in this vessel the most convenient and serviceable features and eliminating all unnecessary weights. In place of steamboats she will have motor boats, because the internal combustion engine will soon be as general in small craft afloat as it is becoming in the streets of London.

The essential features of the design of the Dreadnought are simplicity of armament, concentration in fighting power, and cheapness. She carries only two types of guns, the best and smallest effective big gun for battle and the lightest efficient small gun for anti-torpedo work. She has no medium weapons. The result of this policy is an increase of effective destructive power with a considerable saving of weight, a great gain in gun protection, and an improvement in fire control organization.

Accuracy of fire in these days of long-distance fighting—at anything

from three to five miles—depends upon "fire control," that is, on each gun's crew acting on the directions as to range, etc., of an officer from his place of vantage high above the ship and given by electrical and other means of communication; and for each type of battle gun not only must separate communication be installed and the storage and quick supply of ammunition be complicated, but separate "fire control" instructions have to be issued. In the Dreadnought there will only be two types of guns—the 12 in., of 58 tons, with a muzzle velocity of 2,900 foot-seconds, which is the heaviest and most powerful gun that can be conveniently mounted afloat, and the new 12-pounder, for repelling attacks by torpedo craft. There being only two types of guns, there will be only two sizes of projectiles to store, which leads to economy of room and weight in the shell-rooms and magazines and to efficiency in fire control, as the gunnery officer will have only one set of calculations to make in long-range battle, when the 12 in. guns alone will be fired. Consequently, simplicity in armament, apart from other results, is an economy in weight and an advantage in fire control—on which success in battle at modern ranges will largely hinge—while the simplification of the magazine arrangements behind the armored belt and beneath the armored deck enables a measure of armor protection to be afforded to the few larger storehouses of the two kinds of projectiles, which, with a multiplicity of different magazines, has been physically impossible. Similarly, in mounting the guns themselves, the fact that there are only ten big weapons to be considered, instead of eighteen as in the case of the King Edward VII., leads to more complete

arrangements for armor protection not so much of the turrets in which the guns' crews work—here the defence has always been adequate—but of the ammunition supply from below, of the mechanism for elevating or depressing the gun and for pointing it in the desired direction, and of the whole foundation, or redoubt, on which the gun rests. It is possible to give an adequacy of protection to ten big guns, their ammunition supply, and their magazines, which has never been found practicable in the case of men-of-war carrying from sixteen to eighteen pieces of artillery of the main and secondary armament. At the same time a far more effective system of "fire control" can be installed when there is but one type of big gun for battle fighting instead of three, as in the King Edward VII. class, and in case of a fleet being damaged it will probably be a much easier task to refit the less injured ships from the more injured by exchanges owing to the standardization of mountings which can be adapted in the Dreadnought.

There is also another overwhelming advantage in getting rid of the intermediary armament—guns need no longer be placed between decks where the sighting is difficult and where the seas come in owing to the nearness of the guns to the water, rendering them useless in anything but calm weather. Anyone who doubts this need only be reminded of those costly failures, the "County" class of armored cruisers, with their drenched 6 in. guns. Last, but not least, in the Dreadnought it has not been necessary to put on the sides a great thickness of armor and then, at vast expense, to cut huge holes in it—weakening it to practical uselessness—in order to allow for the gunports.

Again, in her mechanical equipment

this ship is peculiarly simple. In contrast with reciprocating engines her turbines will be cheaper and will be more easily protected against injury; owing to the absence of heavy bearings, which are the curse of reciprocating engines, and lead to endless trouble at times, breakdowns are less likely to occur, upkeep will be less costly, and a smaller staff in the engine-room will be sufficient. Unless experience in the two score or so of big ships of the mercantile and passenger services, already provided with turbine installations, is entirely misleading, the repair bill of the Dreadnought will be much less heavy than in the case of vessels fitted with reciprocating engines. The economy in lubricating oils alone will be beyond present belief. The expenditure on this head—a heavy item in present ships—will be practically nil. It is extraordinary how little even the technical engineering world yet realizes the full significance of the turbine and the full measure of the revolution in the engine-room which it will accomplish in the near future, in the simplicity of the whole system of propulsion and in the reduction of the number of officers and men. Fearful people who are afraid of their own shadows, and are the first to praise enterprise and foresight abroad to the disparagement of their own countrymen, exclaim, "But, you see, Germany and France are not adopting the turbine system!" No other country, it is true, has yet decided to fit the turbine in big ships, for the very simple reason that no other nation has produced an Hon. Charles Parsons to materialize in a perfect engine the nebulous dreams of marine engineers. The type of turbine which is fitted in the new Cunard Atlantic "fliers," and will be employed in all British men-of-

war, is a British invention, and it has been tested in Great Britain as no other turbine has been tested abroad, and it has proved conspicuously successful.

It is a mistake, by the way, to say that the speed of the Dreadnought—an advantage of three or four knots—has been gained at the expense of gun-power and protection. The improvement of speed is due to better “lines” than in former ships, to the splendid triumph of the water-tube boiler—which all naval engineers now fully admit—and to the fact that, owing to the gain in weight attained by the use of turbines, it has been practicable to instal more boiler and engine power in this one hull than has ever before been incorporated in any man-of-war intended for the line of battle, and yet to provide the roomiest engine-rooms in any existing man-of-war. A British battleship should mark the highest possible concentration of gun-power, with adequate protection, and with at least a knot more speed than any foreign battleship. The Dreadnought will have the advantage of speed over any warship of the first-class afloat.

Though she will cost only £300,000 more than each of the six French battleships of the *Patrie* class now building, the Dreadnought will be equivalent in fighting power at modern ranges to two such vessels. She will have a broadside of eight 12 in. guns to the four which either of these ships can use, and a fire ahead or astern of six of these big weapons to the two which the French ship could bring to bear, while she is far more invulnerable to attack owing to the arrangements for her protection. The same argument applies with greater force to most German battleships.

The size of the Dreadnought is great—conducive to a short, handy line of battle, since there will be fewer, but more powerful, ships in a fleet than at present—but owing to her four propellers and the special construction of her stern she has the appearance of being at least as handy as any existing man-of-war. Not even the most expert designers can “put a quart into a pint pot,” and therefore the Dreadnought with her ten 12 in. guns and speed of over 21 knots will displace about 18,000 tons of water. Increase of size, as any observer of the ship in dock can see, has meant no increase in draught, and the Dreadnought will not only be able to enter any dock as easily as, and more easily than, most British battleships, but she will be able to pass through the Suez Canal without such lightening as the battleship *Victorious* of only 15,000 tons had to undergo on her voyage to China. The “lines” of this newest British man-of-war mark a new departure, and it is no slight matter for congratulation that such an unparalleled concentration of power, gun-fire protection, and speed has been possible in a hull conforming to essential docking and other measurements.

The Dreadnought will be a magnificent addition to the fleet—a ship unique in all respects, and cheap in first cost as in maintenance, for she will require far fewer officers and men than previous 15,000 ton battleships. Owing to Admiralty policy Great Britain has gained a start of over a year in the new construction necessitated by the war in the Far East, and the details of the design of special importance still fortunately remain a secret to all, save possibly one foreign Admiralty, which, it is rumored, has given a large sum for the Dreadnought's design.

Spiritualism Defined.

BY ISABELLA C. BLACKWOOD IN MONTHLY REVIEW.

While there is a great division of opinion on the subject of spiritualism, yet there are few people who do not evince a curiosity about it. The statement given in this article is a clear one and should serve to throw interesting light on the subject. For a record of actual experiences, our readers should refer to the article in its entirety in the Monthly Review.

SPIRITUALISM—the study of the occult sciences—what is it?

And why is it so often spoken of with ridicule, or in mysterious whispers, as a subject we are ashamed to mention? Does it bring to our minds darkness, curious noises, ghostly sounds, and unearthly appearances, in connection with fraud, falsehood, and wilful imposition? Or is it connected in our minds with ourselves—to-be, with our departed friends, with the world of “the unseen,” “the hereafter,” “the islands of the blessed?”

It is often looked upon as tempting Providence, whatever that may mean, to think of our lives in the unknown future, that is, of our lives after we leave this world and our present bodies. Somehow we seem so interested in this life, so anxious to enjoy it, to get rich, to be somebody, that we have no time to think of the next life. Our friends and acquaintances fall and disappear into the “shadow land,” and still we press on like the racers St. Paul speaks of, afraid even to look round, for fear of falling ourselves. It is the utter nonsense which is so often mixed up with spiritualism that makes the very term a byword. But let us look at some facts connected with it. Unless we be atheists we must believe in some future state, good, bad, or indifferent. This present life is simply an evolution which leads to higher evolutions still.

Many people say: “What is the use of seeking? You will find nothing; such things are God’s secrets,

which He keeps to Himself.” There always have been people who liked ignorance better than knowledge. By this kind of reasoning nothing would ever have been known in this world. If the soul is immortal, and if heaven is to be its future home, a knowledge of the soul cannot but be in some way associated with a knowledge of heaven. Is not infinite space the domain of eternity? Spiritualism, like religion, has been put to many uses with which it has but very slight connection. We know how all human aspirations protest against annihilation. Think for a moment what is death in nature? Everything that dies—flowers, trees, etc.—passes on again into life; nothing, even on earth, is wasted by death, but through it passes into fuller, richer life. The flowers that die all pass on to make more things live. It is through death that we pass to life; thus everything is used for life—even death itself. The idea of immortality was not born of bibles or manufactured by priests; it was born in the human heart. This mortal existence is but a fragment of life. The idea of immortality has been a mighty force in all ages; an ideal before the hearts and minds of men and women, strengthening, cheering, and comforting them under bereavement, and nerving them to high heroic endeavor.

“L’immortalite de l’ame,” wrote Pascal, “est une chose qui nous importe si fort, qui nous touche si profondement, qu’il faut avoir perdu

tout sentiment pour être dans l'indifférence de savoir ce qui en est."

Spiritualism, then, proclaims the message of the spirit people, that there is no death; that spirits are human still; that they are where they are and what they are, as the result of the life lived here. If spiritualism is true, then the departed are still human beings who are affected by the results of their past life experiences; all that individualized them and distinguished one from the other continues to characterize them after death. Now this means that the individual goes on, and is enabled, with more or less success, to continue to employ his powers and to lead his own life.

Modern spiritualism has not only affirmed the revelation by spirits themselves of the future life, but it has paved the way for the modern scientific theory of evolution, by proving that there is a progressive law by which all earth-forces are enabled to reach a higher expression and a more complicated organism. It has done even more than this, for it has affirmed, with no uncertain sound, the continuity of the same laws of evolution in the spirit-life; and, further, it has affirmed that if you wish to know the origin of the life of man, you must go behind the mere result. In tracing man's upward march from conditions of prehistoric ignorance, it is not enough for you to trace the "footprints on the sands of time;" you must go behind the phenomenal into the sphere of causation, and recognize that life is spiritual all the time. So, as I have already said, death is but an incident—the closing of one door and the opening of another; the spirit going from the body into the spiritual world. You are as much a spirit now as you will be when you

lay the body aside. Then you will awake to consciousness, and be surprised to find how real and how natural it all is. You will be met and welcomed by friends you knew and people who loved you.

The other world is a world of law and order. The same principles and methods of growth and attainment obtain there as here, but upon the higher plane their operations are discernible with greater clearness and precision; the moral law becomes more apparent. Men there begin to see themselves as they are, not as they were thought to be.

The message spiritualism brings from the returning dead, then is the gospel of life—not of death; of knowledge—not of ignorance; of health and happiness—not of sorrow and misery.

"Oh!" you say, "knowledge is dangerous; knowledge will lead you astray; don't you know that 'a little knowledge is a dangerous thing?'—you must not follow in that path."

The remedy for a little knowledge is to get more—not less.

Now, supposing that what I say is true, and granting, for argument's sake, that man in the spirit-world is the same man, bearing a similar relationship to other men, and to his surroundings; his conditions very little in advance of those he experienced on earth; his mental, moral, and spiritual powers being in exact proportion to, and resulting from, those he possessed while here, what message would these men have to you? What bearing have these facts upon your present life, if you recognize that the spirits are human still, and that our claims are true? That they are true has been demonstrated in millions of instances by returning spirits, who, by fragmentary utterances, telepathic messages, inspira-

tional influences — by drawings, trances, visions, writings, and demonstrations of various kinds, have succeeded in their efforts to impinge upon the consciousness of man, and impress upon him the reality of intelligent, rational, and progressive life after death. It will assuredly change your ideas as to what you are. It will convince you that in your essential self you are a spirit—divine and good, naturally immortal, because you are a spirit, and progressive in the manifestation of your spiritual powers and possibilities, as consciousness deepens and knowledge increases.

On the other hand, if we believe that death, which seems so real, is the end; what is the use of human life? What the object of all its experiences, its hopes, desires, loves, and lessons? If man lives after the

change called death, he lives as a man, or it would not be life.

But what are the facts of the future life? What are the actual conditions of the departed?

Only from the returning dead can you receive the information that will enable you to understand the actual conditions of life hereafter, the bearing of the future state upon your present life, and the influence of the present motives, actions, and endeavors upon your future.

Therefore spiritualism, the science of the spirit in all its modes of manifestation, both here and hereafter, is the only means whereby the thoughtful, spiritually-minded man—the earnest truth-seeker—can obtain light upon the purpose, the meaning, and the use of death, and estimate the present life at its true worth.

Everyday Mottoes

I will find a way or make one.

I will spend as much time as I can outdoors.

I will not be simply good. I will be good for something.

My every action shall tend to some point, and be perfect in its kind.

I will bear in mind that fame at the cost of honor is dearly bought.

I will not stand and cry; I will press forward and remove the difficulty.

I will remember that very few men have as many faults as their friends accuse them of.

I will remember that there is only one real failure in life possible, and that is not to be true to the best one knows.

Britain's Oldest Industry

BY WOOD SMITH, IN THE BRITISH WORKMAN.

It is curious how even in this enlightened century, with all its wonderful inventions, there should still be a demand for the appliances of ancient times. The days of lighting fires with flint and steel would appear to have been long since over, but strange to say there is still a demand for flints for this purpose.

THAT Britain's oldest industry should be a slowly decaying one is only to be expected, and the fact is simply the natural consequence of the progress of time. Father Time, indeed, has been, and is, the only competitor with whom the flint workers of Brandon have to fight, and it goes without saying that they must, sooner or later, acknowledge defeat. One can scarcely imagine a great demand in this twentieth century for the weapons and implements of the Stone Age, and the wonder is, not that this industry should be decaying, but that it really exists at all, and that, moreover, a considerable business is still conducted. Truth is stranger than fiction, and it is an astonishing but little known fact, that flint weapons are still used in many parts of the world, and in some instances actually preferred to modern weapons on account of their greater utility. While this demand continues—and long may it do so—the flint workers of the quaint old Suffolk town will be kept busy.

The most ancient use of flint was probably for sharp weapons and cutting instruments, such as arrowheads, axes and knives of all kinds, and it is claimed that the continuity of this industry can be traced at Brandon in unbroken sequence to the early pre-historic periods, when flint was excavated from the bowels of the earth with stone tools and picks made of the antlers of the red deer. It does not require much imaginative power to picture, in the mind's eye, the warriors of ancient Britain bartering

and fighting for the possession of a valuable Brandon flint, or to see them wandering from distant parts of the country to this celebrated district in order to procure the weapons necessary for the chase, or for deadly combat with their fellow-men. Even in those early days Brandon flints must have acquired a considerable reputation.

Flint, from its conchoidal fracture, is the only kind of stone that is capable of being readily worked into a variety of shapes, and this is most likely the principal reason why the paleolithic implements have been formed almost exclusively of this material. The various methods of manufacture have in all ages been much the same—the main difference being that in ancient times the tools used were of bone and stone, whereas they are now made of steel.

The manufacture of gun-flints was at one time a considerable industry at Brandon, and was stimulated by great activity during the French wars. The trade, however, received a severe blow from the introduction of percussion caps in the year 1835. Previous to that event it was not at all an uncommon thing for ten tons of finished flints to be turned out from one workshop. Another heavy blow was the introduction of lucifer matches, which soon superseded the use of the flint and steel for igniting the tinder, once the common method of fire-making in every household, which is within the recollection of many persons living to-day.

It will be interesting news to many

that quantities of these "strike-a-light" flints are still manufactured at Brandon, and that many thousands were supplied to the War Office for the use of the troops in the late South African campaign. They are made in several forms, the most compact being small enough for the waistcoat pocket. It contains a flint, a steel striker, and a small piece of fuse, and its utility in many out of the way parts of the world can be appreciated. Matches are soon rendered useless by damp, and in some climates, under the penetrating rays of the sun, are liable to ignition. Many an explorer or hunter in uncivilized regions would frequently find himself awkwardly placed, were he not in happy possession of a Brandon "strike-a-light."

The stone from which the flints are made comes from the Ling Heath, a large common situate about a mile from Brandon. The general appearance of the locality may be imagined. The aspect is, naturally, barren and desolate, being simply a waste land. Mr. W. Southwell is the oldest digger now in Brandon. He has two sons doing the same work, and with three other men make up the number of stone workers; these, with some twenty "flakers" and "knappers," comprise the total number employed in this most interesting industry.

The stone lies in well-marked strata, of which the lowest is the most highly prized. In order to raise the flints, pits are sunk by diggers experienced in the work, to the depth of about forty feet, where the floor stone is found. The work of sinking a pit is carried out by successive stages. A digger works down to a distance of six feet; here a staging in the chalk is made; then the shaft is continued a few feet at a time at right angles to each other, and in a

slanting direction, called locally, runs on the "sosh." By the time the bottom is reached the chalk has been undercut something like a couple of yards. Burrows are then driven through the solid walls, and radiate from the central opening. Jambs are left to support the roof, as in coal mining.

It takes about three weeks for one man to sink a pit. Pick and shovel are the tools used and the work is done by candlelight. The digger works lying on his side, or sitting in a cramped and constrained posture. He uses a one-sided iron pick, with which he removes the chalk below the slab of flint, and then prizes the stone down by the help of a short crow-bar. It is afterwards broken up and carried to the surface upon the head of a second workman, who deposits it on the stages left at the side of the mainshaft, and climbs up after it, repeating the process till he gains the open-air with his load. Here the stone is stacked endways, covered with dry fern and fir-boughs (to prevent the sun and wind from changing its color), in heaps averaging one ton in weight.

Nothing is more remarkable in flint mining than the total absence of all labor-saving appliances, such as windlasses, or even ladders, for raising the stone. The comparatively small number of men engaged in the business (even during its most flourishing period), and the lack of capital to pay for improved plant, must, we imagine, be held answerable for this state of things.

Roughly speaking, there are three processes in flint manufacture, viz, "quartering," "flaking" and "knapping." The first two are generally carried on by a single workman.

Seated on a three-legged stool, the workman's first task is to "quarter"

the stone. He takes a big stone in his left hand, and holding it on his left thigh, strikes the stone a peculiar rap with a hammer. The stone is broken into more convenient pieces, about six inches square, and from these the "flakes" are struck. This is, perhaps, the most difficult and delicate operation, requiring a true eye and a certain hand. Hammers of various sizes and shapes are used, and the "flaker," with a remarkable nicety of aim, strikes off strips from the whole outer edge of the stone, until nothing but the conical core remains. A smart "flaker" will produce several thousand flakes a day.

In the operation of "knapping" the workman sits in front of a bench, and holding the flint flake, with its face upwards upon an iron stake driven into a large block of wood, and projecting an inch or two above the surface, he strikes the flint a sharp tap with a peculiarly flat-shaped hammer, and cuts off pieces the shapes and sizes required for the various purposes to which they are to be put. The size of the flint is judged by the eye alone. They are then trimmed to a uniform shape by means of a series of rapid and nicely calculated strokes, and in this way a skilled knapper will produce from 3,000 to 4,000 finished flints in a day. The uses to which these flints are still put may be gathered from a brief description of a set I have before me as I write. The largest piece, measuring 2 1-2 in. by 1 1-2 in., is used for the "strike-a-lights" already referred to; a piece about two-thirds the size is known as a "special musket;" then there is "second musket," which is slightly smaller; a piece an inch square is used for horse-pistols, and other smaller pieces are employed for carbines and pocket pistols.

The flints are packed in wooden tubs, and shipped off to the East and West Coasts of Africa, parts of America, and other places where a demand still exists for these useful articles. It is stated that in one year a knapper has made nearly half a million flints for exportation, chiefly to the Gold Coast.

But besides supplying the demand for flints for the antiquated muskets, horse pistols, and tinder boxes of our great grandfathers, which, as we have seen, are still in use in this enlightened century, the Brandon stone workers receive orders for ornamental flint for building purposes. In East Anglian churches squared flints have been used for centuries to ornament the porches, towers, etc., but I understand that at present one of the principal uses of flint is in the manufacture of fine earthenware, into the composition of which it enters, being for this purpose first calcined, then thrown into cold water, and afterwards powdered.

We have said that Britain's oldest industry is a slowly decaying one, and this must be so, apart from all other considerations, from the fact that as the old flint workers die there is no one to take their place. The unhealthiness of the work drives youths from remaining at it for any length of time. Consumption plays such frightful havoc in the ranks of the knappers that only an exceptionally strong man, and a very careful one withal, can escape it. This fell destroyer has swept away whole families. How the disease originates is plain—by inhaling the particles of flint. They float in the air, and are drawn into the lungs, where they speedily make their presence felt. Nobody, broadly speaking, can withstand them very long if they are

taken in at every breath, though, of course, it should be possible to avoid doing that. The fact remains, however, that boys, when they leave school, sometimes take to knapping, for the reason that they can earn more at this occupation than at ordinary farm laboring, but, by and by, they drop out of the trade, and thus

the number of skilled flint workers becomes less and less, and must, sooner or later, by the ordinary process of time, disappear altogether.

We hope, on account of so ancient and interesting an industry, and for the sake of the Brandon community of flint workers, that the inevitable will be long delayed.

A Lesson About Consumption

BY EUGENE WOOD IN EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE.

In the course of an article on the progress of the campaign against consumption, Eugene Wood gives some useful facts about the disease and about the remedies which should be used. He is strong in his condemnation of a policy which permits expectoration in public places without severe punishment.

IT is news, in a way, to know that The Great White Plague is enormously more curable when it is taken in its very earliest stages than when it is allowed to run on a little while. Don't lose time about it. When you don't come right back to par after having had pneumonia, or the grippe, or an extra hard cold; when you feel lassitude after any kind of lung trouble (and the best men are coming to look at pleurisy as something a good deal more serious than a mere stitch in the side; they are pretty sure it is a tuberculous affection); when your afternoon temperature, taken at different hours, four, five, six and eight o'clock, is higher than it ought to be, don't imagine that you will save time by waiting. You will be a long time dead. Worse than that, you will be a long time dying. Consumption is a reasonably comfortable death, but an expensive one, since you hang on for so long without being able to earn anything. Find out if you have the least little touch of it. Then drop everything, except the business of getting well. You for

the outdoor life twenty-four hours out of the twenty-four! You for eggs and milk to the limit of your digestive capacity! You for rest, and the ~~q~~careless mind, and gentle exercise under medical supervision. (Easy to say, isn't it?)

It is also a small item of news that for light-haired, blue-eyed people to live out of doors where it is always bright and sunny is a mistake when they have tuberculosis, for then they haven't any too much strength, and the glaring light falling upon skins and eyes unprovided with dark pigmentation to absorb it is a source of irritation and fidgets, which makes recovery rather difficult. A cloudier climate is better for blonds, and there is nothing dangerous or unsuitable in a damp climate so long as the patient is kept comfortable. This additional item will be gall and wormwood to the Get-Strong-Quickists: Those who don't care for meat are very likely to die of tuberculosis.

What remains unchanged, and, no matter what discoveries are made by science, will always remain unchanged, is that whatever recoveries are

made from this disease are made solely and simply by the patient's own self. Somehow or other he has got in his lungs a patch of vegetables growing, tiny, tiny little plants like those in mold, or yeast, only immeasurably smaller. The old-fashioned salt-rising bread was fermented by wild yeast that settled out of the air upon the wetted flour. Sweet milk turns sour from these little floating plants that settle in it, and begin to grow. The bacillus of tuberculosis starts tubercles in the lungs. These casefy, soften, and are ejected by the lungs in coughing. A dry cough will spray the air full of these germs; a loose cough will deposit the sputum on the sidewalk where it will dry, be trodden to powder, whirled about in the wind for healthy people to breathe, and so start up new implantations of these bacilli. Dr. Knopf says that an advanced case of consumption will eject about seven billions of these germs every twenty-four hours.

The air is full of dust, which is for the most part germs. The patient breathes these germs in. They settle on the sore spot, and set up what is called "a mixed infection." The germs of boils are there, pus-making germs and yeasts of every kind. The blood fights hard to kill them all. There is fever in this effort of the system to fight the invaders, just as there is turmoil in a country attacked by its enemies. If that country cannot make good the losses that the war entails, it is conquered. But if it can feed its soldiers in the field, and send more and more fresh troops to the field, it wins. So if the human system can more than make good the losses it sustains from fighting these invaders, it wins the victory; if not, the fever burns it up. All medicine upsets the digestion. We weren't made to thrive on iron and

quinin and strychnin; we cannot live on drug-store stuff. Our stomachs rebel against it. The only things that do us good are tasty food, pure water, and a lot more fresh air than we ordinarily get. Plenty of sleep enables us to heal up the ravages of the disease, and if we are so fixed that we need not worry about our board being paid while we get well, that helps a lot too. But it might as well be understood by all that no medicine—I don't care what it is, or who says it is good—no medicine will cure consumption. The patient's body has to be made strong by food, and fresh air, and rest, and if a cure is possible it will be made. Anybody who announces that he has a medicine for sale that will cure consumption is a deliberate murderer and swindler who wants your money so badly that he will kill you to get it away from you.

The day is past now when men could dispute that consumption is a disease communicated, and not inherited. The day is past when the method of communicating that disease was a mystery. But we try so intensely to escape unpleasant things that we want to avoid even the bare mention of them. Good breeding forbids it. Good breeding forbids a lady to open a conversation with a man to whom she has not been properly introduced; but if the conversation related to a ten-ton safe which was falling from the sixth story and would probably land upon the head of a man, I can conceive of a perfect lady mentioning the matter to him, though he were an entire stranger. Also, since it is a matter of life and death to one in every nine of us that walk along the streets, to one in every three that die between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five—ah, that's the cruel thing about consumption!—I feel myself somewhat

justified in presuming to say that this terrible toll we pay to the captain of the men of death is due entirely to spitting.

The air is full of germs of disease that hope to find a lodgment some place where they can grow and multiply. They want to live as well as we. Our mouths secrete a gericide, of which we take advantage when we instinctively suck a fresh cut. The flowing blood is a germ-killer and the hemorrhages of a consumptive are remedial processes, not something to get scared about. The nasal passages and the windpipe secrete a gummy substance on which these germs, that have no power to move themselves, stick fast. From our noses, throats, and lungs we eject this sputum, and since the air is full of germs the healthiest man in clearing his throat is expelling what would kill him if he gave it anything like a fair chance. A false nicety would prompt him to swallow what he thus expels. But that is dangerous. The germs may find an opportunity to give him tuberculosis of the bowels. And it is not absolutely certain that the germs which start tuberculosis of the lungs always come thither by the way of the air breathed in. Some think they may be carried there by the ingested food. What is rejected by the body is well away from the body. It should be got rid of, but in such a way as not to imperil the lives of others.

When the New York Board of Health prosecutes a spitter, you never see a word about it in the newspapers to lead any one to suppose that the fine was imposed for anything else than a mere exercise of despotic authority, and an attempt to force gentlemanly behavior upon the uncouth. It is a murderous practice to spit where others may bring the infection into a house on shoes

or on skirts; where it may dry and become a powder to be sent into the air to be breathed into the lungs. Fortunately most of us are able to resist and overcome a pretty strong implantation of these germs, but the strongest man will succumb to a big enough implantation, and what is ejected from the respiratory passages of a well man may be just the required amount to turn the scale, to mean death instead of recovery.

In a less complex life, no particular thought needs to be given to the disposal of our exuvia. The fresh air and the sunlight take care of them. But in our air-tight houses, living all huddled together the way we do, we have to dispose of such things in a way that will not endanger the lives of others. Cholera and typhoid fever have taught us some needed lessons in tidiness; consumption should teach us more. In every street there ought to be places kept continually wet where we may spit. In every public place of assembly, churches, theatres, street cars, elevated and underground stations, there ought to be cuspidors. It isn't the least bit of good to threaten people for doing what they must do, unless some convenience is offered to behave tidily. So long, however, as we give the street car companies the right to use our public streets to make money for themselves, so long as we humbly put up with whatever service they find they can render us without putting themselves out a particle, I suppose it is useless to expect those corporations to furnish spittoons, though we should die in windrows.

The hope that ultimately it may get around to everybody that consumption can be prevented because it is communicated only by the ejected matter from the nose, throat, and

lungs; the hope that as soon as any one finds he has the least touch of the disease, he will instantly begin to take care of himself, by living the outdoor life, by resting from work

and worry, and by eating plentifully of nourishing food—that's pretty faint encouragement for the conviction that this great white plague can be exterminated.

New Orleans' War Against Mosquitos

BY SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS IN *McCLURE'S MAGAZINE*.

Through the self-sacrifice of three United States army officers it was proved that the source of infection in a yellow fever epidemic was a species of mosquito. This knowledge enabled the people of New Orleans to wage a successful war against the yellow fever plague last Summer. The story of the struggle of man against the mosquito is as absorbing as that of any war in history.

ALL the world of science now knows that yellow fever is transmitted by the bite of a single species of mosquito and by that agency alone. Patient and perilous experiments have established the responsibility of the little gnat to which is given the name of *stegomyia*, proving to be the deadliest of all creatures of prey. It kills more human beings every year than the dreaded cobra; more, probably, than all the wild animals of the world put together. Yet so little understood and so difficult to combat has been this tiny man slayer that those of our cities which are subject to its ravages have lain supine before its onslaught, up to last year. Then came the yellow fever outbreak in New Orleans, and the first great American victory over an epidemic.

Eight years before, the mosquito-plague had infected the great, busy, joyous metropolis of the South. Ignorant of the real processes of the infection, New Orleans had fought it blindly, frantically, in an agony of panic, and when at last the frost put an end to the helpless city's plight, she lay spent and prostrate. The yellow fever of 1905 came with a more formidable and unexpected

suddenness than that of 1897. It sprang into life like a secret and armed uprising in the midst of the city, full-fledged and terrible. But there arose against it the trained fighting line of scientific knowledge. Accepting with a fine courage of faith that most important preventive discovery since vaccination, the mosquito dogma, the Crescent City marshaled her defenses. This time there was no panic, no mob-rule of terrified thousands, no mad rushing from stunned inertia to wildly impractical action; but instead the enlistment of the whole city in an army of sanitation. Every citizen became a soldier of the public health. And when, long before the plague-killing frost came, the battle was over, New Orleans had triumphed not only in the most brilliant hygienic victory ever achieved in America, but in a principle for which the whole nation owes her a debt of gratitude.

For the foundation of her defenses New Orleans must acknowledge her debt to three young U. S. Army surgeons. Reed, Carroll and Lazear established near Havana in 1900 an experiment station to test on human subjects the mosquito theory suggested by Finlay and earlier observers.

Two adjoining houses were selected, presenting precisely the same conditions of hygiene, sanitation, and temperature, and in these squads of volunteers were domiciled. In one was put the soiled sheets, pillows, and blankets from the hospital at Havana in which yellow fever patients had slept and died. This dwelling was carefully screened to prevent the entrance of mosquitos. In the foul bedding the volunteers slept for two months. Not one case of yellow fever developed among them. The other house was kept as clean as sanitary science could make it. Everything used by the men who volunteered for this part of the work, was sterilized. Into the room were introduced specimens of the stegomyia mosquito which had bitten yellow fever patients. Of the occupants of this room, fifty per cent. developed yellow fever. Finally, men who had lived unaffected for twenty days amidst the foul surroundings of the first establishment, allowed themselves to be bitten by the infected mosquito, and 70 per cent. of them took the disease. No low order of courage was required in those who submitted to either test, since, on the one hand, the fever was universally regarded at that time as a mysteriously airborne disease, while on the other, the physicians frankly told those who submitted themselves to the mosquitos that they would probably take the infection.

On the old military principle of leadership, that an officer must not ask his men to go where he himself would not venture, the three surgeons put their own persons to the ordeal. Lazear died, a martyr to humanity, and is remembered by one where the lesser heroes of our Cuban battle fields are acclaimed by thousands. Carroll barely escaped with his life, and Reed, shrinking

from no peril which his companions braved, came through unscathed by virtue of some natural immunity, only to die of another illness in the following year. At the price of martyrdom for several men (for some of the volunteers died), of patience and peril and suffering for the others, it was proved in the utmost detail that only through the bite of an infected mosquito does yellow fever attack the human subject; that the fever-bearing insect itself becomes infected only by biting a patient in the first five days of the disease; and that not until twelve days thereafter can the insect transmit the infection. Reduced to its practical terms, this means that yellow fever can exist only where the stegomyia breeds; that it can spread from city to city only by transportation of the infected mosquito (practically a negligible consideration) or of human beings in the early stages of the disease going to places where the stegomyia is awaiting them; and finally that the infected community which can kill off its mosquitos can stamp out the infection.

How the fever came, or when, no man will ever surely know. From Havana, some think, but the weight of evidence indicates the infected port of Belize, whence come the United Fruit Company's vessels, bearing fruit, passengers, and sometimes mosquitos. Perhaps it is too much to expect of a corporation that it should give information in the interests of the public health as against its own traffic. Corporations have not, usually, that quality of good citizenship. Yet I am inclined to believe that this year, should yellow fever prevail at one of its ports, the United Fruit Company will make the fact known to the quarantine authorities, regardless of the immediate effect upon its trade. There has been

a considerable change of business sentiment in New Orleans since the bitter lesson of last summer. However, some two hundred refugees from Belize landed in New Orleans, late in May. Subsequent study of the passenger list showed a number of Italian names. Whose the first case no man has ever known. But that there came to the Italian quarter of New Orleans (which is almost coterminous with the famous "French Quarter") late in May a yellow fever patient: that the mosquitos which breed in the water barrels and swarm in the houses of the Quarter sucked the infection from the feverous veins to spread it to other men, ten or twelve days later when the disease has developed in themselves; that these men, bitten by still other mosquitos radiated the infection in various circles; and that this ever-widening process continued insidiously until the epidemic had the unsuspecting city in its grip—all this can be mapped out from the form and distribution of the infection when, full-grown it suddenly sprang, nearly two months after the first case, into the light of public notice.

The city rang with the wildest rumors. Monstrous exaggerations grew as they spread. The exodus of the terrified began. Men and women hastily gathered their belongings and flocked to the trains before quarantine should pen them in. Panic was in the balance. In that hour of supreme test the city proved herself. To the grisly voice of impending disaster, as to a trumpet call, all that was best in the citizenship of New Orleans rallied to her from near and far, in courage and indomitable hope. Midsummer is not a particularly pleasant season in the low-lying city. Many persons who are able, get away for July and August. Now they hur-

ried back to the stricken town; business and professional men, physicians, clergymen, cotton-growers, bankers, ready to volunteer.

Money was needed. Charles A. Janvier, one of the leading bankers, cancelled his tickets to Europe and started in to raise a fund of \$100,000; no small sum in the face of a panic. It was pledged at the call. The state contributed a like sum and the city council appropriated \$50,000. Men were needed. In every ward a protective organization sprang into being. Meetings were called and money was raised, each ward providing as a "district" the sinews of war for its own defence. The tone of the newspapers was admirable; no "scare heads," no superlative adjectives; no attempt to make capital of the imminent peril. The very gravity of the situation inspired local journalism with a fine sense of its responsibility. The Times-Democrat struck the key-note of the coming struggle in its call to the people of New Orleans: "to prove our energy and civic spirit before the world." The mayor issued a proclamation declaring the situation to be "serious but not dangerous" and calling on the citizens to protect all open water against mosquitos. "Kill the mosquitos" was the battle cry, and there began the greatest hunt for the smallest game ever undertaken by any community since the Pied Piper fluted the rats out of Hamelin town. The stegomyia was, of course, the chief quarry, but all species were put under the ban. "Let the innocent suffer with the guilty" said a speaker at one of the meetings of education. "We know the other mosquitos don't carry yellow fever, but they're better dead anyhow. Kill them all, and you'll get the right ones as well as the wrong." It was a truly Herodian plan of slaughter.

Among those who hastened back from their vacations to proffer such help as they might give, was the Rev. Beverly Warner, rector of the fashionable Trinity Church. A ward heeler whom I met afterward in one of the slums advanced the theory for my consideration that "the Lord made Warner to order for the job." Certainly it was the right man in the right place when the clergyman accepted the general control of the district organizations. These bodies had charge of all the city "above Canal Street," in the effort to confine the infection to the district below Canal Street. At the first meeting of the representatives from the various localities Dr. Warner found himself facing a crowd of the typical "district leaders" of ward politics. Some of his friends had horrid misgivings.

"Those ward heelers," said they, "will take all the money you give them, use just enough of it to make a showing and to give fat jobs to their followers, and pocket the rest."

Had the new superintendent proceeded on this theory, undoubtedly the pessimistic prophecy would have been widely fulfilled, but he is one of those clergymen, none too common in any church, whose faith in God is paralleled by a faith, almost as strong, in his fellow men. After it was all over he said to a friend of his that he guessed that at the start the ward leaders had more misgivings about him than he had about them. From the first he assumed that they were single-minded in their loyalty to the city. There was money for the fight, he told them, and it would be handed over to them as they needed it. At the same time the war was likely to be a long and costly one, and they must get all the volunteers possible for the labor and use the money for the

necessary supplies. These included oil to kill the mosquito "wigglers" in the water; netting to cover water-tanks and barrels, so that the insect having developed from the "wiggler" could not get out; and sulphur to smother the stegomyia in the houses. Immediately there sprang up a spirit of emulation among the leaders, each striving to keep down the expense in his own district. The outcome splendidly justified Dr. Warner's confidence in his fellow-workers, for, at the close of the campaign, every district turned back to him a surplus.

The task to which the organizations set themselves was a peculiarly difficult one. Few cities in this country—probably no other large city—offer such favorable terms to the mosquito as New Orleans. Nearly every house has its private breeding ground for the little pests. This is because the local water company supplies, at an exorbitant price, liquid so dirty that it is unfit to drink and unpleasant even to bathe in. Therefore, the better class of houses have large cisterns and the poorer class water barrels in which the roof-drainage is stored for family use. Nothing more convenient and comfortable for the mosquitos could be devised; more particularly for the stegomyia, as she is a house-haunter, and also exhibits a preference for clear water over muddy. Here, then, right at hand, was a device which to her instinct must have seemed providential, a plentiful supply of suitable water within a wing-flap of the house. Pretty nearly every cistern, water-barrel, tub, and other receptacle for storing water in New Orleans was found, when the investigation was on, to harbor the larvæ of the stegomyia.

The first move of the district workers was to inspect all premises and

note all conditions favorable to the development of the insects. Then arrangements were made either to spread oil over the surface of the water, so that the "wigglers" coming up, should be destroyed, or to protect the water by netting. This last method was used for the cisterns. Before it was half done the supply of wire netting was gone. "Use cheese cloth temporarily" came the order from headquarters. Thereafter many quarters of the city presented a most eerie appearance, especially at night, each house being haunted by huge, shrouded ghosts, towering beside it.

By the first of August every district, outside of the infected region which was in charge of the federal authorities, was able to announce itself approximately protected. Then came one of those dire events that seem like the direct interposition of a demoniac agency. The weather allied itself to the epidemic. A terrific night-storm of wind and rain fell upon the city. It tore loose the cheese-cloth and the lighter netting. It overflowed the water receptacles, carrying off the safeguarding surface oil. It formed thousands of little pools where the stegomyia might drop her eggs. It not only undid the work of toilsome days and nights, but it established new conditions of difficulty.

The call to the work was sounded in every quarter of the city; in banks, in office-buildings, on the floor of the exchanges, in the wholesale districts, in the crowded stores, in clubs, in church meetings, in restaurants and saloons, the summons came to every able man to help rebuild the defenses of the city. That day and the next day and for days thereafter, coatless and hatless lawyers and clerks, merchants, doctors,

bar-keepers, book-keepers, ministers, and bankers, perching perilously on roof-slopes and cistern tops, hammered alternately their unpractised fingers and the nails that made sound the netting-fortifications of the beleaguered town. And in the evening they betook themselves weary, sore, and enthusiastic to meetings in churches, in halls, in theatres, in schools, in assembly rooms, in every place possible for gatherings, and listened to lectures devoted, entirely to the mosquito and the destruction thereof. A genuine revival spirit possessed the people, arousing such an enthusiasm in the cause of public health as the skilled exhorter produces by his emotional appeals to religious exaltation; with this difference, that the hygienic revival proceeded from the people themselves, with no factitious or artificial stimulus. The preachers of the common defense even penetrated factories and workshops and got from the employers half-hour recesses in which to give the hands instruction on the mosquito. Never was a city so thoroughly and exhaustively enlightened in any department of science, as New Orleans in this particular branch of entomology.

Meantime, in the infected district matters were growing steadily worse. The city and state health authorities working together had obviously lost control of the situation below Canal Street. Early in August the leading men of New Orleans realized that the fight was going against them. Some of the older citizens remembered with sinking hearts the terrible slaughter of 1878 with its death list of more than 4,000 victims, which, from all indications, might well be equalled or even exceeded. The community was facing a great disaster; and the means at its disposal for the

battle in the infected district, if not inefficient, were at best insufficient. The district organizations, conscientious, and unremitting as had been their work, had been unable to prevent an occasional appearance of the disease in the region above Canal Street. Slowly the volunteer army was beaten back. The time had come to forget local pride and states rights sentiment, and call on the regulars of the Army of Public Health. An appeal was sent to President Roosevelt, who instantly ordered the Public Health and Marine Hospital Service to take charge of the situation. Surgeon J. H. White, a veteran of many epidemics, was put in command at New Orleans. To him, as staff-officers, in a sense, were sent the seasoned men of the service: Richardson, Blue, Steger, Berry and others. Formally, the control of the situation was turned over to Surgeon White on August 8; the campaign of the new staff was actually started actively on August 12. It was now literally a fight for life—for the life of the city. The fever had a long start. It was widely disseminated before its existence had been known, and still more widely before its existence was acknowledged and the city warned. So it was reasonably certain, when the federal authorities assumed control, that there were infected mosquitos in every part of the French Quarter, that there were probably more than 100 cases in the stage where mosquitos biting them would become contaminated, and that there were an unreckonable number of people who, having the disease, had not yet developed it.

Another difficulty was found in the nature of the people among whom the disease had its stronghold. Partly because these aliens are held in sus-

picion, partly because they do not understand their new environment, and partly by the heritage of centuries of oppression, the low class Southern Italians are an intensely suspicious people. A superstition is prevalent among them that pestilences are introduced by the Americans, through physicians, to kill off the aliens because of race hatred. Last winter in my hearing an Italian said to one of the physicians who had worked in the quarter, "you bring da fever again dees year, Doctor?" It was said jocularly, but the Italian's wife standing near hurriedly made the sign that averts evil. Among such a people the task of discovering and tracking infection was one of the utmost difficulty. At first all cases were concealed, and to this secretiveness is largely due the late discovery of the presence of the disease in the French Quarter.

No sooner had the Marine Hospital Service taken hold, however, than its thorough and scientific inspection at once brought to light a number of unreported cases. In each instance, the house where the sick person lay was thoroughly fumigated to kill all mosquitos and the patient, unless too ill, removed to a hospital. The first yellow-fever hospital represented one of the few mistakes that was made; and this was due to the necessity of instant action. It was an old tenement, within a stone's throw of the French market. In thirty-six hours after its selection the medical authorities had completely furnished, netted, and wired it, a record in hospital work. But the building was ill-suited to its new purpose. The ventilation was poor. Some of the rooms were wholly dark. The proportion of deaths was higher than it should have been, and owing to the unfavorable surroundings, a large

number of the sick became delirious. Moreover, the people in the neighborhood evinced an active hostility, making it difficult for the authorities to get servants. Threatening letters were sent to the physicians, and there was some alarm lest the place might be attacked. After a few weeks' trial, it was apparent that the location must be changed. The New Orleans Terminal Co. offered the use of the McDonough public school, which it owns and which is fairly central to the infected district. The building was thoroughly renovated; sanitary appliances were put in; the windows were covered with netting, and within a short time the school house was transformed into as good a hospital in all practical senses, as if built for the purpose. Dr. Hamilton P. Jones, a young New Orleans physician, an immune, and a veteran of two epidemics, was put in charge. Realizing that the great point to be gained was the confidence and goodwill of the Italians, he established a system which, a few years ago, would have been regarded as sheer lunacy. He permitted visitors to come and go freely in the hospital. All that was required of them was that they be thoroughly brushed in a screened ante-room, to remove any mosquitos that might be clinging to them, and that any packages brought in by them be examined for the same purpose. Not a single case of fever developed from these visits. An Italian priest was kept in the hospital, helping to inspire confidence. Measures such as these became a potent educational influence to uproot the suspicions of the Italians. Presently they came to see that, after all, the American's hospital was the best place for a sick man, and before the epidemic was over they had begun to report cases of their own free will. This very class of people it was who in 1897 had

mobbed Dr. Jones and set fire to the yellow-fever hospital on the day it was finished, in the sheer brutality of panic.

All the forces of the Marine Hospital Service were concentrated in a two-fold endeavor: first to discover all cases and so dispose of them that they should be guarded against mosquito bites; second to destroy all mosquitos. A house-to-house inspection was established with a system of daily reports. Where a case in any way suspicious was found, netting was immediately put over the bed and across the windows. Did it develop into yellow fever, the patient, if able to be moved, was taken to the hospital in a screened ambulance, and the house, having been sealed at doors and windows with gummed paper, was treated to a thorough sulphur fumigation.

All this time New Orleans, harassed by the stringent quarantine, half-strangled in its business life, was steadfastly, cheerfully, bravely fighting the good fight. Even when matters looked blackest, there was no sign of public gloom or despair. The newspapers printed all the news, but with calmness and restraint from sensationalism; printed also optimistic editorials; and almost daily instructions how to destroy mosquitoes and to escape infection. Not only this, but specially prepared articles were sent out to hundreds of newspapers throughout the South by a special bureau in pursuance of an established policy of sanitary education. Business houses ran at a heavy loss, some of them practically at a standstill, rather than tacitly admit defeat by closing their doors temporarily. I remember particularly one advertisement of a large house, denying, in terms of the most inspiring exasperation, that it had shut up shop or had any idea of shutting up

shop, for any such insignificant cause as the trifling local epidemic.

Through August little headway was made. The army of sanitation was barely holding its own; at times it was doubtful whether it was doing that. Always there was the imminent danger that the infection, bursting forth suddenly with renewed virulence, would break through the defenses of science and rage through the helpless city as it had in '78. Up to the end of August, there had been two hundred and seventy-five deaths and one thousand nine hundred and nineteen cases. By midsummer the record was three hundred and twenty-nine deaths, and two thousand one hundred and thirty-three cases. The figures rose and fell, uncertainly; but there was this vitally hopeful feature: that the disease established no real foothold outside of the area below Canal Street. Cases appeared in other parts of the city, but probably none of them spread infection. For this the district organizations under Dr. Beverly Warner were largely responsible. Ill-done as much of their early work was—for it was the effort of amateurs—it was re-done again and again with unflinching patience until the districts were at last fairly mosquito-proof. Finally, toward the end of September, the experts began to realize that they were making headway. The figures were dropping, not regularly, but with a steady downward tendency.

The workers hardly dared admit it to themselves. The test would come early in October after the schools

opened. And when the first of October came, the public school doors were thrown open; the children poured in in almost undiminished numbers, and the venture justified itself, for no increase of the fever followed. It was the first sign of victory. And this, it must be remembered, in a city which only eight years before had gone mob-mad, in abject, brutal panic over an epidemic less serious. Two weeks later the ward organizations ordained a final cleaning-up and fumigation. A real jubilee spirit prevailed; the work was performed like the chores at a picnic. The epidemic was really over by this time; so safely over that the district forces disbanded. Sporadic cases still appeared, and continued to appear, for a month. There was no cessation of watchfulness in the infected district. But it was only the last chance firing of a defeated enemy. New Orleans had fought the greatest fight for the public health on record; she had won as complete a victory as ever was won over an epidemic; for when the pestilence was routed, frost, the only victor heretofore, was still nearly two months away. The reward of valor was this: that whereas, after '97 the commerce of the city lay prostrate for years, there was no business depression following this last epidemic. One other mark of honor must be credited to the city's account: the final establishment beyond all doubting and by the test of fire and blood, of the dogma that the mosquito and the mosquito alone transmits yellow fever from man to man.

The Theories of Horace Fletcher

BY ARTHUR GOODRICH IN AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

Horace Fletcher has been dubbed a faddist, but notwithstanding there is a great deal of common sense in his theories. Certainly their practise in his case has proved their worth. Mr. Fletcher's theories all centre around serenity. The serene calm life strengthens the physical and mental sides of life and gives a broader and a saner outlook.

THERE are several facts in regard to Horace Fletcher's theories and personal practice which deserve emphasis. In the first place he does not maintain that his ideas are new. He says that Gladstone's famous "thirty-two chews" suggested his first experiments in food nutrition. And back of that there was the story of Luigi Cornari, the artist. Professor Fenollosa was responsible for his first theories of menticulture. These originally grew out of Japanese training and Buddhistic teaching. His sociological theories were startled into him by an experience in Chicago at the time of the Spanish War, and, in their growth, they have owed much to the work of Dr. Barnado in London, and of Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper in this country. Mr. Fletcher has put forth old ideas in new form. He has added the personal equation, and, in his complete earnestness, developed new experiments and new evidence. It is not fair, moreover, to call Mr. Fletcher a faddist. He has not attempted, as yet, to form any cult or sect and he is not likely to do so. He is not a vegetarian nor a Christian Scientist, although he has been called both.

Mr. Fletcher's theory of food nutrition is so simple that the many misstatements which have been made of it seem inexcusable. Taste, he maintains, is the chemist of the body. While the taste of a mouthful of food lasts, a necessary process is going on. Liquid and solid should there-

fore be tasted and chewed until all taste has disappeared. When this process has been carried out, and not until then, he maintains, we swallow involuntarily, for nature has provided each of us with a "food filter" in the throat which works automatically as soon as the preliminary task has been accomplished by the teeth and by the saliva. Any tasteless remains of the food in the mouth, which are not fit for the stomach, should be removed. Otherwise they make extra work for the digestive organs which these organs were not intended to do. His idea is, therefore, that we should chew and taste each morsel of food until we swallow it naturally. Incidentally he says that he finds more enjoyment in eating by obtaining the last pleasure of taste from each mouthful. He does not suggest any particular dietary. He believes in eating whatever he likes whenever he is really hungry. The essential thing is thorough mastication.

The results of Mr. Fletcher's theories put into practice have been, first, the requirement of a much smaller quantity of food than most people eat; second, infinitely less work for the stomach and digestive organs—merely their natural work, he maintains; third, a general purifying of all the organs that work upon the food; and fourth, a buoyant, strong physical and mental condition. Many doctors and scientists and some faddists, too, have come to agree with his ideas, in whole or in part. Many have experimented either upon oth-

ers or upon themselves with convincing results. His books have already been widely read and many people are trying his simple remedy for digestive ills, with greater or less success. And Mr. Fletcher himself has been the subject of many trying tests in Venice, at Cambridge, England, at New Haven, in France, and elsewhere.

The first tests at Yale occurred three years ago when for some weeks Mr. Fletcher's food and general condition were carefully observed in Professor Chittenden's laboratory. The results were startling. During one week Mr. Fletcher, who was then nearly 54 years old, lived upon a diet of prepared cereal, milk and maple sugar taken twice a day. He was found to be in continuously good physical condition upon food the full value of which was about half that demanded by scientific standards. His weight remained constant at about 165 pounds. For four days of the seven, moreover, he took, under the direction of Dr. Anderson of the Yale Gymnasium, the regular exercises of the university crew, exercises so severe that they are never given to first year men. Mr. Fletcher gave no evidence of soreness or lameness or distress of any kind. Dr. Anderson testified that he did the work more easily and with fewer bad results than any man of his age the Yale director had ever worked with. This was true, also, in spite of the fact that for several months Mr. Fletcher had taken no regular exercise except that involved in daily walks.

Professor Chittenden naturally was interested. Beside the question of complete body fitness upon what seemed an absurdly small diet, there was obviously the matter of economy. Mr. Fletcher's food during that week cost only eleven cents a day. If

Mr. Fletcher's system—for, whatever his diet is, he consumes about the same amount of food daily—were adopted throughout the country, it has been figured that the nation would save \$1,000,000 a day in food cost. Other people were interested, among them Professor Bowditch of Harvard, Surgeon-General O'Reilly of the United States army, and General Wood. The result was Professor Chittenden's more recent experiments—financially supported by Mr. Fletcher—upon himself and a number of his colleagues, upon a group of athletes, and upon a group of "regular" soldiers. Professor Chittenden has described this investigation in great detail in his book, "Physiological Economy in Nutrition." In general, however, each test added evidence of satisfactory body condition upon a very considerably decreased diet. This was the single truth which Professor Chittenden aimed to show.

On his fiftieth birthday Mr. Fletcher made a characteristic experiment. Starting with a young and athletic companion on a cycling trip, he left the young athlete fatigued after a little more than half a day of hard wheeling, and himself journeyed until long after nightfall. He covered nearly 200 miles of road that day and arose the next morning without any feeling of muscular strain. He seems to have good reason for his assertion that his method of living keeps him "in constant training."

Mr. Fletcher says, then, that he used to eat too much, too often and too fast. Now he eats only when he is hungry enough to enjoy plain bread. He eats whatever his appetite craves; he masticates his food thoroughly; and he eats as long as he is hungry. As a result he finds that his digestion, which a few years ago threatened his life, is perfect;

that he has greatly increased energy of body and keenness of mind; and that he consumes only one-third to one-half as much food as he was accustomed to eat formerly. He believes that what was true of him is true of most people, and that what is true of him can be true of them. And, as always, he is in dead earnest about it. All this and much more he has told in his books as frank personal experience and as the experience, also, of many others who have followed his lead in the matter of eating.

Horace Fletcher has read very widely and very wisely during all his active years, but his "menticulture" theories, like his ideas about food nutrition, are largely the product of personal experience. The first suggestion he received from the Japanese. His main contention is based upon the results he has observed in himself. His illustrations are from the thousand and one people and places he has known. Here, again, therefore, is an interesting human document rather than an accurate scientific treatise.

His mental doctrine is as simple as his physical creed. He contrasts constructive forethought and destructive "fearthought." He maintains that fear and anger and worry can be entirely eliminated like bacteria, not merely repressed temporarily. He says that he has done it, and his cheery, unruffled temper is fair evidence. And he tells how he and others have done it; by having, first of all, sound conviction that it was possible.

It is an old teaching, as old as Christianity, as old as Buddhism. To the majority of people, unfortunately, it is a beautiful theory which breaks down woefully in practice. The interest in Mr. Fletcher's em-

phasis upon it is therefore entirely in the convincing human story of how he has destroyed the "fearthought" germ in himself and of how he has helped to destroy it in other people. It furnishes a new and valuable sidelight upon an exceedingly interesting personality and it will, in all probability, lead many to a more careful consideration of the ways in which they daily jeopardize their own happiness.

There is a third phase of so-called Fletcherism. One night in Chicago, in the midst of the enthusiasm over freeing Cuba, Mr. Fletcher saw a little four-year-old waif struggling in the hands of a policeman. Some cakes had been stolen and the pleading boy was one of a "gang" who had been caught. In the end the officer let him go with an oath and turned to tell Mr. Fletcher, who was watching the pair with a new interest, of the many children who are taught to steal from their childhood.

This third phase of "Fletcherism" is as yet scarcely more than an idea. A man who has learned true economy in food nutrition he maintains, and who has been able to get rid of his worst mental foes, wishes his entire environment purified. The "submerged tenth" costs upwards of one-quarter the amount necessary to sustain the entire government. It threatens health and happiness and even life. To lift up this low stratum Mr. Fletcher proposes a "social quarantine," with the greatest effort centred upon the children. It would cost less, he says, than the "submerged tenth" costs us now, and, with his principle of economic nutrition, its cost would be still further decreased. He hopes that a central organization can be established with local branches to carry out this plan gradually — to "clean up the backyards of the

different departments of the social structure with an aseptic nutrition as the basis of social cleanliness."

The secret of Dr. Barnardo's success was, and is, through the organization he left behind him, in the home system by which the children are taught how to live as well as how to read and write. A number of smaller organizations have grown up in this country which are doing the same work with similar results. Mr. Fletcher has marked out an infinitely greater task with less definite and less practical lines. It is, at best, only a vague prophecy, allied distantly to his simple panacea for bodily ills. But here again Mr. Fletcher is completely in earnest. He has already talked upon this theme throughout the country. There is no telling what he may build in time from this third plank of his propaganda.

Horace Fletcher calls himself an epicurean rather than a philanthropist or an altruist. It is said that when, not long ago, a sportsman friend asked him to go duck shooting instead of lecturing on the school quarantine, he remarked that he found more pleasure in saving a child than in killing a duck. He does not consider himself unselfish; he has merely changed his pleasures. He believes in his propaganda as a great duty, and he is finding more enjoyment in the doing of that duty than he once found in his diversified pursuits of pleasure and profit. Luigi Cornari discovered the secret, he says, and died, after living more than one hundred years, without making anyone understand it. Mr. Fletcher means that it shall not be his fault

if the way of living, which has changed him from a rapidly aging dyspeptic who was refused life insurance to a buoyant man fifty-seven years young, is not known to everyone. He is not only giving his time to the work, but he is giving his money as well. Every penny that comes to him from the sale of his books is spent to further the cause, and he has added many times the amount thus obtained out of his private purse. He has tolerated, in connection with the advance of his theories, a considerable amount of personal exploitation which has been distasteful to him. He permits the term "Fletcherism," merely because it seems the easiest way to express something which originally meant economic food nutrition, and which now has two added meanings.

After all, if the Horace Fletcher of to-day is a good example of the value of his theories, they deserve careful consideration. If his perfectly simple ideas could change him from the restless, adventurous, worrying man of his San Francisco days to the calm, genial philosopher; if they could transform what seemed to be a fatal weakness into really phenomenal strength; if they could make a famous authority on snap-shooting find more pleasure in saving a child than in killing a duck, they are worth a trial by those who envy his contentment. His main contentions are obvious and there are abundant scientific proofs of his extreme beliefs. And his books are humanly interesting. Certainly he can consider his mission a success if he is able to make any considerable number of Americans eat more slowly and worry less constantly.

A European Museum of Security

BY WILLIAM F. TOLMAN IN CENTURY MAGAZINE.

The museum described is one of the curious sights of Amsterdam. In it are collected all sorts of contrivances for the safeguarding of human life, especially the lives of workers in factories. Information is also to be had as to means of preventing disease, purifying food and other worthy objects.

THE idea of a museum of security excites curiosity. People ask, "What's that?" It is not surprising that there should be general ignorance on this subject, because such institutions are of recent origin, the first having been opened in Amsterdam in 1893, in charge of a mechanical engineer who is responsible for the supervision of machinery and its explanation.

Among the curious sights in Amsterdam there is one that will escape the tourist unless his attention is particularly directed to it. Leaving the royal palace behind him, cutting through the narrow streets, crossing the numerous bridges of the Venice of the North, and making his way down a side canal, he comes upon the "Museum van Voorwerpen ter Voorkoming van Ongelukken en Ziekten in Fabriken en Werkplaatsen." Reduced to its lowest terms, this means in English the "Amsterdam Museum of Security."

This building contains a permanent exposition of apparatus and devices for the prevention of accidents in factories and workshops, so that manufacturers and all other employers of labor may see in actual operation the safety-devices that guard the lives and limbs of their workers. This museum owed its origin to the Association for the Development of Manual Training and Hand-work in Holland. The labor-inspectors of Holland find that the museum is of the greatest service to them, because it meets every objection on the part of a superintendent that the

safety-device in question will interfere with the proper operation of his machinery.

In 1889 an important exposition of devices for the prevention of accidents to laborers was held in Berlin. An effort to preserve the valuable documents and other exhibits as a collection did not succeed at that time, chiefly through the failure of the Government to co-operate. But in 1900 an appropriation of \$142,000 was made by the Reichstag for the creation of a museum of security. The Reichstag also appropriated \$75,000 in 1901 and \$43,750 in 1902. For the maintenance of the museum, which is in Charlottenburg, an appropriation of \$7,500 was made in 1902 and \$10,000 in 1903.

As its name indicates, the museum of security aims to become a permanent exposition not only of devices for the prevention of accidents to laborers, but of the best suggestions originated by any person or institution to help workmen in any way. It is really divided into two great sections, one comprising all that has to do with the prevention of accidents in the various branches of industry, and the other comprising social and industrial hygiene.

"What was your plan for collecting your machines and models?" I asked Dr. Albrecht, the executive director in Charlottenburg.

"In the first place," he said, "we appealed to constructors and inventors, offering a place in the museum where such methods and devices could be brought to public atten-

tion, in this way enlisting the support of all classes. We reserve in every instance, however, the right to refuse any specimen or plan not deemed useful. The exhibits are temporary, and at any time may be replaced by others that are better. The museum is already so full that the question of enlarging it has been brought up."

"How do you guard against the admission of machines or devices that are unsuitable?" I asked him.

"For that," replied the doctor, "we have a jury of twenty-eight experts—engineers, factory inspectors, technicians—and of four trade representatives, namely, a brewer, a cabinet-maker, a worker in metals, and a worker in textiles. Any device that is passed upon by this jury is accepted as a loan by the museum for one year, with the privilege of its renewal. In this way we keep the exhibits thoroughly up to date, replacing old models by those that are new and more highly perfected. It is our aim to display not only miniature models, but those of actual size, in order that workmen visiting the museum may see faithful representations of devices actually used in the workshops and on machines that can be set in motion. Altogether we have some eighty-five machines for motor-power, and thirty that may be operated by hand. The other exhibits are models, designs, and photographs. The machines form five independent groups, and each group can be operated alone. Four large electromotors furnish the power for the five groups, and eleven electromotors direct the machines independently."

For administrative purposes, the building is divided into three parts: (1) The executive, comprising offices

in the basement, rooms for one of the officials, a library, a lecture-hall, and a special museum for tuberculosis. (2) A grand hall; a basement, comprising an area of 1,610 square yards, for the installation of the machinery; and a large gallery of 810 square yards reserved for models, plans, and photographs. (3) The administration building and the grand hall are united by a vestibule in the basement, and above this vestibule is an assembly hall. The ground floor of the grand hall has the greatest amount of space, and here the largest and heaviest machines in motion are installed.

Different kinds of safety elevators are shown, with automatic stops, so that, if the chain is loosened, the weight rests suspended; also, windlasses with arrangements for stopping the winding in advance of the crank handle; elevators with improved closings, regulators for speed, and apparatus that will stop the car without danger; band-saws, circular saws, planes, polishers; boring machines, with protectors of various kinds; metal-working machines for perforating and winding; clipping shears, with all the necessary protectors; printing presses, stamping machines, and machines for the manufacture of soap.

For food stuffs there is a special group of machines for cutting, grinding, mixing, separating, and packing. There are also machines for textile industries, improved carriers in mining, and agricultural machinery of every kind. The appliances of security for boats are very numerous—a system of automatic closing of compartments; various kinds of life-boats, dredging boats, steamboats; a system for lessening the chances of spontaneous combustion of coal in

the store-room; boiler and steam-pipe safety stops; warnings for the ear or eye in case of insufficient water; and systems of safety-sheathing for the water tubes. There are, also, brakes for roadway vehicles, and safety lamps for mines.

The museum has an important collection relative to the nutritive value of foods of the ordinary kind; models for economic stoves; utensils for cooking, and for heating the food brought from home by the workmen; and the right kind of baskets or boxes in which to bring such food to the shop. In a pavilion erected in the centre of the grand hall are exhibited a series of objects relating to the social betterment of workmen—houses, the instruction of children, and the education of the growing girl and boy.

A special section has been set aside for a tuberculosis museum, and here the German Central Committee of Sanatoria has exhibited a series of valuable documents relative to this dread disease and the war being waged against it. Dr. Th. Sommerfeld has exhibited specimens showing how many maladies, notably skin diseases from parasites, are develop-

ed in factories, with the corresponding methods for prevention.

Among the collections for improving the hygienic conditions of labor, pure air is the first consideration. Accordingly, the museum presents various appliances for ascertaining the degrees of vitiation. A special group shows microscopic views of the dust generated in various industries, as well as colored photographs indicating the action of dust particles on the lungs of workmen. By the side of these exhibits showing diseases developed from factory dust are the remedies—a series of models of mask-respirators to shield the lungs, and also devices to renew the air. Machines for working in wood are guarded against the dust from chips and shavings, and there are also guards against the dust from emery and other grinding wheels.

A collection of models for the prevention of the absorption of harmful matter while the workmen are eating include rooms where they may take their meals after having changed their garments, with special lockers for their clothes. Lavatories and shower baths enable the men to refresh themselves before entering the dining room.

Luck vs. Labor

Luck is ever waiting for something to turn up; labor, with keen eyes and strong will, will turn up something. Luck lies in bed, and wishes the postman would bring him the news of a legacy; labor turns out at six o'clock, and with busy pen or ringing hammer lays the foundation of a competence. Luck whines, labor whistles. Luck relies on chance; labor, on character.—Cobden.

The Growth of Christ's Moral Character

BY W. D. MACKENZIE IN CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

This is a portion of a lengthy article on "The Moral Consciousness of Jesus." It seeks to show the two factors that determined the religious and moral character of Christ. The writer approaches the subject reverently and shows how the sinless conscience of the Saviour must inevitably enter as a new condition in the experience of mankind.

MANIFESTLY the moral and religious consciousness of Jesus was maintained and developed under certain fundamental conditions. No one would maintain that it had no history, that it was a mere dead level of uniformity, even on planes beyond our vision. Jesus appears as a historical personality, a son of man. As such He is under the laws of growth alike in mind and body, and hence also in the sweep and content of His religious experience and His moral character. Moreover that growth was determined naturally and necessarily by two principal factors—viz., dependence on His Father and temptation. Let us look at each of these in turn.

Dependence on God is the fundamental fact for all the universe. It is given only to rational beings, of course, to recognize and accept this fact. As it is accepted they fulfil His purpose and become the vessels of His joy. As it is rejected they become absolutely disgraced; and then they lose their very right to be, since that is rooted only in His will and His end. Now the whole history of religion, from the most primitive forms to that of the highest Christian sainthood, has been the education of man as to the extent and meaning of his dependence on God. The savage depends on Him for help against his foes, for deliverance from some dreaded demon's curse, or for blessings on his gardens and his flocks. The Christian man has learned that he depends on God even for the forgiveness of sin—i.e., for deliverance

from the very fact that he has no right to deliverance; and no form of dependence can be more absolute than that. With that has dawned upon him all the glory of that dependence on God for every positive good, for life, even life everlasting. Jesus it was who first made known the full extent of this our dependence upon God. He it was who extended the immeasurable limits of our relationships with God to include all that a sinful man—and who is not that?—can desire from the eternal Father in an endless experience. But that which Jesus revealed as the law of all our life was already the possession of His own mind and heart, it was already the foundation of His own will. No trust, in all the world's story, is so full and rich, so calm and strong, so deliberate and open-eyed, so humble and absolute, as that which breathes forth from all His references to God and even from His very use of the word Father.

He knew what it was to pray; and prayer for Him meant faith in the Father's relation to every moment of life. He knew what it was to accept from the Father the behests that cost a man the sacrifice of all a man counts dear, yea, even of his very self to the uttermost. All that He teaches about this trust in the Father, which is to make anxiety a sin and self-seeking a disgrace, which is to make revenge an insult to the providence of God, and hatred a denial of His love—all this he has proved in his own heart's depth. Upon this it was that His recorded temptations bore with

their whole terrific weight; and He won His victory, keeping the will pure and clean and one with the will of God, because He cast Himself with the more energy upon that will and purpose, just as the opposite plan of life urged itself more fiercely from without His spirit. Hence it is to be even insisted on that the moral harmony of Jesus did in the best and fullest sense grow with His historical experience. The years, as we have seen, tested His dependence upon the Father. They ybrought new and wider opportunities of action. They confronted him with new situations which put His whole nature to the test. The spirit in Him had to deal with a world that was pressing ever closer home upon Him the final question, whether there was any limit to His faith in God, to His love of man, to the measure of His sacrificial will.

In the second place, the growth of Jesus was conditioned by the experience of temptation. There is a sense in which it is right to say that temptation is necessary to the development of a free personality. But we then use the word "Temptation" in the sense of a test of strength, each new task demanding more of will and wisdom, more of loyalty and love, and so drawing out and confirming as his own the latent and unabsorbed energies of the individual. In that sense heaven itself may well be filled with temptation, all its happy tasks appealing to and demanding the free and joyous self-devotion of holy wills, and leading its citizens forward in endless and sinless growth. But temptation in the ordinary sense of the word is not thus the privilege of freedom; it is the curse of a morally poisoned world. As such, temptation is not a mere instinctive motion of the will towards wrong, unsuggest-

ed except by self. It arises when the will discovers itself in an environment that is somehow infected with sin. If the individual will find itself already prone to act in harmony with that discord, consenting to add one more jarring note to the total horror we must remember that it does so just because it is itself the product of the system. In its birth out of that which became its environment, it was already adapted to it. It is true that still there is a light in the world, a principle in every man, which seems to disown and rebuke this moral disorder. Even that is necessary to the existence of sin, and is presupposed in the consciousness of sin. Without it humanity would be purely animal, and all its appetites regulated for it by times and seasons. Evil would be impossible, and anarchy itself inconceivable. That is one of the main differences between the human and the animal consciousness. But that also it is which brings the word "temptation" into our world. Temptation is an experience possible only in an environment that is already corrupt and to a will that is not absolutely destroyed, that is not entirely destitute of light. It is, however, in virtue not of his sinfulness, but in virtue of that remainder of freedom, that unquenched sense of right and responsibility, that a man can be tempted. Further, we must remember that temptation in our world grows fiercer as holiness of will grows stronger. The man who falls has not done his best. The man who yields to temptation has not tasted the full measure and bitterness of temptation. To him it became suddenly sweet, or he had not fallen. It is the man who conquers who has paid the full price of living in a world of sin, as Jesus did on the Cross. He has pressed

on and on, meeting ever wider tasks and fiercer appeals to his deeper will. Perplexity increases as the kingdom of God is seen in its true glory, as the will that would live wholly there is yet found entangled in human situations. To be human and also fulfil God's will is ideally easy where we think of humanity as it ought to be. But to be human is to live in relation to a society and to individuals in whom self-will and self-seeking, the luscious alluring of the senses and the cruel prejudices of pride, dominate in varying measure every heart and every mind. The man who will feel this most is the man who knows God best. To him all the inner contradictions of his situation are apparent, and to him temptation becomes a horror, as constant as his shadow, as deep as his fathomless consciousness of God and self,—of the Father and the Son. For here we have been speaking of Jesus, guided in our thought of temptation by the picture of His experiences in the Gospels. There we find that temptation assailed Him in ways and with results which humble and overawe us. Those marvellous pictures, symbolic summaries of the temptation in the wilderness, which could only have come from Himself, the Master of parabolic utterance, reveal a supreme intensity of trial, an unforgettable period of titanic struggle with ultimate principles of conduct. During His ministry crises arose which betokened a recurrence of this warfare of His soul. Such were His indignant words to Peter, as if His disciple in urging Him to forego death were actually opening the attacks of hell upon His will; His manner when they went up towards Jerusalem with a face steadfastly set, and with a bearing, as He moved on before His disciples, determined, self-mastered, which, Mark tells

us, made them afraid; His brief sharp struggle of soul, of which John has the only record, when He challenged Himself as to what His real will was, while disaster drew visibly nearer; at last the awful story of Gethsemane, when the conflict reached its climax at once of agony and of victory.

Throughout this dark side of the experience of Jesus we can see His consciousness appealed to by and through His human environment. It is this that would fain break His immediate and constant dependence on the Father; it is this that would turn that very faith of his into a public and unpopular weakness; it is this environment of evil—the very hearts He loved—that put the final stress on His faith by taking His life, blotting out His one little spot of influence on men. Can He still believe in the Father's purpose with Himself, in the Father's way of unlimited love, in the Father's power over all things, including even death? It is vain to try to express what Jesus seems to have felt in the agony of that trial of His faith, when the Father put the cup to His lips. The fearful element in the situation was this, that the Father's will was that He should drink it; but the cup was fashioned out of human nature and its contents out of human sin.

Here, then, we have at the centre of the Christian religion, creative of the Christian consciousness, the sinless conscience of Jesus. His will faced the environment which has overborne every other human will and compelled it to sin. If we hold that sin is not a mere product of the human will, but rises out of the very substance of the evolutionary process, then a sinful moral consciousness appears even more inevitable, so to speak. If we hold that the system which gives birth to the in-

dividual human will has impressed itself on that will from the beginning and makes each man's fall a necessity, all the more startling is the fact that here is a moral consciousness in Jesus that is without the sense of sin. Yea, rather it is full of the presence of God, full of the knowledge of the Father. It has proved itself morally the most stimulating, spiritually the most illuminating, historically the most imperial will in all history. And yet here it stands apart, alone, the will without sin, the heart that is at one with God. Can we hold all this, and also hold that the system called human nature, out of which every other will is born, produced that will?

Such a consciousness must inevitably enter as a new condition into the experience of mankind. As it is true that each work of real genius makes its own contribution to progress, bringing the human spirit to see and to grasp what had been hitherto beyond vision and beyond reach, so, but immeasurably more, does the Person of Christ make a new departure and become a new element in human history. By that consciousness a new order of being

has been opened to man's apprehension and brought into contact with his nature and history. All relationships have not only been re-interpreted, but are actually changed by that one fact. Humanity is not the same, because its own self-consciousness has been altered. Relationship with God, with nature, with sin, with death, with time and eternity, cannot be the same for a race whose highest dreams have been of ghosts, and whose highest messages have been the dim words of Hebrew prophets, and for a race in the midst of which has appeared a being with a consciousness which is superhuman, which betrays in every move and word an origin other than that of man, which stands to all the facts of experience in a new relation.

His presence and His experience must not only constitute a fact surpassing any other incidental word or movement of the human spirit. They must become permanent and universal conditions of experience for the race. Not until all men have been brought to face those conditions as He creates them, can they know what it is henceforth to be a human being and to fulfil a human destiny.

Idleness Not Happiness

The most common error of men and women is that of looking for happiness somewhere outside of useful work. It has never yet been found when thus sought, and never will be while the world stands; and the sooner the truth is learned the better for everyone. If you doubt the proposition, go around among your friends and acquaintances and select those who have the most enjoyment through life. Are they idlers and pleasure-seekers, or the earnest workers? We know what your answer will be. Of the miserable human beings it has been our fortune or misfortune to know, those were the most wretched who had retired from useful employment in order to enjoy themselves.—Smith's Weekly.

The Real Victim of Hobbies

NEW YORK POST.

There is much truth in the strictures that are laid on the people who weary us with their hobbies. The man with the hygienic hobby, the man with the house-building mania, the man who motors and the man who delights in the theatre, are never done talking about their respective hobbies.

THE sanitary value of having a hobby is generally recognized.

No one who sticks too close to his last is likely to be sound in body or an agreeable companion. But certain hobbies, innocent in themselves, make their riders seem extremely foolish, and add to the burdens of social intercourse. Among these is what may be called the gastronomic hobby. There is perhaps no more ostentatious form of pride than that of the gentleman-cook. Food prepared in a chafing dish is occasionally palatable, but there are men who look upon and talk about such cooking as if it were a religious ceremony. Almost everybody has been obliged, at one time or another, to eat some horrid mess in order to please a friend who believes that an alcohol lamp and a sputtering pan have some mysterious virtue. There are those who think that no cook or butler can dress a salad, and one can see them as they gird themselves for the undertaking. A superior smile plays about their lips as they flourish the bottle of oil and the wooden spoon. A peculiarly annoying species are the camp-cooks—men who have roasted fish and game in the woods. The open-air life gave them an appetite, and they pretend that their cooking is good. But when they tell about it at the restaurant or club, we know that the Lord hath put a lying spirit in their mouths, and that the trout and birds were burnt without and underdone within.

Equally unpleasant is the man

with the hygienic hobby. He is not to be mistaken for the valetudinarian. He is far from being alarmed about his health. On the contrary, he has discovered the secret of physical well-being. He has original ideas about underclothing and overcoats. His bathing, eating, drinking, and manner of sleeping are all according to inflexible rules. He gives you a history of his day, of his draughts of mineral water, his gymnastic method. If he does not recommend to you some obscure physician who has "done wonders" for him, he will at least tell you about his own favorite nostrums—the saccharine which he carries in his waistcoat pocket (for he eats no sugar), the little pill taken after meals to promote digestion, or the tonic which did his wife so much good.

All wise men dread the approach of the friend who wishes to show them the plans of his new house. They have usually been drawn by his wife and himself; the architect has simply "put them into shape." As the structure rises, the owner entertains his friends with accounts of the architect's delays, or the builder's duplicity. He carries about with him schemes of decoration, samples of tapestry, designs of sideboards and bookcases, all of which he displays upon the slightest provocation. He will lead the unwary into the half-finished place, will entice him up ladders and down into damp cellars. They emerge looking as if they had been in a flour mill. He grows elo-

quent as he explains the work of the bricklayer and carpenter. Not content with this, when the house is finished, he must needs show it to his friends, from garret to basement. Who has not been obliged to follow the proud householder through his new possessions, and to hear his discourse upon plumbing, electric lighting, and upholstery?

The amount of pleasure afforded by the automobile is appreciably counter-balanced by the conversation of those who have made that useful machine a hobby. For it is surprising how much valuable time is consumed by automobile owners in lecturing their less fortunate friends. We are willing to grant that every man has the very best car that can be bought. This should be sufficient; and in return the amateur chauffeur should spare us his long discourses about sparks and gear, lamps and tires, the abuses of the garage, and the tedious experiences of the road. Of course, there is a certain novelty in hearing stories of village constables who have haled him into court, and of the untimely fate of dogs and chickens upon the highway; but, for excitement, we prefer the Newgate Calendar.

We are also disposed to shun the man who, being neither a playwright nor an actor, makes the theatre his hobby. Talk about the play is no

doubt a valuable social asset, especially in the case of those who do not read books or see much of real life; and criticism of the drama has its importance. Not so the stereotyped catechism which begins with the question: "Have you seen Mrs. Dash at the Blank Theatre?" For sooner or later the man with the theatrical hobby will try to tell you the plot of a play which you have not seen. If the piece is comic, he will laugh at his own narrative so that you will not understand a word of what he is saying. If the plot is intricate, you will almost pity him as he tries vainly to gather up the threads of the story, and bring you to the end. The person with a monomania for concerts belongs to the same class. When he hums the motive of some symphonic poem, it is difficult for the courteous listener to know how to signify his appreciation and yet conceal his dismay.

These objections are doubtless marks of a cross-grained and suly disposition, and we may be reminded that these hobbies relieve hard-worked men and women from the wear and tear of life. It is indeed to be hoped that such is the case. There ought to be some compensation for the wear and tear of those who have to endure the man with a hobby.

A life merely of pleasure, or chiefly of pleasure, is always a poor and worthless life, not worth the living; always unsatisfactory in its course, always miserable in its end.—Theodore Parker.

The Problem of Mechanical Flight

BY GEORGE CALVERT IN APPLETON'S BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE.

The evolution of the flying machine has been slower than that of any other mechanical device of which we have record. The problem before the inventors is reduced to the question of devising an apparatus that will maintain its equilibrium and support a human being during the process of flight through the air. Just how far they have succeeded is explained in the following article.

THE theory of flying mechanically is an interesting and pretty study, but in practice it has experienced a gloomy record. Many of the theories advanced work out similar to the case of a needle floating upon the surface of a tumbler of water. For if the size of the needle were increased to that of a telegraph pole and the water body increased in proportion we would at once find the comparison theoretically inaccurate. So the flight of birds must not be too closely imitated in the machine, as there are several laws which do not apply in the same relations between an animate thing and a mechanical apparatus. It is remarkable how well poised a human being is and how easily walking is accomplished, yet how difficult it is to construct an automaton that will walk at all.

While the world is ready for the airship it is interesting to observe how nearly ready the bona fide airship is to serve the varied needs of mankind. Ever since the Montgolfier brothers made their spectacular discovery of the principles underlying the balloon, the latter has been exploited more or less as a royal route to artificial flight, and those who advocate it point out that it is the only method we are acquainted with by which a body can be sustained in the air for an indefinite length of time, and which can be made dirigible within certain limits. Its inherent failings greatly offset these admirable qualities, however, and

engineers who have studied the mechanics of the air are largely of the opinion that practical flight is not to be found in its employment.

The chief defect in the dirigible balloon will be obvious to the veriest tyro when it is stated that it requires fourteen cubic feet of the lightest gas known, namely, pure hydrogen, to lift a single pound; this being the case, by the time a balloon has been made large enough to lift any considerable load, it offers such an enormous surface to the resistance of the air that a very moderate breeze is sufficient to buffet it about and drive it out of its course, rendering it in consequence a useless means of intelligent aerial navigation.

The dirigible balloon is interesting, nevertheless, from a number of viewpoints, and to treat fairly the cause of aeronautics it cannot be ignored. A dirigible balloon is always an inspiring and an impressive sight as it sails smoothly and gracefully through the great aerial ocean, and the recent experiments of Roy Knabenshue will be remembered by thousands of New Yorkers. His exploits practically duplicated those of Santos Dumont, who manoeuvred his frail craft around the Eiffel Tower and back again to the point from which he started in Longchamp. Stanley Spencer a summer or two ago sailed in various directions over the city of London, his balloon seemingly under very excellent control, while the Lebaudy brothers with a similar type of airship performed

like evolutions over the suburbs of Paris, in one instance covering a distance of nearly eight miles in twenty-five minutes.

Prior to these essays in flight—that is to say, in 1885—Commandant Renard, of the French Balloon Corps, had designed and constructed an elongated gas bag which he fitted with an eight-horse-power motor. The total weight, including the auxiliary appliances, being approximately 220 pounds. This was the first instance where the propeller was placed in front instead of at the rear of the balloon; a plan that the later workers cited above found it expedient to adopt. Although in advance of Santos Dumont nearly fifteen years, Renard demonstrated it possible to sail against the wind if not too brisk; this he did by starting from Chalais-Mendo and, after traversing a predetermined course of a few miles, returning to the place where he ascended.

Only a year before, the Tissandier brothers had built a balloon that seems to have been utilized by Santos Dumont, but since the internal-combustion engine was in its infancy it was deemed a more favorable plan to employ an electric battery and a motor to generate the power needed. The battery provided current for two and a half hours and the electric motor developed one and one-third horse power, turning the propellers at a rate sufficient to drive the airship along at a clip equivalent to about 780 feet per minute. When we have considered Dupuy de Lome's cigar-shaped dirigible balloon, built in 1872, in which a two-bladed propeller twenty feet in diameter was operated by eight men equal to about one horse power, and Giffard's sausage-like balloon, constructed in 1852, in which he placed a crude and cum-

bersome steam engine, we have resolved the art of aerial navigation, in so far as the elongated gas bag is concerned, down to its source.

Looking backward over the past fifty years, we find that the only improvements in dirigible balloons are those of propulsion; and since the action of propeller screws has been very carefully analyzed and internal-combustion engines have been built weighing only five pounds to the horse power, it is clear that the limits of speed and of controlling the course of balloons of whatever size and shape have been practically reached.

Another method for the accomplishment of mechanical flight is that of impelling bodies heavier than the air with such rapidity that they will remain suspended until the impulse gives out. A leaf or a sheet of paper is an example of the above, but neither possesses stability. The boomerang is in reality a toy flying machine, and when thrown will speed through the air in long, graceful curves and return to the thrower before it strikes the ground, thus vividly demonstrating its stability, and its capability of being guided.

A boomerang and a kite may not appear to have anything in common, yet the laws governing them are identical. A kite usually comprises a plane surface, and it is therefore called an aeroplane, the principles involved forming the basis of the second type of flying machine. The names "kite" and "aerodrome" are usually employed to designate in the first instance planes made of paper or cloth attached to slender wooden frames which are flown in the air by means of a cord held by a boy or man, while in the last case the device is formed of similar surfaces, but is self-supporting when propelled

through the air. That confusion may be avoided, it has been suggested that it would be well to designate kites as aeroplanes and flying machines built on this principle as aerodromes, and these definitions will be adhered to in the present text.

A bird's wing is really a curved or, as it is more properly termed, an arcuated aeroplane, and those who are believers in flying machines having rigid plane surfaces point out that the movements of a bird's wings do very little in the way of actual flight, but that the purpose a bird has in view in beating its wings is to get a good start; this being accomplished, it then makes its wings rigid and sails on the air like a kite.

In the same year that Giffard exhibited his dirigible balloon, namely, 1852, Stringfellow showed the model of an aerodrome in the Crystal Palace, London. Though the machine only occasionally left the wire track along which it was run to get its start, there were strong indications that the design was inherently correct, and it gave considerable encouragement to this form of flight.

Since then there have been many attempts to imitate the soaring action of birds, those of Lilienthal, Pilcher, and Chanute being the best known, though by no means the only ones. Lilienthal, the Prussian who lost his life in an effort to describe a circle, proved that it was possible to sail the air by using a pair of fixed wings, though it was necessary to start from an elevation. Under proper conditions the descent was about one foot in eight, depending upon the strength of the wind, and in several trials when the wind was blowing with sufficient velocity he was enabled to actually soar upward, though the

wings had a surface of only seven square yards.

Pilcher, of England, like Lilienthal, lost his life by the overturning of his apparatus. Chanute, of Chicago, who was the next to vie with the soaring birds, having the tragic experiences of his predecessors before him, proceeded with the utmost caution, and finally did develop a kite-like apparatus in which he and his assistants sailed through the air without accident and apparently without danger. Chanute's contrivance was built along the lines of Stringfellow's, but not until Hiram Maxim, the inventor of the machine gun, built and tested out an aeroplane with motive power, in 1892, could it be said to have really had an adequate trial. Maxim performed a great number of experiments for the purpose of determining the most effective form of surface for the impinging air, for the form of screw that would give the greatest pull per unit of power, and for an engine which should be at once both powerful and light enough for the performance of its purpose.

The Maxim aerodrome consisted of a slight covered framework resting on a small flat car and extending outward and upward above it, while projecting before and after this central structure were horizontal surfaces that served as rudders, and these were movable at the will of the operator. The complete machine weighed 8,000 pounds, and the surfaces, which were both plane and arcuate, comprised some 5,000 feet. To get a start the machine was run down a track, when the resistance of the air became great enough to lift it from the car, or at least this was the intention of the designer. The aerodrome was driven by a 300 horse power steam engine, the lightest ever

made up to that time, but in the tests which followed only forty horse power of the total amount was used, and this developed a lifting power that caused it to rise prematurely from the rails, when it toppled over, the sudden impact with the earth leaving it a wreck.

While the result of the experiment was a failure, it served to show, firstly, that an aero-surface can be made to lift itself by simply driving it forward with the requisite speed, provided it is fixed at a small angle of inclination relative to the direction of its flight; secondly, that the propeller screw is an eminently effective instrument for the propulsion of the aerial craft; and thirdly, that an engine at once light and powerful enough for driving a practical flying machine can now be made.

But there is an obvious mathematical law stating that the area in bodies in general increases as the square of their dimensions, while their weight increases with the cube; hence it is an apparently plain inference that the larger the creature or machine, the less the relative area of support—that is, if we consider the mathematical relationship without reference to the question whether this diminished support is actually physically sufficient or not—so that we soon reach a condition where we cannot imagine flight possible. Thus, if in a soaring bird, which let us suppose weighs two pounds, we should find that it had two square feet of surface, or a ratio of a foot to a pound, it would follow from the law just stated that in a soaring bird of twice the dimensions we should have a weight of sixteen pounds and an area of eight square feet, or only half a square foot of supporting area to the pound of weight, so that if flight is possible in the first case it

would appear to be highly improbable in the second.

The difficulty grows greater as we increase the size, for when we have a creature of three times the dimensions we shall have twenty-seven times the weight and only nine times the sustaining surface, which is but one-third of a foot to a pound. This is a consequence of a mathematical law from which it would appear to follow that we cannot have a flying creature much greater than a limit of area like the condor, unless endowed with extraordinary strength of wing.

Some years ago Prof. Simon Newcomb concluded that "the construction of an aerial vehicle which could carry even a single man from place to place at pleasure requires the discovery of some new metal or some new force." The process of reasoning by which this scientist arrived at this remarkable result was undoubtedly correct, but his deductions were very wide of the mark.

Dr. Alexander Graham Bell finally hit upon a means by which he was enabled to circumvent this law of mathematics which eminent authorities have long looked upon as standing forever ready to defeat the hopes of human beings to navigate the air. The scheme is simple enough after it has once been discovered. Take three straws and join their ends together so as to form a triangle. Then at each angle or corner of the figure so formed place another straw of the same length as those first used and bring their free ends together at the top. This forms the framework of one of Bell's famous tetrahedral cells; that is, a frame having four bases or sides. By covering any two sides, since they all are of the same form and area, a one-cell Bell kite is produced. By joining cell to cell,

the largest structures may be built up, which absolutely defeats the law that the weight must increase faster than the spread of surface, for his largest kites, having hundreds of square feet of surface, remain in every particular, weight, surface, and strength, proportioned to those of the smallest size.

Mr. Langley's aerodrome of 1896, the most successful model of a flying machine that ever flew, weighed only thirty pounds, equal in weight to the pterodactyl, but had a supporting area twice as great in square feet and four times the horse power. The sustaining planes were oppositely disposed and formed rigid wings, two on a side, like the wings of the insect known as the devil's darning needle. These measured fourteen feet from tip to tip, were fastened at an angle upward and outward from the body, which was eighteen feet long, and they were concave on their under sides. The centre of gravity was not nearly so low as in the Maxim make, and the propellers, which were screws thirty-six inches in diameter and placed amidships, were so swung as to take a part of their air from above and a part from below the machine. The motive power was furnished by one of the lightest and most efficient steam engines and boilers ever built, developing one and a half horse power with a total weight of about seven pounds.

This machine flew repeatedly over a distance of a mile and only ceased when its steam was exhausted, and then it gently alighted on the water of the Potomac River over which it was flown. These interesting and successful tests led Langley to build a machine on a much larger scale, capable of carrying a man. This he completed in 1903; the new aerodrome weighed, together with its

aeronaut, 830 pounds; its sustaining surface measured 1,040 square feet, while the engine, of the internal-combustion type, developed fifty-two horse power and weighed considerably less than five pounds to the horse power. This machine has not yet been given a fair trial, and in each of the two preceding tests the launching device failed in the performance of its part and precipitated the machine into the water below. The difficulty in all the precursory experiments with aerodromes is that encountered in launching, and in every instance this has proven more troublesome and discouraging than the construction of the original apparatus.

This brings us vividly to the realization of yet another and a third method for solving the flight problem, and this is the beating wing. It is the opinion of Dr. T. Bayard Collins, of New York, and others of the younger class of investigators that in this lies the way to success. These students point out that there is not a bird, great or small, but that depends upon the flapping of its wings when it arises from a state of rest, when it hastens its flight, when it carries a load, when it alights, and especially in the maintenance of its equilibrium—the very points wherein the aeroplane fails. The beating wing would supply the requirements of a successful flying machine in precisely those respects where the rigid aeroplane fails. It would enable the machine to rise without the aid of apparatus especially designed for the purpose; it would insure stability, and finally it would settle the question of poising and remaining stationary in the air, and a machine so built could alight at any time and place.

Lawrence Hargrave, of New South Wales, made some beautiful flying models that were propelled by the operation of beating wings, while the lamented Lilienthal constructed a machine having these wings on either side of a central structure, and these he kept in motion by pedals similar to those of a bicycle. By his own efforts, with this clumsy device, he was enabled to raise one-half his own weight and that of the machine, and had he utilized a gas engine, the machine must have ascended. It is not necessary that the complicated movement of the natural wing should be imitated—indeed it would not be desirable to do this, even though it were possible; but what would amount to the same thing—that is, beating the air on the down stroke and avoiding it on the up stroke—is easily attainable by proper mechanism. Such a mechanical movement need not be jerky, but as smooth and continuous as the operation of the engine running it.

It is interesting to mention that such men as Peter Cooper Hewitt, Alexander Graham Bell, John P. Holland, and S. P. Langley are now engaged in devising improved constructions in flying machines, though none of the above will give out any information as to their latest discoveries at the present time. Israel

Ludlow has conducted some very interesting experiments during the past summer along the Hudson River with an improved construction of kite. On several trips Ludlow's kite carried a human aeronaut, who manipulated the steering apparatus at an altitude of nearly one-quarter of a mile.

With these considerations of the difficulties and the advantages of these different methods in view, the writer sees in the first practical flying machine a composite structure, comprising an elongated balloon of very small dimensions serving to sustain to a limited extent a series of movable arcuate wings which will also act as aeroplanes; these will be used for arising, poising, and alighting, while propeller screws will drive the machine forward. Such an arrangement will not be swift-flying by any means, but it will obviate the awkward features found in the other individual types and will serve as a working basis for improvement. As the art unfolds the balloon will gradually be made smaller and beautifully less until it disappears altogether, and then the flying machine will begin to grow in dimensions, in stability, in speed, and in answering the problem when aerial navigation will become a concrete fact instead of an abstract fancy.

Keep the faculty of effort alive in you by a little gratuitous exercise every day. That is, be systematically ascetic or heroic in little, unnecessary points; do every day or two something for no other reason than that you would rather not do it: so that, when the hour of dire need draws nigh it may find you not unnerved and untrained to stand the test.—Professor William James.

A Glass Bridge Half a Mile High

BY ELIHU PALMER IN TECHNICAL WORLD.

Across the far-famed Royal Gorge of the Arkansas River will soon be hung the highest bridge in the world. It will be floored with plate glass, through which objects below can be clearly discerned. Its construction will be a triumph of engineering skill.

THE State of Colorado will possess, within a few months, the highest bridge in the world, over the deepest chasm in the Rocky Mountains—one of the deepest found anywhere. This extraordinary structure is the outcome of the ever-alert western spirit of enterprise, and especially is it one of the logical goals for which rival aspirants for supremacy in the tourist business in the Centennial State are ever straining.

Probably by the midsummer of 1906 travelers between the Mississippi Valley and the Pacific Coast may enjoy the opportunity of passing over this high bridge, which is indeed regarded as the pinnacle of sensational features of entertainment that are continuously being introduced for the greater attraction of pleasure-seekers to the peaks and valleys of the Continental Divide.

The proposed highest bridge in the world is being constructed over the far-famed Royal Gorge of the Arkansas river; and the Royal Gorge is the narrowest point in the also phenomenally famous scenic Grand Canon of the same stream—the great gate, as it were, through which the Arkansas river empties its enormous accretions of water, very soon after the same have been gathered from the melting snows, 150 miles above, in the vicinity of Leadville, onto the plain once known as “The Great American Desert.”

At the point in the Royal Gorge where the bridge is to be stretched, the abysmal rent in the earth's crust

is but 50 feet wide at the bottom and 230 feet wide at the top. The walls rise almost perpendicularly, and are granite, decomposed and iron-stained until the colorings blend into innumerable pleasing effects upon the senses. The rent discloses the oldest geological formations known to writers of textbooks on that subject. The herculean strength of the stupendous forces which have here displayed their handiwork in such exceptionally peculiar manner, suggests many subjects for theory and speculation. The Gorge, therefore, has always been a most attractive point of rendezvous for all classes of travelers “over the range.”

Its spanning is one of the most daring attempts made since the abilities of engineers have been taxed by capitalists, during the last ten years, to increase and enlarge advantages for seeing the wonderful alpine-like features that are afforded by the west in such profusion as fully to verify the statement of the late Washington Irving that “never need an American look beyond his own country for the sublime and beautiful in natural scenery.”

Little wonder that what the Indians held in such terrible awe has proven of superior interest to the pale-face. Its scenic phases are transcendent, even as disclosed by the heretofore available resources for witnessing its indescribable solemnity, which no pigments on the artist's palette can paint; and now that the prospective additions to facilities for witnessing the grandeurs of this world's wonder

are to include the highest bridge in the world, an added attraction is expected to receive public acknowledgment.

The Royal Gorge was not wide enough to admit a railroad track alongside the river, and engineers who built the Denver & Rio Grande railroad thirty years ago were compelled to devise what is known as "the hanging bridge," which has always been considered a monument to the skill of that profession—mostly, however, from the fact of its being the embodiment of an original idea rather than a triumph over obstacles to the end sought.

Huge steel trusses, anchored in the rocks on each side of the river, carry the central weight of the bridge, the subsidiary supports being large steel rods depending from the trusses to the ordinary bridge construction, which is seventy feet long, extending parallel to the course of the stream. Upon this structure, Rio Grande trains have been stopped by the management for many years, to afford passengers opportunities for witnessing the interesting sights of the vicinity.

From the railroad tracks, the eye, looking upward, can scarcely comprehend the stupendous height of the cliffs whose summits pierce the heavens half a mile above; and while in the past the view from the hanging bridge has been voted one of the most sublime and imposing in the Rockies, the advantages for gaining good views of its most picturesque aspects were sadly insufficient.

The canon is seven miles long, hemmed in by continuous exalted walls of variegated hues; and from the viewpoint occupied by the bridge the kaleidoscopic panorama will include the circuitous canon itself, with its cathedral-like spires rising here

and there amidst the ever-changing colors and shadows, and, in the distance, the peaks of the mighty range to the west, south, and north. Eastward the vast undulating plain stretches to the horizon. A perfect eyesight can distinguish details of the landscape at distances of 25 to 50 miles in the rarefied Colorado atmosphere from this great height, while tourists carrying field glasses can easily locate independent objects 150 miles away.

The bridge will be 2,550 feet above the railroad track, 22 feet wide, and 230 feet long, and constructed of flat steel and steel cable such as is utilized in suspension-bridge construction. The supporting, curved girders will find substantial lodgment, at each end, in the granite sides of the canon, where enough space will be chipped out to afford anchorages which nothing but an earthquake can dislodge.

The floor of the bridge will be of plate glass one and one-half inches thick, set in steel framework, through which objects below can be easily discerned, it is expected, by most visitors, without experiencing dizziness. Railings at the sides will be so high that, while those who desire may gaze below by craning their necks through interstices, no danger of falling into the chasm will be present, either to children or adults. The cost of the structure is estimated at \$100,000, which, however, does not include the total expenditure involved in the perfection of the promoters' plans.

Tourists will be embarked from the Denver & Rio Grande railroad trains at Canon City, a pretty town nestled in the midst of highly developed fields and orchards in the Arkansas Valley, six miles east of the hanging bridge.

From this city an electric railroad

is being constructed on the north side of the canon. The route is past the Colorado State Penitentiary, through irrigated orchards and alfalfa fields, thence up and around innumerable terraced hillsides, on and on to the heads of short gulches, over shallow chasms that must be bridged to perfect the switchback system involved, and finally to the summit of the Front range. Although a bee-line distance of but six miles will then have been attained, it will have required the riding over twelve miles of track, laid on an average maximum 4 per cent. grade. The cars, which are of the usual interurban pattern, will reach the bridge in twenty-five minutes. The ascent by rail will have been 2,800 feet, while the altitude at the summit is 7,900 feet.

A hotel of modern design and large capacity is being constructed there, as well as other accessories of a summer resort of high class, including trails into the canon via its steep sides, over which mountain climbers may journey afoot or on the back of the patient little burro.

Cars upon which the traveler will have journeyed from Canon City will be sent over the bridge, minus passengers, on grade, and all visitors therefore will walk across the chasm.

Once on the south side, the cars will roll back to Canon City over another 4 per cent. grade track, fifteen miles long, built in the sides of moun-

tains and hills, and affording many new and novel views which are impossible from the ascending car. This part of the system will not be equipped with trolley wires, but will depend entirely on gravity for its momentum, and upon improved air-brakes for government.

Upward of \$1,000,000 is expected to be spent in developing this new enterprise by the controlling corporation—the Canon City, Florence & Royal Gorge Interurban Railway Co.

The idea of bridging the chasm had occurred to but a few people before F. S. Granger, who is a promoter of original ideas and considerable constructive ability, undertook the task, to inaugurate which has required several years of experimenting with surveys. It is only within the past fifteen years that it has been deemed possible to overcome the engineering difficulties thought to lie in the path of building a railroad on either side of the Gorge. Previous to fifteen years ago, engineers would have declared any man a lunatic who suggested such a route as a possibility, even with unlimited capital; but in accordance with the modern advancement in civil engineering, broad-gauge railroad tracks are now constructed over mountain passes formerly considered wide enough only for burro trails, and bridges are built over chasms where geography illustrators twenty-five years ago declared "one false step would be fatal."

The Future of the U. S. Steel Trust.

BY WILLIAM H. HILLYER IN MOODY'S MAGAZINE.

Here we are given an analysis of the business of the great steel corporation with a view to discovering what will be the result upon it of the inevitable period of depression that is sure to toll with the recent time of prosperity.

ANDREW CARNEGIE'S dictum that "Steel is either a prince or a pauper" has become a household word. Nothing is more evident than that the prosperity of the Steel Corporation depends wholly upon the activity of the iron and steel trade, and this in turn is dependent upon the general industrial condition of the country.

It may be conceded at the outset, therefore, that the Steel Trust will have its ups and downs as the country is prosperous or otherwise. But the problem that confronts the investor and student of economics, is whether the Corporation will prove its ability to survive, despite the inevitable periods of depression.

The surplus of the United States Steel Corporation compares as follows at various dates since it was organized:

STEEL TRUST SURPLUS.

June 30, 1901.....	\$30,950,249
December 31, 1901.....	43,620,950
December 31, 1902.....	77,874,597
June 30, 1903.....	90,131,821
September 30, 1903.....	99,809,836
December 31, 1903.....	66,096,682
December 31, 1904.....	61,265,445
December 31, 1905.....	78,598,709

It will be seen that there was a steady increase in surplus from the date of the first report until the report for the quarter ending September 30, 1903. After this date the rapidly decreasing earnings made necessary the payment of dividends from surplus on the preferred stock, and the surplus dwindled from \$99,-

000,000 to \$61,000,000 by the end of 1904. Dividends upon the common stock had been meanwhile suspended. It may be observed, in passing, that the increase of dividends upon this stock, and the forced suspension thereof, constitute a criminal blunder quite without a parallel in financial history.

Now that the industry is prosperous again, optimists are predicting a resumption of dividends on the common stock. When it is remembered that to resume such dividends at the rate of 5 per cent. would require something over \$25,000,000 a year, the magnitude of the undertaking may be well imagined. It is not likely, however, that the first dividend will be at any such rate. Two per cent. is generally the starting point for the common stock of an industrial corporation. One can but wish, by the way, that the promoters of the enterprise had fixed the common dividend at that figure at the outset, in which case it would doubtless be drawing 3 or 4 per cent. to-day.

Now that the Corporation has passed through a complete cycle of princedom and pauperism, we can judge more intelligently of its future possibilities. Let us examine briefly, therefore, the current annual report. Let us forget, if we can, that the Corporation is the biggest thing in the world, and that its millions are so vast as to confuse our ability to analyze them.

Here we have a going concern with outstanding capital stock of about \$870,000,000; \$360,000,000 of which

is preferred stock, with a dividend rate of 7 per cent. Against this capitalization we find a bonded indebtedness approximately of \$570,000,000.

In order for shares to be worth par, therefore, the property represented should have the market value of \$1,430,000,000. This the condensed balance sheet seeks to do, showing total assets of \$1,637,000,000, which, after deducting current and underlying liabilities, as well as the bond and stock liabilities above mentioned, leaves a surplus of about \$85,000,000. This surplus consists partly of \$25,000,000 provided for the organization, and \$44,000,000, accumulated since that time; also \$15,000,000 of accrued profits on account of subsidiary companies.

The principal item in the property account of the Steel Trust is that somewhat uncertain one of ore-lands. These lands are carried on the books of the Corporation at a valuation of approximately \$750,000,000. There is no way of ascertaining just how much of this valuation is pure optimism. Certain it is that if these lands were put on the market to be sold for cash, they would not bring that amount. The financial digestion would be overtaxed by so vast an offering. Just what these lands are worth for earning purposes to the Corporation itself, is another matter. Time alone can determine their actual value, as shown by their net productiveness. Let us suppose that the valuation placed upon these lands is about equal to the actual net cost of the ore which they will furnish. The Corporation is constantly using this ore, and to that extent, therefore, is eating up its capital. Much is made of the liberal charging off for depreciation of mills and plants. We fail to find

anything charged off for depreciation of ore-lands. We find that the total iron-ore mined from the various ranges controlled by the Trust during the year of 1905 amounted to eighteen million tons, which, at the average market price of \$2 per ton, would give \$36,000,000 as the value of iron ores consumed by the Corporation. In addition, we find the production of coal—not including that used in making coke—of over two million tons. Most of the coke was manufactured from coal furnished by the company's own mines. It is safe to assume that the consumption of coal, at \$1.50 a ton, amounted, during the year to \$15,000,000. Thus we get \$51,000,000 as the value of ore and coal consumed in one year. At this rate, it would seem that something like half the above amount, or twenty-five million, should be charged off for depreciation of ore and coal lands.

It may be put forth as a reply to this theory, that the natural appreciation of these lands from the standpoint of intrinsic worth, will more than offset the decline in value resulting from exhaustion of ore supply. The trouble is that this appreciation is neither certain nor dependent. The lands are valued mainly for their production of iron ore, and so far as the Steel Corporation is concerned, they would not be of much service after this supply is exhausted. It would then be necessary for the Corporation to purchase other ore lands, possibly in Mexico or some other foreign country; to raise funds for this operation, the Trust would be compelled either to rapidly dispose of these now depleted ore lands, or to assume new bond obligations. In either event, the financial position of the Corporation would be an uncertain one. In fact, despite the appar-

ently inexhaustible richness of the ranges controlled by the Trust, it is conceded among all those who have made a study of iron and steel works, that the great corporation will eventually be compelled to purchase from the James J. Hill interests those vast deposits of iron ore acquired some years since by the Great Northern Railway. No trustworthy estimate has ever been placed upon the extent of these deposits. Mr. Hill himself can but guess at them. Expert authorities regard them as equal if not superior to those controlled by the Steel Trust. In any event, their purchase would mean an increase in the stock and bond obligations of the latter concern.

Another point to be considered—and that is the more familiar problem—is the ability of the Corporation, with its tremendous fixed charges, to survive a period of general depression in the trade. It should be remembered that the so-called depression of 1903-4 was only a setback, the result of temporary financial conditions, and trivial in extent, compared to the profound stagnation which has in former times marked certain years of the industry. What, for example, would be the condition of the Steel Trust if pig-iron should drop to \$12 a ton, and stay there for a year or more, and if rails should fall to \$22 a ton as they did in 1894? It has been calculated by officers of the company, that something over \$20,000,000 per year are required to be deducted from earnings in order to provide for ordinary extinguishing funds, and extraordinary and replacement funds and other special charges. When the Corporation first began business, about half of this amount was considered ample; but it was soon discovered that a serious mistake had been made. The policy of

strengthening the various plants and increasing the general earning capacity of the Corporation, added \$10,000,000 a year to the depreciation and replacement account, and was largely instrumental in abolishing the common stock dividend. The Corporation started out upon the fatuous theory "that earnings were earnings," and that, after keeping the plants in ordinary repair, and paying the fixed charges on the various bond issues, the common stockholders could step in and divide the pie. This theory is now obsolete; indeed it never existed in any well managed concern, and was peculiar to the enthusiastic vendors of steel securities.

Nearly \$30,000,000 a year are required for interest on bonds and bond-sinking funds. This money must come from somewhere, or the whole structure will collapse. The cumulative dividends on preferred stock require \$20,000,000 more. While such dividends are not regarded as fixed charges, yet it is clear that, should any considerable arrearage accumulate, a re-organization would be necessary in which the common stock would be either scaled or wiped out. Fifty million dollars a year, then, is what the Corporation must earn, after paying all expenses, in order to keep on its feet. When we remember that the earnings dropped to \$59,000,000 in 1904—within \$9,000,000 of the dead line—and that the dividends paid during the year ending September 30, 1904, exceeded by \$4,000,000 the actual net earnings available for dividends, we can get some idea of the dangerous situation the giant concern would be in if confronted with a prolonged stagnation in the steel industry.

Over against these dangers may be placed the sure increase of steel con-

sumption, which must take place in the next five years. It has been pointed out that if the Corporation enjoys three or four years of prosperity equal to the one just closing, sufficient surplus can be accumulated to provide against almost any depression. Much depends, therefore, on the next few years. If the Corporation is allowed to accumulate a surplus, say of \$200,000,000, its future will be assured. In that event, dividends could be resumed on the common stock and the preferred stock might be regarded as a permanent investment security. At present, however, conservative investors can regard neither as an established proposition.

One fact in regard to the Steel

Trust seems to have been overlooked by students of its economic situation. It is so large that the ordinary standards of value are not easily applied to it. If it were offered for sale, nobody would buy it. If it has exhausted its ore lands, then we, as a nation, are eating up our capital. The future of the Steel Trust is indeed more intimately connected with the economic future of the United States, than the ordinary citizen would suppose. Its collapse would precipitate a panic of unprecedented magnitude. For all these reasons the problem which confronts this giant institution is of more than ordinary interest, and should be studied by all business men, whether directly interested in its welfare or not.

The Value of Time

One of the most important lessons to be learned by every man who would get on in his calling is the art of economizing his time.

A celebrated Italian was wont to call his time his estate; and it is true of this as of other estates of which the young come into possession, that it is rarely prized till it is nearly squandered; and then, when life is fast waning, they begin to think of spending the hours wisely, and even of husbanding the moments.

Unfortunately, habits of indolence, listlessness, and procrastination once firmly fixed cannot be suddenly thrown off, and the man who has wasted the precious hours of life's seed-time finds that he cannot reap a harvest in life's Autumn. It is a truism which cannot be too often repeated,* that lost wealth may be replaced by industry, lost knowledge by study, lost health by temperance or medicine, but lost time is gone for ever.

The men who do the greatest things achieved on this globe do them not so much by prodigious but fitful efforts as by steady, unremitting toil, by turning even the moments to account. They have the genius for hard work, the most desirable kind of genius.

White Coal and the New Italy

BY O. D. SKELTON IN WORLD TO-DAY.

Hydraulic power, or, as it has been aptly termed, white coal, is bringing about a revolution in the industrial life of Italy. This country, poor in coal mines, is rich in water power and it is because of the recent development of this water power that a new day is dawning for Italy.

THE coming exposition at Milan, held to celebrate the opening of the Simplon Tunnel, promises to be as great a revelation to Americans as the World's Fair at Chicago was to Europeans. We are prone to think of Italy, when we think of it at all, as a land of only historical and artistic interest, or as the breeding place of the hordes of illiterate immigrants who form the substructure of our industrial organization. That it is neither living on its past reputation, nor wholly to be judged by the street navy contingent will be made abundantly clear by the Milan exhibition.

To reveal to the world Italy's remarkable industrial expansion in the past decade is indeed the underlying purpose of the exhibition. Northern Italy is prospering beyond all record. The product of the silk industry has doubled in the past eight years; one-third of the silk thread used in the world is now produced in Italy. The cotton mills, scarcely in existence a decade ago, now have an annual output worth over \$80,000,000. Textiles have advanced almost as rapidly. The six thousand workmen employed in iron and steel foundries in 1881 have become ninety thousand and Italy to-day is exporting steel instead of importing it. The new industries of electro-chemistry and electro-metallurgy are now especially flourishing in various parts of Italy.

"Houille blanche," as the French call it, or white coal, has been the chief agent in the transformation. In more prosaic language, white coal is

simply hydraulic power, but the epigrammatic French phrase was such a happy invention that it has become current throughout Europe. Strictly speaking, it applies only to the power derived from glacier streams, rising in the eternally snow-capped Alps. The analogous term, "houille verte," or green coal, has been adopted at M. Henri Bresson's suggestion, to designate the more common form of energy provided by streams of humbler source.

Call it what you please, this newly harnessed power is revolutionizing European industry. It is shifting the seat of industrial leadership, giving a new start to nations hitherto hopelessly out of the race. It is more than a coincidence that the great manufacturing countries to-day are those which are rich in coal — the United States, Great Britain, Germany and Belgium. Other causes no doubt have contributed to their success, but the possession of cheap power lies at the foundation. Now the tables are turned. By an almost providential compensation, the nations which are poorest in black coal are richest in the white. Austria is much better supplied with hydraulic power than Germany, France than England Switzerland than Belgium, Canada than the United States. When it is further considered that the white coal is subject to neither exhaustion nor interruption by strikes, the full richness of the promise it offers begins to be realized.

Italy is one of the best endowed of European nations in this regard; the

available power her rivers hold is estimated at between nine and ten million horse-power, an amount equal to the total steam power of the world to-day, exclusive of that used on railways and steamships. And although only a beginning has been made in utilizing this great heritage, more power has been developed than in any other country in Europe. The chief source of the power is in the lakes and streams fed by the rains and melting snows of the Alps. Some of these lakes, twenty-five miles long and a thousand feet deep, at varying elevations above the sea, form ideal reservoirs of energy. The streams flowing from the Apennines, which, unlike the Alps, are bare of snow for eight months of the year, can not be relied on for as abundant or as constant power and consequently the chief development has taken place in the north, especially in Lombardy and Piedmont. The power is applied to an endless variety of purposes. The great steel works at Cornigliano are driven by electricity. The street railway of Milan is operated by power from the waterfall of Paderno on the Adda. Tegnano lights its streets and runs its factories from power generated at Vizzola on the Ticino. Electric traction is used on many of the lines centreing about Milan, and it is proposed to divert the historic Volturno to provide for the electrification of the road between Rome and Naples. Everywhere the electric current has stimulated the peninsula into new life.

A momentous aspect of the movement is the effect it is having in reviving domestic industry and making farm life more attractive. From the central distributing stations power can be transmitted in as small quantities as desired, without appreciable loss. Italian economists are predict-

ing the passing in many lines of work of those huge ugly caravansaries of toil where the modern factory system herds its workers by the thousand. Already statistics show a decided increase in the number of petty industries. On the land again, electricity is being applied with remarkable results, though not very extensively as yet. On some large estates every part of the farm is lighted by electricity; threshing mills, grist mills, feed cutting machines, churns, are run by its magic aid, and even electrical plows are in use, run by batteries charged from sub-stations in the field, or by cables stretched between power cars on either side the field.

The new power is not to be credited with the whole of the improvement in Italy's condition. The easing of the crushing load of taxation—thrice as great in proportion to income as in England and France—by more economical management, has been a helpful factor. Italy's labor, too, is a valuable asset; cheap it has always been, and efficient and adaptable it is now proving itself in many a Lombard factory. On the land the growth of co-operation is lifting the peasant out of the slough of despond; he buys his seed and implements and sells his products through co-operative syndicates, uses the co-operative threshing machine, the co-operative olive press, the co-operative distillery and creamery, and borrows money at a reasonable rate from the co-operative village bank.

Wholesale emigration, again, is reducing the pressure of population; every year half a million of Italy's children leave her shores. In some sections, it is true, the drain has been so enormous as to be a danger rather than a relief. When Signor Zanardelli, the late premier, was

making an official tour through the Basilicate, he was surprised on entering a certain village to find no arches of welcome, no effusive deputations, only the mayor with his pessimistic greeting: "I welcome you in the name of our eight thousand inhabitants, of whom three thousand have just left for America, and the other five are preparing to follow." But on the whole the emigration has been beneficial. A new Italy has sprung up on the Platte and in Brazil, furnishing an immense outlet for Italian exports, while the remittances sent home from Italians resident in the two Americas are estimated at \$75,000,000 a year. Nor are all the emigrants lost forever. The official returns put the proportion of temporary emigration at fifty-five per cent. One-half the half million emigrants, that is, intend to return to

Italy as soon as they have sufficiently spoiled the Egyptians. Many go and return the same year; all the dogmas of political economy as to the immobility of labor seem set at naught by the spectacle of thousands of men sailing every year half way across the world to help harvest the wheatfields of Argentina, and then returning to spend the other half year cultivating their little olive orchards on the slopes of the Apennines.

With white coal providing almost unlimited power, finances on a sound footing, the surplus indigent population drained off by emigration, Italy seems well on the highroad to prosperity. The past generation worked out her political freedom, shook off foreign rule and welded the discordant fragments into one. The next promises to achieve her economic salvation.

Little by Little

A great deal more can be accomplished by systematic reading or study for fifteen or twenty minutes daily than appears possible to one who has never tried it. It would suffice to keep un French or German, and to become conversant with the best authors. Or a little time given daily to the earnest study of science, and one might become a skilful botanist or geologist. Or, if English literature be more attractive—as it undoubtedly is to the great majority—how soon would one become familiar with Milton or Shakespeare, Bacon or Macaulay, if a few sentences were read and considered daily.

Above all things, it is important that one should read systematically, and not be guided by chance. Have always a good book, a standard that will repay careful study, at hand, and to that devote a part of the time that may be set apart for reading. Before opening the book recall as fully as possible what was read the day before, and on closing it see by reflection how many of the thoughts of the same author you have made your own, and so cultivate memory.

Some Secrets of Success

BY CLAUDIUS CLEAR IN THE BRITISH WEEKLY.

As long as there is work to be done in this world there will be articles written on how to succeed. Generally speaking, the public never seem to weary of reading such articles. Claudius Clear, in the following essay, takes the opinions of three or four eminent writers on the subject and discusses them in an enlightening manner.

LORD PALMERSTON laid it down that the whole secret of success consists in taking pains, and pointed to his own career as an illustration. Mr. Disraeli lectured on the thesis that every man has his opportunity, and that in preparing for that opportunity lies the art of getting on. Sir J. Pakington, who is now forgotten, though he had some prominence as a politician of his day, contributed the condensed result of sixty years' experience of a varied kind in three or four short maxims. "The others," he said, "judge what you are fit for." "Refuse no position which competent observers offer you;" and "Do your best." There may not be much help in this, and yet any instruction sincerely uttered and surely drawn from personal experience has its own value.

Then I find the redoubtable Dr. Emil Reich writing on success in the Daily Mail. I missed his earlier articles, but found some suggestive sayings in the third, which is entitled "Strategy." Two things in particular deserve to be repeated. Dr. Reich says that man has seldom more than one line of success. Life is, generally speaking, a game of cards, in which the player has but one trump to play out. He thinks that for the average man and woman "one man, one line," is the truth of all truths. Dr. Reich pushes this very far. He says that one man, he may be an Englishman, will succeed only in France or in America, the other only in Scotland. "Who has not been struck by the singularly successful

careers made by Irishmen outside Ireland? Who in England ignores the strange fortune enjoyed by Scotsmen in England, where in politics, in the church, as stewards of rich estates, as teachers and publishers, Scots have proved inordinately successful? It is morally certain that these persons would in their own countries have failed to be equally successful."

Dr. Reich goes on to say that there are two ways of succeeding, first by merit and next by influence. Some persons have the knack of using influence. They please the powerful, and are successful in securing high posts. Others, though not less able, have some ungraciousness of manner which prevents them from winning the favor of the man in power. Those not gifted with talk and good manners should throw themselves on their abilities, while others who can intrigue and pull wires may strike out on the path of triumph.

A not less interesting and suggestive article appears in Monday's Evening News. It is entitled "A word to the Junior Clerk by the Senior Partner." The writer points out that the junior clerk is very apt to stick at £3 a week, and that often the errand boy who begins with ten shillings, and learns the practical side of the business, climbs the ladder quickly. He advises the junior clerk not indeed to despise his power of typewriting, or using shorthand, or comprehending foreign languages, but to understand that none of these things will carry him very far unless

he has ability. The tools are invaluable in good hands, but if the hands that use them are weak and inefficient, they will come to little. He tells us that he himself learned in his youth to speak French well. He was close on thirty before this accomplishment did him any good. A Paris customer was in the chief's room with the chief and himself. The clerk had been talking French with the visitor on the way up. Suddenly he said, "Ellison, why don't you send this young gentleman over to represent you in Paris, and pension off poor old Whitman? He speaks French perfectly." This was his first lift into the cabinet council of the firm. French without the business talent he had shown would not have got him the position, but when the chance came the French was ready. General culture and special knowledge are sure to be useful sometime, and they may possibly be all essential. But the ability to speak all the languages of Europe may not excite an extra thought in the mind, though tools are just as necessary as hands. It has to be remembered, however, that tools are tools and hands are hands, and that unless the hands are capable of using the tools, nothing happens. But given the tools with business ability, with general culture, with perfection in the use of figures, weights, measures, money, coinage, and thus equipped the junior will not be long before he rises high in any business firm with which he may be associated.

All these sayings deserve to be pondered. They have all at the very least a strong element of truth. I agree with Dr. Reich that very few people can be conspicuously successful in more than one line of life. Brougham was in his prime a very great speaker, but his literary productions are all dead. His hydros-

tatics, his Greek, his philosophy have gone the way of all smattering. Mr. Gladstone was an orator and a statesman, but he has not left a line that will live unless, perhaps, his translation into Latin of the hymn, "Rock of Ages." I am not saying that the translation is good, but it serves its purpose. Lord Macaulay was not a failure in Parliament. His glittering speeches always attracted a crowd, and sometimes even influenced votes. But they were not true speeches. They were read from the back of the head, and in debate he was quite helpless. As an administrator he made no mark in any of his offices. He spent a long time preparing an Indian Penal Code, but though it remains for those who care to read it an able and interesting book, it was not a practical contribution to legislation. He was eminently a man of letters, and it is by his writings he lives. So one might go over the story. The tragedy is that not seldom a man who might have excelled, let us suppose, as a lawyer, turns out a very second-rate doctor. In other words, the man who does not take the line in which he could best have developed himself, is in the worldly sense a failure.

Some twenty years ago there were two prominent men in Scotland belonging to an eminent legal family. One of them became a minister and the other a lawyer. Neither was a failure in his sphere, but it was commonly remarked that the minister would have been a great lawyer, and the lawyer a great minister. The minister had a magnificent judicial intellect, but no sentiment; the lawyer was good, though not great in his own profession, but he had a fine vein of sentiment and eloquence which would have carried him far in the pulpit.

I am not sure that I agree with Dr. Reich in thinking that the Scotsman who succeeds in England would have failed in his own country. Most of the prizes are in England. I do not suppose for a moment that Archbishop Davidson would have failed if he had been a minister in the Church of Scotland. He might not have been a popular preacher, but he would have risen to the chair of the General Assembly. The Scottish kirk, however, cannot reward her leaders in the manner of the Anglican establishment. Scotsmen who come to England often do better than they would in their own country, simply because they have more scope. The same is true of Irishmen. The great men of Ireland, men like Provost Salmon, the Archbishop of Armagh, and the like, would certainly have succeeded in this country, but of greatly rewarded positions there are comparatively few in Scotland and in Ireland, and thus the way of success may be easier. Perhaps, however, there is some truth in what Dr. Reich says. It may be that some Scotsmen and Irishmen get on better with the English than they do with their own

people. It is difficult to speak with certainty.

On one other point I am tempted to offer a remark. Sir John Pakington advises people to accept the positions they are offered, allowing others to judge of their merits. Perhaps this is good advice on the whole. The only man that I remember in the Church of England who persistently declined to be a bishop was the late Dean Vaughan. He would have made an excellent bishop, but perhaps he consulted his own happiness by remaining Master of the Temple. There were many who questioned the wisdom of Lightfoot and Westcott accepting the bishopric of Durham, but there is no reason to think that these eminent men ever regretted for a moment the step they took. Still, there must be cases where a man knows himself better than any outsider can do. He understands his mental and physical limitations, and he is quite sure that in a burdensome sphere he would break down. There are such people—men to whom ceremony and show and routine are detestable. These must in the end of the day be allowed to judge for themselves

Enthusiasm

“Without enthusiasm,” said Montalembert, “your life will be a blank, and success will never attend it. Enthusiasm is the one secret of success. It blinds us to the criticisms of the world, which so often damp our very earliest efforts; it makes us alive to one single object—that which we are working at—and fills us not with the desire only, but with the resolve of doing well whatever is occupying our attention.

The Childhoods of Some Millionaires

BY G. R. CLARKE IN WORKER'S MAGAZINE.

Of all self-made millionaires of America very few can look back on childhoods, dissociated from work. Thirteen was the average age at which they set out to earn their own living. The stories of the early struggles of some of these great men are object lessons of the value of courage and determination under difficulties.

"THE man who never was a boy," is the term often applied to J. Clifton Robinson, the English railway promoter. The description fits many millionaires. There has always been a running infringement of the law—moral if not actual—against child labor by this class.

"Anybody can become rich," says Andrew Carnegie, "if he works hard enough," and the early beginning with work for many years as the only portion must be included in counting the cost of most successes.

So many successful Americans have begun at 13 that this may be taken as the average age. Lewis Nixon applied for his appointment in the navy at 13 and had it the next year. Samuel Sloan, former president of the D.L. & W., began life sweeping out a big dry goods store in New York at 13. Col. Pope was selling fruit and vegetables, besides working on a farm, at 13. Chauncey M. Blair, president of the Merchants' National Bank, started in the same bank as a messenger boy at this age. Senator Gorman started in the senate as a page at 13 and never left political life afterward. Frederick Gilbert Bourne, president of the Singer Machine Company, left school the Summer he was 13 with a farewell to everybody that meant he would not come back. He had his own way to make and it was decided at home that he must begin. John Mitchell, classed by Lincoln J. Steffens with industrial monarchs

under the name of the "mining king," began work in a coal mine when he was 13.

When Henry Phipps was 12 he began work in a shoe factory and by the time he was 13 he left it and went with a jeweler, where he got \$1.25 a week. Here he had an experience which he remembers to this day. He accepted for his employer a counterfeit \$10 bill. This meant the loss of two months' wages. It was county fair week and the town was full of strangers, and it apparently was a hopeless task to find the man who had cheated him. The thought of the two months' wages, however, spurred him on, and he started out, got on the counterfeiter's track, and did not lose it until he had run him to earth and got the money back.

Senator Beveridge's boyhood was one of great toil and hardship. At the age of 12 he was a plow boy, at 14 he was working as a laborer at railroad construction and doing the work to which the strongest men are put—driving an old-fashioned scraper. At 15 he became a logger and a teamster, and by reason of his natural command of men he was put at the head of a logging camp.

George W. Cable was left the eldest of four children, his mother being without any means of support. This was when he was 14, and he went to work in a custom house and supported the family.

Hugh Chisholm's business career is one which shows wonderful precocity. It began in 1860, when he was

13. He secured a "run" as a newsboy on a railway train. He became a train newsboy because it was necessary for him to earn his own livelihood. His run was between Detroit and Toronto on the Grand Trunk, and he became fast friends with Edison, who ran on the same road between Detroit and Port Huron.

Newsboys then, as now, were paid by commission on sales, but young Chisholm saved a few dollars and got together a stock of his own. From that time his daily earnings were nearly twice as large as before. His next investment was in a course in bookkeeping and penmanship in a business college in Toronto. He took his instruction on the week day evenings that he passed in that city, studying at odd minutes on trains and at the western end of his run.

His next step was to get control of the news routes on the Grand Trunk as far east as Portland, Me., selling on commission. He took his brothers into partnership, and they kept getting new routes until in 1866 they had contracted to sell papers on trains from Chicago to Portland and Halifax and also in northern New England, northern New York, and far up in Canada, as well as on steamboat lines. Their routes altogether covered more than 5,000 miles.

They had 200 newsboys and put them in uniforms and caps, which was the beginning of railway uniforms and brass buttons. Soon after he established a printing business at Portland, and turned out for sale by his own agents pictures, pamphlets, albums, tourists' guides, and souvenir publications descriptive of scenery along the principal lines

of railway. All this was accomplished before he was 20.

When William Lewis Douglas was 5 years old his father was drowned at sea. His uncle ran a cobbler's shop and when he was 7 years old he was bound out and put to work pegging shoes by hand. His uncle kept him at work from sunrise till sunset and worked him beyond his strength and only sent him to school for short periods each year. When he was 11 years old he went back to his mother and then his uncle made a proposition that he would allow the boy \$5 a month and his keep if he would return, and back to the little shoe shop and unremitting toil he went. He stayed another four years, when an opportunity came that looked great.

He got work in a cotton mill in Plymouth, where he was to get 33c a day. He worked there four months and broke his leg. The accident gave him a term at school and then the family poverty lashed him back to work, and he was put at heavy boots. He gave out under this and went into a store as shoemaker and learned the commercial details of his business. With another bootmaker he learned how to cut and fit shoes, and then started a little place of his own. Later with \$875 of borrowed capital he started to manufacture shoes.

Herbert Vreeland started at 13 handling ice. He is the son of Abraham Vreeland, who was the pastor of the Dutch Reformed Church at Glen, N.Y. Herbert was the youngest of seven children and after going to school until he was 13 he started to earn his living by filling ice carts. The family moved to Newark, N.Y., and the boy worked hard and faith-

fully at handling ice until he struck his first railroading job.

When Carnegie was 10 his father came home one day and said, "Andy, I've no more work." That was the last of his boyhood. They came to America soon afterwards and he started to work in a steam cotton factory tending bobbins. In less than a year he had been taken from the factory and put to running an engine in the new works. Here he got 20 cents a day. Then he got an increase of salary by doing a little clerical work in the office between times. This is his own account of his next rise :

"I awoke from a dream that has carried me away back to the early days of boyhood, the day when the little white haired Scotch laddie

dressed in a blue jacket walked with his father into a telegraph office at Pittsburg to undergo examination as applicant for a position as messenger boy. If you want an idea of heaven upon earth imagine what it was to be taken from a dark cellar where I fired the engine from morning till night, and dropped into an office where light shone on all sides, and around me books, papers, and pencils in profusion, and, O, the tick of those mysterious brass instruments on the desk annihilating space and standing with throbbing spirits ready to convey intelligence to the world. This was my first glimpse of paradise."

He was 14 soon after this when his father died and he was the support of his mother and his younger brother.

Work and Worry

"Too much work" is the frequent verdict of men who die from nervous prostration and mental and consequently bodily exhaustion.

The verdict requires amendment. It is too much worry rather than work that breaks health and eventually destroys life. The man or woman whose undivided attention, for the time being, is quietly devoted to the business on hand is seldom prostrated by overwork.

This is because nothing is attempted which it is not reasonably expected can be done. The systematic worker can make a full day's record, and at the end of the day be ready for rest. His operations, mental or other, are, to a satisfactory degree, forwarded or completed when the time comes for rest. The day's anxieties—if even there have been anxieties—are not prolonged in his dreams. One thing at a time is the safe motto. Following it, method and diligence will permit a distinct thing for every convenient division of the working day.

What Life Means to Me

BY EDWIN MARKHAM IN THE COSMOPOLITAN.

Edwin Markham, whose little poem "The Man with the Hoe" raised him into prominence a few years ago, thinks deeply on human life. Out of the chaos of it all he sees a guiding principle, which is evolving a greater and a better world. Genuine Christianity resting on the impregnable rock of the humanitarian idea, is to him the final religion.

WHEN a boy I often stood on a mountain top high above the Pacific, looking away into the interminable distances and wondering over the world and its mystery. I was then a shy lad, herding a flock of sheep among gray crags and green upland pastures. Now after forty years, on my island facing the Atlantic, I am still looking into the vast fading horizons, still as of old wondering unsatisfied over life and its inexplicable meanings. The only difference between the boy and the man is that the man finds more mystery than the boy ever dreamed of. The boy was touched with a sense only of the world mystery, while the man has added to that a sense of the unintelligible mystery of existence.

I am descended from a people given to spiritual peering and wondering. So there came a day when my young soul began to seek anxiously for the unifying principle of life. I found myself in a chaos of creeds and doubts. My reason rejected their petty "schemes of salvation" and their crude guesses at God. It was a glad moment when, after many stumblings, I came to see that the idea of Humanity is the core of religion, the core of the spiritual fact. It was easy then to see that Fraternity in action is the holiest of all ideas—is the spirit of all gospel and the fulfillment of all revelations. These triumphant convictions sponged out the old billboards of religion, pasted with lifeless catchwords and

faded labels, and swept away at one stroke long rows of sawdust effigies that had been set up to serve as signposts and milestones on the path of life. The "Hebrew old clothes" of religion, serviceable in their day perhaps, were carted away to the dust heap; and little was left but the radiant indignation of Isaiah and the martyr-love of Jesus.

But enough was left to make it clear as light that genuine Christianity is the final religion, resting upon the impregnable rock of the humanitarian principle. I became a believer in the person and the politics of Jesus. And now I see in him the supreme statesman and lawgiver of nations. His words are all in the logic of the universe. They are the indices of the universal wisdom of the Father.

My new convictions swept the old effigies into the dust heap; but this did not deliver me into a godless universe, did not surrender my hopes to the clutch of a blind chance, a nameless something, forever numbing enigma. I still felt that there is One who watches, One who sorrows in our sorrows. This faith cannot answer all the wild questions of the heart, but it can do something to alleviate the pain of failure and the pathetic uncertainty of life. We are all aware that there is something wild in the world—glance at the newspaper with its catalogue of murders, poverties, and cruel luxuries. Still there is something in me that makes me believe

that there is a Purpose striving in all this tumult of nature and history. Perhaps life will be seen to have reason and symmetry when looked at from some watchtower in eternity.

For long years I was confused as to man's place in the world-order. Is he merely a higher animal? and does he find the principle of his life in the nature-passions and carnal battles of the wilderness? Is he a brother to the wolf, finding his only hope in the brute struggle for existence? Men certainly have joined in the brute struggle since the rise of recorded history. It is only from the tongue of old tradition that we get tidings of the ages before history, when men lived in a wise innocence, moving in all their ways and works in the sweet and reasonable law of brotherhood.

When man appeared upon the planet, the ages of animal evolution ended and the ages of spiritual evolution began. The competitive struggle among men is simply a part of our brute inheritance. This struggle must give way to something nobler, or man's soul will never rise to the full measure of a man. Man's spirit needs a ground higher than the nature-ground. For his deeper and dormant nature is not wolfish: it is brotherly. The struggle for his own life must give way to a struggle for the life of others. The survival of the fittest must give way to the fitting of all to survive. The Golden Rule must displace the rule of gold. Man was made for the adventure of love. All true morality for man must be based on unselfish service.

It is to this glad spirit of the early world that weary men must return if they would find their lost paradise. With Ego as the god of

their worship, they have heaped and hoarded; found all treasures but the one worth finding—happiness. Men have stormed across the planet, seeking their selfish pleasure, searching forever for something that will ease the heart's desire. Riches wrung from destitutions, palaces built on poverties, satieties founded on starvations—is this spectacle the end of the moving mystery of life? We were not called into Time to curl up in these hollow shells: we are here to evolve rational and immortal souls, and to perfect them in the practice of the social and heroic virtues. Man realizes himself only when he identifies his life with the common life. There is no rest for man but in fellowship—in the beautiful concords, sympathies, and services of a Comrade Kingdom. Jesus saw this, and came preaching the Kingdom of Heaven, that new order wherein men should love and labor and keep themselves "unspotted from the world."

The great souls in all ages have moved under the inspiration of this divine idea. They have called on all men to subordinate the private self to the public self. In this spirit, the patriots of all lands have defended the national honor and built up the fabric of the public safety. In this spirit, Socrates drank the hemlock that he might not seem to betray the ideal he had lifted for the eyes of Athens. In this spirit, Gustavus Adolphus and William of Orange poured out their lives to make secure the imperiled liberties of man. In this spirit, Savonarola thundered against the social iniquities of Florence and carried to the end his dream of a Christian commonwealth. In this spirit, Garibaldi rejected the crown of a kingdom to become in

that moment the king of Europe. In this spirit, Shelley sang the sorrows of the toilers through the melodious passion of his Prometheus. In this spirit, Mazzini pressed on with heroic hope through his long, lonely, and stormy apostolate. In this spirit, our Lincoln held the duties of his public service sacred as the worship at an altar. And in this spirit, Carlyle, "the wisest and the saddest of this group of titanic men," came preaching his grim gospel, picturing the Pools of Erebus hidden in our social abyss, and calling on the strongest and the best to descend into that human deep to lift the burdens of the people.

Our world, more than we ever dreamed of, is touched and kindled by the World Unseen. "The Visible becomes the bestial when it rests not on the Invisible." For the invisible and the beyond are more real than the actual. The ideal brooding above the universe draws man ever

on and on. It will not let him rest. It is forever breaking and sweeping away the ephemeral facts and forms in which man houses for a moment his eager hopes. Back in the ages when the monsters battled in the teeming slime, there was something more real than they. It was the ideal, the God-purpose, brooding above and transforming them to a nobler use and beauty. Above the buried acorn forever calls the archetypal oak. Above these tribes of men now rending one another stands the ideal man, stirring them out of their easy conceit and kindling them with the passion for perfection. Arcturus and Orion are finished, but man is just begun. Above men is the ideal man; and above our poor imperfect social order, shines the radiant ideal of the Free State, fixed and forever beautiful. Human governments are heaving with ceaseless unrest under the shaping power of this invisible Presence.

Get Ahead!

Every energetic man desires to get ahead. If his work in the world is to amount to anything, he must try to make it more excellent than it has ever been made, and so to distance all competitors.

There may be some kinds of work of the best quality done in solitude and with no such stimulus; but most of the world's labor is performed by men and women who stand side by side, and whose efforts afford strong and equitable incentive each to each.

Just as in the race the energy of each runner is brought out by that of his competitor, so, in the main-fold exertions of the world, the powers and faculties of men and women are constantly sharpening and strengthening each other by honorable contest.

Big Promotions in Railroad Service

BY NELSON WARREN IN WORKER'S MAGAZINE.

That young men have splendid chances to rise in railroad work is evidenced by the recent promotions of three officers of the New York Central, who started several years ago in the humblest positions. The stories of how these three men rose to their present responsible offices are an inspiration to others.

THREE changes in the vice-presidencies of the New York Central railroad within a week have involved as principals in promotion three men who began their railway experiences and work in the lowest positions possible in the economy of railroad construction and operation.

Three men whose careers began in the unidentified dark of the railroad service a quarter of a century or more ago have worked their way to a place in railroad reputation which gives each of them a vice-president's position with one of the conservative great systems of the east. That favoritism could not have been shown is indicated in that each of these men has had to make his moves from system to system in order to find the best of opportunities. And finding them, they have grown strictly according to merit, each within the scope of his opportunities.

W. C. Brown, Chicago, head of the New York Central interests in the west, has been moved up from the position of "wooding" engines on the St. Paul road in 1869 to the first vice-presidency of the New York Central road with headquarters in New York City.

A. H. Smith, general manager of the New York Central, has been promoted from an odd jobs man in the shops of the Lake Shore road to be the eastern vice-president and manager of the lines east of Buffalo in the New York Central system.

Charles E. Schaff, general manager of the Lake Shore system, has passed

up from twisting the brakewheel of a freight car on the Big Four system in 1871 to be the western vice-president of the New York Central and having operating control of that road west of Buffalo.

Perhaps the conditions that existed when each of these men took place in the lowest ranks of the workers of his time are by no means the conditions that exist in material shape and atmosphere to-day. Perhaps no other line of great industrial magnitude has been more blackened in its possibilities for young men than has the railroad business of the country. Yet it is one of the incontrovertible facts that within a week three men who began at the lowest rung of the railroad ladder have gone up round by round almost to the top, and that each of them is yet a young man.

The experienced, practical railroad man will tell you that the railroad business always has suffered in considerable measure from the class of man who is drawn to it in line of promotion and length of service. This is shown in the ease with which brakemen may be secured for a passenger train when there is no promotion from this first position—once a passenger brakeman, always a passenger brakeman. The uniform, the comparatively light service demanded of the brakeman, and the attractions that pertain to traveling sixty miles an hour with clear right of way makes this passenger post acceptable, where the hard rugged life of the freight brakeman, with its infinite possibilities in promotion may be

something to brush aside in despair.

In the life of the freight brakeman and the yards switchman, however, these days of the air brake and the automatic coupling have much in them that is trying to the souls and bodies of men. The switchman in all weathers holds one of the most dangerous positions in the world of the workers. The freight brakeman has a life of hardships and dangers, too, that are scarcely second in measure. In either of the positions the employe finds himself in a trying out process in which the grim philosophy of the survival of the fittest holds sway.

First Vice-President Brown, who has just passed up with the New York Central, began his railroading when he was 16 years old. His first work for his company was as a section hand, from which he was promoted to the woodyards with the duty of flinging wood fuel into the tenders of the locomotives backing in for fuel. He found opportunity soon afterward to become a telegrapher, and for two years was a station operator, from which he was passed up to be a train dispatcher for the St. Paul line.

He was a train dispatcher for six years, working for three or four roads in that time, finally becoming the chief train dispatcher for the Burlington route in 1881. In fifteen years from this promotion he was the general manager of the whole Burlington system. In 1901 Mr. Brown became the vice-president and general manager of the Lake Shore road and of the New York Central, holding at the same time vice-presidencies in the Michigan Central, Big Four, and two or three smaller railroad organizations. These are the steps in his career from settling ties and wooding engines to his present promotion to the second highest position in one of the greatest of the railroad systems in the east. Just how many men in

the several fields of his work Mr. Brown has passed and left behind would be impossible to estimate—as impossible as it would be to assign the causes for these thousands not having kept the pace that made for his success.

Charles E. Schaff, the new vice-president for the western interests of the New York Central system, began his brakeman's experiences at 15 years old, twisting the wheels on cars of the Pittsburg, Cincinnati and St. Louis railroad. On half a dozen lines he acted as locomotive fireman, train baggageman, conductor, yardmaster, trainmaster, and general superintendent. In 1893 he was general superintendent of the Peoria and Pekin Union railroad, with headquarters at Peoria, passing from that position to be assistant to the president of the Big Four road. In 1894-95 he was assistant general manager of the road, and in 1895 became the general manager. Only recently he had passed to the Lake Shore road as general manager, and he left that position for the vice-presidency of the New York Central.

It is to be remarked that the tastes of Mr. Brown in railroading drew him more away from the activities of transportation than did the bent of Mr. Schaff. Mr. Brown took to the telegraph key, at which tens of thousands of young men have stopped and grown old and incapacitated. Evidently the romance of railroading appealed to Mr. Schaff and in the locomotive cab or baggage car alike he found inspiration for his work. Yet the two men are meeting close to the top of railway attainments in its broad sense.

Through the greasy jumper, the scrap heaps, and the machine shops of the railroad Mr. Smith has taken place alongside the other two men. From the shops he became foreman

of bridges for the Lake Shore road. In 1890-91 he was superintendent of the Kalamazoo division of the road, was passed to the Lansing division, to the Youngstown division, to the Michigan division at Toledo, and finally in 1902 was made assistant general superintendent of the road at Cleveland. In 1902 he became the general superintendent of the New York Central, and a year later was promoted to the general managership of that system. Four years later he is one of the vice-presidents of the company.

But whether from section hand, brakeman or machine shop helper, these three roads, leading through sober fields of earnest application, have led to the same goal.

In the present day there are thousands beyond count who take the pessimistic view that things are not as once they were; that opportunity is "bald in front," as well as having no hair behind; that in all probability were the successful men of yesterday to grapple with the problems of life to-day they might easily

be counted among the failures who are now piling up the scrapheaps of humanity.

But the proposition remains that if these three men who have been singled out for success have succeeded under favoring general circumstances, their paths to success have led them past the thousands of others who must have had like general opportunities. Where are these men who have been passed? Why are not three of their fellow workers who were with them in the beginning holding the positions which these three "favored" have attained?

The question answers itself. If there are thousands of men in railroad service to-day where a quarter of a century ago there were only hundreds, at the same time there are positions in the same proportion that are to be struggled for along the lines of capable, intelligent application to duty. If one shall be too inherently pessimistic to recognize this general truth, let him throw up his hands and quit.

Five Arab Maxims

Never tell all you know; for he who tells everything he knows often tells more than he knows.

Never attempt all you can do; for he who attempts everything he can do often attempts more than he can do.

Never believe all you may hear; for he who believes all that he hears often believes more than he hears.

Never lay out all you can afford; for he who lays out everything he can afford often lays out more than he can afford.

Never decide upon all you may see; for he who decides upon all that he sees often decides on more than he sees.

A Mayor of all the People

BY ISAAC F. MARCOSSON IN WORLD'S WORK.

Already considerable fame attaches to the name of James N. Adam, the new mayor of Buffalo, who is conducting the municipal government of that city just like a big business establishment is conducted. He has studied in the school of experience and has learned his trade after years of successful labor.

EVERY morning a carriage drawn by two spirited horses dashes up to the Buffalo City Hall. A man with white hair and beard and wearing a silk hat and frock coat steps out. A newsboy rushes up to hold the door and says: "Good morning, 'J. N.'"

"Good morning, lad," says the man. Then he steps briskly into the big grey building. It is long before eight o'clock and the scrub women are washing the tile floors. As they see him they say:

"Good morning, 'J. N.'"

"Good morning, ladies," is the reply. It is too early for the elevators to be running and he goes up the steps to the second floor and enters a stately room hung with portraits of Grover Cleveland and other mayors of Buffalo. Here a group of people — peddlers, hucksters, merchants—is already waiting and they too greet him as "J. N."—familiarily but with respect. "J. N." is James N. Adam, the new Mayor of Buffalo. Nobody there bothers to address him or to refer to him by his full name; it is always "J. N." Yet for twenty-five years that name has been linked with the highest commercial integrity of the city; and to-day it has come to be a symbol for clean and efficient city government. Formerly the saying in Buffalo was, "Go to 'J. N.' and get your money's worth;" now it is, "Go to 'J. N.' and get a square deal," and the people get it. He has made a fortune in business with clean hands: he has

achieved success in politics without being a politician. He has sacrificed a well earned leisure and comfort for the duties of an office that he has made the busiest and most fruitful perhaps in its history. Under him the municipal government has become a great business establishment with the citizens as stockholders. There are no "insiders."

This hard-headed but kindly mayor was raised in a grim Scotch school. He was born sixty-three years ago in Peebles, twenty miles north of Edinburgh. His father, the Rev. Thomas Adam, was such a strenuous preacher that it was said of him "he danged the goats out of twa Bibles" every Sunday. He was noted for his directness of speech, a quality that his son inherits. The minister put a round stone on his father's grave, whereupon a neighbor remarked that it was a fitting symbol of eternity.

"Na," was the reply. "It shows he was a wheelwright."

J. N. Adam grew up in a pious, intellectual atmosphere, supplementing a meagre schooling with much reading. At twelve he was an apprentice in an Edinburgh dry goods store, making one dollar a week. One of his very best friends was Alec Barrie, brother of J. M. Barrie, the novelist, who was a pupil of Mr. Adam's sister. Meanwhile his brother, Mr. R. B. Adam, had come to Buffalo and established a dry goods business. He persuaded "J. N." to come to America, which he did in 1872, and started a store in New

Haven. In 1881 he was visiting his brother in Buffalo. The latter said, "'J. N.," there is to be a dry goods store in the new White Building. I'd as soon have you as competitor as any one else. Why don't you take it?" "J. N." did take it and founded the firm of J. N. Adam & Co., which became Buffalo's greatest department store. He laid down this rule for his clerks: "Never misrepresent anything; keep your promises no matter what the cost." There was nothing that his clerks could do that he could not do better, from wrapping a bundle to selling a household outfit. This store became known as "J. N.'s," to distinguish it from his brother's which was across the street. He was proud to be called a merchant. Every Summer he went to Scotland, where he had built a home for his sister at Bowden.

One day in 1895 some Democratic politicians were conferring about nominations for the council at the Iroquois Hotel. It was hard to get good men to run—besides, a Democrat had little chance to win. One of the men looked out the window and said:

"There goes 'J. N.' Let's nominate him." He rushed out and brought the merchant in. On being told their purpose he at first protested, saying:

"What do I know about politics? I am only a business man."

But he ran and was elected in an iron clad Republican ward. For years he was the only Democrat in the council but he was an unterrified minority. He began a systematic study of municipal affairs and acquired a vast fund of statistical information. When he became councilman he sold what corporation stock he had. "I don't want my invest-

ments to influence my vote," he said. His colleagues said that he was "hard headed and positive," and that he "poked into things too much," but his honesty became a city tradition. When he completed his fiftieth year in business in 1904 he retired. He was then, as now, the third largest tax payer in Buffalo and a millionaire for, like the late Marshall Field, he believed real estate was the best investment. He had public duties and a fine library to engage his mind, ample means, and an honored name, and he settled down to enjoy the remaining years of his life.

For years a corrupt Republican administration had plundered the city. The county, for example, bought an abandoned cemetery for an armory site and a favored contractor got the job to haul away the bones. He was to receive a fixed sum for each skeleton. But every bone was billed as a "skeleton" and the bill was paid. There was a foreman for nearly every employe in the department of public works. Graft was rampant. Last Fall the Democratic politicians looked around for a candidate for mayor. They wanted a man strong enough to swing the rest of the city and county ticket in with him. "'J. N.' is the man," they said. Mr. Norman Mack, Democratic National committeeman, asked him by cable to accept the nomination and when he could sail, for he was in Scotland, this characteristic cable was the reply:

"Yes 26 Adam."

When Mr. Adam was nominated the opposition said: "'J. N.' is honest but he is an old man." But he surprised them. He upset all electioneering precedents. He spent no money. He had no headquarters. "I

carry them in my hat," he said. At a little table in a corner of his old office at J. N. Adam & Co., he transacted all his campaign business. His platform was "Honesty vs. Graft." What he did was to send a frank letter to every voter guaranteeing a business administration and saying :

"I pledge myself, if elected, with whatever ability and experience I may have, to work for your interests, and to see that every man, woman and child of this city enjoys, for the next four years, an honest administration of affairs, and that every one, big or little, gets a fair, square deal."

His opponent, a lawyer and much younger man, started a "whirlwind" speech-making campaign. Mr. Adam sat back and did nothing. His friends became alarmed. "'J. N.' you'll get beat," they said.

But the old man smiled and replied: "Have you ever stopped to think that it is only about two weeks before the election that people really become interested?" So he waited while his opponent talked. When he did start campaigning he proved that he was the youngest old man in town. He spoke four or five times a night. His speeches were filled with hard business sense and abounded in epigram. Some of them, like the following, stuck in the people's minds :

Graft is non-partisan.

The way to climb upward is not to live downward.

A public office is not a private graft.

Economy is not parsimony but efficient administration.

The trail of the political dollar should be as publicly known as the route of the Empire State Express.

He was elected by a majority of 10,000. Instead of resting he at once visited a dozen large cities throughout the country, studying municipal conditions. He appointed Mr. Victor Speer, a well known newspaper man, as secretary, and more than doubled his salary out of his own pocket. He did the same with the official stenographer. "You cannot get efficiency with small salaries," he declared. "Men who are inadequately paid find it hard to resist temptation."

His first message to the common council has become a sort of classic in municipal documents. Near the beginning he said :

"I desire to make clear at the outset that as there is no authority in law there will be no toleration in private practice or political interests to direct or control the transaction of municipal business. The affairs of our city are not a question of parties or of politics, but of business pure and simple. In his own business, a man does not submit his affairs to the dictates of political or outside parties. He manages it so that each dollar spent brings in the fullest return. The rule of private business is simply the law of public business. We are employed by the people to work for the public interest. We are not paid by individuals to work for private or corporate interests. Let us all bear this constantly in mind, thereby obviating any future necessity for my impressing it upon your memories."

The mayor declared for municipal ownership; for lower taxes, adding : "What is fair for an individual tax payer is equally fair for a corporation tax payer. The less it costs a contractor to get a city contract, the less it costs the city for the

work done under that contract. Further, the less paid in private transactions, the more paid in public taxes." In closing he said :

"I believe graft should be scotched by not only arresting and trying, but by convicting and imprisoning the grafter, whether he be an office holder or not. Disguise should not be permitted to keep a thief out of jail, and a grafter is a thief in disguise. I will do all in my power to put any grafting public official not only out of office, but into jail. I will do all in my power to expose and punish bribery or corruption or any attempt to wrongfully control or influence the conduct of our public affairs, no matter how high or low the wrongdoer may be."

So great has been the demand for the message from all parts of the world that it has been reprinted twice.

When the people read the message they said: "It's 'J. N.' all over." He had practiced in business what he preached in office. His appointments startled the professional office holders. He wiped out party lines, and recognized no creed. "Office holding is not an occupation but a service," he said. There had been mismanagement of the police pension fund, so he appointed a leading bank president police commissioner. To the civil service commission, which audited pay rolls and examined into the fitness of men to hold public jobs, he named, among others, a prominent merchant, an eminent physician, and a union printer. The doctor, for example, takes time from his rich and extensive practice to examine a policeman and a fireman, and the result is that the city gets efficient servants.

"The city charter is old and ham-

pered by useless and contradictory amendments," said the mayor, so he appointed a charter commission to frame a new charter. The first man he named on it was his Republican opponent for mayor.

Being a business man, Mayor Adam at once set to work to organize the city on a business basis. He said, "I believe in single heads of departments with a definite and fixed responsibility. In a great private business the various departments are not headed by a committee ranging from two to seven members. Each has a single competent and responsible head." He pointed to the case of the great railroads, saying: "Has the Pennsylvania Railroad a commission of motive power? No. It has a superintendent." He had a measure for single head departments drawn and put through the council, and it has been introduced before the Legislature at Albany.

There are 60,000 Poles in Buffalo. They sent a delegation to Mayor Adam asking him to recognize the race by appointing one of their number a license clerk. He looked at them squarely and said: "License clerk—name your two biggest men and I will give them high positions." One of them, a doctor, will be deputy health commissioner.

Yet he will defy public opinion if he believes he is right. Recently the council passed an ordinance authorizing the sale of a strip of land that had been part of the old Hamburg Canal. A big price was offered and most of the citizens thought it was good business. But the mayor vetoed it with a vigorous message that showed his foresight. He saw that the development of the strip by a private corporation would result

in damage suits against the city that would cost more than the price paid. I heard a leading business man say: "Well, if 'J. N.' is against that sale, it is a good reason why I should be."

The mayor believes in frank discussions. When half a dozen railroads and as many corporations were in a controversy over a strip of water front he invited representatives from all interests to meet at his home and talk it over. They all agreed to reach a settlement in three weeks.

When he was in business, Mayor Adam worked harder than any of his clerks: He now does more work than any two city officials. He is at his office before eight o'clock, he sees personally every letter that comes and dictates the instructions (often with the law or precedent) for those that go to various departments. Every letter is acknowledged the day it is received. He knows the system and details of every branch of the city service. Heads of departments are constantly going to him for advice. "I want the people to come to me with their grievances," he says. When his big reception room fills up he does what President Roosevelt does, goes out

among the visitors, greeting them cordially, answering with firm "Yes" or "No," never changing his decision and passing quickly from one to the other. The old negro seeking from him permission to wash buggies in front of the city hall gets the same courtesy as a millionaire merchant. The mayor's secretary keeps a record of every visitor and all business transacted in the office in a red book that Mr. Adam scans at the end of the day. His working day runs far into the night, for he takes his official papers with him to his home out in Oakland Place. There his big library becomes the workroom. But his firm Scotch mind is not always intent on business and the strenuous affairs of men. It shifts to the pleasant highways of literature, too. He has been a prodigious reader. He knows his Browning almost as well as his Burns, and often to illustrate a point he will lapse into a verse from a Scotch poet or quote a sentence from the addresses of the Rev. Frederick W. Robertson—"Robertson of Brighton," so he calls him—a brilliant, fearless and eloquent preacher of democracy in England fifty years ago. The mayor can discuss the writings of James Bryce as easily as those of John Burroughs.

He who defers an unpleasant duty does it twice. Anticipation of it may become a continued torture. It is wise to be done with it in the first place, and then contemplation of it becomes a pleasure.

Tillman, Defender of the Senate

BY JAMES CREELMAN IN PEARSON'S MAGAZINE (AMERICAN).

Recent events at Washington have brought into renewed prominence, Benjamin Ryan Tillman, senator from South Carolina. Tillman is a dramatic figure in American political life and the character sketch of him that follows throws into relief his extraordinary nature.

BENJAMIN RYAN TILLMAN is the most violently outspoken as well as the most unbribable of radical Democrats. His is the fiercest and roughest spirit that has ever found voice in the "great advisory council" which constitutes the federal side of Congress, the "palladium to the residuary sovereignty of the States."

Senator Tillman speaks from an inner knowledge of the Senate, extending over a period of about eleven years. He has studied the senators at close range. He has entered into the penetralia of their official life. With a suspicion and cynicism that has found vent in many picturesque, and sometimes shocking, outbursts on the floor of the Senate, he has searched patiently for evidences of senatorial corruption. No sense of delicacy, no regard for the proprieties or for personal associations has ever bridled that wild tongue.

And what is the testimony of Senator Tillman after eleven years of service in the body which is now pictured as a breeder of corruption and treason? Here are his own words:

"I believe the Senate to be a great body of great men. When I came to Washington at first I thought that the senators were generally corrupt or corruptible; that was my honest opinion.

"Since that time I have been compelled to change my belief. Nothing could be falser than the idea that the Senate is corrupt or treasonable. I am convinced that, with rare exceptions, the senators are honest and

patriotic personally, and that when they have failed to do their whole duty in the Senate it has been because of party loyalty and prejudice, rather than personal crookedness.

"The truth is that the Senate continues to be a deliberative body, with freedom of debate and of action, while the House of Representatives merely records the will of the speaker.

"The Senate is still what Washington described it to be. You know that Jefferson was in Europe during the great Constitutional Convention. When he came back he visited Washington and, it is said, reproached him for consenting to the creation of the Senate. He demanded to know why Washington had not opposed the idea.

"When Jefferson asked this question he was, so the story goes, walking up and down with a cup of tea in his hand. The tea was too hot and he poured it out into a saucer.

"Washington smiled. 'You have answered yourself,' he said. 'The Senate is a saucer in which we will cool the legislation brewed in the House.'"

In order to judge the value of Senator Tillman as a witness for the Senate one must know something about the man and his antecedents.

He is tall, deep in the chest, sinewy, loose-limbed and awkward. There is not a more formidable figure to be found in America.

The countenance is singularly coarse. The brow is wide but not high. It overhangs a dead eyesocket and a single living brown eye. The nose is large, long, and fleshy. It is

the nose of a born commander of men. The cheeks, which once were flat, are now pudgy. The jaws are heavy and have a terrific grip. The mouth is thick-lipped and has a brutal suggestiveness. The chin is wide and square, the chin of a desperado. The neck is thick and muscular.

But the head is almost Napoleonic in its strength and symmetry and it is ordinarily carried high, with an air of defiance.

The face makes one think of piracy, cannibalism. It is the splendid outline of the head that redeems and explains it. Not that there is any trace of cunning or treachery in the countenance; yet it is beyond comparison as an example of savage masculinity.

Still, that fierce brown eye can soften compassionately and can twinkle with sunniest humor; and those terrible lips can quote Greek and Latin and talk of flowers and poets and little children. For the face is but a mask to hide a very honest, very human man, who entered the Senate at the head of a fiery farmers' revolution, a mob-leader, cursing all things conservative—to grow into a national legislator whose intelligence, industry and rough integrity have won the respect, if not the love, of his most fastidious antagonists in the Senate.

In considering Senator Tillman's defence of the Senate against the carefully worked-up plan to undermine the confidence of the people, it seems hardly necessary to recall the fact that he is not ordinarily an optimist. He has a jaundiced mind, which looks with distrust and suspicion. But he is, in his own way, heartily honest. It was into his hands that the railroad rate regulation bill was committed in the Senate, and his strongest incentive in the

long fight against proposed amendments was due to his incurable distrust of a part of the federal judiciary. So that it is hardly likely that a senator who does not hesitate publicly to assail the national courts would be likely to overlook or condone treason or corruption in those with whom he is engaged in fiercest strife in the Senate.

The day of Senator Tillman's first speech in the Senate! Who that was there can forget it? Walking down one of the aisles to the front row of desks, he wheeled about in his long black coat, folded his arms tightly across his broad chest, threw his head back—his eye glaring from his paled visage, his lip lifted in a mocking, snarling sneer—and in a speech of almost unexampled virulence, he scoffed at the dignity of the Senate, ridiculed its smothering traditions and denounced President Cleveland as "a self-idolatrous, bull-necked despot."

And how the orator's face lighted with a sudden, cruel pleasure when his rough language to Senator Hoar crimsoned the face of that silver-haired leader and caused him to throw up his hands despairingly. For it was in the law of destiny, foreshadowed many times in American history, that South Carolina and Massachusetts should find joy in the clash of their opposite temperaments and traditions. And the spark of anger that flashed across those rows of seats, from the infuriate face of Tillman to the mild, round countenance of New England's most venerated and cultured spokesman, was of the same fire that blazed in the breasts of Roundhead and Cavalier before they left England to resume their struggle in the western world. It was Senator Tillman's shocking frankness, couched in language never before heard in the Senate—for not

all the Southern States together could prevent him from admitting, sometimes glorying in, the barbarous political methods made necessary by the fear of negro domination—it was this that made men like Senator Hoar loathe his very presence.

It was reckless truth-telling that finally startled Senator Hoar into a revision of his first judgment of the South Carolinian, and the time came when the Massachusetts senator acknowledged him to be one of the most useful men in American public life, a man of brains and purpose without whom the Senate would be incomplete. The thing came about in this way:

The Senate was in executive session and the appointment of a negro to Federal office was under discussion. Senator Tillman was on his feet, his face livid, his clenched hands swung above his head.

"I tell you," he cried, "that you can keep up this kind of thing till you compel the people of the south to get shot-guns and kill every man you appoint."

"What?" exclaimed Senator Hoar, rising. "The Senator from South Carolina would not admit that in open session."

"Open the doors right now and see whether I will admit it or not," shouted Senator Tillman.

"Your predecessors never acknowledged it," suggested the astonished Massachusetts senator.

"Maybe not," replied the South Carolinian, "but if they didn't they concealed the facts. We don't intend to submit to negro domination and all the Yankees from Cape Cod to hell can't make us submit to it."

There was something in that incident which aroused Senator Hoar's interest in Senator Tillman, and from

that time on there grew up a friendship which lasted until Senator Hoar's death.

This picturesque man, who has been variously estimated from a hero and statesman to a loutish charlatan and crank, is by origin half English, a quarter German and a quarter Irish. His ancestors were South Carolina farmer folk who served in the War for Independence. The senator was born fifty-nine years ago in a large, old-fashioned house on his father's ample cotton plantation in Edgefield County, South Carolina. His father died and his mother, assisted by her elder sons, managed the farm. Mrs. Tillman was a woman of great intelligence and courage. But misfortune came when the Civil War broke out and her hundred slaves deserted.

"A hundred thousand dollars' worth of property promptly walked off our farm at that time," said Senator Tillman the other day.

Although his brothers were old enough to serve in the Confederate Army, Benjamin R. Tillman was a school-boy of fifteen when the great struggle began. He knew that at sixteen he must join the Confederate forces, and his brothers wrote back from the field entreating him to get as much education as possible, because the war might last so long that he would never again be able to go to school.

Even at night young Tillman would continue his studies, frequently carrying a lighted pine knot into the woods and lying down with his books beside it. He was a lank, tall, silent boy, dictatorial and brusque, but a natural student. The heat of the pine torch injured his left eye and a plunge in cold water brought on a tumor that destroyed it. It was the almost two years' illness following

this mishap that prevented the youth from serving in arms against the Union.

Those who have raised their hands in horror at Senator Tillman's pitiless war against the political aspirations of the negroes of his state should remember that the most impressionable years of his young manhood were passed in the Reconstruction period, and no humane person can contemplate the experience of South Carolina at that time without a shudder. It was a race struggle pure and simple, and there were days when the desperate white population threatened to renew the war unless they were relieved from the horrors and disasters of negro domination.

In 1876, he was captain of a company of volunteer hussars in Edgefield County, and he led his men in the anti-negro riots at Ellenton and Hamburg. Afterward he rode at the head of his company to Aiken to be tried for insurrection. As a mark of defiance to northern politicians of the John Sherman type, the entire company, including Captain Tillman, appeared at their trial in blood-red shirts presented by South Carolina women.

Until 1886, Senator Tillman was a farmer, innocent of oratory or politics. He had violent opinions on the race question and his tongue was the dread of the country side. But it was not until that year he became a public character. He was drawn from his farm in a movement to extend the scope of the State Agricultural Board, to transfer the control to the farmers and to establish a college on agricultural and industrial lines. That sounded the keynote of a policy that was soon to develop a scheme of modified socialism founded upon the right of the farm to govern the town.

The political power of the negro

had been trampled under foot. The remnants of the fine old Bourbon political oligarchy had resumed control of South Carolina. City, town, factory and store worked together at the polls. The farmers scattered throughout the state constituted a majority of the electorate, but they were without organization or leaders.

In 1889 the Farmers' Alliance was organized, and through that organization Senator Tillman fashioned the discontented and dejected rural mob into an army. In 1890, he was nominated for governor by the farmers, and elected.

After serving a second term as governor he was elected to the United States Senate in 1895.

One of the most vivid incidents of his career in Washington occurred when his colleague and former political follower, Senator McLaurin, declared in the open Senate that Senator Tillman had uttered "a deliberate and malicious lie."

Instantly Senator Tillman bounded at his colleague and beat him in the face with his fists. The sergeant-at-arms and a number of senators intervened, but Senator Tillman managed to strike his opponent again over the shoulder of the sergeant-at-arms.

"I just had to do it," he explained. "If I hadn't done it I needn't have gone back to South Carolina. It isn't that kind of a state."

For that original style of senatorial retort, the Senate suspended Senator Tillman for several days and President Roosevelt roughly recalled an invitation to the White House banquet to Prince Henry which he had sent to the senator.

Taking Senator Tillman all in all, he is the last man in American politics to be suspected of sheltering corruption, especially the corruption of rich men or private corporations.

Defects of English as a World-Language

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS IN MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

The chief weakness of the English language and the greatest obstacle to its general adoption as the world-language of the future, according to Professor Matthews, is its chaotic and unpractical spelling. That this is true, in a measure, all will doubtless agree who follow the professor's line of argument in the following article.

IT would be an immense boon to the whole world if a single language was now spoken by all the chief peoples. The ease of intercourse which has always existed between Great Britain and the United States would be extended to all other nations. A single world language would make commerce easier; it would spread knowledge more rapidly: it would help rival countries to understand one another better; it would lessen the likelihood of war; it would tend toward the brotherhood of man; and it would have untold advantages needless to point out.

Once and again has there been a world language. When the whole of civilization was included in the Peace of Rome, Latin was understood by every man of importance on all the shores of the Mediterranean; and with Latin any one could go anywhere and talk with anybody. For a thousand years and more Latin was really the world language; but at last the Roman Empire fell apart, and the several modern languages won the right to exist. In time the idea of nationality gave intensity to their expansion, and sharpened the rivalry of the peoples that spoke them.

Again, when Louis XIV was at the height of his power, French bid fair to take precedence of every tongue. For a century and a half it was the language of literature, as it was the language of courts. In French, Gibbon composed his first book; and the

great Frederick wrote French in preference to his own ruder German. French held the foremost place until the sunset of Waterloo; and then its chance of establishing itself finally as a world language, as the successor of Latin, departed forever. The sea power of England had conquered; and for a hundred years the French have had to look on while the stock that has English for its mother tongue has gone on expanding.

Of late so clear has been the need of a language familiar to all men, whatever their native tongue, that many attempts have been made to devise an artificial speech, easy to acquire and fitted for universal use. Volapuk was one of these; and for a while it attracted wide attention. Esperanto is another, more popular for the moment; but its vogue will also be fleeting. An artificial language is not likely to have the simple directness of a speech that has been made by the people who use it, shaping it to their necessities through the long centuries. But even if any artificial language had all the merits claimed for it by its inventor, this would not help it. Nothing is more certain than that the majority of mankind can never be made to learn an artificial language.

History shows us that it is not by reason of its own excellence that a language spreads abroad and is spoken by increasing millions. Latin did not drive out Greek because it was a better instrument for convey-

ing human thought, but because the Romans were a sturdier stock than the Greeks—because they had shortened their swords and enlarged their boundaries. Nor did French once bid fair to extend itself all over Europe and half over North America because it was a nobler tongue than Italian or Spanish, but because of the character of the French themselves, the valor of their soldiers, and the skill of their diplomatists. If there is ever again to be a world language, it will be no artificial tongue for the purpose; it will be the native speech of a masterful race, reaching out to the corners of the earth, as the French did two hundred years ago and as the Romans did two thousand years ago.

If there is to be a world language in the future, it will be English. That much is certain. English may fail to win world-wide acceptance; it may see its opportunity slip out of its hands. But if not English, then there will not be a world language. English is already the speech of two great nations—the two which are most vigorously expanding. Those who have it for a native tongue already far outnumber those who speak French and those who speak German added together; and they are also more rapidly increasing. On the continent of Europe, English seems to be slowly taking the place of French as that second language without which a man cannot consider himself educated. And what is even more significant, it is beginning to be adopted in preference to their own native tongue by authors belonging to the lesser nationalities — Maarten Maartens, for example, and Joseph Conrad.

If our own speech is to become the world language of the future, this

will not be due to its own merits but to the vitality and to the energy of the peoples that speak it. Yet as a matter of fact, English is, on the whole, better fitted for this honor than any of the rival tongues. It is a language of surpassing richness, with a double vocabulary, partly Roman and partly Teutonic. It has a marvelous power of absorbing needed words from every other language, dead or alive. It has the gift of refreshing itself, of keeping itself ever fit for all the varied uses of a race at once intensely practical and fundamentally imaginative. Above all, it is the most advanced language in its structure, in that it has rid itself of most of the grammatical complexities, the declensions and conjugations, the arbitrary genders and agreements, which still cumber every other tongue. English may not be quite grammarless; but it is far nearer to that goal of simplicity than any of its rivals. Therefore is it easy to learn by ear, by word of mouth.

In one respect, and in one respect only, does English lag behind the other modern languages. Its spelling is barbaric, chaotic, unscientific. Its alphabet has several letters which are useless; and it is without letters needed to represent several sounds. What is worse, the same letter has often to represent several different sounds: and the same sound is often represented by several different letters or combinations of letters.

We may go farther and declare that our established spelling causes a waste of time to every man who has to write and a waste of money to every man who has to print. It is a cruel hardship to our children when they are forced to master it;

and, what is wickeder, it does them harm, in that it violates all those principles of logic which the teacher is ever trying to train his pupil to apply. And it deters foreigners from attempting our tongue, since the task of learning to read and write English is appallingly difficult, although they find it easy enough to learn to speak English so long as they use their ears only and resolutely close their eyes to our misfit orthography.

It is our spelling which is the chief obstacle to the adoption of English as a world language. Grammatically, English is the fittest tongue for the future; orthographically, it is the least available. The spelling of Spanish is absolutely phonetic, and that of Italian is almost phonetic. Although the spelling of French and German is not as scientific or as satisfactory as that of Spanish or Italian, still it is far simpler than ours, since the variations from the strictly phonetic are fairly regular and reducible to rule. Quite recently, also, the orthography of both these languages has been still further simplified—a fact not without significance when we remember that French and German are the foremost commercial rivals of English. Our own language has spread in spite of this disadvantage; and there has been no concerted movement to remedy the defect. Truly it is most astonishing that the two most practical peoples, the Americans and the British, should so long have rested content with an unpractical orthography.

That is the situation now; and the immediate question is, "What are we going to do about it?" The evil is flagrant. What is the remedy?

The answer would be easy enough

if we who speak English were logical and radical. We should reform our orthography altogether. We should readjust the alphabet, casting out the three useless letters—c, q, and x—and restricting every letter to a single sound. We should then add new letters to represent the remaining sounds. We should first provide ourselves with an alphabet which would permit us to spell phonetically; and, second, we should make our spelling absolutely phonetic.

This is the course which has been advocated by the late Max Muller and by other distinguished students of language. But they have not reckoned with the fact that we who speak English are not radical or logical, and that we are intensely conservative. However desirable a perfect phonetic spelling may be, in practise it is hopelessly unattainable. As a people we are always hostile to any project of root-and-branch reform; and to advocate the immediate overturning of our orthography and the remaking of our alphabet will lead only to vanity and vexation of spirit. It is not practical politics.

But if scientific phonetic reform is impracticable, is not some improvement possible, less radical, yet still scientific? Some thirty years ago the philological societies, which contain the most learned students of language in the United States and in Great Britain, were moved to action. They urged a long series of changes in our spelling, and they drew up a list of rules to guide those who were willing to follow their advice. Their recommendations were excellent; but they proved to be ineffective, because the scholars who made them had overestimated the general interest in

orthographic improvement; and because they had suggested more than the public was ready to accept at once. They asked for too much and they got too little. The average man, even if he wanted to make spelling easier, was too busy to be bothered with learning a set of rules.

Yet the action of these scholars was not without influence. It pointed out the path of progress. It set men thinking; and it won over many scattered sympathizers. It might have had more obvious results, if it had been supported by an organization. Perhaps, too, it would have been more favorably received if attention had been called to the fact that it was not an innovation, but merely an effort to help along a movement toward a more accurate spelling which has been evident in every period of the history of English. The public might have been instructed that our spelling has never been fixed; that it has always been tending to better itself very slowly. There have always been divergences of usage; and there has never been any standard orthography unhesitatingly accepted by all.

This, then, is one thing which every one of us can do to help make English fitted for its future as the world language—we can inform ourselves as to the words now spelt in two ways, and we can adopt the simpler of the two.

These simpler spellings are no longer innovations. They are all supported by the weight of the Sim-

plified Spelling Board, including the editors of the three leading American dictionaries; and they are all certain to establish themselves in the future. We can every one of us hasten the day of this general adoption by accepting them ourselves now, once and for all. We can use them in our private correspondence. We can employ them in our public advertisements. We can get them taught in the schools. We can urge them upon editors and publishers. And we can keep our minds free from prejudice and ready to accept still other simplifications when the time shall come to take the next step in advance.

It is perhaps needful to note here that, although the present organized effort to simplify our spelling has had its origin in the United States, it is sure of the support of all enlightened students of the language in Great Britain. The British have been slow to take action, but those best equipped feel the need of it as keenly as we do. For example, Mr. Gladstone once declared that if he had been younger, he would be glad to lead such a movement. And Dr. Murray, the editor of the Oxford dictionary, that monumental storehouse of information about the history of our language, has been frank in urging the rational reformation of our orthography. He told Mr. Carnegie that the dictionary he was editing was an arsenal of weapons for the fight in behalf of a better spelling.

A Visit to the Island of Java

BY WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN IN SUN MAGAZINE.

Mr. Bryan was delighted with his visit to Java and suggests that the island should be included in every tour of the world whether undertaken for instruction or pleasure, as few sections of the earth have been so blessed by the Creator's bounty.

WE had not thought of visiting Java, but we heard so much of it from returning tourists as we journeyed through Japan, China and the Philippines that we turned aside from Singapore and devoted two weeks to a trip through the island.

Steamers run to both Batavia, which is the capital and the metropolis of the western end of the island, and Soerabaja, the chief city of eastern Java, and a railroad about 400 miles long connects these two cities. A tour of the islands can thus be made in from ten to fifteen days, according to connections, but unless one is pressed for time he can profitably employ a month or more in this little island, attractive by nature and made still more beautiful by the hands of man. There are excellent hotels at the principal stopping places, and the rates are more moderate than we have found elsewhere in the Orient.

The lover of mountain scenery finds much in Java to satisfy the eye. The railroad from Batavia to Soerabaia twice crosses the range, and as the trains run only in the daytime one can without leaving the cars see every variety of tropical growth; from swamp to mountain top, from coconut groves and rice fields on the low land to the tea gardens and coffee plantations of the higher altitudes, not to speak of mountain streams, gorges and forests.

Java is the home of the volcano and contains more of these fiery reservoirs than any other equal area

on the earth's surface. While only about 600 miles in length, and from 60 to 120 miles in width, it has, according to Wallace, thirty-eight volcanoes, some of them still smoking, and all of them interesting relics of a period when the whole island was deluged with molten lava.

Some assert that almost all of Java has been built up by the eruptions of volcanoes. Two extinct volcanoes, Salak and Gedeh, can be seen from Buitenzorg, and from the top of Boro Boedoer temple nine volcanoes can be counted when the air is clear—at least Groneman so declares in his description of this temple, although not so many were visible the day we visited there.

Java reminds one of Japan in the appearance of its rice fields, its cultivated hills and its terraced mountainsides.

Though the island is diminutive in area, containing a little less than 410,000 square miles, half of which is tillable, the land is so wisely used that it supports a population of 28,000,000.

With so many mountains and with a rainfall amounting to ten feet per annum in some places, the island has, as might be expected, an abundance of springs and running streams, and these make possible a very perfect system of irrigation, which has converted Java into a vast garden.

Sugar is the chief export, followed by tea, coffee and copra, although rice is the product to which most attention is given. It is the chief article of food, and so much is re-

quired to support the dense population that its importance as a crop is not indicated by its place in the table of exports.

As a traveler is more impressed by the unusual things than by things with which he is familiar, one who visits Java immediately notices the numerous fruits peculiar to the island. They have here all of the fruits usually found in tropical countries and several not found elsewhere.

The pineapple grows in perfection and can be bought in the market for about a cent apiece. The Java orange is not equal in taste or variety to those of California or Florida, but the banana, of which there are more than 1000 varieties, makes up for the deficiency.

Mrs. Seidmore, in her book on Java, is authority for the statement that 4,000 pounds of bananas will grow on the space required to produce ninety-nine pounds of potatoes or thirty-three pounds of wheat; if her calculation is correct and the ratio of productiveness anything like the same in the case of other fruit, one can understand why the problem of living is so simplified in warm countries.

A fruit closely allied to our grape fruit is found here, a variety of which grows in China and Japan. The papaya, which we first tasted in Honolulu; the mango, whose season had passed in the Philippines; the sour Manila, and the durian are all to be bought in the market here.

The last named fruit has succeeded in arraying into ardent friends and inspiring critics the tourists who have ventured to eat it. Some declare that it is delicious, while others cannot bear the taste, and all agree that the odor is exceedingly repulsive. It is rough skinned, very large, sometimes weighing ten or fifteen pounds,

and resembles in appearance both the breadfruit and nangka.

Among the fruits which we have tasted for the first time the mangosteen and the rambutan are rivals in popularity. The first is a delicately flavored, orange shaped morsel of pure white, encased in a thick hull of deep red. It melts in the mouth and leaves a memory of mingled flavors.

Its fame has spread abroad, and there was for years a standing offer of £30 to any one who would put Queen Victoria in possession of a ripe mangosteen, but it decays so quickly that not even ice will preserve it during a long sea voyage. The rambutan has not received as much praise as the mangosteen, but I am not sure but that it is superior for continuous use.

The word rambutan means hairy, and the name was given to this fruit because it has a covering something like a chestnut burr, except that the so-called hairs are soft instead of spikelike. There is a variety of the rambutan which has a smoother covering, without the hairlike projections, and this is very appropriately called the kapoelassen (which means bald) rambutan.

The usual covering is a bright crimson, but there are several different shades, and the trees present a very attractive appearance when laden with ripe fruit. The pulp of rambutan resembles a pigeon's egg in size and shape and contains a single seed. The flavor is half tart and half sweet, and recalls all the good things one has ever tasted.

Another Javanese fruit is the doekoo, which on the outside looks like an apricot, but is divided into sections like an orange and has a taste peculiarly its own. The jamboa, or

Java apple, is conical in shape and has a white, waxy appearance.

But enough has been said to indicate the variety of fruits exposed for sale on the street and peddled at railway stations. The natives usually carry an assortment of fruit as they go to or return from market, and the floor of the third-class railroad coaches is always littered with rinds and peelings. Verily, one can revel in fruits to his heart's content in Java.

One of the most interesting days that we spent in Java was devoted to a trip to Boro Boedoer, the great Hindoo temple near Djokjakarta. Leaving the through train at this station with the jaw breaking name we went by tram line about twenty miles and then drove six miles further.

Near the temple the road crosses a ferry, the substantial bridge which once spanned the river there having been swept away, and when we reached this point we found the stream so swollen by recent rains that the natives were not willing to risk their boats in the angry flood. We returned to the tramway station and spent the night in the hospitable home of the Dutch stationmaster, the only white man in the town.

Returning to the river early the next morning, we found that the waters had sufficiently subsided to enable us to cross, and we reached Boro Boedoer while yet the sun was low. What a monument is Boro Boedoer to the zeal of the Buddhist priests, the skill of the Hindu architect and the patient industry of the Javanese! As a temple it is not surpassed, in labor expended upon its construction it is comparable with the pyramids, and in artistic skill displayed in design and execution it is even superior to them.

According to archaeologists it was

built about 1,200 years ago, when the Javanese were worshippers of Buddha, but the invasion of the Mohammedans of the fifteenth century was so complete that that stupendous pile was first neglected, then deserted and at last forgotten. It was so overgrown with trees and shrubbery that the Dutch traders were in the country for two centuries before its presence was discovered.

When it was found and unearthed during the occupancy of the English under Sir Stamford Raffles in 1814, the people living in the vicinity were as much surprised as the foreigners, for all tradition of its existence had been lost. This seems hardly possible when it is remembered the temple stands upon the summit of a mound, is 500 feet square at the base and towers to the height of 100 feet.

The structure is pyramidal in form and rises in eight terraces, the first five being square and the last three circular. Each terrace has a wall at the outer edge, which, with the wall of the next succeeding terrace, forms a roofless gallery, either side of which is ornamented with bas-reliefs descriptive of the life of Buddha.

These carvings if placed side by side would, it is estimated, extend for three miles, and the story which they tell has been interpreted by eminent archaeologists who have visited the place. These pictures in stone not only portray the rise and development of the great Indian teacher, but they preserve a record of the dress and customs of the people, the arms and implements used, and the fauna and flora of that time.

At the centre of each side there is a covered stairway leading to the summit, and there is evidence that the galleries were once separated from each other by doors. In the

niches along the gallery walls there are 432 stone images of Buddha, life size and seated on the ever present lotus.

On the three circular terraces there are seventy-two openwork bell shaped structures, called dagabas, each containing a stone image of Buddha. Surmounting the temple is a great dagaba, 50 feet in diameter, and in it was found an unfinished statue of Buddha similar to those found on the various galleries.

As the stone employed in the construction of the temple was of a hard variety the bas-reliefs are well preserved. No mortar was used for cementing the stones and no columns or pillars were employed.

Besides Boro Boedoer there are hundreds of other temples scattered over the island. Within two miles of the elevation upon which the great temple stands there are two religious edifices, one, a shrine of exquisite proportions, restored in 1904, and another, a temple of considerable size, now being restored.

At Branbanan, about twenty miles east of Djokakarta, there is a large group of temples scarcely less interesting than Boro Boedoer. One of the reports received by Sir Stamford Raffles describes this territory as the headquarters of Hinduism in Java, and the temples as "stupendous and finished specimens of human labor and of the science and taste of ages long since forgot."

Gold Won't Satisfy

Riches may gratify you to a large extent. They may give you opportunities for pleasure and preferments. They might help you to widen or blind your outlook.

Riches are convenient, but they do not feed the man within. A soul cannot be fed on bricks and mortar. The man who rides in carriages and drives the fastest horses, who drinks the most sparkling wine, and sits in the fastest company, does not revel in these things long. He turns away from them, weary and tired, and sick at heart.

If gold could feed a soul, then happy should that man have been who went down in that seething whirlpool and left two millions of money behind him. There was not a ripple to mark the place where he sank. His millions made him a suicide.

A millionaire died a while ago and left twenty millions. His own family said he was the most miserable wretch they ever knew.

You cannot satisfy the man within with riches. You are not built that way. You are built with different material—the material out of which God builds the planets, out of which God builds the eternities.—Gipsy Smith.

Some Reflections on Shopping in America

BY MRS. VAN VORST IN FALL MALL.

Mrs. Van Vorst has already discussed shopping in Paris and she now endeavors to give some idea of how the process is carried on in America. Viewing the subject from a distance, as it were, she is able to describe it impartially and to place all the details in their proper relations to each other.

SHOPPING is the national American occupation. The city of New York, built on a long and very narrow island, suggests the tube of a thermometer, and the population can well be likened to mercury: they fluctuate in a mass, now up, now down, moved by the impelling atmosphere of the shopping centres. Apart from the business men, who, on their way to and from their offices, crowd the subways and elevated roads in the morning and evening hours, there is a compact body composed chiefly of women and girls in the surface cars at given moments of the day. Towards 9 a.m. they are transported to the shopping district centred about Broadway and Fifth and Sixth avenues, between Eighth and Fifty-ninth streets. They shop assiduously until hunger calls them, reluctant, homeward; but, having lunched, they return for a further fray, which lasts until five or six o'clock in the afternoon.

Pouring into town from another direction, are the suburbanites, whose exile from the island-city compels them to take a ferry in order to reach the field of chosen activities. With tender consideration, the needs of these "out-of-town shoppers" have been met by the stores, which provide cheap lunch-rooms or restaurants situated in the upper regions of the lofty store buildings. Given such facility for eating, away from home, the serious bargain hunter can continue throughout the day, uninterrupted, her work.

Where do they all come from, you ask? Who are they, these women with nothing to do but shop?

America, it should always be remembered in judging it, came into existence definitely at about the same time with the so-called "labor-saving" machine. There is no country in the world, doubtless, where in all classes womanly pursuits have been so wholly abandoned, and the "ready-made" so generally substituted for the "home-made" in the household organism. A single instance is striking enough to give some idea, at least, of what the American woman doesn't do.

Wishing to buy a gold thimble when in New York not long ago, I went to the most fashionable jeweler's, and was somewhat surprised when the clerk drew from the depths of a drawer a tray with three thimbles on it.

"Are these all you have?" I asked.

He answered rather peremptorily: "We can make you a gold thimble to order. We don't carry any assortment. There's no sale for them nowadays."

So here, to begin with, is one category of shopper: the woman who never sews, but who buys ready-made her own and her children's clothes and underclothes. She chooses the cheapest confections, gets what wear she can out of them, and discards them when they begin to give way, arguing that it "doesn't pay" to mend. This convenient logic, together with a very conscientious

scanning of the advertised bargain lists, leads her to consider shopping in the light of an economy, a domestic necessity, and herself as a diligent housewife.

"But when she has children," you very justly exclaim, "what does she do with them?"

If they are too young to go to school, she brings them with her into the over-heated, dusty rooms of the crowded stores. When they are babies in arms, she trundles them in the perambulator to the threshold of the inward whirlpool, and there, in the company of other scions, she abandons them temporarily. At a popular shop I have seen a side vestibule crowded with little carriages. Now and then, as the wail of some one infant rose, heart-rending, above the others, an anxious and busy mother, having recognized from within the call of her young, rushed out, readjusted conditions for the immediate comfort of the baby concerned, and returned to the more alluring considerations of a bargain counter.

It is perhaps for such domestic reasons, perhaps for causes which affect more generally the evolution of retail shopkeeping, that trade of every sort is concentrated more and more under the single roof of the so-called department store in America. As in London, so in New York, everything from the proverbial elephant to the ordinary toothpick may be bought at the stores.

Aside from the primary category of women who shop with the idea of domestic economy, there is another class who likewise no doubt exist only in the United States.

Talking not long ago with a rising young lawyer about the American habit of "living up to one's income," I was interested in what he told me,

for it represents the situation of a large class of American business and professional men.

"They often reproach us Americans," he said, "for our thriftlessness. They don't realize how many expenses are forced involuntarily upon us. I, for example, was recently given charge of an important case with the condition specified that part of the large fee I received was to be immediately re-expended in making more of an outlay, generally. My offices were considered too modest for the counsel of a great financial company. I was obliged to move. I had also to rent a larger house in the country, to have more servants, and the rest. Materially, so to speak, I represent my clients, and if they keep on increasing in importance I shall be obliged to buy property and to own a motor car!"

All these enforced expenditures entail a multitude of minor extravagances which devolve upon the wife, who becomes, in consequence, an assiduous shopper. She shops, not because she has any especial needs, nor because she entertains, or has even any social life whatever, but because her husband is making money, which must be spent as a testimony to the world of his flourishing position. This category of shopper buys the finest linen for her vacant house, the most costly silver and china; she chooses diamonds which are to glitter unseen unless she wears them in the street—which, it has been observed, she very often does. She buys laces and furs, and what she has is "of the best, the very best."

How does she educate her taste, we ask? For her taste is remarkably good, and bears even a high reputation among the Parisian dressmakers with whom she soon begins to deal.

She is imitative, she is adaptable, she seems to have no ingrained vulgarity, no radical commonness which, given the proper example to follow, she cannot shake off.

And where, in the matter of shopping, does she find this example?

In the newspapers, in the reports of what is being purchased from day to day by the elite circle who have devoted their lives to the cultivating of their tastes.

The owner of one of the largest stores in New York said to me: "In France they have periodical sales, which are advertised by the different shops a year in advance. Such a thing is impossible here. If you go any day to one of the big dress stores in Paris, you will see exactly the same pattern that you saw there ten years before: there is a whole class of people who, no matter what the passing fashion may be, dress about alike. Here"—he threw up his hands and laughed—"everybody wants to be dressed like the leaders of society. If they see in the paper that one of them has worn some new thing at a ball, there are five thousand of them the next day who want that thing, and who are going to have it, whether they can afford it or not."

"So you give it to them?"

"That's our business—watching every caprice of the buying public. We can't plan for any sales, we can only every now and then take advantage of a chance we may have to get cheap something the public is after. Then we can offer them a bargain."

This lightning communication of the fashion news among shoppers extends to the smallest towns. One of the "queens" of society having appeared at the races last spring in a plum-colored Paris gown, a ripple of "plum color" ran over America,

sounding in the ears of the manufacturers, ever on the alert. One of them said to me: "There's nothing pretty in that plum color, but our mills have had to put everything aside and run the looms on plum color for five solid weeks."

The number of women in New York who spend fifteen thousand dollars a year on clothes is estimated at two thousand! It is not surprising, is it, that the New York shops should have the air of existence for women only? There are a few men's furnishers and tobacco dealers who have made a name for themselves, but one finds them in the basement entrance of mansions whose facades are gay with the hats and gowns and laces that form such a gigantic item in the New York woman's daily expenses.

The result is just this: everything that is fashionable is hastily copied in cheap qualities. If you are looking in a New York shop for a solid, sober dress-goods, for example, to offer to a family retainer, you will be given, unless you are very explicit, the flimsy, low-grade copy of some stuff you have just seen on the backs of the rich.

This system has its advantages: in the matter of boots and shoes the cheapest ready-made dealer provides his clients with foot-covering copied in form at least from the best models procurable. And his customer, whatever may be his rank in life, car conductor or country store clerk, wears good-looking boots of which he is very evidently proud!

In all the large department stores, and in the first-class boutiques generally, the credit system is in vogue. Doubtless this is a whet to the reckless spirit of the assiduous shopper. We read of a certain lady belonging to this category, who died quite re-

cently in Brooklyn, New York. It was found that her "mania for shopping" was such that, during four years' time, she had had charged to her account at the stores two hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of things for which she had no use whatever! Her spacious home was filled with unopened parcels! One room, it was found, contained nothing, from floor to ceiling, but handkerchiefs. Shopping at this rate, it will be seen, becomes something in the nature of a passion, and perhaps it could not reach this degree of intensity without the facility for charging."

If the American shopkeeper be lenient, and very cunningly so, in trusting his customers, he is uncompromising about taking back things that have once been delivered. "No goods exchanged" is the warning which stands in glaring evidence at the threshold of the different departments. Exceptions, of course, are

made for customers of long enduring reputation.

The "strenuousness" of the shopper's life is indicated by the presence in all large stores of an emergency hospital, a physician and a trained nurse to take care of the "women who faint" or collapse on their busy rounds.

The usual traditional *empresse* manner of clerks is debarred in American shops. Urging and coaxing, proposing, suggesting, are the salesman's trump cards in France. They act only as an irritant with the westerner, whose psychology, as we have seen, is somewhat peculiar. At one of the large New York stores frequent complaints were preferred, by the customers, regarding the "eagerness" of the clerks. "They only annoy us," the fair shoppers explained, "by their politeness. We can choose for ourselves, I guess—that's just what we go shopping for!"

"Backbone!"

The man who learns to seek power within himself, who learns to rely upon himself, is never disappointed; but he always will be disappointed when he depends upon any outside help. There is one person in the world that will never fail you if you depend upon him, and are honest with him; and that is, yourself.—Success Magazine.

Re-organizing a Big Business.

BY ARTHUR WARREN IN SUCCESS MAGAZINE.

Mr. Warren opens his article with a disquisition on the modern director, whom he describes in a clever manner. He then proceeds to outline, in the portion of his article which we reproduce, the work which lies before the executive head of a big business, who is required to re-organize the entire system. The difficulties lying in his way are pointed out one by one.

REORGANIZING a business, a big business, a big "trust," is harder work, far harder work, than organizing a new undertaking. The new president has an uphill road before him. That is why he was selected. He has had no connection with any of the cliques of the corporation, or with any of the concerns that were absorbed. He finds himself at the head of a huge business whose several manufactories are hundreds of miles apart, and whose directors, as likely as not, meet a thousand miles away from the head office. His selling organization, that is supposed to cover the country, is going to sleep, and a capital of, say, forty or fifty millions, half of which is water, is not earning dividends. Of his board of directors he is the single member who has had a practical experience at manufacturing.

No diagram can suit all cases. It suggests actual conditions rather than elaborate details. As the business management of the nation is divided into three parts—executive, legislative and judicial—so the management of a many-millioned company has its three branches—executive (which furnishes the money and the policy), manufacturing, and selling. It is one thing to lay this out on paper; it is another thing, a very different thing, to carry it into effect. For, consider: the company has bought, leased, and absorbed smaller companies. Each company thus brought into the fold increases the friction, for it brings in a fresh field

for the exercise of jealousy, and jealousy is a very powerful force in business. The concern that is newly taken over finds very quickly that it is playing second fiddle, or even third, where formerly it was a star soloist, or, at any rate, the first violin. Now it takes orders instead of giving them. Its president becomes merely a director in the larger enterprise; its treasurer is swallowed up in the general accounting department; its chief engineer misses the "chief" from his title and is instructed to report to another chief in a distant city. The superintendent finds that he superintends only a wing of the army and reports to a general superintendent, perhaps a thousand miles away. The former sales manager directs the sales of Department Q, under the orders of a general manager of sales of whom he never heard until yesterday. A good part of his former authority has gone from everybody in the absorbed concerns, but his human nature remains intact.

There is resentment, of course, although it may not appear on the surface, and by dealing with it the new organizer will show what manner of man he is. If he is a bully, as some men in authority are, he will fill the rank and file with discontent; if he permits subordinates to approach him over the heads of their superiors, or behind their backs, as some men do, he will disrupt the service. If he mingle firmness with courtesy, and if, at the same time, his directors have the good judgment to back him, he

will win. He may have these qualities, but the directors may not have the judgment. Under the best of conditions it will take him a year, at least, to straighten out all the tangles, find the new men he needs, and get his organization on a strong productive basis. You want time and money for this sort of thing.

First of all, it is a search for men. Some of the great companies have an understanding that they will not take men from one another. Others take them where they can be found. A company employing ten thousand men does not easily fill its roster. There are not so many geniuses, or exceptional men, in the woods as some professional preachers of progress appear to believe.

The three main branches of the business have to be co-ordinated, authority has to be defined, and overlapping has to be diminished, as far as possible.

At the head of the manufacturing end of the business a thoroughly trained man must be placed, responsible for all designs, all methods of production, and all products. A prodigious share of the reputation of the company will come from what he does for it. Under him is the general superintendent, and under the latter are the superintendents of the respective works; under the superintendents are the various shop departments and foremen, and under the foremen are the operatives.

Between the receipt of an order for a cumbersome piece of machinery and the completion of the machine there is a vast and intricate system of records, instructions, and requisitions which is the despair of the layman. You pass through a huge manufactory where furnaces are glowing, forges roaring, steam hammers pounding, and lathes, planers, milling machines,

boring tools, and so on, turning out thousands and tens of thousands of metal parts, and you wonder how it is that these myriad pieces traverse the great acreage between their design and completion and are ultimately assembled at their proper time and place to make a perfect-fitting, perfectly operating mechanical giant. Think of the clerical work that has been required to keep trace of it all—all the material, all the parts, all the time, and all the costs! If the mechanical processes must be exact, the clerical processes must be not less so; yet there are big concerns that do not know their costs with anything like accuracy. That is one of the troubles with which our new organizer must deal. It took many pounds of paper to get this big machine through the shops.

Costs are too high. What costs? Shop costs. What about costs of administration, selling costs, general expenses, the "burden," — "long costs"? They are too high, or your long cost is not high enough. We need a new plant at Brasstown. Impossible! Our old plant is valued at so many millions and should be sufficient. Yes, but it isn't. You have valued your old machinery at what it cost you ten, twenty, or twenty-five years ago. Ah, that must have been done before we were taking in, that is to say, combining other concerns, and before we had unloaded, that is to say, before we had admitted the public to our new flotation. That may be so, but the present fact is that the whole concern needs overhauling.

The new president reduces the non-productive costs by a couple of hundred thousand dollars, or a couple of million. He knows how to produce more work for less money. He discovers interesting things as he digs

into the old organization. A head of a department had contracted to equip a great power house in an important city. The machinery was built and shipped just before the new administration came on the scene. The new administration finds that the head of the department had forgotten to provide foundations for the mighty machinery. There is a sudden vacancy.

The selling force, it seems, had been accustomed to modify designs to meet competition, and had been in the habit of instructing the works to make these alterations without in any way consulting the management. The results were heavy expense, lack of standardization, and unnecessary multiplicity of patterns and drawings. Costs, too, were made up on the road instead of at the works. The company's inspectors were under the shop foremen, upon whose work they had to pass judgment! The directors didn't know these things and a hundred things like them. How should they? Most of them never set foot in the works. Their meetings were held a day's journey away. Besides, the average director wouldn't know a pattern from a pill box. But they all knew that the many millions were not earning dividends.

A great business has grown up partly on the strength of a great reputation, partly through the prosperous conditions of the country. The business amalgamates with others. A large corporation is the result. It is the work of a mighty group of financiers. Now, the merits of democracy have no relation to business. Autocracy is needed. Where every man's judgment is as good as another's the business will go on the rocks. The component companies which have been taken over retain their respective officers and conduct business in the same old way. The men who had

made the reputations of the component companies have died, or have been succeeded by their sons—estimable gentlemen, but not masters of affairs. They had been friends, but they become enemies, and they hotly oppose one another in the board meetings and out of them. Then there are too many vice-presidents with ill-defined authority. Each of them wishes to be president. Each thinks the concern he had formerly headed should have the strong hand in the new corporation. Each suspects the other of seeking undue advantage. Their subordinates take sides. Subordinates are very quick to perceive these contests, no matter what pains are taken to conceal them. The internal contest goes on. The new president has to call upon the board to reorganize itself. This is a bold step to take. The board reorganizes, but he is not forgiven.

A strong man is bound to make enemies in business as well as in politics. He may be forced out of his position for doing his duty to the shareholders. In such cases the powerful directors take good care that he will never become connected with any of the ten, twenty, thirty, or forty other companies which they so serenely direct. They have a good deal of power in this way and can make the fortunes of a man, or mar them.

There is no secret about successful organization. The method is clear enough; first, you must know what you want to do; second, you must get the right men to do it. The commonest error, in these days of large enterprises, is to permit managing men to swamp themselves with detail. But some concerns compel this by declining to pay adequate salaries for proper assistants. If you see that a manager's desk is always

choked with work you may be sure that he has not learned the most successful part of management—division of labor. He hasn't the right kind of assistants. Perhaps he thinks he doesn't want them. Perhaps the company won't give them to him. In any case the result is the same, for the right kind of man will relinquish his position and will decline the responsibility when he finds that the company will not employ the right kind of men.

The concern has a large staff of salesmen, all more or less technically trained. The country is divided into districts. Each district is in charge of a district manager with his office in the most important city in the district. The territory allotted to him may cover five hundred thousand square miles, or it may cover fifty thousand. The district manager may have five salesmen under him, or he may have twenty, according to circumstances. There are thirty districts, perhaps more. A wide-awake sales manager has to direct them all—a man who can do something more than squabble over expense accounts, screw down salaries, and bully his men. All contracts above a certain figure have to be referred to him. The new executive must overhaul the contract forms used by the company. The chances are that they were not adequate to the purpose. The sales manager watches the records of his men, and knows who sells at the least expense. He must, in conjunction with the executive, fix the prices in important transactions, in spite of any fables put forth by the price-list department.

Some companies have a man-of-all-work to pare down expenses wherever he can see them. He may be a vice-president, or he may be an assistant to the general manager. It

doesn't much matter what he is called, so long as he is eyes and ears for his chief. He watches everything, makes confidential verbal reports of everything he hears, "pumps" and "jollies" with the same breath, questions subordinates when their superiors are away on duty, looks for leaks, and busily makes suggestions for changes and improvements. His is not the pleasantest job in the world, although some men seem to like it. It requires a peculiar talent and temperament.

There was a vice-president, once, who watched his heads of departments and district managers by the aid of detectives. This man was known as the greatest disorganizer in forty states.

He was the most successful trouble breeder in the temperate latitudes. The telephone switchboard in the general office of his company had a detective wire to his desk, and the chief operator was privately paid by him to switch on any conversation that he might be interested in overhearing. A reforming president stumbled on this condition of affairs, removed the operator, cut the connection, installed a new switchboard, and persuaded the directors to relieve the vice-president of his duties, in spite of the fact that the overthrown busybody was one of the largest holders of the company's stock. The irate vice-president never forgave this intrusion upon his cherished and long-standing prerogatives, and he intrigued until he succeeded in removing the reformer. Square dealing is powerless against some men.

Jealousy is one of the obstacles which the organizer must encounter. Any business which needs reorganizing is bound to be well saturated with this disturbing spirit. Many men are little-minded. They may be

good enough men, in their way, as human entities, but brush them up together in a big business undertaking and you ruffle all their little weaknesses. The ten thousand men represent every sort of human nature. The strong character at the head dominates all these, if he is given time enough. Most men represent their leaders fairly well. The file is apt to reflect the qualities of the rank. So a great business organization, in its policy, its product, its methods, and its men, comes to reflect the character of its executive. A broad-minded, liberal man wants men about him who can appreciate his methods and carry them into effect. A mean spirit seeks its kind. But, let the executive be as big and broad as he may, there are not enough liberal spirits to go around and supply all the positions of authority.

A great corporation contains a good many prizes, and there are always men who will intrigue for them and knife their friends in the dark. Almost every great concern has these characters meddling with affairs within it. Business is like politics in this.

The sort of reorganizer we have been considering will be a just man, and square in his dealings. He will not permit any man to accuse another behind his back. He may be severe but he will examine both sides of a question and will not jump at any conclusion. He will recognize faithful service and will know how to get under the appearances of things. He

will do his best to suppress "company politics"; he will not permit men to go over the heads of their superiors, or around the back way, for when that kind of affair goes on things happen which don't get into the papers.

The great art in successful business management is that of managing men. The right men, rightly managed, will take care of the material in the right way. Managers who ride roughshod over their staffs, and who browbeat and encourage tale-bearing, never obtain the best results. They never inspire loyalty, and loyalty is a more powerful force for business success than many men realize. A mere board of directors does not inspire loyalty. What men want is a man. Square dealing breeds loyalty, but only a square man can deal squarely.

Every man in a position of responsibility should have an understudy. Illness, death, promotion, resignation and the growth of trade may, and do, cause vacancies. Too much time is lost, too many experiments are tried, and too much bad feeling is engendered by a policy that drives men too hard, on the one hand, or, on the other hand, always seeks for outsiders to fill vacancies or newly created positions. A concern may easily be "penny wise and pound foolish" in this regard. For one thing, a good understudy would be a capable assistant, especially under a liberal management.

The Feelings of Children

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

The writer of this editorial writes sympathetically of the feelings of a child. He analyzes the childish mind and shows how the most sensitive point is the very realization of its childhood. He puts in a plea for a more considerate and thoughtful treatment of the child.

I HAVE often wondered at the slight consideration people show at times for the feelings of children. Having a pretty good memory, I can remember distinctly how I felt about it when a child myself. Of course, most of us, young and old, have to put up with a good deal of roughing it in life, and I dare say it is in the main good for us; still, so much of it is inevitable that most of us feel instinctively that needlessly adding to its amount is not well. Yet some of us allow ourselves to wound children's feelings in ways that seem utterly needless and wanton. Thoughtlessness is doubtless at the bottom of it in most cases, but it would do us no harm to think a bit more than we do. The matter is really of importance, for wounding another person's feelings is surely incompatible with the well-bred considerateness we all try to instil into our children. And if we show ourselves carelessly lax in this in our dealings with them, they must naturally conclude in their own minds that the preaching which goes with such practice is not worth much.

Both the crosses and the ideals of childhood are different from ours, so it is quite natural that children should be sensitive where we are not, and vice versa. What is the chief besetting cross of childhood? Not being allowed to do what older people do. What is its highest ideal? Being grown up. To a child's mental vision the good things in life—among which may be accounted the esteem of oth-

ers and favorable opportunity in the pursuit of happiness—are distributed by Providence in an ascending progression directly proportionate to the ages of the recipients. It sees older children allowed to do things that it is not; it accordingly concludes that they have richer opportunity in the pursuit of happiness, and respects and envies them therefor. Older children still seem to have still richer opportunity, and so on, until the progression ends at maturity. For to a child's apprehension grown people can do as they please. Need there be any wonder, then, at a child's idealizing being grown up? The wonder would be if it did not.

So the tender 'point with children, the point on which they instinctively tend to be most sensitive, is their own childhood, the very fact that they are children; and they are most sensitive to things that remind them of it and emphasize it unpleasantly. Probably the reminder that comes oftenest (to take an instance) is being sent early to bed. I am surely not trying to preach a crusade against so wholesome a regulation; I merely wish to point out that being sent to bed at an hour fixed independently of their own wishes is felt by them to be something of an indignity. It is a sore point, and none the less so for their having an inkling that it is really all right, a not-to-be-stilled consciousness of their own unfitness for the later hours kept by their elders. It galls both ways. *Ce n'est que la verite*

qui offense, and the sharpest barb of the thing is in its recognized justice.

Our dealing with this is an instance of our want of consideration. A sensitive child is allowed to sit up for an evening party or reception; as an exceptional boon it is even allowed, on good behavior, to sit up to the end until all the guests are gone. Any child is rather proud of such a permission; it is like having a few hours' vacation from childhood, a delicious foretaste of grown-upness. When the time comes the novelty of the scene is so interesting and exciting that the child is quite content to amuse itself with the play of its own powers of observation—always keener and more at hair-trigger than a grown person's — and has a great, good time of it; so diverting does it find all it sees and hears, so engrossing is its elation at being there, that it does not care to speak to or bother anyone, is good as gold all the evening, and would be surprised at its own moderation when the eatables come on, if it had time to think of it. When all is over and the guests are gone it is still in a sort of rapture, quite unconscious of

fatigue or sleepiness, feeling perfectly ready for as much more, if it would only come. Then up steps some elderly relative, perhaps very tired herself and speaking more on general principles than from immediate observation, and says with a smile the significance of which may be open to misconception: "Aha! I think somebody's peepers look pretty heavy! Somebody looks quite ready for bilo!"

This is simply fiendish. What earthly need is there of taking the poor little thing down in that way? Why not let it luxuriate blissfully on in its new-found ecstasy and send it to bed without touching it rudely upon its sorest spot? Why not say: "Heigh-ho, I'm tired to death, though you, little chicken, seem to stand it very well; I think we both had better go to bed now." But, no; instead of that, here has this abominable elderly relative recalled to the child its unfitness for doing the very thing it has most idealized doing, what every grown person can do as much as he or she pleases—sitting up late. Can inconsiderateness go further?

Success and Enthusiasm

A great philosopher said that success without enthusiasm would be a very poor thing. You must be interested in your work if you want to get on.

Columbus and Luther were enthusiasts. Every great inventor has something in him of the enthusiast's spirit, which leads him to give his useful gift to the world, careless of the indifference with which it may be received.

There are many things to be interested in, and enthusiastic about. Be always on the look-out for them—that is one way to success.—Smith's Weekly.

The New York Man of Fashion

SUN MAGAZINE.

Here we are given a glimpse of what is considered the correct thing in men's wear this Summer in New York. It will be found that there is a fairly close adherence to certain fixed styles. As New York influences the whole continent, it is worth while paying some attention to what is being worn there.

TWO women met the other afternoon. One was in her office, for she is a member of the large army of those who work. The other, who is one of her customers, is the wife of a man whose name is a symbol for millions.

"How I wish I had kept on my tailor made," said the visitor, looking over at her elaborate gown of silk and lace. "But women all dress so much now in the afternoons that it is almost necessary. And you always have such beautiful clothes."

The other could hardly suppress a smile. Her visitor's gown had cost at least \$400, while her own short pleated walking skirt and coat had not cost more than \$60.

"I paid \$50 for the linen shirt-waist and collar, though," she said later. "for I have learned that a woman is chic in dress in accordance with the degree of attention she gives to small matters. The wise woman who has not endless money will devote what she has to these details."

In a measure the same rule will hold with the dress of men, although there is nothing of so much importance in a man's dress as its cut. If a coat is not well cut nothing will make a suit look smart. It is only the improvement in the work of ready made tailors that could make it possible for a man to rely on them for the details of his dress.

There are many ready made clothing concerns that turn out very well cut coats even if they are not made according to the measure. In such cases one need only avoid the ex-

cesses. Young men run up and down Broadway in these spring days wearing coats that are cut in the back to knee depth. Of course, no well-dressed man would buy such clothes.

Clothes are cut better by even the least expensive tailors than they ever were before. Slight men of good figure are able to save money on their suits in order to spend it on other details of dress. The reason for the improvement in ready made clothes is the prevailing looseness of the styles.

Take the question of the handkerchief. There has been an undoubted reaction from the highly colored styles of the past three years. The body of the handkerchief is now white with a border of not more than three-quarters of an inch. This border, in a pastel shade of blue, pink, mauve or brown, matches the shade of the embroidered initials. It also matches with more or less exactness the shirt and the socks. These bordered handkerchiefs usually supply color enough nowadays.

Equally smart, however, are the white handkerchiefs which have stripes running across them in both directions at intervals of two or three inches. These have the effect of a white ground checked by squares. These handkerchiefs come in all colors. In dark blue they look especially well with the dark blue serge or flannel of summer suits. Plain white handkerchiefs are practically abandoned now for anything but evening wear. They come in very beautiful and costly forms for

full dress and have altogether supplanted the silk handkerchief which is not possible with well dressed men to-day, however expensive it may be.

There are linen handkerchiefs, striped with damask bands half an inch broad. Then there are others adorned with damask stripes that form a square on the linen, diminishing constantly and regularly in size until the square in the middle of the handkerchief is formed by a narrow thread of damask and is not more than an inch each way. Inside this middle square the monogram is put. Some handkerchiefs with colored stripes come in this same pattern, but they have rather too much color for the present style.

The most expensive white handkerchiefs for men cost \$8 each, and are so fine they could be easily rolled up and put into a waistcoat pocket. They have the initials or the monogram in the corner and sometimes they are divided into squares by a narrow thread of coarser linen. Others are perfectly plain with only a line of hemstitch between the body of the handkerchief and the narrow border. In handkerchiefs like these the monogram or the initials are put in the corner.

Nowadays there are socks to be had at low prices which combine color effects that would have been possible some years ago only in expensive hosiery. There are, of course, no colors smarter for men's wear than the solid blues, grays and greens. They are still expensive in the best qualities. Blue socks, for instance, are always difficult to find in any but the most expensive makes. Why dark blue socks should cost more than any other color does not appear, but it is

a fact that a good shade of dark blue can never be had in any but expensive hosiery. In the cheaper lines, they are either not of the right shade or they fade entirely after the first washing.

Green and gray socks in the solid color are also expensive when the right shades are desired and they are expected to wear. It is the disadvantage of the cheap socks that they lose their color almost with the first washing. Their charming color schemes last for a very short time, but probably as long as could be expected from the price.

The very thin black socks that are to be as much the mode this summer as they were last are really the most expensive investment in socks, as they usually go through at the toes on the very first wearing. They may be worn again, but never with the original comfort. Silk socks, unless they be of the most expensive and heavy weaves, are likely to last only a short time. With any walking or exercise they are soon punctured.

Solid colors matching the shirt, tie and handkerchief in a fine quality of lisle thread are as smart for day wear as any socks that are in the shops. Openwork of any kind is bad form for men. In the evening plain black silk goes best with pumps and the dinner jacket. In the informality of this summer full dress the black silk socks may have a colored clock or even be striped with a small vine in green or any other color. Bolder spirits do not hesitate to wear with the summer dinner jacket socks that are purple, red or dark green. The temptation is always to go in for the fanciest colors that the shops offer when the summer feeling is having its effect, but the well dressed

man is proof against these gaudy colors.

The necktie is bound to be a more expensive consideration this year than it has been in the past. The smartest summer ties are those that are made in England. There has been no attempt to make cheap imitations of them for the simple reason that they cannot be copied. They cost \$2. They come in solid colors and stripes, but the former are regarded as smarter. These striped silk ties that come from England are the only rivals to those knit tubular scarfs as they are called.

The sporting ties come in the most extravagant shades and colors. Bright yellow stripes alternate with brilliant purple, while between them comes a narrow strip of vivid green. There are glaring allowances of color in all these ties and it must be said to the credit of British taste that they are not designed with an eye to their beauty. They are all the colors of some athletic or sporting club and it may be that they are so attractive to New Yorkers for this reason.

The majority of these ties are to be had only at one store. For years it has made a specialty of importing them. This circumstance has in a way kept these ties from becoming common. Not everybody knows where to buy them. American imitations of these scarfs have never succeeded in reproducing the effect of the English originals. The cheap imitations of these scarfs never wear well.

One must beware of the gayly colored English band on his straw hat. These are just as loud and varied in color as the scarfs and are imported by the same firm. The English straw hat, which always sets the

style in this country for the men who dress most carefully, is somewhat higher in the crown than it was last year and must have a rather narrow brim. It should also have only a plain black ribbon. The colored bands imported from England are made only for the members of the clubs whose colors they are. In England only a member of the club would be allowed to wear them. Only such membership excuses a man for appearing in such a gaudy hat band.

If it must be a colored band one should wear that of his school college, club or regiment. Nowadays even the preparatory schools are provided with their particular bands. The colleges all have them and so have the regiments. A club of bank clerks has had a ribbon designed for the straw hats of its members. So it is no longer a difficult matter for a man to find a hat band to which he has a real claim. There is no excuse for his using any other, since he can be quite as smart in a straw hat with a plain black band.

The yellow chamois glove is a thing of the past, but its successor is still lighter in color. The dress glove for spring and summer wear is white chamois, much thicker than that used in the yellow gloves of the same material for the past two years. It washes just as well, however, so the new gloves, although they cost more in the first place, are just as economical in the end.

With white gloves, white duck spats are a smart and striking accompaniment. Naturally they are only for dress in the summer—for weddings, the races or for coaching. They add a touch of modishness and distinction to a man's dress that nothing else gives in the same degree.

Other Contents of Current Magazines.



In this department we draw attention to a few of the more important topics treated in the current magazines and list the leading contents. Readers of The Busy Man's Magazine can secure from their newsdealers the magazines in which they appear. :: :: :: :: ::

AMERICAN.

There is so much that is good in the June number of The American, that it is hard to pick out just what is best. Judge Grosseup's article on "The Rebirth of the Corporation" is probably the most outstanding.

The Last of the Wire-Tappers. By Arthur Train.

Home Life in a Gull Colony. By Liam L. Finley.

The Rebirth of the Corporation. By Peter S. Grosseup.

The Philosophy of an Adventurous American. Horace Fletcher. By Arthur Goodrich.

The Plant of Mystery. By Arthur J. Burdick.

AMERICAN HOMES AND GARDENS.

What a delight it is to have the opportunity of looking over such an admirable production as the June number of American Homes and Gardens. Elaborately illustrated, each page contains some gem over which the eye lingers. And the reading

matter, too, contains much valuable material.

Notable American Homes. "Pembroke." By Barr Ferree.

How a Pennsylvania Farmhouse was Transformed into a Beautiful Dwelling. By F. D. Nichols.

A Group of California Bungalows. By Paul Thurston.

The Use of the Automobile in Town or Country. By S. Y. Beach.

The Animals of Yellowstone Park. By K. L. Smith.

The Value of Summer Mulch. By Ida D. Bennett.

The Gantley House at Athens. By Elizabeth L. Gebhard.

The Preservation of Wild Flowers. By Mary L. Riley.

Improved Furniture at Little Cost. By Mabel T. Priestman.

Old-Time Wall Papers. By Mary H. Northend.

The Veranda. By Ethel Swan.

AMERICAN INVENTOR.

The June number of this interesting periodical has some entertaining articles in its table of contents. The

subjects discussed are not treated in a very technical manner and are easily intelligible to the ordinary reader.

A Peanut Proposition. By Frederic B. Wright.

History and Evolution of Shoe Making. The Detachable Shoe.

Babbitt Making: Its Influence on the Industrial World. By Frank S. Strachan.

Gold Dredging by Electric Power. By Frank C. Perkins.

A Chat About Invention and its Opportunities. By Charles A. Scott.

The Making of Carbonated Drinks. By W. F. McClure.

How to Make a Simple and Inexpensive Wireless Telegraph Set.

Handling Ore on a Large Scale. By D. A. Willey.

A New German Electrically Operated Wind Indicator. By Harry C. Perkins.

APPLETON'S BOOKLOVERS.

A set of four pretty colored pictures illustrating the outdoor games of four generations of young women is a feature of the May issue of Appleton's. Sarah Bernhardt contributes "Comparative Impressions of America" and there are quite a number of stories.

The Truth About Panama. III. Labor and Panama. By H. C. Rowland.

Recent Mural Decorations in Some State Capitals. By Hamilton Bell.

The Rise of the Workingman in British Politics. By A. Maurice Low.

The Unsolved Problem of Mechanical Flight. By George Calvert.

Cabals of the Exiles. By Broughton Brandenburg.

Inspiration "ex-Machina." By Julian Hawthorne.

Comparative Impressions of America. By Sarah Bernhardt.

The Remoteness of Real Consular Reform. By Harold Bolce.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

The June number of the Atlantic Monthly is well up to the standard of this publication. Thoughtful readers will find much of value in the articles, the titles of which we quote:

The Hague Conference and the Future of Arbitration. By Benjamin F. Trueblood.

How Ought Wealth to be Distributed? By T. N. Carver.

A Bird-Gazer at the Grand Canon. By Bradford Torrey.

The White Death of the Soul. By John H. Denison.

Recent Progress in Solar Research. By T. J. J. See.

Philosophy and Tramps. By Martha Baker Dunn.

Constitution-Mending and the Initiative. By Frank Foxcroft.

The Poetry of Landor. By Arthur Symons.

English Lawns and Literary Folk. By Julian Hawthorne.

BOOK MONTHLY.

An interview with the great journalist, T. P. O'Connor, is a prominent feature of the June issue, which also contains several other timely articles on literary topics.

A Talk With "T. P." By James Milne.

A Thackeray Club. By Lewis Melville.

Scaling Parnassus. By William H. Davies.

A Blue Stocking.

BROADWAY.

The Broadway has changed hands and the June number appears as the New Broadway, improved and enlarged. The publishers intend to make it primarily a magazine for

New York, representing the cosmopolitan life of the great city.

Raising Three Million Dollars For Charity. By Remsen Crawford.

Transforming the Slum into the Playground. By N. C. Marbourg.

Types of Metropolitan Loveliness. Photographs.

The Evolution of Broadway. By Henry Waldorf Francis.

The Stage and Its People. By Geo. C. Jenks.

How it Feels to Face Death. By Octavie de la Tour.

CANADIAN.

Timely illustrated articles on the catastrophe at San Francisco appear in the June issue of the Canadian, written by J. A. Holden and Professor A. P. Coleman. There is a valuable art contribution, handsomely illustrated and dealing with the work of Sir John Millais. Several stories and the usual departments round off a good issue.

The Story of a Picture. By Frederick Dolman.

A New York Season of Drama, II. By John E. Webber.

When the Dominion was Young, II. By J. E. B. McCready.

Art and the Tariff. By Arnold Haultain.

An Experience in Tangiers. By Frank Carrel.

Destruction of San Francisco. By J. A. Holden.

Earthquakes and Volcanic Eruptions. By Prof. A. P. Coleman.

CASELL'S.

The June number of Cassell's is distinguished by the number and interest of its illustrations, all admirably reproduced. A number of the famous military paintings of R. Caton Woodville are shown. A new

serial by Max Pemberton, entitled "The Diamond Ship," begins.

Opera: Past and Present. By Austin Brereton.

Concerning Mr. R. Caton Woodville. By R. de Cordova.

Signor Caruso. By George Cecil.

Lord Dalmeny as a Cricketer. By Percy Cross Standing.

Down the River (Thames). By R. Austin Freeman.

Some Impressions of Minto. By Grace Ellison.

To Succeed in Parliament. By Harry Furniss.

"The Times." By John Vendom.

CASSIER'S.

At the present time Cassier's Magazine is conducting a department devoted to exposing the metric system fallacy. Each month a number of writers discuss the system. In the June number there is to be found an interesting description of the new battleship, "Dreadnought."

Extending the Uses of Electricity. By H. S. Knowlton.

Exploiting an Invention. By G. W. Colles.

Modern Grinding, I. By Joseph Horner.

Automobile Improvements. By G. E. Walsh.

Some High-Pressure Steam Pipe Details. By J. A. Miller.

The New British Battleship "Dreadnought."

The Metric System Fallacy.

A Modern Factory Restaurant.

New Railways in the Philippine Islands. By P. E. Fansler.

Getting New Business for Central Stations. By C. S. V. Brown.

CENTURY.

The June issue is termed a Travel Number and among its contents will be found several articles dealing

with sight-seeing in all parts of the world. Mrs. Humphry Ward's serial, "Fenwick's Career," is concluded. The number contains some fine color printing.

Sunset near Jerusalem. By Corwin Knapp Linson.

Tatra. By Wladyslaw T. Benda.

A French River. The Lovely Marue. By E. R. Pennell.

The Negro and the South. By Harry S. Edwards.

The London Bus. Pictures by Thornton Oakley.

To the Jungfrau Peak by Trolley. By E. von Hesse Wartegg.

The American Hero of Kimberley. By T. J. G. Gardiner.

Historic Palaces of Paris. By Camille Gronkowski.

European Museums of Security. By W. H. Tolman.

The Spelling Problem. By Benjamin E. Smith.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL.

He would be a hard man to please who would not find some entertainment in this excellent publication. The June number is as full of good things as ever. There are several stories in addition to:

Notes on a Norwegian Farm.

Bird Life in a Western Valley. By Alfred W. Rees.

The Force of Cricket. By E. H. D. Sewell.

Franking of Letters. By R. S. Smyth.

Hunting Wild Horses in Australia.

Memories of a Happy Life. By Henry Leach.

Replicas and Copies of Some Great Renaissance Paintings. By E. Govett.

A Village of Healing. By F. Cowley Whitehouse.

Reminiscences of the Congo Conference. Sir A. W. L. Hemming.

Alpine Mountaineering in Scotland. By Rev. A. E. Robertson.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY.

May 19. "San Francisco Rising Again," by Frederick Palmer; "The Minute-Men of Russia," by Howard Brubaker and illustrations of the San Francisco disaster.

May 26. "The First Night," by Richard Harding Davis; "Plays of the Month," by Arthur Ruhl.

June 2. "Who Owns the Isle of Pines?" by Richard Harding Davis; "Mr. Dooley Discusses Socialism," by E. P. Dunne; "Marshall Field's Will," by J. M. Patterson.

June 9. "The American Victory at Athens"; "Railroads and Popular Unrest," by Ray Stannard Baker.

CONNOISSEUR.

The colored illustrations in the June number of the Connoisseur include a portrait of "Mrs. Best," by John Russell. "A First Rate Workman of Melton" and the "Duke of Wellington and Hodge," by Henry Alken. The literary contents are as usual of interest to lovers of art.

Old German Silver-Gilt Plate. By E. Alfred Jones.

The Marquess of Bristol's Collection at Ickworth. III. By Leonard Willoughby.

Needlework Pictures. By A. F. Morris.

A History of English Furniture. By Percy Macquoid.

A Remarkable Toft Dish. By Frank Freeth.

New Leaves in Turner's Life. By T. Bolt.

Argentan Lace. By M. Jourdain.

CORNHILL.

The serial by A. T. Quiller-Couch which has been running for some months in the Cornhill is concluded

in the June number. A feature of the issue is an illustrated paper on the birds of London, by F. C. Gould, artist and cartoonist.

An Incursion into Diplomacy. By Sir A. Conan Doyle.

The King's Spanish Regiment. By David Hannay.

Ancient Gardening. By Frederick Boyle.

Lady Hamilton and "Horatia." By E. S. P. Haynes.

The Birds of London, Past and Present. By F. C. Gould.

COSMOPOLITAN.

Two new features of considerable interest begin in the June number of the *Cosmopolitan*. One is a new life of Andrew Jackson, told as a story, by Alfred Henry Lewis; the other, a new serial by Jack London, entitled "Planchette." These, with Phillips' articles on the Senate and H. G. Wells' serial, make a strong foundation for an excellent number.

The Treason of the Senate. By David Graham Phillips.

Mile-a-Minute Motor Boats. By H. H. Everett.

Story of Andrew Jackson. By Alfred Henry Lewis.

Weapons and Ornaments of Woman. By Octave Uzanne.

Trend of American Art. By Lila Meehlin.

What Life Means to Me. By Edwin Markham.

Most Modern of Kings. By Ysidro del Blanco.

Propagation of Laughter. By Mabel Marian Cox.

CRAFTSMAN.

After reading Bliss Carman's delightful sketch of summer life in the Catskills, we are prepared to enjoy

everything in the June number of the *Craftsman*. It is a good number and the *Craftsman* seems to grow better with each issue.

Christ as Modern American Artists See Him. By William Griffith.

Old-Time Southern Life. Found in the hidden courtyards of New Orleans. By Campbell Macleod.

Hopi Indians—Gentle Folk. By Louis Akin.

A Departure in Church Building. By a Stranger.

Guild of Dames of the Household. By Mary Rankin Cranston.

Maori Wood-Carving. By Florence Finch Kelly.

What is Architecture? By Louis H. Sullivan.

Distinctive American Rugs.

CRITIC.

Full page portraits of Luther Burbank, Marion Crawford, and Ellen Terry are features of the June number of the *Critic*. In this issue a new serial, "The Lion and the Mouse," by Charles Klein and Arthur Hornblow, begins.

Illustrations that do not Illustrate.
The Minor Crimes. By Mrs. John Lane.

Telephones and Letter-Writing. By Andrew Lang.

The Muck-Rake as a Circulation Boomer. By F. Hopkinson Smith.

The MacDowell Club. By Lawrence Gilman.

San Francisco's Famous Bohemian Restaurant. By Mabel Croft Deering.

Holman Hunt's "Preraphaelitism." By Elizabeth Luther Cary.

Smoky Torches in Franklin's Honor. By R. M. Bache.

Why not a Thackeray Club? By Lewis Melville.

EDUCATION.

The June number of this valuable educational periodical contains several notable articles by eminent scholars.

Phases of Modern Education. VI.

The Relation of the High School to the College. By Dr. Edward F. Buchner.

American Students in France. By Prof. R. C. Super.

Need of Physical Education in the Country. By Carl L. Schrader.

Juvenile Literature. By James E. Rogers.

The Grammar School from the High School Point of View. By Walter H. Young.

Vacation Schools.

EMPIRE REVIEW.

As its name implies, this monthly review concerns itself with the affairs of the British Empire. Its scope is very comprehensive and we find references in its table of contents to many parts of the Empire. The June number contains:

The Prince and Princess of Wales in India.

The Sinai Peninsula. By Edward Dicey.

The Asiatic Danger in the Colonies. By Henry S. L. Polak.

Farming in Natal. By Maurice S. Evans.

Sea-Dyak Legends. By Rev. Edwin H. Gomes.

Life in Rhodesia. By Gertrude Page.

Indian and Colonial Investments.

ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED.

The June number contains some good illustrations, accompanying articles on "Seafaring Superstitions" and the work of Mr. W. S. Burton, the artist. "The London Stage" is, as usual, brightly illustrated.

Some London Homes of Famous Women. By Geo. A. Wade.

Seafaring Superstitions. By H. R. Woestyn.

A Veteran Artist: Mr. W. S. Burton. By John S. Purcell.

Women in Parliament. By Ernest Young.

The London Stage. By Oscar Parker.

A French Master of Caricature: 'Caran D'Ache.'

The Chapels in the Tower.

Tragedies of the World. By Geo. Davey.

EVERYBODY'S.

In the June number there appear a number of drawings of San Francisco as it was before the disaster. There are also pictures of the devastation created.

Bucket-Shop Sharks. By Merrill A. Teague.

Soldiers of the Common Good. By Charles Edward Russell.

The Campaign Against Consumption. By Eugene Wood.

Punch and Judying the U. S. Court. By Thomas W. Lawson.

FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

The June number of the Fortnightly is an unusually good issue. The affairs of Russia, the Education bill and the labor question are among the timely topics of discussion.

The Education Question. By the Lord Bishop of Ripon.

Russia at the Parting of the Ways. By Prof. Vinogradoff.

The First Russian Parliament. By Dr. A. S. Rappoport.

Richard Burton. By Ouida.

Christianity and China. By Archibald R. Colquhoun.

The Library of Petrarch. By Edward Tatham.

The Ruin of Middlesex. By J. B. Firth.

The English Stage in the XVIIIth Century. Part II. By H. B. Irving.

The Fellah's Yokemate. By Sir Walter Milville.

Labourism in Parliament. By Benjamin Taylor.

Words, Words, Words. By Prof. Tyrrell.

The Minor Crimes. By Mrs. John Lane.

GEOGRAPHICAL JOURNAL.

A valuable paper on the wrecks of the Spanish Armada on the coast of Ireland, well illustrated, occupies the premier position in the May issue. The other contents are of an equal interest.

The Geographical Functions of Certain Water-plants in Chile. By G. F. S. Elliot.

Geographical Conditions Affecting Population in the East Mediterranean Lands. By D. G. Hogarth, M.A.

Another Attempt on Ruwenzori.

A Note on the Ruwenzori Group. By D. W. Freshfield.

The Glacial Aspect of Ben Nevis. By Victor H. Gatty.

GRAND.

G. M. Fenn contributes to the June number of the Grand the story which he considers his best. It is entitled "An Ocean Waif." The biography of Sir Henry Irving, and the serial by John Oliver Hobbes, are continued.

Matrimonial Swindles. By G. Sidney Paternoster.

Cricket Umpiring To-Day. By A. C. Maclaren.

Facts About Food and the Want of it. By Robert J. Graves.

The Natural and the Supernatural. By Frank Podmore.

Real Castles in Spain. By Ernest Oldmeadow.

The Secret of Success. V. Success as an Artist.

Sir Henry Irving. XVII and XVIII. By Joseph Hatton.

The Farce of Petitioning the House of Commons. By Daniel Crilly.

Intellect and Inches. By H. Crichton.

Curious Facts About Battles. By Capt. F. W. von Herbert.

HARPER'S.

One of the most valuable features of Harper's Magazine is the wide variety of its contents. Instead of specializing on one or two subjects, each issue contains something of interest to a great number of different tastes. Thus, observe the contents of the June issue.

Decisive Battles of the Law. United States vs. Burr. By F. T. Hill.

Through the African Wilderness. By H. W. Nevinson.

Philadelphia. By John Henry White.

Terrestrial Magnetism. By Cyrus C. Adams.

Our Nearest Point in Antiquity. By W. D. Howells.

Honey-Ants of the Garden of the Gods. By H. C. McCook.

A Social Clearing-House. By Mary R. Cranston.

IDLER.

Four or five out-door articles lend charm to the June number of the Idler. Among the art features is a series of pictures of Rouen.

On the Wetterhorn in June. By Elliott Stock.

The Catalan Quarter of Marseilles. By Francis Miltoun.

The Idler in Arcady. By Tickner Edwardes.

Sketches in Troutland. By A. T. Johnson.

Fresh Evidence on the Druce Case.
By Kenneth Henderson.

INTERNATIONAL STUDIO.

Seven fine color inserts are features of the June issue of the Studio, including "The Grey Salute," by Arthur Melville; "The Big White Cloud," by E. J. Steichen," "Morning Glow," by Parker Mann, and "On a Stormy Coast," by Emil Zoir. A preliminary notice of the Royal Academy Exhibition is accompanied by eight full-page reproductions of leading paintings.

The Art of the Late Arthur Melville.
By T. Martin Wood.

Herr Thomas Knorr's Collection of Modern Pictures in Munich.

Modern Spanish Sculpture: the Work of Don Augustin Querol.

The Drawings of L. Pasternak. By P. Ettinger.

Rothenburg the Fantastic. By C. E. Eldred.

The Royal Academy Exhibition, 1906. Designs for a Week-end Bungalow.

The Photo-Secession: Its Aims and Work.

The Philadelphia Water Color Exhibition. By Leila Meehlin.

The Recent Exhibition of the Minnesota State Art Society. By Emma E. Beard.

IRISH MONTHLY.

The June number contains several interesting features, notably a serial story "Dunmara," by Rosa Mulholland.

Memories of Wexford. By Alfred Webb.

Morality and Literature. By Rev. David Bearne.

Edward Kelly, S. J. Part V.

LIPPINCOTT'S.

This magazine, as has been pointed out, is largely a fiction magazine,

each issue containing a novelette and several short stories. The novelette in the June number is by William H. Babeock and is entitled "Two in a Fog."

The Cafe Procope. By Addison May Rothrock.

Land-Hunger in the Black Belt. By Booker T. Washington.

McCLURE'S.

A capital adventure story by Stewart Edward White, entitled "Buried Treasure," opens the June number of McClure's. This, with Rudyard Kipling's serial and three or four short stories, make a strong fiction number. Of articles of a more serious import, there are,

The Way of a Railroad with a Town. By Ray Stannard Baker.

The Story of Life Insurance. II. The Pioneer. By Burton J. Hendrick.

Yellow Fever: A Problem Solved. By Samuel Hopkins Adams.

Reminiscences of a Long Life. VIII. By Carl Schurz.

METROPOLITAN.

That the Metropolitan can well claim to be a great art publication is clearly demonstrated by an inspection of the June number, in which will be found a surprising number of excellent illustrations. The pictures of Indians and of stage favorites are of special interest, as well as the colored frontispiece, "The Fishing Girl."

Among the Savage Moros. By Major Bullard.

Gunning and Fishing in New York City. By A. B. Paine.

Where Speckled Beauties Are. By Louis Rhead.

Modern Cliff-Dwellers. By Early Mayo.

The American Society Woman. By a Chinese Gentleman.

The Vanishing Race. By R. H. R.

MONTHLY REVIEW.

A new serial, "The Lonely Lady of Grosvenor Square," by Mrs. Henry de la Pasture, begins in the June issue. The number is, as usual, filled with articles of a high degree of excellence.

Ibsen as I Knew Him. By William Archer.

What English Landlords Might Do. By Algernon Turnor.

The Evolution of an Act of Parliament. By Michael MacDonagh.

The Dominion of Palm and Pine. By Moreton Frewen.

The Gaming of Monte Carlo. By F. Carrell.

The Survival of the Otter. By J. C. Tregarthen.

Three Gardens and a Garret. By A. M. Curtis.

Character in Letter-Writing. By Basil Tozer.

MOODY'S.

To the serious-minded business man Moody's Magazine offers much of interest. The subjects discussed, as the following list of contents of the May number shows, deal with a wide variety of business topics.

Misdirected Insurance Legislation. By Hon. W. A. Fricke.

Hysterical Insurance Legislation. By F. W. Haskell.

Industrial Importance of Alcohol. By J. D. Miller.

Cycles of Stock Speculation. By Thomas Gibson.

What the Pacific Northwest Offers to Young Men. By John W. McGrau.

Wrong of Overcapitalization. By Paul Leake.

The New Rice Belt. By D. A. Willey.

Humbugs Labelled "Business Opportunities." By C. W. Cochrane.

Future of the Steel Trust. By Wm. H. Hillyer.

Southern Cotton Mills and Their Securities. By Wm. Whitman.

Federal License of Corporations. By Frank L. McVey.

MUNSEY'S.

In the series of the people of foreign descent in the United States, which Herbert N. Casson has been contributing to Munsey's, "The French in America," appears in the June issue. The same indefatigable writer also contributes another long installment of his history of the steel industry. There are eight short stories in the number.

The Descendants of Jonathan Edwards. By D. O. S. Lowell.

Jean Leon Gerome. By R. H. Titherington.

How can we Better our Spelling? By Brander Matthews.

The Sexes in the United States. By Walter F. Willcox.

The Romance of Steel and Iron in America. III. By Herbert N. Casson.

Fritzi Scheff. By Matthew White, jr.
Famous Actors of the 19th Century. By William Winter.

The French in America. By Herbert N. Casson.

The Author and His Earnings. By Arthur Bartlett Maurice.

NATIONAL.

The pictures accompanying Joe Mitchell Chapple's "Affairs at Washington" in each issue of the National are always of interest. The June number also contains articles referring to the earthquake disaster.

- The Ruins at Stanford.** By Myrtle Garrison.
- San Francisco Fallen.** By William M. Reedy.
- Portugal's Gigantic Daughter.** By Ethel Armes.
- Government by Injunction.** By John McGovern.

NEW ENGLAND.

Public questions and public men figure largely in the June number of the New England Magazine.

- Glimpses of Washington.** By Winthrop Packard.
- The National Lancers.** By John Stuart Barrows.
- The Early Evolution of the Public School in Massachusetts.** By F. Speneer Baldwin.
- The Massachusetts Bench and Bar.** By S. O. Sherman.
- The American Sewing Machine.** By Alexander Hume Ford.
- The Duties of a Modern Mayor.** By John F. Fitzgerald.

OUT WEST.

Several admirable pictures of western scenery are reproduced in the May number of Out West, in connection with articles on mountain climbing.

- The Sierra Club in the Northwest.** By Willoughby Rodman.
- The Making of a Sierra Club Camp.** By Marion Randall.

PACIFIC MONTHLY.

As would naturally be expected, the June number of the Pacific Monthly is full of articles and illustrations pertaining to the San Francisco disaster.

- Pelagic Sealing and the Fur Seal Herd.** By David S. Jordan.
- The Destruction of San Francisco.** By Marshall Douglas.

- Stanford University and the Earthquake.** By David S. Jordan.
- From the Geologists' Point of View.** By J. C. Branner.
- The Scientific Aspect of the Earthquake.** By A. O. Leusehner.
- Homes and Homemakers of Alaska.** By Anne Shane Devin.
- Here and There in Alaska.** By Eleanor W. Maedonald.
- The Great Stampede.** By Lute Pease.
- Fisheries of Alaska.** By Captain Jarvis.
- The Making of Mummies.** By Henry Simon.
- The Racial Development of the Northwest Indian.** By Edmond S. Meany.
- The San Francisco Disaster.** By F. O. Papenoe.

PALL MALL.

The Right Hon. John Burns is a contributor to the June number of the Pall Mall, writing about "The Tangle of London's Traffic." Charles Dickens' youngest daughter tells about his last days in a beautifully illustrated article. The stories in the number are excellent.

- "Edwin Drood" and the Last Days of Charles Dickens.** By Kate Perugini.
- A Painter of the Sea: The work of C. Napier Henry.** By J. P. Collins.
- Thebes of the Hundred Gates.** By H. Rider Haggard.
- The Tangle of London's Traffic.** By Right Hon. John Burns.
- The Nation that Shops.** By Mrs. John Van Vorst.

PEARSON'S (AMERICAN).

The June number of Pearson's is to our mind the best issue so far this year. A noticeable feature is the tendency to take an opposite course

to the "muck-rakers," illustrated in articles on the brighter side of corporation life and the good work of the United States Senate.

All is not Damned. By James Creelman.

The Romance of Aaron Burr. By Alfred Henry Lewis.

A Defender of the Senate. Tillman. By James Creelman.

PEARSON'S (ENGLISH).

The June number of Pearson's is an admirable production, occupying a high place among the magazines of the month. Elaborate illustrations accompany the opening article on art and the other illustrations in the number are equally good.

The Art of the Age.

After Tarpon with a Camera.

The Great Eruption of Vesuvius. By H. P. F. Marriott.

Three Weeks of Hell. By John N. Raphael.

The Sway of the Season. By Lady Violet Greville.

How London Hustles to Work. By J. A. Middleton.

RECREATION.

As usual, Recreation is full of outdoor articles, breathing of the free life of forest, stream and mountain. The many illustrations in the June number add to its interest.

With the Free in Arizona. By Julian A. Dimock.

Trying out a Motor Canoe. By Geo. Carling.

Calling on the Marsh Birds. By Bonnycastle Dale.

Girls on a Round-Up. By Florence S. Du Bois.

Au Sable, the Highly Interesting. By Walter C. O'Kane.

Salmon Fishing Made Easy. By John O'Donnell.

A Swing Around Vermont. By Edward Cave.

REVIEW OF REVIEWS.

Timely articles on world events of the past month are to be found in the July issue of the Review of Reviews. Of interest to the people of the Dominion is an article on "What the People Read in Canada," by P. T. McGrath.

Carl Schurz. By Fabian Franklin.

Georges Clemenceau, the Warwick of French Politics. By W. T. Stead.

Why San Francisco will Rise Again. By James D. Phelan.

The New San Francisco. By Benjamin Ide Wheeler.

The Relief of the Stricken City. By Dr. Edward T. Devine.

The Pan-American Conference at Rio. By Charles M. Pepper.

The Indian of To-Day and To-Morrow. By Charles M. Harvey.

Our Unstable "Terra Firma." By N. H. Darton.

What Happened to Stanford University.

San Francisco's Disaster. By Samuel E. Moffett.

Fire Insurance Lessons from San Francisco's Experience.

The Revolution in Rice Farming. By Robert S. Lanier.

What the People Read in Canada. By P. T. McGrath.

ST. NICHOLAS.

In referring month by month to the contents of this excellent juvenile, a word of praise should be bestowed on the department of "Books and Reading." The writer gossips about books in a bright and entertaining manner and evidently strives to turn the young reader's mind to the serious

side of reading. The June number is full of stories, which will certainly charm the youthful subscribers.

The Boys' Life of Abraham Lincoln.

By Helen Nicolay.

Nature and Science for Young Folks.

SATURDAY REVIEW.

May 5. "The Budget," "Abdul Hamid's Latest Move," "Electioneering in France," "A Military Illusion," "Government and Repression," "The 'Times' Oddments Sale," "The Mission of Timothy D. Hoot," "This Living Earth."

May 12. "Nonconformist Ascendancy," "La France qui Meurt," "Russia and Count Witte," "Personal Property and Rates," "In the Pit," "Sham Tragic Opera," "Some Literary Recollections of a Golden Age," "Spring Gardens."

May 19. "Force and the Comity of Nations," "Laymen and the Education Bill," "The Plural Voting Bill," "The Love of the Illogical," "A Note on the Ballet," "Spring Gardens." "University Cricket Prospects," "The Recreation of John Stuart Mill," "Chantrey Reform."

May 26. "The Craze for Ententes," "The Challenge to the Church," "The Amnesty Demand in Russia," "Women and Politics," "Dandyism and Democracy," "Ibsen," "Character in Crowds," "Dr. Grey's Visit," "Some Literary Recollections of a Golden Age."

June 2. "Spain and England," "A Government Marconi Job," "Religious Ascendancy or Religious Equality?" "The Belgian Elections," "German Art, I," "The Impatient Angler," "The Estates of Brittany."

SCRIBNER'S.

The illustrations in the June number are particularly good, especially

those accompanying the articles on "Vanishing Indian Types" and "An American's Impressions of English Bird Life." Of stories the number contains a good store.

The Larger Training of the American Army. By Capt. T. Bentley Mott.

Vanishing Indian Types. Tribes of the Northwest Plains. By E. S. Curtis.

A Norman Town. By Mary King Waddington.

An American's Impressions of English Bird Life. By Frank M. Chapman.

English Reserve. By Louise Imogen Guiney.

SPECTATOR.

May 5. "The Budget," "One Man One Vote," "May Day in France," "Lord Cromer's Report," "Rural Housing," "The Heritage of Greece," "Husbands and Wives," "Stocking With Trout."

May 12. "The Education Bill," "The Ultimatum to Turkey," "The French Elections," "The Opening of the Duma," "Rates and Ratepayers," "Christianity and Revival," "Mr. Kipling's Allegories," "Forest Law in the Empire."

May 19. "Mr. Chamberlain and the Unionist Free Traders," "The Plural Voting Bill," "The First Days of the Duma," "The Chinese Customs Decree," "Police Methods and the Public," "The Manufacture of Paupers," "The Pleasures of Pretending," "The Hope of the Excavator," "The Traditions of Cricket."

May 26. "The Education Bill," "Germany and England," "The Situation in Hungary," "An Entente Cordiale with Russia," "Woman's Suffrage," "The Manufacture of Paupers," "Henrik Ibsen," "Four Mediaeval Anchoresses," "Rock Climbing in the British Isles."

June 2. "The Queen of Spain," "The Defeat of Secularism," "The German Colonies and the Reichstag," "The Autocracy and the Duma," "Pensions and Pensions," "The Manufacture of Paupers, II." "The Leisured Class," "Murder and the Sane Man," "Some Aspects of Golf."

SUBURBAN LIFE.

The beautiful days of Summer make us appreciate a publication like *Suburban Life*, with its many fine pictures of natural scenes and its hints for camping and holidaying. A feature of the June number is a list of pleasure trips, which are fully described.

Outfits for Tramp and Camp. By H. Forbush.

Planning an Automobile Vacation. By William H. Clarke.

A Canvas Summer House. By J. M. Stickney.

What Kind of a Boat? By Arthur B. Raymond.

How to Know the Birches. By Prof. S. T. Maynard.

Furnishings for the Summer Home. By Grace B. Faxon.

The Bungalow of a Famous Evangelist. By John W. Baer.

The Vacation Camera. By James Hamilton Francis.

A Close-Range Study of the Honey Bee. By Edward F. Bigelow.

Vacation Trips for \$100 and Less. By Frank Osborne French.

SUCCESS MAGAZINE.

A lighter tone pervades the June number, which is quite seemly in view of the return to the out-of-door life of summer. More fiction is noticed and still more in proportion is promised for the other summer numbers.

The Human Side of Business. By Arthur Warren.

Ethel Barrymore—"from Twelve to Two." By Gertrude Vivian.

The Magazine Crusade. By Samuel Merwin.

The Tillman of the Armchair. By W. A. Lewis.

Had Money but Lost It. By Orison Swett Marden.

Fighting the Telephone Trust. V. By Paul Latzke.

The Pulse of the World. By Samuel Merwin.

Dr. Walker's Talks on Diet.

Little Hints for Graduation Day. By Mrs. Kingsland.

TECHNICAL WORLD.

Ever interesting and instructive, the *Technical World* is always a welcome arrival. The June number is replete with good things, all of which are well illustrated. A feature is a collection of pictures of the earthquake at San Francisco.

Man May Now Fly at Will. By E. B. Grimes.

On the Lid of a Pit of Fire. By John L. Turner.

King Coal and His Subjects. By F. B. Warren.

What Uncle Ben Saw on a Kansas Farm. By D. A. Willey.

Power at Half Present Cost. By Crittenden Marriott.

War a Matter of Mathematics. By M. C. Sullivan.

Chemist Takes Place of Cook. By Lawrence Pery.

Soundless Whispers to Ends of Earth. By J. M. Baltimore.

Glass Bridge Half a Mile High. By Elihu Palmer.

To Foretell Earthquakes. By John Elfreth Watkins.

A Mountain of Saltpeter. By Harry H. Dunn.

WESTMINSTER.

Articles suggested by the natural phenomena at Mount Vesuvius and San Francisco appear in the June number of the Westminster. This number closes a volume. In the July number, serials by Ralph Connor and Theodore Roberts begin.

Earthquakes and Volcanoes. By M. Macgillivray.

Story of San Francisco's Disaster. By Prof. E. A. Wicher.

Hard Sayings of the Master. By Rev. Hugh Pedley.

The Romance of a Canadian MSS. By A. Wylie Mahon.

The Romance and Beauty of the .St. Lawrence. By Robert Haddow.

London Loiterings. By Nora Milnes.

WINDSOR.

Beautiful illustrations accompany an article in the June number of the Windsor on the art of Mr. Sigismund Goetze. In this number a new serial, "Little Esson," by S. R. Crockett, begins.

The Art of Mr. Sigismund Goetze. By Christopher Jackson.

Chronicles in Cartoon. VII. Music. By B. F. Robinson.

Concerning Motor-Mania. By Mrs. Penrose.

Tools of the Future. By Henry Pritchett.

Some Adventures of Robert Bruce. By the Duke of Argyll.

WORLD'S WORK (AMERICAN).

He will be a hard man to please who does not find something interesting in the June issue of the World's Work. The many illustrations in themselves are well worth the price of the magazine. In addition to a number of timely editorials, we find:

What Sort of Stocks a Prudent Man May Buy.

The New State of Oklahoma. By M. G. Cunniff.

The Urgent Need of Trade Schools. By F. A. Vanderlip.

Japanese Women and the New Era. By Mary Crawford Fraser.

Bridging the Gorge of the Zambesi. By A. T. Prince.

The Scenic Marvel of Idaho. By William H. Kirkbride.

A Mayor of all the People. By Isaac F. Marcossou.

Music by Electricity. By Marion Melius.

The Model Schoolhouse. By Charles C. Johnson.

The Labor Party in England. By Chalmers Roberts.

A New Isthmian Railroad. By Edward M. Conley.

Nathaniel Southgate Shaler. By Langdon Warner.

The Cause of the Great Earthquake. By Arthur C. Spencer.

WORLD'S WORK (ENGLISH).

The motor car is the central theme of several articles in the June number of the World's Work. An elaborately illustrated article on Newfoundland will be found of general interest. The other contents are all of a high degree of excellence.

Motor-Cabs and Taximeters in Paris.
The New Submarine Signalling for Ocean Liners.

The Motor-Car as Utility Engine.

The Simple Life for Motorists. By Fred T. Jane.

The Work of Professor Metchnikoff. By C. W. Saleeby.

The March of Events. By Henry Norman, M.P.

Machine Tool Progress in Great Britain. By S. G. Hobson.

An Imperial Wonderland: The Hot-

- Water Country of New Zealand.
By Beatrice Grimshaw.
- The Latest Ideas for the Householder
and Business Man.
- A British Petroleum Works. By Fred-
erick Bastin.
- How Paisley got its Thread Industry.
By John Glasgow.
- Saving Life and Limb in Industry.
By J. H. Crabtree.
- The Progress of Newfoundland. By
P. T. McGrath.
- A Curious Canal Problem in Scot-
land. By John Macleay.
- A Gentleman Farmer's Experience.
By "Home Counties."
- The Wicked Fraud of Patent Medi-
cines.
- Norway for Holidays. By Robert
Cromie.
- The Fascination of the Orchid. By
S. L. Bastin.

WORLD TO-DAY.

Several pictures of the destruction of San Francisco appear in the June number, though the subject is not overdone. There are one or two articles on earthquakes and volcaoes in general.

- A Modern Miracle of Fishes. By
Ivah Dunklee.
- Sherburn Merrill Becker. By Wil-
liam Hard.
- Watching a City Perish. By Wil-
liam H. Thompson.
- What Makes a Volcano? By Edward
B. Matthews.

- An Office Building for the Public.
By William C. Graves.
- How a Family Solved a Vacation
Problem. By a College Professor.
- Earthquakes and their Causes. By
Rollin D. Salisbury.
- Rate Regulation and Railway Pools.
By J. W. Midgley.
- Making Gardens out of Lava Dust.
By Henry F. Cope.
- The New Turners. By E. Douglas
Shields.
- Chicago's Fraction Question. By Ed-
gar B. Tolman.

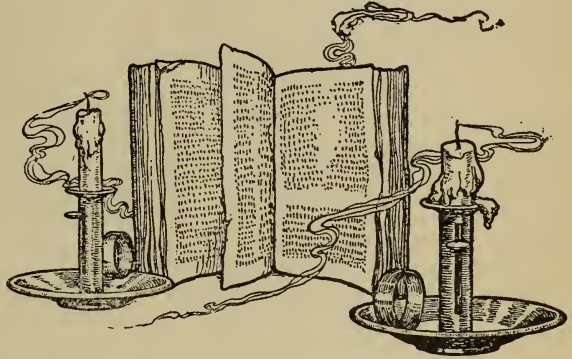
YOUNG MAN.

Admirable as ever as a tonic for the young man is the June number of this magazine. It contains earnest and thoughtful articles, calculated to impress its readers with the serious import of life.

- B. Seebohm Rowntree. By Richard
Westrope.
- A Young Man's Point of View. By
Rev. James E. Crawshaw.
- The Birmingham University. By
Horace W. Venton.
- Reminiscences of Sir Oliver Lodge.
By an Old Student.
- The Member for Nazareth. By Rev.
J. P. Stephenson.
- Crystal Effects of Tobacco. By James
Scott.
- Social Problems, Sweated Industries.
By the Editor.
- The Charm of Three Great Idlers. By
Florence Bone.

The Busy Man's Book Shelf

Some Interesting
Books of the
Month Reviewed



RECENT FICTION.

Kid McGhie. By S. R. Crockett. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Cloth, \$1.50.

Mr. Crockett has found his material for this very entertaining book chiefly in the slums of Edinburgh. The Kid is introduced to the reader at the immature age of nine as a lad having a pedigree without patrimony and further handicapped by a vicious parentage and environment, yet possessing a heredity of noble qualities bequeathed by some remote ancestor. His subsequent career, thrust up on him by necessity rather than choice, provided him with a training in vice and association with criminals, influences which he absorbed without assimilating. The instruments of his emancipation are the gentle city missionary, Mr. Molesay, with his gospel of humanity; Lord Athabasa, a colonial millionaire with his industrial reformatory for boys; and Patricia McGhie, whose beauty, wit and bravery charm the fancy and win the heart of the reader. The book possesses interest as a

social study and is at the same time a charming story.

The Evasion. By Eugenia Brooks Frothingham. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.

A well-written story of American social life. Two young college men of different types are suitors for the favor of the same girl. Under a somewhat strained sense of honor Dick Copeland submits to an injury inflicted upon him by Arthur Davenport, whereby not only his own career but also the happiness of the girl he loves are wrecked. Finally, Nemesis overtakes the wrongdoers and virtue is rewarded. The characters are well drawn and the action is lively, so that the interest of the reader is never permitted to flag.

The Law Breakers. By Robert Grant. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

The short stories comprised in this book are delightful as stories and interesting as studies. Mr. Grant dis-

courses with a gentle philosophy not unmingled with humor, on the inconsistencies of ordinary men and women. A close observer of motives and actions, he shows how often the generous impulse or the heroic spirit overrides cherished theories and well-thought-out rules of conduct, also that there still exist nobler standards of value than that which prevails in the commercial world. The author brings to his task the mental equipment of a keen yet sympathetic penetration and a sound philosophical judgment.

The Woman in the Alcove. By Anna Katharine Green. Toronto: McLeod & Allen. Cloth, \$1.25.

With her usual skill and ingenuity Mrs. Green has contrived a murder case in which all the clues seem to point to one person, whom the reader knows must be innocent. The elucidation of the mystery then proceeds, and until almost the last chapter the reader is kept absolutely in the dark as to the criminal. Few of Mrs. Green's detective stories equal this in its boldness of conception and the skilfulness with which it is worked out.

The Edge of Hazard. By George Horton. Toronto: McLeod & Allen. Cloth, \$1.25.

This is the kind of novel that absorbs the reader's attention, serves to wile away a few hours and yet leaves no very lasting impression. It is a harmless antidote to care and worry. In brief, it narrates the adventures of a clever young American society man, sent to Russia to look after an American store. He gets mixed up with the Japanese police, Russian spies and a charming Russian princess, whom he saves from a horrid fate. There are all sorts of thrilling adventures and the usual happy denouement.

The Count at Harvard. By Rupert Sargent Holland. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. Cloth, \$1.50.

We seem to dip into a new world when we are introduced to the circle of "The Count" and his friends at the historic university. The happy Bohemian life of the fashionable students finds its expression in the sayings and going of a typical member of their ranks, for the count is merely a somewhat eccentric American college undergraduate. He is apparently purposeless; amusingly curious; witty to a degree; audacious and experienced in all the customs of the university. Yet underneath the mask we cannot help but feel that there is a man.

Mr. Pratt. By Joseph C. Lincoln. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. Cloth, \$1.50.

No more amusing story-teller than Mr. Pratt, the Cape Cod fisherman, is to be found among this season's romancers. His humor is irresistible and his repartee so clever that no one dare try wordy warfare with him. By chance he becomes major domo and guardian spirit to two young New Yorkers, who are seeking to live the natural life. They secure a house on a little sandy island, where they consider themselves in paradise. Several other characters are introduced, all as a foil to the redoubtable Mr. Pratt.

The Way of the Gods. By John Luther Long. Toronto: The Macmillan Co. of Canada. Cloth, \$1.50.

Mr. Long has great skill in picturing the love passion in words and in this story of Japan, with its quaint setting and its odd fancies, he has made the love interest very human. Shijiro, the little soldier hero, parts from one love and takes up another with apparent ease. He is impulsive and lowers his caste to marry the girl he loves. Then he repents, but the love of the girl-wife is constant, and in the end it is she who takes his place on the battlefield.

The Quickening. By Francis Lynde. Toronto: McLeod & Allen. Cloth, \$1.25.

The story of Thomas Jefferson Gordon, boy and man. The son of a southern iron master, his mother's heart desire was that he should be a minister, but eventually he gives up the church, joins his father in business, and is able to save him in a time of keenest trial. The manner of his change of mind is told with the utmost skill, while his attitude towards the two girls in the story, the good and the bad is cleverly sketched.

The Heritage of the Free. By David Lyall. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Cloth, \$1.25.

A story of the Disruption times in Scotland. With the simple directness of narrative which characterizes this well known and favorite writer, the struggle between church and state which culminates in the establishment of the Free Church is clearly and forcibly presented. In the story of the Jardine family and their eviction from the manse, of Adam Howieson and his following in Kirknethan, and of the Laird of Glencairn and his beautiful, true-hearted wife, we have an illustration of what was going on all over Scotland at a period when religious freedom hung in the balance.

Mr. Wingrave, Millionaire. By E. P. Oppenheim. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Cloth, \$1.50.

Through the treacherous conduct of the woman in the case, Sir Wingrave Seton is convicted of manslaughter and sentenced to a long term in prison. When he at length is freed, his mind is so embittered against humanity that he determines to wreak vengeance on every person who comes into contact with him, as well as on the woman who wronged him. He goes to America and becomes im-

mensely wealthy, but he is utterly unable to carry out his evil purpose because of a vein of humanity in him which causes him to counteract secretly every outward act of wickedness that he does.

The Vine of Sibmah. By Andrew McPhail. Toronto: The Macmillan Co. \$1.50.

Strong, virile, convincing, this book is not so much fiction as history in its most attractive form. Puritanism is presented as it was in old England at the close of the Protectorate and as it was in New England when transplanted over-seas. Life and vigor inspire the scenes and characters which pass in rapid succession before the mind of the reader in London, on the high seas, in the new colonies, and in the wilds of America. Like his own Captain Phineas Pratt, the brave puritan-pirate, the author himself seems to be "a man of infinite resource and invention," and like his hero he has not only a "nice perception of the use of words," but also a wide range of knowledge which enables him to discourse with equal ease of things pertaining to warfare, navigation, the healing art or dialectics. Romance is not lacking. Captain Nicholas Dexter, true knight and true lover, after many adventures wins his lady love after the manner of the times in which he lived. We predict a wide popularity for this admirable book.

The Prisoner of Ornith Farm. By Francis Powell. Toronto: McLeod & Allen. \$1.25.

A tale of mystery and crime. Hope Carmichael, a beautiful young girl, is kidnapped and detained a prisoner at Ornith Farm, by Hollis Lannion, a gentleman by birth and culture, but a criminal by profession. The young girl finally makes her escape, the mysteries of the establishment are laid bare and the nefarious practices of its owner brought to a close. Quite

an unusual book both as to subject and treatment.

On Common Ground. By Sidney H. Preston. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Cloth, \$1.25.

The scenes and characters of this very readable book, which is written in journal form, are rural. A bachelor a little past the youthful stage and inclined to mild, contemplative ways, retires to the country in the hope of finding Arcadia. After a time ennui assails him, followed by a longing for companionship, and a very pretty love story is evolved. The common ground is reached in the similar experiences of several pairs of lovers of various degrees. There is a touch of humor in many of the situations and the book is distinctly clever.

First it was Ordained. By Guy Thorne. Toronto: The Musson Book Co. Cloth, \$1.50.

This is a novel with a distinct and outspoken purpose. It has been written to attempt to counteract the tendency in modern English society to escape the obligations of child-bearing. With its events transpiring in the year 1910, the author is able to paint a picture of an alarmingly decreasing population. To combat the evil, a society known as the Confraternity of the Holy Ghost is formed and it is with the work of this organization that the story is principally concerned. Among the characters there are many striking contrasts.

Fenwick's Career. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, \$1.25.

In the creation of John Fenwick, artist with the stamp of genius, this distinguished writer has produced a character of a different type from any she has hitherto attempted. Other characters there are of much interest, also descriptions of social life in London and Paris, but all are subordinated to the main study, which is Fenwick himself with his divine gift struggling for expression.

His career is in the main a struggle against adverse material conditions. Moral issues are involved through the desertion of his wife which places him in a false position socially. A moral catastrophe is imminent, from which he is rescued by Madame de Pastourelles, between whom and himself there exists a platonic friendship. The author's name recommends the book which is quite equal to any of its predecessors.

The Day Dreamer. By Jesse Lynch Williams. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: MeLeod & Allen. Cloth, \$1.25.

In this store we are introduced into the atmosphere of the political caucus of the city room of a great daily. The hero is a famous New York reporter. He is assigned to unravel a political tangle in which a fine old aristocrat, General Cunningham, is involved through the machinations of some ward politicians. It so happens that the reporter is in love with Cunningham's daughter, but because of the inequality of their social positions he dare not declare his love. Of course, the plot gives an opportunity for the happy solution of this problem.

Lady Betty Across the Water. By C. N. and A. M. Williamson. Toronto: The Musson Book Co. Cloth, \$1.50.

This is one of the half dozen outstanding books of the season. It is light and breezy: it gives a faithful picture of life in the American cities, even down to minute details, and its thread of a plot is charming. Few there are who will not fall in love with the pretty, vivacious English girl, who caused such a flutter in New York and Newport, and who will not sympathize with the fine nature of big Jim Britt, with whom she could not help but fall in love, despite his apparent obscure birth and poverty.

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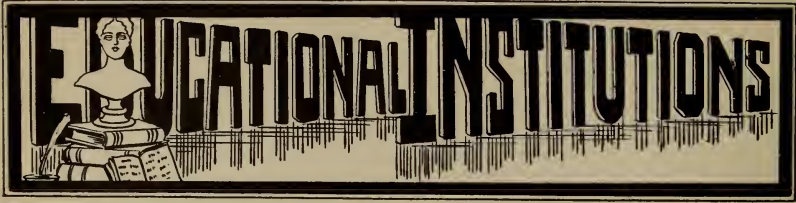
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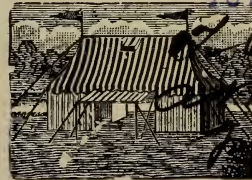
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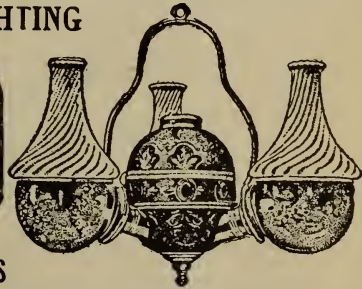
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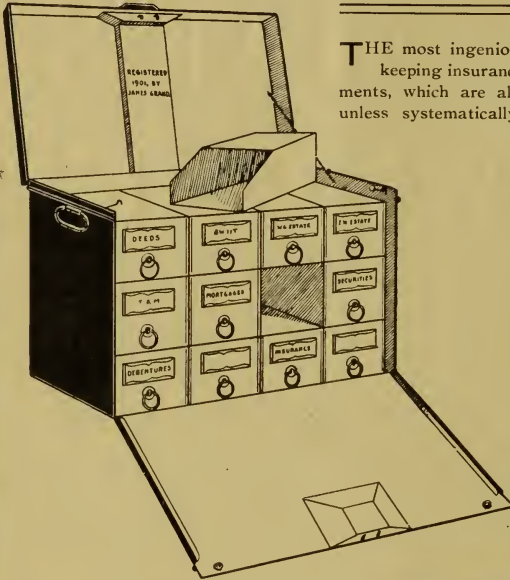
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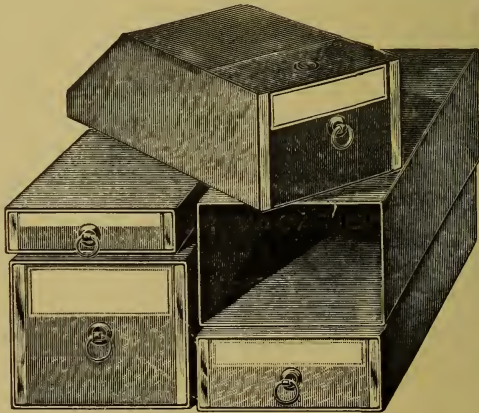
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Inside With the Publishers

HAVE our readers noted the extraordinary increase in the number of magazines, reviews and weeklies that has taken place within the past year? There is constant activity in the publishing field and every month some new candidate for popular favor makes its appearance. Some people hold up their hands in helpless astonishment at the avalanche of printed matter. Others make futile attempts to keep up with the flood. Some cling to their old favorites and let the rest sweep by. Others try every new publication and discard the old.

To the perplexed reader of periodical literature, *The Busy Man's Magazine* stands as a haven of refuge. It embraces the old and the new alike, taking the best from each and guiding the reader to the sources of useful information. It acts like a filter, draining out the useless parts and giving its readers the clear, unalloyed essence of things.

If you have found *The Busy Man's Magazine* a relief, why not pass on the good tidings to others and let them share in the benefits. Remember that the more readers we can secure, the larger will we be able to make the magazine and the more reading matter will we be able to provide.

* * *

With a view to making it easier for our readers to learn the nature of each month's contents of *The Busy Man's Magazine*, we intend to classify the index on the first page of the magazine. So numerous are the contents of each number that such a policy will be found highly advantageous. At present we publish over thirty articles a month. The titles

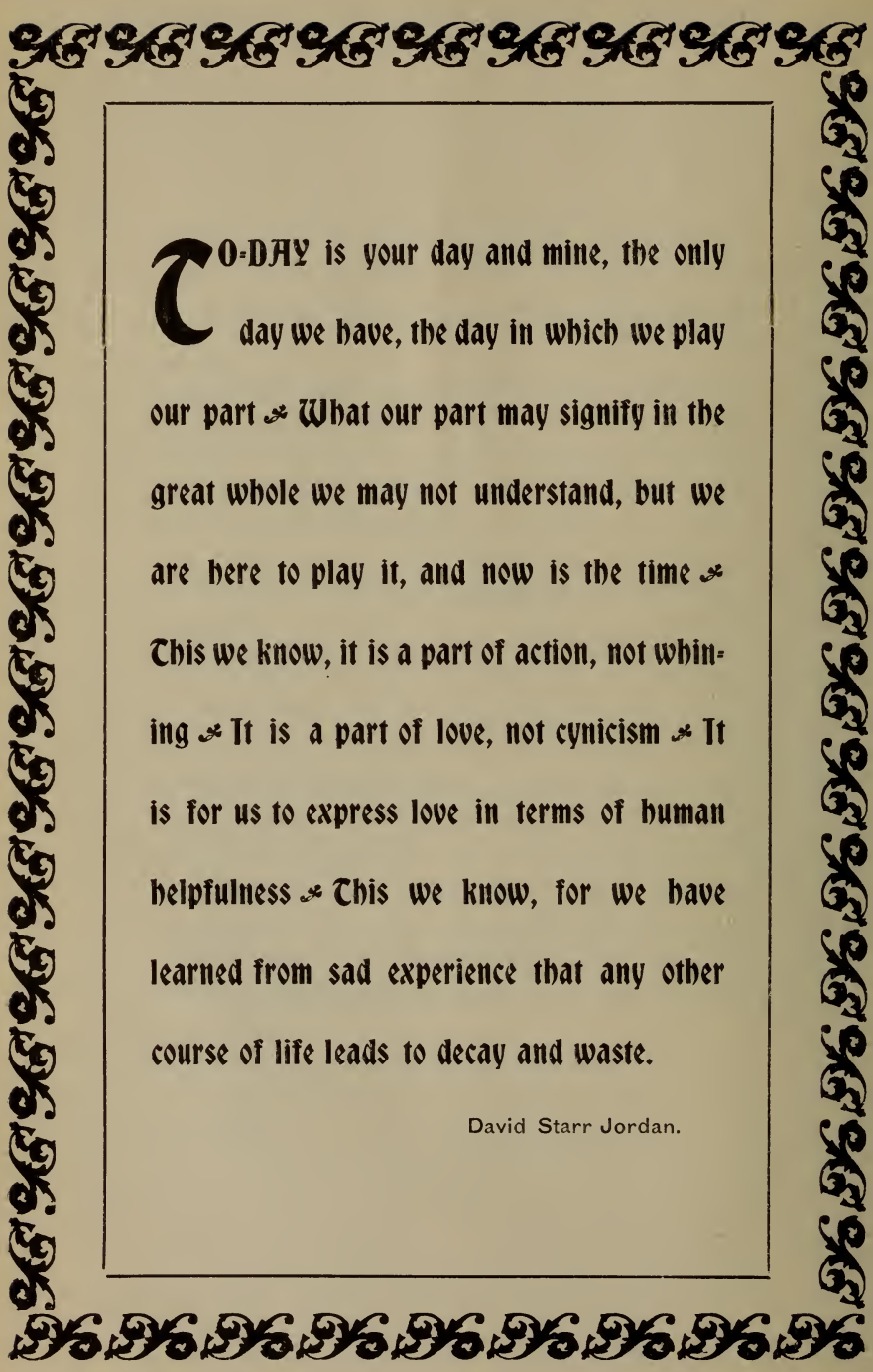
of these are all lumped together, without any attempt at a grouping, which would show to what department each belongs. Our new plan will divide the articles into half a dozen classes, so that a reader can see at a glance just what we are publishing each month in a particular realm of thought.

* * *

It is seldom indeed that we ever hear a word of adverse criticism of *The Busy Man's Magazine*. We were surprised, however, to learn the other day from a correspondent that the magazine was of no use to him because he already subscribed to and read all the magazines from which we took extracts. So astonished were we at this statement that it quite took away our breath.

Our correspondent must be an extraordinary man. We venture to say that in order to read thoroughly each month all the magazines and periodicals, through which our editorial staff wade, he would have very little time indeed for sleep and no time at all for business. Moreover he must be a man possessed of a fortune in order to pay the subscriptions of all these publications.

The list of magazines, reviews, weeklies, and other periodicals which come into our office of publication, is far larger than would appear from our department devoted to listing the contents of magazines. No reference is made there to newspapers, nor to a great many weekly publications, while every month there are special reasons for the omission of a large number of magazines. This being the case, our field is a great deal broader than it might at first glance appear.



TO-DAY is your day and mine, the only day we have, the day in which we play our part ✽ What our part may signify in the great whole we may not understand, but we are here to play it, and now is the time ✽ This we know, it is a part of action, not whining ✽ It is a part of love, not cynicism ✽ It is for us to express love in terms of human helpfulness ✽ This we know, for we have learned from sad experience that any other course of life leads to decay and waste.

David Starr Jordan.

THE BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

Vol. XII.

AUGUST, 1906.

No. 4

The Canadian Invasion of Latin America

BY DOUGLAS HALL IN WORLD TO-DAY.

At Sao Paulo, at Rio de Janeiro, in Trinidad, in Cuba and in Mexico Canadian capitalists have been active of late years. Their projects have attained such proportions as to arouse the interest and even the jealousy of Americans. Some idea of the extent of the Canadian projects is given in the following paper.

INVASIONS, of the commercial sort, have been much in the public eye of late. A few years ago it was the American invasion of Europe; to-day it is the American invasion of Canada. The United States has so long been in the receptive attitude, both for men and money, that it has been difficult to realize that the tide has turned, and that every year fifty thousand American farmers and approximately \$30,000,000 of American capital are trekking into Canada. Stranger still is the parallel movement, at least so far as capital is concerned, from Canada outward. As though there were no resources in the Dominion left to develop, Canadian capitalists have for the past five years been seeking investments in Latin America and have forestalled their usually more alert American cousins by occupying the strategic positions there.

When Lincoln Hutchinson, special agent of the Department of Commerce and Labor, visited South-

ern Brazil a few months ago, he reported that only one American enterprise of any moment existed in all that vast region, and that was in the hands of a Canadian company. The progressive south has been left almost entirely to European capital to develop. The plateau state of Sao Paulo, the most up-to-date perhaps of the Brazilian states, with all its rich opportunities, its healthful climate, its fertile soil, its enormous water powers, and its three-quarter million of European immigrants, had not been touched by North American capital till some six years ago, when a Canadian concern awoke to the situation. An exclusive street-car franchise for forty years was secured from the city of Sao Paulo, and, later, a perpetual franchise for electric light and power distribution. Ten million dollars were spent in developing hydro-electric power from falls about twenty-five miles from the city and in building transmission lines to the city. The enterprise has been emin-

ently successful so far as producing dividends go, and it has further, in Special Agent Hutchinson's words, "given to Sao Paulo a street car and lighting service as good as any in the world, and cheap power for many of the local industries."

Inspired by this success, the same set of Canadian capitalists has recently invaded Rio de Janeiro with an exactly similar proposition. Twenty-five million dollars are being expended in acquiring and equipping with electricity the existing street-car lines, building others, buying out the gas company, and bringing electric power to the capital from a branch of the Parahyba River, over forty miles distant. The great drawback to South American manufacturing industry has been the lack of cheap fuel, but apparently Brazil, like Northern Italy, is destined to find an efficient substitute in cheap water power. Nor will this be the only advantage the capital will reap from this Canadian enterprise; the extension of the street-car system will relieve the unhealthy congestion on the flat lands by spreading the population on the surrounding hillsides, and thus do much to make the city as healthful as it is beautiful.

Farther north, the island of Trinidad has been the objective of a concerted Canadian movement, shared in both by the government and by private capitalists. A steamship service between Canada and Port of Spain has been opened up, and a Canadian bank established in that city; the rich mineral oil resources are being exploited by a Canadian syndicate, and the electric light and street car system of the capital, Port of Spain, have been

acquired by a Canadian company. Perhaps in this connection mention might be made of the share taken in the development of Cuba by the Cuba company of which Sir William Van Horne is the head and moving spirit, for American-born Sir William is as thoroughly Canadian as Canadian-born James J. Hill is thoroughly American.

In Mexico the situation is somewhat different. American capital has been poured into our sister republic for many years, until, according to government estimates, it now totals half a billion dollars. Compared with this tremendous inflow, Canadian investments are comparatively slight in amount, but strategically of much importance. Montreal and Toronto, capitalists have recently secured control of the three rival electric light and power companies which between them had a monopoly of the light and power business of the capital; one was built by a German company, another by a French syndicate and the third was owned in England. The new owners have secured from the government a franchise for the development of the water power of the Necaxo and Tenango rivers, and its transmission to the City of Mexico or anywhere else in the country desired. Over seventy thousand horsepower will be developed, half of it available this Spring. The transmission lines to Mexico, ninety miles away from the water power, are now completed, and the company will shortly be able to avail itself of this electric power instead of the steam plants previously employed, and to sell the surplus power for industrial purposes. The same set of capitalists is now arranging to take over

the street car system of the Mexican capital.

The Canadian Government has not been behindhand in aiding this invasion. Every effort is being made to cultivate closer trade relations with Latin America. The advances have met with a welcome not devoid, perhaps, of political significance. Uneasy at the overshadowing power of the United States, and more suspicious of that vague and flexible policy called the Monroe Doctrine than grateful for its condescending protection, our neighbors to the south feel safer in cultivating commercial relations with Canada than with the United States.

Mexico, for example, recently sent representatives to Ottawa to advocate the establishment of better

steamship connection. As a result of the negotiations the two Governments have agreed to contribute \$50,000 each as a subsidy for two steamship lines, to ply between Canadian and Mexican ports, one on the Atlantic and one on the Pacific. It is confidently expected that the establishment of these lines will result in transferring to Canada much of the trade hitherto in American hands. Whether all expectations in this and other quarters will be realized or not, clearly the volume of Canadian-Latin American interrelations has reached such proportions as to warrant the careful attention of the American business world as well as of the government at Washington.

Gladstone on Books

BOOKS are a living protest in an age by necessity too much tempted to practical materialism. Books are a living protest on behalf of mental force and mental life. I am far from saying that literary culture ought to be made an idol. I am far from saying that any intellectual processes whatever will satisfy all the needs and all the wants of the human spirit, but I say that they are full of noble guidance, and that they are necessary conditions of every wholesome struggle to resist the invasions of the merely worldly mind and habit of life, and to enable us to hold our ground against the necessary and constantly growing hurry and excitement around us, which carry us into a vortex from which we cannot escape. We cannot escape from it, but we may to a great extent fortify ourselves by a resort to the highest influence against becoming the slaves of the exterior circumstances in which we live.

A Venture in Sandwiches

BY GANETT SMITH

One man with an idea, another with money and the way in which they combined forces to make a good financial stroke.

CHRISTOPHER SIMPSON was reading the help wanted column, which he had decided was his last hope. Nevertheless he managed to extract amusement therefrom.

The diversion of the moment had been an advertisement running:

Wanted, men to carry sandwich boards for advertisers. Good wages.

Simpson, better known to recent collegians as cricky Simp, aside from his brilliant social career, had achieved distinction at college for his ability as an amateur actor and for the clever advertising schemes he contrived to boom the various college organizations. As to actual college work; well, he'd never let study interfere with his regular occupations.

His two "accomplishments" had awakened exceedingly vitriolic comment from Simpson, Sr., when that gentleman tried to find just where his son and only heir would fit in the machinery of the big iron works of which he was the head.

Soon after Cricky had thoroughly demonstrated that he was a cog unique and unfittable and had won a chilly stare of contempt in return for a hint that he'd like to run the advertising department, the Great Northern Iron Works went into the hands of a receiver. Hence Cricky in the last ditch.

Reporting he'd tried on his first return to New York. A classmate, Jack Benson, was making good at it and got Cricky a place on his paper. Cricky kept it till his first pay-day,

then resigned, as he put it, to get out of range of the rapid-fire gun the city editor was training on him.

Now everything available was pawned and the proceeds reduced to their lowest terms. As for asking any of his numerous New York friends for aid in getting employment, he was still too proud for that.

"I'd sort of like that sandwich game," he soliloquized, "quiet, clean and eminently respectable. Then I'd have plenty of time to stop and chat with friends I might meet. Imagine tipping my hat to Mrs. Van Zant from between two boards inscribed with 'Take Schlitzheimer's Sauerkraut before retiring. It aids digestion.' Mink Upjohn would be tickled to death to see me, too, now that he's walking Broadway a good deal himself."

Upjohn was the one man of Cricky's fraternity delegation who never quite assimilated.

"Good fellow by birth, but with superimposed superfluity of the enervating and sublimating financial," Cricky had pronounced.

Upjohn had been cordial enough yesterday when Cricky met him. The former explained that he was bent on striking out in business for himself with some free capital he had in his own name. He was at present looking for some one who wanted to furnish the experience for a half share in the business.

He had cooled at once when Cricky told him that his own father had failed and that he was looking for work without even the "faint-

est tincture of a dilute solution of free capital, present or remotely threatening."

"'Afraid I'd touch him for a five-spot out of that free capital,'" Cricky mused with a grin. "Minky, you were never properly hazed in college, but you'll get it before your capital is all paid over for experience."

Cricky pondered again on the highly entertaining idea of the sandwich man. Suddenly he jumped up, his face alight with an idea. He jammed his soft hat on the back of his head, counted the change left in his pocket and went out.

The next day a ruddy-checked, red-headed young man, portly and rather stooping, giving his name as Phineas Riley, called at Upjohn's home. He sent in a letter proving to be an introduction written by Christopher Simpson introducing Phineas Riley, son of a former butler, who had developed great talent for advertising schemes, was perfectly straight and had a business proposition that might interest Upjohn.

The heir of the house came down in a few minutes with a manner uncertainly divided between supercilious condescension and avaricious eagerness. He had not found a partner yet and was beginning to get anxious about his career.

Cricky's letter of introduction had caused him to set aside some of his social prejudices. Besides, Mink was, as a matter of fact, an easy mark.

At the end of two hours Phineas Riley departed with a contract in his pocket, signed by himself and Percival Upjohn. Another of Cricky's schemes had been born.

The next week the novelty-seeking

populace pricked up its ears and took notice. Phineas Riley, unblushing, smiling and bowing on all sides, sauntered down Broadway in the shopping district between a pair of huge sandwich boards that barely missed the sidewalk.

He wore a patchwork uniform blazing the most jarring combination of inharmonious colors that could be tortured out of the spectrum. On the front board in big letters of alternate red and green were the words, "If you want to know anything"—smaller black letters at the top of the other board continued the sentence—"ask the sandwich man. He knows."

Not a soul that passed failed to see the walking crazy-quilt. All read the front legend and to a man turned to note the rest of the sentence.

And it seemed to the tired Riley at night that every mother's son and daughter had wanted information. They asked him the way to the Battery, the way to Harlem, the way to every business place, street and locality in the city. Smart persons asked him sundry fool questions. All wanted to know -why he was doing it and for whom he was doing it.

They all got their answers. Mr. Riley seemed to know nearly everything, and where knowledge failed, invention filled the gap.

His replies were full of quaint, apparently original rhymes, proverbs, and wise advice. No one, though, got any light on the why and who of the sandwich man.

Once he stood in front of a big department store all day. "Ah, the mystery is solved," said the public. He was advertising McDougal's.

The next day the sandwich man maintained a station in front of Me-

Dougal's rival two blocks down. The public was again in the dark. Incidentally each store on its favored day did a third more business than usual.

Within the next two days representatives of each emporium approached Riley and offered him good wages to stand by his entrance and drop an occasional good word for the business inside.

The sandwich man seemed not to understand them. Meanwhile other stores were similarly favored.

Then the firm made its next move.

Full-length poster pictures of the sandwich man began to appear in conspicuous places about the city. The board in each picture bore in small letters at the top, "Ask the sandwich man." Small posters of the same kind appeared in the street-cars, Subway, and L trains, and in the stations. There was a copyright stamp on each. These valuable advertising spaces were paid for out of Upjohn's \$10,000.

The public was becoming constantly more mystified.

In a little office in Twenty-Third street sat Upjohn addressing circulars to big advertisers about the city calling attention to the blank spaces on their posters. Phineas Riley would dodge in occasionally, encased in his sandwich boards, to give sage hints.

The sandwich man was a favorite topic at the Scribblers' Club, where Christopher Simpson, a leading member, spent his evenings, the only advantage derived from his brief journalistic career.

Jack Benson first discovered the sandwich man. He gave a detailed description of the phenomenon.

"The duffer's positively uncanny," he said. "I never saw the

chap before, I'm sure, but he seemed to know all about me. I got curious when I spotted him first and braced up to jolly him a little. Hanged if he didn't give me as good as I sent and raise me one each time. He finally told me he had never been fazed by a newspaper man yet. Now I hadn't told him I was a newspaper man.

" 'Well, you're on, old man,' said I. 'Suppose you've seen me somewhere before. I'm looking for a story. Can't you put me on to this game?' And I forked over a good cigar.

" 'You're too ambitious, Mr. Benson,' he said. Now how the deuce did he know my name? 'You are to be married in June, I know,' he went on, while I nearly threw a fit. 'but the young lady had rather have you to herself a little more than to have a few more dollars to spend.' Now—hang it all!—that's just what Miss Wallace, my fiancee, said the other night and I hadn't mentioned it to any one except the three of you fellows I ate dinner with the day before yesterday. That was more or less confidential, too, and at least I know you chaps aren't blabbing to sandwich carriers."

The members of the club decided one and all to meet the sandwich man. Cricky Simpson was apparently as curious as any.

Benson gave his paper a breezy news story of his experience. Others followed. Then there came editorial paragraphs of comment. A newspaper poet wrote a rhyme, "Ask the Sandwich Man."

The phrase had become a general proverb.

The climax came when a composer adapted the rhyme to a catchy tune and put it in the mouth of the lead-

ing woman of a popular light opera having a run in town at the time.

The city went wild. Newsboys and bootblacks would line up behind Riley and march solemnly, singing "Ask the Sandwich Man." He heard it whistled and played wherever he went.

In the meantime, however, it looked as though Cricky Simp's prophecy as to the ultimate fate of Minky's capital was to be fulfilled. Riley had big notions of the advertising value of the sandwich man's posters and had turned away many offers that had made Upjohn gasp with eagerness at first, then wait with inward misgivings, and finally protest that they would reach too far and lose everything.

Upjohn had only ten thousand dollars of free capital, and nearly every cent was sunk in the space concessions.

At the end of the first week offers began to come in for blank space on the sandwich boards. Sums ranging from ten thousand dollars to twenty-five thousand dollars were promptly refused, but with the refusals went suggestions from Riley as to the firm's ability to place advertisements with various papers.

Other ingenious schemes were unfolded. They began soon to get some returns in this way.

"If we can win out and clear twenty-five thousand dollars apiece on the sandwich deal, we'll have a nice little business started," said Riley. "If we don't it's all off, and we'll have to throw up these contracts and go to ditch-digging."

But above the twenty-five-thousand-dollar mark, the offers showed down, and after the inexorable Riley had refused two for thirty thousand dollars, despite protests

from the alarmed Upjohn, the offers stopped for two days.

The two weeks for which the concessions were held had nearly expired. The capital had dwindled to a few postage stamps and money enough for meals to the end of the week.

On the last day of the term of lease Upjohn was in a panic, and a reassertion of his autocratic disposition nearly caused a break between the partners.

He began by making a pointed demand of Riley to explain just what his game was.

"You know the game and have been agreeing to it," replied the other rather sharply. "I got another offer while you were out at luncheon," he added after a moment.

"Who? How much?"

Upjohn's flagging spirits rose with a bound.

"The new concern that's just finishing that big building in Twenty-Third Street. They've been keeping their plans dark till now. They think we've got the scheme to start their boom, and will pay forty thousand dollars for it."

Upjohn jumped up wildly.

"Saved!"

The other looked at him quizzically, then at his watch.

"Hold on," he said; "not yet. I told them I'd give them till five o'clock, when our concessions expire, to make it fifty thousand dollars. Otherwise I'd close with another party."

"Another party!" gasped Upjohn.

Riley's nerve was superb.

"You remember old Skinflint McDougal told us we'd be glad to come back to him on his five-thousand-dollar offer before our two weeks were

up. That's the only other offer still open."

Upjohn's wrath swept its weakened barriers away. Riley watched him, smiling sweetly.

Finally Upjohn became coherent enough to say:

"Let me at that 'phone. I'll accept the offer myself."

"You forget the clause in our contract saying both must agree on an offer," said the imperturbed partner, back against the receiver.

It was four thirty o'clock.

The partners stared fixedly at each other, one glaring, one smiling.

At four thirty-five Upjohn shifted to the other foot.

Five minutes later he began to swear, and, looking out of the window, cursed fluently for five minutes more.

Then he began to plead. Four fifty found Riley unmoved.

Then followed ten minutes of despair. The face of Riley began to show traces of it, too.

At five o'clock the game would be up.

And five o'clock found them still waiting. Riley's confidence was at last shaken.

"Well, it seems to be off," was his only remark as the minute hand touched the fated mark.

What Upjohn said will have to be omitted.

Then, as the hand of the watch still poised for an instant at the hour, the telephone rang.

Riley's hand trembled for the first time as he unhooked the receiver and lifted it to his ear.

"Yes, this is Mr. Riley.

"Yes, I thought you would.

"For fifty thousand dollars. Correct. Send a man around with the contract immediately."

The two partners were in each other's arms.

"Riley," said Upjohn after a moment, "I've been an incompetent, supercilious ass. You're a gentleman, and I'm proud to have you as a partner. You come up to dinner to-night and meet my mother and sister by way of celebration."

The regeneration of Minky was complete.

"Thank you," Riley responded, "I will. Guess I'll wash up now."

Upjohn tilted back in his chair and watched his partner bent, sputtering and scrubbing over the wash-bowl in the corner of the little office.

As he looked, surprise suddenly overspread his countenance. Riley's fiery red hair, under his vigorous ablutions, was becoming dingy, then it turned mud color, then dark brown. Finally a dripping mop of jet black disappeared in the towel.

Upjohn was on his feet staring.

"What the deuce you been doing?" he demanded.

Mr. Riley continued leisurely to dry his face and hair.

After a minute he withdrew the towel and there before the thunder-struck Upjohn stood Christopher Simpson, amateur actor and advertising expert.

After twinkling a moment in delicious enjoyment of the situation, he tumbled into a chair and roared till he nearly fell out of it.

"So it was you all the time," Upjohn managed to gasp, after a few minutes. "I see the whole thing now. I was easy."

"Mr. Phineas Riley," returned Cricky, "just passed away down this drain, and as a dying request he asked me to substitute for him at that dinner to-night."

A Wonderful New Musical Instrument

BY RAY STANNARD BAKER IN McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

A scientific musician, Dr. Thaddeus Cahill, has invented a musical instrument called the dynamophone, which is believed to be the most perfect machine yet produced for making music. By the use of electricity scientifically perfect music can be turned out and transmitted by wire to distant points.

DR. CAHILL'S new invention suggests, if it does not promise, a complete change in the system by which a comparatively few rich people enjoy the best music to the exclusion of all others. Instead of bringing the people to the music the new method sends the music to the people. The instrument itself produces no music, it merely gives out electrical waves of various sorts which are carried over wires like a telegraph message. Highly skilled musicians located in a quiet room distant from the whirl of the machinery, regulate the production of these waves by playing upon keyboards similar to those of the pipe-organ. Connecting with the central plant, cables are laid, in the streets, from which wires may be run into your house or mine, or into restaurants, theatres, churches, schools, or wherever music is desired. Upon our table, or attached to the wall, we have an ordinary telephone receiver with a funnel attached. By opening a switch we may "turn on" the music. The electric waves sent out by the great central machine are transformed, by the familiar device of the telephone, into sound waves, and reach our ears as symphonies, lullabies or other music, at the will of the players. Louder tones and greater volume of music may be secured for theatres and churches, by the simple regulation of a switch. Of course the same selections, performed by the musician, go over the wires at the

same time, so that you and I may sit in our homes on Easter morning and hear the same music that is being produced in the churches, or in the evening, dining at the restaurant, we may enjoy the identical selections given in the opera house or the theatre. It is the dream of the inventor that, in the future, we may be awakened by appropriate music in the morning and go to bed at night with lullabies—sleep-music being a department of musical composition which he thinks has been sadly neglected. The machine as now constructed is, indeed, peculiarly adapted to the sweet, soft strains of sleep-music. It would be difficult to produce more exquisite effects than Dr. Cahill gets in such selections as "Traumerei."

One's first feeling, upon hearing of the new machine, is one of utter incredulity. When the telephone was invented the idea of talking over wires was just as inconceivable; and more recently the announcement that messages might be conveyed from Europe to America wholly without the use of wires, was looked upon with much the same skepticism. But Dr. Cahill's machine is actually in existence, players have been trained to perform upon it, and the music has really been conveyed over wires and produced in distant halls and houses, as it will soon be delivered through the streets of New York. When one is convinced that so much of the story is true his next impression—for we are of weak

faith—is that this is only another device, like the phonograph, or the much advertised piano-player, for producing mechanical music. In other words, we imagine a sort of overgrown, hurdy-gurdy. The news of all great inventions seems at first too good to be true. It is amusing, the wistfulness with which the inquirer, eager to believe in the instrument, is sure to ask: "But is the music not mechanical? Cannot you hear the machinery? Is it possible that such a machine can be made to convey the emotion of the player?"

These were the questions uppermost in my own mind when I went to Holyoke, Massachusetts, where Dr. Cahill has his laboratory, and where he has just completed his second machine, the one now being installed in New York City. A wire runs from the laboratory to the Hamilton Hotel, about a mile away, and the telephone receiver, fitted with a big paper horn, was placed on a chair in the ball-room at the top of the building. A switch near at hand turned on the music and regulated the tones, either soft or loud, the musicians, of course, being located at the keyboard in their own small room at the laboratory a mile away. I am not a musical critic, but of a few things any one may at once make sure. When the music began, it seemed to fill the entire room with singularly clear, sweet, perfect tones. Although expecting somehow to hear the whirl of machinery, or the scraping sounds common to the phonograph, I was at first so much interested in the music itself that I did not once recall its source. Afterwards, I listened especially for some evidence of the noisy dynamos which I had just seen, but without dis-

tinguishing a single jarring sound; nor was there any hollowness or strangeness traceable to the telephone or its horn attachment. It was pure music, conveying musical emotion without interference or diversion. As one listens, the marvel of it grows upon him—the marvel and the possibilities which it suggests. The music apparently comes out of nothingness, no players to be seen, no instrument, nothing but two wires running out of the wall; and in hundreds of different places widely separated—the present machine can supply over one thousand subscribers—the same music may be heard at the same moment.

The first impression the music makes upon the listener is its singular difference from any music ever heard before; in the fullness, roundness, completeness, of its tones. And truly it is different and more perfect; but strangely enough, while it possesses ranges of tones all its own, it can be made to imitate closely other musical instruments; the flute, oboe, bugle, French horn and 'cello best of all, the piano and violin not as yet so perfectly. Ask the players for fife music and they play Dixie for you with the squealing of the pipes deceptively perfect. Indeed, the performer upon this marvelous machine, as I shall explain later, can "build up" any sort of tone he wishes; he can produce the perfect note of the flute or the imperfect note of the piano—though the present machine is not adapted to the production of all sorts of music, as future and more extensive machines may be.

After several selections had been given I was conscious of a subtle

change in the music. Dr. Cahill said:

“Mr. Harris has taken Mr. Pierce’s place.”

It is quite as possible, indeed, to distinguish the individuality of the players upon this instrument as it is upon the piano or violin. The machine responds perfectly to the skill and emotion of the player; he gets out of it what he puts into it: so that the music is as much a human production as though the player performed upon a piano. In an hour’s time we had many selections, varying all the way from Bach and Schubert to the “Arkansas Traveler” and a popular Stein song. One duet was played by Mr. Pierce and Mr. Schultz. The present machine is best adapted to the higher class of music. It does not produce with any great success the rattle-bang of rag-time, which is perhaps an advantage.

By the time I had heard the music and had speculated upon what the influence of such an instrument might be upon the development of the aesthetic side of our common life, I wanted to understand the invention itself and to know something of the man who created it.

A first glance at the machinery in the Holyoke laboratory is rather discouraging to the ordinary visitor who is untrained in the science of electricity and sound. It seems, like the pictures that go with this article, almost too difficult to understand. But, like all great inventions, its fundamental principles are really simple.

A musical note, in its simplest sense, is a pleasant sound, produced by vibrations in the air. Strike a key of a piano; the string vibrates

and sets the air to pulsating, sound waves are conveyed to our ears and we hear a musical note. Some strings produce rapid vibrations and give us high notes. Others, slower vibrations with low notes. By striking various keys in succession these vibrations may be blended or combined to produce music.

Every one knows how different is the music produced, for example, by the piano from that of the cornet or violin. The tones are wholly different. Why?

Helmholtz in his great work on “Sensations of Tone” analyzed musical tones as a chemist analyzes water. A tone which seems to us perfectly simple may be extremely complex. Helmholtz showed that, when a note struck, we have first a “ground tone,” consisting of a certain number of vibrations a second. But this is not all; accompanying the “ground tone” and co-existing with it are other vibrations called “harmonics,” which are two, three, four, five or more times as rapid.

In some instruments the ground tone is strong and clear, and the harmonics much less distinct—as in the violin and the flute. In brass instruments the ground tone is weaker and the harmonics stronger. In other words, the quality of a musical instrument depends upon the combination of the original ground tone and its many harmonics.

Helmholtz, by the use of many tuning forks, one giving the pure primary tone, the others yielding the pure harmonics, was actually able to “build up” or imitate the tones of various instruments.

Here, then, in its acoustic form, was one of the basic ideas out of

which the music of the future will grow—is now growing. If Helmholtz could have gone on and built a machine for operating and controlling his tuning forks he could have produced any sort of music he desired, and with scientific perfection. But such a machine would have presented mechanical difficulties impossible of solution. Helmholtz, moreover, had no idea of producing music. His work was to investigate the physiological basis of our musical sensations.

Dr. Cahill, on the contrary, using the scientific knowledge which Helmholtz and a host of others had developed, sought to create a new system of musical production that would be more plastic and expressive than anything known before. Later he set himself the further task of finding some way of distributing widely the music so produced.

It is impossible here to describe the tortuous and difficult pathway of his progress, or to tell of the obstacles which he was compelled to surmount. It will be sufficient to explain, simply—for it is really simple—how he finally solved the problem.

Electricity, like sound, travels in waves or vibrations, electricity in the ether, and sound in the air. Why should there not be a way, argued Dr. Cahill, for producing the various vibrations corresponding to the pitch of a musical note by electricity and then changing them into sound-vibrations? This was the problem he studied; and he finally hit upon the use of electric dynamos. Each dynamo was so built that it gave out alternating currents which vibrated (or alternated, as the electrician would say) at a certain rate.

Each dynamo produced vibrations representing a single pure musical tone, or a single one of Helmholtz's tuning forks. Other dynamos or alternators were used to represent other pure tones, until in the present machine Dr. Cahill has not fewer than 145 such alternators. They are placed upon great steel shafts, and operated by power machinery. Each alternator is connected by wires with the playing keyboard in another room. When one key is pressed one alternator gives off its vibrations: when two are pressed, two alternators come into play. Let us suppose, now, that the player wishes to produce the peculiar sweet note of an A string (open) upon the violin. The ground tone of the A string has 435 vibrations a second. One key controlling one alternator will produce this ground tone, but it will sound more like a flute note than a violin note. Harmonics must be added—exactly as Helmholtz built up a tone with his tuning forks. Stops are drawn producing the first harmonic, 870 vibrations, the second harmonic, 1,305 vibrations and so on, until the approximate note of the violin is reached. In other words, the player, by using the proper keys and stops can construct the tones of any instrument he wishes. He can have the clear note of the flute, the heavy burr of the 'cello or the squeal of the fife. The qualities of all instruments—the vivacity of the piano, the emotion of the violin, the purity of the clarinet, are thus within instant reach of the player upon a machine of this type. The present instrument with 145 alternators, while producing the most extraordinary results, will not reach all of the combinations necessary, let us say, to

produce the marvelously complex music of an orchestra, but the inventor is already planing a much larger machine, with hundreds of alternators, upon which eight or ten musicians may perform together, making possible heights of musical harmony never before imagined.

The fundamental feature of the machine, then, lies in these alternators, but many other devices, wonderful inventions in themselves, contribute to the production of musical sound. For example, the currents from various alternators must be combined to make a given tone; consequently the inventor has produced what he calls "tone-mixers" where the various sorts of vibrations, carried on wires, are combined. Leaving the mixer, mysterious as it is to the non-technical mind, the current is "refined" by passing it through other devices from which it emerges ready for distribution by wire to the subscriber in his home or at his restaurant. It is perfectly marvelous, the way in which these currents are regulated and controlled—molded as it were, by the delicate touch of the artist's hand.

One final device is necessary. So far we have only an electrical current, properly mixed and refined, to produce a given musical tone, but there is no sound whatever. The machine itself, as I have said, is silent. The inventor here has recourse to the simple device of the telephone receiver, the purpose of which is to translate an electric current, which comes to it over the wires, into sound waves. The familiar little black diaphragm of the telephone is made to vibrate by the current and that vibration is

communicated to the air, producing sound waves which we hear, exactly as we hear the sound waves excited by a piano string. Thus the new music comes to us. It can be transmitted over ordinary telephone wires and received in our ordinary telephones, but inasmuch as the current used for the music is much stronger than that employed for carrying the human voice, it is the plan of the inventor to have separate wires laid in the streets, and a separate telephone apparatus in the theatre or in the home of the subscriber. In New York the plan is ultimately to have four different sets of wires, one carrying operatic music, and one popular airs, so that subscribers may take their choice.

Having produced his new instrument it was necessary to find an operator. Curiously enough, although Dr. Cahill is a profound student of music and a lover of musical art he plays no instrument. About three years ago Edwin H. Pierce, a professional pianist and organist of many years experience, undertook the task of mastering the new instrument. The keyboard which he uses fills all one side of the music room. It is surrounded by a jungle of wires leading from the keyboard to the 2,000 or more switches which control the instrument. The musician sits on a high bench, like that of a pipe-organ, with double-banked keyboard. Sixteen stops are used to regulate the harmonics, and there are other devices, pedals and "expression levers," for otherwise controlling the tones. One telephone with a funnel is arranged behind the player, so that by listening to his own music he may get exactly the proper effect.

An American View of British Railways

BY RAY MORRIS IN ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

The writer, after comparing British with American railroads, comes to the conclusion that each country has provided itself with the system that, broadly speaking, answers its own needs best. The portion, reprinted here, takes up the characteristics of the British system from the standpoint of the casual traveler.

IF I were asked to name the characteristics which, from the standpoint of the casual traveler, make British railways most unlike American railways, I should reply unhesitatingly, hedges, and the Board of Trade. Each of these terms is somewhat symbolic, as used. The hedges, perfectly trimmed and laid out like the boundaries of a model garden, suggest the neatness and careful exactitude that pervade the service. They may fairly be made to stand for the politeness of the employees, the "railway servants," as well; for one does not expect to find rude servants in an old-fashioned garden. The traveler does not see the Board of Trade, but he is surrounded on all sides by its handiwork, and watched over by its inspectors. Specifically, the Board of Trade as a British railway characteristic stands for the broad masonry station platforms, the overhead bridges from the up-line to the down-line, the absence of grade crossings, the efficient system of block signaling, and the careful inspection and report that follow even the most insignificant accident. More broadly, it denotes the great British Public Opinion, that may be inefficient, but is always honest and courageous, and carries an influence—whether it expresses itself in the shareholders' meeting or in the columns of the Times—which has no parallel in this country. Nor does public opinion, or public serious-mindedness, stop

with the proprietors and the critics; the humblest railway guard feels his responsibilities, and respects the traditions of law and order to an extent that is simply astonishing. He may be stupid; he usually is; but his fidelity to the book of rules and to his own small but essential share in railway working seems to belong to a different race of individuals from the American trainman, with alertness and carelessness well mingled in his make-up.

The Board of Trade is a branch of the government, and its railway department is concerned almost solely with public safety. It views public safety broadly; it will not permit any new line to be opened for traffic until its inspectors have passed on it; and the inspectors require compliance with almost countless arbitrary requirements that entail a tremendous expense on the railway company, and have, in considerable part, no real bearing on safety. Many of these requirements are traditional rather than expedient; if railways were to be built de novo in the year 1906 it is certain that the Board of Trade would be immensely shocked, if not insulted, at the suggestion that a 100-ton locomotive should rely on wheel flanges less than one and a half inches deep to keep it on the rails, at a speed of seventy miles an hour. But the traveler who is not a shareholder has no occasion to worry over excessive safety, and he can feel assured that every Brit-

ish railway on which he is permitted to travel has passed a rigid examination at the hands of one of the most critical examining bodies in the world.

The Railway Department of the Board of Trade has four principal inspectors, who are retired army officers—at present three lieutenant-colonels and a major. These gentlemen naturally had no railway experience prior to their appointment; in fact, the very circumstance of their army career indicates the impersonal, non-partisan service which is expected of them. Without technical skill, except that which they have acquired in the prosecution of their duties, they stand for dignity and absolute integrity, as representatives of the government. One inspector personally investigates every accident, every new line which it is proposed to open for traffic, every installation of a new type of signal, and the like, and receives testimony much like a circuit judge, except that the proceedings are informal. In due course of time he presents his report, quoting the important testimony, and adding conclusions and recommendations of his own which have practically the force of statute, because of the power possessed by the Board to require compliance on the part of the companies. The reasons gravely alleged by the Board as the cause of a wreck often fail to convince; the remedies suggested may do nothing more than reiterate the need of care in train-working; but the limelight is turned squarely on all the operating methods and physical conditions contributory to the accident, and any real evils that may be discovered are dealt with in no uncertain manner.

For example, at the famous Hall Road accident, on the electrified portion of the Lancashire and Yorkshire, the whole system of facing-point switches throughout the country was under trial, although the primary cause of the accident was an order to proceed, wrongly given, by a signalman. The country was aroused by the accident; but the Board of Trade went about its investigation without haste or hysteria, and laid the entire blame where it belonged—on the mental confusion of the signalman. The American press as a whole can be relied on always to assume, tacitly or sonorously, that a serious railroad accident is due to "corporate greed," implying that if the shareholders cared to spend what they should, they could bring about a condition of perfection that would make accidents unheard of. The British press does not share this attitude of mind, because it places perfect confidence in its Board of Trade. When the inspectors of the Hall Road disaster fully exonerated the facing-point switch from the charge that it was accessory to accidents in general, the press had no more to say on this point. It is easy to imagine the heroic stand which our sensational papers would have taken in such a discussion. They would have formed their own conclusion months before the Board of Trade hearings were finished, exonerating the poor signalman—and incidentally publishing his portrait—placing all the blame on the directors, and appealing to high Heaven and President Roosevelt for a law requiring the abolition of facing-point switches.

The British observer is naturally surprised to see that our safety

measures are enforced primarily by the newspapers; he is scandalized to learn that the cause of some of our worst accidents is never known, and hence that preventive measures do not follow. For example, the Mento wreck, on the Lake Shore, is still unexplained, after incomplete and unscientific examinations made by coroners' juries and the inefficient State Railroad Commission. Two things, however, have always worked to hinder really useful work by any national railroad commission in this country: the separate state government system, and the fact that internal communications played so vital a part in the development and in the prosperity of the land that public opinion, at the outset, was not at all critical. What was wanted was railroads; if they could be safe railroads, so much the better; but this was not the essential thing. The early lines across the plains, with all their crudities, were so infinitely superior to pack trains, both in efficiency and in safety, that their shortcomings were not judged harshly. Now we have awakened to the fact that a preventable accident is a criminal thing, and we hold our railroads in low esteem because they cannot at once alter their physical structure to conform to our point of view. It is fair to say, however, that we very greatly need an institution with inspection powers like those of the British Board of Trade, but with expense ideas tempered to the wide difference in situation.

To revert from the Board of Trade to the hedge characteristic of British lines: the baggage system, plus the cab arrangements, never fails to delight an American. He never knows, and never can be made

to know, what there is in the system that offers the slightest hindrance to the professional collector of other people's baggage; he is fully convinced that the porter would place on his hansom any bag he designated as his own, without a moment's hesitation. In a country where checks are not used in ordinary baggage handling, the entire system rests on the simple affirmation, "This is my bag." Yet the claim departments of British railways find that theft of baggage from station platforms is practically a negligible item in their accounting. From the standpoint of the ordinary traveler, the British method is incomparably superior to ours. A four-wheeler in London costs a shilling for the first two miles. Add a few odd pence for each piece of baggage carried outside, and construe the distance liberally, and you may arrive at the station, with all your paraphernalia, for a ridiculously small sum. English visitors to New York habitually dine in tweeds on the night of their arrival, because the expressman, who lightly guarantees immediate delivery of their belongings, finds it more convenient to call the following morning.

The Englishman travels with two kit-bags, a hat-box, an ulster, and a rug, and never carries any of these things himself. He marvels at the hidden resources of the American dress-suit case, not understanding the stern necessity that requires us to provide apparel for the day in such form that we can manage it without relying on the porter or the expressman. It has always seemed to me that the polite porters who swarm about English railway stations were, in the last analysis, re-

sponsible for the abominable coldness of the trains; for without the porter's assistance the traveler could not manage his ulster and his rug, and would be unable to regard a railway journey as akin to a drive in an open carriage. Our trains are overheated, and we remove superfluous outer garments when we travel; English trains are really not heated at all, and the traveler must dress as he would dress on board ship.

Taking into consideration all the differences, great and small, it is hard to say with conviction that the railway system of either country offers any marked advantage over the other in the comfort it affords the traveler. England is a land of short distances; and, speaking of the lines as a whole, they subordinate their freight business to their passenger business. In this country we unhesitatingly subordinate the passenger traffic. As a result, the English service offers many more short-distance trains, which run with infinitely greater punctuality. But the long-distance traffic—that is to say, the service between England and Scotland—lacks many comfort-giving features to which we are accustomed. The traveler in the fall and winter months is likely to be chiefly concerned by the coldness of the trains, mentioned above. He is also expected to remain in one place throughout the journey; there is no library car at the front of the train, no observation smoker at the rear. In recent years an excellent dining car service has been maintained on the best trains; but dining cars are still somewhat of a specialty, rather than an essential feature of a through train. As an alternative there is the basket lunch—a cold

chicken, lettuce salad, bread, butter, and cheese, designed to be eaten from the lap. Personally, I am inclined to think that an American dining car affords more nourishment and considerably more variety than does a basket lunch; but this is a moot point. The dining car at least gives the traveler a chance to move about, and to substitute oak and rattan for plush. The English dining car, when found, is so thoroughly satisfactory that it may rest exempt from the criticism of a reasonably philosophic traveler.

The same is true of the British sleeping car, which, like the diner, is a recent development, but is now always to be found on the Scotch night expresses. Each passenger has a narrow compartment to himself; there are no upper berths, and there is an individual washstand in the compartment. If the journey begins at bed-time and ends at getting-up time, the traveler will be thoroughly comfortable; but if he is bound to a point not reached by his rising hour—Aberdeen, for example—he must needs make up his own berth and remain in his compartment; the cars are not convertible into day coaches, and he must be content with a basket breakfast, likewise eaten from the berth.

The upshot of a comparison between English and American railways is that each country has provided itself with the system that, broadly considered, answers its own needs the best, and that, when all circumstances are taken into account, neither has much to learn from the other. Certain great defects stand out in each; English railway financing and American railway carelessness are both deserv-

ing of censure. Yet these defects are quite explainable in their out-growth from the physical conditions at hand, and they are not amenable to any off-hand remedy. Likewise, certain points of especial attractiveness, such as the English baggage system and the punctuality of trains, and the American luxury of through travel, have arisen from a complicated set of local circumstances, and

could not be transplanted unless all the circumstances were transplanted as well. Most forcible of all is the impression gained by such a study that the essential belief, the very creed and doctrine of one country, as regards the economies of its railway working, may not be so much as discussed in another, where the same ultimate problem is gotten at in a wholly different way.

Glasgow, an Extraordinary City

BY FREDERICK C. HOWE IN SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

Glasgow has always been held up to Americans as a model municipality, clean in its politics, economic in its administration of public utilities. In the following extract from a long and extremely interesting article the author gives the grounds for this good name. He visited and inspected the entire machinery of government, and writes from a close acquaintance with it.

HERE is a city which knows no boss but itself; which takes the merit system as a matter of course, and without any law enforcing it; a city which keeps its officials in office as long as they will stay or as long as they serve the convictions of their constituents; a city which makes its enterprises pay, and pay big, and watches its finances as prudently as the most conservative banking house; a city in which it is the ambition of every citizen to serve without pay and without return save in the approval of his fellows.

Here, too, is a city which knows no favor, no friendship, no politics, in the choice of its servants. "Wanted, a Town Clerk. The Corporation of Glasgow," so the newspaper advertisement runs, "invites applications for the office of Town Clerk, which is about to become vacant. The salary will be \$10,000 a year." Here was the most important sal-

aried office within the gift of the council, an office which combines the duties of the city solicitor as well as all the clerical duties of the city, hunting for the man, much as a German city looks for a lord mayor, or an American college or church searches for a president or a minister. The corporation was offering its most influential post to the candidate from all Great Britain best qualified to fill it.

Here, too, is a city in which all citizens are united demanding efficient service and securing it; a city in which the privileged few who own the franchise corporations in America and the unprivileged many who are seeking a job are united with the city rather than against it. For Glasgow offers no franchises whose values run into the millions as a tempting treasure to gamble for. There are no privileges to corrupt the council; no big financial interests to unite the rich and influential, the

press and the bar, the club and the church on one side, and leave democracy untaught and unled blindly to carry on the burdens of self-government. This absence of privileges frees the best talent of the city; it unites its purse with its patriotism. It is this absence of class interest that binds and fuses the whole people into one ambition—an honest city, an economical city, a serviceable city. And they get it, too. The city's properties are worth \$95,000,000, and the annual revenues from reproductive undertakings alone, exceed \$15,000,000. All these enterprises are handled with the most scrupulous honesty. None of their earnings sticks in the hands of contractors, aldermen, or clerks on its way to the city treasury. Such a thing as official corruption is almost unknown.

A city with such a citizenship would have gotten good government under any charter. So it was not the form of government that explained it all, although the method of choosing the council makes it very easy to secure good men. Nor is it home rule. For the British city is more dependent upon Parliament than the American city is upon the State legislature. Parliament is most exacting in its control and supervision of the city. Special permission has to be got at Westminster to enter any industry, to build tram lines, to lay water or gas mains, to borrow for any improvement. Parliament determines the amount which must be laid aside in a sinking fund for all undertakings. Its finances and its activities are only determined by the people after Parliament has given its consent, and it took five years of unremitting effort to secure permission to run the telephones.

The absence of the spoils system offers some explanation. Only it is a result, not a cause, for there is no act of Parliament making the merit system compulsory.

The explanation of Glasgow is deeper down than the form of the charter, deeper than the merit system, deeper than the method of electing councilmen by popular nominations—important as these things are. It is deeper than the Scotch character, thrifty, prudent, and careful though it is. I fancied it was the Scotch character, despite conditions in Pittsburg, the most thoroughly Scotch, as it is among the worst of American cities. So I went to Edinburgh, the most beautiful of all British cities, as it is the centre of culture, literature, and traditions of Scotland. Here one should find the Scotchman at his best. I went to the Town Hall. The Lord Provost and the town clerk were away. I wanted to see the council. It would not meet for several weeks. It seldom met oftener than once every three weeks. I looked into its enterprises. "We don't go in for such things as Glasgow does," said an official. "We lease our tramways to a private company. The gas and water are in the hands of a parliamentary commission. The members of our council are too busy with their own affairs to devote much time to the city." Glasgow, I found, was in disfavor. Its thrift and enterprise were undignified—almost vulgar in the minds of the Scotchman of the capital city.

So I returned to Glasgow, to the man on the trams, to the business man in the club, to the tradesman in his shop. For I had come to believe that it is the people that ex-

plain the official, that it is they who control the administration. We have seen that fact in Cleveland, where the people have achieved efficient government; we have seen it in Chicago, where, if the people have no good government, they at least have aspiring administration; we have seen it in Philadelphia—which is a people in eruption.

So I went to the people and listened to their talk of Glasgow. But it was not Glasgow, so much as it was the trams, the gas, the telephones, the parks, the bowling greens, the baths, the concerts, the splendid sewage works, and the everlasting rates. It was the Alderman So-and-so, and his speech at the last council. It was Scott Gibson and his condemnation of his fellow-members for voting a few pounds out of the treasury for some dinner or other. It was a longer ride on the trams for a cent. For the man on the street knows about these things. It is this that keeps him alert. He is a good citizen because it is his city; it gives him more for his money than anyone else, and it gives him many things.

So I came to believe that the Glaswegian loves his Glasgow, as his forbears loved their Highlands, because Glasgow loves its people.

"We don't compare our tramways with Manchester or Liverpool," one of them said to me. "We have the best system in the United Kingdom." I think that is true. I have ridden on most of them, and the Glasgow system seems to me the best of them all. The service is as frequent as could be asked, and you get a seat for a fare. You get it on top of the cars if you want a smoke, and the cars go everywhere. They are clean-

ed and disinfected every night; they are bright as fresh paint can keep them; they have no advertisements on them; they are easy riding and are laid on concrete foundations with grooved rails, which offer no obstruction to other traffic. The conductors are courteous—they have to be. They have 1,000,000 critics, all watching them.

I went again to see Mr. James Dalrymple, the general manager of the street-railway system. He had been recently promoted to the position from that of head bookkeeper. The chief, Mr. James Young, had resigned, and his first and second assistants had been called to other towns. The managers of the British tramways are not often engineers. They are business men whose duties are those of administration. They are not electrical experts. Mr. Dalrymple had just returned from America, where he had gone in response to a request from Mayor Dunne of Chicago. He did not tell me his impressions of America, or express an opinion of our ability to manage municipal enterprises. He did say that he had made a study of the street-railway systems in America and had been entertained by the managers in all of the leading cities. And their opinion of municipal ownership and American politics we all know. But Mr. Dalrymple is a Scotchman. He could not be that and not be convinced that no other people in the world can do what Glasgow has done. That's Scotch nature. They feel that way even toward England. It's human nature, too, for haven't we been sending men to Glasgow for years to learn how that city does things?

For Glasgow has made good on her tramways. A private company ran the system from 1871 to 1894.

But the service was bad, and the treatment of the employees intolerable. The people protested. They tried to regulate the abuses. The company was arrogant; for what could the city do about it? Then Glasgow awoke. A campaign for municipal ownership was started. Two elections were fought over this issue. In 1892 the city decided to take over the operation. This was done two years later.

The private company predicted failure, said the city would go bankrupt. So they refused to sell the the council their cars, because they expected the system to come back to them in a short time.

The first thing the city did was to reduce the hours and increase the wages of the employees. Then free uniforms were added, along with five days' holiday each year on pay. This increased consideration for the employees now costs the department something like \$500,000 a year. The council did not stop here. Hauls were lengthened and fares cut down 33 per cent. To-day one may ride a half-mile for a cent; two and one-third miles for two cents; and three and a half miles for three cents. For fares are arranged on the zone system. You pay for what you get. The main thing is, what does the average rider pay? In 1905 it was 1.89 cents, while the average fare charged per mile was nine-tenths of a cent. Of the 195,000,000 passengers carried, 30 per cent. paid but one cent, 60 per cent. but two cents, and only 10 per cent. of the total number carried paid more than the lat-

ter sum. All fares in excess of two cents might be abolished and the earnings would hardly show it.

And the cost to the city for carrying the average passenger (not including interest charges) was just under one cent in 1905. An examination of the earnings and expenses shows that the Glasgow tramways could pay all operating expenses, could maintain the system, could pay local taxes the same as a private company, and still carry passengers at a universal fare of one cent. It could do this, and make money. On the basis of last year's earnings it would make about \$75,000, even if there was no increase in traffic. For the operating expenses and maintenance charge in 1905 were \$1,884,150. If the 195,767,519 passengers carried had paid one cent each, the earnings would have been \$1,957,675.

But there would be an increase in traffic. Glasgow proved that in 1894 when it reduced its fares by 33 per cent. In three years' time the number of passengers carried doubled; by 1905 the number had more than tripled. This was accompanied by a great increase in the mileage of the system, as well as the electro equipment of the lines. But all over England they say it's cheap fares and good service that make municipal dividends on the tramways. The chief complaint in Glasgow is that the tramways make too much money. The man who rides protests mildly that his fare should be still further reduced, or the length of his ride extended.

During the first eleven months after opening the system in 1894 it earned as a horse line, over and above operating expenses, the sum of \$208,-

525. Since that time the growth has been tremendous. The system was opened with 63 miles of track. It now has 147. The gross earnings were \$1,066,187 in 1895. In 1905 they were \$3,721,854. During the same period the number of passengers carried increased from 57,104,647 to 195,767,519. The council is almost embarrassed to find proper means to dispose of the profits. In 1905 the system paid working expenses, put \$334,036 into maintenance and repairs, and paid \$188,731 in local taxes. There still remained \$1,837,704 as net profits. This was equivalent to a dividend of 12.3 per cent. on the total capital investment in the plant, and 20 per cent. on the present outstanding indebtedness.

That is why the man on the tram complains. He says the council is not only making him pay for his ride, but also pay for the plant, by charging twice as much as it costs to carry him. He thinks it unfair to compel this generation to make a present of the enterprise free from debt to the next one. He points to the fact that the system is worth \$14,965,305. In eleven years' time the debt has been reduced to \$8,835,939, while \$762,873 additional has been paid into the "common good" as well as a like sum in taxes. At this rate, the plant will be free from indebtedness in less than ten years' time.

The council replies by saying: "Look at your fares. They have been cut down one-third. Those who travel are better off by \$1,000,000 a year than they would have been under private management. In eleven years' time the savings alone to the passengers exceed the total bonded debt now against the system. The

enterprise has already paid for itself out of earnings and savings. It looks as though it had not only paid for itself, but earned about a million dollars besides. It has also repaid the cost of the old horse lines, as well as a splendid manufacturing plant where all the cars and equipment are built by the city by direct labor."

Such, at least, are the figures which "The Glasgow Corporation Tramways" publish to the world. I asked Mr. Dalrymple about the effect of municipal ownership on the people. He said:

"The opening of the trams in 1894 was coincident with, many people would say it was the cause of, the renaissance of civic enthusiasm that has characterized the last ten years of the life of the city. Undoubtedly the more things the city does for the people, the more the people are interested in the city. Municipal ownership fosters interest in municipal affairs."

The man on the tram is evidently right. He owns the trams; therefore he is interested in them. He owns the gas, the water, the electricity supply, and the telephones. Therefore he watches them. He loves Glasgow just as does the Lord Provost, the hard-headed alderman, the man in the club, the care-taker of the city's sewage works. The city is his parent. It cares for him. And it is worth working for. It is so big in its ideals, so big in its achievements, so big in its kindness and goodness.

The Glaswegian still grumbles a little in his pride. Probably he will always grumble. That is one of the things government means to him. He got his trams, his telephones, his

parks, his concerts, by grumbling. But his present trouble is a bigger one. He says: "We extended our tram lines far out into the suburbs; we had so many poor, such terrible slums, so much sickness, vice, and misery. We wanted to give our people a chance, wanted to get them out of the tenements and into the country where land was cheap. We reduced our fares. In consequence, earnings fell off. Instead of making land cheap for the poor, we made it valuable for the landlords. We cut down commuters' fares a pound a year, and rentals went up exactly one pound a year. We sought to secure cheap homes for our people, but the land speculator appropriated the whole thing."

Then he did what he always does—this Glaswegian. He worried the council, and the council in turn went to Parliament. The council said: "We have created immense fortunes for the land-owners about the city. But not content with what he has already got, the landlord wants more, and sits idly by until the people must have his land at any price." The council introduced a bill in Parliament to tax these land values and retake to itself a portion of the millions which its enterprise had created, and which it is now fined for using. It did more. It laid aside \$5,000 to promote the bill. Tons of literature were distributed and the city's officials were turned into agents for propaganda work. When Glasgow wants a thing, it wants it hard. Then the council called a conference of cities on "The Taxation of Land Values." More than one hundred local authorities responded. Then they all moved on Parliament and

proceeded to worry the members. Of course, Parliament wouldn't listen. For the members of Parliament own Great Britain. They are getting rich out of the growth of the towns. And they have paid no taxes on their land as land for several centuries at least. This is a fact—English land has not been reappraised for taxation since the seventeenth century.

In its attitude toward Parliament, Glasgow reminds one of a terrier barking at the heels of a mastiff. I fancy Parliament must hate this heckling, thrifty municipality that is forever making war on the abuses and privileges which everywhere exist in England and which are so profitable. For the members of Parliament not only own the land, they own the big city franchises, just as the United States Senate owns or represents the big railroads. And it must be annoying, this nagging against monopoly. But that's the way he got his municipal telephone system. For five long years the city spent money and energy trying to induce Parliament to permit it to open an exchange in competition with the private company which was giving bad service and charging high rates. It finally got permission in 1901. The system has now twelve thousand subscribers and covers 143 square miles. An unlimited telephone service cost \$25.55 a year, and a limited one only \$17.03. The population served is about a million. Then the private company reduced charges. But despite the cheapening of rates, the exchange makes money, even in the face of the competition of the old established company.

The telephone was the last big enterprise taken over. The city has

had the water supply since 1855. It bought out two private companies. Then it went to Loch Katrine, 34 miles away, in the heart of the Highlands, to get a supply. Glasgow spent millions for pure water, and now has one of the finest supplies in the world. It makes money, too, though the rates for domestic use are but ten cents in the pound of rental. This means that for every \$100 of house rental paid an additional charge of \$2 is made for water service.

The gas supply is also owned by the city. It was bought from private parties in 1869. It is run for the benefit of the people and not for the sake of dividends. Gas is sold at 51 cents a thousand cubic feet for domestic use; for power purposes the price is but 43 cents. The very poor are encouraged to use gas by penny-in-the-slot devices by which one can get enough gas with which to cook a meal for two cents. It also encourages industry by low prices. This diminishes the smoke nuisance. Despite the reduction in price, the net profits in 1905 amounted to \$271,-930.

The price of gas has been reduced from year to year. It was 78 cents in 1885, 60 cents in 1895. To-day it ranges from 43 to 51 cents. The financial showing is almost as remarkable as the tramways. While the capital expenditure is \$18,319,170, present actual indebtedness is but \$9,340,200. The surplus of expenditure, over and above the debt against the undertaking, is \$8,978,-

970. This is what the city has made through owning the plant, in addition to the millions saved by cheaper gas.

The electricity supply has been owned since 1892. The city bought out a private monopoly for \$75,000. Then it proceeded to make the plant useful. For that is the policy of Glasgow, to make itself useful to its people. It proceeded to enlarge the system, to extend the conduits all over the city. It has since spent about \$6,000,000 on the undertaking. Now it can serve everybody, and serving everybody, can reduce charges. It also sells power to the tramway department and to manufacturing plants. For Glasgow tries to encourage industry just as it aims to promote comfort and convenience. For very small consumers, the rates for lighting are 12 cents per kilowatt hour and 2 cents for all current in excess of a small minimum. For power and heating purposes, the charge is from 1 1-2 cents to 3 cents according to the quantity used. The average price received from all consumers is 5.09 cents.

Glasgow says it would be just as absurd for the owner of a sky-scraper to permit a private elevator company to collect fares from his tenants, or for an outside plumber to own the fixtures and collect for light and heat, as it is for a city to turn over its streets to private tramways, gas and electric lighting companies. Glasgow prefers to do its own plumbing and run its own elevators.

Character in Letter-Writing

BY BASIL TOSER IN MONTHLY REVIEW.

The writer is a journalist who has carried on a great deal of correspondence with a great many people in different walks of life. The generalizations he has made from his experiences are very interesting and his references to particular cases amusing.

IN the pursuit of an avocation that necessitates my writing to persons of many sorts and conditions and in many different ranks in life, and that, I am afraid, occasionally necessitates my worrying strangers, I have for some years past been afforded opportunities of judging character, not by hand-writing, for the great majority of busy men and women nowadays employ secretaries, but by the way in which letters are expressed. A great number of persons to whom I wrote in the first instance as a total stranger I have since come to know personally, and intimately, and in few cases indeed have I found that the opinion I had formed of these individuals, judging solely by the way they expressed themselves in their letters, had been a false opinion.

The letters I have received from persons to whom my name is, or was, quite unknown—and the total number of these letters runs into hundreds—may, broadly speaking, be divided into three sets; namely, the courteous, the discourteous, and the strictly formal. And here let me say at once that I have found that, contrary to the popular belief, true courtesy has nothing whatever to do with good breeding. I have had letters from men and women who can trace their pedigrees back almost “so far that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary,” that were courteous in the extreme in tone and style; but I have also many letters

from persons of equally good breeding that only a man who at heart was a snob, or a sycophant, or a prig could have written. Upon the other hand I find among the pile of letters before me as I write, communications from both men and women of very humble origin, but who have now risen to eminence, that for consideration, kindly feeling, and very great courtesy, could hardly be excelled. Indeed, upon comparing the one set with the other I find, to my astonishment, that the balance of courtesy rests with the latter. The letters that the least afford indications to their writers’ characteristics, temperament, or peculiarities, are, of course, those communications that are of a strictly formal nature.

The following letters form an example of the striking contrast there is in the way men answer inquiries put to them civilly. I had been commissioned to write an article on a question of some importance at the time I applied to them, and to obtain as much expert opinion upon the subject as possible. The letters I addressed to the various men I deemed in a position to furnish the information I needed were to all intents and purposes identical. It is not difficult to read between the lines the temperament of the man who wrote the following reply:

“I shall have great pleasure in doing what you ask. This week, unfortunately, I am more than ordinar-

ily busy; but you shall hear from me early in next week."

Nor the manner of the man who wrote the following in reply to the same inquiry:

"I am not aware that I have the privilege of your acquaintance, and I decline absolutely to grant your impertinent request."

It was in reply to a similar letter of inquiry that the following answer reached me:

"The enclosed slip contains the expression of my views upon the matter referred to in your letter, and I take this opportunity of thanking you for the compliment you pay me in desiring my opinion."

And the following:

"In answer to your letter,—desires me to say that he is not in the habit of conferring favors upon strange gentlemen."

A lady I employed as secretary was directly responsible for the following two gems, which speak for themselves. Through an oversight she had addressed the letter intended for, let us call him Mr. Brown—though his name was not Brown—to Mr. Brown-e. By return of post Mr. Brown wrote:

"I really am much too busy to answer letters from strangers, more especially from men who know so little about me as to write my name with an 'e.'"

The other was yet more whimsical:

"Sir John Smith presents his compliments, and wishes me to say that he is not in the habit of corresponding with lunatics."

Enclosed was the envelope that had contained my letter. It ought to have been addressed to Sir John Smith, Bart. Instead, the address, which was type-written, appeared,

Sir John Smith, Rats. When I drew my secretary's attention to this trifling error in spelling she became almost hysterical. She declared that she had been very tired, and that when you become tired your type-writing machine is apt to take strange liberties—a statement that all who use a type-writing machine will know to be true. Consequently it was not until some weeks later, when a descriptive report of the movements of a great fog in the Channel, that I had dictated to her, appeared in the typescript with the weird heading, "Great egg in the Channel," that I deemed it expedient to seek another assistant.

I could quote many more letters that serve to indicate the peculiarities of their writers' natures, but the foregoing will suffice for the moment. It is a curious yet indisputable fact, however, that quite a considerable section of the educated community is firmly imbued with the belief that a brusque, arrogant manner denotes strength of character. What can first have given rise to this erroneous supposition it is difficult to conceive. My own experience and observation lead me to conclude just the reverse. Almost all our successful organizers, pioneers in commerce, politicians, statesmen, literary men, lawyers, doctors, financiers, actors, artists of all kinds, are courteous in the extreme, and their courtesy is in most instances revealed in the tone of the letters they have occasion to write to persons with whom they are not acquainted. The successful men who lack courtesy have succeeded in spite of their unfortunate personality, not because of it. It was no less successful a man than Sir

Alfred Jones who said to me only recently, "In these times no man has a right to be, or can afford to be, discourteous;" and as an after-thought he added, "even to his office boy."

The idea, prevalent in certain circles, that the newly-rich constitute, as a body, the least considerate if not the most snobbish and purse-proud class, is not borne out by facts. The remark made lately by a well-known diplomatist that "no snob is really so snobbish as a well-bred snob," is probably one of the truest of utterances. Judging by the tone of his letters, the modern man of humble origin, who has amassed wealth through his individual industry, is businesslike and methodical, but he is seldom overbearing. His shortcomings are a tendency to be patronizing, and generally a lack of humor, the latter characteristic possibly denoting that Dr. John Watson (Ian Maclaren) was right when he recently pronounced a sense of humor to be "a hindrance to practical success in life," though one could wish this were not so. The great proportion of men who send post-cards "in haste" to say they are "much too busy to answer" belong almost always to the class that devotes several days a week to golf or some equally engrossing occupation. Men who really are busy find time to answer letters, and they answer usually by return. Mr. Gladstone used to answer every letter he received—begging letters from obvious impostors alone excepted—and he never dictated his replies; also, I believe I am right in saying, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain seldom leaves a letter unanswered.

Among my collection I find a few

letters that can best be summed up in the one word "gushing." Experience teaches me that the habitual writer of the "gushing," frothy effusion, is seldom a man to be trusted. As a rule he ends by revealing himself to be a humbug, if not a hypocrite, and eight times out of ten he finishes by wanting something, it may be a loan, it may be only note of introduction. I print one specimen only of the "gushing" letter, word for word as I received it.

"My very dear Sir.—I was most charmed to receive your most courteous communication, which let me hasten to answer. I can assure you it will afford me the very greatest of satisfaction to show you . . . and to furnish you with every particular. But won't you come and lunch with me, and let me introduce you to my wife? I know she will be as delighted to make your acquaintance as I shall be; in fact, we are both quite looking forward to your visit. . . .

And so on. Yet there was no reason, there could not have been any reason, why this man, or his wife either, should honestly have looked forward to meeting me, a complete stranger. They had no interest in my concerns, and I had none in theirs. But before I quitted their "hospitable" roof they made use of every means of persuasion in their power to get me to write a newspaper article in praise of some property in which they were interested.

I feel it is almost unnecessary to mention that a considerable proportion of the people to whom one is compelled to apply for information at one time or other, do not reply. Such persons belong to one of three groups. The first group is made up of men and women who, being, to put

it plainly, too lazy to write any letter they can avoid writing, are in the habit of remarking sententiously that they "don't answer more letters than they can help—on principle." The second group consists of well-meaning people either devoid of method, or addicted to procrastination, who will tell you semi-apologetically, when you meet them, that they "ought to have answered that letter of your," but that they are "such shocking correspondents." The third group embraces the self-complacent little crowd who observe, when the subject of not answering letters is

broached, that they find that "heaps of letters answer themselves," and they generally roll off this platitude as if it were an original phrase, whereas it dates back to the time of Disraeli. Some men become extremely annoyed when their letters are not answered, in the same way that others lash themselves into anger when they receive rude letters; but, to adapt to the present case the sentence of a famous statesman, "when there is so much in life that is really vexatious it would seem mere waste of animal economy to let such pin-pricks disturb one's equanimity."

Reading Biographies as a Stimulus

WE cannot help living in some degree the lives of heroes who are constantly in our minds. Our characters are constantly being modified, shaped, and molded by the suggestions which are thus held.

The most helpful life stories for the average youth are not the meteoric ones, the unaccountable ones, the astonishing ones like those of Napoleon, Oliver Cromwell, and Julius Caesar.

The great stars of the race dazzle most boys. They admire, but they do not feel that they can imitate them. They like to read their lives, but they do not get the helpfulness and the encouragement from them that they do from reading the lives of those who have not startled the world so much.

It is the triumph of the ordinary ability which is most helpful as an inspiration and encouragement. The life of Lincoln has been an infinitely greater inspiration to the world than the life of Napoleon or that of Julius Caesar.—Success Magazine.

Man's Opportunities Lie Everywhere

BY NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS IN WORLD MAGAZINE.

Taking two striking examples of successful industrial careers, Dr. Hillis points out that in the pursuit of success everything after all depends on the man. Opportunities lie ready to our hand, and it is only man's blindness and his foolish belief in circumstances and limitations that prevent him from making good.

SUCCESS represents a rule in three: Multiply one's talent by one's opportunity and divide by circumstances and limitations and you have the career. Unfortunately, the divisor called circumstances is often made too large. Strictly speaking, everything depends on the man. Every day I hear some youth exclaim: "If I only had a chance!" "Give me his place," with similar expressions, indicating an over-emphasis of opportunity, and an under-emphasis of self-reliance. The simple fact is that some of the greatest cotton mills are a thousand miles from the cotton fields, some of the greatest steel plants are a thousand miles from the iron mines, that gold ore is often smelted at distances remote from the quartz and that South African diamonds are polished in Amsterdam and African silk woven in New Jersey looms.

Up in Cortland, N.Y., is one of the greatest wire factories in the world, owned by two brothers whose business could not be bought for millions. Thirty years ago these two boys left the farm to start a little hardware store in the village. One day a customer failed, and the only thing they could get for the debt was an old hand loom for weaving wire for a flour sieve for the housewife in the kitchen. Now, nothing was more unlikely than that they could do anything with the old loom. What! Found a wire factory at Cortland? Their competitors scoffed at the idea. They were hundreds of miles from

the seashore — that meant freight bills. They were hundreds of miles from the coal fields—that meant a heavy handicap. They were a thousand and miles from the iron mines—that rate was prohibitive. But they went to work. They knew that everything depended on the man.

In the face of every obstacle they have a business employing fifteen hundred workmen. Last week I saw them take a billet of steel six feet long and one foot square, weighing sixteen hundred pounds. When the billet came out at the other end of the factory it was a tiny wire thread, flexible as silk, forty-five hundred miles long, that would reach from New York to San Francisco and on to Sitka, Alaska. Fifty dollars' worth of steel wrought into wire gauze embedded in crystal glass had taken on a value of \$5,000. For intellect is a magician. Put these two brothers a thousand miles from the base of supplies and they will turn a heap of red iron rust into some mechanism of use and beauty. Plainly everything depends upon the man.

Less than a hundred miles away I found another proof that it is the man that makes the industry, the tool, the town. Fifty years ago in Norwich, N.Y., was a young blacksmith, ambitious for success. His town held a hundred houses; far to the north was one railroad, to the south another. The youth was isolated, and shut out from the great world of commerce. One day a contractor, who had agreed to build a

barn, came to the young blacksmith and ordered six hammers, the best that David Maydole could make — hammers whose heads would not fly off the handle.

"Perhaps you will not want to pay for as good a hammer as I can make," answered the young blacksmith.

"You make me a perfect hammer and we will not quarrel about the price."

"But," said Maydole, "a perfect hammer means three new changes that have never been put on any hammer. It means that the head must be very hard in its temper, to drive the nail. It means that the claws must be tough, to pull out the nail, representing a different temper for steel. Then it means that the central part of the hammer must have steel that extends out along the handle itself—steel that is flexible and soft. This means a third kind of temper."

David Maydole made those six hammers, and they were perfect hammers. The heads never flew off, the claws were tough, the top was chilled steel that drove the nail to its sure place. But each hammer turned the carpenter who owned it into an advertising agent. Without Maydole knowing it, one man started to New York to spread the fame of the best hammer in the world. Another carpenter started for Buffalo and another to Boston. Soon Maydole began to receive orders for hammers.

One day a Scotchman came to Norwich, N.Y. He was amazed at the great factory, but when men told the traveler that this was the best hammer in the world he scoffed at the idea, insisting that it was a hammer made in Great Britain that held the first place. He therefore sent an order to an old friend in Glasgow to

find the best hammer he could in England and send it to him, so that he might meet a wager which he had made in Norwich, N.Y. One day the package reached the village store and the hour came for testing the merits of the Maydole hammer and the strange English hammer. But when the package was opened this hammer that had journeyed all the way from England to Norwich, N.Y., was found to bear David Maydole's name, having first of all traveled to England, to meet a hardwareman who wanted the best hammer in the world.

Norwich, N.Y., had no coal mine, no iron mine, but it had a man. Cortland, N.Y., had no steel plant, no looms, but it had two men. Everything depends upon the man.

For all young men ambitious to get on the lesson is so simple that he who runs may read. Begin with the thing that is nearest at hand. Are you working in cloth? Save the wastes. Are you handling a delicate tool? See if you can make it more perfect. Are you looking for a chance? It is so close to you that if it were an ogre it would bite you. Why buy a ticket to California or Washington or Canada, when there is a vacancy hard beside you?

The more difficult the task the more development and growth there is in mastering it. There is not a tool in the world that cannot be made ten times as good. There is not a business to-day that is not full of wastes that could be saved. The method you are using to-day is already outgrown, and why may you not find a better one? Young man, work more with your head and less with your hands. Go to the library and get some text books on your own occupation. There is a fortune waiting for you. Stop thinking about

what your father is going to leave you. Forget Solomon's advice to nephews: "Go to thy aunt, thou sluggard!" and fall back on yourself. Consider what opportunities you

have lost through indolence and drifting and sloth and ease. The time has come to awake and rise from the dead to a new life of purpose, self-reliance and success!

A Humble Start No Disgrace

SMITH'S WEEKLY.

Too many men have a pride above their station in life. They have scruples to do humble things, for fear their good name will be disgraced. But there are some earnest workers who do not despise the day of small things, and by making use of their opportunities, however humble, rise to successful heights.

"**S**TART on your own account, my son. Do it right now while you're young and have got some go in you. Don't wait till you are old and have used up all your energy in the service of other folks. And if you can't see any better way to set yourself going, go out into the streets and pick up pins, and when you've collected enough sell them at a profit."

Such was the advice which a cute and successful Yankee merchant offered to a youth who had just left school. The man of business did not intend his words to be taken literally. He knew perfectly well that if any young man set out to amass a fortune merely by picking up the pins he found lying promiscuously in his way, it would be a mighty long time before he scraped together a banking account big enough to make anyone else envious.

But he was talking figuratively — and he was talking solid sense, too. He simply wanted to warn his hearer not to be scornful of making an exceedingly humble start on his own account.

Probably there is no better known firm of publishers in the world than that of W. & R. Chambers, of Edinburgh. It is tolerably certain that it

would never have come into existence had its founder been too proud to start by picking up pins. Figuratively, remember, figuratively!

Young William Chambers, bookseller's apprentice, and just out of his time, without any friends to help him and with no capital other than his last week's wages, decided to set up business on his own account. He did so by calmly annexing his father's family library, consisting of a few dozen shabby old volumes.

These he spread on a stall outside a tiny booth—and sold them. With the cash so obtained he developed his enterprise a little, and then a little more, and so on, until he and his brother, whom he took into partnership, were employing hundreds of helpers.

But what if William Chambers had been too proud to start so humbly? What if he had persisted in waiting until he had saved up enough capital to start in a handsome shop with an imposing stock of brand new books? It is pretty certain that he would never have started at all.

It is this false pride, this hesitation to boldly make the humblest start, which has undoubtedly wrecked the lives of hundreds of young men who would in all probability have

done very well had they been sensible enough to be independent of appearances. It's not appearances that count in the long run.

One of the largest and most imposing theatres in London is controlled by two brothers who started their careers by selling newspapers in the streets of New York. They were ambitious and determined to get on, and they knew that if they became office boys or junior assistants in shops they would stand little chance of getting on quickly.

They realized that one's best prospects of promotion come into view when one is one's own master and can promote oneself. So they boldly launched out in the humblest style, and saved something out of the profits they made. Before very long they had sufficient to set up in something better, and were fairly on the road to fortune.

There was a young clerk in the employment of a large firm of tea merchants. He was only a boy, but he had eyes to see and a brain to think. He saw that the office was full of men who had spent the best part of their lives in drudging for a slender salary, and who were now getting old.

They had no capital nor profits, and their energy and ambition had been ground out of them. He saw that he was likely to become like them if he remained a clerk. If he worked for twenty years he could not hope to save enough out of a pound or thirty shillings a week to start on his own account.

"I think I'd better start now," he decided. So he resigned his berth and scraping together all the cash he had—about three pounds odd—established himself as a refreshment contractor. That is the genteel way of putting it, but the simple fact was that his

"concern" consisted of a coffee and cocoa stall on trestles, set up next the gutter at a street corner.

His ex-companions of the office were horrified. Their lordships declined to recognize him when they passed in their frock coats and silk "toppers," and beheld him, in shirt sleeves and an apron, handing out refreshments to grimy toilers and all the rag, tag, and bobtail who offered him their soiled coppers.

It was surely a come-down, don't-cherknow—so degrading. That is what they thought then.

But they have had cause to alter their minds since. For the coffee stall grew into a small shop, and the small shop into a bigger shop. The ex-junior clerk is a "monarch of the catering world" nowadays. What would he have been if he had been scornful of picking up figurative pins?

Another young fellow horrified his relations and friends to an even greater extent. He was in a draper's shop. He "lived in." All day long he served behind the counter, and every night he spent in a stuffy dormitory, which he shared with half a dozen others. It was like being in prison, and his pay was a great deal less than a pound a week. "But it is so genteel," said his maiden aunt, "and Willie can keep himself so clean and look so nice."

Willie did not appear to be enthralled by his privileges—or his prospects, either. He had no capital to speak of, or influential friends to help him. But he abruptly resigned his magnificent situation, hired an old cellar, and went in for being a rag and bone merchant and a dealer in old bottles.

It was so awfully common! The relations shrieked, the friends were scandalized. But the degenerate Willie was calm. Also pushful. He

didn't mind when his hands got grimy and gentility departed from him. He knew that there was money to be made out of dirty things, and he proposed to get hold of some of it.

It was not easy to build up that business. But he did it. He still

deals in rags and bones and old bottles. But he has deserted the cellar long ago and owns some warehouses. As to what he makes, he isn't fond of telling people, but it is certainly far more than all his old-time companions of the counter and dormitory make put together.

Canning California Breezes

BY WILBUR BASSETT IN TECHNICAL WORLD.

As a solution of the problem of refrigeration for perishable fruit and meat it would appear that liquid air possesses special merits. Its use is unattended by the dampness which always accompanies iced refrigeration. Experiments are being conducted which will soon lead to the production of liquid air in commercial quantities.

CALIFORNIA air condensed into liquid state and packed for export, is the latest product of the Golden State to appear upon the market. It is now possible to eat California oranges which have never left California air in their long journey across the continent, and indeed they may be served at one's table with a sauce of the breezes which blow over their native groves.

A comprehensive plant for the manufacture of liquid air and of oxygen has been erected in the city of Los Angeles, which is the only plant in the country manufacturing these products on a commercial scale, with the exception of a New York plant whose output is confined to surgical and metallurgical uses. The plant will presently have a capacity of 450 gallons of liquid air or 50,000 cubic feet of oxygen per day of ten hours. With an unlimited supply of raw material and an output limited solely by the capacity of the compressor, there remains only the question of finding a market, and present indications point to a growing demand for these novel wares.

Situated in the heart of a warm, fruit-growing country, without natural ice, and separated from its chief markets by tremendous stretches of hot country, the question of refrigeration of fruit cars is one of the most important which the Californian has to consider. If, as is hoped, the product of the Los Angeles factory can be used as a successful substitute for manufactured ice, the market is at hand, and the new industry is ideally located. Fruit-growers, car-builders, merchants, shipping agents, and packers await with interest the extended trials which are now being instituted.

This question of refrigeration of ships and icing of cars has come to be one of the living issues of the past few months, through the spirited controversy arising over the alleged abuses of the private refrigerator-car system; and the details of the far-reaching and costly organization of these systems have been made known to an interested public. The importance of economical and effective refrigeration to the public welfare and the private pocketbook, has

been illustrated by these discussions in the public print, and the problem has ceased to be one of special and technical interest.

Whether liquid air is the solution of one phase of the problem, the conservative investigator is not yet ready to answer; but the indications are persistently pointing that way, and so definite and probable are these indications of success, that packers, and operators of refrigerator-car lines, have entered into a contract with the Los Angeles manufacturers for the erection in Chicago of a still larger liquid-air plant, and are about to enter into experiments in its use upon an extended scale which will insure definite results in the near future. Meanwhile the use of liquid air in the arts and crafts and in medicine continues to increase the demand, to offer new applications for its use, and to extend a knowledge of its properties.

So little is as yet generally known of its nature and habits that it is only recently that the express and transportation companies have consented to transport it under any circumstances. It is now shipped daily to distant points, in tanks of galvanized sheeting, with no thought of danger.

The process of manufacture of liquid air and its suitability for purposes of refrigeration, are easily understood by the layman. It is a matter of common knowledge that the change of any substance from the gaseous to the liquid or the solid state is accompanied by a change of temperature; or, in other words, that the state of a substance, as to whether it is gas, solid, or liquid, depends upon its temperature. Thus water at a lower temperature be-

comes ice, and at a higher temperature steam. Ice occupies a slightly larger volume than the water from which it came, and steam a much larger volume, so that the volume and temperature both vary.

The first-hand way to reduce volume, whether of a bale of hay or a given gas, is by pressure, so that the process of reduction of a gas to a liquid is seen to consist in lowering its temperature and condensing it by pressure.

Early experimenters ignored the assistance to be gained by lowering the temperature, and strove to procure results by pressure alone. It was presently found that pressure alone, without means of attaining and securing low temperatures, was insufficient. Every gas was found to have a certain temperature above which it refuses to liquefy at any pressure, and this has been called the critical temperature of the gas. As the gas approaches the critical temperature, the least decrease in temperature or increase in pressure causes it to pass over into the liquid state. The critical temperature of air is 220 degrees below zero Fahrenheit, and the critical pressure about 600 pounds per square inch, and the temperature of liquid air at atmospheric pressure is 312.6 degrees below zero.

If liquid air is allowed to evaporate, it must absorb the same amount of heat that it lost in the process of liquefaction. This heat will be absorbed from the surrounding atmosphere when the internal heat of the gas is not sufficient to effect its evaporation; and the surrounding area—be it refrigerator car or ice-box—is thus left chilled by the absorption of its heat.

It is evident that if the car is chilled before starting on its journey, and all inlets closed, the only heat to be combated would be that coming through the walls of the car, so that the amount of refrigeration necessary in such a car would depend upon the completeness with which it is insulated or protected from outside heat. With the present system of ice refrigeration, the air in a car is full of moisture, which must be kept in circulation, and which is absorbed by the walls and renders the insulation incomplete and imperfect. In this respect the use of liquid air, which in process of condensation has been deprived of its moisture, is far superior to ice, as the dry cold preserves the qualities of fruit and meat unchanged. This also avoids the necessity of circulation, and thus reduces tremendously the amount of new heat to be overcome as the journey progresses.

Another strong point in favor of liquid air is its weight. As compared with ammonia and carbonic acid gas, the advantage is greatly in favor of liquid air by reason of the difference in the weight of the receptacles, since ammonia and carbonic acid gas must be retained in powerful and bulky steel cylinders, whereas liquid air may be conveyed in light galvanized iron tanks. The liquid-air tank being once in place in a car, its natural loss by evaporation would be about 3 per cent. per day, and this would also be the approximate loss in transporting it in the boxes lined with hair felt in which it is shipped from the plant. A simple automatic arrangement for forcing the flow and evaporation, makes use of the varying length due to expan-

sion of an iron rod traversing the car.

The process in use in the works of the United States Liquid Air & Oxygen Company in Los Angeles, under the direction of G. A. Bobrick, is quite different from that heretofore used, and much cheaper. Generally stated, all of the processes consist in compressing air, abstracting the heat produced by compression, and then expanding into a suitable vessel, and directing the current of expanded cold air over or along the pipes through which the incoming compressed air flows. The cooling is thus made cumulative. The incoming compressed air gradually drops in temperature until it reaches the critical temperature, when by further expansion part of it liquefies.

In the Tripler process, the expansion is effected through a throttle valve from high-pressure to low-pressure tanks. The drop in temperature due to this free expansion equals about one-half a degree Fahrenheit for every 15 pounds' drop in pressure at normal temperature, and is gradually increased as the temperature of the air before expansion decreases. To manufacture liquid air economically by this free-expansion process, it is necessary that the air be reduced by 3,000 to 4,000 pounds' pressure to the square inch in at least four stages, and the heat of compression abstracted during and after each stage.

In the Los Angeles plant, however, expansion is effected in a motor or turbine. The air thus performs external work, the drop in temperature depending upon the work done. In addition to this system of adiabatic expansion, and the free expansion

process, there is a third which combines the two processes.

Mr. Bobrick says of the cost of production:

"In practice I prefer to compress the air to about 300 pounds to the square inch, and expand it in a turbine to about atmospheric pressure. It may therefore be seen at a glance that the adiabatic expansion process is the most efficient and economical one, as, besides the great gain in thermal advantage, about 50 per cent. of the work done in the compressor may be recovered and used for compressing more air. In the third process. I prefer to compress the air to from 3,000 to 4,000 pounds to the square inch, then expand it through a throttle valve to about 60 pounds, using the air so expanded for cooling the incoming compressed air, and then expand it adiabatically in a motor to atmospheric pressure. A 500-horsepower plant will make liquid

air by free expansion at a cost of about 5 cents per gallon; by the third process, at about 3 cents per gallon; and by the second, at less than 1 cent per gallon."

It is no longer seriously expected that liquid air will prove efficient and practical as a motive power, save in a small way, where it may be used as a by-product; but its use in the purification of chemicals and wines, its employment in surgery, and its constantly extending use in connection with other gases to secure burning mixtures of extremely high temperatures for use in the welding and reduction of metals, have created a steady demand for its manufacture, and for the manufacture of oxygen by fractional distillation from liquid air. When the use of liquid air for refrigeration has been shown to be practical and economical, it must at once take its place as one of the world's great staples.

Duty is the end and aim of the highest life. The truest pleasure of all is that derived from the consciousness of its fulfilment. Of all others, it is the one that is the most thoroughly satisfying and the least accompanied by regret and disappointment.—Smiles.

A Guild of Carpenter-Ants

BY HENRY, C. MCCOOK IN HARPER'S MONTHLY.

In this extract the writer gives an account of a colony of these ants that lived in a beam of a flour mill. The description of their habitation is intensely interesting, and gives us some idea of a world of activity of which we know but little.

I ONCE carefully studied a large colony of carpenter-ants that for several years had lived and wrought within the heavy corner beam of a flour-mill at Bellwood, Pennsylvania. One gang dropped the pellets from a crack in the 12-inch beam which opened into the nest. These fell upon a cross-beam, 18 inches beneath, where another group of workers gathered them up and dropped them upon the stairway that led from the lower storey, the nest being situated above the second floor.

The miller, who had been about the premises for several years, said that when he first came the ants had a third gang detailed upon the stairway, several feet below, who cleaned off the dumpage and dropped it to the floor. But as he swept the stairs daily, the emmets discovered that their detail for duty in that quarter was not needed, and withdrew it. Thereafter work went on as I saw it—the chippings cast from the cross-beam to the stairs were left to the manipulations of the miller's broom.

I have frequently found carpenter-ants lodged in the shade-trees along city streets and squares, and there they have the same habit of secretiveness—or is it cleanliness?—practised by their country congeners. Near my home stood a maple much the worse for wear and tear, although not old. On one side, a few inches from the roots, was a small tubular opening hidden behind a bulging scale of bark. Out of this ants were dropping

cuttings, which formed a little heap upon the ground. Workers wrought upon this pile, carrying pellets piece by piece to the pavement curb and casting them into the gutter.

It was interesting and amusing to watch the little creatures in this act. Having reached the curbstone, the wee porter would rear upon her hind legs, poise herself a moment thus, then bending forward, release or cast the chip from her jaws. The fore feet were used for this, being raised to the side of the face and placed against the pellet, which by a sharp forward motion was hurled away. Then would follow several similar movements, as though to brush from mouth and mandibles adhering particles of dust.

A gentle breeze, blowing at the time, lifted up the ejected cutting and carried it down the gutter, which for several feet was strewn with pellets. In some way these emmet porters seemed to have grasped the fact that the breeze aided the disposal of the chippage, which therefore need cause no further concern. One wonders whether they had any notion of the nature of this efficient coadjutor, and if so, what they conceived it to be? Like many human toilers, did they work on with a dull subconsciousness that a sort of "Providence" had entered into their life, which it behooved them to accept without further concern? One who lives much with these little brothers of the insect world can hardly help yielding to the fascina-

tion of such anthropomorphic musings, however idle they may be. Doubtless Mr. Burroughs is right in his stand against those who trespass upon the just limits of fiction in humanizing the actions of the lower orders. But theirs is an ancient offence; and strong indeed is the temptation thereto.

At all events, our rampant emmet porter there upon the stone curb's verge, committing her pellet of yellow wood-dust to the transfer of the wind and to the cavernous deep of the gutter, has plainly some idea of the situation. She knows her meets and bounds and the aidant features of the topography, and goes to and fro with the accuracy of a carter to his dump. That implies at least an automatic sort of intelligence. Moreover, the relations of these insects to the natural elemental forces seem to differ in temper from those that appear between them and the vital energies that beset them. For example, the winds, rains, and running waters are often rude invaders of emmet homes and preserves. In such cases the attitude of the sufferers appears to be analogous to that of men in like misfortunes— not an angry outbreak of combativeness, but a more or less vigorous struggle with, or quiet submission to, the inevitable. Let an insect or other living raiders trench upon their domain. That is quite another matter! The community is intensely excited. Every individual is violently pugnacious. It is a different quality of animation that one now observes. The dullest eye notes it. In short, the differing behavior of men toward a flood or a snow-storm and towards an assault of bandits one seems to see in diminished reflection in the

behavior of ants under like conditions. It is this intuitive attitude toward the elemental forces, as hostile or friendly, and a corresponding acceptance of the same either as matters of course in an inevitable environment, or as casual obtruding or preventable forces in life, which has been suggested by our carpenter-ants in accepting the alliance of the wind in the bestowal of the chippage from their arboreal homes. In the same spirit in which they adapt themselves to a beneficent attitude of the elements would they accept the reverse.

Let us return to our colony in the mill beam. What are the ants doing within? What sort of domicile have they wrought out? "If I could only peep inside!"

"So you shall!" responded the proprietor to my exclamation. And this was not badinage. A squad of carpenters—human carpenters this time—was called. The corner of the mill was shored up bodily by great supports. A section about five feet long, including the inhabited part, was sawed out and a "splice" of corresponding size inserted. The excided part was carried into the open, and my coveted opportunity had come! It is not often that a curious entomologist falls into the hands of such a liberal abettor.

The piece was sawed into two parts and carefully split open. Alas for the sacked city of the Camponotidae! "Kill no ants needlessly!" was the order to the workmen.

"Do not distress yourself!" quoth the proprietor to the naturalist. "We would gladly be rid of all the pests. This is hard upon ants, but helpful to men!"

Nevertheless, only such specimens

were taken as seemed needful sacrifices for the temple of science, and the others, a great company, were permitted to escape. As if by previous arrangement they formed an irregular column, and the workers, who at once had seized larvae and pupae and eggs, marched away with their treasures into a near-by pile of logs, doubtless well known to them through sundry foraging excursions. Many winged forms, the males and females, accompanied or were carried by them. Their future was left to fact; it was their past that now concerned me.

As the slabs were opened and divided into convenient blocks, there was exposed the work of from eight to ten years, and Camponotid architecture was probably never before so fully laid bare. A section more than two feet high by ten inches wide was fairly honey-combed, the cuttings approaching at one point within two inches of the surface.

One noticed first a crude but evident arrangement of the cells into stories and half-stories, as seen in the mounds and subterranean nests of the mason-ants. The surfaces of the floors were uneven, but substantially upon the same level. Some of these stories seemed to have been formed by driving tubular galleries, which were gradually enlarged and finally blended. There was a manifest appearance of corridors or halls, running parallel in series of two, three, or more. These were separated by columns and arches, or by partitions cut very thin, in many places just broken through. At one spot a section of one of these was entirely enclosed, forming a triangular hollow chamber an inch and a quarter high, and half an inch wide at the

base. It looked like a miniature bay window projecting over a walk. The wall was worn quite thin, making a tiny window, and there was an entrance from the rear. Was this intended for a queen-room, or for a storeroom for the eggs?

This section was the most thoroughly excavated in the entire formicary, and apparently had been the original centre of operations. There the solitary foundress queen had probably made first lodgment. As the community grew, work was pushed in all directions, terminating at the top in an irregular dome, which, with its pendant columns, resembled the roof of a limestone cavern with its drooping stalactites. This was, in fact, the ceiling or uppermost story of the formicary.

The series of cavities that surrounded the centre and formed the outer works differed in general plan from those at the centre, inclining to large open vaults rather than to a compact series of chambers. It was as though the early era of the commonwealth had been dominated by one type of architecture, characterized by clustered chambers, and the latter era by another type, the vaulted or cavernous.

Entrance to the formicary was had by circular and oblong doors pierced at irregular intervals in all sides of the beam. They opened for the most part into tubular, circuitous galleries communicating with the interior. A few entered immediately upon spacious vestibules. A vertical fissure in the beam several inches long appeared to be the main avenue of communication with the interior. At least from this crack the workers cast the sawdust rasped from the inside. These openings served for

ventilation as well as for entrance and egress.

Parts of this maze of vaults and chambers were blackened, probably by the formic acid exuded by the ants. Spacious as these quarters may seem (relatively), they must have been greatly crowded; for enormous numbers of larvae, pupae, eggs, and mature ants of all castes were housed within them. How many speculations arise as one pictures such a community carrying on its varied and complex duties—excavating and shaping roads and rooms, caring for queens and winged sexes, collecting eggs, nursing and feeding the larvae, tending the pupae, “policing” the quarters, etc., and all in what seems to us Cimmerian darkness! What is the quality of the light that penetrates these cavernous domains and permits such work? Or is it controlled by the sense of touch alone? What must be the nature of a vital organism

adapted to such a Plutonian career, and equally and instantly to the free life in the sunny open wherein is wrought the foraging for communal supplies? For many and careful observations have never detected the slightest “shock” or change of manner in ants of any species in passing from the interior of their nests into the brightest sunshine.

Moreover the nest was located twenty-four feet above the ground, and all food and drink had to be brought thereto through the mill. This elevation and resulting vertical transportation are characteristic in forest nests. That ants are ardently fond of water one may readily satisfy himself by experiment; but no way of approach to the mill-race was discovered except down the foundation logs; and no regular lines of travel to and from the stream were observed.

Outward evils are designed to school our passions and to rouse our faculties and virtues into intenser action. Sometimes they seem even to create new powers. Self-culture never goes on so fast as when embarrassed circumstances, the opposition of men, unexpected changes of the times, or other forms of suffering, instead of disheartening, throw us on our inward resources, turn us for strength to God, clear up to us the great purpose of life, and inspire calm resolution.

A Chat About Inventions and Patents

BY CHARLES A. SCOTT IN AMERICAN INVENTOR.

There are many labor-saving and time-saving devices which the world would welcome. Honor and rich emolument await the man who can make them practicable. In the following article several of these inventions are referred to and hints are given as to the proper method of patenting them.

DID you ever stand in the extreme bow of an ocean liner, facing the stern of the ship, and in looking at the water on the star-board and port sides, note the tons and tons of water through which the engines have to force the displacement in speeding the liner on her course. Did it then suggest itself to you the degree of speed these engines could force the boat if this displacement could be reduced say twenty-five or fifty per cent? What a fortune awaits the man who can accomplish this!

Have you ever breakfasted at a cafe and noted an attendant refilling for the day the catsup bottles, (bearing, perhaps the label of a well-known firm) with a brand that might be almost anyone's. Did it ever suggest itself to you what the maker of the original contents of the bottle would give to make the re-filling impossible? A modest fortune awaits the man who can produce a bottle, that is absolutely non-refillable, which has no rubber parts in the neck, and can be made at no greater cost than the ordinary bottle. Did you ever think of what it would mean to the commercial world if some man re-claims the lost art of tempering copper? What opulence awaits him who gives us a cheap substitute for rubber, that is a "substitute" in every sense. We could go on in this way to the filling of this magazine, and yet we sometimes hear that the day of "wealth from invention" is passed.

It is perhaps true, that it remains for but a few to produce really "great" inventions, and a still smaller number to realize wealth from them, but this is not because the possibilities for improvement are not there, or that the reward is not awaiting the producer of results called a "great" invention. While few of us can become "great" inventors, many of us can become "little" inventors, if that is the word to use. I wonder if anyone ever reached life's centre mile post without seeing at some turn of the road, wherein or whereby a given result or effect could be produced in a more simple or less expensive way than it was—without having his mind suggest the construction of some little thing, that would be useful and called a "good" thing, or without having it suggest itself to him how some small improvement could be made in some mechanical device, or little contrivance that would add commercial value to it * * * and then perhaps your attention was called to something else, and you forgot all about it. Thereby your pocket has lost or missed some dollars, and the world, something that would help to speed it on its way more happily or easily. Think of the millions of ideas that would have been of immense commercial value, or even of some commercial value, that have been lost or never produced, because we thought of them, forgot them, or didn't have time to de-

velop them, or didn't think it would pay.

An invention to be successful in a financial way, does not mean necessarily, that it must bring us many thousands of dollars. I think it is because we so often have this idea in mind, thinking of the Edisons, Westinghouses, Teslas and McCormicks that we do pass over the often really good suggestions that come to us, which, if patented and offered to the public would bring us at least a few hundred dollars. Many an excellent little tool, or improvement on one, or a kitchen or household device has been thought out, at little expense of time or brain matter, and at the expense of less than one hundred dollars for a patent, has yielded the inventor several hundred dollars in an out-right sale, or perhaps a thousand or two. Perhaps he is receiving regularly, a little royalty from its sale. This certainly pays. It does not place our names among those which will be handed down to posterity as "Inventors," but it does help our material well-being just so much. Do not pass too lightly over these little suggestions that come to you, wherein or whereby something can be improved, or a better device may be created than something now used for a given purpose, for it may bring you a very nice little income. The demand for good things that are really useful and not so expensive as to make them impossible as a commercial success, is very large, and I think that if you, my reader, were in a position to know just what this demand is it would greatly surprise you. It is far greater than the supply. That is, the supply of really good and practical devices.

Many inventors absolutely waste money in securing patents on devices that have no commercial value whatever, but the fact of their possessing some merit, because they will perhaps do certain things, causes the inventor to believe them of great value, and without looking over the ground he rushes for a patent. Unfortunately for such, this government will grant a patent on anything that has not been covered before by a patent, no matter whether it has such merit as to make it commercially valuable or not. If an idea suggests itself to you for some little device or a large one that YOU believe would prove of value in the work-a-day world, don't think about it until you forget it, but rather make careful inquiry in the field to which it pertains, and ascertain first, what there is now on the market that accomplishes, or tries to, the same results. Find out if your device can be made cheaper, and is equally efficient or more so. If it is, apply for a patent on it, if consultation with a reputable patent attorney assures you that it is sufficiently different in construction to keep you clear of infringements. You are then bound to reap financial success from it, unless you expect the impossible. On the other hand, if you find upon careful investigation that there are other things, although of somewhat different construction, but just as cheap, that do the same work as your device, and particularly if there are many of them, don't apply for a patent. So many people are wasting money in securing patents on rail-joints, wrenches, nut-locks, fence posts, when the patent world is flooded with patents on such things, and some pretty good ones too, but

because of the great number of them, the commercial value of any of them is small, aside from the three or four that may be on the market.

After you have secured the patent on your device, do not demand or expect too much for it, unless it is one of the truly "great" inventions of the day, and it is very hard to tell whether a given invention will prove "great" or not, unless it is something that will revolutionize matters in the field. Thousands and thousands of patent owners have never realized a cent from their inventions for the reason that they asked too much for the patents. If you have a household article, it is never wise to figure up how many homes there are in the land and that one can be used in each home, and that the profit on each article being several cents, which soon runs into millions of dollars, that therefore the one who buys your patent must pay you several hundreds of thousands, or a million or two for it. This seems absurd to the thinking man, but the percentage of inventors that take such a stand, and keep it until the best years of their patent's life are gone, is surprisingly large. I have heard of an old German cobbler's shop in which was hung the motto: "Put yourself in every man's shoes." It is a good saying to keep in mind in all life's problems, but particularly when you are trying to sell a patent to the other fellow.

Let us say, for sake of argument, that your device is one that will be welcomed in every home. Did it ever occur to you what it is going

to cost the man or firm you want to sell your patent to, to make every home acquainted with the fact of the existence of this device? Thousands and thousands of dollars. Do you stop to think what it is going to cost him to equip himself to make the device, not only for machines, etc., but for material. Let us also grant that the prospective buyer would be very "willing" to pay your asked price of many thousands of dollars, how very, very few would be able to do so, and then, in addition make the very much larger investment perhaps, in introducing the device. It is because the inventor has been so often blinded to the other man's interests, that so many excellent inventions are locked up in many homes of the country. Those who would buy them could not pay what the owner asked, and the owner would not sell because he could not get his asked price. A price that was impossible. It is never an easy matter to say what is a fair and just price for any patent in offering it for sale. There is such a large element of chance in offering any new thing to the public, but it always seems wise to accept the first offer that will give you a fair profit over and above your actual expense in perfecting and patenting the invention. You may in this way secure but a few hundred dollars, whereas you would like several thousand, but the purchaser cannot buy your brain, and you can go to work and get up something else. Several things like this in a life time amount to something nice financially.

Mr. Dooley on the Food We Eat

BY F. P. DUNNE IN COLLIER'S WEEKLY.

The inimitable Dooley expatiates at some length on the meat question, poking fun at both the packers and the public. He quotes an amusing extract from a novel, to be written by Hogan on behalf of the packers. As an antidote to the horrors of "The Jungle," Mr. Dooley is to be recommended.

“**W**HAT have ye undher ye'er arm there?” demanded Mr. Dooley.

“I was takin' home a ham,” said Mr. Hennessy.

“Clear out iv here with it,” cried Mr. Dooley. “Take that thing outside—an' don't lave it where th' dog might get hold iv it. Th' idee iv ye'er bringin' it in here. Glory be, it makes me faint to think iv it. I'm afraid I'll have to go an' lay down.”

“What ails ye?” asked Mr. Hennessy.

“What ails me?” said Mr. Dooley. “Haven't ye r-read about th' investigation iv th' Stock Yards? It's a good thing f'r you ye haven't. If ye knew what that ham—oh, th' horrid wurrud—was made iv ye'd go down to Rabbi Hirsch an' be baptized f'r a Jew. Ye may think 'tis th' innocent little last left leg of a porker ye're intrajooicin' into ye'er innocent fam'ly, but I tell ye, me boy, th' pig that that ham was cut fr'm has as many legs to-day as iver he had. Why did ye waste ye'er good money on it? Why didn't ye get th' fam'ly into th' dining-room, shut th' windows, an' turn on th' gas? I'll be readin' in th' pa-aper to-morra that wan Hinnessy took an overdose iv Armour's Unblemished Ham with suicidal intint an' died in gr-reat agony. Take it away! It's libble to blow up at anny minyit scatherin' death an' destruction in its train.

“Dear, oh dear, I haven't been able to ate annything more nourishin' thin a cucumber in a week. I'm grajally fadin' fr'm life. A little while ago no wan cud square away at a beefsteak with betther grace thin mesilf. To-day th' wurrud restrant makes me green in th' face. How did it all come about? A young fellow wrote a book. Th' divvle take him f'r writin' it. Hogan says it's a grand book. It's wan iv th' gr-reatest books he iver r-read. It almost made him commit suicide. Th' hayro is a Lithuanian, or as ye might say, Pollacky, who left th' barb'rous land iv his birth an' come to this home iv opporehunity where ivry man is th' equal iv ivry other man before th' law if he isn't careful. Our hayro got a fancy job poling food products out iv a catch basin, an' was promoted to scrapin' pure leaf lard off th' flure iv th' glue faethry. But th' binifits iv our gloryous civilyztion were wasted on this poor peasant. Instead iv bein' thankful f'r what he got, an' lookin' forward to a day whin his opporehunity wud arrive an', be merely stubbin' his toe, he might become rich an' famous as a pop'lar soup. He grew cross an' unruly, bit his boss, an' was sint to jail. But it all tur-nerd out well in th' end. Th' villain fell into a lard tank an' was not seen again until he tur-nerd up at a fash'nable restrant in New York. Our hayro got out iv jail an' was rewarded with a pleasant position as a porther iv an arnyehist

hotel, an' all ended merry as a fun'-ral bell.

"Ye'll see be this that 'tis a sweetly sintimintal little volume to be r-read durin' Lent. It's had a grand success, an' I'm glad iv it. I see be th' publishers' announcemints that 'tis th' gr-reatest lithry hog-killin' in a peryod iv gin'ral lithry culture. If ye want to rayjooce ye'er butcher's bills, buy 'Th' Jungle.' It shud be taken between meals, an' is especially ricommanded to maiden ladies contimplatin' their first ocean voyage.

"Well, sir, it put th' Prisidint in a tur-rible stew. Oh, Lord, why did I say that? Think iv—but I mustn't go on. Annyhow, Tiddy was toyin' with a light breakfast an' idly turnin' over th' pages iv th' new book with both hands. Suddenly he rose fr'm th' table, an' cryin': 'I'm pizened,' begun throwin' sausages out iv th' window. Th' ninth wan sthruck Sinitor Biv'ridge on th' head an' made him a blond. It bounced off, exploded, an' blew a leg off a secret service agent, an' th' scathred fragmints desthroyed a handsome row iv ol' oak-trees. Sinitor Biv'ridge rushed in, thinkin' that th' Prisidint was bein' assassynated be his devoted followers in th' Sinit, an' discovered Tiddy engaged in a hand-to-hand conflict with a potted ham. Th' Sinitor fr'm Injyanny, with a few well-directed wurruds, put out th' fuse an' rendered th' missile harmless. Since thin th' Prisidint, like th' rest iv us, has become a viggityryan, an' th' diet has so changed his disposition that he is writin' a book called 'Supper in Silence,' didyicated to Sinitor Aldrich. But befure doin' anything else, he selected an expert

comity fr'm a neighborin' university settlemint to prepare a thorough, onbiased rayport that day'on th' situation an' make sure it was no betther thin th' book said. Well, what th' experts discovered I won't tell ye. Suffice it to say, that whin th' rayport come in Congress decided to abolish all th' days iv th' week except Friday.

"I have r-read th' rayport, an' now whin I'm asked to pass th' corned beef, I pass. Oh, dear, th' things I've consumed in days past. What is lard? Lard is annything that isn't good enough f'r an axle. What is potted ham? It is made in akel parts iv plaster iv Paris, sawdust, rope, an' incautious laborer. To what kingdom does canned chicken belong? It is a mineral. How is soup—Get me th' fan, Hinmissy.

"Thank ye. I'm betther now. Well, sir, th' packers ar-re gettin' r-ready to protect thimsilves again 'Th' Jungle.' It's on'y lately that these here gin'rous souls have give much attintion to lithrachoor. Th' on'y pens they felt an inthrest in was those that restrained th' hectie cow. If they had a blind man in th' Health Departmint, a few competint frinds on th' Fedhral bench, an' Farmer Bill Lorimer to protect th' cattle inthrests iv th' Gr-reat West, they cared not who made th' novels iv our counthry. But Hogan says they'll have to add a novel facthry to their plant, an' in a few months ye'll be able to buy wan iv Nels Morris' pop'lar series warranted to be fr'm rale life, like th' pressed corned beef.

"Hogan has wrote a sample f'r thim: "'Dear!' Ivan Ivanovitch was seated in th' consarvatory an' breakfast room pro-vided be Sch-

wartzchild an' Zulsberger f'r all their employees. It was a pleasant scene that sthretched beneath th' broad windows iv his cozy villa. Th' air was redolent with an' aroma iv th' spring reudherin', an' beneath th' smoke iv th' May morning' th' stately expanse iv Packintown appeared more lovely than iver before. On th' lawn a fountain played brine incessantly an' melojously on th' pickled pigs'-feet. A faint odor as iv peach blossoms come fr'm th' embalmin' plant where kine that have perished fr'm joy in th' long journey fr'm th' plains are transformed into th' delicacies that show how an American sojer can die. Thousands iv battlefields are sthrown with th' labels iv this justly pop'lar firm an' a millyon hayroes have risen fr'm their viands an' gone composedly to their doom. But to rayturn to our story. Th' scene, we say, was more beautiful thin wuruds can describe. Beyond th' hedge a physician was thryin' to make a cow show her tongue while his assistant wint over th' crather with a stethoscope. Th' air was filled with th' joyous shouts iv dhrivers iv wagons heavily laden with ol' boots an' hats, arsenic, borie acid, bone-dust, sthrickuine, sawdust, an' th' other ingreejents iv th' most nourishing food f'r a sturdy people. It was a scene f'r th' eye to dote upon, but it brought no happiness to Ivan Ivanovitch. Yesterday had been pay-day at th' yards an' little remained iv th' fourteen thousand dollars that had been his portien. There was a soup can iv anger in his voice as he laid down a copy iv th' "Ladies' Home Journal" an' said: "Dear!" Th' haughty beauty rais-

ed her head an' laid aside th' spoon with which she had been scrapin' th' life-giving proosie acid fr'm th' Deer Island sausage. "Dear," said Ivanovitch, "if ye use so much iv th' comp'ny's peroxide on ye'er hair there will be none left f'r th' canned turkey." Befure she cud lift th' buttherine dish, a cheery voice was heard at th' dure, an' J. Ogden Cudahy bounded in. Ivanovitch flushed darkly, an' thin, as if a sudden determination had sthruken him, dhrew on his overhauls, an' wint out to shampoo th' pigs. [Th' continuation iv this thrillin' story will be found in th' nex' issue iv "Leaf Lard." F'r sale at all delly-catessen stores.]

"But let's stop thinkin' about it. it's a good thing not to think long about annything—ye'ersilf, ye'er food, or ye'er hereafther. Th' story iv th' nourishment we take is on'y half written in 'Th' Jungle.' If ye followed it fr'm th' cradle to th' grave, as ye might say—fr'm th' day Armour kicked it into a wheelbarrow, through varyous encounters, th' people it met, with their pictures while at wurruk, until it landed in th' care iv th' sthrange lady in th' kitchen—ye'd have a romance that wud make th' butcher haul down his sign. No, sir, I'm goin' to thry to fight it. If th' millyonaire has a gredge again me he'll laud me somehow. If he can't do me with sugar iv lead, he'll run me down with a throlley-car or smash me up in a railroad accident. I'll shut me eyes an' take me chance. Come into th' back room, cut me a slice iv th' ham, an' sind f'r th' priest."

"They ought to make thim ate

their own meat," said Mr. Hennessy
 "I suggested that," said Mr.
 Dooley, "but Hogan says they'd fall

back on th' Constitution. He says
 th' Constitution f'r'bids crool an' un-
 usual punishments."

Harnessing the Horses of the Sun

BY HENRYS PRITCHETT IN WINDSOR MAGAZINE.

The great work of the future will be the discovery of more economic means of making use of the power of the sun. The sun is the sole source of power on the earth. To-day this power is used indirectly and in small quantities. To-morrow who knows what wonderful results it will be accomplishing.

WHEN we study the tools which belong to the past, we find that, two thousand years ago or more, hand tools had been brought to a high state of perfection. We have to-day no workers in marble more skilled than those of ancient Greece, no workers in metal more artistic than those of India, no weavers more cunning than those of Phoenicia.

All these tools and machines were what the Japanese call one-man-power—they were hand tools. This age of hand tools continued until practically the beginning of the last century, when men began to invent machines to take the place of hand labor; and the purpose in these machines was not so much to do more accurate work as more economical work, because the machine could take the place of several men.

Curiously enough, this effort brought men face to face with a new problem, the solution of which, though not yet complete, has so far progressed as to change the whole machinery by which the world's work is done and to bring in an entirely different set of tools. This problem was the question of power, for as soon as machines large enough to do the work of a number of men came into use, it became necessary

to have more power than that of human muscle to work them; and that has been the problem of the last hundred years—to furnish this power and to store it for use as it may be needed.

Now, to us who live on this globe, which we call the earth, there is really only one source of power, and that is the sun. Shut out the sun's rays, and, except for the rise and fall of the tide, all source of power on the earth's surface would be cut off.

There is a Latin inscription which is often carved on sundials, *Sine Sole Sileo*—Without the Sun I am Silent. Such an inscription might well be graved on the earth itself, for without the sun this fair planet of ours would be silent, lifeless, powerless.

We seldom stop to think how prodigious a supply of power the sun pours out upon us, nor what astonishing tasks this is put to under our very eyes. We are lost in wonder at the exhibition of human power shown in the lifting of a stone weighing a few tons to a place in the pyramids, but the sun on a hot summer day will pick up a hundred thousand tons of water from a lake and drop it on some distant mountain-top.

Men began to harness this sun power indirectly a very long time ago in the simple waterwheels which

served the old-fashioned mills, for the energy of the running water is solar energy indirectly applied, and often inconvenient for use. A great step in harnessing the sun's power was made when the steam engine was invented. Since that day man's inventions have gone forward with a rapidity unknown in all the ages before, until to-day the whole character of the tools which he uses has been transformed.

Hand tools still remain, as they always will remain, but they take second place in the world's work; the tools of to-day and the tools of the future are the great machines which can most skilfully and most economically harness the sun's energy to the world's work. The man who thus harnesses the sun is no longer the worker with hand tools, but he is the engineer, the workman of the future, and his machines are the tools with which the world's greatest work must be done.

But while this may be accepted with certainty, it is not so easy to predict the method the engineer will use to harness this sun power. For, although the engineer of to-day realises, as the workman of a century ago did not, that the sun is his sole source of power, all the machines which are employed are most wasteful in their use of this power. And what is still more curious, the engineer still takes his power second-hand, instead of using it directly as it reaches us in the sun's rays.

When the sun is nearly overhead, he delivers power at the surface of the earth at the rate of more than two horse-power for each square yard of surface. Even after deducting the loss occasioned by the absorption of the earth's atmosphere, it is still

true that each square yard receives when the sun is shining the equivalent of one-horse power working continuously. This means that there is delivered on each square yard an energy able to lift a weight of thirty-three thousand pounds one foot in one minute, and this power is continuous.

Almost all this energy at the present time goes to waste, or, as the scientific men say, is "dissipated." A little of it is used in warming the air, evaporating the water, and in other ways, but the greater part is radiated into space.

Think what could be done with this power if the engineer could turn it to man's use. What power goes to waste in your back-yard! The sun delivers on Hampstead Heath, free of charge, four times enough energy to warm and light London and supply all its manufactories, street railroads, and other consumers of mechanical power. Why did not some engineer suggest the use of it when the coal strike made the ordinary means of warmth and light so expensive?

On the broad, sunlit plains of Arizona, the sun delivers an equivalent of mechanical energy which, expressed in horse-power, would seem almost infinite. A small part of it would suffice for the whole world's work. Why is it not set to doing this work?

This is the problem of to-morrow. The engineer has made great progress in its solution. He has enormously improved the means by which indirect sun energy is used; he transforms heat energy into mechanical energy, and this, again, into electric energy; he has even devised a solar engine which will take up the energy as the sun delivers it and convert that energy—wastefully, to be sure—into

a form suitable for use; but the problem of storing this power and applying it when and where man may need it—that problem is the problem of the future, and the machines which will do this—for it will be done—are the great tools of humanity by which men are to work their way to a higher step of safety and of comfort and of enjoyment.

This does not mean that the skill of the individual worker will ever cease to be valued. The time can never come when the skilled hand and the fitting tool will not be eagerly sought by the world. But it does mean that the great epoch-making tools of man are no longer hand tools; it means that he who leads in the world's work to-day must be able to understand the forces of Nature so as to harness them to the world's service. The man who can do this is the engineer, and the boy who is ambitious to win a place among those who are to lead in these great world problems will fit himself for the work of the engineer.

The old Greeks, who loved to enshrine in poetic legends all the processes of Nature, described the daily course of the sun in a charming tale, in which the sun was represented as a strong and beautiful man, with wavy locks and a crown of rays, driving a splendid chariot. Starting in the morning from the ocean in the east among the Ethiopians, and driv-

ing across the heavens in his glowing car, he descended in the evening into the western sea. At night, while asleep, he was borne along the northern edge of the earth in a golden boat to his starting place in the east. The story goes that on one occasion young Phaeton, a son of the Sun, persuaded his father to let him drive the chariot across the sky; but the adventurous youth lost control of the horses, and, driving too near the earth, scorched it; mountains were set on fire, rivers and seas dried up, Libya became a desert, and the Ethiopians were blackened by the heat.

In our day, a modern champion has arisen who comes boldly forward to harness the horses of the sun. He has not grasped the reins fully, but it is plain that his is no uncertain touch. No mountains will be set on fire, and no rivers dried up by his driving; but under his strong hand the horses of the sun will, little by little, bow their proud necks to useful work; rivers will be bridged, continents cut in two, deserts made to bloom, light and warmth will be sent to those who sit in darkness. And, streaming into all parts of the earth, the radiant power of the sun will minister to the service and to the joy of man. This modern Phaeton is the engineer, and already the reins are in his hands.

The strength of a man is in proportion to the feelings which he curbs and subdues, and not those which subdue him.—Meyer.

The Force of Cricket

BY E. H. D. SEWELL IN CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL.

Continued popularity is accorded to cricket in England and the game is being taken up heartily in various parts of the world. The force of cricket in politics, both home and international, is shown by a reference to what the game has done to preserve good feeling.

FASHION is, as we know, sometimes a very tiresome master, particularly when one has to go to some big social function on a hot Summer day. Anything more unsuitable in the way of dress than the finishing touches represented by a high, stiffly starched collar and an unyielding silk hat does not come within the scope of our imagination. Fashion decrees that we shall use them, and, sheep-like, we obey. So, in cricket, it is becoming the fashion to say that the game is growing unpopular, that this and that alteration in its laws is imperative, and that it is not played in the spirit in which our respected and top-hatted forbears played it. This is all, I am convinced, due to fashion, which, dissatisfied with something—it is not quite sure what—complains of the laws because there is, apparently, little else to complain about. Stay! there is the drawn game. The game is becoming unpopular because of the incessant recurrence of the drawn game. So the reason for the frequent drawn game must be unearthed. And so it goes on, this fashionable grumble against a glorious game which attracts thousands of spectators, and of which the standard of play is rapidly improving in distant lands. There is really nothing whatever the matter with the game, but it is not good manners nowadays not to grumble at something.

For proof of the continued popularity of the game, we have only to remember that where Englishmen alone played it, now there are first-

class Australian, New Zealand, American, South African, Boer, West Indian, Parsee, Mohammedan, Hindu, Cingalee, and Dutch exponents of the game. In face of the fact that the growth of Rugby football in France resulted, last March, in the first France vs. England international match under Rugby rules, who dare say that during the next ten years France will not be included in the growing number of countries whose representative elevens do battle with the mother country in the special arena of test match cricket? There are good cricketers in Japan, but as yet the world has not heard of any unusual performance with willow or leather by John Chinaman, despite the augury of the pattern plate. During the past Winter South Africa has proved her right to play test cricket. The form of the West Indian team touring England this season will be closely analyzed, though it is probable that the class of test Indian cricket as a whole is not that of test matches—a class quite peculiar to itself. There are hundreds of first-class but not tens of test-match players in the world. A few years ago Parsee cricket was easily the best in India; now it has a rare struggle to overcome that of the Hindus, while the Mohammedans are daily improving, and are certainly a good third so far as native cricket is concerned.

Now, these facts, if they prove anything, do most conclusively prove that whatever the gate register-books of English county grounds may show

the national game has not lost, but has really gained, in world-wide popularity. It is wrong to judge of the popularity of the game by the gate register, just as it is wrong to ascribe the alleged unpopularity to the series of drawn games. The latter are frequently productive of a very keen struggle between bowler and batsman which is most interesting to watch, and they should certainly not come in for the amount of condemnation they do. That is simply due to fashion and the sheep-like trait in the human character which causes the flock to follow the leader, especially if he has a big name in the world of cricket, who first gets up and says that so-and-so or such-and-such is wrong with the game.

This should not be so, seeing what a force cricket is in the life of the nation. With politics neither I nor the game has any concern, but I feel rather sure that much of the dissension at St. Stephen's about South African affairs will, out in that country, be smoothed over by the effect of the M.C.C. tour during our past Winter. It is well for this reason that M.C.C. were well beaten in the test matches. Undoubtedly, cricket did much good as between England and Australia, and if more official recognition were taken of the game in India we should hear less of a possible recurrence of the grim days of 1857-58 than we do. Perhaps Lord Hawke, as Viceroy of India, would bring about a more satisfactory state of affairs. Those who were in India at the time know well the good done during Lord Harris' regime at Bombay, not a little of which was due to his lordship's judicious use of his ability at the national game. It was said of Sir Charles Swettenham that when he was Governor of the Straits Settlements he would only have

cricketers on his staff, and that, moreover, he is said to have expressed himself that no man was any use as a public servant unless he was also a good cricketer. Which reminds one of the good old story of the vicar who advertised for a curate, 'a fast bowler with a good break from the off preferred.' Let us hope he got him, for I know of no pastime at which ability is more likely to be of use to an earnest clergyman than that of cricket. An all too brief association with the Rev. F. Hay Gillingham, the keenest clerical cricketer I ever saw, conclusively proved that to the writer.

The force of cricket as a national asset is one not to be tampered with, as incessant outcries about its unpopularity and the unsuitability of its laws undoubtedly do tamper with it. Small attendances are often largely due to causes outside the game altogether. Has the much-talked-of depression in trade nothing to do with it? Do the increased and increasing facilities inviting the hard-worked man to spend his spare money on cheap trips to the seaside tend to send more people through the turnstiles? Is the improved and improving supply of cricket news in the press, now that more and more practical and good writers on the game are turning their attention to journalism, not partly responsible for the fewer clicks of those recording angels at the gates? I think so. The money is going out of the coffers of the county clubs by sixpences into the pockets of the newspaper proprietors by pence. The man who had to find train, tram, and admission to the ground money, plus lunch and drinks—say, five or six shillings—to see the three days' play of a big match, now saves his five shillings, earns money instead of spending it

during those three days, and contents himself by spending three-pence on his favorite paper; so he is four and ninepence, plus three days' work, in hand on the match. Undoubtedly the number of men who read their cricket is increasing. The first things looked at when the evening paper is bought are the cricket results, and it is a fact that by publishing the daily one o'clock scores in London one evening paper averages twenty thousand copies per diem. I doubt not that the telephone system has had its effect, however slight, on the attendances at some grounds. Other grounds wisely ignore the irritating instrument.

One word more, for the force of

cricket sometimes affects the umpire; as, for example, when a valiant batsman possessed of rather a terrific style, commenced his innings with mighty strokes that promised badly for the portly man in white at square-leg. Fourth ball came a resounding appeal for stumped, which was immediately answered against the batsman.

"Why, look at my foot. I never moved," quoth the hefty striker. "Why am I out?"

"Out," laconically replied the umpire. unmoved. "I don't like yer style."

Was not that decision due to the force of cricket?

Smart Successes

If there is one tendency of the day which more than any other is unhealthy and undesirable, it is the tendency to deify mere "smartness" unaccompanied by a sense of moral accountability. We shall never make our country what it should be until as a people we thoroughly understand and put in practice the doctrine that success is abhorrent if attained by the sacrifice of the fundamental principles of morality. The successful man, whether in business or in politics, who has risen by conscienceless swindling of his neighbors, by deceit and chicanery, by unscrupulous boldness and unscrupulous cunning, stands towards society as a dangerous wild beast. — Theodore Roosevelt.

Power, the Product of Confidence

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX IN WORKER'S MAGAZINE.

This is an excellent sermon for young people. It teaches the importance of relying on self in the affairs of this life, with, of course, a due regard for the counsel and advice of older and wiser people. It also teaches the need for looking on life with a healthy and contented vision and not nourishing vicious and hateful thoughts.

THE first thing for a human being to realize is the fact that we are, each and all of us, three-fold in our organization — physical, mental, and spiritual. No matter how liberal or broad our education may be, or how far from orthodox our belief, we must be conscious that some force greater than the brain of man conceived and executed this wonderful scheme of the universe.

Whatever this force was, and is, we are a part of it, and from it we can obtain wonderful power and strength if we hold ourselves receptive to its influences. However occupied a young man or woman may be, each, if reared under civilized conditions, finds time for a daily bath. All feel it a necessity for the health of the body. Just as necessary for the health of the mind is what I would term a spiritual bath—a few minutes of time given each day to relaxation and calm meditation, an undressing of the mind, so to speak, of all material cares and ambitions, a breathing in of spiritual force—and an immersion of the whole being in the electric currents which flow from space about us.

He or she who desires to obtain personal power of the highest and most enduring nature must take these few moments at least, daily, believing that the best and purest strength from the source of all power is being bestowed.

After the routine of the day is entered upon a careful watch upon the emotions and desires, to see that they

do not encroach upon the rights of others, is another step toward the goal. The power which develops into tyranny and oppression is never a safe power to cultivate. It is sure to resolve itself eventually into a boomerang and to destroy the usefulness of the mind which seeks it.

A man who pursues what he believes to be merely his own personal good has a lonely and hard path before him. A man who seeks the universal good of all humanity has the unconscious assistance of the whole universe. The fact may not be patent to him at the outset, but it will manifest itself as he proceeds. He who wastes time and vitality in feelings of hatred, revenge, and retaliation never can attain to power. Nothing is more destructive than hatred; it vitiates all the constructive forces of the mind. No more foolish and paradoxical phrase was ever formed than one we often hear uttered by the unthinking: "I am strong in my loves and my hates." He who loves greatly cannot hate any more than the sunlight can freeze one being while it warms another. There is a selfish passion, often misnamed love, which exists in the same heart with hate. But it is not love. Love is the greatest of all means for developing personal power. Would you have your influence felt by all whom you approach? Then cultivate a sympathy for all created things and look for the lovable quality in each human being. It exists—search, and you shall find.

Avoid dwelling upon the disagreeable and unpleasant traits of humanity or the gloomy or unfortunate phases of human existence. All such things are detrimental to the development of your best powers. They are material and lead to inertia of the mental faculties. When you are compelled to encounter vice and misfortune give them pity and sympathy and do what you can to aid and uplift, but do not let your mind dwell despondently upon them. As the book says: "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, if there be any praise, think of these." This is one of the sweetest methods of developing personal power for thoughts are magnets and attract their own kind.

I hold it true that thoughts are things
 Endowed with being, breath and wings,
 And that we send them forth to fill
 The world with good results or ill.

However indisposed you may be, picture yourself strong and virile; however poor, think of yourself as opulent; however lonely, imagine yourself surrounded by loving friends, and as you think, so shall you be. All such thoughts develop the power to bring desired results.

Prof. Elmer Gates, of Washington, speaking of his experiments at the Smithsonian Institution, says:

"I have discovered that sad and unpleasant feelings create harmful chemical products in the body, which are physically injurious. Good, pleasant and cheerful thoughts create products which are physically beneficial. The

products may be detected by chemical analysis in the perspiration and secretions of the individual. For each bad emotion there is a corresponding chemical change in the tissues of the body, which is depressing and poisonous, while every good emotion makes a like promoting change. Every thought which goes into the mind is registered in the brain by a change in its cells. The change is a physical one, and more or less permanent."

Remember this, you who seek to develop power of body and mind. When you set forth in the world to carve out a career, do not be forever consulting your friends and leaning on them for advice about your course of action. There are great issues in life, vital turning points, where most of us feel the need of counsel, but such occasions do not present themselves every day. In the smaller matters pertaining to the conduct of business, learn to decide for yourself. Of course I am addressing the noble-minded and ambitious, not the idle and vicious. Cultivate conscience and self-respect, aspiration and ambition to be and to do your best. Then go ahead on your own basis and in your own manner.

If you form a habit of continually consulting other minds for guidance you weaken your own judgment. If you depend upon yourself and appeal only to the highest powers of the universe for strength you fortify the best qualities within you and educate your own nature for self-government. Not only avoid seeking advice but avoid taking too much of it. It will be impossible for you to follow all the suggestions your friends and acquaintances offer. Nothing is easier to give than advice. No two brains are constructed in exactly the same manner, and no two minds regard life from exactly the same standpoint.

One person tells a youth to sacrifice everything for an education, to go through college at any cost of time, labor, and pleasure. Another advises him to be satisfied with a common school education and to turn his attention to business early. One urges you to read widely, to avoid society, and to have no intimate friends but books. Another says seek the companionship of people, study mankind, make yourself popular, and achieve success through influence. If you obey the first, a dozen friends differ in the books they suggest for your training; if you yield to the latter, as many varying counsels are given regarding the kind of people whose acquaintance you should try to cultivate.

It is sheer madness to attempt to follow all the counsel of all our best friends. It would require twenty lives. We must decide things for ourselves. "Seek first the kingdom of heaven," which means seek the highest impulses of your own nature, the God within you, and the power to decide wisely shall be given you.

Once having decided, steel yourself to criticism. Whatever course you choose, some of your friends will decry and bemoan your decision. Content yourself with the thought that, while they are your good friends, and mean well, they cannot live your life for you, and therefore you must live it for yourself, and in your own way. Like a locomotive, you must follow your own headlight.

There is nothing which more strongly aids the development of our pow-

ers than standing firm and unswerving through a storm of criticism, when we know we have chosen the right pathway, and that our motive is a worthy one, however questionable the course may seem to observers. It is impossible to pass through such an experience without keen suffering until we rise to heights of spiritual serenity, which few of us attain in youth; but suffering is another source of development.

The best powers of mind and spirit cannot be attained if we neglect or misuse the body. The body is the casket in which the spirit and the mind are kept through one sphere of life, and it should be made worthy of them. Every organ should be exercised, every normal appetite reasonably fed, if we expect to reach the best we are capable of being and doing. To be wholesome and attractive to the beauty loving eye of the world is a commendable desire, and one which is consistent with the higher ideals of life. A subtle power comes with the consciousness of an attractive personality clothed in becoming and tasteful garments. For one who seeks to be his best self, suitable dressing for the body is as necessary as cleanliness.

Never should the truth be lost sight of that it is the spirit within which makes the real power of a man, and only in recognizing this fact and in constantly asserting it can the highest development of personal power be attained, and the true life accomplished.

Some Secrets of a Dime Novel Factory

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SLICK PARKER."

Much of the crime among the youth of the land must be attributed to the dime novel. This fact is capable of the clearest proof. It is interesting to know how these "thrillers" are produced, and in the following article a reformed "factory hand" tells of his experiences in turning them out.

IN New York there are half a dozen dime novel factories; in London there is an equal number. Much of the time of these publishers is occupied in cutting the titles off their rivals' productions and pasting new ones on after a few names and situations have been changed. After a certain number of years, youth having outgrown itself—and a new reading generation arisen—the old novels are picked up, rehashed, and reproduced with new illustrations. It would be utterly impossible, of course, to turn out original matter year after year at the rate of one million copies (representing ten to twenty libraries) per factory per week.

It is necessary, however, to invent every month or two a new series of thrillers, which, combining the three best productions of a rival factory, perhaps, may pass among boys as something comparatively novel. As the manager of one of the country's biggest nickel-horror factories once said to me:

"The public can be fooled most of the time, but the small boy?—Not all of the time."

This brings me to the men who direct this system of mutual piracy and co-operative humbug. Before I became a dime novel writer, I had conceived such men as something long-haired, unshaven, and breathing of ambrosia. To my surprise I found that the directors of the dime novel industry were shrewd business men, who regarded their calling with a

gravity that provoked the mirth of those who had come in from the fresh air.

The novice, however, soon falls under the spell—that mystic influence which sends boys to the Rockies armed to the teeth and gravely cocking their pistols at every turn of the road. Author, publisher, and boy reader—all live in a world that is a distorted creation.

Here is an example of this most ludicrous gravity on the part of the publishers and writers of dime novels. We have heard too much about the boys. Two weeks after I had been hired as "the author of 'Slick Parker,' 'Old Wide Brim,' 'Dauntless Dan,'" and other weekly productions I was called into conference with the manager of the thriller department and the head of the firm.

It was a solemn meeting. "Old Wide Brim" had fallen off in circulation. From 50,000 per week it had dropped to 16,000. "Slick Parker" was not too good, either. They both needed originality. The brains that had produced them for fifty-two weeks each year wanted oiling. In fact, a New Brain was needed. The old one, worn out, would be discarded. I was the proposed new victim of the factory mills.

"We'll take the two great detectives," said the head of the firm, gloomily, "and put them into one library for a bit. We'll kill the 'Wide Brim' library, but we can't kill the hero right away. Put Slick Parker and Old Wide Brim on the same case,

and—and—well, what have you to suggest ?”

The manager of the thriller department and the New Brain looked at one another dizzily. Then the wheels began to work. Yes—that was the idea ! Splendid ! We would have the title made right away : “Slick Parker’s Ally ; or, Two Great Sleuths on the Same Case.” Good ! And for a front illustration. Ha ! (It was the perspiring manager who ejaculated :)

“They get on the same trail, not knowing about each other—meet at climax in dark room—possibly trap-door or sewer. They grapple—fight to the death. Dead-lock. Then a light or a familiar ejaculation. ‘You here—Slick Parker !’ ‘Old Wide Brim, by all that’s holy !’”

“Mmm, very ‘good,’ said the head of the firm, thoughtfully. “But don’t you think ‘You here’ is a little worked out ? You might have the villains who trapped them enjoy the joke of their not knowing each other, and laugh when they hear the two great detectives fighting one another. Mmm ! But you must be careful not to make fun of your heroes. They must win, you know—they must win.”

“You—you might have the villains” I ventured, “believe the detectives have killed each other. Then the villains go away, after which the detectives escape.”

“The villains wouldn’t do anything so careless unless they saw the corpses !” snapped the manager.

“Tut ! tut !” said the head of the firm. “The young man is right. It is—ahem !—upon the small errors of life that the great events—ahem !—are based.”

Something gave way in my throat. Next minute I was conscious of having giggled, and that I presented an

embarrassed face to two aggrieved ones.

“What’s the matter ?” asked the manager severely, while the head of the firm stared disapproval.

“It’s—it’s rather f-funny—in—in a way,” I stammered.

“Y-yes,” said the manager doubtfully, “it has a humorous side—if you look at it that way. But you must—you will learn to take it seriously.”

“Of course—of course,” murmured the man who had made millions out of the small boy: “You can get to work on the combined library. You have an order for three in advance. You can invent the other two titles and central ideas for illustration before you go. And please, Mr. Manager, write to Mr. Q. a reprimand. I noticed in last week’s issue of ‘Prairie Pete’ that he made his Indians bite the dust. I have repeatedly told you that I object to Indians biting the dust. Let them fall with a scream, but I will NOT have them bite the dust !”

The men who write dime novels and nickel horrors are very often newspapermen. But the ranks change every month. Like soldiers on the battlefield, the writers succumb to various causes. Some refuse to be serious ; some are too serious ; some have not the requisite inventive ability, and some fall by the wayside. For this latter reason a verbal contract is often made with the author for three novels at once. This keeps him working steadily for two weeks (!) that he may get his money ; otherwise, and not improbably, he may take a holiday after one novel is written and a check received.

There are a few veterans who survive the ordeal of continued production, but even they break down at intervals. Then a New Brain is intro-

duced and worked out, while the veteran lies fallow. When the New Brain is used up he is "suspended" for some triviality—such as a grammatical error! Then the veteran is sent for. He is given a check in part payment for three novels to be delivered before the balance shall be forthcoming. He works on for a time, then breaks down again, and either another New Brain is discovered or an old one has to be patched up.

There are exceptions to this rule, however. I personally know men who make a substantial income out of the business of writing dime novels, and one or two who, after years, do not show the strain which such work must entail. Theirs, however, is the mechanical genius, which moves as regularly as a clock ticks and wears as long.

For each novel a writer is paid \$40. For each borrowing, stealing, or manipulation of another man's work half price is paid. When a "library's" circulation goes up—as often happens when a New Brain is captured—the writer may have his pay raised to \$50 per novel.

I know one remarkable veteran who is coaxed out of the Bowery in an emergency with the inducement of \$100 a novel. He is the only man who can turn out a certain brand of detective fiction and keep that "library's" circulation steady. His work never varies a degree from his own standard, with the result that he goes on like Tennyson's brook. He wrote these detective stories for our fathers; he may write them for our sons.

The writer, poorly paid as he is for each 20,000-word novel, has methods of his own for beating the factory. Personally I confess that I never wrote more than 16,000 words to a novel, but my sentences and para-

graphs were broken in a way that defied count. I give an example here of the system which was employed by myself and others to beat the thirty-two pages of the nickel novel.

A novice, full of a clear conscience and a desire to give his employers a bookful, if nothing else, would record an event in this manner:

"We are pursued by Broncho Bill," Red Dave suddenly gasped.

"Broncho Bill!" hissed Shang Martin. "I'll get squar' with that man yet."

Still fleeing for their lives, they suddenly came upon a strange hut, through the door of which they unceremoniously burst. Inside a strange sight awaited them.

This, trashy as it is, would break the heart of a veteran. What a shameful ignorance of the elasticity of words! What a disgraceful saving of valuable space! This is how the veteran would write the same thing:

"Curses!" gasped Red Dave suddenly.

"What is it?" Shang Martin asked quickly.

"We are pursued."

"What! Pursued?"

"Yes; curse the luck!"

"Who is it?"

"I know him."

"You do?"

"Yes. Broncho Bill!"

"Broncho Bill!" Shang Martin almost shrieked.

His face turned pale, even beneath the tanned skin.

"Ay, curse him!" hissed Red Dave, with mighty oath. "But I'll squar' him yet."

Suddenly there burst upon their view a low log cabin, built in an open glade, under a cliff covered with furze brush and pines.

"What is that?" Shang asked quickly.

"A hut," answered Red Dave."

"Whose is it?"

"I do not know, but there is no time to lose."

"What shall we do?"

"We must go in. Broncho Bill is closing in on us. We must make a stand in your hut and fight till the last drop."

Without stopping to inquire if any one lived in the hut Red Dave and his companion burst open the door with the stocks of their rifles.

Red Dave stepped inside.

Suddenly he started back with a hoarse cry of horror.

"What is it?" asked Shang Martin.

Inside the hut a horrible sight awaited their gaze.

Now and then the manager or the head of the firm will send a letter of protest when the paraphrasing and tautology are outrageous. And the wail of the letter is invariably:

"You do not take this business seriously enough. Show a little interest in what you are doing. You make your characters talk as no human beings ever did!"

All of which is probably correct. The head of the firm, by the way, sometimes gets what the underlings call a "purity streak." He will then reject half a dozen ordered novels, compelling the authors to write them over again or get no pay. On these rare occasions he is likely to issue an edict to this effect:

"To Mr. — (the manager):

"You will please instruct your young men that everything they write in our libraries must be highly probable. I desire that, if possible, the writers base their stories upon history. They might read some of our earlier numbers and Mr. — might study our publication 'Life of Apache Bill.' I feel that the youth of the country require a higher class of lit-

erature than you have been giving them.

"Tell K— I think his work is crude. I notice all his stories begin with somebody who 'MIGHT HAVE BEEN SEEN' walking, or riding, as the case may be. I do not like this. To say that a person MIGHT have been seen implies a doubt as to the veracity of the story. He must be more careful."

Here is a copy of a letter from a brother sufferer during a "purity streak":

"You needn't think you're the only one who got it in the neck. He killed my first three novels of the new Blank and Blank Series, all because I called my hero 'Dashing Vivian.' He wanted me to call him 'Fearless Phil.' Then he got sore and said the whole idea of the series was crude.

"Tell you what, old man, this will pass. He gets it every month. Put away the Slick Parkers he killed, and about two months from now change the titles, give him new picture ideas and sell the stories back to him. That's the only way to get them off."

But, after all, the joy comes of seeing one's thrillers on the news stands and one's self as "the author of 'Slick Parker.'" And, too, there is the joy of seeing the messenger boy with his nose glued to the work of your tired brain. And, greatest of all joys, is to read in the newspapers how your latest novel brought about the robbery of a bank, the disappearance from home of numerous small boys, and the breaking of many parental hearts. When one is disgusted there is an unholy pleasure in being bitter.

Detective O'Connor, of the Adams street station, Brooklyn, told me a short time ago that much of his work lay in the handling of boys who had

become wayward through the reading of dime novels and nickel horrors. The records of Brooklyn police headquarters show that O'Connor made no less than a dozen arrests in four such cases within twenty-four hours.

In the first case a boy in Hudson street, who had been reading library trash, fancied he was in love with a little girl named *Jemima*. His father had an iron-bound box full of family heirlooms. The boy seized this box. He tucked it under his arm, sought out the girl, and besought her to "fly" with him to the west. The children were about to elope when O'Connor came on the scene.

Magistrate Dooley, in trying this matter in the Children's Court, remarked upon the prevalence of dime novel cases. That morning O'Connor had been in court with three others. In one of them a boy who was leader of a gang of youthful "outlaws" had stolen \$800 and a gold watch from a safe. When the "boy chief" and his companions were arrested they were busy dividing the "swag" in a vacant lot in Atlantic avenue.

Another lad, who had been surprised in the act of burglary, had been summoned to "stop" when chased by the watchman. This happened near the Gowanus Canal. The boy ran to the pier, struck an attitude, and with a ridiculous sense of the gravity of his situation, shouted:

"Never!"

He jumped into the canal. When rescued from drowning and placed un-

der arrest, four nickel novels were found in his pockets.

A fourth boy arraigned on the same day had been arrested in a lady's boudoir in a fashionable apartment in Brooklyn. He had his pockets full of jewelry. Investigation brought out that his parents attributed his behavior to the literature which attracted him more than school books ever did.

The most remarkable feature about the production of nickel and dime thrillers of wild west, travel, and detective types, is that the men employed to write them are not required to know anything about the conditions they try to picture.

I, myself, am the author of over a dozen wild west novels, which purport to be authentic incidents in the life of a famous scout. I have never met this scout in my life; I never read his life story; I am not an American, and I have never been west of Walton-on-the-Delaware. I also wrote numerous detective stories, treating of the "crook" life in New York, long before I knew where 300 Mulberry street was. With the sea I am slightly familiar, but I know a dozen dime novelists who have made pen pictures for the youthful mind of foreign countries which they knew little about, never saw, and never expected to visit.

Hence the small boy's distorted conception of sailor life, cowboy sport, foreign lands, his own country, and true manliness.

The Economic Revolution in Japan

BY CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL IN EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE.

Instead of trusts, we find in Japan Government monopolies. Already the Government has a monopoly of tobacco, of salt and of camphor. It is obviously planning for other monopolies. It is steadily driving out the foreigner, not only from Japan itself, but from China, Korea and Manchuria.

FOR many years after Commodore Perry's historical visit it was the custom of western nations to regard Japan as peopled chiefly by amusing idiots that existed to supply us with curios and consume our surplus products. Presently we discovered that these amusing people were duplicating our products instead of consuming them. This jolted the western complacency until someone formulated the theory that the Japanese were merely "a nation of imitators." With joy we laid hold of this emollient; with fond persistent faith we still cling to it. Even when we see Japan with new methods and a new efficiency crushing the fleets and armies of one of the greatest of European nations; when we see it making unprecedented and sinister records in mobilization, manoeuvring, tactics, commissariat, hospital service, still we cling to it. And when, the war being over, there begins to appear a huge Japanese plan for commercial supremacy and commercial activities as strange and startling as any the Japanese forces used in war, still with pathetic confidence we hug the old delusion.

A nation of imitators! As soon as may be we should come out of that trance. Imitation as practised by the Japanese consists of taking the best thing done by Europeans and improving it and perfecting it and excelling it, and then turning it in its bettered state against its originators. Something in this may be fortifying

to western complacency, though I do not know what it is; but in any event we are now face to face with one development of it that may well make us gasp and give grave heed.

Observe some of the fundamental facts in this story.

Here is a country whose population, now 48,000,000, grows at the rate of 600,000 a year. Only one-eighth of the land can produce anything; the rest is barren mountain. Of the arable land you may say that every inch that will grow green blades is under cultivation. So close is the population always to the limit of the country's supporting capacity that when falls a little too much rain and the rice crop is injured, 600,000 people are in danger of starving, and the world must come to their relief.

Plainly, therefore, it is useless to tell Japan to keep within her borders and devote her energies to agriculture and sweet pastoral pursuits. Sweet pastoral pursuits are well enough, but not in a land already cultivated to the utmost, and with a rapidly increasing population. Even if her people were so minded they would have no choice; the sheer force of conditions would drive them another way. Inevitably they must have industrial and commercial expansion—or starve. They cannot live on themselves. They are compelled to go forth and get their living by manufacture and trade.

This is enough to begin with. But it is little in comparison with what follows. This is a country where

patriotism amounts to an obsession, to a mania, to a kind of frenzied fanaticism. Other peoples, Germans, Americans, Swiss, are patriotic; but not like the Japanese. While I was in Japan they were holding in the country towns and villages funeral ceremonies in honor of soldiers killed in the war. Nobody wept or felt sad on these occasions, but the populace came and congratulated the relatives of the dead as persons blessed with notable honor. It was a precious privilege the son or brother or husband had enjoyed; he had been allowed to die for Japan. Often with public honors, with long processions under triumphal arches, and with ceremonial pomp the village followed to the cemetery only a bit of a dead man's garment, his cap, one of his shoes, the sleeve of his coat, all that was left of him when the shell or the mine exploded that blew him to death. But in these dreadful relics was no suggestion of pain or horror, but only of solemn joy and thanksgiving, for the young man, their townsman, had been privileged to die for Japan. "We never turn back" is the phrase often on Japanese lips that speak of national achievements. True enough seems the vaunt. If such stories of habitual and unquestioning sacrifice are told of other wars, the world has no record of them. Many a time the Russians trapped small Japanese detachments; never did they capture one until he was dead or incapable with wounds. There in their tracks the Japanese died, like Macaulay's wolf, "in silence biting hard."

But now the people that have this capacity for self sacrifice and this insensibility to fear and pain are convinced that their destiny is to be a great dominating world power. Look-

ing back upon an inspiring history crowded with conflicts and victories beyond the record of any other nation, their religious veneration for their ancestors stirs them perpetually with purpose to be worthy of those old fighting and conquering sires. They have pitted themselves against Europeans and have won; the holy white man has no awe for them, and now they feel assured that they can beat him at any game he may choose.

More than this, these wise, keen-eyed people that sit watching intently the daily trend of the world's progress, know well enough that the real struggles for world power are to be commercial, not military; and it is on commercial and industrial fields that chiefly they expect to win glory and domination and empire for Japan.

For such contests they have two weapons of astounding and unprecedented power.

First, a working population, intelligent, capable, facile, orderly, extremely industrious, and having a low standard of living.

Second, a government astute as to modern conditions, resolutely determined to force Japanese influence, Japanese manufacturing, and Japanese commerce, and utterly unscrupulous as to the means it uses to that end.

The world has never seen anything like this combination; it has never seen nor imagined nor dreamed of the stupendous results that can be secured by it. With cheap and efficient labor Japan can produce at lower cost than any other nation; with its skilful and indomitable government it can build its industrial forces to imposing greatness; with the two, in existing conditions of private en-

terprise, it can annihilate competition.

For individuals can compete with individuals, firms with firms, corporations with corporations, trusts with trusts; but neither individual, firm, corporation, nor trust can compete with a government. And back of every manufacturing, commercial, or financial enterprise in Japan, back of it or actively involved in it, is the Japanese Government, the greatest governmental trader in the world.

More and more it becomes clear that this is the new political economy of Japan, these are the tactics by which she expects to win on the commercial battle-field. The Government is not merely to foster manufactures and encourage trade; the Government itself is to do the manufacturing, the Government is to do the trading.

In all the world not one individual, private firm, corporation, or trust, will be able to compete in the Japanese market with this Government, thus gone into manufacturing and trading.

Because the Government can at any time exclude the product of the individual, firm, corporation, or trust, exclude it absolutely and forever.

When now we add the next link, which is the fact that the new Japanese tariff, adopted four months ago, provides for this exclusion in lines of goods that the outside world once supplied, we can see a part of what is in store for Japanese commerce.

For Japanese commerce, observe; not alone for commerce in Japan. Because we come now to the final great fact, which is that these people have no idea of confining their energies within their own borders, but with

the incalculable advantage of government factories to make the goods and government railroads and government steamships to carry the goods, they have attacked the whole vast field of Asiatic commerce in the fixed resolve to conquer and possess it.

And such a field there has never been, no, not in all the world's history. All Asia is waking from the long sleep, the yellow men are stirring, new ways and new wants take hold upon them, the huge compact hordes of people want many things—the hundreds of millions from the sea of Japan to the Ural Mountains. All the east is slowly arousing; you can see easily enough that the old things will not long endure, even in India they will not long endure; and when the new times dawn all the other trading fields in the world will seem poor to this. And when they come Japan will have her hard fists closed upon that field to the exclusion and humiliation of us all.

For Japan has a government resolutely determined, by whatever means, to force Japanese manufacturing and commerce, and Japan has a working population, intelligent, capable, facile, orderly, industrious, and with a low standard of living.

China, Korea, the riches of the east—day by day Japan drives into these her government industries, her influence, her products, and day by day she begins to elbow from these markets the foreign competitor she has already driven from Japan.

In the light of these facts observe the grave significance of certain recorded figures.

Here is the curt story of thirteen years:

Japan's Export Trade.

1891. 1904.

To China\$291,292 \$33,997,936
 To Korea 733,020 10,199,861

And here is the way Japan has prospered in trade; here is the annual revenue she has derived from her government-owned enterprises:

1893	\$4,792,744
1898	12,705,029
1903	27,851,033
1904	31,096,011
1905	37,056,446

In other words, she is in business for herself. She is an astute trader; she is pushing her trade to the utmost for the glory and welfare and future of Japan, and for the fatness of her own exchequer. She is first to make everything that her own people consume, and then, with government factories, government railroads, government steamships, sell her products to other nations.

Let me tell you a little story about flour. Japan raises some wheat, but not enough, and for years she has imported heavily of American flour, which is our article of principal export to the Pacific. Years ago Russia leased from China a certain ample territory in Manchuria, now tapped by the Russian railroad. This territory contains some of the best wheat land in the world—undeveloped. The Russians quickly perceived the wheat possibilities of this region and had begun to get it into order and to establish mills and warehouses when the war came on. The silent

little brown men, "the nation of imitators," crumpled up the great Russian power like so much burned paper, and among the spoils of their victory was the southern half of that leased Manchurian territory, the choice wheat land, and the railroad that ran through it.

That territory can grow wheat enough to supply all of the present Western Pacific flour trade.

The Japanese Government is now engaged in spotting that region with flour mills and developing the growing of wheat. In a year or two it will be ready to produce flour. No hurry. The Japanese are never hurried. Quietly they plan and scheme; with wondrous skill they build the trap and prepare the tools, and when the proper time comes go forth with certainty to skin the prey.

When the flour time comes for Japan she will be quite well equipped for competition should we or others care to make the issue. For Japan owns the railroad over which the flour must pass, she subsidizes and controls the steamship lines that must transport the flour abroad, she can lay down the flour in Japan or China at any price she pleases. She can control the transportation rates.

Meantime the new Japanese tariff increases by one-half cent a pound the duty on flour, and meantime also in China, where Japanese influence daily becomes stronger, a timely boycott drives out the American product.

The Comforts of To-day

BY EDWARD EVERETT HALE IN WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION.

What a really short space of time there is between the present-day world, with all its steam engines, its electric lights, its telephones and other wonderful inventions, and the day when all these things were unknown! Dr. Hale, the venerable chaplain of the United States Senate, points out how little interest is taken in the beginnings of these inventions and how everything is taken for granted.

IT is curious to see that most of the great steps of advance were made without the knowledge of the people who called themselves the rulers of the country. One wonders whether in the bottom of their hearts they thought they were the rulers of the country. In the year 1793, when George Washington was the president of the United States, and when the seat of the national government was at Philadelphia, a person named Thomas Jefferson was Secretary of State. There came into his office one day a man named Eli Whitney. He had the model of a machine for separating cotton seed from the fibers of cotton. Now it has proved that because of this machine invented by this man, and because it proved invaluable to the United States of America, nice cotton cloths for sheets, for shirts, or for anything else for which cotton cloth is needed, can now be made and sold even as cheaply sometimes as for three cents a yard. It has followed from this invention that the clothing of every human being in the world is more comfortable, and yet is far cheaper than it was in the year 1793. We do not care much for historical pictures now, but that would be a good picture which should represent Thomas Jefferson conversing with Eli Whitney. Jefferson was a Virginian, he had seen cotton growing, you would have said that he would have been specially interested in such an invention, but he seems to have been wholly unconscious of the importance of

Whitney's invention. Simply he signed the papers for the inventor, but he makes no allusion to this patent in his voluminous diary and correspondence which continue to the year 1826.

Another illustration of the way in which the world steps forward is in the life of Robert Fulton. In early life I knew Mr. Edward Church. On a Spring morning in 1804 Mr. Church was sleeping in the same room in Paris in which Robert Fulton was sleeping, or trying to sleep. So Church told me this story. In the grey of the morning there was a tap at the door which waked them both. The early tap was the prelude of the announcement that the little boat on the Seine River, which Robert Fulton had built for an exhibition of steam navigation, had broken in two, and that the boat and the steam engine were at the bottom of the Seine.

Alas and alas, Fulton had prepared this boat for an exhibition of the steamboat to a committee of the French Academy which Napoleon I. had named. The exhibition was to be on this very day, but a great storm had risen, the little steamboat was not strong enough, it had broken in two, and the steam engine was at the bottom of the river. In those days there were not many steam engines. Because that boat broke in two Napoleon never returned to Fulton.

Fulton came to America; he launched the Clermont steamer in 1807 on the waters of the Hudson, and the steam navigation of to-day began. It

began on American waters, and now there is not a cove or a river or a bay or an ocean in the world but what knows what you mean by a steamboat.

All the same I have Fulton's letters under my hand, when he was living here in Washington, and the Government neither knew nor cared about his invention of the steamboat.

I do not know what the lady who reads this may think, but I wish she would think how her kitchen fire was started this morning. Here is, if you please, a letter written by William Temple Franklin in the year 1785, and here is the answer of his Parisian apothecary to whom he wrote. Franklin is to have some friends at dinner. He thinks it would entertain them to have the sight of a chemical match, and he writes to the druggist to know if he could favor them with one or two matches to show at the dinner party. And the druggist writes in reply that there are but four such matches in Paris, and of the four he sends to Franklin two for the entertainment of his friends.

Side by side with that letter, as we are binding and indexing our autographs, we will put in this note from a distinguished theologian in which he describes his experience, somewhere in the 1830's, when his mother rouses him in the morning of a Winter's day to say, "Joe, the fire has gone out in the kitchen. Get up as soon as you can and dress yourself and take a pan and go across to your aunt's and bring some hot coals with which to start the fire for our breakfast." Dear reader, are we not too apt to take it for granted that we have sunlight and clear water and fresh air which the good God has given us, and are we not too apt to forget that it is only step after step that there came to us such miracles

as clothes and food and fire? Surely we owe those to the fathers and mothers, and surely we ought to repay something to the grandsons and granddaughters.

Now, for the physical force which is used in weaving the cloth or the linen or the cotton. The highest authority in the world, which is the Labor Commission at Washington, tells me that in this business of physical force every man who chooses in any of the centres of industry has one thousand times the force at command which his great-grandfather had in the same place in the year 1800.

I think there were but five steam engines in the United States in that year, with a working power, perhaps, of two hundred horses. There is hardly a reader of these lines who, if he lay down the paper, cannot hear the whistle of some one engine which controls a larger power to-day. It is hard to familiarize ourselves with such contrasts.

That distinguished engineer, Mr. George Morison, told me that every first-class steamer which sails from New York to Liverpool develops more power than Cheops had at command for the building of the great Pyramid, which we used to call one of the Seven Wonders of the world. And it is not simply steam power which is harnessed by the men of to-day for such purposes. Such cataracts as that of Niagara or the Spokane Falls, or as men have created at Lowell and Lawrence and Holyoke and Paterson and Richmond, and a thousand other places, are releasing laborers from the drudgery of daily toil and making them into workmen. Never forget that while Labor wears down or wears us out, Work is the control of matter by spirit. So is it that when God lifts us to a higher

world we cease from our Labors, but our Works will follow us.

It is quite worth your while, or that of any young reader, to spend an hour or two in a visit to grandmother, who shall tell you from her own memory, and from what her mother has told her, of the clothing of a hundred years ago. When Grandma Lois or Grandma Eunice were little girls their father planted flax seed with special care in the very strongest and best-watered soil he had. When the Autumn came, if all things had worked well, there was flax to be pulled, not mowed, to be water retted or dew retted, as the case might be, or to be steeped in hot water. All this, indeed, if there were girls and men enough in the household to handle the flax when it was scutched — that is, broken for separation of woody cores from that which could be spun. Then it had to be cleaned, spun, woven, bleached, and finished by the members of the family, largely by the women. Little chance for Priscilla or for Lesbia or for Tryphena or Tryphosa to go to school, or to play with her water colors or her pencils. The flax had to be retted, then the flax had to be spun and woven. Each well-equipped family had its own wheels and its own loom, and before Eli Whitney had triumphed over endless obstacles, the tablecloths and towels and shirts and sheets and pillow cases for every family were made from flax under the roof-tree of the house where they all lived.

And thus far we have only provided for what we are still apt to call carelessly the linen of the household. For the blankets and the carpets, the petticoats, the trousers, the vests and the jackets and the coats of the men somebody had been raising the sheep and washing them and shearing

them; somebody had been picking out the various qualities of the wool, and had been cleansing it for the loom; somebody had been dyeing and weaving it, mixed with the linen, perhaps, or perhaps without it.

Hunt up some mountaineer in New Hampshire or North Carolina or Tennessee, who will show you a little of this alphabet of clothing. I have the letter at home in which my great-grandfather, Richard Hale, wrote to his sons, Enoch and Nathan, who were students at Yale College, to instruct them about their new Winter's clothing. He and their brothers, their mother, and their sisters had all been at work for the cloth, and now he says if one of them can get leave to ride over from New Haven to Coventry he can be measured for the Winter outfit for both and the clothes shall be made ready on the farm. Ah, me! let the young gentlemen at New Haven rejoice that their eager studies of evolution and the correlation of forces, of the nice distinction between the optative and the subjunctive, and more important yet, the rights and the duties of a shortstop in baseball, need not now be interrupted for three days while he goes to his mother and is measured for his clothes.

Or if you go back into the history of "food," Doctor Palfrey reminds us that the familiar proverb which speaks of "pork and beans" as the national dish of the Eastern States, what he calls the union of "the meanest of flesh with the poorest of vegetables," points to a period of great poverty in the infant state. The proverbial "hog and hominy" of the Middle States and the south belong to the same period. The old jokes about a Cape Cod turkey, which is a phrase applied to the dried codfish which was one of the staples of New

England, is another reminder of the days when people lived largely on fish. There were then no ranches sending their thousands of cattle northward and eastward to the eater. As for breadstuffs, it was not a generation before the agriculture of the early planters had well nigh exhausted the soil of the sea-washed states. In default of English wheat Winthrop was buying corn from the Indians west of him for the mouths of Massachusetts Bay before his first settlers had lived a year in their new homes.

The late Josiah Quincy, who was a baby when the battle of Bunker Hill was fought, was the president of Harvard College when I was a student there. He was born and grew up in one of the most prosperous families in "The Bay." He told me once that in his boyhood, while his mother always would have a loaf of white bread in the house, it would be for fit preparation for some distinguished visitor. He said that the staple food of the household, the bread put on the table morning, noon and night, was always the brown bread of New England, "rye and injun" is the specific term, made by the mixture of rye and Indian meal.

For myself I had never seen a field of wheat when I was twenty-two years old. The first I did see was on the eastern slope of Cayuga Lake in the Town of Aurora, in New York. Wheat is always a product of the frontier. The Rochester flour and the Richmond flour supplied the markets of America in the first half of the century. Now we go as far as the falls of the Mississippi for our best flour. And our great millers there speak of Buda Pesth as the Minneapolis of Europe.

Those of our readers who are living in flats in cities hardly know how life

is enlarged for the men and women who live on the frontier in houses which are each perhaps a mile away from any other home. Twenty years ago the dwellers in such lonely houses, especially the women who had to make home home, had no hardship or misfortune so great as that mere distance which separated them from brothers or sisters, perhaps, or fathers or mothers—indeed, from any other people. The separation came hardest on the women. For the men, they had to take the horses away, to go to the county town, or hither and thither where business or duty called them. But the mother of a family was left with the little children or the girl. Thousands of readers of these lines could write to us to say how dismal were the long days, not to say weeks, when you were shut up in such solitary confinement. For man is a gregarious animal, and so is woman.

But all this is changed now. Why, there are our friends of the Rosebud Indians scattered in their houses in South Dakota, they have hundreds of telephones, connecting cabin with cabin and house with house. And from Aroostook County, on the northeast, to Tiajuana, on the southwest, the same enlargement of life is going forward, as you connect people's homes with telephonic wires.

Heaven first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
For some banished lover or some captive maid.

But, as the English story says, perhaps the captive maid does not know how to read. Thanks to Mr. Bell and his telephone, she need not learn. White Feather has only to call Turtle Dove by her telephone bell and she may talk to her in Sioux Indian if she wants to, without inquiring

whether the word illimitable is spelled with three l's or with seven. No week passes by that I do not receive some fresh and interesting testimony of the new cheer and the gladder life to different scattered homes by the great invention of the telephone.

Indeed, as I sat by a good fellow the other day, who had an ear-piece

at either ear and was listening to know if somebody were not talking to him from a ship five hundred miles off on the ocean, I learned a new lesson of the insignificance of space and the insignificance of time. The last century has given us the greatest blessings in teaching that lesson so well.

The Autobiography of W. T. Jerome

BY JAMES B. MORROW IN WORKER'S MAGAZINE.

It may appear to many that William Travers Jerome, New York's district attorney, won success suddenly and without having to pass through years of drudgery. But this is far from the case. In his own words he tells of his struggles, not only against conditions and men, but against disease.

AS a child and as a youth I had one attack after another of membranous croup. My winters were seasons of terror and suffering. I lost much time from school and tutors had to come to the house. Besides my eyes were astigmatic and I was 27 years old before I knew it. What other fellows could do at college without much effort wore me down and tore my nerves. But at the age of 28 a change quickly came without medicine or corporal exercise. I had spectacles, for one thing, and that helped. Year by year, I grew stronger, and now I take poor care of my health. I eat too much, I suppose, take as little sleep as possible, and during a political campaign can work almost continuously day and night for weeks at a time.

After leaving Amherst college I went to Columbia law school, where I was graduated in 1884. Then I became a clerk in the office of Stanley, Clark & Smith, lawyers, with a large practice. My family had gone to smash in Wall street, and when that happens everything goes, roots as well

as branches. So I had no means of getting clients for the firm I was with.

In New York business connections count, especially in lawyers' offices. The situation was clear to me, and I was innocent enough and bold enough to hang out my shingle. I shiver when I think of my unsophisticated courage. Those were dreary and desolate years—four of them. I lived at home. I couldn't have lived elsewhere and paid a dollar a week for my board. But I put in my time. I took up the Harvard law course and studied it alone and to the end. I read all the law I could find and searched out its history. Finally my father sued some men in Wall street. I tried the case and won it. On the appeal I got the decision. I scarcely shall be as happy again as I was at that time.

But life dragged. My coat became shiny and even hope grew ragged around the edges. I recollect that I spoke of my discouragement to an elderly lawyer. "Don't be impatient," he said. "Business is an

accident that always happens." Moreover, I was engaged to be married and that bothered me—had been engaged for five years. I was madly in love and most miserable. After the election of John R. Fellows as district attorney my father asked me one morning at the breakfast table if I would like a place in his office—it might enlarge my experience, and so on. I thought of my wedding day and vehemently accepted the suggestion. Fellows always had said he was under obligations to my father, and so my father went to him and there was some talk of a \$1,200 position. I heard the ringing of my marriage bell and the odor of orange blossoms was everywhere, especially in my lonely little office where I sat and saw visions which are too sacred to describe.

But Fellows hesitated, and dodged, and never came to the point. The peal of the bell grew less joyful, the orange blossoms began to fade, and the visions stole away one by one as if ashamed of being seen in my presence. Then my father thought of Richard Croker. When I was a lad in school Croker, a city fireman, was arrested for murdering a man on election day. He was tried and acquitted. The person who actually committed the crime sat in the courtroom and heard the trial. Croker had been a rough fellow, a member of the notorious tunnel gang, but he took his medicine and never said a word. He was declared to be innocent, but, nevertheless, was a marked man. John Kelly, then chief of Tammany, told him that he was ruined unless he ran for some minor office, was elected, and thus vindicated by the people themselves. Accordingly, Croker became a candidate for

coroner, or something like that. Naturally enough the newspapers attacked him, and they didn't employ soft words either. "Croker, the murderer," was printed in big type, and the fury and tenacity of the assault wore on him. One night he came to my father's house. "You don't know me," he said, "and I have come to tell you who I am. I can reach all the democratic newspapers in the city but the Herald. I am informed that you are the friend of James Gordon Bennett and his father. My wife is broken-hearted because the Herald calls me a murderer. Can't you induce the Herald to let me alone?"

My father was interested in the frank and manly character of the man, and after hearing his story agreed to see Mr. Bennett. The Herald stopped its attacks.

Therefore when Fellows began to back and fill about giving me a place in his office my father thought of Croker, who was then in the south with Stokes, the man who shot and killed Jim Fisk. He wrote to Croker. The letter followed Croker for several days and then caught him. "I have arranged it," Croker telegraphed back. Consequently I was made a deputy in Fellows' office at \$3,000 a year. It was a hard place for a young fellow. This office is the jaws of hell even when everything is honest. Under Fellows matters were awful. But I got married. I toiled like a galley slave, preparing briefs and getting not only the facts but the law. My work impressed the assistants, and by and by one of them said: "That young fellow can try cases." I was sent into the courtroom and made a friend of Recorder Smyth, the judge. I held the deputy-

ship for thirty-six months and was in court twenty-eight months of that time.

Presently a reform movement came along, I could have kept out of it and retained my job, but there were evils of which I knew and I thought it to be a part of my duty to help correct them. I was young and easily persuaded, and therefore readily believed that the time was at hand for better conditions of government. I even convinced Mrs. Jerome that we were bound to win, that there was to be an upheaval, and that virtue was to sit enthroned where sin was wont to congregate.

On election night I came downtown to hear the peans of victory and to do some singing myself. I walked home in the clear moonlight of a beautiful night, but in the most hopeless gloom of my young life. I crept into my flat thinking I could cheat my wife, but she was sitting up in bed. "How big is our majority?" she asked. "Polly," I replied, and I tried to look unabashed and even reconciled, "Polly," I replied, "we have been pounded into the earth and are no longer visible."

In the morning I took an inventory. I had two months in office, \$330 in bank, and a wife and baby. I was scared into a state of mental paralysis. Of course I knew that we wouldn't starve. Mrs. Jerome had a home and I had one, but I was a man of family, a lawyer by profession, and the mortification contained in the possibilities of my case almost made me weep. In woe and more or less shame I served my two months and again hung out my shingle. It is heaven's truth when I tell you that I didn't smile for six months.

A man walked into my office one day and said: "I sat on a jury while you were trying a case in the Criminal court. I rather liked your way. The cashier of my establishment is a thief. I have hired lawyers and expert accountants, but can't catch him. I have spent money enough, but I want you to take hold of the matter and run it down."

I went to work and attacked the case from every possible hypothesis. By the process of elimination I decided that the cashier had removed the names of the payees to whom checks had been issued by his employer and had written in his own name. Then when the paid checks were returned to the bank he had erased his name, also with acid, and had written in cleverly the names of the original payees. I sent for a number of the paid checks and examined them under a microscope. There was no visible evidence of alteration in the writing. I had taken a course in chemistry at college and was interested in photography. The base of ink is either logwood, which is vegetable, or iron salts. I steamed one of the checks to make it moist and put it over a flask of sulphide of ammonia. The ink used by the cashier in writing his name after he had erased the name of the payee thus became black sulphide of iron and was brought out so clearly that I photographed it. I tried other checks with the same result. The bank settled with my client, the cashier went to the penitentiary, and I got a whooping fee. Thereafter I was on Easy street and once more smiled.

Clients came straggling in, and the need of money gave me no further concern. Presently the Rev. Dr.

Parkhurst made his stir about corruption in the police department, and the Lexow committee was appointed to examine into his charges. I was asked to act as assistant counsel and served in that capacity. Reforms in the way of committees followed—we had one such an organization, non-partisan in character, with a membership of seventy good and earnest men, but it was too large to be effective against Tammany. Some one was needed to look after the political end of the work in hand. I was chosen, and our forces, being thus unified, we helped to elect William L. Strong mayor of the city. Our police courts in those days were a disgrace to the community—all kinds of disreputable men were around. Some of them were lawyers and some were not. I helped to write a bill to reform these courts, and Mayor Strong appointed me to be justice of the Special Sessions, an office which I held for seven years.

I always held that a magistrate ought to have inquisitorial as well as judicial power. The committee of seventy asked me concerning my policy. I told them I thought we should take the worst thing at hand, which was gambling, attack it, and then let our policy shape itself. New York was as wide open as any tough town in the far west, and the police were in partnership with the gamblers.

With a peace officer and a number of men as a posse comitatus I swooped down on a place and captured every one redhanded. I opened court right there. A policeman came to me and said: "You have caught a city commissioner. Shall I let him go?" I called the man and asked his name. He told me he was John Doe.

"That's too indefinite," I replied. "I must have you as a witness. If you can't identify yourself so that I can find you I shall send you to the house of detention."

"My God!" he groaned, "you can't mean it." Then he gave his name, adding by way of explanation that he had come to the gambling house to look for a wayward son. The newspapers got the story, and my expedition gave the city something to think about and to laugh over.

One night we raided more than twenty places. Then some of the newspapers began to turn. I was dragging the judicial ermine in the dust, they said. My friends on the reform committee got scared. But I kept pounding away. I would work in court all day and do my raiding at night. Through it all Robert Fulton Cutting and several other genuine and courageous reformers stood by me. They brought about my nomination in 1901 for district attorney, and I was elected.

I was re-elected in 1905, but I would have been glad of a decent opportunity to escape. I had no money, to speak of, I never have had any insurance on my life, and I have a wife and son. I would have welcomed some honorable way back to the practice of my profession, but I didn't want to retreat nor to be whipped. I thought the matter all out and decided to ignore both political parties and go straight to the people. It was a hard fight. I spoke from five to seven times a night. On one occasion I rode thirty-six miles in an automobile between dark and 1 o'clock in the morning and made half a dozen speeches. The newspapers reported what I said and I

had to have something new for every audience.

I believe in political parties, but platforms do not make political parties. There are two general groups of men in this country. One group is conservative in different degrees, shading downward from progressiveness to inaction. These men are republicans. The other group is liberal, believes in advancement and often runs riotously into radicalism. Such are the democrats, and I am one of them. So the divisions among men who think in English are generic. Platforms usually are claptrap and politicians often are opportunists who follow after votes rather than principles. McKinley's free silver speech a few years later could have gone out of Bryan's mouth and been acceptable to a large part of the democratic party. Then, too, the American people are idealists and desirous of having honest judges. A man may not live up to his own standards, but he expects his public officials to do so.

When I got into a house of my own, after my election as district attorney, I thought I should like to run a lathe. I got one and put it in my basement. Then I bought other metal working machinery. Now I have three machine shops at my home in Lakeville, Conn., which contain two engines, two generators, and everything else that a machinist would need or think of. I make all

kinds of things out of metal—compasses, ornamental brass boxes, etc.—and I love the work. During my vacation I spend from ten to twelve hours a day in my shops. What little I know I learned myself, and I find great delight in discovering how to do things which are common enough to men who have learned the trade. When an artisan lays out mechanical work and executes it he gives it more and better thought than would a lawyer who is engaged in ordinary practice. It is an intellectual pursuit. Moreover, I have found that when a man, especially if he is young, has stood behind a machine for ten hours he doesn't want Carnegie libraries nor essays in the evening, but amusement.

I made but one promise when I was running for district attorney. I said if I were elected I should be the lawyer of the people. If I practiced corporation law I would associate with my clients, live among them, go to their clubs, and, I fancy, ride in an automobile. Elected to the office I wanted, I chose the most densely populated district in the world for my home. I live in a flat and have an assistant and a detective with me in the morning and in the evening. We listen to every complaint that is brought to us—2,000 of them a year. Mrs. Jerome spends two or three days each week at the flat and then we go to Lakeville over Sunday.

It is the demands, not the promises, that make men of us; the responsibilities, not the enjoyments, that raise us to the stature of men and women.

Manufacturer and Social Reformer

BY RICHARD WESTROPE IN THE YOUNG MEN.

The subject of this sketch is Mr. B. Seebohm Rowntree, son of the founder of the great cocoa business. Starting his business life at the age of nineteen, he has not only had remarkable success as a manufacturer, but has also been able to improve the condition of the working people materially. Some of the reforms he has brought about are recorded in this article.

IT is not often that a young business man not yet thirty-six has achieved so epoch-making a work as has the subject of this sketch. B. Seebohm Rowntree was born in the year 1871, and it is largely owing to the influences of his home life that his thoughts were turned to the problems of social reform. His father, Joseph Rowntree, in addition to being the head of a large industrial concern, has been for years a close student of all matters relating to temperance reform. In collaboration with Mr. Arthur Sherwell he published in 1899 a book on the subject, which became at once a leading authority on the whole question. In his home there was combined with the Quaker simplicity of life a serious feeling of responsibility for the condition of the people, with a complete absence of any feeling of class superiority. Mr. Seebohm Rowntree owes much, he tells us, to the fact that he was early brought into sympathetic relations with working-people, and learned to respect them as friends and fellow-workers.

Next to the influences of the home, rank those of the school, and this was emphatically the case with Seebohm Rowntree. For five years from 1882-8 he was a scholar at the famous Friends' School in York, familiarly known as "Bootham." Here it was that in other days the tribune of the people, John Bright, was, for a time at least, a student, which fact is commemorated in the John Bright Library, erected some few years ago

with the new school premises after a disastrous fire. To this school, where gather year by year the elect youths of the Quaker fellowship, went young Rowntree, and Bootham laid upon him, as it does upon all its alumni, the mysterious magic of a great tradition. At the close of the school period he entered as a student at what was then the Owens College, now the Manchester University. He went there especially to study chemistry under the famous teacher of those days, Professor Schorlemmer.

Both during school and college life he was deeply interested in social questions, so that when in 1890, at the age of 19, he returned to York to commence his business career he possessed the inner bias which outward circumstances were soon to develop.

He began his business life in the most thorough way. He was at the cocoa works every morning at six o'clock. He went through each department, learning by actual experience the secret of every process. During this period he acted for two years as works' chemist, only relinquishing the position as the growing expansion of the factory required the greater experience and the complete energies of a specially-trained chemist. It was during the early years of his business life in York that he attached himself to a movement which we cannot but think has exercised a profound influence upon all his after activities. Seebohm Rowntree's father, along with his

uncle, John Stevenson Rowntree, and a friend lately deceased, Thomas Coning, were the pioneers of the adult school movement in York. When young Rowntree left Owens College and returned to the city, he attached himself to his father's class in the school. He did a good deal of visiting in connection with it, and as time went on occasionally taught the class. The endeavor to educate and Christianise in a broad, unsectarian way the workingmen, first of Birmingham and the Midlands and then of the whole of England, is worth a little attention. It was originated some sixty years ago by the late Joseph Sturge, of Birmingham, which city is still the Mecca of the movement. The schools began at 7.30 on Sunday morning, and combined both instruction in reading and writing (usually occupying the first half-hour), together with a free study of the practical teaching of both the Old and the New Testaments. It is perhaps the one religious movement to-day which to any extent deeply touches the artisan population of England. It was never sectarian and is to-day less so than ever. It has outgrown the conditions of its own birth and early years, and is now a Christian national movement, with a national council on which are represented most if not all the religious churches and societies in England. The membership approaches 100,000, and it is growing at the rate of about 1,000 new members every month. Each school and each class in each school is a little democracy, which elects its own officers, transacts its own business, and pays its own way. The men meet round the open Bible in a truly Galilean fellowship, where each learns from the other and where no man counts for more than one. It was in

a fellowship of this kind that Seebohm Rowntree first, unconsciously perhaps, realized his solidarity with the workers and found scope for those energies of social reform which had been growing with his growth. Here, in conjunction with others, he founded perhaps the first anti-gambling society in the provinces. This has become the York Anti-Gambling Society, which, besides doing much excellent educational work for several years, has within the last few months published a volume of essays on the subject, which will prove of very great value to all those who are working in this crusade. York has two race meetings in the year, in May and August, and Mr. Rowntree has taken a leading part with others in organizing counter attractions in the way of excursions and entertainments during race week.

Coming now to matters more directly affecting the cocoa factory, we may say that the subject of our sketch (Mr. Seebohm Rowntree) is a convinced believer in what we may call the new industrialism. He believes that the best work is always done under the best conditions and the best pay possible under present conditions. The Messrs. Rowntree were one of the first firms, more than ten years ago, to institute the eight hour day, and the social betterment policy, as it is called, cannot be better illustrated than by a careful study of the industrial conditions obtaining at the cocoa factory. The light and airy dining-rooms, both for men and women, the ample provision of recreation grounds for football, cricket, bowls and similar privileges for the women, speak for themselves.

The social staff now comprises some seven or eight ladies and gentlemen who give up practically their whole time to furthering the manifold ac-

tivities designed for promoting the fullest development of the workers. There are clubs and societies of all kinds. There are allotments for the man and small garden-plots for the boys, with an annual horticultural show. At the head of the men's department is a university man, who, in addition to all else, edits a monthly magazine devoted to chronicling the doings at the cocoa works. The lady head is a gifted woman, who was formerly a teacher in the principal girls' school of the Society of Friends, "The Mount," York. The latest developments are a works doctor who can be consulted every day free of charge by any of the employes, and a dentist, who, it is needless to say, is kept very busy. The most recent additions to the staff are a cookery lecturer and a teacher of dress-making, and all girls under 17 have so much time every week given to this necessary work, at no cost to themselves.

We chronicle these social activities because they are in some measure due to the initiative of and have always had the special concern of Mr. Seebohm Rowntree. In the factory he is familiarly known as "Mr. B. S. R.," and somehow the place never seems quite itself if he is long away. He strikes one as possessed of a genius for organization down to the smallest minutiae. If, as occasionally happens in a colony of something like 3,000 workers, there are tangles that want straightening out and differences to be adjudicated upon, it is to "Mr. Seebohm" the workers instinctively turn. He is trusted because he is believed to be just. He hears patiently evidence on both sides, and then comes to a conclusion which is generally felt by both the parties to be fair and just.

In conclusion, Mr. Rowntree is

peculiarly happy in his home life. He has in Mrs. Rowntree a lady who can enter with the sympathy born of knowledge into all the questions that affect the life of the people, for is she not still remembered with loving thoughts by many to whom she ministered when she was "Sister Lydia" of the York and County Infirmary? They have three children, two boys and a girl, and they are early learning the lesson that the only joy of possession is in sharing.

In their grounds at "The Homestead" all through the Summer holidays the children from the elementary schools of York can come every day from 9 to 12 and find every kind of provision for their happiness. There are donkeys, sand heaps, and giant-strides, and, best of all, young people to organize their games and see that all have a good time. In addition the grounds are open to adults all through the year, and twice a week a band plays, and every Sunday afternoon from 2.30 to 4, when some hundreds of people enjoy the pleasure of intercourse with one another under such happy conditions.

Mr. Rowntree would be the first to admit the injustice of the present social and industrial conditions, but I do not know any capitalist who is making a more honest effort to ease the present strain and to prepare the way for a better and happier condition of things. This sketch would lack completeness were there not some reference to the model village which the Joseph Rowntree Trust is building about two miles out of York. New Earswick comprises an estate of about 120 acres, on which houses are being already built on the best conditions and at the lowest possible rent.

Of the Joseph Rowntree Village Trust, as it is called, Mr. Seebohm Rowntree is a trustee and is most deeply interested in the success of the scheme.

The Making of Mummies

BY HENRY SIMON IN PACIFIC MONTHLY.

Deception, as practised in the world of commerce to-day, is carried even to the manufacture of mummies. In Southern California quite an extensive industry has been built up for the production of imitation mummies, which are sold to museums to be exhibited as genuine relics of antiquities.

TO see a mummy making—not a plaything or a clumsy fake, but a real, “full-grown,” awe-inspiring mummy, undistinguishable by any outward feature from an original, with the brown hue and the dust of thousands of years upon it, with the true parched skin, the sunken eyes and the tufts of black hair dangling from beneath the half-torn rags of the bandaged head—is a sight which few have ever thought of as possible, and which very few, indeed, have ever thought about at all. We go into museums and other exhibitions where we look upon the mute witnesses of bygone ages; some of us with mere interest and curiosity, many with a feeling of fear, and a slight shudder; we are all more or less deeply impressed with the sight, and something tells us that what we see is real—that those silent figures once were men like ourselves, who lived, and moved and thought; we know that there can be no fraud about them—indeed, our very instinct tells us that there cannot.

The idea that any of these venerable mummies, whose aspect rouses feelings of time and awe within us, could have been manufactured; that instead of being dried-out flesh and bone, they could be sacking, bamboo and plaster; that the crumbling brown skin could be cheap cotton tissue painted over with glue, the age-worn teeth bits of cow's horn, the hidden back-bone a rough plank, the ghastly head a solid block of plaster

—this possibility never enters our mind at all, and even if we thought of it, we should at once reject the idea as utterly absurd. Yet it is not so by any means. In spite of all our never-erring sensations and “feelings,” each one of us may have been, and very likely has been, “taken in” a good many times by mummies.

In Los Angeles, at the present moment, in Spring street, every one who doubts this statement may convince himself of its truth, and get for ten cents and in fifteen minutes more knowledge and experience in certain matters than he would otherwise have accumulated perhaps in a lifetime. For there he will find a shop wherein he can see mummies made—made to order, in any size and quality—in all stages of “evolution,” and besides get all the explanation he wants concerning the matter.

The present scribe passed the shop several times, and looked at the curios and mummies exhibited in the shop window; he examined them minutely, with concentrated attention, and having satisfied himself as to their indisputable genuineness, wondered how it was that mummies should be exhibited for sale; and when at last he observed the invitation to “Come in and see a mummy made,” it was several minutes before he was able to realize that the bodies he was looking at were arti-

ficial. Then he went in—and learned.

Mr. Fisher—this is the able craftsman's name—exposes his whole process, from the beginning to the end, without making the least secrecy about it. He shows you anything of his implements and methods you want to see, and answers all your questions. Why? Because he is going to retire from the trade pretty soon, making now his last few "orders," and after having kept his art hidden from the public for more than a quarter of a century, has chosen, with exquisite cynicism, to give a practical lesson to those who have ears and eyes and will hear and see.

The whole factory outfit consists of a great rough table and one or two smaller ones, upon which several mummies are lying in different stages of development. You will find one that is quite finished, another only just begun, and a few in an intermediate state.

The first step taken in the manufacture is the preparation of a simple plank, the "vertebral column," which gives a stay to head, body, legs and all, and to the end of which are nailed one or two short boards representing feet. Then a bag of sacking, corresponding in form to the shape of the body, is produced around the plank and stuffed with excelsior. The ribs are reproduced by bamboo straps, the arms and fingers consist of several big and some small sticks.

All these things are attached to the outside of the bag. The rough body thus produced is covered with a thin coat of plaster to the extent of the chest and abdomen, or wherever else any part of the body is intended to show. On top of this plaster a coating of glue is put, and a

fluffy tissue pasted on, which is again covered with glue. The body at this stage is of a yellowish color, and in touch and appearance resembles almost exactly a fresh human carcass.

The head is next placed in position and covered with glue and tissue in the same way as the body. The eye-holes are painted dark-brown inside and covered with a piece or two of the same material, with a small slit in the middle, which gives a marvelously good representation of the sunken, dried-out eyes of the real mummy. A few hairs are pasted on the top of the head, the teeth are made out of small bits of horn, and the head and neck, with the exception of the face, are wrapped with several layers of thin, ragged cotton, held together by bands. The whole body is treated likewise, leaving such spots as is desirable to show the skin and bones underneath. Then the form, which has partly been painted before the outer covering was put on, is dyed once more, together with all the rags and bandages, and when perfectly dry, presents the exact appearance of the real old Egyptian mummy. Finally, the body is strewn all over with grey dust, or powder, which partly fills all the holes, and, if there was the slightest ground for scepticism left before, removes that entirely.

The writer of these lines has, in different countries, seen hundreds of mummies; genuine, and, as he is now convinced since a short time, some not quite genuine ones. But even on closest inspection he was not able to discover anything in the artificial product that was not exactly in accordance with all he ever observed in the original mummies. The very shape of the head, the expression of the hollow eyes, the shriveled lips,

the bits of skin and bone exposed; the general aspect and pose of the limbs and body, wrappings and all, are such as to exactly resemble the genuine article, and would, were the result of the artisan's labor exhibited in a museum, deceive any but the eye of an expert—and his, too, unless he looked very close. Standing in the very workshop, seeing them made, and hearing the maker's explanations, it is hard to realize that those weird figures should be imitations.

And if the artist tells you that he has been working in his line of business for twenty-nine years; that he has learned his trade in a regular factory long ago, and that he is able to turn out several mummies a day; then, gentle reader, you will perhaps agree with me that even your keen

eye and undecivable instinct may have been deceived, and that very likely it will have been deceived, if you will but stop to roughly calculate what this one man alone has done in his line.

Many more genuine articles issue from the same deft hands, but they are of comparatively minor interest; mermaids, "Alligator Boys," and similar remarkable and fabulous creatures are manufactured here as well as Indian war relics and curios that will astound thousands hereafter. But, as the clever sculptor remarks, the world will be deceived, and a man would rather pay fifty cents to see one of these products in a show or museum than pay ten cents and see it made.

Habit is the deepest law of human nature. It is our supreme strength, if also, in certain circumstances, our miserabest weakness. Let me go once, scanning my way with any earnestness of outlook and successfully arriving, my footsteps are an invitation to me to go the second time the same way; it is easier than any other way. Habit is our primal fundamental law—habit and imitation—there is nothing more perennial in us than those two. They are the source of all working and all apprenticeship; of all practice and all learning in the world. — Carlyle.

Humor a Great Element of Success

BY JUSTIN MCCARTHY IN TRIBUNE MAGAZINE.

A man lacking humor is often liable to take too dark a view of reverses. Gifted with a humorous vein he is able to see the brighter side of things and to cheerfully press forward. History often records cases where a leader kept up the enthusiasm of his followers in the hour of trial by giving play to his quick sense of humor.

SHAKESPEARE has declared that "the man that hath no music in himself, nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds, is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils," and assures us that "the motions of his spirit are dull as night." It seems to me that the man that hath not humor in himself deserves much the same sort of description. I am of the opinion that a quick and abiding sense of humor is a great element of success in every department of life. I do not speak merely of victory in the more strictly artistic fields of human work, but am ready to maintain that, even in the prosaic and practical concerns of human existence, the sense of humor is an inciting and sustaining influence to carry a man through to the full development of his capacity and the attainment of his purpose. It is so in the art of war—it especially is so in the business of statesmanship.

Mortal life, at the best, is so full of perplexities, disappointments, and reverses that it must be hard work indeed for a man who is endowed with no sense of humor to keep his spirits up through seasons of difficulty and depression, and maintain his energy—living despite the disheartening effects of commonplace and prosaic discouragements. A man who easily is disheartened does not appear to be destined by nature for the overcoming of difficulties, and nothing is a happier incentive to the maintenance of good animal spirits

than the quick sense of humor which finds something to make a jest of even conditions which bring but a sinking of the heart to the less fortunately endowed mortal. In the stories of great events and great enterprises we are told of some heaven born leader who kept alive, through the most trying hours of what otherwise might have been utter and enfeebling depression, the energies, the courage, and the hope of his comrades and his followers.

One can hardly read the story of any escape from shipwreck, any drifting about in an open boat over wintry seas, without learning of some plucky and humorous mortal who kept his comrades alive and alert through all dangers and troubles by his ready humor and animal spirits. Read any account of a long protracted siege, when the besieged had to resist assault from without and hunger within, and you will be sure to be told how the humorous sallies of some leader were able to prevent those around him from sinking into the depths of despair. There are times when no good whatever is done by taking even the most serious things too seriously, and a sudden flash of humor often lightens up the atmosphere as the blast of a trumpet might give new spirits and new energy amid the deepening gloom of some almost desperate day.

Most of the world's great military leaders have been distinguished for their keen sense of humor. Even if

we go back to the distant historic regions where fact and fable are blended beyond the power of modern analysis, we shall find that the supreme leaders of men were endowed with the keen faculty which can brighten a trying situation by a timely jest. Homer's Achilles had, perhaps, a little too much of a cruel humor in some of his practical jokes, but we cannot help seeing that he was a man who, at a moment of deepest depression, found the means of appealing in congenial fashion to the liveliest qualities of his companion Greeks, and saved them by some happy phrase from the creeping paralysis of despondency.

Diomedes, too, appears to have been endowed with the same wonder working faculty, but I always have regarded Agamemnon as a solemn and pompous person, who had no sense of humor to season and qualify his all pervading sense of personal importance. Thersites, of course, was a mere buffoon, and mere buffoonery is incompatible with a keen sense of humor. Ulysses, we may feel well assured, must have pulled himself through many of his difficulties and dangers by his happy faculty of discerning whatever was humorous in a situation, and keeping the spirits of himself and those with him up to the mark by some lively and inspiring illustration. Hector of Troy always has been one of my favorite heroes, but I regret to say that I cannot see any evidence which authorizes me to credit him with a keen perception of life's humorous side, and we know that the brave and serious husband of Andromache came to utter failure in the end, and was made unseemly sport of by his rival among the hostile gods.

Julius Caesar, as we all know, had a keen sense of humor. Some of his jests and his odd jocular sayings have been recorded in history and still may be appreciated, and the few relics we have of his poetical ventures give evidence of his refined and delicate humorous perception. Only to a man blessed with a sense of humor would any one have ventured on the eccentric method by which Cleopatra's first presentation to him was so oddly accomplished. Was there not even a certain melancholy in those last words recorded of him when the stab of Brutus' dagger brought his life to a close.

It commonly is said and believed that George Washington was wanting in humor. I never have seen any reason to concur in this belief, and lately have been reading in a biography of Washington, by Norman Hapgood, many passages which confirm me in the opinion that the stereotyped description of Washington's character is defective on this point, and that a sense of humor was one of his characteristic qualities. A passage from one of his letters, quoted by Hapgood, seems to me to contain some delightful touches of humor. In it Washington, who is writing about the army of painters and sculptors who were, as Mr. Hapgood puts it, "busy seeking his and their own immortality," says:

"I am so hackneyed to the touch of painters' pencils that I now am altogether at their beck, and sit like Patience on a monument whilst they are delineating the lines on my face. It is a proof, among many others, of what habit and custom can accomplish. At first I was as impatient at the request, and as restive under the operation, as a colt is of the saddle.

The next time I submitted reluctantly but with less flouncing. Now no drayhorse moves more readily to his thills than I to the painter's chair."

I might quote many other evidences taken from the same volume which show that under the gravities of Washington's expression of face, and under his quiet, restrained manner, there burned the light of genuine humor, which occasionally shot forth its flashes to those around. One can well understand how such a light must have cheered its owner through the long strain upon his patience and perseverance to which he had to submit during many of his campaigns which seemed, from time to time, almost hopeless of happy results, but which, under his guidance, ended in complete success.

Turn to the extraordinary career of Abraham Lincoln. Here we have a man who could apply his gift of humor to the most practical purpose of political life. He could put new heart into discouraged followers by some suddenly appropriate jest; he could throw light on some obscure problem in statesmanship by a humorous anecdote; he could reduce some opposing proposition to mere absurdity by a ludicrous comparison; he could dispose of some pretentious objection by a jocular phrase. We know, from all we have read of Lincoln, how his marvelous gift of humor sustained and comforted those around him in the darkest season of what seemed to be almost hopeless gloom. The whole career of the man would have been different if he had not been endowed with this marvelous possession, and, indeed, it hardly seems possible to form any conception of Abraham Lincoln with-

out his characteristic and priceless endowment of humor.

The more earnest a man is the more thoroughly pervaded and inspired he is by this humorous instinct, if he happens to possess any faculty of humor at all. Some of the most powerful preachers the world ever has known were blessed with this gift, and were able to use it for the noblest ends without seeming to lower the sacred dignity of the cause they had at heart.

I have not said anything in this article about the men who merely were humorists and achieved success as such; for, of course, to affirm that the gift of humor is essential to the success of a mere humorist would be as rapid a truism as to declare that a great musician must have a sense of music, or that a great painter must have an eye for outline and color. Even Sydney Smith, who always employed his gift of humor for the exposition and maintenance of purposes and principles essential to the progress of humanity, does not come within the scope of this article, the main object of which is to maintain that humor may be one of the main elements of life in any manner or career, and, if it does nothing better, may help its possessor to bear up cheerily against difficulties, and find new courage to sustain him in his further efforts.

I am confident that the more closely and deeply the question is studied from the history of any time, and from all that we know of the lives of great men, the more clear it will become that humor may be considered one of the elements of success, along with perseverance, intelligence, clearness of purpose, readiness of resource, and enduring hope.

The First Russian Parliament

BY DR. RAPPOPORT IN FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

Much has been spoken and written about the Russian Duma but, to many, this new Parliament is still something about which they have little real knowledge. In the following extract some light is thrown on the organization of the Duma. It is shown how diverse are the various elements of which it is composed and how impossible it is to expect far-reaching results from its meeting

IN the first instance the Duma can have no deep nor far-reaching influence, as it can hardly be called a truly representative national assembly, impersonating the will of the people. The workmen have practically no deputies in the Tavrida Palace. On the one hand the majority of workmen and artisans, who are recruited from among the peasant class but who work in towns and cities during a certain portion of the year, were deprived of the privilege of voting and took no part in the elections. As workmen, living in the towns, they had forfeited their rights to vote with the peasants, whilst on account of their mere temporary sojourn in the towns they were not recognized as townsmen and were thus unable to vote with the latter. Those on the other hand, who were admitted to vote had to pass through the three-storey system, the triple crucible, so that their votes never reached the Duma. Many again were either too frightened to record their votes or were simply prevented by the Government from doing so. As regards these, one need only think of the numerous arrests that accompanied the Duma elections. Over 80,000 voters were filling the various state prisons, whilst the people were electing their representatives for the national assembly. Wherever a candidate was nominated for election by the workmen, he was speedily arrested under some pretext or other. In many cases the electors, in a spirit of bitter irony, nominated some in-

valid or cripple, some lame or blind harmless individual whom, they said, the Government would mercifully spare.

Many provinces, it must further be borne in mind, have sent no representatives as yet. The elections have not yet taken place. And when the newly-elected members arrive some day on the banks of the Neva who knows whether they will not find the gates of the Tavrida Palace locked or Cossacks barring their way, shouting, "Tee Kooda" (whither art thou going?). Thus Siberia and the Caucasus, with a population of more than twenty millions, have no representatives in the Duma. The two provinces, with such important centres as Baku and Tiflis, are still in a state of siege and under martial law. It was a very wise precaution on the part of the Government to prevent Siberia and the Caucasus from sending delegates to the Duma. Siberia, where thousands and thousands of exiles, intellectuals and revolutionaries are dwelling, is too much imbued with the spirit of liberalism and hostility to the existing order of things to be trusted. The representatives, arriving from the snow-covered wastes of Siberia, would bring the glacial air of suffering and the fiery spirit of vengeance into the midst of the Duma. There is also no one, for the present, to represent the interests of Armenians and other hostile tribes in the Russian Parliament. As far as the peasants are concerned they can hardly be said to have been

electing their members quite freely and in full cognizance of facts. They were compelled by the Zemsky *natschalniks* to vote separately, whilst all orators attempting to explain matters to the ingorant *Moujik* were quickly silenced. In many of the south-western provinces Jews, arriving in the villages during the elections, were, without any further inquiry, immediately expelled. Their mere presence became dangerous, since a conversation with them might enlighten the peasant, who at all costs had to be kept in the dark. I will not dwell on the gagging of the press and other restrictive measures. The following figures will, however, give some idea of the rigorous manner in which the restrictions were systematically carried out. During the short period of one month, from December 25, 1905, to January 25, 1906, seventy-eight journals were suspended in seventeen towns, and fifty-eight editors arrested. A state of siege was proclaimed in sixty-two localities and that of extraordinary police supervision in forty-one others. (Russian correspondence No. 17, February 17, 1906.) The Duma, one must therefore admit, will have no right to speak in the name of the people, as its authority is not and will not be recognized by a considerable portion of the nation.

From the general aspect of the Duma I will now pass to its constituent elements and to the various social groups that form the present assembly in the Tavrida Palace. Peace and unanimity seem to reign supreme and to knit into one the multifarious elements. The sun of good will cast its golden rays upon the assembly, but, alas, it is only an ephemeral glamor. Any close observer will observe the dark spot on the horizon, which is speedily growing into a

cloud and which will soon burst into a mighty storm.

Conflicts will arise, since the interests of the various groups are so utterly different, nay, so diametrically opposed. The psychology, the aspirations, the ideas and conceptions, social, religious, and economic of these groups are so widely divergent, so heterogeneous, that a united action in a constructive sense seems almost impossible. The court party and the partisans of autocracy know it and reflect upon it. They know that the elements constituting the Duma are marked not by a centripetal but by a centrifugal force.

The first and foremost, by far the most important compact group in the Duma, is that of the Constitutional Democrats, numbering about 200 members. It is from among the Constitutional Democrats that the president and the bureau were elected. A close analysis, however, of the members belonging to this party will easily convince the observer that even were they animated by the best wishes to act unanimously it will be impossible for them to do so. They have very few interests in common, they belong to different worlds, to different classes of society, they uphold quite different traditions and are far from being animated by the same aspirations or from cherishing the same ideals. Their *Weltanschauung*, their views, will soon have to be put to the test, and a clash, or fatal conflict, is inevitable. The left wing of this group consists of the so-called *intelligenza*, lawyers, physicians, teachers and students. Most of them are radicals, revolutionaries inclined to nihilism, dreaming of a Republican government. Most of them are the members of the Union of Unions. They were the minor *Zemstvo* workers. Their personal interests are

centred in the towns, they have no land and are consequently likely to be intransigent on the agrarian question. Side by side with them—for the present at least—sit the progressive, liberal landowners, members of the nobility. They form the right wing of the Constitutional Democratic party. Education, tradition, surroundings, milieu and environment, have tended to produce a different trend of thought in them, more moderate, more conservative, than that of their co-partisans. They are mostly monarchically inclined. Their interests are almost entirely rural, their very existence is closely connected with the land question. Yonder, again, is the group of peasants, of long bearded and shaggy Moujiks. They are all inspired by the same desire and cherish the same ideals; they will act unanimously, one would think. I doubt it, however. They, too, belong to different schools. Some of them have suffered terribly, in person and property, from the Government; they remember the lashes, the nagaikas, the cruelty of tshinovniks and bureaucrats, of police and of Cossacks. Theirs is not the gospel of love, but that of hate. It is the gospel of hate and destruction which they will preach; hate against the oppressors, destruction of the existing order of things. "Deliver us from the rule of the Cossacks and of the police," is the sole mandate, many of these deputies have received from their electors. Abolition of the present regime—*tabula rasa*—is their sole programme; and, in the circumstances, it is perhaps the wisest programme, too. The man with the one arm in the midst of the peasant group is Shirkoff of Samara, a peasant whose body only a short while ago was smarting under the lash (200 he received), and whose arm was

broken by a soldier's bayonet. "Hold up your broken arm as a sacred trophy in the face of the members of the Duma," said his electors, "should ever the interests of the peasants be forgotten by them." The education of the peasant-deputies is not equal either. Their mentality and knowledge are widely different. They do not all see things from the same angle of vision. Three peasant delegates, coming from the province of Podolia, can neither write nor read. The following incident is rather interesting. When the name of Gredescoul was proposed as that of a suitable candidate for the vice-chair, the peasants, who had never heard his name before, asked for information. "He has been exiled," was the only reply they received. "Oh, then he must be a good man," observed about 150 members in Russia's Parliament, "we must vote for him." How touching, but how primitive! Another contingent of the peasant group is that of small peasants, well-to-do and fat Moujiks, whose only ambition is to become small landowners in their turn. Personal liberty, equal rights, democratic government are high sounding words for them, of which they have only a very hazy conception. And in fact they care very little for anything except the land question. They are Constitutional Democrats to-day, but they will as easily side with any other party in power. The transition will be the easier for them, as they are scarcely aware of the differences. Poles, Lithuanians, Moslems, Jews, and above all the centre, consisting of about forty staunch Conservatives, members of the union of the 30th of October, are forming themselves into other compact distinct groups with separate interests which cannot fail to create a tension and to engender

hostile feelings, giving rise to dramatic incidents of a tragic nature.

Such was the prologue, such are the actors in the great play which is being performed in the Tavrida Palace, and which Europe is witnessing. Does it require an exceptionally clever dramatic critic to foretell the denouement? As a sequel to the comedy of the pronunciamiento, expressing the "inflexible will" that Russia should be free, we shall soon be spectators

of the tragedy of a conflict in the Duma and of the ultimate triumph of autocratic and bureaucratic rule. Given the groups constituting the Duma, their heterogeneous ideas and interests, given the complexity of the questions before them—and the stage-managing must not be forgotten either—the drama will inevitably move rapidly forward, until the curtain falls upon an ending that will be far from "a happy ending."

Portugal's Gigantic Daughter

BY ETHEL ARMES IN THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

Brazil, the huge South American republic, is becoming day by day more important in the list of the nations of the world. Not only in point of size is the country bound to become prominent, but in progress and good government she seems destined to lead her South American neighbors.

THE Pan-American Conference will take place in the City of Rio Janeiro during this coming month of July. Recently, with all the world's vision concentrated—too exclusively—on Japan, this other country, quite phenomenal in point of political progress, of industrial and commercial development; next neighbor to us; allied in peoples, languages, customs and religion, has been swimming into ken, all but overlooked; Brazil,—Estados Unidos do Brazil—the new republic of South America seventeen years old November next.

No longer to us solely a stupendous physical fact on the face of the globe, stretching through many zones, almost half a portion of a continent; a far, vast reach of lowland and forest, plateau, plain and prairie; highland and mountain chain and peak; valley and wonder-river; city, town, village and mining camp—the whole rich and mystic with gold and heavy

tropic sense, magic tree and flower and bird, dream of Spanish romance, laugh of leaping adventure!—faery savage and beautiful,—all this is at last married to a staid, practical and stable government; sober, level-headed and wise; the very sort to breed out of her the best and guide her to worthy and honorable place among the nations.

From abaft that mighty and majestic line of seaboard, no more dormant, sleeping, feverish with revolutions ever impending, she has at length fully awakened, armed, entered the race with spirit and hand to maintain her status—third among the world's great powers, in something more than mere size and rich embryo.

As in the United States, so there is in Brazil the same fusion of races and of nationalities; Italians, Portuguese, Spanish, Germans, Austrians, Scandinavians, Poles, Russians, English and French, of whom the predominant race, in so far as numbers

are concerned, is the Italian. There are nearly four times as many Italians as Portuguese in Brazil, notwithstanding the fact that the country was for so many centuries a Portuguese colony, then a Brazilian empire, and now a Brazilian republic with the Portuguese tongue the official language, and manners and customs, and leading families to-day harking back to the motherland of Portugal, as America to England.

The African, and particularly the native Indian element, once so in the ascendant in certain portions of the country—a veritable flood devastating the colonies—is, at ebb now, the native scarcely surviving indeed, being cleared out by the ever-freshening current of the new and stronger racial waters that sweep across the land. Latin and Anglo-Saxon and Slav and Teuton and Norse—they have met and commingled there as here. In a few generations the term "Brazilian" will mean as heterogeneous a quantity as the word "American," with the one difference: significance of Portugal, not England, attached at root.

The matter of this tremendous foreign influx and influence; the state of Brazil's modern government; a summary of that accomplished during the administration of ex-President Campos-Salles and President Alves to-day; the personnel of the Brazilian cabinet; the leading statesmen; the advance in education, literature and fine arts; immigration, colonization and commerce; the predominant industries of Brazil; her industrial, labor and financial conditions; all matters of essential and growing interest to the world and especially to this country, were set forth concisely and vividly in several recent interviews with the Brazilian ambassador.

Mr. Joaquim Nabuco, the first fully accredited ambassador of the United States of Brazil to the United States of America.

The social and economic conditions of the country have undergone a complete transformation, quite naturally, when it is considered that the abolition of slavery took place only in 1888 and with the organization of the federal government in 1890 everything underwent a change, startling, abrupt. It was at a most tremendous cost that immigration to replace slavery on the plantations was brought into the country. Then almost immediate over-production ensued. This brought on such a deluge it devastated all the former prices.

In 1895 the revolutionary movements wrought a terrible upheaval of the government finances, and the long series, a mountain chain, of debts that encircled the government, seemed almost impassable.

But Brazil has come safely through, owing mainly to the wise policy of President Campos-Salles and his associates. The new tariff laws going into effect this year will make the greatest changes in the financial and economic conditions of the country. This tariff is highly protective in its character, aiming to shut out from Brazil as much of the foodstuffs, flour and wheat especially, and harvesting machinery as it can by means of high duties, so as to encourage the production of these articles and commodities in Brazil. In a few years it will be seen how much this will redound to Brazilian wealth and stability.

One of the chief aims of the present administration is to seek to improve those laws designed to benefit the farmer and increase the land

values of this fertile country.

The tendency of the modern legislation is, as I have repeatedly pointed out, in favor of modern reform and reorganization. No law remains long on the statute books unless it proves a distinct and national advantage.

The new president-elect who was chosen on March 1 by the republican party, Dr. Affonso Penna, (the present vice-president) is a progressive man and will continue to follow out the lines seen to be of such great benefit to Brazil, when he comes into office in November next.

Regarding the question of foreign immigration there is much to say. This matter is given very especial attention to-day under the department of industry and public works. At present the immigration that comes to Brazil is voluntary. Those from Northern Europe settle in Southern Brazil and those from Southern Europe settle in the northern portion of our states. The immigrants are chiefly Italians, Germans, Portuguese, Spaniards and Poles. Very rich colonies which have developed into important centres of industries and population have been founded by them in every state. It was not until the beginning of the nineteenth century that Portugal permitted foreign immigration, although foreigners, Swiss and Germans, did secure foothold. In 1860 there were forty-five German settlements, and these Germans are now Brazilian citizens. With the Italians they form the largest foreign population.

There is a bureau of immigration established. An immigrant station under government control is built on Ilha das Flores in the harbor of Rio, and here immigrants are given board and lodging until they are ready to

be conveyed to their chosen colony at the government's expense. Millions of dollars have been spent in the last six or seven years to increase the facilities and give encouragement for the reception of foreigners. A sanitary convention was recently called and agreements to avoid too severe quarantine regulations signed between Brazil and Argentine Republic, Uruguay and Paraguay. Since 1855 the number of colonists recorded as entering different ports in Brazil is nearly three millions. There are to-day three hundred and fifty thousand Brazilians of German parentage.

On the social life of Brazil, particularly in Rio de Janeiro, the French modes and fashions are grafted.

It can be said indeed that the future of Brazil depends upon foreign immigration. Every state in the Brazilian Union is now taking up methods of encouraging its steady movement, and is making wonderful concessions to the immigrant, even furnishing agricultural implements, tools, seeds and whatever he might need.

The various giant industries around which the towns and cities revolve are cotton-spinning and weaving, sugar-refining, brewing, match, paper, and hat manufacturing. The production of cotton goods takes the foremost place in the state of Rio de Janeiro. There are very many cotton mills, the facility afforded for water power in many states is so excellent. Yes, mining forms a world to itself. There is no one who does not know of the mines of Brazil. That the land is veined with gold! Our most abundant metal, perhaps, after gold, is copper, and there are silver, coal and iron and rich mines of diamonds and quarries of marble. With mining, agriculture takes the lead.

Plantations of coffee, sugar-cane, cotton, tobacco and rubber spread their wealth over the country, and the riches of the Brazilian forest woods are as famous as diamonds!

The regulations of all these industries and the labor pertaining to factories, railways, mines, navigation and plantation work is fairly well organized. There are never any "strikes." Brazil has developed no labor organizations. The working classes are well housed and rents and living are reasonable. The co-operative societies, what few there are, consist of credit and banking institutions and agricultural organizations.

The greatest advance in modern Brazil is, however, in education. There are public primary schools in every city and town and education is made compulsory in many of the states. The government is devoting every energy to encourage the education of the masses. Under the colonial rule no steps were taken in the direction of general education for the people; there were no schools except the Jesuit colleges and no libraries to speak of. The sons of the wealthy families were sent to Portugal to study law, medicine, divinity, art or engineering. The conditions changed somewhat when the Portuguese court was established at Rio Janeiro. Private schools were started and in 1827 a law passed for the establishment of public schools, but none were in fair working condition until 1854. The girls are educated in convents when they reach a certain age. Besides the public schools now in Brazil there are several universities, medical schools, polytechnic schools, mining schools and the quite recent School of Fine Arts in Rio de Janeiro. There is also the National Institute of Music, and there is a

public library in every leading city in Brazil. The Brazilian Academy of Letters has also been founded. This is composed of forty members and fosters the national language and literature.

Speaking of the literature of Brazil, it has a distinctive character of its own. It is very rich, very romantic and poetic. All the poets in Brazil cannot be named! It is true that in the early colonial days the Portuguese character with hardly a touch of Brazilian coloring was revealed; but in later times the Portuguese traces became dimmed. The first writers to develop the pure Brazilian character were the poets of the "Arcadia Ultra Marine," a literary society founded in the last part of the eighteenth century at Rio de Janeiro. This group of poets includes names celebrated in Brazilian history and among them were those who shared in the first strike for independence. It was from this minor school the first purely national and patriotic poetry of Brazil came forth full armed. There is in this poetic work much charm of imagery, harmony of diction, and beauty of versification. They were the forerunners of the school of romanticism. Brazil has to-day historians, scientists, novelists and poets of remarkable distinction. Silvio Romero is one of the greatest scholars. He is the author of the "History of Brazilian Literature." Jose Verissimo is one of the best literary critics, and Aluisio de Azevedo, the Brazilian Zola, as he is called, the most popular novelist. Other novelists of great power who must be mentioned are Machado de Assis, the president of the Brazilian Academy, and Graça Aranha.

Equally with poetry, music is also a passion of the nation. There is a

particular leaning towards the Italian school. The creator of the Brazilian opera, Gomes, ranks with Rossini, Verdi and Donizetti.

Rio de Janeiro has a magnificent theatre now in course of erection,

modeled after the Theatre Francaise. It is built of many colored marbles, is rich in design and material, very graceful and superb. It will be the most beautiful theatre in Latin-America when it is finished.

Varieties of the Dummy Director

BY DAVID FERGUSON IN SUCCESS MAGAZINE.

This is the opening portion of a lengthy article on the methods and functions of the dummy director, illustrated by references to a large number of particular cases. After classifying the various kinds of directors, the writer proceeds to show how the U. S. Ship-building Company was floated by a dummy directorate.

THE dummy director is not a creation of high finance. He has existed a century or more, his birthplace being London. The old-fashioned dummy director, however, was a plain and simple factor, compared with his progeny of today. He was usually a nobleman who loaned his name to a corporation in exchange for a gift of a block of its stock. The presence of a titled name on the list of directors was an asset of consequence to a corporation in those days; it gave the stock-investing public the impression of dignity, stability, and conservatism; it helped greatly to sell shares. The dummy director in England is an inconsequential factor in the broad meaning of corporation life. Nowadays, in London, he is derisively termed a "guinea pig." The regulation director's fee for attending a meeting, on the other side, is a guinea. There are men of considerable prominence who push their way into membership in as many directorates as possible, simply to collect the gold guineas for attending meetings. That the "guinea pig" is utterly worthless to the corporation

he is supposed to serve goes without saying.

Although not responsible for the creation of the dummy director, high finance has elaborated and varied his activities to fit its many and intricate needs, and this he has been made to do with such minute perfection that few men of really great prominence in the corporate life of the country can honestly deny the accusation of being dummies in one or more companies. One of the few notable exceptions is John D. Rockefeller. He restricts his activities, as far as serving in the directorates of corporations is concerned, to the Standard Oil Company, though he has greater personal interests in a larger number of companies than any other man in the United States.

Dummy directors have several forms of types, which may be classified in this way:

- 1.—The professional dummy — usually a clerk in the office of a firm of great lawyers or an employee of a company which makes a specialty of organizing corporations, getting them chartered, electing temporary officers, fixing the capital stock, ar-

ranging for bond issues, and often performing a number of services which the men actually behind a company would not themselves do under any circumstances, because of their questionable nature.

2.—The man of large wealth with an income much in excess of his expenditures, whose one anxiety is to safely and profitably invest his surplus money. He is usually a man of illustrious name and widely advertised respectability. He seeks membership in the directorates of important corporations, not with the idea of actively participating in their management, but generally with the simple purpose of keeping in intimate and immediate touch with happenings in the financial world, by associating with the very men who create the happenings. Such associations facilitate his own investments and tend to safeguard them. Over the directors' table he gets first hand and accurate information concerning very nearly everything of consequence going on in the empire of dollars. If he be a speculator in the stock market, as well as an investor, he is in a fair position to know the underlying plans of this clique or that group of financiers. In other words, he is "on the inside." His relations, therefore, with the corporations of which he is a director are purely selfish. Such a man is politely referred to by his active associates on the board as an honorary director. He is merely a human fresco for adorning the directorate. His name looks well in the advertisements of the company and in its literature. He generally has a lofty social position, something of a reputation as a philanthropist,

and would resent with genuine horror an imputation that he is a dummy director.

3.—The publicist, statesman, distinguished officeholder who barter his name and fame for a stock bonus in a newly organized company. This type is rapidly going out of fashion. Practically only fly-by-night or get-rich-quick corporations now resort to this artifice to give a glamour or stability to their affairs. Experience has shown both parties to the transaction its dangers and futility. Sensible investors are no longer gulled into parting with their money by tricks of that kind, and the credulous class—those who are never happy unless nibbling at the flimsiest kind of bait—can be enmeshed by easier and less expensive tactics.

4.—Another man's dummy. He merely carries out the instructions of his principal. All of his activities in a corporation are dictated by his employer. Sometimes he is a private secretary or confidential clerk; in other cases a lawyer of high repute. This type is increasing, its growth being due to the steady concentration of enormous interests in the control of a few men. Dummies of this class are the watchdogs of their masters. Many of them simply report what is going on, and, in consequence, are nothing more than negative figures in the boards of which they are members.

5.—The non-stock-owning dummy. He is often a man of affairs, solid and substantial, with some claim to distinction. He enters a directorate on a certificate of shares transferred to him by a friend or associate. He is therefore qualified as a director not by his own right, but at the pleasure of another. According to the ethics of business all of his acts

as a director should harmonize with the wishes of the man who places him in the board. His independence of judgment is curtailed if not totally eliminated. Unless he wishes to expose himself to the charge of disloyalty he must sacrifice his own opinions should they clash with the ideas of the actual owner of the shares nominally transferred to him.

There are other forms of dummies, off-shoots of the principal types just enumerated. It may be asked; if there are so many dummy directors, who are the bona fide directors? As a matter of cold fact there are very few modern corporations of importance or magnitude which do not contain dummies in their directorates. This is not altogether due to the men themselves; it is a consequence of the new system of corporate management. Almost without exception every great corporation is actually controlled by a small group or clique of men, ranging from three to six in number. The last-named figure is seldom exceeded. Many directorates have thirty, forty, and some as high as fifty members. Boards so constituted are unwieldy. They were never intended for anything but ornamental purposes, and they are never permitted to go beyond their destined limits. Committees and sub-committees do all the actual work. If the full board is so numerically cumbersome that large executive and finance committees have to be appointed to satisfy the ambitions of ten or a dozen men, these committees are in turn reduced to comparative impotency by the creation of sub-committees consisting of three or four men. The full committees simply ratify what has been accomplished by the sub-committees, and, later on, the board of

directors perfunctorily ratify what has already been ratified.

The type which has worked the largest amount of evil to the public is the professional dummy. His services are demanded when the capital stock of a corporation is to be outrageously watered. He has figured potently but inconspicuously in the organization of a large percentage of the mammoth industrial combinations or trusts. His uses were lucidly set forth in the exposure of the methods employed to float the United States Shipbuilding Company, now defunct. In the report of the receiver of that corporation, written by former United States Senator James Smith, considerable attention is given to directors of that kind.

The Corporation Trust Company, of New Jersey, a concern which makes a specialty of chartering and organizing new companies, attended upon the birth of the Shipbuilding Company and served as a screen for those who actually created it. The company was incorporated June 17, 1902, the incorporators being Howard K. Wood, Horace S. Gould, and Kenneth K. McLaren. These three were dummies, all being employed by the Corporation Trust Company and having no real interest in the Shipbuilding Company. The capital stock was \$3,000, the dummy incorporators subscribing for all of the shares.

Seven days later the incorporators held their first meeting for the election of directors. The meeting was held in the office of the Corporation Trust Company. Three directors were elected: Frederick K. Seward, Raymond Newman, and Louis B. Dailey. These three were all young clerks employed by the Corporation

Trust Company. They knew nothing about the shipbuilding business. On the same day the three young dummy directors held a meeting and proceeded to organize the Shipbuilding Company by the election of officers. Newman was elected president, Dailey vice-president, and Seward secretary and treasurer. They went through the form of casting and counting ballots and entering an account of the proceedings in a minute book.

After the election of officers the meeting was continued and the real business taken up. A proposition covering many typewritten pages was gravely submitted to the three dummy officers and directors, offering to sell the Shipbuilding Company eight shipyards and one steel company at an aggregate price of \$71,000,000, divided in this way: \$16,000,000 in first mortgage bonds, \$10,000,000 in second mortgage bonds, \$20,000,000 in preferred stock, and \$25,000,000 in common stock.

This was the situation: a \$3,000 company had been incorporated by three dummies; the dummy corporators had selected three dummy directors; they in turn had elected themselves officers of the company and were going through the farce of considering the advisability of purchasing for \$71,000,000 eight great shipbuilding plants and one of the most important steel making plants in the country, the Bethlehem Company.

These dummies adopted a resolution accepting the \$71,000,000 offer and adopted another resolution recommending that the capital stock of the Shipbuilding Company be in-

creased from \$3,000 to \$45,000,000, and a third resolution providing for two bond issues, the first of \$16,000,000 and the second of \$10,000,000. In this easy way the \$71,000,000 of securities were created.

To make the whole farce regular in the eye of the law it was necessary to submit these matters to the stockholders of the \$3,000 Shipbuilding Company. Here again is displayed the dubious advantage of using dummies. The three dummy corporators named above were the chief stockholders. The three dummy directors and officers held, nominally, merely one share each. All six were working at desks in the same room.

It was not necessary to send out a formal call to the stockholders fixing a distant date for the meeting. In the afternoon of that same day, June 24, 1902, the stockholders' meeting was held, the six dummies solemnly adopting a resolution which stated that the action previously taken by the board of directors "be, and the same hereby is, in all respects, approved, ratified, and confirmed, and that the same be in all respects adopted as the action of the stockholders of this company."

The six dummies continued as officers, directors, and stockholders of the Shipbuilding Company until August 5, 1902—about six weeks. On that day the eight shipyards and the steel plant became the property of the Shipbuilding Company, the dummies disappeared, and the men actually behind the combination came to the surface and took charge of its affairs.

How London Hustles to Work

BY J. A. MIDDLETON IN PEARSON'S MAGAZINE (ENGLISH).

London is ever growing and stretching out its octopus-like branches to all parts of the compass, but the business centres remain the same. Ever-increasing crowds throng into the city in the morning, and the problem of handling these vast masses of humanity is becoming daily more difficult.

HOW is the great human tide of workers borne to the city?

The business man or woman living on the outskirts of London, or in suburbia, has generally a choice of several routes and of various means of traveling. He may come to work by railway, omnibus, motor 'bus, tube, electric railway, tramway, cab, bicycle, or even by river. He may vary his traveling according to inclination and weather. Wet mornings may mean the train or twopenny tube, fine mornings a blow on the top of a 'bus, a cycle ride, or even a tramp on foot to the office.

The railways run almost ceaseless trains for his benefit to the London termini between eight and ten every morning, but these only cope with a comparatively small portion of the great rush to the city.

It would give a foreigner a good idea of the immensity of London to see the streams of foot-passengers pouring from the crowded morning trains at the central stations, covering the sidewalks and pavements, and crossing the bridges in a never-ending throng; to watch the 'buses rattle along, filled, inside and out, with workers; to see the tubes and undergrounds discharge their flood of passengers every few minutes to swell the turmoil of the streets, and the laden trams and motor 'buses bringing in their loads from every point.

London is a city of strange sights, and the morning rush to the city is

one of them. All the familiar types are there—the jaunty bank clerk, with his well-brushed hat; the smart shopgirl, whose knowledge of what is worn keeps her well in touch with Dame Fashion; the shabby, ill-paid Fleet Street hack; the complacent factory-worker, whose innocent string of mock pearls has been such a cause of offence to her feminine critics; the worried editor, devouring his morning paper; the stolid, frock-coated business man, with one eye on a column of the Financial Times and another on his watch.

It is curious to notice the difference between a carriage-full of such passengers going to and returning from their work. At nine in the morning they look fresh and spruce, with well-blacked boots and clean linen, and an air of having just breakfasted wisely and well, ready to chat, and interested in the morning's news and the prospects of the day's weather.

Take a similar crowd going home from work — fagged, jaded, and weary, with dusty clothing, muddy boots, and half-shut eyes, some dozing under the spell of the gentle rocking of the train, an all looking bored and sleepy. Dinner will perhaps revive them, but they mostly look as if they wanted it very badly.

The twopenny tube, running from Shepherd's Bush to the Bank, is a great convenience to the thousands of workers who live near its route. Before it was opened, the 'buses, es-

pecially on wet mornings, were crowded, inside and out, between 8.30 and 11; and after 5 p.m. it was very difficult to secure a seat in one. The tube is quick and reliable, but it is not an unmixed blessing owing to the over-crowding of the lifts and cars. The fare of 2d for the whole journey goes against it for very short distances, but on the whole it is a very favorite method of getting to the city, for time-saving is an enormous consideration in the rush to business. Everybody must sympathise with the punctual man forced to be late for business owing to a yellow fog and overdue train, a street block or a 'bus accident. The tube has proved its immense value as a time-saver. A man living at Shepherd's Bush before its advent had to rely on the Underground or the omnibus, and in either case his return fare was eightpence per diem. The journey by omnibus occupied nearly an hour, while the tube takes twenty minutes—a saving of fourpence a day in money and over half-an-hour in time. Half-an-hour in the morning saved to a busy man means a good deal. He can do a lot in half-an-hour—that is to say, if he is not a sluggard who prefers to spend it lazily in bed or dawdle longer over breakfast. Half-an-hour spent in physical gymnastics will help to keep him fit and in good condition. Half-an-hour's work in the garden every morning will show good results at the end of the week. Half-an-hour's study of any particular subject he happens to be taking up will do wonders. Half-an-hour's swim will brace up the system, and half-an-hour's stroll round and round the garden paths, with a favorite briar pipe, watching the flowers grow

and the early seeds shooting up, is enough to put a man into a good mood—the very best of moods—to begin the day with.

Between the hours of 5.20 and 12.30 at night 377 trains leave Bank Station for Shepherd's Bush, and from 8.10 till 9.46 and 4.40 to 7.06 trains run at an interval of two minutes for the special convenience of business people, so there are no long waits at the stations.

It is not generally known that the tunnel undergoes a complete airing every night. After the cessation of traffic a huge fan, 15 feet high, is set working for three hours. This creates a great gale which blows from one end of the tunnel to the other, driving in fresh blasts of air to freshen the atmosphere, and relieve the stuffiness.

The motor 'bus bids fair to become the monarch of the road, for before very long the horse omnibus will be as dead as the dodo, and nobody will regret it. When that glad time comes, the sickening sights of suffering among horses which we now see daily will be at an end, and no longer will a sympathiser with the "patient people" have cause to sing—

From hush time of the dawning

Till another dawn is here,

Through summer sun and winter snow,

Be weather dark or clear;

With wheels upon the road, and wheels

On all this London ground,

I hear the patient people go their long, long round.

Nearly 400 motor omnibuses are already running, and over 1,000 more are on order for London alone. Their advantages over horse omnibuses and

trams are obvious. They hold thirty-four passengers as against twenty-six, and if they were in universal use the traffic would be conducted with about three-fourths of the number of omnibuses now running. Again, their routes can at any time be diversified, and not restricted to any particular direction, and their speed makes them popular as time-savers, no less than fifty per cent., for instance, being saved in time on the journey from Peckham to Oxford Circus. The story is told of an elderly gentleman, going from Westminster Bridge to Peckham, who was asked by a friend if he was going by tram-car. "No," he replied, "I am in a hurry, so I shall motor-bustle." So he motor-bustled, and at the same time coined a new word.

When Gurney experimented long ago with a steam omnibus, Tom Hood wrote the following humorous lines about it, little thinking how remarkably apt his lines would be to the motor 'bus of to-day:

Instead of journeys, people now
 May go upon a Gurney,
 With steam to do the horse's work
 By power of attorney;
 Though with a load it may explode,
 And you may all be undone,
 And find you're going up to Heaven
 Instead of up to London.

The enormous growth of the population in the northwest, northeast, and eastern part of the metropolis, and the necessity for more adequate means of carrying merchandise from the docks to the railway stations, are reasons which have led to the projection of yet another new electric railway, this time between Feltham and West Ham, thirty-five miles in length, to be called the "London

Outer Circle Railway." At least £5,000,000 will have to be spent before operations are begun, but the new line will link up about twenty-five important places in one direct line, as well as providing accommodation, and especially cheap fares, for workmen.

One real grievance of the traveler during busy hours is the horrible overcrowding of trains, tubes, and trams, resulting in strap-hanging and other evils. Since its electrification the District Railway has turned its carriages into cars, each containing forty-eight seats, with seventy-two straps for those who stand. When the cars are full, imagine what would happen in case of an accident—the people wedged together like sardines in a box, and unable to move! Many passengers joining the Underground or the Tube on the journey have to stand all the way to the city as a matter of course, and the Underground passengers are sometimes carried beyond their stations because they cannot manage to leave the carriage in time. In one carriage a newspaper representative counted 25 persons standing up, and other carriages were even fuller. No wonder a caricature in an American paper represents a pair of strap-hangers—a monkey and a citizen—in one of London's underground railways, the monkey saying to the man, "Evolution hasn't done much for you after all."

The busiest centre of London is the space near the Bank of England, Royal Exchange and Mansion House. The night population of the city is 27,000, but a million and a quarter pour into it during the day. The Bank is the Mecca of the omnibus, for at the busiest time in the day no

fewer than 642 'buses pass it in the short space of an hour. A census of all the vehicles, including carts, carriages, omnibuses, barrows, and cycles, passing the Bank in one hour was lately taken, when it was found that the smallest number of vehicles in one hour of a typical day was 1,703—the highest number, 2,730. The total number during twelve hours reached the huge total of 27,523.

What a contrast between the city on a busy week-day and the silent city that takes its repose while London sleeps, and its rest on the Sabbath.

The London worker, going his patient daily round, grows to look upon the trains and 'buses as his own particular property. He learns 'bus etiquette and tube manners, and lays them both to heart. To his credit be it said he is ever willing, as a rule, to yield his place in the cars to a member of the weaker sex, and hang to a strap for the rest of the journey, trying to read his newspaper as he wobbles along. Apropos of courtesy on the Underground Rail-

way, the Rev. Arthur Jepson tells an amusing story:

"I was traveling in an overcrowded compartment, third class, on the Underground, some time ago," he writes, "when a person who I thought was a lady got in. I stood up and offered my seat to her."

"No," she screamed, loudly enough for everyone in the carriage (five compartments) to hear—"No, I will not take your seat. It is men like you with your silly courtesies and unwanted civilities who try to keep women as your toys, and playthings. No, I will not take your seat; I can stand as well as any man."

Other cases, alas! are on record where courtesy to women in trains has met with a rebuff; but in spite of this, let those who say that English chivalry is dead, travel any morning from Shepherd's Bush to the Bank, between 8 to 10 p.m., and they will have reason to say it is not only alive, but very flourishing indeed among the busy workers of London.

Heroes are not made in a moment, however it may seem. Courage, self-sacrifice, lofty purposes, strength of will, and power of endurance, are a growth, a slow growth of years, and whoever cultivates them becomes a heroic character, noble and worth while, quite independent of any chance to manifest the fact abroad.

The Influence of the Mind on Health

BY DR. GULICK IN WORLD'S WORK.

In the course of a long article written for the purpose of teaching the lesson of how to attain the maximum efficiency of work and the greatest enjoyment in life, the writer digresses to show how much the state of one's health is influenced by the attitude of the mind. He points out several facts of the most vital importance.

PSYCHOLOGISTS are learning nowadays that it is impossible to treat the mind and the body as if they were really distinct. They have discovered that the two are so closely bound up together that nothing can affect one without affecting the other in a greater or less degree. Our feelings, our emotional experiences, used to be treated as "mental phenomena." We still keep the phrase, "states of mind." But we might just as accurately say "states of body." There is no such thing as an emotion without its bodily expression.

A man gets angry. His breath comes short, his heart beats violently, the blood rushes to his face, his hands clench, his limbs may even quiver and grow tense. If you could subtract all these symptoms from a fit of anger, it is hard to say how much of the fit would still remain. They are essential parts of that "state of mind." An emotion may involve all the functions of the body—circulation, blood pressure, muscular tension, respiration, glandular activities, and the rest.

Even ordinary thinking has its bodily effects, though they are not often brought to our attention. If I put an exceedingly delicate thermometer in each hand, and then give my attention to my right hand with all the concentration of mind I can muster, it will soon begin to grow warmer than my left. Somehow or other the blood circulation in it has

been increased; even the diameter of it is greater, and all the tissue changes in it are going on at a higher speed.

The scientist's explanation of this is interesting. During all the history of man's evolution from a lower form, the act of thinking, he says, has normally been connected with some activity of the body. Men thought because they were going to act. Thought had its origin for the sake of action. The association of the two became ingrained, and even now when we think in such a way that some part of the body is concerned, the automatic nerve centres begin to increase the blood supply to that part so that it may be ready for action.

A man thinks of running. The nerve centres send more blood to his legs: all the muscles used in running get an increased supply of it. A man is hungry. He thinks of a good, juicy beefsteak. Immediately more blood is sent to the muscles of mastication and to the salivary glands. Saliva is poured into the mouth, and even the walls of the stomach begin to secrete gastric juice, and to prepare themselves for the digestion of the hypothetical dinner.

Now this fact has a tremendously practical application. Suppose that a man has an uneasy sensation in the locality of his heart which is due, let us say, to overeating or to gas in the stomach. But he begins to think that he has heart disease. He reads

the advertisements in the newspapers to learn about the symptoms, and he learns about them.

"A sense of constriction about the chest." Yes, that is his difficulty exactly! "Slight pain on deep breathing, palpitation of the heart after vigorous exercise"—it is evidently a serious case! He begins to worry about it. Worry interferes with his sleep. It interferes also with his digestion; he does not get well nourished.

Bad sleep and bad digestion make him worse and worse. Each one aggravates the other. And all the time he keeps thinking about his heart. In the end, his thinking actually affects its condition, until he succeeds in fastening on himself a functional difficulty which may be a really serious and permanent trouble—and the whole of it can be traced back to his crooked thinking about that little pain in his chest.

This is no parable. It is the records of hundreds of actual cases. Every physician comes into contact with them.

A man who keeps worrying about the state of his liver will almost be sure to have trouble with it eventually. Indigestion can be brought on in the same way, and a long list of other ailments.

The nervous system has adapted itself to the increasing complexity of modern life. It has grown more sensitive. It has become more delicate in its adjustments. This lets us do a higher grade of work when we are at our best; but the machinery gets out of order more easily. The role that the psychic part of us plays in the government of the rest is increasing all the time in importance.

That is why worry is such a tre-

mendously expensive indulgence. Worry is nothing but a diluted, dribbling fear, long-drawn out; and its effects on the organism are of the same kind only not so sudden.

Yet no kind of psychic activity can be so persistently followed. A fit of anger exhausts itself in a short time. Concentrated intellectual work reaches the fatigue point after a few hours. But worry grows by what it feeds on. It increases in proportion as it gets expression. You can worry more and worry harder on the fourth day than you could on the first. Every normal activity is strangled by it, and it is only a question of time before the man who worries hard enough will be sick or unbalanced.

But there is another side to the situation. If states of mind can hinder a man's efficiency, they can also help it. Positive and healthy emotions bring increased power. The simplest food taken when we are worried will often cause indigestion; whereas a man can go to a banquet and pile in raw clams, oxtail soup, roast beef, mushrooms, veal, caviare, roast duck, muskmelons, roquefort, and coffee, have a superb time, and never feel any ill effects. Not everything depends on the state of mind; but much does.

There is certainly plenty of foolish philosophy connected with Christian Science, mental healing, and other kindred movements; but thousands of people have been tremendously benefitted by them. This is largely due to the emphasis they all lay upon the healthful emotions, upon the positive, the believing, the buoyant and hopeful attitude toward one's self and one's troubles.

To resolve to play the game and

to play it for all it is worth, is the best start a man can take toward setting himself right. I know people who are really out of order, whose heart or lungs are really crippled, but who make the best of it, who have learned just what they can do and what they cannot do. They don't think about their troubles, and no one would even know that anything was wrong with them. They lead efficient lives. They accomplish more than most people in perfect health.

I know other men who have nothing serious the matter with them, but who fail to be efficient just because they are always turning their introspective microscope upon their condition. They are troubled about everything they eat and wonder whether it will hurt them or not. They suspect each glass of water or milk to contain injurious microbes. They don't eat strawberries because they're afraid appendicitis may lurk there. They don't drink water at meals because they've been told that it causes indigestion. They never dare let go of themselves and have a good time for fear they may overdo. The real root of all their misery is their state of mind. If they only knew how to get at it, they could become as well off as the best of us.

But one great difficulty with people who worry is that they don't know how to get at it. They know that it does them harm, and they make an earnest resolution to stop it. There's no use in that. Nobody ever stopped worrying by making good resolutions. It's contrary to the first principles of psychology; the mind doesn't work that way.

The more a man braces himself against worry, the more worry will

get its grip on him. He even begins to worry lest he is going to worry. He worries over his good resolutions and worries because he is not living up to them. Emotions do not have handles that can be got hold of by main strength—by an act of the will. You can't attack them subjectively.

A man who is in the dumps can say, "Come now, brace up! I will be cheerful!" but that will not make him so. What he can do and do successfully, is to make himself act the way a cheerful man would act, to walk and talk the way a cheerful man would walk and talk, and to eat what a cheerful man would eat, and after a time the emotion slips into line with his assumed attitude. He actually becomes what he has been pretending to be.

We can get at worry in exactly the same manner. We can make ourselves do certain specific things. This is an objective, not a subjective method. See that all the hours of the day are so full of interesting and healthful occupations that there is no chance for worry to stick its nose in.

Exchanging symptoms is a vicious pastime. It always makes the symptoms themselves worse; and it is contagious—as it gives them to other people by suggestion. Nothing could be more demoralizing than the way invalids and semi-invalids and chronic complainers get together day after day to talk over how they feel. Crap-shooting would be a more uplifting occupation. If such cases ever get cured, it is in spite of themselves.

Every man should be provided with his own smoke consumer. It is a menace to the community to have him pouring out clouds of black smoke over his unoffending friends. They

will not thank him for it. And the soot may stick to them.

Every man ought to have a hobby of some kind or other, one which demands a certain amount of physical work, so that when he gets through his business there will be something interesting for him to do, something which he can talk and think about with pleasure. The business of the following day will go more smoothly, more successfully, if it is forgotten for a while. When a man is tired there's no use in keeping his head

at work over business. It is the old difficulty of the bow that is never unbent.

The man who will persistently play well is doing something worth while; he is taking the most sensible and practical method of really getting there. He can act happy if he doesn't feel so. He can stand up straight, look the world in the face, breathe deeply. He can make up his mind to tell a funny story at the table even if it kills him.

It won't kill him.

A Recipe for Success

IF you are somewhat vaguely starting out on a career and do not know how to make the most of it, study some such set of rules as those which the famous Lord Russell wrote down for the guidance of his son — a younger member of the bar :

1. Begin each day's work with a memo. of what is to be done, in order of urgency.
2. Do one thing only at a time.
3. In any business interviews note in your diary or in your entries the substance of what takes place—for corroboration in any future difficulty.
4. Arrange any case, whether for brief or for your own judgment, in the order of time.
5. Be scrupulously exact down to the smallest item in money matters, etc., in your account of them.
6. Be careful to keep your papers in a neat and orderly fashion.
7. There is no need to confess ignorance to a client, but never be above asking for advice from those competent to give it in any matter of doubt, and never affect to understand when you do not understand thoroughly.
8. Get to the bottom of any affair intrusted to you—even the simplest—and to each piece of work as if you were a tradesman turning out a best sample of his manufacture by which he wishes to be judged.
9. Do not be content with being merely an expert master of form and detail, but strive to be a lawyer.
10. Always be straightforward and sincere.

Submarine Signalling on the Ocean

BY FREDERICK A. TALBOT.

Experiments have been carried on for many years looking towards the invention of some means of submarine communication between vessels and lighthouse, buoys, etc. At last success has crowned the efforts of the inventors. The results will be increased safety in ocean travel.

FOR about fifty years scientists have been trying to discover a more efficient means of warning vessels of their proximity to dangerous coasts or rocks. The existing methods by means of syrens, gun-cotton detonations, and bells, with which lightships and lighthouses are provided, cannot be depended upon in thick weather, their sounds being inaudible until the vessel has approached very close to the danger zone. Blizzards and fogs act as impenetrable blankets which the warning sounds cannot penetrate to a very great distance.

The high conductivity of water for the transmission of sound waves has been known for nearly a century, since two well-known scientists who carried out a series of experiments upon these lines on Lake Geneva.

No one, however, had thought of turning the vessel itself into the medium for collecting the sounds dispersed through the water. It remained for an American physicist, Professor Lucien I. Blake, now at the Kansas University, to make this important advance.

Professor Blake's experiments were interrupted by the outbreak of the Spanish-American War, and unfortunately they were never resumed owing to the pressure of other duties. But while this war was going on, and the people of New York, Boston, and other sea-coast cities on the Atlantic were anxious concerning an unexpected swoop of Admiral

Cervera's squadron upon their exposed positions, Mr. A. J. Mundy, a young scientist of Boston, conceived the idea of utilizing sound waves through water with a view to learning of the approach of the Spanish warships in the event of their attempting to make an onslaught in those quarters. Mr. Mundy communicated with Professor Elisha Gray, of Chicago, the famous physicist, who had been engaged unsuccessfully in a bitter legal dispute with Professor Bell concerning the invention of the speaking-telephone, and in 1898 Professor Gray co-operated with Mr. Mundy at Boston in further experiments. For four years they worked steadily together.

For the purposes of the experiments a large flat-bottomed, square-ended barge or scow was constructed and appropriately christened Sea Bell. In the centre of the craft is a well hole, through which the bell is lowered to a depth of twenty feet into the water. This bell is electrically operated, the barge having a small dynamo driven by a petrol engine for the generation of the requisite electrical energy. There was also a well-equipped laboratory, in which experiments were conducted in a small tank. Mr. Mundy succeeded in establishing an important point which subsequently proved to be the crux of the problem with which they were wrestling. He discovered that when he placed a tumbler filled with a certain solution, and containing a

sensitive microphone, in an empty kettle, so that the tumbler was in contact with the side of the latter, and floated this in a small tank at one end, the sound of a bell rung beneath the water at the other end of the tank could be distinctly heard by the microphone, thereby showing that the tumbler with its solution, by being in contact with the inside of the kettle, arrested the sound waves collected by the kettle itself, and communicated them through the receiver. When, however, the microphone was removed from the tumbler and placed against the kettle, the sounds, though heard, were very indistinct. From this simple experiment it was evident that the peculiar solution within the tumbler, and its position, played an important part in collecting the sounds.

With regard to the bells themselves, for distributing the warning signals, considerable difficulty was experienced. At first bells of the type employed for churches were utilized. They were electrically operated, the electro-magnets being carried in a water-tight chamber, and the whole being submerged at the requisite point with an electric cable communicating between the bell and the station on shore. The bell which gave the best results on shore was quite unsuitable for submarine work, and repeated tests proved that the most satisfactory bell was one with a thick lip or "sound bowl," and having a high musical note—such a tone, though useless in the air, having the best carrying quality under water. One of these bells weighing one thousand pounds was submitted to a most exacting test, being kept for a whole year on an exposed portion of the Atlantic coast at a depth

of 60 feet, and connected with the shore station by a length of cable measuring 1,500 feet. It was quite successful, but later the investigators were able to obtain a smaller and much lighter bell, with which much better results have been accomplished, the notes being discernible over a distance of sixteen miles.

On the verge of success, a check was suffered through the unfortunate death of Elisha Gray. The Submarine Signal Company resolved to build and operate three typical stations devoted to the warning of navigation—a lightship, a lighthouse, and a bell-buoy, while an elaborate system was put into operation between New York and Boston. This was the most severe trial that could have been imposed upon the invention, for it was to be carried out for a year, and various means of operating the bells were employed. A daily log was kept for presentation to the authorities of the Lighthouse Board when the invention was brought before them for adoption. The whole of these numerous stations were installed and maintained at the expense of the company. In the case of the lighthouse equipment, the bell was rung by means of electrical energy; for the lightship installation, compressed air, steam, and hydraulic power were requisitioned; while in the case of the bell-buoy the motion of the waves gave the power.

A line of steamers plying between Boston and New York were fitted with the apparatus, including receivers and transmitters. Bells fitted at four lightships along the course followed by these steamers were ordered to be rung for an hour before the time at which the vessels normally passed, the journey between the

two ports occupying some twenty hours. The equipment on board the vessel is very simple. From the tank connected to the interior of the hull below the water line, containing the microphone, a wire extends to the wheelhouse. Here there is a receiver similar to that of the ordinary telephone, attached to an indicator which informs the navigator whether the warning sounds are proceeding from the starboard or port quarter, an installation being provided on either side for this purpose. A little difficulty was experienced in connection with the correct position of the receiver tanks containing the microphone. It was found that if the receptacles were filled with a solution of greater density than the sea-water, and that if the microphones were tuned to the recognition of sounds of high pitch, and not those of low vibration, the tones of the bell were heard quite distinctly and were not mingled with the ship's noises'' (sounds produced on the vessel itself), which appeared to pass along the hull of the boat rather than through the microphone apparatus.

In locating the sounds the mariner applies the receiver to his ear, say of the starboard apparatus. By means of a switch he next brings the port instrument into play and he can then determine by the greater intensity of the volume of the tones heard, upon which side the bell is placed. When the vessel is proceeding directly towards the bell the sounds from the two apparatus sound exactly alike, but the slightest swinging round of the boat to one side results in a distinct deviation in the volume of intensity.

The system is now being adopted extensively. The Canadian Government was the first to prove its importance. In the fore-peaks of each of two vessels a tank was installed filled with sea-water, and with a bell suspended in it. In the cabin of the Canadian Minister, the late Hon. Mr. Prefontaine, who was present, a special receiver was installed. The vessels were approaching each other at a speed of fourteen knots. When three miles apart, at three o'clock in the morning, the bell on the approaching steamer was rung by hand, and although the Minister had never before heard the peculiar sounds transmitted through the water, he immediately detected them. This convinced him that the system was not only of great value in warning a ship of its approach to a dangerous coast, but could be employed by vessels for warning one another in the open sea, and thus averting collision. The latest vessels of the Cunard and White Star lines are fitted with it. The Mersey Docks and Harbor Board have decided to instal the system upon the Northwestern lightship at the bar of the river, owing to the menace that is offered to navigation in the estuary during foggy weather, when the traffic becomes thickly congested. The Trinity House authorities are also experimenting with the apparatus upon the North Goodwin Sands Lightship. Already the signals transmitted from this station have been distinguished over a distance of five or six miles. The extension of the signalling apparatus to naval purposes, also—as for discerning the approach of a submarine vessel—may be regarded as only a matter of time.

Matrimonial Swindles

BY G. SIDNEY PATERNOSTER IN GRAND MAGAZINE.

Recognizing the frailties of human nature, the matrimonial agent sets to work to play upon them, and that he succeeds tolerably well is evidenced by his continuance in business. Some of his methods are here exposed. Naturally, they vary, but the aim is always the same.

HE—or she, for there are feminine as well as male matrimonial agents — is almost invariably a liar, and not infrequently a thief. There are, no doubt, exceptions; but the exceptions are few, and the matrimonial agents who grow true to type many.

Possibly everyone who has started in business as a matrimonial agent has done so with the intention of supplying another example of the exception. He can easily find an excuse for his existence. He may conscientiously believe that there are many persons of both sexes whose social environment is such that they lack the opportunity for meeting the one desirable life-partner. If, then, he can bring about an introduction between two such parties he will prove a benefactor to humanity. But he is not a philanthropist, and as he proposes to live upon his beneficent work he is compelled by self-preservation to charge fees!

He may start business in a very modest way. He probably has a few circulars printed, and addressing them "To the housemaid," drops them himself into the letter boxes of West End residences. He will apologize soapily for the liberty he has taken, and declaring that he has received instructions from a number of gentlemen clients to arrange matrimony for them, he asks the housemaid to communicate her requirements to him, since his clientele is so extensive and varied that he has not the slightest hesitation in assuring her that he will at once be able to provide her with a desirable hus-

band. He says nothing about fees in this preliminary communication. It is no use attempting to pluck the pigeon until it is safely in the trap.

But not the humble housemaid alone is the recipient of such unsolicited requests. Here is another specimen of the brazen effrontery with which the matrimonial agent will tout for clients in higher social spheres than the servants' hall:

"Dear Madam: I have not had the pleasure of hearing from you in answer to my letter of the 9th inst. Might I ask you if you would be disposed to grant an interview to the gentleman I mentioned to you in my letter? I have heard from him and he expresses a desire to see you. I should myself also be glad if you would grant me an interview, as I have received a visit from a gentleman from Yorkshire who has a nice estate and a large yearly income, and I should like to introduce him to your notice. I shall be in the neighborhood of Oxford street next week and should be pleased to have the privilege of calling at ——."

The young lady who received this epistle had never heard of the writer before, and she replied to the effect that the matrimonial agent must be under some misapprehension as to her identity. Under the circumstances it might be supposed that even a matrimonial agent might have the grace to apologize. Nothing of the kind. He renews his request for an interview. He reiterates his statements about the desirable gentlemen who are on his books, and he enters into particulars regarding his methods of

carrying on business. There is only one method of dealing with such persistent insolence — to tell him that any further repetition of his offence will result in his chastisement with a hunting-crop; and the matrimonial agent, having a very sincere respect for his own skin, then yields to the only form of persuasion which he thoroughly comprehends.

But touting for clients in this personal manner is too slow a method to be adopted by the really up-to-date marriage broker. Are not the advertising columns of the daily, the evening and the weekly press at his disposal? He makes full use of them, and so modest and retiring of disposition is he that he rarely inserts his advertisements in his own name. He prefers to dangle an attractive bait before the eyes of the matrimonially inclined, while remaining himself discreetly in the background:

“MATRIMONY.—Young lady, eighteen, big blue eyes, hair of the fashionable hue, considered beautiful, of good country family, fond of hunting, possessed of £10,000 in her own right wishes to make the acquaintance of a young gentleman with similar tastes and possession of adequate means. Address, etc.”

What an attractive fly is here cast upon the waters to tickle the appetite of the matrimonial trout; £10,000, and hair of the fashionable shade thrown in. And the trout rise to the bait. One such advertisement inserted in a country paper produced, to my knowledge, no fewer than fifty-seven answers. Of course the matrimonial agent does not hook all the fish which rise to the bait. Three-fourths of those who respond to the advertisement pursue the matrimonial prize no further when they learn that before their applications can be placed before the eighteen-year-old

damsel with the hair of the fashionable hue, they have to forward a guinea to the agent whose client she is. Those who part with their cash are asked to forward full particulars of themselves with photographs. They do so and await the result. It is not long in coming. They learn through the agent that they have not been successful, and they learn also that if they will only forward another four guineas they will be placed upon the agent's books and thereby obtain the advantage of introductions to the large number of matrimonial bargains which he is empowered to offer to the public.

The matrimonial agent does not always want so big a sum as five guineas. Sometimes he is contented with a modest preliminary fee of five shillings as the price of one introduction, and the full advantages of his agency with an unlimited number of introductions may be obtained for a guinea. But whatever his charge his stock makes a good show in the bulk. It is of various patterns and assorted sizes. The females have a wide age-range. From the damsel of seventeen to the giddy young widow of five-and-thirty—there are few of the matrimonial agent's clients who will confess to more than five-and-thirty summers—all ages are represented. Their heights and weights vary considerably more than their tempers, which appear to be uniformly sweet. Their eyes and hair are of all the colors of the rainbow. Their tastes are agreeably refined and pleasingly domestic. Some of them are acknowledged beauties, and there is not one amongst them who is not “considered good-looking.” It is true that in the descriptions given of them the matrimonial agent does not insist upon the blemishes. He does not put the speckled sides of the apples he exhib-

its in his shop window uppermost, and if there are any one-eyed, stone-deaf, or partially paralyzed maidens amongst his assortment they may possibly be domestically inclined, or even be considered good-looking from a carefully selected point of view.

Besides, the speckled apples in the matrimonial agent's stock are usually blessed with compensations. Beauty and youth do not need gilding; but the one-eyed lady will perchance pass muster if she has a golden shade to hide her defect. So the matrimonial agent carefully apporions his gold leaf. The incomes of his clients are carefully graduated in proportion to the years they admit. Even a bald lady of sixty may be considered a bargain if she brings a thousand pounds for each of her years into settlement. She will never be lacking funds to provide for art wherewith to repair the ravages of time among her tresses.

On the other side of the ledger the matrimonial agent has just as extensive an assortment of male bargains to whet the matrimonial appetites of the feminine clients. Tall and short, dark and fair, moustached and bearded, young and old, rich and poor, may be found amongst them. One quality they all possess in common—there is not a man who is not a “gentleman” amongst them, from the royal prince who is known at every court in Europe to the proud proprietor of the hairdressing saloon in the borough. It would seem impossible that any maid or swain should remain unmarried with so many eager clients of both sexes on the brokers' books. But somehow their names do remain on the books—interminably.

The only objection to be found to the clients of the matrimonial agent is their curious faculty of vanishing into space at the critical moment

when the introduction is to be effected, and that this faculty may prove very distressing to the agent at times may be gathered from the following incident. An advertisement which had appeared in one of the weekly papers excited the interest of a gentleman who may be designated as Mr. A. It was as follows:

“SPINSTER, 26, possessing independent income, desires matrimony with a gentleman of middle-class parentage.—D., Box —, etc.”

Mr. A. wrote to the “D.” spinster, and in return he received a reply from a matrimonial agent to the following effect:

“Dear Sir,—After inserting her advertisement Miss D. decided to place her affairs in my hands to shield herself from entering into correspondence with a gentleman whose object was merely amusement.

“Miss D. informs me that your letter has met with her approval; she considers that you are quite suitable to her and would like me to arrange an introduction between you, but in doing so I am to take the full responsibility of your intentions being honorable.

“I am prepared to arrange an introduction between you and Miss D. providing you enrol as a member. My charge is £5 5s., and to ascertain enrolling bona fide members only, I request payment of £1 5s. in advance, the remaining £4 being payable on marriage.

“Should this meet your favor, upon receiving the above sum I will at once arrange the introduction, sending you Miss D.'s address, that all communications may take place direct.

“As each member is entitled to as many introductions as may prove necessary to effect a marriage, should this introduction not end successfully

I will introduce you to other lady members. Trusting to be favored with your patronage, I remain, etc."

Mr. A., having suspicions as to Miss D.'s existence, did not forward the £1 5s., but instead after waiting a few days inserted the following advertisement in the same paper in which Miss D.'s had already appeared:

"Will the gentleman who wrote Spinster D. last week and received agent's letter write again?—M. D., Box —."

This advertisement brought replies from no fewer than twenty-three suitors, each of whom had received exactly the same letter from the agent as that quoted above. The applicants were of the most diverse appearances, occupations and tastes, and Mr. A.'s curiosity to see a lady of such catholic taste in husbands led him to pay a visit to the agent who acted on her behalf. He sought out the agent and found him in one of a diminutive row of new cottages in the salubrious if not exactly fashionable neighborhood of East Ham. But the "D." spinster was not there, nor

had her agent the slightest idea as to where she might be found. The agent was as much in the dark as to her identity as his interrogator. All he knew concerning her was that, unexpected and unannounced, she had called upon him, bringing with her letters she had received in answer to her advertisement; that she had instructed him to negotiate a marriage for her with one or other of the writers; that she had paid him £2 10s. cash for his services; that, after bringing him some more letters, she had written to him dispensing with his services; and that he had never seen or heard from her since. And it was this Vanishing Lady whom the unfortunate agent had offered to introduce to twenty-four ardent lovers at twenty-five shillings a head! Truly, the lot of the matrimonial agent is made exceedingly difficult by such aberrations on the part of his clients, for owing to them he may find himself before a magistrate at the police court or even in the dock at the Old Bailey with small prospect of continuing his beneficent career for a term of months.

No greater mistake can be made than that of thinking that splendid works are wrought easily. Nothing is ever given out that has not first been faithfully acquired. The study, the effort, the practice, may have been yesterday or twenty years ago, but it has been. No great character has ever been formed, no great work ever wrought, except by the patient, unwearying use of each day's opportunities. There has been no truly great man who has not labored greatly.

The Romance of the Telephone

BY H. C. NICHOLAS IN MOODY'S MAGAZINE.

Some of the wonderful developments in telephonic communication during recent years are recorded in the following article. Not only is the increase in the number of telephones remarkable but also the uses to which they are being put. We have to-day all sorts of arrangements for expediting business by means of the telephone.

AMONG the curiosities exhibited at the Philadelphia Exposition, which was held in the centennial year of 1876, was the first telephone invented by Professor Bell. With its huge leather transmitter and the pointed receiver, this instrument was viewed as a wonderful but useless invention. The first rudimentary telephone exchange was established in Boston in the following year. It was, therefore, only thirty years ago that the telephone was invented, and less than that since the first commercial exchange was established. And yet, to-day, the telephone is in almost universal use throughout the world, and at a rough estimate there are probably ten billion messages transmitted in the chief countries in a single year. In the United States alone there were over six billion telephone messages last year. The story of the development of the telephone during the last three generations reads like a fairy tale.

Certainly no other industry in the history of the world has had such a remarkable development in such a brief period. In 1880 the population of the United States was, in round numbers, 50,100,000, and the number of telephones of all kinds reported in the census for the year was 54,319. As late as the close of 1894 there were less than 300,000 telephones in the country. In 1902 the number of telephones reported by the census for that year was 2,315,000. In other words, while the population increased 56 per cent. from 1880 to 1902,

the increase in the number of telephones was more than 4,300 per cent. In 1880 there was one telephone for every 923 persons, while in 1902 there was one telephone for every thirty-four persons.

Astounding as this growth appears it has been far surpassed by the record of the last three years. Since 1902 the number of telephones has actually more than doubled. At the close of 1905 the Bell companies had outstanding 2,849,000 telephones. There were at least 2,000,000 telephones owned by independent companies, making a total of over 4,800,000 telephones in the country at the opening of the year. Moreover, far from having reached anything like the limit of its development, the number of telephones is growing at a faster rate than ever before. Subscribers are actually increasing faster than the instruments can be manufactured and installed. The manufacturers of telephones are working their plants night and day, and are yet unable to supply the demand. The Bell companies are increasing the number of their telephones at the rate of about 1,500,000 a year, independent companies are showing an equally amazing growth, while new companies are springing up all over the country from Maine to California. Mr. F. P. Fish, head of the Bell companies, a few months ago made the prediction that the next three years will see the number of telephones in the country more than doubled. The present really amazing progress amply justifies this

prediction, and by 1910 it is believed by telephone authorities there will be approximately 15,000,000 telephones in the United States. Before this maximum has been reached the indications are that the telephone will exceed the mail in the number of messages per day. The average rate for every class of telephone message is now about 1.7 cents, or less than the average rate for first-class mail.

The immense growth of the telephone system, during the last few years, is largely accounted for by the expiration of several fundamental patents, formerly controlled by the Bell companies, and which constituted the basis of their monopoly. The Bell companies were nearly twenty years in creating a demand for 500,000 telephones, whereas during the last five years, largely as a result of the independent telephone movement, there has been installed nearly 5,000,000 telephones. At least 2,000,000 more will be added this year. To maintain their position the Bell companies have been forced to expand at an unheard of rate, and although they had a start of nearly twenty years they have already been outstripped in many sections of the country by the independent companies. There is to-day an independent telephone system in every state and territory in the country with the single exception of Utah. In some sections the independent companies have four and five times as many subscribers as the Bell companies, and they are rapidly building up a long distance telephone system which rivals that of their older competitor.

The growth of the telephone lines during the last few years has been the result of the purpose to extend the telephone to every town, no matter how small, throughout the United States; and in all of the cities

and towns to place a telephone within easy and immediate reach of every person whose income is sufficient to permit him to ride on street cars. The extent to which this policy has been put into actual construction is indicated by the fact that, while the last census gave a record of 10,602 incorporated cities, towns, villages and boroughs, there is to-day telephone communication to 26,000 different settlements, and the extension of lines into new territory is going on as fast as the wires can be strung.

There is at the present time about one telephone for every twelve persons, man, woman and child, in the United States. Telephone authorities are looking forward to a maximum of one telephone for every five persons, and a system of long distance wires so complete and perfect as to place every subscriber in communication with every other subscriber throughout the land. Already there are approximately 300,000 miles of long distance telephone wires, representing an investment of about \$50,000,000. These lines, if straightened out, would reach from here to the moon, with enough wire left over to encircle the earth three times. These long distance wires can be attached to lines about 4,000,000 miles in length in the different cities and towns, reaching out to about 7,000,000 subscribers. The banker in his office in New York or Boston without leaving his chair can call up and within less than five minutes be talking with the business man in Minneapolis, Omaha, Kansas City or Indian Territory. In the near future the long distance wires will be completed through to the Pacific Coast, and the subscriber in Maine will then be able to converse with the subscriber in California.

The small amount of electric energy required to carry on such a conversation seems almost incredible. The energy required for a single incandescent burner is 5,000,000 times as great as that required to send a telephone message from Boston to Chicago, while the energy required to lift a weight of thirteen ounces is sufficient to operate a telephone 240,000 years. The amount of capital invested in this country in the telephone industry to-day is over \$750,000,000.

In the larger cities like New York, Chicago and Philadelphia, the telephone has become indispensable in the transaction of business. A temporary suspension of the telephone service would completely paralyze the business of Wall Street, and cause an almost entire cessation of business on the Stock Exchange. The general use of the telephone has enormously increased the capacity of the business mechanism. It is a far greater time saver than the telegraph or the railroad. During the last few years there has been a new phase of telephone growth. The larger business, law and banking houses have been installing telephones in large numbers. The idea is to put a telephone on practically every counter or desk. Communication within the store or bank is free, an employe without leaving his desk being able to talk with any one in the store. The actual saving in time in this way is worth hundreds of dollars to a large business establishment in the course of a year. A single department store in New York has 1,500 telephones, another 800 and a number from 200 to 500. Scores of banking houses in Wall Street have from twenty to fifty telephones apiece. The telephone has not affected the transaction of busi-

ness alone. In the larger cities almost every apartment house and private residence has a telephone. The ordinary social telegram is practically a thing of the past for short distances, having been supplanted by the telephone, and an increasingly large amount of the daily shopping is done every year in the same manner. Indeed, so widespread has become the use of the telephone in the larger cities that the telephone book has become a comprehensive business directory, besides containing the residence address of thousands of persons who keep telephones in their houses as well as their offices. Publishers admit that the greater convenience of the telephone book has seriously affected the sales of city directories during the last few years.

One of the interesting outgrowths of the telephone is the theatre-phone, which is an arrangement whereby a person can hear all that goes on in a theatre or opera house by sitting in his home with the specially arranged double receivers at his ears. Experts have been experimenting with the theatre-phone for several years, and have so perfected the system that it is possible to hear distinctly the lowest stage whisper or the softest note of an opera. The question has been seriously considered by one hospital in New York of installing theatre-phones in every room. During the week the patients can hear the various operas and concerts, and on Sunday connection can be made with a church of any denomination and the patient can hear the sermon. It is thought that this would greatly aid the recovery of patients, besides softening the loneliness of incurable invalids. The practicability of the theatre-phone has been thoroughly demonstrated,

the only objection from the standpoint of the telephone companies being that if in general use it would tie up so many trunk lines as to seriously interfere with the regular service.

A company has been organized in New York to furnish electric music to be transmitted through the telephone to the homes of the subscribers. Strings, reeds, and other devices with which we have been accustomed to sound our notes are dispensed with. There are a battery of alternators, which will transmit musical electric waves, and these are adjusted to as many different vibrations as are the strings of a piano. To play the instrument a piano keyboard is used. The pressing of a key operates a switch which closes the circuit leading to the alternators adjusted to produce just the note that the piano would produce. The wood-wind, brass and string tones of an orchestra are easily produced. Musicians who have heard the quality of the notes say that the delicacy of expression is remarkable. By the touch of the hand the performer controls the attack and sostenuto and varies the note at every instant. The imitation of the violin and 'cello is so perfect that the auditor can hardly believe that he is not listening to the bow gliding over the strings. The notes are not sounded in the ear of the performer operating the battery, the vibrations instead being communicated to the telephone wires which transmit them to the

telephone receiver. There the note is sounded. The receiving telephones are fitted with a megaphone-like device which carry the notes through a room as well as an organ could. One of the receiving telephones is connected with the operator, and he can thus hear how his playing sounds. In case of a large hall several instruments could be used, the fact that the notes having the same origin they would blend perfectly. The promoters of this company believe that eventually hotels generally, because of the very much lower cost, will install these telephones and use them instead of orchestras. It is also expected that they will be installed in private residences, when the subscriber can any evening call up central and order music for dinner or a dance or a concert for his guests.

Recently the telephone has been installed in restaurants so that it can be used by the patrons at any table. It is on the bill of fare and is ordered with other items. The Pullman coaches of long distance trains are also being provided with telephones which are connected by a jack and plug arrangement to the exchange system of the Bell Company whenever the train stops for a few minutes in a city, thus giving the passenger an opportunity to telephone. Thus it is possible for a business man, whether traveling or dining, to keep in close touch with his office and his family.

The Career of a Young Canadian Actress

BY MATTHEW WHITE IN MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

Miss Margaret Anglin, the subject of this short sketch, is a Canadian by birth who has won marked distinction on the New York stage, being now a star. The story of how she first started acting and of how she has gradually risen to her present stellar position, is full of interesting incidents.

MISS ANGLIN, one of several children, was born in Ottawa, the Canadian capital, and had no leanings towards the stage by inheritance. Indeed, even when she discovered, in her convent school-days, that she possessed a gift for declamation, her ambition soared no higher than to dream of one day becoming a professional reader — the technical term for those entertainers who recite in drawing-rooms, for good pay, if they are lucky enough to become the fad with the smart set. Fay Davis, for instance, was such an entertainer in London when George Alexander discovered her at a friend's house.

But in order to prepare herself for such a career, Margaret Anglin felt that she needed the stamp of New York training. By tremendous effort and much persuasive power brought to bear on her family, she arranged to spend a Winter at the school of acting connected with the Empire Theatre. But her stay there was brief. At the very first public performance of the pupils she caught the attention of Charles Frohman, who offered to transfer her at once to the part of Mildred West in a road company presenting "Shenandoah." Scarcely seventeen at the time, she was naturally dazzled by the opportunity. To the winds went her aspirations for drawing-room distinction, with such a chance to follow in the footsteps of Charlotte Cushman and Sarah Siddons!

After a season in "Shenandoah,"

Miss Anglin passed into the company of James O'Neill. Here her talents had a little wider scope, and later they gained a still more extended experience, though not a particularly brilliant one, in a Summer stock organization. Next came her engagement by E. H. Sothern for his road revival of "Lord Chumley," to do the part of the smutty-faced slave, created by Etta Hawkins. The story of her career from this point down to the severance of her connection with the Mansfield troupe is best related in Miss Anglin's own words, in response to the writer's request for information.

"I suppose I should have been delighted to be in such a first-class organization as Mr. Sothern's, and of course I appreciated my luck in that respect; but I did not want to be promoted along the line of sou-brettes. And this was not the worst of my worries. A good part of the time I was not playing at all, for the role in 'Chumley' was all that was given to me. I was not even an understudy. We were playing in Philadelphia, and one afternoon while I was walking along Broad street it began to rain. I stepped under the shelter of the portico of the Hotel Walton, which I happened to be passing, and here I met the late A. M. Palmer, who was such a good angel to me! He was then manager for Mr. Mansfield. He had a friend with him, and as the rain came on heavier he persuaded me to remain to dinner. Naturally I told of my dis-

satisfaction at appearing so seldom, whereupon Mr. Palmer suggested that I see Mr. Mansfield, then at the Broad street.

“I will make an appointment for you,” he suggested, and I went home on the wings of hope. I kept the appointment in due course, but Mr. Mansfield could not see me after all. Another was made, and the same thing happened. When I went to the theatre for a third time, I found that Mr. Mansfield had just been bailed out of the police station, to which he had been haled by his valet for throwing a pair of boots, or something of the sort, at the man’s head. As an outlet to his feelings, the famous actor had been telling the Philadelphians what he thought of them in a curtain speech, and Mr. Palmer decided that it was not the most propitious moment for my interview. Our company left town then and I had to fold my aspirations carefully up in a napkin, as it were, and lay them aside for a time.

“Meanwhile, Mr. Sothern had brought out ‘The Adventure of Lady Ursula,’ in which I had no part; but I was retained with the company in case they decided to give ‘Lord Chumley,’ for Mrs. Sothern, the Lady Ursula, was not in the best of health. And yet they would not make me an understudy. I tell you those were dark days for me, traveling about from place to place with the company, and yet never having a chance to appear. On one occasion, while we were in Chicago, I got a telegram at three o’clock in the morning, ordering me to come to the theatre at once. I reported immediately after breakfast, and not only was I re-proved for not responding to the message more promptly, but a new regulation was established, requiring every member of the company, whe-

ther playing or not, to report at the theatre every night. And then I found that the message had not been sent out until midnight, although written at seven. Of course the others blamed me for the new rule, which put us all to no small inconvenience.

“Well, the crux of the matter was that Mrs. Sothern was feeling worse and that they had decided to have me get ready to appear in her place if necessary. I remember I studied the part all that day, and that evening I played it. Mr. Mansfield saw some of my notices, and sent for me to talk about an engagement for the following season, when his wife, Beatrice Cameron, was to retire from the stage.

“Then began the oddest experience I had yet gone through. I left Mr. Sothern because his wife could not be expected to continue ill forever, and my opportunity with Mr. Mansfield seemed more promising, although no word had been said of making me his leading woman. They were, in fact, looking for somebody else to be the Roxane in ‘Cyrano,’ the play billed for their next production. I heard afterward that they tried to get either Lettice Fairfax or Ida Conquest for the part. Meanwhile the piece went into rehearsal, and until they could decide about the heroine I was asked to read the lines with Mr. Mansfield. My salary was fixed at sixty dollars a week, and I needed every cent of it. I had signed no contract. How could I, when my status in the cast had not been fixed?

“The first performance arrived; still no one else had been engaged, so I went on as Roxane. Then, as I was really leading woman, and was in sore need of money, I asked for a contract with a salary that would

justify me in turning aside the offers that now began to come from other managers. I even suggested that I should sign for two years, taking less the second year, for the sake of getting in money to pay some pressing drains on the family purse. They acceded to this, but the weeks went by and the wage in my envelope was always the same—sixty dollars. And meantime I had plenty of opportunities to earn more in other directions.

"At last I grew desperate. One manager had arranged to come to my hotel at four o'clock on a certain afternoon, to receive my final answer. The evening before, I despatched my ultimatum to Mr. Mansfield, telling him that unless he sent the contract for me to sign before that hour I must, in justice to myself, close with another offer. Well, I waited at the Park Avenue all the afternoon. No word came from Mr. Mansfield; at four o'clock the other manager arrived and I signed with him for Constance in 'The Musketeers.' That night, when I reached the theatre, one of the company handed me a note from the management accepting my terms. I found out afterwards that the messenger had received it in plenty of time to deliver it to me before four o'clock; but it was a matinee day at 'Weber & Fields', and he had an engagement to attend with an actress friend of his, so he decided that it would do just as well to give me the message in the evening. Sometimes I feel like rising up and calling down blessings on that careless person's head, although I was angry enough at the time."

Constance was a small role in a big play, but the salary was more than Miss Anglin had been receiving for doing the leading lady in "Cyrano." Moreover, her new engagement brought her again to the at-

tention of Charles Frohman, who secured her for Mimi with Henry Miller in "The Only Way"; and this, in turn, led to her appearance as Baroness Roydon, the heroine in "Brother Officers," in January, 1900. Of her work in the last-named part, the late Clement Scott, the English critic, who was then on a visit to America, wrote:

"Before last night I had never heard the name of Margaret Anglin. It had not traveled to England. But what grace she has, what a sweet, pathetic voice, what ease of movement, what an absence of affectation, what genuine feeling, what moments of inspiration! Why, I could write a column about that love scene in the last act—womanly, tender and touching to the core."

It was on the last night of the old century, however, that Margaret Anglin won her most decisive victory, with the name part in Henry Arthur Jones' striking drama, "Mrs. Dane's Defense." By an odd coincidence, Ada Rehan appeared on the same night at the Knickerbocker in Paul Kester's "Sweet Nell of Old Drury," which had been such a success in England, with Julia Neilson, that Miss Anglin had been seriously thinking of securing the American rights. She must have congratulated herself that she had not closed the deal, as the play fell flat here, and in taking it she would have missed the chance at Mrs. Dane.

The next Winter she won more praise for her work with the Empire players, first in "The Wilderness," as the daughter of a scheming mama; again in the dual title role of "The Twin Sister," and finally as the quaintly humorous Gwendolin of Oscar Wilde's deliciously clever "The Importance of Being in Earnest."

The season before last Miss Anglin

began her career as a star. Her first vehicle, "The Eternal Feminine," proved too weak a reed on which to lean for a metropolitan engagement, and she did not come to New York until September, 1905, when she swept the people fairly off their seats with her rendering of a new Mercy Merrick from Wilkie Collins' novel, "The New Magdalen," rechristened "Zira" for stage use. She continued in this all Winter, at the formerly luckless Princess Theatre, and ex-

pects to return there again in the coming Autumn, still under Henry Miller's artistic management. She is to present a series of plays, leading off with a comedy and possibly including "The Sabine Woman," an oddly virile drama by a new writer, which she tried in Chicago last Spring. Miss Anglin takes a peculiar interest in this play, partly because it comes close to giving her a role of the difficult sort that best represents her professional ambitions.

A Talk About the Dread Disease, Cancer

BY RENE BACH IN PEARSON'S MAGAZINE.

That deaths from cancer are on the increase is fully proved by statistics. Comparing 1890 and 1900, deaths from this cause in America increased proportionately from 48 to 67 in 100,000 inhabitants. Some facts about the disease are given in the following extract.

IF you ask a physician what a cancer is, he will tell you that it is a kind of tumor, or swelling, of which the special structural peculiarity is in the character and arrangement of the cells composing it. The matter is made more clear, however, when it is explained that a tumor is simply a growth of tissue in the wrong place, and that in a cancer, which is a malignant tumor, the cells, as seen under the microscope, have irregular shapes. In one kind of cancer the cells are arranged in nests, in another they are in pockets. There is in any case of the disease an abnormal modification of structure, the essential feature of which is an unlimited multiplication of cells, commonly resulting in the formation of a surface outgrowth, while columns of the parasitic cells literally burrow into flesh, and even bone, disintegrating and destroying whatever they encounter.

One of the most common forms of

cancer is "epithelioma"—a malignant wart, which not only grows outward, but burrows deeply. Sooner or later ulceration follows, which may penetrate the blood vessels and cause the patient to bleed to death. This is the simplest and mildest form of the dreaded malady. Yet, when, as often happens, it attacks the tongue, it advances so rapidly and becomes fatal so quickly that, in this phase, it must be classed as one of the most malignant of cancers. It begins as a little lump beneath the skin, or else as a small, hard ulcer. If promptly removed by the surgeon's knife, no further danger need be apprehended; otherwise it will literally eat up the victim, and eventually will surely kill him.

Another kind of cancer, known as "rodent ulcer," usually attacks old people, especially in the upper part of the face. It starts as a hard pimple on the nose or cheek, taking the form of a flat-topped lump, which

sometimes has a ring of redness around it. Before long the lump "breaks down" into an ulcer, which spreads slowly over the surface, and later on begins to burrow, destroying everything it meets, including even bone, and producing most hideous deformity. The process may go on for many years, while the health of the person attacked remains in other respects excellent. But if resort is had to the surgeon's knife without much delay the cure will nearly always be complete.

Though formerly supposed to be due to an impurity of the blood, cancer is now known beyond the peradventure of a doubt to be merely a local disease at the start. Nearly always it makes its first appearance in some non-vital part of the body, and if promptly removed there are four chances out of five that it will never return. There is never more than one point of original attack; so that—barring "secondary" symptoms, for the prevention of which operative treatment is undertaken mainly—the sufferer has no occasion to dread recurrence of the trouble. On the other hand, if the first tumor is not cut out, the mischief is certain to assail a vital organ later on, and then death cannot be long deferred.

Those investigators who still hold to the theory that a microbe is accountable for the malady—a germ communicable to human beings, and perhaps transmissible from animal to man, or from one person to another, by some means of infection as yet unknown—find evidence on their side of the question in the fact that in certain so-called "cancer houses," many of which have been studied in different places, one set of inmates after another has been attacked by the disease. Furthermore, there are

recognized "cancer districts," in which undeniably the death rate from the complaint has remained extraordinarily high through a long series of years. Such a district has been under watch in the village of Cormeilles, in Normandy, where it was found that in one street of fifty-four houses there were seventeen dwellings which within a short time had furnished twenty-one cases of cancer.

There are cancer districts in every country. One of them is the Township of Brookfield, close to the centre of New York State, in which, according to the returns of the State Board of Health, the mortality from the disease in 1902 ran up to 149 in each 100,000 living, whereas in other parts of the state it varied from fifty-nine to eighty-two. This township has an agricultural population, and a large part of its cabbage crop in some years is destroyed by the so-called "clubfoot disease" — a trouble bearing in its character a suggestive likeness to cancer, and known to be caused by a certain microbe already identified. The slender possibility that this microbe might have something to do with the exceptional prevalence of cancer in the Brookfield neighborhood was sufficient to induce experts to investigate the question; but no positive results have been obtained.

The Town of Luckau, in Germany, has 3,000 inhabitants, with two suburbs containing an additional 1,000 each. In twenty-three years, from 1875 to 1898, seventy-three deaths from cancer occurred in the east suburb out of a total of 663 deaths from all causes. During the same period in the west suburb there was not a single case of the malady. The seventy-three deaths in the cancer suburb occurred within an area

covered by three city blocks. Of the 127 dwellings in this area fifty-six were cancer houses, ten of them furnishing two cases, two of them three cases, and one of them four cases. Apparently the plague followed the course of a ditch filled with foul and stagnant water. The gardens of the cancer houses were watered from this ditch, and the people were in the habit of washing their vegetables in the impure fluid. Were the vegetables thus infected with cancer germs? And, some of them being eaten raw, did they in turn infect the people with cancer? Nobody can say; it is a mystery.

If it were practicable to make a series of experiments on human beings by dosing them with that ditch water, valuable knowledge might be gained. To do so, however, is out of the question, and lower animals, though all of them are subject to cancer, do not afford very satisfactory "subjects." It has been found extremely difficult to transmit the disease from man to the brute by inoculation, though Dr. Park claims at last to have accomplished it. On the other hand, it has been proved that a portion of the malignant growth, when transplanted to a distant part of the body of a sufferer, will grow and form a tumor similar to the first one. But this achievement does not seem to throw much light upon the question of the transmissibility of the malady from one person to another.

Meanwhile, for purposes of study, cancer tumors of all kinds are being collected by the laboratory in Buffalo, in London under the auspices of the Cancer Fund, and at other centres of research. This remark applies not only to tumors of human origin, but also to those of animals, both domesticated and wild. Cancer seems to be decidedly common in

dogs, cats, and horses; it is frequently found in cattle inspected at the abattoirs; it often occurs in mice and recently it has been discovered in fishes. In every case it produces the same symptoms as in man, and the tumors have a like appearance under the microscope. Even the vegetable kingdom is not exempt, and a species of cancer destroys such a vast number of trees as to make it well worth while, merely for economic reasons, that the Government Forest Bureau should investigate the subject.

Too much emphasis cannot be laid upon the fact that cancer of any kind is simply a local disease, usually curable with prompt treatment, but absolutely incurable later on. In most cases it is practicable to remove the cause of mischief completely and with no more danger or pain than are involved in the extraction of a decayed tooth. The reason so many people die of the dread malady is chiefly that they do not seek advice and help from a competent surgeon quickly enough. To begin with, the character of the ailment is not recognized; and when at length it has been identified as cancer, the patient is apt to defer the cure until too late, through sheer fear of the knife.

Nothing but the knife will serve. Drugs and mineral spring waters are absolutely useless. The X-ray is of unproven value; radium is but a possibility, and as for the galvanic current, though it benefits some cases temporarily, it is probably only palliative at best. Attempts to burn out the tumor by the use of plasters of chloride of zinc, arsenic, or other destructive chemicals, are nothing better than crude experiments. They create frightful sores, cause the most terrible pain, and are dangerous besides, the poisonous substance em-

ployed in the form of a paste being likely to be absorbed into the system of the patient.

To see a person suffering literally the tortures of the damned for weeks and even months at a stretch, in a futile attempt to eat away a cancer by chemical means, when it could be removed in twenty minutes under

chloroform with safety and without a twinge of pain, is certainly an extraordinary, as well as distressing, spectacle. And yet there are plenty of people who will subject themselves to such misery, incidentally sacrificing their chance of recovery, simply because of an unconquerable dread of the knife.

Some Aspects of Recent Earthquakes

BY R. D. O. IN GEOGRAPHICAL JOURNAL.

A great many articles have been written about the earthquake of April 18 at San Francisco, all more or less instructive. The following extract, taken from a noted scientific publication, discusses the catastrophe in a calm and enlightened manner. It shows that in reality there was nothing very unusual about the shock at San Francisco.

WE may anticipate, with confidence, that the earthquake of April 18 will take a place in the annals of seismology only second to the Lisbon earthquake of 1755, or, if not in seismology, at any rate in popular histories of earthquakes, and for the same reason. Both were earthquakes of the first order of magnitude; the Lisbon earthquake was probably the second greatest of which we have any historic record, and that of San Francisco, though excelled by several, is still a very great earthquake, yet both would have passed with little notice but for the destruction to which they gave rise, and in both cases this destruction of life and property was only to a slight degree the direct result of the earthquake proper. In Lisbon the death roll was due to the great sea wave, and in San Francisco to fire. The special correspondent of the Times has estimated that only 3 per cent. of the damage in San Francisco was directly due to the earthquake, the remaining 97 per cent. being due to fire, and in Lisbon

the proportion was probably much the same; so great is the power of the familiar elements of fire and water as compared with that of earthquakes, greatly as the latter impress the popular imagination. Like artillery in warfare, their moral effect is out of all proportion to the amount of material damage they cause.

Apart from the magnitude of the disaster, popular interest and popular alarm were excited by the short interval which separated it from the great eruption of Vesuvius. People began to wonder whether there was any connection between the two, and whether the world we live in was getting unsafe; this wonder found its reflection in numerous articles in the daily press, and in interviews with a number of persons whose opinions for and against the existence of a direct connection between the two catastrophes have been reported. As we have, in almost every case, only the interviewer's version of these opinions, it would not be fair to quote them, but the matter is

one of considerable interest, and it may be well to point out what can and cannot be known regarding it.

Volcanic eruptions and great earthquakes differ radically in their immediate cause. Small earthquakes may be due to any cause which can start an elastic wave-motion in the earth, but the really great earthquakes, so far as is known, are always started by the sudden fracture of the solid crust of the earth. In some way not fully known, though probably it is more or less directly connected with the gradual cooling of the earth, the earth's crust is thrown into a state of strain which ultimately grows too great to be borne, and fracture takes place. Where the power of resistance is small, the accumulated strain is also small, and so, too, the resulting disturbance; but where the power of resistance is great, the strain also becomes great before yielding at last takes place, and then disturbance, often accompanied by permanent displacements of the ground, carries destruction in its wake. The occurrence of a really great earthquake means, not only a greatness of force, but also of resistance; it is due to the disruption of solid rock.

In a volcanic eruption the conditions are radically different. Here, too, much is still unknown, but it is certain that an active volcano means the existence of a large body of molten rock, either actually in a fluid condition, or at such a temperature that only a relief of pressure is necessary to make it pass from the solid to the fluid state. It must not be supposed that this fluidity is due to heat alone, the magma is permeated with water, and the condition of the lava in the volcano's neck is a sort of compromise between fusion pure and simple and aqueous

solution; but however its state may be defined, the important point is that the rock immediately concerned with the cause of the eruption is virtually in a liquid state, while that which is directly concerned with the production of great earthquakes is virtually solid.

In view of this radical difference in cause and in effect, it seems at first sight as if there could be no connection between the two; seismologists have, in fact, recognized that the neighborhood of active volcanoes is not specially liable to earthquakes, though the disturbances which accompany or precede a volcanic eruption may start tremors of that nature, and the districts where earthquakes are most frequent and most violent are always removed, and often far removed, from active volcanoes. The absence of direct connection of the nature of cause and effect between these two classes of phenomena does not, however, preclude the possibility of both being consequences of a common cause, which has been described as the reaction of the interior on the exterior of the earth, a phrase which will be found in many text-books of geology, and of which we may say that it represents a reality whose precise nature and limitation we are unable to define.

Whatever the character of this reaction, its manifestation is certainly liable to periodic variation; the last twelvemonth has been one of more than average frequency of great earthquakes, and has witnessed more than an average, though not an exceptional, development of seismic and volcanic activity. The Kangra earthquake of April 4, 1905, the two Central Asian earthquakes of July 9 and 23, the Colombian earthquake of January 31 last, and the San Fran-

cisco earthquake of April 18, were all disturbances of the greatest magnitude, but the total amount of seismic activity was probably no greater than in 1897-98, and there is no indication of any spreading out of great earthquake centres from the regions whence they commonly originate. The distribution of earthquake centres is curiously localized, and those of the greatest earth-

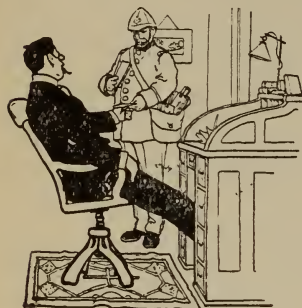
quakes are limited, so far as experience goes, to certain areas which do not cover more than, at most, 5 per cent. of the earth's surface. Great Britain lies well outside any of these regions, and, so far as our country is concerned, there is no reason to anticipate the slightest probability of an earthquake such as led to the destruction of San Francisco.

The Worker That Counts.

I saw upon the face of a watch three workers. There was a very thin one, so thin that I could barely see it, and it seemed to be moving in a little circle of its own, and to have nothing to do with the other workers. One of the other workers was long and genteel and graceful. The third worker was short and slow. I looked at them for a while, and I said, "There can be no doubt in the mind of any one who looks at this watch who the worker is: the worker is evidently that little one that moves in a circle of its own. I can see it move; it moves lightly, blithely, trippingly; I can see it. The long one I can hardly see move at all until I have been watching it for a considerable time; and as for the short one, I think I may safely declare that it does not move at all."

See how a stranger to the mechanism of a watch can talk; how ignorant he is of what the workers are doing! You may take off the little thin worker and do very little damage; you may even take off the long and graceful worker, and, though you will suffer a considerable injury, yet you can do without its service at all. But if you take off that little, short, slow worker, you could never tell the time of day.—The late Dr. Parker.

Other Contents of Current Magazines.



In this department we draw attention to a few of the more important topics treated in the current magazines and list the leading contents. Readers of *The Busy Man's Magazine* can secure from their newsdealers the magazines in which they appear. :: :: :: :: ::

AMERICAN.

Short stories in the *American Magazine* can always be relied upon to be good and in the July number we have an excellent collection of them. The other contents are up to the usual high standard of this publication.

The Taming of Rogers. By Sherman Morse.

Reaping Where we Have Not Sown.
By Julian Willard Helburn

The Confessions of a Life Insurance Solicitor. By William McMahon.

The Single Woman's Problem.

The San Francisco that Survived.
By Julian W. Helburn.

The Slave of Cotton. By H. K. Webster.

APPLETON'S.

With the July number the price of *Appleton's Magazine* has been reduced to 15 cents or \$1.50 per year, which should serve to place this high-grade publication within the reach of a greater number of people. The contents of the July number are

characterized by good sense and wide interest.

Mural Decorations by C. Y. Turner.
By Grace Whitworth.

The Supreme Court and Coming Events. By Frederick T. Hill.

Speaker Cannon. By Richard Weightman.

The Commercial Side of the Monroe Doctrine. By Harold Bolee.

The Portraits of St Memin. By Charles Kasson Wead.

Liberia: An Example of Negro Self-Government. By Agnes P. Mahony.

Collecting: The Familiar Study of Works of Fine Art. I. By Russell Sturgis.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

An important contribution to the columns of the *Atlantic Monthly* is "The Autobiography of a Southerner Since the Civil War," which begins in the July number. "An American View of British Railways" and "Napoleon as a Booklover" are interesting features of the number.

- Some Aspects of Journalism. By Rollo Ogden.
- Ibsen. By Edmund Gosse.
- The Ignominy of Being Grown-up. By S. C. Crothers.
- An American View of British Railways. By Ray Morris.
- Henry Sidgwick. By Wm. Everett.
- The Grading of Sinners. By Edward A. Ross.
- Napoleon as a Booklover. By J. W. Thompson.
- Our Unelastic Currency. By George von L. Meyer.

BADMINGTON.

All lovers of out-door sport will find in the July number a supply of appropriate literature on motoring, yachting, fishing and hunting.

- Sportsmen of Mark. By Alfred E. T. Watson.
- Royal Homes of Sport. By Sir Henry Seton Karr, C.M.G.
- Some Motor Gossip. By Major C. G. Matson.
- The Education of a Polo Pony. By Lillian E. Bland.
- Twelve Months of Women's Golf. By Mrs. R. Boys.
- Strange Stories of Sport. By Daniele B. Vare.
- Fishing in a Himalayan River. By Major-General Creagh, C.B.
- Photography Above the Snow Line. By Mrs. Aubrey Le Blond.
- Week-end Yachting. By Francis B. Cook.

BROADWAY.

Lovers of art will appreciate the July number. Several articles deal with the different phases of New York life.

- The Future Beauty of New York. By Remsen Crawford.
- From the Slums to Culture's Height. By James L. Ford.

- The Month in New York. By Geo. C. Jenks.
- The Abandon of Coney Island. By Stewart Gould.
- The Stage and its People. By Lillian Bell.
- Current Opinion in New York.

CANADIAN.

A clever poem celebrating the winning of the Marathon Race is a readable feature of the July issue of the Canadian Magazine. The number also contains three articles on out-door life, which, with their many illustrations, are very timely.

- Climbing the Chamonix Aiguilles. By George D. Abraham.
- Canadian Celebrities. 70. Professor Wrong. By Stuart Calais
- Fascination of the Uttermost South. By C. R. Ford.
- A Fisherwoman in the Rockies. By Julia W. Henshaw.
- In the Geyser Land. By Beatrice Grimshaw.
- When the Dominion was Young. III. By J. E. B. McCready
- Governor Lawrence and the Acadicians. By Judge A. W. Savary.

CASELL'S.

Some fine illustrations grace the pages of the July number of Caspell's. Attention is directed to the American ambassador, Whitelaw Reid, and portraits of his family and himself are published.

- Marvels in Make-up. By Joseph F. Heighton.
- The Navy's Picture Gallery. By Adrian Margaux.
- The American Ambassador at Dorchester House.
- Princess and Governor H. R. H. Princess Henry of Battenburg. By James F. Fasham.

Untrodden Irish Paths. By Shan F. Bullock.

Wireless Telegraphy. By Richard Kerr.

The Ills of a Sedentary Life. By J. Dulbag.

CASSIER'S.

The July number continues the attack on the metric system by setting forth the views of some of the leading manufacturers and engineers of Great Britain. An article entitled "The Latest Ore-handling Machinery on the Great American Lakes" is ably illustrated, and should be of exceptional interest to the engineering world.

The Commercial Motor-Vehicle in Great Britain. By Ernest F. Mills.

Some Engineering Paradoxes. By A. H. Gibson, B.Sc.

American Naval Organization and the Personnel Law of 1899. By Rear-Admiral George W. Melville, U. S. N.

Electricity in Elevator Service. By S. Morgan Bushnell.

New Business for Electric Central Stations. By Jno. Craig Hammond.

Modern Grinding. By Joseph Horner

CENTURY.

The July issue of the Century is devoted almost entirely to fiction and seldom is it the good fortune of magazine readers to come across such a good collection of stories. Among story writers represented are Alice Hegan Rice, Anthony Hope, W. Albert Hickman and Lawrence Mott.

The Strange Case of R. L. Stevenson and Jules Simoneau. By Julia Scott Vrooman.

Senator Hoar. By Canon Rawnsley.

China Awakened. By Joseph Franklin Griggs.

Why do the Boys Leave the Farm? By L. H. Bailey.

Dry Farming—the Hope of the West. By John L. Cowan.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY.

June 16. "Birth of a Parliament," by Kellogg Durland; "The First Night," by George Ade; a full-page picture in color by Frederic Remington of the discoverer, "Zebulon Pike."

June 23. "Mr. Dooley on the Food we Eat," by F. P. Dunne; "Anarchists in America," by Broughton Brandenburg; "Where Roamed the Yakima," by R. L. Jones; "The Power Wagon," by Jas. E. Homans.

June 30. "The New San Francisco," by Samuel E. Moffett; "One Kind Word for John D.," by Frederick Palmer; "Real Soldiers of Fortune," by Richard Harding Davis; "The Arbitration Courts of Australia," by Florence Finch

July 7. "What the World is Doing," by Samuel E. Moffett; "Lawless Finance," by Ray Standard Baker; "The Second Generation," by Chas. Belmont Davis; "Bohemia of the Netherworld," by Owen Kildare; "The Wild Land Craze," by Robt. G. MacKay.

CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

A military article dealing with the service of auxiliary forces in the event of war is the leading contribution to the June number of the Contemporary. Dr. Dillon's comments on foreign affairs are readable.

Our Auxiliary Forces. By Lt.-Col. Alsager Pollock.

Herbert Spencer and the Master Key.

By John Butler Burke.

Schoolmasters and Their Masters.

By Lt.-Col. Pedder.

The Imperial Control of Native Races. By H. W. V. Temperley.**Christmas, Easter and Whitsuntide.**

By Alfred E. Garvie, D.D.

The Truth About the Monasteries.

A Reply. By Robert Hugh Benson.

Mankind in the Making. By Mary Higgs.**The Decadence of Tragedy.** By Edith S. Grossmann.**The Clergy and the Church.** By E. Vine Hall.**The Extravagance of the Poor Law.** By Edward R. Pease.**The Success of the Government.** By H. W. Massingham.**CORNHILL.**

A serial, "On Windy Hill," commences with July issue of Cornhill. An interesting article, "Twenty Years in London," by a French resident, contrasts the life of to-day with that a score of years ago.

A Sceptic of the Stone Age. By H. C. Bailey.**The Mind of a Dog.** By Professor S. Alexander.**The Passing of Euclid.** By Chas. Godfrey.**The Winds of the Ocean.** By Frank T. Bullen.**General Marbot and His Memoirs.** By J. Holland Rose, Litt.D.**Alcohol and Tobacco.** By R. Brudenell Carter, F.R.C.S.**COSMOPOLITAN.**

The personal narrative of General Funston's experiences in San Francisco is the chief feature of the July

issue of the *Cosmopolitan*. This is accompanied by a great many illustrations, including two panoramas of the city.

How the Army Worked to Save San Francisco. By Frederick Funston.**Poor Girls Who Marry Millions.** By Lida Rose McCabe.**The Treason of the Senate.** By D. G. Phillips.**What Life Means to Me.** By Julia Ward Howe.**Story of Andrew Jackson.** By Alfred Henry Lewis.**The Social Unrest.** By M. Hillquit, A. Beirce and R. Hunter.**Social Side of the Circus.** By Karl Edwin Harriman.**Seeing the Real New York.** By James L. Ford.**CRAFTSMAN.**

"Building a New City" occupies the premier position in the July number and gives a forecast of the new San Francisco. An article entitled "Russia," pictures that race in a different light than we usually see it.

Charles Haag—a Sculptor of Toil. By Joh Spargo.**Boat Life in Japan.** By Marguerite Glover.**The Riddle of the Tall Building.** By H. A. Caparn.**The Social Secretary.** By Mary Rankin Cranston.**A Co-operative Village for Working People.** By Mabel Tuke Priestman.**What is Architecture.** By Louis H. Sullivan.**CRITIC.**

The July Critic is an Ibsen number and is found to contain several

articles about the famous author, as well as numerous photographs of him. The issue is as usual of great literary interest.

Voltaire and His Brother.

'Nero' as a Poem. By Arthur Waugh.

Should George Eliot Have Married Herbert Spencer?

What the Negro Reads. By George B. Utley.

Henrik Ibsen: An Appreciation. By William Archer.

Ibsen's Early Youth. By C. L. Due.

Henrik Ibsen and the Stage System.

EMPIRE REVIEW.

The contents of the July number is confined to topics concerning the Empire. Many important subjects are very fully discussed.

Richard John Seddon. By Constance A. Barnicoat.

An Anglo-Russian Agreement. By Edward Dicey, C.B.

The Colonial Office and the Crown Colonies. By Sir Augustus Hemming, G.C.M.G.

The German Navy. B. J. L. Bashford

The Marconi System and the Berlin Conference. By H. Cuthbert Hall.

Life in Rhodesia. By Gertrude Page.

Indian and Colonial Investments.

ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED.

The leading article, "Dartmouth," is accompanied by some magnificent illustrations. The frontispiece, "Return of the Privateers," is very attractive.

The London Stage. By Oscar Parker.

Stories of H. M. The King. VII.

"The Thunderstorm." By Walter Nathan.

The Prince of Evil. By George Dennison.

The Bending of the Stream. By T. M. Kennedy.

A Letter of Introduction. By Katherine Silvester.

The Peculiarities of Famous French Authors. By R. Weston.

EVERYBODY'S.

Everybody's is still carrying on its campaign against corruption in finance and in support of movements for reform. Its special writers contribute to the July number several articles of this kind.

Soldiers of the Common Good. By Charles Edward Russell.

The Dawn of Russian Liberty. By Vance Thompson.

Bucket-Shop Sharks. II. By Merrill A. Teague.

Sophie Wright: The Best Citizen of New Orleans. By John L. Matthews.

A Prediction Roll-Call. By Thomas W. Lawson.

GARDEN MAGAZINE.

As the Summer advances, the contents of the Garden Magazine increase in interest and value. The illustrations are always scanned with pleasure. In the July number we are treated to the following:

Quality Lettuces for the Home Garden. By L. and E. M. Barron.

The Day-Blooming Water-Lilies. By H. S. Conard.

A Round-up of the Garden Peppers. By E. D. Darlington.

Raspberries, Blackberries and Dewberries. By S. W. Fletcher.

A Garden Planted After July Fourth.
By I. M. Angell.

Important Vegetables for July Planting. By J. T. Scott.

The Best Hardy Plants of the Heath Family. By John Dunbar.

GEOGRAPHICAL JOURNAL.

The June issue completes another volume and a very extensive index of the contents of the last six numbers is appended. A notable feature of the June number is a paper by Reginald A. Daly, of Ottawa, on "The Nomenclature of the North American cordillera Between the 47th and 53rd Parallels of Latitude." **Exploration in the Abai Basin, Abyssinia.** By H. W. Blundell.

Suggestions for an Inquiry into the Resources of the Empire. By Prof. G. F. Scott Elliot.

Bathymetrical Survey of the Fresh-water Lochs of Scotland.

Dr. Sven Hedin's Journey in Central Asia: Scientific Results. By Major W. Broadfoot.

Recent Earthquakes. By R. D. O.

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING.

A symposium, consisting of seven contributions on the subject, "The Hardest Day's Work I Ever Did," by a number of eminent people is the best thing in the July number of Good Housekeeping. There are a number of other first-class features as will be seen from the following list:

Sacred Sevres. By Edmund Russell.

The Hardest Day's Work I Ever Did.
A symposium.

The Psychology of Happy Marriage.
By John D. Quaekenbos.

The Seven Ages of the Home-Maker.
VI. By Clara E. Laughlin.

Shaker Industries. By Sister Marcia.

Holland, the Land of Thrift. By Viator.

Certified Milk and Other Forms. By Joseph H. Adams.

HARPER'S.

Some very charming illustrations in color accompanying an article in the July Harper's on "The Habits of the Sea." The number contains stories by Norman Duncan, Alice Brown, Justus Miles Forman and others, with a good list of specials.

An English Country Town and Country House. By W. D. Howells.

Days and Nights with a Caravan. By Charles W. Furlong.

The Habits of the Sea. By Edward S. Martin.

William Dean Howells. By Mark Twain.

Radium and Life. By C. W. Saleeby.

Decisive Battles of the Law. By Frederick T. Hill.

My People of the Plains. By Rev. E. Talbot.

A Guild of Carpenter Ants. By H. C. McCook.

HOUSE AND GARDEN.

The many choice illustrations in House and Garden make it a delight to the eye. These embrace rural scenes, old mansions, gardens and other out-door subjects. The text is in keeping with the illustrations.

Franklin Law Olmsted and His Work.
IV. By John Nolen.

Toledo. By John Molitor.

Portraits of American Trees, Native and Naturalized.

How to Choose the Style of a House.

Beverly Hall, a Bachelor's Old Colonial Home. By Richard Dillard.

Sharsted Court, Kent. By Amelia S. West.

Intensive Farming in California.

Garden Portraits. By Margaret Greenleaf.

The Moderate-Cost House in Philadelphia.

The True California Garden. By Charles M. Robinson.

The First County Park System in America. II.

Garden Work in July. By Ernest Hemming.

IDLER.

The Idler contains articles which will interest every class of readers. An illustrated article, "Fully Insured," outlines the trials of the ocean voyage.

The Corniche D'Or of the Esteret. By Francis Miltoun.

La Belle Charnleigh's Pearl.

A Leader of Men. By M. Lucke Challis.

A Sealed Book. By Barbara Cheyne.

Fishing Inns. By Robert Barr.

INTERNATIONAL STUDIO.

A second notice of the Royal Academy Exhibition with a large number of reproductions of paintings exhibited there is a feature of the July number of the International Studio. There are also several handsome colored inserts that delight the eye of the art lover.

The Royal Academy Exhibition.

The Exhibition at the New Gallery.

An Italian Sculptor.—Rembrandt Bugatti.

The Portrait Work of Joaquin Sorolla.

Maxfield Parrish's Book Illustrations.

Recent Resigns in Domestic architecture.

The Mezzotint and Etched Work of Frank Short.

IRISH MONTHLY.

The interesting serial story "Dunmara" concludes with the July number.

The Hearing of Music. By N. Twemlow.

Dr. Johnson's Catholic Tendencies. By Chas. T. Waters.

In a Magdalen Asylum. By N. Tynan.

A Saint and His Mother. By M. A. Curtis.

LIPPINCOTT'S.

The novelette in the July number of Lippincott's is "The Heart of Paprika," by Jane Belfield. As usual there are a number of other first-class short stories, as well as the ever-readable department of "Walnuts and Wine."

Words, Words, Words. By John Foster Kirk.

What is a Lady? By Minna Thomas Antrim.

McCLURE'S.

Rudyard Kipling's curious story, "Robin Goodfellow—His Friends," reaches its third installment in the July number of McClure's. The same number contains a character sketch of John B. Hyde, who founded the Equitable Life Insurance Company and throws an interesting light on the early days of insurance.

The Story of Life Insurance. III. By Burton J. Hendrick.

The Morals of Mammon. By John McAuley Palmer.

My Sixty Sleepless Hours. The Story

- of the San Francisco Earthquake.
By H. A. Lafler.
- New Music for an Old World.** By
Ray Stannard Baker.
- Reminiscences of a Long Life.** IX.
By Carl Schurz.
- The Career of Carl Schurz.**

METROPOLITAN.

Three color plates in the July Metropolitan add considerably to the artistic beauty of the number. The issue is rich in short stories, many of which are of a high order of merit.

- The Land of the Buffalo and the Lion.** By Stanley P. Hyatt.
- The Waifs of a Great City.** By Luel-
len Teters.
- A Cruise in Southern Seas.** By
Captain J. C. Summers.
- The Drama of the Month.** By James
Huneker.

MOODY'S.

To the man, who wishes to keep posted on finance in general, Moody's Magazine can be recommended. Take for instance the June number and study the following contents. They will be found to cover a wide range of financial and kindred subjects.

- The Romance of the Telephone.** By
H. C. Nicholas.
- World-Wide Decline in Bonds.** By
By Charles F. Speare.
- The Land Question in Russia.** By W.
E. Walling.
- Low and High Months.** By B. C.
Keeler.
- A Conservative Trust Policy.** By
By H. T. Newcomb.
- The Dollar Above the Man.** By Paul
Leake.
- The Outcry Against Watered Stock.**
By F. B. Thurber.

- Monetary Panics—Causes and Remedies.** By Hermann Holz.
- Standard and Uniform Reports.** By
Harvey S. Chase.
- Life Insurance as an Investment.** By
A. Penitent Agent.
- Cycles of Cotton Speculation.** By
Thomas Gibson.

MUNSEYS.

An article in the July Munsey on "The Canadians in the United States," illustrated with a large collection of photographs, will find interested readers in this country.

- There is also a paper on "Margaret Anglin" in the number, accompanied by a handsome portrait of the distinguished Canadian actress.
- The Tercentenary of Rembrandt.** By
Royal Cortissoz.
- Speaker Cannon.** By Allen D. Al-
bert.
- Musicians and Their Earnings.** By
W. J. Henderson.
- The Romance of Steel and Iron in America.** IV. By Herbert N.
Casson.
- The Canadians in the United States.**
By Herbert N. Casson.
- Margaret Anglin.** By Matthew
White.

NATIONAL.

- "Affairs at Washington," by Joe Mitchell Chapple, becomes more interesting with each issue. The portraits contained in the July number add greatly to the magazine.
- Uncle Sam's Tax-Payers.** By David
A. Gates.
- Open Air Photography.** By Olive
Shippen Berry.
- Whitman and Traubel.** By Frank
Pulman.

NEW ENGLAND.

"Summer Life of the Diplomats,"

accompanied by portraits of United States' official guests, describes the Summer life of these representatives at the capitol. Many articles treat on affairs in the New England States.

The Massachusetts Bench and Bar.

By Stephen O. Sherman and Weston F. Hutchins.

Despotism of Combined Millions. By Jno. W. Ryekman.

Modern Problems of Immigration. By Winfield S. Alecott.

An American Barbizon. By Grace L. Selocum.

New England Energy Abroad. By Mary Stoyell Stimpson.

Boston and the Women's Club. By Inez J. Gardner.

A Chronicle of Boston Clubs. By Julia Ward Howe.

The Ideal of New England. By Kate Upton Clark.

Three Famous New England Colleges. By Alice Stevens, Alice S. Jenkins and Mary Phillips Mallory.

PALL MALL.

An extraordinary story by no less a person than William Waldorf Astor, "The Last of the Tenth Legion," opens the July number of Pall Mall. It is followed by a number of articles and stories that together make up a good all around number.

The Highest Climbs in the World.

Can Mount Everest be Conquered? By George D. Abraham.

Pictures on Palettes. By Frederic Lees.

The Making of the First English Parliament. By William Hyde.

Mr. and Mrs. Asquith at Home. By Emmie Avery Keddell.

The Feeling of Plants. By S. Leonard Bastin.

The "Passing" of the Circus. By Clive Holland.

Paris After Dark. By M. de Nevers.

A Garden Without Flowers. By Carine Cadby.

PEARSON'S (AMERICAN).

A character sketch of "Uncle Jo," speaker of the United States Congress, by James Creelman, is the opening article of the July number. The issue contains a goodly number of short stories and an installment of Eleanor Gates' serial, "The Plow-Woman."

America at Flood Tide. By James Creelman.

The Romance of Aaron Burr. By Alfred Henry Lewis.

The Ravages of Cancer. By Rene Bach.

A Sailor of Fortune. By Albert Bigelow Paine.

Canadians in the United States. By S. Morley Wickett.

Party Conditions in England. By Edward Porritt.

Ocean Freight Rates. By J. Russell Smith.

The Legal Position of German Workmen. By W. H. Dawson.

The Philippines and the Filipinos. By James A. Le Roy.

Record of Political Events. By Paul L. Haworth.

PEARSON'S (ENGLISH).

Few magazines are on a par with the July number of Pearson's. A department worthy of special attention is that headed "The Pressing Problems of To-Day."

Autocrats Who Act. By F. A. Middleton.

The Escape Agents. By Cutcliffe Hyne.

Why Rifles are Deserted. By Harry Irving Greene.

Disillusion. By Rosalie Neish.

The Repentance of Luce. By C. M. Delondres.

The Curse of the Cigarette.

POLITICAL SCIENCE QUARTERLY.

A valuable contribution to the June number of the Political Science Quarterly is a paper by Prof. S. Morley Wickett, of Toronto, on "Canadians in the United States." The article is enriched by a number of valuable statistical tables and shows the result of much study and research.

Suffrage Limitations in Louisiana. By J. L. W. Woodville.

READER.

The Reader is a semi-literary publication with enough stories and general articles to make it conform to the requirements of a popular monthly. It is admirably printed and illustrated and contains many features of interest.

The Country God Made. By Arthur Colton.

Americans and British. By Brander Matthews.

The Old Familiar Faces. Drawings from Dickens. By Reginald Birch.

Forestry. By Thomas R. Shipp.

Ibsen as I Knew Him. By William Archer.

RECREATION.

The articles of the July number show the appropriateness of the title of the magazine. The contents includes articles on every Summer pastime.

One of the Crowd. By Roscoe Brumbaugh.

Camping in the High Sierra. By Madeline Z. Dotty.

Yachting in the Northwest. By F. M. Kelly.

An Outing in Arcadia. By Allen J. Henry.

Bass-Fishing in Wisconsin. By Don Cameron.

An American Sport for Americans. By G. M. Richards.

The Art of Camping. By Charles A. Bramble.

The Athen's World's Athletic Meet. By Milton E. Toune.

The Camping Launch. By W. R. Bradshaw.

REVIEW OF REVIEWS.

In "The Progress of the World" the July number of Review of Reviews gives a brief and concise history of the events of the past month. "The Rate Bill: What it is and What it Will Do," enumerates the existing evils in transportation and suggests remedies for them.

Ibsen's Work and Influence. By Seldon L. Whitecomb.

American Athletes in Ancient Athens. By James E. Sullivan.

The Awakening of Nevada. By Clarence H. Matson.

Tunneling the Seine at Paris. By E. C. Morel.

The Decrease in Rural Population. By William S. Rossiter.

Michael Davitt, the Irish Patriot.

The Growth of Political Socialism. By W. D. P. Bliss.

ROYAL.

Light, clever and varied are the contents of the July number of the Royal. As usual, fiction predominates and the short story with the love interest leads. The illustrations throughout are particularly good.

A Prison Governor's Day. By "O.H. M.S."

Popular Picture Post Cards. By Lewis Perry.

Ripe Strawberries. By H. J. Holmes.

Fair Ladies and Fine Feathers. By F. E. Baily.

SATURDAY REVIEW.

June 9. "The Anarchist Beast," "China for the Chinese," "German Problems," "Naval Manoeuvres 1906," "Reichismus," by Max Beerbohm; "Micha Elman's Genius," by Harold E. Gorst; "A Heretic on Games," by Cecil S. Kent; "The Testimony of Our Earthworks," "The Evolution of Bridge."

June 16. "Hospitals and Charity," "Mr. Seddon—Imperial Socialist," "National Service," "The National Gallery Appointments," "Church and Bible in the Schools," "The Reform of the New York Life," "Figure-heads for Motors," "Dornoch and Brora."

June 23. "Mr. Birrell's Embarrassments," "Europe and the Congo," "The President and the Packers," "Election Petitions," "Railways and Parliament," "Fire Insurance Risks," "Yvette Guilbert and Albert Chevalier," "Nature and the Musician," "The Moan of the Mower."

June 30. "The Cobdenite Appeal to Australia," "Unmasking the Education Bill," "Law and Native Races," "A Thinking Organization," "Insurance, Estimates and Results," "In the Footsteps of John Ray," "The Attack on the Church," "The Prime Minister and Secular Education."

SCRIBNER'S.

Of considerable interest to Canadians are the two articles on Can-

ada's new transeontinental railway in the series of "The Railways of the Future" in the July Scribaer's. The Government section is described by Hugh D. Lumsden, the chief engineer, and the Grand Trunk Pacific, by Cy Warman, the well-known writer on railroads.

Impressions of Dalmatia. By Ernest C. Peixotto.

The Magenta Village. By Edward Penfield.

The Prong-Horned Antelope. By Ernest Thompson Seton.

Canada's New Transcontinental Railway. By Hugh D. Lumsden.

The Grand Trunk Pacific. By Cy Warman.

Glasgow. By Frederick C. Howe.

SPECTATOR.

June 9. "Signs of Compromise," "Anarchists," "The American Meat Scandals," "The Spectator Experimental Company at Windsor," "The Manufacture of Paupers," "Courage and Creed," "The Sweated Industries Exhibition," "Goblin Coombe."

June 16. "The Position of the House of Lords," "Mr. Roosevelt and the Trusts," "The Latest Incident in Vienna," "The Pauperization of Poplar," "Mr. Seddon," "The Manufacture of Paupers," "The Dread of Boredom," "Spring in the Alps," "Grouse and Red Deer."

June 23. "The Situation in Russia," "White Labor for the South African Mines," "M. Clemenceau and M. Jaures," "Judges and Election Petitions," "The Attitude of Young Englishmen Toward Military Service," "The Manufacture of Paupers," "A Religion of Nature," "A Mirror for Journalists," "Sleep."

June 30. "Germany, Britain and

France," "The Education Bill," "Hopes and Fears in Russia," "The Chamberlain Plan of Campaign," "The Vatican and the Separation Law," "The Manufacture of Paupers," "The Art of Disappearance," "The Season of the Dry Fly."

SUBURBAN LIFE.

Lightness and timeliness characterize the contents of the July issue of *Suburban Life*. The illustrations are as usual numerous and excellently reproduced.

Houses Built of Solid Stone. By Walter Mueller.

A New West Built of Concrete. By O. E. Sovereign.

The Camera in Summer. By J. Horace McFarland.

The Collie—a Dog With a Mission. By Harry W. Lacy.

A Wedding Trip in a Canoe. By Flora K. Edmond.

Making the Garden Homelike. By George Gibbs, jr.

Playtime Days in the Suburbs. By Alice W. Wright.

A Real Old-Fashioned Clambake. By Andrew Rollins.

The Farmer versus the Crow. By Edward H. Forbush.

Out-of-Door Living Rooms. By Grace B. Fason.

Apples to Grow in the Home Orchard. By E. P. Powell.

SUCCESS MAGAZINE.

Fiction occupies a rather more conspicuous position than usual in the July number of the *Success Magazine*. A good newspaper story by F. Hopkinson Smith opens the number and there are several other stories, mainly of a light and amusing character.

Thompson and His Hippodrome. By Samuel Merwin.

The Dummy Director. By David Ferguson.

The Real Debauchers of the Nation. By Eugene V. Debs.

Remarkable Facts About the San Francisco Earthquake. By Hosmer Whitfield.

We Must Know What we are Eating. Recreation and Sports. By Harry Palmer.

A Vacation in a Tepee. By W. A. Keyes.

ST. NICHOLAS.

The July number celebrates the Fourth of July and is very gay in its colored cover. The contents are largely concerned with the holiday.

Honors to the Flag. By Captain Harold Hammond.

The Great Seal of the U. S. By Thomas W. Lloyd.

The Signers and Their Autographs. By Mary C. Crawford.

A Hundred-Year-Old Church. By J. L. Harbour.

The Boys' Life of Abraham Lincoln.

TECHNICAL WORLD.

From the Canadian standpoint the best article in the July number of the *Technical World* is the one dealing with the construction of the Grand Trunk Pacific and entitled "On the World's Last Frontier."

This has been profusely illustrated. **Are There Men on Mars?** By Prof. W. H. Pickering.

On the World's Last Frontier. By Richard A. Haste.

Canning California Breezes. By Wilbur Bassett.

The Gold Seekers. By D. A. Willey. **Electricity as Housemaid.** By Sidney James.

Street Railways Which Repair Themselves. By Henry Hale.

Uncle Sam's Oversight. By Elliott Flower.

Passing the Fire Test. By Hollis W. Field.

Motor-Trucks Driving Out Draught Horses. By D. Beecroft.

Making Silk out of Gun-Cotton. By Clarence Hutton.

THE BUSINESS MAN'S MAGAZINE.

The value of the Business Man's Magazine to the commercial world cannot be over-estimated. The leading article in July number, "Employes Co-operation in the Management of the Business," is worthy of close attention.

The Royal Game. By Albert E. Pharo.

The Municipal Sinking Fund. By M. P. McKenna.

Modern Methods in Office and Warehouse. By J. H. Ramsden.

How to Secure a Clerical Position. By H. J. Hapgood.

Perpetual Inventories. By J. B. Griffith.

The Business Man and the Garden City. By Ewart G. Culpin.

THE FORUM.

The articles of the July number are of great importance. Attention is directed to "Foreign Affairs" which outlines the problems confronting the different governments to-day.

American Politics. By Henry Litchfield West.

Foreign Affairs. By A. Maurice Low.

Finance. By Alexander D. Noyes.

Applied Science. By Henry Tyrrell.

Thomas Hardy's Dynasts. By Prof. W. P. Trent.

Educational Outlook. By Ossian H. Lang.

Christian IX of Denmark. By Julius Moritzen.

Economics and Politics of the Reclamation. By F. W. Blackmar.

The Women of Japan. By Adachi Kinnosuke.

WINDSOR.

A noticeable feature of the July number is very effective illustrations which accompany each article. "The Art of Frederick Walker" occupies the place of honor.

The Caprice of Beatrix. By Francis Rivers.

Chronicles in Cartoon. By Fletcher Robinson.

The Doubting of the Doctor. By Henry C. Rowland.

An Unknown Quantity. By E. E. Kellett.

Vesuvius Yesterday and To-Day. By G. R. Lorrimer.

The Charlatan. By F. M. White.

Wild Animals and Their Portraits. By C. I. B. Pocock.

WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION.

The July number contains a sheaf of short stories that will give pleasure and amusement during the warm days of Summer. There are also holiday suggestions in the number which will be found of value.

Child Slaves of the Slums. By John Spargo.

Shall We Reform Our Spelling? By Mary B. Hartt.

Don't Blame the Dogs. By W. G. Fitz-Gerald.

Has the Club-Woman Supplanted the Church-Woman? By Charlotte P. Gilman.

For the Girl Who Earns Her Own Living. By Anna S. Richardson.

WORLD TO-DAY.

Two classes of men in the public eye are taken up in the July issue of the *World To-Day*—the mayor of the people and the university professor. A number of full-page portraits of celebrities in both classes accompanies the articles.

The Russian Douma.

The Cradle of the Republic. By Plummer F. Jones.

Henry M. Beardsley. A Sketch. By Hugh O'Neill.

Tom L. Johnson. A Sketch. By George C. Sikes.

Brand Whitlock. A Sketch. By William Hard.

James Noble Adam. A Sketch. By Thomas P. Hamilton.

The New Detroit. By Hugo Erichsen.

The University Professor. By Shailer Mathews.

The Panama Railroad. By Linden Bates.

Summer Outing Camps. By Annie E. S. Beard.

In Search of a New Arctic Continent. By C. R. Patterson.

Americans of the Future. By Daniel T. Pierce.

The State Dispensary of South Carolina. By Freeman Tilden.

The First Modern Comedy. By H. C. Chatfield-Taylor.

WORLD'S WORK (AMERICAN).

The July number of the *World's Work* has been designated a "Uplift Number" and its purpose is to view the world's work from an optimistic and hopeful standpoint. It contains a number of encouraging contributions.

A Wonderful Business Year.

Notable Recent Painting and Sculpture. By Florence N. Levy.

Two Leaders in Educational Statesmanship.

The New Hope of Farmers. By David Fairchild.

The Agricultural Revolution. By Dr. Seaman A. Knapp.

The Man of Perfect Health. By Luther H. Gulick.

Is Our Cotton Monopoly Secure? By Clarence H. Poe and Charles W. Burkett.

The Picturesque Jamestown Fair. By Charles Russel Keiley.

A Great American Cathedral. By Robert Ellis Jones.

What Kind of Boston is Chicago? By James W. Linn.

What Makes Socialism?

Our First Experiment in Socialism. By F. T. Gates.

Prosperity and Business Morals.

The Rebound of San Francisco. By French Strother.

A Comprehensive view of Colleges. By Walter H. Page.

WORLD'S WORK (ENGLISH).

Electricity and electrical machines are given very great prominence in the July number of the *World's Work*. Several articles deal with these themes. Each issue of the magazine contains an article on some Canadian topic. The July number contains an illustrated article on "Canadian Canoe Cruising."

Who Shall Electrify London. By T. McKinnon Wood, L.C.C.

Music by Electricity. By Marion Melius.

The Future of Manchuria. By Ernest Brindle.

The Bagdad Railway. By W. M. Ramsay, D.C.L., Lit.D.

The Socialist Party in United States.

By Upton Sinclair.

The Women's Movement in France.

By Charles Dawlarn.

British Progress in Colliery Science.

By A. S. E. Ackermann, B.Sc.

**Some Commercial Aspects of Sim-
plon Tunnel.** By Vernon Sommer-
field.

**The New Teaching About Lightning
Conductors.**

Teaching the Blind to Use Tools. By

Robert Toms, A., M.I., M.E.

A Unique Industrial Association. By

C. Armitage-Smith, M.A.

YOUNG MAN.

No publication contains more in-
spiring articles for young men than
this magazine. With a list of strong
articles as the July number contains

it cannot fail in aiding its readers
to achieve success.

Dr. MacNamara. By Arthur Page
Grubb.

A Young Man's Point of View. By
J. Spink Wilson.

A Minstrel for a Mind Diseased. By
Rev. Thomas Bates.

**Henry Ibsen, Profit and Idol-Break-
er.**

**A Noted Blind Preacher: Geo.
Matheson, D.D., LL.D.** By Alex.
R. McFarlane.

God's Englishmen. By W. Scott-
King.

The Germs of a Physician. By Geo.
H. R. Dabbs.

The Pretty Ways of Providence. By
Rev. Mark Guy Pearse.

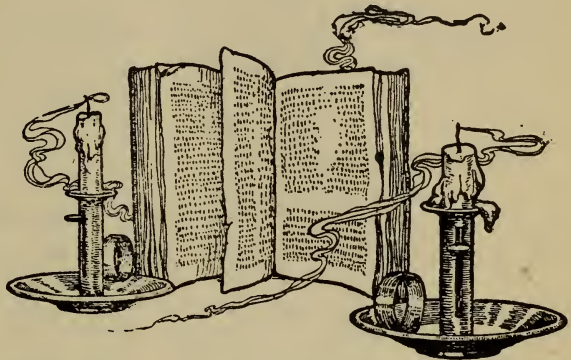
Crystal Effects of Tobacco. By Jas.
Scott.

Self-Mastery.

In some way or other we must all meet disappoint-
ments and experience defeats now and then. Life is full
of contests in which many contend but only one wins the
prize. Both in the case of the winner and of the loser
there is a fine opportunity for noble behavior. Sometimes
the victor bears himself in such a way as to tarnish or
sadly blot the honor he has won. Thus those who have
been successful may suffer a far worse defeat in them-
selves, failing in manliness and in true nobility of spirit.
There is a Bible word which tells us that he who rules
his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city. Self-
mastery is the finest heroism and the finest achievement
in life. The winner in the race adds yet more honor to
his successes when he bears himself worthily, and the
loser robs his defeat of all humiliation when he meets it
in a manly and generous way. A generous man rejoices
in another's honor.

The Busy Man's Book Shelf

Some Interesting
Books of the
Month Reviewed



A Great Physician's Words of Counsel.

DR. WILLIAM OSLER, of Oxford University, formerly of Johns Hopkins University, needs no introduction to his fellow-countrymen in Canada. A native of the Dominion, he has shed a lustre on the Canadian name, which years will not tarnish. Not alone has he won distinction as a great practitioner, but in the realm of letters he occupies a foremost position. The publication of his book on "Science and Immortality," so fine in its thought, so exquisite in its workmanship, at once placed him in the ranks of the best of contemporary essayists, and now the collection of extracts from his lectures and addresses, made by Mr. Camac and published under the title of "Counsels and Ideals," (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25 net) gives the world still more of his vigorous and scholarly writing.

The extracts have been carefully compiled by the editor and their subdivision under twenty general head-

ings tends to give a system to the book, too often lacking in works of this kind. Their brevity makes a reference to them at all times and seasons a pleasure. The reader can pick up the book, open it at any page and immediately grasp the writer's thought without any reference to the earlier parts of the volume.

Dr. Osler's writing, while it attains a high literary standard, is yet eminently practical. In this book there is indeed counsel of a splendid kind, while the writer points out ideals, which it would do all young men good to place before them. Naturally much of the book is concerned with the study and practice of medicine, for the reason that the lectures were delivered to medical students and the addresses before medical bodies. But none the less there is a universality about his writing which commends it to people in all walks of life.

One of the most pleasing features in the book to the scholar is the large number of biblical and literary al-

lusions. Dr. Osler's mind seems to be steeped in the lore of the ancient and classical writers, and with the true artist's skill he is able to blend the thoughts and ideas of the past into his own writings. To dip into this book is to meet one of the finest minds and most sympathetic natures of to-day.

The Secret of Heroism.

No greater service could be rendered the youth of Canada than that which the Deputy Minister of Labor has done in preparing a memoir of Henry Albert Harper. It will be remembered that Harper sacrificed his life in December, 1901, in a vain endeavor to save the life of Miss Bessie Blair, who with her escort had broken through the ice of the Ottawa River. The heroic but fruitless effort of the young man thrilled all Canada and in commemoration of it a monument was last year erected at Ottawa to his memory. At the same time his college friend and associate in the work of the Department of Labor, the Deputy Minister, prepared a small volume, making public some details which bore directly on the crowning glory of his life. This volume, called "The Secret of Heroism" (Fleming H. Revell Co.) tells the life story of a singularly fine and lovable character.

It would be impossible within the space available here, to enter into details of this life. Rather let the lesson which it teaches be impressed on the reader's mind—the lesson that heroism is not the gift of a moment but that it is the accumulation of years; that it is built up by a ceaseless care for the higher and better side of our lives. In the case of Harper, it is possible to trace this growth of character from the influences of home and of college, the

ideals that he pursued and the motives that guided him, so that when the supreme call came he was not found wanting.

It is well to eulogize heroism for itself; it is better to praise it on account of the character back of it. In laying bare the secret of Harper's heroism, the call goes forth for more earnestness and self-control in the lives of the youth of Canada.

Raising the Average.

At the present time the number of books published aiming to inspire and guide young men and women to a more perfectly rounded life is noticeably large. This would seem to indicate that there is a growing class of people who feel called upon to do their share in uplifting the race. If only these books could be as widely heralded and commended as are many of the present-day novels, it would mean that they would fall into the hands of a larger circle of readers, to whom they would be a great source of profit.

In a small volume entitled "Raising the Average," (Fleming H. Revell Co.) which can be easily perused within the limits of an hour, Don O. Shelton gives some valuable advice to young people, as he endeavors briefly to answer what he considers a leading life-problem, "How can I bring all my moments up to the standard and achievement of my best moments?" A careful analysis shows him that the ideal Christian life is the only one that will enable a man to attain a high average of purity and strength.

He does not preach the goody-goody life that wraps itself in a mantle of saintliness and stands apart. Rather does he emphasize a manly and determined advance into the world, a struggle with its evils

and a resolve to conquer. In this way he makes his book a practical treatise that should appeal to every young man.

The book is divided into four chapters. In the first the author endeavors to show how, by controlling our thoughts, by economizing our time, by using life's fragments and doing the little things thoroughly, we will raise the average of our life. In the second he points out the need for progress if we are to make anything of our lives. In the third he emphasizes the need for a motive, finding the best and greatest motive of all in that which actuated the Saviour's life. In the last he urges us to hold fast to our purpose.

A Philosopher's Outlook on Life.

In these days, a volume of essays on anything less practical than commercial success is a rarity, and when we come across a delicate and delightful series of talks on the finer and more worthy things of life, such as those contained in Arthur Christopher Benson's "From a College Window" (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25 net), we feel that we have indeed discovered a treasure.

The writer looks out upon the world with calm eye from the peaceful seclusion of the University of Cambridge. His mind is unruffled by the turmoil of the world, his attention is not absorbed by the demands of time and sense. And yet on the other hand he does not eliminate these interests from his consideration of life. He recognizes their existence and because of his disinterested position he is able to give them their right place in the harmony of the whole.

The volume is a frank expression of the author's opinions on such subjects as beauty, art, religion, books,

conversation, education, ambition, and a dozen more subjects of a similar character. His personality — a singularly charming one—is impressed on every page and the reader is continually discovering new interpretations of life and its interests, that delight the fancy and inspire the mind.

It is unnecessary to enter into any minute examination of Benson's philosophy. There doubtless are portions of the book open to adverse criticism, but such can very readily be left to the consideration of the individual reader. Estimated as a whole, the essays are charming in spirit, instructive in essence and inspiring in tone.

A University Professor's Praise of Service.

In an age of restless, ever-shifting progress, when material prosperity, world-wide commercial activity, and startling scientific discovery are absorbing men's minds almost to the exclusion of that vision of better and higher things without which a nation is doomed to perish, President Cole's little book, "The Life That Counts" (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 75 cts.) comes as a timely aid to reflection, to resolution and to action.

The theme is service with the qualifications of life required for true service. It is treated in a series of addresses under titles derived from the imagery of the prophet Ezekiel. Life is a divine gift, complex in its attributes, its motives and its sphere of action. The only life worth living is a life of goodness. A man's life finds its fulfillment only in the performance of God's will and its highest expression in that enthusiasm of humanity of which the fitting symbols are burning lamps and coals of fire.

As the living creature in the prophet's vision had the face of a man, there is the expression of human kinship with the implied qualification of human sympathy, that fellow feeling which instinctively ranks every man as a brother to whom love and service are due according to the standard which Christ himself has set.

Another aspect of the living creature is the face of a lion. The meaning is apparent. No life is fully equipped for service without the quality of courage, that noble virtue which has its foundation in a right life, its impulse in a right will and its finality in faith in God.

As the face of an ox symbolizes patient plodding work, so the face of an eagle points to the hidden sources of inspiration from which the soul of man derives its refreshment and its strength.

The concluding chapter treats of disinterestedness. Not for hope of reward, not for meed of glory must any one embark upon the life of service. The reward of the good life is the good life itself and it asks no other glory save the glory of going on.

Any summary of this admirable little book conveys but a very inadequate conception of its literary merit or its moral force. To be appreciated it must be read, and being read it involves a new responsibility to right living.

A Study of Monetary Conditions.

In the average book on economics or sociology, the writer usually forgets that the majority of his readers are not on the same plane of know-

ledge as he is himself. He writes above their heads; his book is cast aside by the easily discouraged reader or painfully perused by the more dogged seeker after knowledge.

Of a few books, it can be said that their writers have taken the proper attitude of mind towards their readers and have sought by a careful explanation of every detail and a simplification of language to make the task of reading their book not only easy but agreeable. This tribute of praise can be bestowed on a recent publication of Professor M. S. Wildman, "Money Inflation in the United States." (G. P. Putnam's Sons: New York).

Professor Wildman at the outset disclaims all intention of making his book a treatise on money. His purpose is rather to show the influences in American history which have led to a demand on the part of the public for more money. To this end he divides his book into two parts, taking up first psychological influences and secondly economic influences. He starts with an elementary discussion on psychology and passes on to show the state of mind into which society is plunged at certain crises, with the resultant actions that arise therefrom.

Following this, by a careful reference to the history of the United States he explains how various economic conditions have interacted and co-operated with the mental conditions to produce the delusion which underlies the recurring cry for more money. The book is not controversial.

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Men's Attire

FROM JULY DRY GOODS REVIEW.

Some features of Midsummer dress, with forecasts of styles that will prevail during Fall and Winter.

THE clothes of this Summer show another decided step in the direction of ease and informality. Softness and looseness are important characteristics, and these attributes extend even to the dress accessories—shirts, collars and cravats. Of course, smartness of appearance must be preserved, but all stiff, formal conceptions are eliminated as much as possible. To claim a popular position in midsummer haberdashery an article must have the virtue of being comfortable under scorching conditions, and look the part besides. Flannels, tweeds and homespun are the suitings of general wear.

The collar of the season is the fold, with the wide V-shaped opening. The indications are that its popularity is to have a strong degree of permanency. Dealers express the opinion that it has come to stay. The same style of collar, built up more, is expected to be in good demand this Fall, although it will not likely affect the wings to any very marked extent.

For outing purposes a new collar was introduced this season. The material is flannel, and the front is fastened across with an ornamental safety pin. Confined to the uses for which it was designed, this innovation would have been extremely well favored. It is in excellent demand, but being used for street wear by the indiscriminating at the opening of the season, has detracted from its good form in the eyes of particular persons. Apart from this it is certainly a factor in the collar trade.

The newest thing in the Summer shirt is the negligee with turn-back cuffs, in a variety of hot weather colors. It embodies comfort and coolness both in fact and appearance. The coat shirt is gaining ground, and it seems reasonable that it should continue to do so until it has displaced the style that has so long been in vogue, except, perhaps, in the very cheap grades, where the slight extra cost would be a consideration.

This is a record season for wash ties. White with dots is a great favorite, certainly, but heliotrope, light blues and even pinks are selling well. The shapes, in four-in-hands, show a moderation of the most popular Spring shape, the long, round knot. The combination of a low neat collar and a light-colored loosely-knotted tie will go about as far toward making a man look cool as any article of attire. Even if worn with a dark suit it would have a very marked effect.

Fancy waistcoats are asserting themselves quite strongly to public favor, and are being widely received; in fact, so brisk is the call for them that some merchants have found their sales of belts very materially affected. For Summer wear wash materials are used principally. In accordance with the vogue, grey is the leading color, with white grounds following within range. Light tans are also in the running. A novelty is the braided vest. Where dark braid is used with the darker colors rather a heavy appearance, more suitable for Fall, is imparted. Some lighter com-



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binations are, however, quite seasonable.

An attractive idea is the wearing of fancy handkerchiefs in the outside breast pocket of the coat. The colorings most favored are delicate and refined.

A straw hat forms part of nearly every man's attire in the hot months. The sailor shape is predominating, although there is considerable sale of the soft type, with flexible brim, among the younger men. Panamas have not justified the prediction that they would be in general demand. One city dealer remarked that he had not sold as many at \$5 to \$10 this year as at \$15 to \$35 three years ago in the same time. The soft-brimmed hat will probably be strong in the popular trade next season. Bands are mostly in plain colors.

In socks, grey to match suitings of the same shade is in the greatest demand. There is also a good call for blues and tans.

The tan shoe is not so popular as last season, although it still holds quite a solid position.

* * *

Greys for Spring, lighter greys for Summer, and heavier greys for Fall and Winter! Truly, this is a grey year in men's suitings, but somehow prevalence of the color does not strike one as faddish, in the ordinary sense of the word. Grey wears well to the eye, and in fact is such a standard, especially for Spring and Summer, that there is no danger of its being shunned the same as brown after its phenomenal vogue. Brown is not so quiet, and because of its obtrusiveness it became monotonous, and was dropped rather hard. Incidentally, it might be said that there is quite a little being sold, and it will shortly attain its normal posi-

tion in the market, although some time must elapse before there will be another run on it. While grey will very probably be less worn next year it is not likely that it will fall far below the average that it has heretofore maintained.

The merchant tailor is now figuring on his stock of Fall and Winter goods and he apparently is not going to have much trouble in selection as regards the most suitable colors. He is buying greys of all the darker shades and mixtures, and has the best of assurance that the call on them will be large. Fancy Saxony suitings are moving out well, and browns are not neglected. Mixtures of grey and green are looked upon with favor.

Blacks must always be stocked. Their standing, backed by conventionality most inflexible, can never be disturbed, whatever the turn of popular fancy. Across the line an attempt has been made to substitute colors in evening dress. The fad has been taken up by some of the young men, but it will be short-lived, as it certainly should be.

Blues have a steady demand also, and while they may feel the effects of the grey season to some extent, they are sure to hold a great deal of favor.

* * *

The leading feature in men's suit styles this Spring was the long form-fitting sack coat, with pressed seams and centre vent. The innovation hardly has qualities to extend it intact longer than the Summer. There is too much of the fad about it. To make a legitimate claim to favor beyond one season, a style must be reasonable and show points to justify its existence. The only thing that could be dwelt on in defence of this one is the length of the coat, but that will not survive the season. Al-

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ready it has been decided that it shall be moderated for Fall and Winter. The pressed seams will be in vogue when the vent is obviated, and the vent where there are no pressed seams. The coats will be mainly single-breasted, although there is bound to be a good demand for the double-breasted garment as well. The lapels on the latter will have a tendency to be narrower than last year.

The loose trousers are still very much favored, and they will again be found in style for the coming season. The peg-tops may have looked decid-

edly faddish when they first appeared but they have enjoyed a vogue that is fully justified by their quality of comfort. From the present standpoint it would appear that the tighter trouser has not the slightest chance of forcing itself back.

The new overcoat is form-fitting, with a plain flare over the hips and single vent. Pleated seams may be used if desired, and they are shown in some attractive models. The plain back coat of moderate length will have its usual demand, which is considerable.

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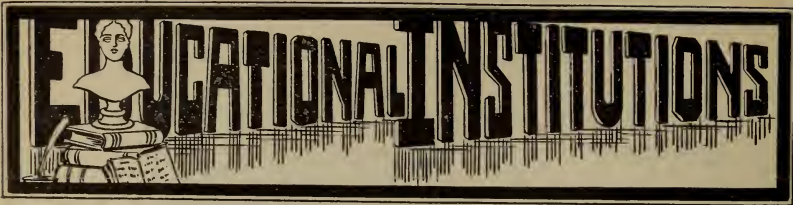
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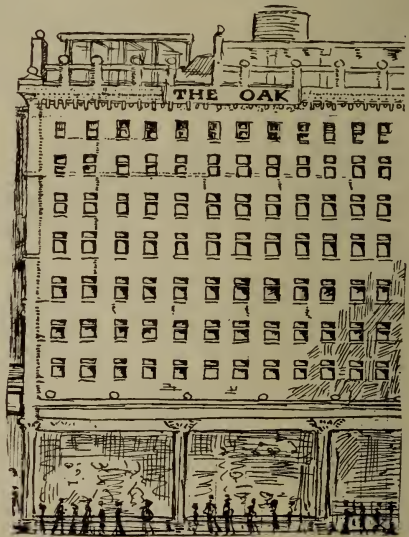
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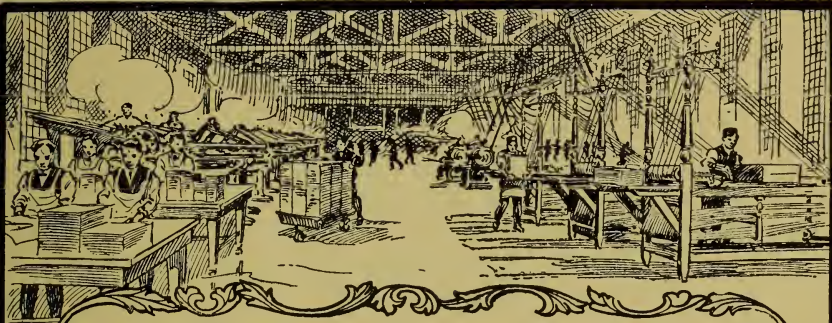
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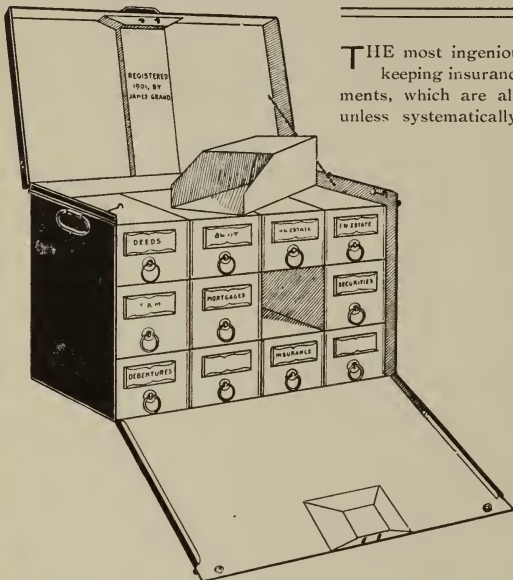
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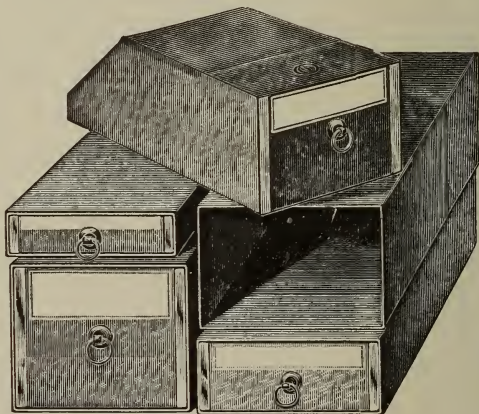
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THE BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

(Formerly "Business")

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Inside With the Publishers

IN order to give a somewhat lighter tone to the magazine, the editorial department have decided to include more fiction in the table of contents. Up to the present time one story a month has been deemed sufficient, but there seems no reason why we should not increase the number to half a dozen, in view of the fact that the short story is always so popular. The busy man needs mental relaxation perhaps more than any one else and stories are a good remedy for tired brains. To this end, we are interlarding several bright little pieces of fiction among the heavier articles in the present issue, trusting that the innovation will be approved by our readers.

* * *

Next month the magazine completes its first year under our management and to signalize the event, we intend to make the October number a particularly large and good one. It will be practically a special number. There will be half a dozen of the best short stories procurable and a department of humor will be introduced.

* * *

Another innovation, which we feel sure will be appreciated, will be the reproduction of line drawings of comic pictures. These are always enjoyable and we want our readers to look forward every month to the pictures which we shall reproduce. We intend to make use of the best drawings in the comic papers of the day.

* * *

Words of approval of The Busy Man's Magazine are still being uttered and written. Mr. George Anderson, manager of the Crown Tailoring

Company, Limited, Toronto, writes: "I have been delighted with The Busy Man's Magazine. The articles are well chosen, are concise and well written. For a busy man I know of no other magazine that will compare with it."

* * *

From Prince Edward Island the voice of the Charlottetown Guardian is heard, raised in approval. "The Busy Man's Magazine," says the Guardian, "is one of the most appreciated monthlies which comes to hand. It is verily what its name denotes, containing the best thought, fiction, and achievement of the day and placing it in order before the busy men who have not time to hunt through the hundreds of magazines, which this periodical lays under contribution and selects from with such success."

* * *

There is a tendency to be noted in the United States to raise the price of magazines. This applies to those publications which do not rely entirely on fiction for their popularity. The story magazine always sells well but it is found by the publishers of those magazines which cater to more thoughtful readers, that a minimum price of fifteen cents per issue is imperative. Thus it is said that the price of McClure's Magazine will shortly be advanced to that figure. The meaning of this is that people will have to pay more for their magazines. In some cases this will result in a reduction of the number subscribed to. At a juncture like this a periodical like The Busy Man's Magazine comes in handy. It will fill up the void caused by the absence of other familiar publications.

Initiative

THE world reserves its big prizes for Initiative. Initiative is doing the right thing without being told.

¶ But next to doing the thing without being told is to do it when you are told once.

¶ There are those who never do a thing until they are told twice ; such get no honors and small pay.

¶ Next, there are those who do the right thing only when necessity kicks them from behind, and these get indifference instead of honors, and a pittance for pay.

Elbert Hubbard.

THE BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

Vol. XII.

SEPTEMBER, 1906.

No. 5

Birmingham—A Remarkable City

BY G. BENYON HARRIS IN FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

The home of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain is a modern city, possessing several unique features. Among them the most pronounced is the unity which characterizes the actions of the men of the city—a unity which was most clearly demonstrated in the British general elections. This close relationship between Mr. Chamberlain and the men of Birmingham is a riddle to many.

FOR a long time now it has been the habit of some writers and speakers to refer to the municipality of Birmingham as having always been the great pioneer of municipal progress. It is to be hoped that those writers and speakers are not equally incorrect in the other statements they make, or it is feared they are not much to be relied on. For whatever may be the position which the municipality of Birmingham today holds in relation to other municipalities—and that position is a very high one—its title to distinction has only accrued within times which are too recent to be complimentary. Until recently its public buildings were barns and its shops warehouses; and when, at last, inspired by a sudden and eccentric aspiration to do something really great in the way of building—something that should at once stagger and appease criticism—they told their architect to build a town hall, it stood for years, as the Parthenon on a modern coal-tip would stand, as a Puritan in Paradise, or an undertaker at a wedding

would stand, anachronistic, white-
elephantine and alone. Men are yet quite young who saw their council house, their law courts, and their general hospital built, and their Corporation street driven through a collection of fetid courts and hovels to which even a cottage-property owner would have hesitated to give the name of houses, and these are the only notable public buildings the city possesses, though there is now fast rising into communion with the incumbent clouds, the domes and spires of a fane that will banish shame from the brow of the city for ever, and render imperishable the memory of the splendid and judicious energy of the illustrious personality with whom its foundation will ever be associated—the beautiful and imposing university buildings. Both in its business methods and in its buildings the City of Birmingham was without display of any kind. Display, even now, is invariably in inverse ratio to production. The most lucrative of the businesses are hidden away behind rows of cottages at four shillings a week

rent ; and the only apparent approach is through narrow passages, in which two people could not pass with comfort. The expedient of municipalization, as applied to public works, was a gothic and unknown thing to Birmingham, even so recently as just before the time when, stung by the Aston riots, Lord Randolph Churchill thundered against the "Russian despotism," the "Venetian Espionage," and the "Oligarchy" of the city. Scarce a dozen moons have waned since the one primary essential — an exhaustless water supply—has been amply secured to the city, and the age of its open spaces may be told by the immaturity of their verdure. A pedestrian is still in imminent danger of his life in one of the busiest parts of its main street, a spot where five streets converge, from prehistoric things, dignified by the name of tram engines, which exhale pestiferous fumes, make an ash-heap of the street and exude oleaginous secretions which render the foothold of men and of horses alike always extremely precarious, and sometimes deadly. Even their tram-systems have not yet been municipalized. The city still refuses to give its lord mayor a salary, and thus exhibits to the world the unparalleled spectacle of a community, the most democratic of democracies, placing the lodestar of all civic ambition far beyond the reach of those of its units, however worthy, who do not happen to be rich men. In an age of municipal progression Birmingham, as a city, remained stationary. In an impressionable age Birmingham, as a municipality, remained imperious. It called itself democratic, and exhibited, both in its general civic inaction, and in its extreme deliberation over the few civic motions it had ever made, a conservatism

deeper rooted than its own industries; a conservatism the more implacable and unrelenting, because it hobbled along in the vestments of democracy. By nothing had it ever justified the assumption on its heraldic shield of the majestic apophthegm of "Forward." In almost every salient feature unique amongst the great municipalities of the empire, the City of Birmingham, as a corporate thing, was only rescued from derision and obloquy by the refracted glory it derived from the unofficial enterprise of the men of Birmingham.

Birmingham men were all born to business, and to politics, as the sparks fly upwards. They were cradled in business-like cradles. They were nurtured on methodical and business principles. They wore business-like clothes. Everything they touched was touched with an eye to business. They wooed without sentiment, married for, lived to make, and died to leave, money. That was always the way in Birmingham. During their lives they interfered in nothing but their business, their religion, and their politics. Indeed, even their religion and their politics were as much matters of business as were their means of livelihood. The affairs of their religious denominations were conducted on strictly business lines. The balance sheet was as much an article of their religious, as of their secular, rubric. Should the morning lessons from the pulpit refer to the passage of the Red Sea, their practical minds insensibly conceived a much easier mode of transit by means of ferry boats, worked by their own turbine boilers. Should any portion of the service refer to the construction of Solomon's temple, visions of lost contracts for iron girders danced before their chagrined eyes. But it

was on politics that they more especially brought their business instincts to bear. Even in ordinary times, when the political affairs of the nation were going forward, calmly, under a blue sky, the local organizations proceeded in a rhythmic, business-like way. Committee meetings were held at regular intervals, and the pulse of the city was always under the forefinger of a vigilant, but unobtrusive, executive. When the blue sky became dotted with drifting storm-clouds, the strings of organization began to vibrate and to tighten automatically. The subsidiary committees in the wards heard the tinkle of the bells, for danger had been scented at the "central." If it turned out to be only a false alarm, or an insignificant disturbance, there was a low grumble, of which the correspondence columns of the local press became the safety valve; and it was all over for the time. But if their political programme or their industries were hit, or likely to be prejudicially affected, the country heard about it in double-quick time. Their protests were not confined to talking. The verb "reform" was, with them, a very active verb, and when they did begin to conjugate it, it always ran into the future tense. They never looked back after they had once started. They reflected first, and being convinced of the justice of their demands, they suppressed all wild and wanton opinions, and moved slowly forward with determination, honesty, and zeal, for from long experience of political agitation they had realized that—

"Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control :

These three alone, lead life to sovereign power."

And history is not silent of how the

Parliaments of England, not once or twice, but many times, in this "rough island-story," have shrunk from collision with the grim visages of the democracy of Birmingham. In times of crisis, a Birmingham political demonstration was not a matter that could be lightly treated. Inspired by no other motive than zeal for their cause, employers voluntarily closed down their works, toilers offered to give up their day's wages, great industrial enterprises marked time, the pyrotechnic genius of Brock and the resources of railway companies were enlisted, and special trains were run in order that the men of Birmingham might demonstrate in a manner that should be national in its proportions. Lord Randolph Churchill, Colonel Burnaby, Sir Stafford Northcote, Lord Llandaff, Sir Charles Darling, Mr. Lloyd-George, and many other courageous but intrusive strangers could all have told what a business-like proceeding a political demonstration in Birmingham was.

Most of the representative Birmingham men at one time or another have served on some kind of public body, and possess slightly more than a citizen's knowledge of local administration. But they never allowed that to interfere with their legitimate businesses. The meetings, therefore, were held in the evenings, and were attended by them on their way home from business before they had washed the dust of the day from their faces and hands. They generally reached home about ten o'clock, and going straight to bed, slept until six the next morning. It has always been a peculiarity of their commercial life that their nearest friends are never quite sure what their particular businesses really consist in. Often, indeed, they themselves are not quite

sure. The general impression is that they "have something to do" with iron, brass or gold. That is to say, they are, in one undefined way or another—often in more ways than one—peculiarly interested in the process of melting, burning, and twisting this raw material into shapes recognizable by the wayfarers of life. It may be pens, pins, needles, or toy pistols. It may be the chaste setting of orient pearls for the white bosoms of civilization, or the rude welding of polished steel for the dusky nostrils of barbarism. It may be the molding of a lectern for the rites of Christendom, or the bronzing of a fetish for the eye of Idolatry. A gossamer wire, or a tubular bridge, pop-guns or heavy ordnance, tubes drawn or weldless, a steam engine, or a dog collar; it may be all or any of these, or it may be something else. Nobody knows for certain, and nobody cares. The businesses also by which they make their money are invariably not the businesses in which they started life. The most successful of the businesses are carried on by men who, in their early days, learnt some other business. Being, however, thoroughly versed in general commercial methods, they are able with unconcerned volition to vary their occupations, according to the exigency of the moment. If they are beaten in the open market by rails from Belgium, they are able by a quick transition, and often apparently without change of plant, to turn out iron sheets for corrugated roofing. If American or German competition makes it not worth their while to continue the manufacture of tubes for cycles, they turn to bedsteads, collar-studs, or hairpins. Iron and brass are their staple material. Anything that it is humanly possible to make out of that

material the men of Birmingham can and do make; and the kind of thing they make out of it depends entirely upon whether the demand at the moment is for a tubular bridge or a trumpet, a toy for the hand of a lady, or sheet armor for a belted cruiser.

Their wealth is not realized so much by what may be called profits in market overt as by their capacity to "buy" well, in devising means for reducing the cost of production, and on discount for ready cash. Social consequence is the corollary of a big banking account and a big house. Even a big banking account, however, unaccompanied by a big house, gives little social consequence to a man in Birmingham; and men are continually dying there with a probate-record of £100,000 whose existence, if it had ever been known, had been forgotten until it ceased. Genealogy they care nothing about; for uniformity of occupation breeds no class distinctions during life, nor violates the levelling democracy of the grave after death. They are all manufacturers; and if some manufacture in a little shed at the back of their dwelling-house they are equally manufacturers with those who cover acres with their groaning machinery and employ five thousand hands in the canal-bisected expanses of the adjacent Black Country. All interests are identical. The touch of occupation makes the whole race kin. A sympathy in toil insures a fellowship in danger. If, therefore, a stranger hit one he hits the lot; and the outrage is resented down to the latest dusty neophyte at the anvil. Withal, they are a very proud, independent, and virile race. What though they wear monkey-jackets, and are, in working hours, scarcely distinguish-

able in outward appearance from the artisans they employ, they hold in very slight estimation the silk hat and frock coat of the outer world. The homogeneity that distinguishes their occupations, their facile volition in commercial resource, extends also to their modes of thought, their motives, and their conduct. The same qualities in a public man that appeal to any of them appeal to all of them. The same impulses that move the individual move the multitude. Hence, though they are often engaged in fierce trade disputes and competitions amongst themselves, they always present a common front to an outside enemy. The expression, "the men of London," "the men of Liverpool," "the men of Glasgow," as designations of the inhabitants of those cities, possesses a wholly different meaning from the expression, "the men of Birmingham," as applied to the inhabitants of the capital of the Midlands. The "men of Birmingham" are by birth, instinct, training, associations, and interest Birmingham men. This doubtless accounts to a great extent for their racial insularity. Hence when they speak to the country and when they demonstrate they do so, not as Englishmen merely, but more particularly as Birmingham men, with one aim and with one voice, strident and unmistakable.

While they have always been, and still are, in their own affairs the most conservative body of men it is possible to meet, in politics they are the most democratic. But they have always been loyal and true, except when unwarrantably attacked by irresponsible buccaneers like Rupert. It is true that the men of Birmingham do not think deeply. They are inspired, controlled, and protected by a kind of natural instinct or sagacity

that is congenital in them, and which, when applied to the scrutiny of political propositions, enables them unerringly to distinguish the practical from the chimerical. Having always been in the van of politics in the past, their knowledge is not of the *ad captandum* kind which makes men unduly elated or dejected over political questions. Their political knowledge is sound, their political traditions are historical. They understand that there are principles even in politics, and so they are able to look upon the undulations of politics with a due regard to the rules of perspective. Hence they have invariably been the first to realize political possibilities, and to agitate for them, as is evidenced by the saying, "What Birmingham demands today the country will want tomorrow." Their actions are always straightforward and their methods are never devious. They always know what they want, and go for it as one man, without pausing to consider those side issues which often obscure the vision of more subtle but less practical minds. As for altruism, though they may not know the meaning of the word, they practice the thing. They are, alike in their business and in their public aims, absolutely unselfish. Utilitarianism has never been better illustrated than in their methods. That there may be men outside Birmingham possessing a certain kind of artistic or "flash" ability, men who arrive at just conclusions by means of rigid logic, men who, when they go wrong, do so with great ingenuity, Birmingham men would be the first to admit. But with Birmingham men the only indication of sterling, abiding talent is the rapid accumulation of wealth from business. To them there is on-

ly one *raison d'être* of talent: to amass wealth quick and early. The abstract kind of talent which leaves its possessor in a small house they not only do not understand but entertain great contempt for. They only look at material results. Whether those results are really due to what is known as talent or to a fortuitous combination of negations they do not stop to inquire. The tree is judged by its fruit.

This unrelieved materialism obtrudes itself even in the nomenclature of their thoroughfares—Corporation street, New street, Bristol road, Wheelers road, Carpenters road, Arthur road—no poetry, no sentiment, no imagination; stern business to the

end of the chapter. Truly a race of iron-sides—grave, determined, and insular; possessing little, if anything, in common with the rest of the nation; a race with whom Plato would have delighted to hold communion, and such, probably, as he would have chosen for the experiment of his model republic. That, then, was the character of the municipality; and these the characteristics of the men of Birmingham. In the case of the one it was distinguished by its immutability in a period of endless mutation; and in the case of the other by a rugged independence and an implacable materialism to the exclusion of the sentimental and the imaginative in every shape and form.

Making the Best of Things

There is scarcely anyone who does not think but that he has been unjustly dealt with, in some respects, either by nature or fortune. What is to be done? If these individual imperfections can be remedied let us strive in every legitimate way to help ourselves. If not, why not make the best of them?

It is not so much our own actual condition of life that breeds happiness as the use which we make of our opportunities. Some people will be cheery and useful anywhere, and under any livable conditions. Others are correspondingly dismal. Therefore, as a matter of self-convenience at least, let us make the best of things.

The Casey-Murphy Handicap

BY ELLIS PARKER BUTLER IN SUCCESS MAGAZINE.

The author of "Pigs is Pigs" is here seen in his favorite role, as the exponent of rich Irish humor. Two middle-aged sons of Erin become contestants in a mile run at the annual picnic of the Royal Pickle Factory's employes. The race is described in detail and will be sure to create much amusement.

IT never pays to boast. Casey and Murphy worked side by side at a table in the Royal Pickle Factory, corking pickle bottles and dipping the corked necks into red sealing-wax. They were both well along in years, but the spirit of unconquered youth still lingered on their tongues, and as they worked they talked. The annual picnic of the Royal Pickle Factory Employes' Mutual Benevolent Association had been set for the eighteenth of July, and tickets were already for sale: "Lady and gent, fifty cents." The picnic was to be at the fair grounds, and there were to be games.

"I was a runner meself, in me young days," said Casey. "There was only wan other lad was faster than me in th' county, and ivry toime we ran I bate him. 'T was a joy, Murphy, t' see me legs revolvin' loike buggy spokes, a leppin' over th' ground, and th' pigs hurry-skurryin' out av th' way, thinkin' I was an autymobile, only there was none in thim days."

Murphy pushed in a cork.

"Sure," he said, "they was grand runners in th' Ould Country in thim days, Casey. I was wan av thim. But 't is laughin' I am whin ye say th' pigs got out av yer way, Casey. Whin I run there was no toime fer thim t' git annywhere. I was past before they suspected I was comin'."

"'T is well known, th' laziness av th' pigs in County Clare," said Casey; "they be so fat an' lazy they move fer nawthin'."

"Are ye sayin' I c'u'd not run?" inquired Murphy.

"I'm sayin' nawthin'," said Casey, "but 't is well known all over Ireland that a Kerry lad can run a mile whilst wan from Clare is runnin' two."

"'T is not true," said Murphy, coldly. "Whin I was a lad I c'u'd run a mile anny day whilst ye was runnin' three, Casey. I was a grand runner, thim days. And th' endurance av me! 'T was surprisin'!"

"'T is sad th' change thet has come over ye since," Casey said. "No wan would suspect it now."

"Oh, 't is not so bad as that!" Murphy bragged, shifting from one rheumatic leg to the other; "there be many a run left in th' legs av me yet, Casey. There be more run left in wan av me legs than in th' two of yours, I wager."

"List t' th' curious felly!" jeered Casey.

"Come outside, where I kin give me fists full play, and I'll show ye I kin do as I say," Murphy dared him. "Let me but git wan av me fists agin th' face av ye, Casey, and 't will be a different opinion av me runnin' ability ye'll be havin'."

"Do ye run on yer fists, then, Murphy," asked Casey, scornfully, "like a clown in a circus? No wan was sayin' but ye have a fist loike a ham, and 't is a wonder th' pipe-stem legs of ye kin carry thim two chunks av fist, but as fer runnin'!"

The result was that the manager of the picnic put on the programme

of the day's sports an extra number : "12A, One Mile Running Race, Timothy Casey, Mike Murphy, for the Championship of the Sealing Table," and Casey and Murphy went into training.

Murphy began his training by running around the block on which his shanty was located. He ran half way around once, and then decided that it was bad policy to expend all his energy before the day of the race. There was no use tiring himself all out before the race ; he would store up his vitality and have it intact at the pistol shot. He therefore began a course of absolute rest. When he was not working he sat with his legs stretched straight before him, letting them accumulate energy.

Casey, on the other hand, trained violently. He began, too, by running around a block, and the next day he did not go to work, being so stiff and sore that he had to lie in bed, but his spirit was undaunted. Each night he oiled his knee joints with machine oil to limber them up, and each morning he wrapped them in woolen rags soaked in arnica. It gave the sealing room at the pickle factory a peculiar odor that did not mix well with the acid scent of the vinegar. All day, while at work, he worked his legs up and down, as if he was riding an invisible bicycle. This was to prepare him for the endurance needed in the big race, and to cultivate speed he increased the rapidity of the operation from time to time, while Murphy looked on with scorn.

"Luk at him," he said ; "he do be thinkin' 't is a race on a sewing-masheen he will be runnin'."

It was, indeed, peculiar to see Casey take a case of sealed pickle bottles and proceed across the room with them, his legs going up and

down at the rate of a mile an hour, and himself proceeding but twelve feet in five minutes. He looked something like those fat, prancing, high-school cobs that are all up-and-down motion and no progress, but what is not uncommon in a plump horse is somewhat surprising when seen in an elderly, sober-faced Irishman. Casey, from the belt up, was the honest workman attending severely to his job ; from the belt down he was covering mile after mile of cinder path. He was so tired by the eighteenth of July that he could hardly stand up on his legs unaided, though he kept up a brave front.

When the twelve events that came first on the programme had been disposed of, Casey and Murphy removed their coats and vests and descended to the track. The picnic was held at the fair grounds, and as the two men looked at the half-mile trotting track stretching out in a tremendous oval of dust, and considered that they would have to traverse it twice, the world seemed but a sad and weary place to them. But for the gathered friends and fellow-employees, who gazed down upon them from the grand stand, they would willingly have let bygones be bygones, but until one is beaten there is no such word as recant in the mouth of the true Irishman. Even so, Murphy and Casey approached the starting line reluctantly and slowly. Casey was clearly over-trained. His legs would not stand still. They pranced up and down, in spite of him. They were capering, prancing legs, and you looked around to see who they belonged to, and when you saw Casey himself, dismal of face and solemn eyed, you felt like begging some one's pardon — either the legs' pardon or Casey's.

Murphy approached his fate haltingly. If Casey's legs seemed to dash madly to the fray, Murphy's legs seemed to balk and hang back from it. If they could they would have turned around and gone home and lain down and left Murphy to get along the best he could without them. Murphy's legs did not see anything funny in the impending race, but it was not that that bowed Murphy's head. He had a boil on the back of his neck.

As the two men entered the track, the master of the games, the starter, and the referee approached them.

"All ready?" asked the master, in his made-for-public-use voice.

"I'm ready," said Casey, sadly; "me legs is wild t' be off." They were not half as wild to be off as Murphy's were.

"Wan minute!" said Murphy, "wan minute before you shoot off that gun! I claim a handicap fer th' bile on th' back av me neck. 'T is unheard av, t' make me run even wid Casey and me sufferin' th' tortures wid a bile on me neck ivry toime I move me legs."

"Go awn, now!" Casey said. "Did ye iver hear av a runnin' racer gittin' handicaps fer biles? 'T is no fault av mine ye hev a bile, Murphy, an' why sh'u'd ye tax me for it?"

The referee looked at the boil and shook his head, in doubt what to do.

"'T is a bad wan!" he declared. "'T is a blem bad bile v' 'ev got, Murphy, but how t' handicap fer a bile I dunno. 'T is not as if I was a professional handicapper, now, that knows all the rules av handicappin'. If 't was a game av pool, now, I w'u'd know; and if 't was billiards I w'u'd know, and if 't was th' record av ye over th' mile track I w'u'd know, but a bile is different. What

t' allow off fer a bile, I dunno. What w'u'd ye be givin' fer a bile, Dugan?" he asked the starter.

"Wan says wan thing, and wan says another," said Dugan, judicially. "Shoemaker's wax is good and worruks quick, but it draws harrud, and bread-and-milk poultice is good; and flaxseed is good; and wance I had a bile on me face an' nawthin' w'u'd stick on, an' th' ould woman says flour mixed in honey is good and sticks annywhere—"

"But 't is not—" began the referee.

"Aisy, now, aisy!" said Dugan. "I'm not recommindin' honey and flour mesilf, fer the ould woman mixed a fine big gob av it and put it on th' face av me, whin I wint t' bed, and th' nixt mornin' I was honey and flour from head t' foot. 'T was in me hair, and everywhere but on th' bile, an' th' bile settin' on me face and laughin' at me fit t' burst. But it did not burst. Not 'til t'ree days."

"But we do not want t' cure th' bile," explained the referee.

"Then ye be a ourious felly," said the starter, "fer if I had wan I sh'u'd want t' cure it. There be some call thim pets, 't is true, but—"

"'T is on Murphy, it is," the referee insisted, "and 't is how much handicap sh'u'd we give him fer a bile, I'm wantin' t' know."

"'T is a bad bile," said Murphy. "I'm thinkin' ye sh'u'd give me wance around th' track fer the bile. Me build is such," he explained, "wid th' long neck av me, that me head bobs back an' front ivry step, whin I'm runnin' me best. If I do not bob me head I kin not let out me full speed, and wid a bile on me neck I kin not bob."

"'T is too much!" objected Casey.

"No wan w'u'd give half a mile fer a bile. 'T is outrageous."

"In th' horse races," suggested the starter, "they mek th' best horse carry extry weight t' overcome th' deficiency av th' difference."

"Sure, and 't is fair Casey sh'u'd carry weight t' even it up," agreed the referee. "He sh'u'd carry th' weight av th' bile. How much it weighs, I dunno."

"Twinty pounds," "Wan ounce," said Murphy and Casey simultaneously.

"Let Casey carry a brick," suggested the starter, and this was agreed upon. Casey decided to carry it in his hand.

The race, as is well known, is not always to the swift. Generalship counts for as much as speed, particularly in a mile run, and Casey and Murphy had had abundant advice from their friends as to how to run the race. They knew they should not expend all their strength at first, but treasure it for the final burst of speed on the homestretch.

Mr. Casey, with the brick, and Mr. Murphy, with the boil, lined up at the starting line. One thought filled both their minds: to let the other set the pace and to follow at his heels until the homestretch. The starter raised his pistol.

"Are yez ready?" he cried.

"Yis!" said Casey, briskly.

"I am!" said Murphy.

The blunt snap of the short-nosed revolver was heard, the timekeeper noted the starting time, and Casey and Murphy were off! A cheer rang from the grand stand. It died, and a look of wonder and surprise passed over the faces of the employes of the pickle factory.

The runners were off! Casey was off, his legs popping up and down at

the rate of forty revolutions to the minute, the brick held balanced on his extended upturned hand as if it was some priceless, tender egg. And Murphy was off, his back stiff and his neck bent stiffly forward, as if he had to balance the boil on it, and was afraid to tread hard lest it fall off. They were off, but the starter, the referee, the master of the games, and the timekeeper leaned forward and stared at them astonished. 'Round and 'round in a circle three feet wide went Casey with the brick and Murphy with the boil, Casey at Murphy's heels, and Murphy at the heels of Casey; but from the starting line they did not move. They went 'round, and they went 'round, but no one could tell whether Casey was ahead or Murphy behind. Casey's legs were going the faster, but Murphy's stride was longer. Casey made the circle in ten steps, but Murphy made it in three, making a triangle of it. They were jockeying for the rear position.

The race officials crowded around them. There is no racing rule known that permits a referee to lay hands on a runner while he is running, and Casey and Murphy were undeniably running.

"Go awn!" shouted the referee. "Break away!"

"'Tind yer own business," panted Casey. "'T is runnin' I am. 'T is me policy t' fally close behind Murphy."

"Git a move on ye, Murphy," urged the starter. "'Cut loose from him an' scoot! 'T is toime t' discontinue pretindin' ye are a merry-go-round."

"L'ave me be," gasped Murphy; "me generalship is t' kape at th' heels av Casey."

The audience, puzzled, looked at its

programmes, thinking they had mistaken the event. It was undoubtedly the mile race. The two men were certainly running. The audience cheered.

"Come awn, now!" begged the referee. "Git loose, and move off! Casey, run awn down th' track, that's a good felly."

"'T is me policy—" Casey began again.

"Dang yer policy!" said the exasperated referee. "Will ye be runnin' 'round in wan spot fer iver, then, loike th' earth on its axle, fer th' sake av a policy? 'T is a long way ye have t' run yet, Casey, twice around th' track, and 't is a fool ye are wastin' th' little legs ye have goin' nowhere. Break loose, Casey, and start off."

"I will do it if Murphv will," panted Casey. "The brick is gittin' heavy. Let Murphy start off. I'll fally."

"Go side by side," suggested the referee. "'T will be fair t' wan an' all. Now, ready, go!"

At the word, Casey and Murphy started down the track, side by side. Their speed was not record-breaking. As they ran the referee walked beside them giving them final instructions, and then returned to referee the next event, for it was evident that there would be abundant time for many events before the runners completed the mile. The green that the track inclosed rose to a knoll in the centre, obstructing the view of the far side of the track, and those who saw Murphy and Casey as they passed out of view around the turn noticed that they were running as if in distress. Murphy had one hand on the back of his neck, and Casey was carrying the brick over one shoulder.

There was a sack race, the long

jump, and the hundred-yard hurdle before Casey and Murphy came into sight on the straight-away. It was hardly a dog-trot they were doing now, and as they approached the stand and started on the second half mile there were murmurs that Casey was running foul, that he had chucked his handicap; but as the runners passed it was seen that he was running fair. He had put the brick in his hip pocket.

The high jump, which had been arrested to let the runners pass, went on, and on went other games, and it was seen that when Casey and Murphy passed behind the knoll for the second time they were walking.

"Murphy!" said Casey, when the knoll hid the grand stand, "are ye tired?"

"Divil a bit," panted Murphy, "but me legs is. I w'u'd give tin dollars t' sit down fer a minute."

"Have I legs or have I not, I dunno!" said Casey, "but 't w'u'd do no harrum t' rist a bit. 'T will be a grand finish they'll be ixpectin', Murphy, an' we kin aisy make up th' toime we lose."

Murphy turned abruptly to the side of the track and lay down in the shadow of the fence. Without a word Casey fell beside him, and the two men lay here looking up at the deep blue of the sky, and breathing hard.

The minutes rolled away. The games before the grand stand proceeded, and ended. The sports were ended, and the audience and officials awaited only the finish of the mile running race.

They gazed up the homestretch and craned their necks to catch sight of the runners when they should round the bend.

"Come awn," said Casey, getting stiffly to his feet. "We must be

movin' awn, Murphy. They'll be missin' us."

"Howly Erin!" groaned Murphy, sitting up and rubbing his knees. "I w'u:d not run another mile fer all th' money av all th' Rockyfellers in th' worrld!"

He staggered up, and took his place in the middle of the track. Casey got beside him, and they started.

The judges, grouped in the middle of the track, peered earnestly up the homestretch. The picnic stood on its seats, as one person in the same direction, and peered. No Casey! No Murphy! The wonderment grew intense.

Suddenly there was a patter of feet and a wheeze of breath. The officials turned sharply around, and the audience turned, too. With all their strength and final breath Casey and Murphy, neck and neck, were dashing to the finish tape, from the direction in which they had gone.

Neck and neck, making a grand finish, even if they were coming from the wrong direction! Casey's little legs were flashing up and down, and Murphy's long ones stretching out. Murphy ran more freely than before, his long neck darting back and forth like a serpent; but Casey, his fists doubled up, his face in the air, was a cyclone. He crossed the tape a foot ahead of Murphy.

Murphy lay down on his back on the track and gasped, and Casey leaned up against the fence and panted, while the cheers of the Benevolent Picklers rent the air.

"Wan minute!" called the referee, sharply, as the judge was about to announce Casey's victory. "Casey, where's th' brick?"

Casey's mouth fell open.

"Dang!" he gasped, "I left it—around awn—th' other side—av th' hill!"

"'T is a foul!" exclaimed the referee. "Casey has thrown away th' handicap. 'T is Murphy's race!"

Murphy sat up and a smile of pleasure lighted his face.

The starter got behind him to help him to his feet.

"Wait a bit!" said the starter. "Wan thing I want t' ask Murphy first! Murphy, whin did th' bile awn yer neck bust?"

"'T was—'t was when Casey lost th' brick," he answered, for he would not tell a lie.

"Then th' handicaps is even," said the referee, "and Casey wins, but what does he win, I dunno. 'T was a mile race on th' programme, but wan quarter they ran th' wrong way around, and does 't make t'ree quarters av a mile, or wan mile, or wan mile an' a quarter, I dunno. But annyhow, 't was a fast race fer such slow runners. What was th' time of it?"

The timekeeper hesitated.

"'T was an hour an' some more," he said, "but how much more, I dunno, fer I was fergettin' t' wind me watch last night and it ran down on me; but 't is safe t' say th' toime av th' race was an hour an' mebbly another wan."

Russia's First Walking Delegate

BY KELLOGG DURLAND IN REVIEW OF REVIEWS.

Aladyin, leader of the peasant and labor party in the Duma of Russia, is a man from whom more will undoubtedly be heard in future years. He has lead a strange life, being for several years a refugee in Paris and London. In these cities he learned much to fit him for the work he has now chosen.

ALADYIN is a peasant — or he was. He is the leader of the peasant party in the Duma. Indeed, his influence is even wider. He heads the Labor party—the workmen as well as the peasants. That is why he is a force to be reckoned with. But while he is a peasant deputy and a peasant leader, he is far from being a typical peasant. For one thing, he speaks excellent English; he is also as fluent in French as in his native Russian; I believe that he speaks Italian. His boyhood was of the kind that has turned out many a sturdy man in America. His parents were of the soil—poor to misery — overwhelmed, almost, by their poverty and suffering. But the boy of the family managed to survive infancy, and in due time went to work in the fields. He attended the local schools, and toward the period of adolescence he became imbued with the ambition and idealism which have been the making of so many boys in history, and determined to go to college. Animals interested him on the farm. People interested him as his horizon widened. People, more and more, came to be his passion. He craved to see more of them, to be more with them, to do for them. To be a doctor seemed a practical and worthy way of realizing this ambition; so to the University of Kazan he went. At the age of eighteen he was expelled for “doubtful propensities”; but he got back again, and eventually completed the first year in the faculty of medicine. But Alad-

yn's mind was too comprehensive and keen to remain concentrated on medicine. It was not medicine that interested him anyway—it was people. He studied medicine only that he might help people. He could not be blind to the condition of the people about him. Kazan, like Samara, his native government, and Sembirsk, his adopted government, was near the annual famine belt. Aladyin saw, and failed to keep his opinions to himself. Even then he began to speak too loud. An uncouth farmer-lad he was doubtless then considered. When he went up for his examination he was informed that it would be useless. The faculty had determined that he might not continue his studies.

Undaunted, Aladyin turned to the faculty of science. His university career was not untroubled, but he managed to stick to it for three and one-half years. Then came the final expulsion. He had learned much, however, in three years, and he was by no means dissatisfied. He went at once to the outskirts of Kazan, there to labor among workmen. He organized trade unions. He dwelt upon the value and necessity of education. The workmen listened, and were glad to be guided by him, young though he was at the time. At last the Government determined to impose a severe lesson upon him—a “children should be seen but not heard” sort of thing. He was arrested, but liberated on five hundred dollars bail (a goodly sum to him)

pending the delivering of a verdict. On the eve of this announcement he learned what the morrow would bring forth—four years in prison, solitary confinement, followed by eight years of exile in the frozen north, in the government of Archangel. Here he would be allowed seven kopecks a day—less than four cents—for food. The prospect did not please. He succeeded in crossing the frontier into Germany, but as he had no money he soon came into difficulty with the police. Belgium was the nearest point of escape. In Brussels he secured work and managed to eke out a living for a few months; then to Paris, where he remained one year. Often during that time he thought of turning to America, and at one time was on the point of setting sail when an old employer in Belgium sent him word of an opportunity on the technical staff of an electrical plant. He seized this opportunity, and during the next three years he prospered. But Belgium is a wee country. Aladyin longed for the open. Belgium's borders pressed upon him. London, over the narrow water, seemed to call, and he answered the call. In London he fared indifferently. He did not land on his feet at once. It was long before he was comfortable. The misery of his childhood days was nearly repeated. If his wits were in any need of sharpening, they must soon have taken a wire edge. A more veritable Jack-of-all-trades could scarce have been found between West Ham and Ealing. At one time he was a dock laborer down along the Victoria Docks—one of John Burns' men—the Right Honorable John Burns, if you please! Then he was a journalist—a stevedore of the pen—a tutor in Russian. This last led to his becom-

ing a regular instructor in Russian to a group of officers. He worked for a time as an electrician. When hard put to it, he turned doctor. Once he did yeoman service for a lawyer, incidentally picking up many crumbs of useful information which are now proving of value in his parliamentary career.

Aladyin's spirit through all his vicissitudes remained indomitable. As he took to medicine that he might help people, so he never forgot in his days of struggle that others there were who were fighting just as hard as he. Nay, some harder—for theirs, perchance, was a losing battle, while he was ever conscious of marching on. However stiff the way, Aladyin always had a spare hour now and again for others. The settlement movement was in its prime then, and Toynbee Hall, that oldest of social centres, was attracting crowds of workmen. Aladyin felt his element. To Toynbee Hall he went, in the heart of Whitechapel. Here he gave three lectures a week in natural science, and sometimes a fourth on a social, economic, or historical subject. All this time, though he knew it not, he was fitting himself for the real service of his life—in Russia. One cannot live long in Russia without coming to have a great faith in the mighty hidden forces which sweep on the destinies of life—forces incomprehensible in their workings, unfathomable in their depth, and leading one knows not whither. And not merely the elementary streams which are so apparent in the country itself, but also the tributaries which, flowing into the main stream, carry with them contributory forces in the forms of individuals. Aladyin is one such. Looking at his life from earliest childhood, and especially his life

abroad, one is almost startled to find how largely even the seemingly wasted years have all been preparatory for the great work which may make or wreck an empire.

Aladyin ever did his share of the world's work, and divided whatever benefit accrued to him with his neighbors, regardless of nationality, whether in Belgium, in France, or in England. This was the nature of the man; but, like most Russians, he had a deep and inherent love for his fatherland. He wished most of all to loose the shackles from off the slaves of his own country. When the famous manifesto of last October was issued, Aladyin was one of the first to return. He came to St. Petersburg via Finland. He went directly to the workingmen, and during the December strike he was one of the leaders. Finding the eye of the police upon him, he shortly found it prudent to leave the city. He journeyed to Sembirsk, and there found his family, of whom he had not had direct news in several years. When the Duma elections began to be talked of his villagers asked him to accept their nomination. He at once formed an electoral committee, but upon receiving secret information to the effect that he might be "taken" at any time he again cleared away. He returned to the capital, but took up his home on the edge of the Finnish frontier, and only came to the city by day. While here, the election took place in his own Government, and he found himself returned to the Duma as a Deputy. Immediately upon hearing of this he took steps to form a peasant and labor party. His residence abroad had shown him the value of organization. He gathered the strongest of the elected peasants about him into a kind of council, and

this body invited all of the peasant and Labor Deputies to hurry to St. Petersburg in order to perfect the organization as rapidly as possible.

This group is now the most important in the Duma. It has not a majority; that belongs to the Constitutional Democrats. But it has so powerful a minority that it may swing any and every vote. If the fortunes of political warfare were to give the Constitutional Democrats a ministry, then the Constitutional Democrats would become the Government, and the working group the people. For after all is said and done the voice of the people is strained for something more radical than a constitutional monarchy. As things stand now the Constitutional Democrats are the Moderates—the centre—of the Duma, though to the present Government this party is rabid and radical enough. The Left is the Labor party, and Aladyin sways the Labor party. It is a position of great power and influence.

"Do you call yourself a Socialist?" I asked him, once.

"A cool-headed Socialist—more or less," he replied. The way he added "more or less," with a decided twinkle, was delightful. "A kind of Fabian Socialist," he went on, after a thought. Yet he is working for the nationalization of all land in Russia, to be locally administered. He is fighting for the complete abolition of the death penalty in Russia. He will be content with nothing short of a full amnesty—amnesty to terrorists as well as to lesser political offenders.

Each day brings sheaves of telegrams to Aladyin from all over the country. Telegrams from prisons, from whole peasant communities, from committees, and from individ-

uals. "How can I ask for less," he asked, pointing to his littered desk, "when these messages keep pouring in upon me? The Government's policy is one of foolhardiness and rashness. The whole people are uniting to give battle."

Now, this is perfectly true. Only no one else speaks so boldly about it in public—partly because no one else may with impunity. To exile or arrest a member of the Duma is much

more serious than arresting any number of ordinary citizens or university professors. Aladyin is conscious of his opportunity, and he is making the most of it. He knows that every word he utters in the Duma is carried the length and breadth of Russia. That is why he does not curb his tongue — this enfant terrible of three-and-thirty. That is why the Government insists that "Aladyin speaks too loud."

Casabianca, the Office Boy.

BY MONTAGUE GLASS IN McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

This little story has a very human interest, and the reader cannot help but feel an admiration for the trusty office boy who obeyed instructions to the letter and in the end saved his employer a serious loss.

MR. GOODEL'S desk reflected in its littered disorder, the need of an office boy, and to the end that one should be procured, he had inserted an advertisement in the morning paper. The applicants blocked the corridor, and from the odor and hue of the atmosphere, the majority of them had been smoking cigarettes, a practice which Mr. Goodel abominated.

At the end of the line that reached from the door to the elevator, stood a shawl-wrapped figure clasping a youth of fourteen by the hand. Mr. Goodel had almost fallen over the latter who reached approximately to his knee and as he forced his way past the candidates for employment, it occurred to him that it might be a good thing to supplement his own feeble ideas of discipline by the stern parental authority which evidenced itself in the forbidding countenance of the lady near the elevator.

He accordingly invited her to enter with her charge, who made the

journey to Mr. Goodel's sanctum by a series of short energetic jerks in the wake of his mother.

"Is this your son?" he asked mildly.

"Yes, sir," she replied and then addressing the boy, "Take yer hands out'n yer pockets, you."

He obeyed with an alacrity that augured well for Mr. Goodel's service.

"How old is he?" Mr. Goodel went on.

"Fourteen," she replied, "an' he just graduated from the grammar-school."

"Is he a good boy?" he inquired perfunctorily.

"He will be that," she said with a tightening of the corners of her mouth. "An' if he ain't," she continued, "just let me know, that's all."

Mr. Goodel tried to think of something else to say and then turned to his desk.

"All right," he said, "I'll engage him."

The lady bowed austerely.

"Thank ye kindly," she murmured. "Now pay attention to the gentleman, Jimmy," she said to the boy, "An' do wot he tells yer. D'ye mind me?"

She nodded again and swept out of the office.

"Sit down at the desk outside, boy," said Mr. Goodel, "and when I want you, I'll ring."

A muffled buzz of conversation without reminded Mr. Goodel of the unsuccessful candidates.

"Here, boy," he called. "Run outside and tell 'em all to go away."

Jimmy disappeared and an instant later a piping voice was heard in the corridor.

"Beat it youse," it said. "I got de job."

Then began a tramping of feet and the sound of scuffling followed by Jimmy's reappearance smoothing his hair with one hand and tenderly fingerly a rapidly swelling lip with the other.

Mr. Goodel looked up sharply.

"Boy," he said, severely. "where's your necktie?"

"Oh, Gee!" Jimmy exclaimed and ran out into the hall again returning with his necktie adjusted.

"I dropped it outside," he muttered. It was one of the kind that fasten with an elastic loop to the collar button.

"Can you copy letters?" Mr. Goodel demanded.

"I dunno. Mebbe I could if I seen it foist," he answered.

There was not the faintest trace of impudence on his thin face when he spoke and Goodel, without further comment, showed him how to make a transfer of the letter into a tissue-

paper book by means of the conventional copying press in the corner.

"Now copy this one and lets see how you do it."

Goodel handed him a second letter which Jimmy proceeded to copy in the manner exemplified by his employer. "Evidently he is observant," thought Mr. Goodel. "But a trifle uncouth. He shall be taught politeness."

"Boy," he called again. "What's your name?"

"Jimmy," the boy replied, omitting the expected "Sir."

"Jimmy what?"

"Jimmy Brennan," he replied glibly.

"Look here, boy," Goodel thundered. "When you speak to me, say 'Sir.' Do you hear me?"

Jimmy flushed in embarrassment.

"Yes, sir," he muttered.

"Now go out and mail these letters," Goodel concluded and leaned back in his chair.

Mr. Goodel was on the threshold of forty and had the appearance of well-fed prosperity that betokens an easy conscience and no wife. The sign on the door read, "Investment Securities & Commercial Paper," but the care of an estate of some magnitude, inherited from his father, absorbed as much of his time as was not taken up with half a dozen clubs and a taste for writing innocuous verse.

Once in a while, he bought a note of some sound mercantile house, well endorsed, and occasionally purchased railroad bonds and other securities technically known as gilt-edged. Unfortunately for the leisure that he loved, his patrimony had consisted mostly of real property which demanded much of his attention and contrived to detain him from his office; hence the advent of Jimmy as office boy.

When Jimmy returned it was close on noon and Mr. Goodel rose and prepared to leave for luncheon.

"I shall be back at two," he said. "If anyone calls, get them to stay until I return, or leave a message. Do you understand?"

He delivered this injunction with an air of solemnity that made the words sink in.

"Yes, sir," said Jimmy dutifully. "All right," Goodel replied and left the office.

At a quarter to two a messenger boy came with a draft from Mr. Goodel's bank. He was a slender young man of mild and engaging manner, attired in well-pressed garments. He stood perhaps a head taller than Jimmy who was easily his superior however in general physique.

"Is Mr. Goodel in?" the messenger inquired.

"Nah, he ain't," Jimmy replied. "Won't be in till two o'clock."

"All right, I'll be in later," said the messenger.

"D'hell yer will," rejoined Jimmy. "Yer'll sit here till he comes back or leave a message."

"What's that?" asked the messenger.

"I said," replied Jimmy slowly, "yer got ter leave a message."

"Got to, hey?" the messenger jeered.

"Dat's wot I said," Jimmy answered. "Yer gotter leave a message or stay here till he comes back. Dem's my instructions."

He had risen and stood menacingly between the door and the messenger, who attempted to brush by him. Then followed a very pretty bout, catch-as-catch-can, which ended by Jimmy putting the messenger neatly on his back in the middle of the floor. He was sitting in triumph on his van-

quished foe's chest as Mr. Goodel opened the door.

"What's all this about," he shouted. "Get up from there, you young dog."

Jimmy rose to his feet and brushed the dust from his clothes, and the messenger picked himself up painfully.

"What's all this about?" Goodel demanded.

"Dat guy dere wouldn't leave no message and he wouldn't wait till yer came back." Jimmy replied.

"What of that?" Goodel continued.

"Well, you said fer to get 'em to stay or leave a message, an dat's wot I was doin'," Jimmy said, and commenced to sniffle. He had seen his duty plain before him and the injustice of this rebuke cut him to the heart.

"He's bigger dan I am, anyway," he whimpered.

Mr. Goodel scratched his chin. He distinctly remembered his parting injunctions, and could not therefore blame Jimmy for so literal a construction of them. He took his pocket-book out of his trousers.

"What's the damage?" he inquired of the messenger boy and without waiting for an answer thrust a five-dollar bill into his hand.

"Don't ever fight in here again," he said to Jimmy, severely, "or I'll fire you on the spot. Now go to lunch."

In hiring an office boy, he hadn't bargained for a Casabianca, but felt well satisfied nevertheless.

"Got any money?" he asked Jimmy, who was going out of the door.

"No, sir," Jimmy replied.

"Well, here's a quarter. Hurry back."

Jimmy took the quarter, and returned in ten minutes wiping the

crumbs from his mouth. He handed Goodel twenty cents.

"What's this?" Goodel asked.

"Dat's me change, sir," Jimmy said, and sat down at his desk.

Goodel prepared to go out again.

"Jimmy," he said severely. "I'm going uptown and I'll return at five. If any one calls, ask 'em to leave a message. If they won't do that, ask 'em their names and make a note of it. If they won't leave their names, ask 'em to return and if they won't return—well—if they won't return, I guess you'll have to let it go at that."

"All right, sir," Jimmy said, and smiled for the first time that day.

Mr. Goodel returned at five and with him there entered a benevolent looking man of middle age. Ponderous and dignified was his person and he sat down in Mr. Goodel's easy-chair with the calmness and solidity of three hundred pounds.

"The bonds, Mr. Goodel, are absolutely beyond cavil. It is true the concern is not well known," he went on. "But to a person of your financial acumen, investigation as to its condition will present no difficulties."

"Fifty thousand dollars, Mr. Petrie, is a large sum," Goodel replied. "However, I inquired of Mathias & Co. this afternoon and they think well of your proposition. If I confirm their information to-night, I shall send you a certified check to-morrow morning and shall expect to receive the bonds in return."

Mr. Petrie bowed and rose to take leave.

"To-morrow morning at eleven, then, I'll leave you this bond to aid you in your examination," he said, and passed heavily out of the room. As he closed the office door behind him, he executed four or five fancy

dancing steps with surprising agility for a man of his bulk, and repaired with all haste to his elaborately furnished office on lower Broadway.

Awaiting him there were two gentlemen whose noses negatived the dictum of Burke that a curved line is the foundation of all beauty. They were not beautiful; they were not even passably good looking, but what had been denied them in that respect was compensated for by a very keen gift of trafficking and barter.

"Mr. Feldstein and Mr. Levy I believe," said Petrie. "I asked you to call so that we might go into the matter of the office fixtures. I have accepted your figure at \$500 and shall be ready to give you possession at half past eleven to-morrow morning when I shall expect you to move everything without delay."

He then sat down at his desk and examined, with chuckling satisfaction, forty-eight bonds of the Niagara & Northwestern Power Co. for \$1,000 each, printed fresh that morning at his request, by his brother in Brooklyn, and one bond of the same company, the handiwork of a reputable bank note company and authorized by the officers of the Power Corporation.

At a quarter to eleven the next morning, Mr. Goodel called Jimmy into his private office.

"Jimmy," he said carefully, "you followed my instructions yesterday minutely. To-day I desire you to do so absolutely. Here is a certified check for \$50,000, and one bond. You are to receive from Mr. Petrie at his office No. 40 1-2 Broadway, forty-nine bonds the same as this which I give you. If they're all right let him have the check."

He looked Jimmy squarely in the eye.

"Do you understand me," he said slowly.

"Yes, sir," Jimmy replied, and went out without further ado.

Goodel smiled as the door closed behind him. He had no doubt of Petrie's standing and the bonds were gilt-edged.

Jimmy had been gone about ten minutes when a man burst into the office.

"Goodel, about those bonds, Petrie's a sharper. We just found it out."

"Great Heavens! Mathias," Goodel cried. "The boy is down there now with the check. He's given it to Petrie by this."

He rose and grabbed his hat.

"Let's go down there and see if we can intercept the scoundrel."

He sprang to the office door and caught an elevator on the run.

In the meantime Jimmy had entered Petrie's luxurious office and was met by Petrie himself.

"Well boy," he demanded, "got the check?"

"Wot's all the sweat?" Jimmy replied calmly. "Gimme a look at the bonds."

"Here's one of 'em and here are the rest. Look at 'em quick. Now gimme the check," Petrie cried and then muttered under his breath. "Damned young pup!"

Jimmy compared the two genuine bonds leisurely.

"Now gimme de udder ones," he said.

"You young brat," Petrie snorted thoroughly aroused, "give me that check."

He grasped the boy by the shoulder.

"Quit dat, yer fat slob," Jimmy cried, "An' let me see 'em."

Reluctantly he surrendered the remaining bonds and Jimmy thumbed them carefully.

"Well what's the matter with them?" Petrie growled.

"I ain't seen but one uv 'em," Jimmy said calmly, "I'm lookin' at the rest now."

Petrie could stand no more.

"Give me the check I say," he almost screamed, and sprang at Jimmy. They fell heavily to the floor, Jimmy underneath and there they rolled and scuffled for some minutes. To Petrie's surprise, Jimmy made no outcry but kicked and fought with all the vigor of his East-Side training. At length Petrie stunned him with the butt of his revolver just as Goodel and Mathias broke in the door.

Both made a rush for him at once, a fatal move, for he evaded the common onslaught and, as their heads came together with a star-flashing bump, he sprang out of the office and took the stairs three at a jump. Goodel lifted Jimmy whose face showed a ghastly white where it wasn't hidden by blood.

"Did he hurt you?" Goodel cried.

Jimmy shook his head and opening his mouth, voided a little wad of paper.

"No, sir," he said politely, "I ain't hoited."

Goodel undid the wad with trembling fingers. It was a certified check for \$50,000.

A Visit to the House of Lords

BY MICHAEL MACDONAGH IN THE MONTHLY REVIEW

To many the House of Lords is but a name. As to its appearance, its constitution and its functions the average person on this side the Atlantic knows but little. The illuminating article, which follows, is but introductory to a long description of the character and work of the upper chamber.

“THE Gilded Chamber!” Gladstone’s descriptive phrase springs at once to the mind.

It is glowing in gold and colors. All the glory of the “tiger moth’s deep damasked wings” is seen in its splendid decorations. Yet there is nothing gorgeous in the scene. The subdued light of a cathedral—“dim and yellow” as Shelley found it at Milan—prevails, making things that might otherwise strike upon the senses as garish a delight and refreshment to the eye. Everything heightens the impression that one is in the beautiful shrine of an ancient cathedral rarer than in a modern legislative chamber. The lofty stained glass windows have blue and crimson figures of the kings and queens of England. Worldly-minded men and women were most of them, but like saints they look in their antique garments, seemingly deep in rapt meditation and ecstatic introspection. On pedestals between the windows are large bronze statues of knights, telling of times when the battle of principles was fought, not with words employed by subtle-minded and ready-tongued men in frock coats and silk hats, but with sword and battle-axe, wielded by brawny soldiers in armor on prancing steeds. These are the barons who, in the dawn of English freedom, beat out the eternal provisions of Magna Charta with their mailed fists. Bold men they were, and wicked too, many of them. But here they look like patriarchs and apostles.

At the top of the chamber is the

imposing canopied throne. Superbly carved, glistening with gold, sparkling with precious stones, it looks like an altar, flanked on each side by magnificent candelabra of brass, having wax candles in their elaborate branches. The throne of England is often spoken of constitutionally or in the historic sense. If there be a real, tangible, material throne of England it is surely this imposing structure, for here the sovereign sits at the opening of Parliament in presence of the three estates of the realm.

There are two chairs of state under the canopy. Formerly there was but one. The old chair was designed by Augustus Welby Pugin. It has been in the House of Lords since the chamber was first used in 1847, and Queen Victoria sat in it on the occasions that she opened Parliament in person. But an historical innovation marked the first opening of Parliament by King Edward VII. on February 14, 1901. By command of His Majesty the throne was provided with a second state chair for Queen Alexandra. It was the first time, perhaps, in English history that a queen consort accompanied the king in equal state to the opening of Parliament. The new state chair—that on the left of the throne—is almost an exact replica of the old in design and ornamentation, the only difference being that it is an inch and a half lower. Both chairs, with their fine carvings, gilt with English gold-leaf, and the rich embroideries of the royal arms on their crimson velvet

backs, greatly enhance the imposing splendor of the throne.

Everything in the chamber helps to indicate the large place which the House of Lords has so long filled in English history and tradition. You feel in the presence of an institution of which ages are the dower. Here is manifestly a survival of an ancient constitution of society. "There is no more reason in hereditary legislation," said Benjamin Franklin, "than there would be in hereditary professors of mathematics." How is it then that this strange anomaly, this curious hereditary ruling chamber, this assembly of men who are law-makers merely by the accident of birth, still lifts its ancient towers and battlements high and dry in an apparently secure position, above the ever rising tide of democracy? Perhaps in the lessons which are taught by the frescoes in this temple of the hereditary principle the explanation of its survival is to be found. There are three above the throne, set in archways with elaborate gilt moldings. The centre one is "The Baptism of Ethelbert," and on either side are "Edward III. conferring the Order of the Garter on Edward the Black Prince," and "Henry, Prince of Wales, committed to prison for assaulting Judge Gascoigne." Behind the strangers' gallery are three other frescoes of the spirits that are supposed to reign over the deliberation of the peers—"Religion," "Chivalry" and "Love." This order of patricians has survived because it has taken to heart the lesson of a time which smiles at the claims of long descent—the constitutional as well as the religious lesson of the native equality of men.

It is only when the Lord Chancellor, a severely judicial figure in big

grey wig and black silk gown, takes his seat on the woolsack—that crimson lounge just inside the light railing which fronts the throne—that the illusion of being in the splendid chapel of a great cathedral is destroyed. Seated at the table fronting the Lord Chancellor is the clerk of the Parliament, and his two assistant clerks, in wigs and gowns. Next, in the centre of the floor, are three or four benches which are known as "the cross-benches." On the first the Prince of Wales sits, when present in the House. The others are used by peers of "cross-bench mind" (as Earl Granville once happily described them), who owe no allegiance to either of the two great political parties. This is a fact of considerable significance. It indicates the independence of the lords, to some extent at least, of the party system. In the House of Commons there are no cross-benches. Nor are they needed. There is no such thing as an independent member. All the elected representatives of the people are pledged party men. Even in the House of Lords the non-party men are easily counted. I have never seen more than six sitting on the cross-benches. The peers temporal are divided into dukes, marquises, earls, viscounts, and barons—titles which take precedence in the order given—and certain of the crimson benches on each side of the chamber are allotted to each of these grades of the peerage. But except when Parliament is opened by the sovereign, this arrangement of the peers according to rank is not observed. They sit indiscriminately, dukes and barons cheek by jowl, on the right or on the left of the Lord Chancellor, according as they belong to the party that is "in" or "out." The spiritual peers, however, always

occupy the same benches on the Government side of the House, and close to the throne, no matter which party may be in office. In the popular fancy, fed on fabulous novelettes dealing with high-born society, the peers are glittering beings, always clad in magnificent robes and each with a golden coronet flashing with jewels upon his head. That notion, of course, is entirely erroneous. The lords attending to their legislative duties wear sober suits of customary black or grey, just like the Commons, and when a joint committee of both houses sit together for the consideration of a bill there is nothing—no, not even a strawberry mark—to distinguish the hereditary legislators from the elected. The lords dress simply and quietly, just as they speak and do all things. There is no ostentation of demeanor. Indeed, personal simplicity is perhaps the most marked characteristic of these noblemen. But the spiritual peers are distinguished from the lords temporal by their flowing black gowns and their ample lawn sleeves.

The presence of the bishops harmonizes with the religious atmosphere of the chamber. But they are rather an anomaly in this sanctuary of the hereditary principle because they are but life peers. To the eye of the stranger they may also seem an obtrusive element, on account of their distinctive garb. But really they play a modest and retiring part in the work of the House. It is true that in times past the bishops, mitre on head and crozier in hand, led the cohorts of the peers in stubbornly contesting every effort of the Commons to sweep away the disabilities, constitutional and educational, of Roman Catholics, Jews and Dissenters, to make civil and political rights

independent of creed, to guarantee to all subjects perfect liberty of conscience and worship, in the odd conviction, it would seem, that these things of evil were the stoutest fortifications of the Church Established. They also strongly opposed the Reform Bill of 1832. But it would be impossible now to deny that their influence on the whole is most beneficial. For years they have ceased to act the part of narrow sectarians. They have been touched with a new spirit, singularly worthy of their great office as pastors. Politics give them no concern. But they are deeply interested in bills which affect in any degree the morals, the fortunes, the comforts, and the pleasures of the disinherited and the poor. Everything that tends to spiritualize the national life, every effort to lessen the sufferings of sobbing humanity, may count up their fullest support.

What a contrast is presented by the two chambers of Parliament in deliberation! The House of Commons is a responsive, emotional and boisterous assembly. Humor it most indulgently encourages. Any joke will dissolve it into smiles and laughter. Party statements are punctuated with shouts of approbation or vehement dissenting retorts. There are even disorderly scenes. The atmosphere of the House of Lords, on the other hand, is ever calm and serene. How quietly and reposefully are discussions conducted! There is little rivalry or competition. The attendance is scanty, except on an occasion when urgent summonses are issued for an important party division. The House is composed of close on six hundred peers; but three form a quorum, unlike the House of Commons, where forty members must be present to "make a House." It is,

however, provided by the standing orders that if on a division it should appear that thirty peers are not present the business in hand must be adjourned. But on normal occasions ten or twelve peers scattered over the expanse of red benches is a common spectacle. Oftentimes the low-voiced peer addressing them in the solemn hush of the superb chamber might be likened to some lonely and isolated being talking to a strange and indifferent company on a topic far remote from the realities of things. The nobles are politely listening to the speech, certainly. If there is no imperious haughtiness in their demeanor, there is what, perhaps, is worse—a coldness which nothing, seemingly, could melt. Their way of listening, some with an apathy chilling but well bred, others with a lounging listlessness, adds to the curiously unreal effect of the proceedings. The restlessness and aggressiveness of the Commons are here unknown. Nothing heartier than a faint and perfectly polite laugh disturbs the solemnity of the chamber. A low murmuring "Hear, hear" does duty for a shout of approval. The stirring sense of life that pervades the representative chamber is usually altogether wanting. It is only on the faces of the bishops that you will find that look of anxious sympathy which is the secret of those who come into close contact with people and things. On the episcopal benches there is usually a glow of apostolic zeal.

No wonder, then, that over the visitor in the gallery, especially if the spell of the past be strong upon him, there steals a sense of loneliness and solitude. The strange and beautiful chamber seems to become filled also with the immensities of time

and space. And are not these placid, irreproachable, and intensely modern gentlemen in frock coats and tall hats sitting on the red benches below, but the statues, and the barons on the pedestals above arrayed in all the panoply of combat, from plumed crest to spurred heel, the living, pulsing things? See, the heads of the knights are bent as if they were listening with the deepest attention. Surely, if they were but addressed by an orator of intense and glowing mind, they would raise their voices in tempestuous uproar and shake their swords and lances with thunderous menace!

On great party issues, or on subjects of high national importance, debates in the House of Lords are often sustained throughout at a higher level of ability than debates in the House of Commons. Discussions, of course, are of shorter duration in the upper than in the lower chamber. The Commons take a week or a fortnight to thrash out a topic which the peers will exhaust in a single sitting. More eloquent speeches are made in the representative chamber; but there are also long intervals of dull and pointless talk. In the hereditary chamber, on the other hand, only the ablest and most distinguished peers venture to take part in a big debate; and the speeches give the impression that they are delivered because there is really something to say, and not—as is too often the case in the House of Commons—because something has to be said in order to get into the newspapers.

The debates in the House of Lords are not only models of grave discussion. In them is displayed to a remarkable degree matured statesmanship and administrative experience. Archbishop Magee remarked that no-

thing struck him more in the House of Lords than the large amount of special knowledge it possessed. No matter how generally little known the subject of discussion might be, he said, some obscure peer was certain to rise on a back bench and show that he had made a special study of it. The House is not composed entirely of landed aristocrats, of great hereditary magnates, who are law-givers only by the succession of lineage. In it also are merchants, manufacturers, lawyers, soldiers, bankers, civil servants, administrators of distant portions of the empire who have been promoted to the peerage for their success in business or their services to the state. Moreover,

many of the peers who succeeded to seats in the House have had the advantage of previously serving in the House of Commons. John Wilson Croker, in a letter written shortly before his death in 1857, mentions that going over to the lords from the Commons one evening he noticed, as a fact, "not unimportant to constitutional history," that every one of the thirty peers then present had sat with him in the House of Commons. "It shows," he says, "how completely the House of Commons has been the nursery of the House of Lords." There are usually in the House of Lords about two hundred peers who have sat in the House of Commons.

Memory Exercises

In half an hour we skip through our morning paper in the train, and scan something like 20,000 words. This intellectual quick lunch kills the power of remembering. The cure is to glance at the headings of the articles and paragraphs, select those that interest us, read them carefully, and leave the rest alone. At the end of each item we should pause and think of what we have read.

Here is a good memory exercise. Glance into a shop window for one second only, and then try to name all the things displayed in it. At first you will recall only two or three, but this number will rise to thirty with practice.

Another good plan is to sit down at the end of the day's work and think of all you have done since morning—where you have been, whom you have met, what you have spent, and so on. In time you will be able to recall exactly what you said and did at a certain hour, and the advantage of possessing this faculty is obvious. Incidentally, it will keep you from wasting your time, for it is not pleasant to remember that you did nothing at all.

If your weakness lies in forgetting faces, make a mental note of such details as the color of the hair, the straightness of the nose, and the curves of the mouth.

The Yarn of an American Munchausen

BY A. W. G. BARNES IN PEARSON'S

Baron Munchausen at his best could hardly beat this story of the hard-faced American, who tells the most improbable story, without a suspicion of a smile. His hero, Hank Watson, has a most extraordinary adventure with an artesian well, which hurls him sky-high and keeps him suspended in the air for many months.

“YES, sir,” said the hard-faced American, “you have some queer occurrences in this little island of yours, but the strangest tale I ever heard was about old Hank Watson, the Mayor of Dryville, in Oregon. If you have ten minutes to spare I’ll tell it you.

“They used to run very short of water there every summer, and a great deal of inconvenience and loss of money was caused by the shortage, so one year Hank proposed that they should have an artesian well sunk. The citizens agreed to this, and the company of well-sinkers sent down some men and tackle to bore for water.

“Well, sir, they drove down about 873 feet, but no water was tapped, and the well-sinkers were talking of giving up the job. They said there couldn’t be any water there, or they’d have struck it long since. Old Hank was standing over the hole which had been sunk, looking very crestfallen, for he was nuts on the boring biz., it being his own idea, you see, when all of a sudden a tremendous rush of water took place, and spouted up in a column about a foot in diameter to a height of 390 feet. The crowd shouted for joy, but in a minute or so their joy gave place to consternation. Why? Well, now, you’ve no doubt seen eggs balancing on water jets at fairs and such-like at which people shoot? Yes? Well, sir, I daresay you will hardly believe it, but that spout of water carried up old Hank just like one of those eggs I

mentioned, and before anyone could say ‘knife,’ there he was, bobbing about, 390 feet up in the air.

“By George, sir, the sight made me feel queer, I can tell you, but being a practical sort of chap, I grabbed at a bit of board and buzzed it into the spout. Of course it shot up at once to the top, and, as soon as Hank saw it he got hold, and with a bit of manoeuvring managed to bestride it. In a few minutes we saw he could balance himself and sit quite comfortable.

“Then long Mike Gorman, the carpenter, got a bag of nails and a hammer and saw, and a few other tools, wrapped ’em in a bit of oilskin, and sent ’em up to Hank, while the other chaps shoved in a lot of shingles and odd bits of timber.

“Hank, of course, being used to his position now, set to work with the tools and made a strong platform on which he could stand and walk about, for the water kept very steady all the time.

“Well, sir, all day long we kept sending up things to Hank, and by nightfall he’d got a wooden hut set up with a stove in, and chairs and a table, and all the rest of it. You see, we couldn’t get Hank down, so we thought we’d make him as comfortable as possible while he was up there.

“We got so used to it that after he’d been up there a week or two nobody took much notice, except strangers in the district. But these

told their friends away, and a heap of people came out to see Hank and his cottage, etc., on the water-spout. I've heard of some queer things being up the spout, but Hank was the only live man I'd ever known to be up.

"Excursion trains were run to Dryville from all parts of the United States of Amurrica, and Hank used to talk to the trippers by the telephone he'd rigged. You see, mister, he knew it was no use worrying about trying to get down to earth so long as the water showed no sign of abating, so he'd quite settled down or settled up, whichever you like.

"All the summer Hank was up aloft, and I give you my word for it, sir, we got so used to seeing him sitting outside of his hut of an evening smoking, and reading the paper, that we took it quite as a matter of course.

"Well, summer passed, and the cold weather set in. Frosts came,

and it got colder and colder, the rivers a hundred miles away began to skim over with ice, and everthing be-tokened a severe winter.

"One morning, bitterly cold it was, too, I was awakened by someone pounding on the front door. When I went down to see what it was about I was simply flummoxed to find Hank standing there.

"How did he get down? Why, the spout froze hard and solid during the night, so Hank just took his axe and cut steps all the way down to the ground.

"Yes, sir, you may hardly credit it, but that's an absolutely true story, and if old Hank was here, he'd bear me out in all I've told you. Perhaps you haven't heard about Jake Smithson and the Redskins. It happened—"

I remembered an important engagement and left hurriedly.

I have grown to believe that the one thing worth aiming at is simplicity of heart and life; that one's relations with others should be direct and not diplomatic; that power leaves a bitter taste in the mouth; that meanness, and hardness, and coldness are the unforgivable sins; that conventionality is the mother of dreariness; that pleasure exists not in virtue of material conditions, but in the joyful heart; that the world is a very interesting and beautiful place, and that congenial labor is the secret of happiness.—A. C. Benson.

College Men in Business

BY H. J. HAPGOOD IN WORLD TO-DAY.

Now-a-days there seems to have come about a complete reversal of opinion among employers on the subject of college graduates. Instead of refusing to employ college men, they are actually soliciting their services. Before the end of the college year some companies begin active preparations for securing the brightest of the graduating class.

WHEN the business history of the United States is finally written and the reasons for the phenomenal success of various enterprises are traced out, considerable attention will be given to the rise of young college men. It will be an interesting story. It will tell how at first the young graduate had to fight for a chance even at the smallest wages; how in spite of his success many employers for years refused to believe in him and how at last in the early years of the twentieth century his value began to be generally recognized. Employers who once closed the doors of their shops and offices to him are now actually spending money in an effort to induce him to enter their particular line of business. As a result of this competition, the salaries at which the college graduate can start in business have risen from \$8 or \$10 a week to \$12 or \$15.

Of course, every employer aims to secure young college men at the lowest possible figure. This is one reason why he endeavors to paint in glowing colors the opportunities offered by his business. One of the large railroad companies has been particularly successful along this line. Although it starts men in its engineering department at much less than the market price, it secures year after year many of the most capable young civil engineers because it has created the impression that it gives an unusually valuable training and that a man can afford to sacrifice many dollars for the sake of being

able to say that he has been in its employ.

Human ability is and always will be an uncertain quantity. No matter how good it may appear, its true worth can be ascertained only by a long thorough trial. The average young college man is not worth anywhere near the salary he is paid for the first few months. He is engaged not on the strength of his present value, but because of his possibilities. Employers appreciate that many young men may not be adapted to their particular business or may drop out before they have fairly begun to learn it, and naturally enough they want to start them at the lowest possible figure so that they can afford to have a few failures. They have carefully estimated the amount they can pay and the number they can afford to have leave within the first year in order to make a profit on those who remain permanently. Despite this shrewd buying, however, the salaries of young college men have been steadily advancing and promise to go even higher.

Nothing about the young college man impresses employers more favorably than the fact that he looks for the opportunity to advance rather than the salary at the start. He is content to begin at a bare living wage, if he feels that there is a chance to earn more as he proves his ability, and to become permanently connected with a good house. Some employers have a fixed system of salary increases for the first year or

two, but in the majority of cases the advances depend entirely on the man, and the first one may come at the end of his first month. One thing is certain, that if he does not advance within a reasonable time he is not wanted, for the routine work at which he starts can be done as well, if not better, by a younger and less capable man who will be content to work for a long time at a small salary.

"I'll give you \$12 a week for the first month and if you are not worth \$15 to me at the end of that time, I don't want you," is the way many employers express their ideas on the subject. This system of advancement as they earn it seems to be a much more satisfactory method of handling young college men than the unchanging civil service scheme of promotion. Ambition is one of the chief factors which makes the college graduate superior to the man who has had only a public school education, and an arrangement by which his pay is increased just as fast as he increases in ability, is the best possible way of stimulating his desire to get ahead.

The idea that because there is no use in a business for Latin, Greek or higher mathematics, therefore the man who has spent four years in studying such subjects has no business value, is obsolete. The training the young man receives in acquiring a knowledge of Latin, Greek and mathematics has prepared him to master more quickly any work, whether it be digging ditches, building bridges, adding accounts or selling shoes. This has been proved wherever college men have been given a fair trial. The president of one of the largest street railway systems says, "We always give preference to college men for positions as motormen, conductors,

ticket sellers, etc., through the Summer. They are courteous, faithful and intelligent, and we can break in a college man in about half the time it takes to instruct the general run of applicants."

Another theory long since exploded is that while college men may be all right when things are going smoothly, they are lacking in grit and energy, and will go up in the air when they have to face difficulties. If any refutation of this idea were necessary there could be cited scores of cases which have come to my attention during the past few years, of young graduates who set out with a purpose in view and accomplished it in spite of adverse circumstances which would have discouraged men much more accustomed to the hard knocks of the world. Of course there are exceptions to this rule, but deeply rooted in the average college graduate is the habit of getting what he goes after. And if there is one thing demanded in the business world more than any other it is results.

Signs of this habit are to be seen in the way he goes after a position. A young man now holding a responsible position with a steamship company in New York City is a good example of this. On his graduation from a western state university two years ago, he determined to seek an opening in the transportation business. First he went to Cleveland, where he had heard of a good opportunity, but on reaching there found it had been filled. Learning of a similar opening in New York City, he spent almost his last cent on a ticket to that point. He landed the job and began work Wednesday morning. He would receive no pay until Saturday, and having barely money enough for his meals and being too proud to

borrow, he slept the first night in the park and later found evening work in a hotel to pay for lodging for the rest of the week.

There are as many different ideas regarding the kind of college men who make the best employes as there are employers who use them. As most of the graduates have had little or no experience in the lines they enter, they have to be judged principally by their personality, their references and the records of what they have done in college. A college man, no matter how capable, can not succeed in every line of work, and to decide just what he is best fitted for is no easy task. Much of the prejudice against college men has been due to neglect of this fact on the part of employers.

Every employer has his little whims and the young man he engages must meet them in every particular. There are only a few points on which all are agreed. One of these is that men from the country who have earned their way through college, either wholly or in part, are most likely to make the best employes. The only department in which this preference is not often shown is the sales, where city bred men of good address and accustomed to meeting people are generally wanted.

This preference for the poor country boy who started for college, as all the story-book heroes do, with only his own head and hands to rely upon in getting through, is not based upon sentiment but upon the undeniable fact that the largest percentage of successes is found among men of this type. The man from the country may be rough and awkward, but he knows what a real day's work means. His habits are usually good, and being little acquainted in the city he has no outside interests to distract his attention.

Except with a few employers of technical men, the rank a man has taken in his course amounts to little or nothing, but with every one who uses college men to any extent, the character of an applicant is a subject of the closest scrutiny. An absolutely green man who shows signs of honesty, loyalty, self-reliance and capacity for hard work, will be engaged in preference to one of considerable experience but of weak character. As a preliminary test of character one company asks in its application blank the following questions with the injunction to "let no mock modesty, on the one hand, nor egotistical vanity on the other, enter into what should be a plain, manly statement of your candid opinion as to the first two."

"Habits, tastes, ideals, ambitions.

"Do you want work or opportunity; i.e., have you debts or obligations, to meet which you must sacrifice the future for the present, or are you in a position to begin at the bottom and receive promotion as you gain experience and find your work?"

"Write essay equivalent to one typewritten page, on one of the following: The Art of Self-advancement. Obedience vs. Initiative, a Basis for Compensation. The Art of Executive, a Basis of Valuation. Egotism. Vanity vs. Self-reliance, a Factor of Success."

This company, which is capitalized at \$15,000,000 and has been using young technical men long enough to be an authority on the subject, recognizes by these questions the importance of securing men of the right sort. The information it seeks regarding the character of applicants is typical of the attitude of the best employers everywhere toward college-trained beginners. A large part of the value of a young man, even

though his training has been in technical or professional lines, is lost unless his mind and character have been properly molded.

In large companies college men are employed in almost any department. They are started as salesmen, correspondents, or in straight clerical work with a view to teaching them the business and training them to fill more responsible positions. The idea of many employers is that it does not make much difference where they are started so long as they are men of brains and determination. The president of one manufacturing company last year scattered scores of young technical graduates through the various departments, letting them go ahead more or less on their own initiative, and work out their own salvation.

"Our business is largely in an experimental stage," said the chief engineer of this company, "and if we can secure enough bright college men during the next few years and keep them with us, I think they will be able to develop this as they did the steel business." It is an end like this which most employers have in mind when they begin a search for young college men. Most of them have no use for beginners merely as cheap labor; they want men who will some day be worth large salaries. They try to secure only the best and feel a personal disappointment in failure.

Once having secured the men he wants, the employer's difficulties are by no means over. It is not the easiest thing in the world to handle young college men properly and train them up in the way they should go. The first difficulty is found in the hostility of many of the foremen and department heads, under whom they have to work. These men, if they

have come up from the ranks, are usually hostile to college-trained men and will do all in their power to make their way hard. The general manager of one company which recently tried a number of young graduates with poor results, frankly admitted that the failure was due to the unwillingness of the foremen in his plant to give the men a fair show.

Then there are many difficulties with the college men themselves. They are frightfully ignorant of even the simplest matters at the start. The mistakes they make during the first few weeks furnish a supply of humor for the whole establishment for years to come. The story of the man who was told to fill out some report blanks, having one column above which was printed "Write nothing here" and who scrawled the word "nothing" in that column on every one of the blanks, is true, and he was not one of the men who failed either. It was six or seven years ago that he made this mistake and to-day he is at the head of the department in which he was then learning the business. The trouble was simply that he was too eager to follow instructions and did not take the time to look at his task from the right angle.

Another difficulty is found in the over-eagerness of the college men for promotion. The wise employer always has to guard against their tendency to become impatient for more rapid advancement and to make a change in position if it is not secured. Sometimes their discontent is due to the fact that the work and its opportunities were misrepresented to them.

The general manager of a New England manufacturing company wrote to

the president of his old college a few years ago, asking for the names of some of the seniors to whom he could give positions in his office. The president, in his desire to serve a prominent alumnus, did not merely send the names, but instead called the senior class together and painted the opportunities offered by this particular firm in colors that fired the ambition of every man in the class to secure a position with them. As a result the general manager was overwhelmed with applicants and selected six very capable men. At the end of two months the entire six came to him in a body and announced that they were going to leave because the opportunities for advancement were not as represented. On investigation

the general manager found that the college president had practically guaranteed that their salaries would be fully doubled in two months, and that before the first year was over they would be earning from \$2,000 to \$2,500.

The next year, when the general manager wrote the president concerning more men, he requested him to send only their names and college addresses, and on no condition tell them anything about the work and the opportunities for advancement. "If it is necessary," he added, "to paint the rose or perfume the violet, I prefer to do it myself and thus avoid any possible misunderstanding."

Proverbs for To-Day

People who do not plan their future generally do not have any.

It is a great deal easier to be a good critic than to be even a passable performer.

Don't cry over spilt milk—be glad it isn't cream.

You might as well aim high as long as you are shooting.

Ignorance is anything but bliss to those who are compelled to be its associates.

A candied opinion is generally liked better than a candid one.

Credit is a convenient garment, but it is liable to become a little too tight for free movement.

A Mine Owned by the Miners.

BY ARTHUR COOK IN TECHNICAL WORLD.

In Saginaw, Michigan, there is a coal mine which is owned by the workmen who dig out the coal. It is apparently a refutation of the statement that there is no chance for the little independent mine to make headway against the combination of operators.

IT is not so very long ago that Mr. Russell, the English economist, declared, after careful investigation and consideration, that co-operative institutions must inevitably prove unsuccessful in this country. One of his principal arguments was the impossibility of obtaining supplies, as the influence of the trusts was so great that the dealers were afraid to sell to the independent organizations. Others have reported similarly; and it is, accordingly, not surprising that foreign labor, whose only knowledge of conditions here comes from these men, should acquiesce in this stricture on our democracy.

But situated within the limits of the city of Saginaw, Michigan, is a little coal mine that is a complete refutation of this attack upon the democracy of the country. It is not only co-operative but in many respects it occupies a unique position in the mining world, and represents a freedom, from the labor standpoint, that the most independent of the Old-World companies have been unable to attain. It is co-operative not only in the disposition of the coal, but in the actual production of it. It is essentially a mine of the miners, a "Workingman's Mine," as it styles itself. Moreover, at no time has the company encountered any serious difficulty in obtaining supplies. At the outset, one of the big hardware firms refused to recognize it or have any dealings with it; but this is the only instance in which obstacles of this kind have been encountered.

The company, at the same time, is

to-day one of the finest examples of a successful co-operative institution that could be encountered; and the history of its inception, organization, and operation is novel and instructive.

Socialism has many followers among the workingmen in Saginaw, and socialism cries out against the employers with some bitterness. Only a short time ago, a leading socialist explained his position to me with some fervor.

"The man who pays me my wages is my master," he said; "I am dependent on him for my bread and butter, and I am just as much his slave as if he had an actual title to me; and so is my wife, and so are my children. Oh! There isn't anything so low I wouldn't stoop to, to rid myself of the employers. I'd do anything—I hate them." His whole face was flushed and convulsed as he stood with clenched hands and chokingly repeated over and over again, "I hate them, I hate them, I hate them."

There were some among the socialists, however, who looked around for something more practical than verbal expressions of hatred; and among these the general plan of the Caledonia Company was formed.

It was planned to make this essentially a workingman's mine, the company to be composed of practical mine-workers. The idea of working for the benefit of another was to be largely obviated, for each member of the company was to have an equal share of the stock, and was, accordingly, to be equally interested in the

output. Thus, every man was, in a sense, working for himself, and whatever his ability and industry gained was of direct value to himself. The company was to consist of 100 men, with a total capitalization of \$50,000. (Recently it was voted to increase this to 500 men and a capitalization of \$250,000.)

In government, the plan of the company was democratic. The mine itself was to be under the direct control of the superintendent, who was accountable to a board of managers; and the decision of this body was to be at all times liable to review by the general assembly of the miners. The general business of the company was to be in the hands of the board of managers, always subject to review.

To a socialistic mind, the plan had no small charm, and many were attracted to the company. The individual contributions were not large. Some were to pay in labor. If it was worth anything, it was worth the trial. Accordingly the formation of the company was soon under way.

There lacked only the coal land, and this was a serious defect. Although there was more or less coal available, it was imperative to have a favorable location; and the other companies had secured control of the best, economically located land. It was chance that the mine was not developed at Corunna, instead of Saginaw; but fortune favored the new company.

Although they have since consolidated, there were at that time two main companies, or combinations of companies, in the vicinity of Saginaw. Lying in the midst of the land controlled by one of these, was a little tract of forty acres, on which advance royalties were being paid. To save these royalties, believing that the land could be picked up again with-

out difficulty when required, the company allowed the lease to lapse. Almost immediately the members of the Caledonia Company became apprized of the fact; the land was secured, and the preliminary work begun. The greatest secrecy attended this; and it was only when the work of sinking the shaft had actually begun, that the formation of the company became known. The shaft was put down with extraordinary rapidity; and on September 1, 1905, coal was sold from the new mine, which lay at a depth of 165 feet.

There still remained the work of clearing away the waste and rock, of securing proper entries, etc.; and it was well along in the fall before the company was prepared really to enter the market.

So far the operators had been, on the surface, at least, passive. Nevertheless, their influence had been felt when the mine attempted to secure a spur from the railroad a short distance away. This was to be 1,000 feet in length, the miners themselves to furnish the grading and ties. For the 1,000 feet of rails the company demanded \$3,000, and the mine is still unsupplied with track.

Meanwhile, the operators had advanced coal to the regular winter "trust" price of \$4.50 per ton. Coal could be sold at outside points for less; but at Saginaw, where it was mined, this was the required price. The Caledonia began to sell at \$4.25.

The operators were now stung to action, and endeavored to bring the little group of miners to a full realization of what it was up against. A conference was held at which they explained their painful duty.

"We have got to protect the retailer," they said.

"We have got to protect the public," was the reply. "And, besides,

if you are so solicitous for the retailer, why have you got your own retail wagons out running around the city in competition with him?"

But the operators were firm. "You know the price of life," they said.

The Caledonia's reply was instant and unmistakable. The price of coal was dropped to \$4, then to \$3.50, where the retail price has remained ever since. The action of the operators was equally positive. Coal was rushed to the south end of the city, and sold from the car, at a point directly in front of the Caledonia mine, at the startling price of \$1.75. The entire action was kept as secret as possible, and it was aimed to keep knowledge of the matter from the city at large. This was for two main reasons. The greater part of the sales of the Caledonia mine were made in the vicinity of the mine, and it was hoped to cut off the customers of that company without affecting the general public. Thus the operators would lose little, and the socialist mine everything. At the same time, the move was expected to have immediate effect on the little mine; and it was thought that the latter would come to a full realization of the fact that \$4.50 was, after all, a fair and reasonable price.

The effect was lacking, however; and in a short time it became evident that the move was a losing one for the operators. The supply of \$1.75 coal lasted but two days. It was then withdrawn, and the general retail price for the city was fixed at \$3, delivered, fifty cents under the Caledonia price.

Immediately the retailers complained that they were being maltreated.

"The operators are using us as a blind against ourselves," one of the retailers remarked, privately. "They

claim to be making the fight for our benefit, and we can say nothing. At the same time, they have fixed the retail price below that at which it is possible for us to sell. We have asked them to fix it so we may sell at cost, but they have refused. Now the alternative faces us, of either selling at the price set by their retail office and actually losing money on every ton of coal sold, or of losing our old customers, who would otherwise go over to the retail office of the operators."

Some of the retailers advertised coal at \$4, some at \$3.50; but beside the operators' big advertisement at \$3, this looked ridiculous, and one by one they dropped to the operators' price. The Caledonia, however, clung to its price of \$3.50 with all the stubbornness of a mine mule.

But the little socialist mine, with its ridiculous little forty acres of coal, had already gained many friends, and these continued to stand by it. After all this mine is the key to the whole situation. It is only because of its presence that the operators conceded the low price; and if, at any time, through lack of support or for any other reason, the Caledonia had succumbed, the retail price would immediately have jumped again to the old figure. There have been enough people, who have realized this fact, and enough friends of the Caledonia mine, to keep it well supplied with orders; and it has thrived and flourished largely because of the difficulties which have beset it.

At one stage of the proceedings, the operators argued: "Your miners are working for themselves. Consequently they take greater pains, and there is less dirt in your coal." This is probably true, and must be accepted as one strong reason why the Caledonia Company has won many

excellent customers, manufacturers, etc., away from the great coal companies.

"We work especially for the retail trade," said the general manager of the so-called socialist mine. "We give the retail trade precedence over everything else. At the same time we are able to and shall take care of all manufacturing concerns with whom we have contracts."

One of the leading hotels signed a contract with the company. Afterward the operators' representative called on the owner of the hotel.

"Here," he said, "You have a contract with us that holds until October. How do you come to be getting in Caledonia coal?" The answer was brusque and to the point:

"We can't make money so fast we can afford to burn up any more of it than we have to."

Many of the large consumers are now using Caledonia coal. The company was an experiment, but it has proven a successful one. The operators have all along predicted its fall, however. One of the leading operators said, early last winter:

"The Caledonia people are making a big mistake. Their price would be a reasonable one if every season was a busy one. They are making no provision for the dull summer months, during which there will be no demand for their product."

However true his statement may have been, the Caledonia Company has been saved the dull season, for, on account of the expiration of the agreement between the miners and operators of the State, this has been an abnormal season. However disastrous the great bituminous tie-up may be for the miners as a whole, for the particular group controlling the so-called socialist mine, it has proven most fortunate.

About the first of March, it became evident that there was little chance of an agreement between miners and operators. Fearful of being tied up through lack of fuel, every big consumer began to lay in an advance supply; and every mine in the valley was worked to its capacity to meet, as far as possible, the demand. The Caledonia, of course, shared in this prosperity; but this was not all. Shortly before the expiration of the old agreement between miners and operators, it was announced that the little mine would run right through, regardless of the strike; as the owners of the mine worked it themselves, they had no labor troubles, and were unaffected by labor disturbances. The result was a general rush for cover. The operators' commissioner bitterly assailed the position of the mine; but with prospects of a long, hard strike, and but one possibility of assistance during this, the consumers hastened to make overtures.

True to its promise, the Caledonia mine has run regularly and has more than given satisfaction to its customers. It is, of course, piled far ahead with orders; and to all appearance possesses more than enough regular large consumers to assure it a market for its product winter and summer from now on. At the same time, it has stood all along as the workingman's mine, a mine for the people; and positive assurance is given that the retail trade will receive the first consideration. The company has secured an additional 500 acres of land, part of it lying just outside the city, and is sinking a shaft there. If this is not in operation in time for the increased demand next fall, a double shift will be put on in the present mine, for the double shift can be worked more

easily in mining, perhaps, than in any other industry. Although the only mine operating in the State, the Caledonia has not raised the price of its product. The retail price remains \$3.50. The company now has practically the only coal for sale in the State.

If the Caledonia mine was an experiment, so far it has proven a most successful one. The freedom and independence of the miners from a social standpoint have been very grateful; but, aside from all this, looked at as a purely financial proposition, the members of the company are faring much better than those employed by the operators of the valley.

The wage scale of the company is based directly on the Michigan scale; but there are some differences of scale and application that actually make it considerably above that paid by the other operators. The scale is applied to the coal "mine run," a concession which united labor has been unable to obtain from the Michigan operators, by whom it is applied only to the screened coal. In addition, the scale is applied to a 36-inch vein of coal, although in other mines it is based on a 30-inch vein, which is much more difficult to work. Day men are paid ten cents per diem above the price fixed by the Michigan scale.

At present the Caledonia wages are based on the 1903 scale, which is 5.55 per cent. higher than the 1904-5 scale. The operators of the State were loath to grant this raise, and the inability of miners and operators of the Michigan district to come to an agreement resulted in a tie-up of at least several months' duration. The 1903 scale, however, was put into effect by the Caledonia mine early in April, when the United Mine Workers first decided to stand out for this. At

present the average wage paid in the mine is \$2.75 per day.

So far, no dividends have been paid. Starting last fall with very little actual capital, it has been necessary for the mine to pay for itself as it went along; and consequently all the profits, above the operating expenses, have been put into the development of the mine. It is promised, however, that the company will soon be in a position to declare dividends, and no doubt the coming year will see these paid.

It would seem that there is every reason for the success of the mine in the future. It has won considerable reputation in the valley—it has even had a brand of cigars named after it. It has the friendship and respect of its customers. The coal itself is of as high quality as any in the State, and considerably above the average. The management is in the hands of strong, capable men. The mine has no labor difficulties; every man is personally interested in the company and eager to do his utmost for its success. Of course the present mine, with only forty acres of coal, will not long suffice; but by the time this is exhausted the other 500 acres will have been brought into use, and at least two mines will be in operation upon them. The supply of coal is for the present quite sufficient.

At least two other mining organizations have been formed in the valley along similar lines. One of these has been founded entirely by practical miners, and has been doing considerable prospecting. One of the Caledonia men was secured to organize it. The other is partially cooperative without any socialistic principles—what principles it has are rather doubtful, but they are not socialistic.

But the point is this. The Caledonia Company has already exerted a strong influence on the mining world. No sane man believes a complete socialism possible; but this mine has pointed out a peaceable way to the

partial realization of some of the highest socialistic ideals. Others have already begun to follow, and there is no reason why the plan should not be extended still farther in this and other branches of labor.

The Life of a Locomotive Engineer

BY W. S. STONE, CHIEF OF THE BROTHERHOOD.

There are 54,000 locomotive engineers in the United States, Canada and Mexico, who stand together in the brotherhood. An Iowa man, Warren S. Stone, is the head of the order and has held this post since the death of Peter M. Arthur. The description he gives of the life of an engine driver is as accurate as years of experience can make it.

I ENTERED college with the law in mind, but several of my brothers were railroad men, and the life they led, together with the wages they earned, lured me from school and into a fireman's place. In four years and a half I was given an engine. I was an engineer for twenty years, and never had but one employer.

I ran into an accident or two, but it wasn't my fault. I had a fast daylight passenger train part of the time and killed thirteen human beings in one year. That wasn't my fault, either. The terrors of an engineer's life are the idiots who walk on the track and the farmers who whip up and try to get over. Persons who drive horses seem to have a mania for beating the locomotive. If they would stop when they heard the whistle and the noise of the train, or would jog along as before, they would escape. But they will do neither. A good many of them stand up, look like wild men around the eyes, and lay on the lash. The next instant they are under the wheels or in a tree or a field along the right of way.

Common sense is the first quality of an engineer; but that is a universal need and is no more necessary to engineers than to any one else. Secondly, I would say a quick and reliable mind. If you are running sixty or seventy miles an hour you can't take a situation home with you for reflection and advisement. You have got to act and be in a hurry about it. Moral courage is required to run a train at a mile a minute.

Sometimes the lights are on the other side and the fireman, stripped to his undershirt even in zero weather, springs forward to the seat he never uses and calls the signals. The engineer repeats them back, looking straight ahead, and the fireman, chilled to the bones, sweating at every pore, goes back to his everlasting shovel. Curves are taken at full speed. Towns are passed with the throttle wide open. Yards dancing with clear, red and green lights, each of which is a voice and a sign to the engineer, are here one minute and gone the next. There must be physical courage in the teeth of all this, but greater and better still is the

moral courage of the man in the cab—his confidence in others as well as in himself, and his readiness to assume responsibility on the spot.

If a fast man is late three times he is out and another engineer takes his place. This silent, but relentless, threat is over him night and day if he likes his job. There are plenty of good engineers who would not take a fast train if they could get out of it. They are not afraid, but they don't enjoy the work. Allen Tyler, who was chosen to run over the division out of Cleveland with the eighteen hour New York and Chicago special, came to me the day before he was killed and told me how proud and happy he was for the chance. The brotherhood of locomotive engineers is growing at the rate of 4,000 engineers a year. The freight traffic in this country doubles every decade, and it requires a good many new men to meet the natural expansion of business. Three hundred and eighty-one engineers were killed on duty during the last two years. Notwithstanding our growth, we haven't enough men to supply the demands of the railroads. Information which has been obtained carefully shows that the average life of the engineer is but ten years. In that time he either dies on duty or from natural causes or is disabled totally. The average age of our members is 41 years, yet there are engineers of 70 who are running fast trains. When you see an old man in a cab, however, you can wager your last dollar that he is delivering the goods.

It must be remembered that engineers suffer more from exposure than does any other class of workers. This especially is so in the west.

When the front window of his cab is covered with snow or frost the only thing the engineer can do is to hang his head out of the side window. He may be running forty or 50 miles an hour and the wind may be coming right into his face at the same velocity. Flesh and blood give way under such terrible conditions and hundreds of engineers go to pieces every winter. Some of them recover and some don't.

A fireman must serve from two and a half to three years before he gets an engine, but in the meantime he must be a man of iron and willing to work like a horse. Firemen on modern freight engines shovel from eighteen to twenty-five tons of coal every trip. 'The limit of human endurance has been reached' with them. It is no longer a question of larger and stronger engines, but the problem is to stoke the engines already in use. It seems to me that a machine will have to do it. Two firemen sometimes are employed on a single engine but that arrangement is hardly practicable. One man works, gets overheated, sits down, and takes cold. The other man when his turn comes has the same experience.

The best figures we can get, and they cover ten years, show that only 17 per cent of the firemen on American railroads become engineers, and that only six per cent get passenger trains. Some of them, having little stamina, give up, but more of them lose their health. Nowadays a fireman doesn't straighten up from the time his engine gets under way until his run is over. Furthermore, the door of the firebox on a modern engine is about face high and the intense heat often ruins the fireman's eyes. At least 15 per cent. of the

firemen who serve their time fail to get engines because of defective sight. Even if the eyes can be made normal with spectacles the fireman cannot become an engineer, although he may have grown up on the road and been a steady and competent man. After he runs an engine for awhile he may be permitted to wear glasses, but he is barred from certain trains and from all employment as an engineer on other lines.

Then the age limit is discouraging to young men. I am 46 years old, but no more than six roads in the United States would give me an engine if I should want one; all of the others now refuse to hire new men who have passed the age of 45. In fact, the limit is 40 on many roads and the Pennsylvania company has lowered it to 35. The brotherhood is opposing the theory that an engineer of 40 or 50 is on the down grade. A general manager said to me recently: "Well, Stone, you must admit that you can't get into a cab as easily as you could twenty years ago." Such talk is rubbish and so I said: "I am not an acrobat, but an engineer."

The fireman who has served his time goes gayly about his business, and at the end of two years is ordered to headquarters for another examination, a biennial performance which continues so long as he lives. He is compelled to know his engine and how to get it to the next station if it breaks down, and must understand the electric dynamo, which often is in front of his cab. He must be familiar with the mechanism of air brakes and pumps. Consequently an engineer not only runs his engine but heats his train and frequently lights it.

A tenth of the engineers in this

country are not in our organization. We give them no trouble and make no effort to deprive them of their places. All that we do is to insist that they be paid brotherhood wages, work brotherhood hours, and be given all of our own conditions and privileges. These matters we arrange with the railroads and not with the men themselves. Some of those who are out would be welcome and some would not be accepted by us under any circumstances.

In Canada, where wages are the lowest an engineer gets \$2.80 a hundred miles. In this country he receives \$5.25 for a hundred miles. I would say that the pay of an American engineer is from \$120 to \$160 a month. Firemen are paid from \$2 to \$3.10 per hundred miles, and usually a hundred miles is a day's work.

The policy of the brotherhood has been to mind its own business. We are condemned for our lack of sympathy and so on, but we reply: "Look at our results." We should be in trouble all the time if, for instance, we should refuse to haul "unfair goods," or the products which come from factories, mines, etc., where there are strikes. We constantly are bettering our wages and conditions and, therefore, point to our achievements as a justification for our policy.

We live up to all of our contracts. In the fall of 1904 the engineers on the elevated roads and in the subway of New York had trouble with August Belmont, their employer. I got a settlement which gave the men \$3.50 for nine hours on the elevated lines and ten hours with a fifteen minute layover in the subway. In the five months the engineers, some

400 in all, quit without saying a word to the brotherhood. They violated their contract, and I suspended all of them. Now they are work-

ing ten hours for \$3. This incident illustrates our business principles and methods of discipline as well as the advantages of our organization.

Mining Diamonds at Kimberley

BY JAMES S. HAMILTON IN WORLD'S WORK (ENGLISH).

In view of the reported scarcity of diamonds, the following description of the diamond mines at Kimberley will prove of interest. The writer is an American who went to South Africa in 1902, just after peace had been declared. He spent four years in the diamond district and writes from first-hand knowledge.

KIMBERLEY is a town of about twenty-five thousand population, grown up around a great hole in the ground—that's all. Stuck in the midst of a desolate veldt, devoid of crops save where here and there a spot is made to produce by irrigation, the little mining town is practically dependent upon the mines. Its one redeeming feature is that it is situated upon a tableland, and has an altitude of 4,050 feet above the sea level, with a constant breeze. The business houses are built of sun-dried brick, and the residences, rarely more than a single story, are made either of corrugated iron, or brick, covered with a coating of stucco.

The Kimberley mine proper is in the heart of the town, the streets lying alongside the enclosure. But the shaft and the entrances are so well guarded night and day that no person ever gains admission without proper authority. Every person in the city is under a rigid watch. Much money is expended every year to enforce the "I.D.B." laws, the enactments to prevent illicit diamond buying. Even with these safeguards illicit diamonds are sold every year in Europe to the value of £750,000.

It was thirty days after I had arrived at Kimberley and had applied

to Mr. Williams for a position before I was employed. I was appointed to a place of moderate authority with one of the shifts that go down into the mines to drill and blast. Such agents do not have to submit themselves to the rigid searches of the guards on coming out of the mines, and their personal freedom is not restricted, but they are always under the eye of some guard in the enclosures. And no employe lives long about Kimberley before his movements, habits, and temperament are fully reported by detectives to the general office.

Each of the great mines has its several compounds where the Kaffirs are imprisoned. These are enclosures, with walls sufficiently high to prevent escape, and around the walls is a stretch of roofing sufficient to prevent the inmates from tossing diamonds to the outside to be picked up by confederates. In the early days the Kaffirs used to throw diamonds over the walls in tin cans, so that their wives or friends might come and pick them up.

When the Kaffirs go to Kimberley from their tribes, they agree to submit to live in compounds. The shortest period is three months, but there are many who have never been out of

the compounds for two or three years. Those who go underground are, for the most part, drillers. They take a chisel and a hammer and drill holes in the hard, rocky ore, called blue-ground, in which the diamonds are invariably imbedded. These holes are for blasting the rock and reducing it to a crushed state. Tons of dynamite are used in the mines, and the stifling smoke makes it no pleasant task to remain underground after the explosions.

At the Kimberley mine there are 1,500 Kaffirs who work underground; the De Beers mine has 3,000; the Bultfontein mine has 3,000; the Du Toit's Pan mine has 3,000; and the Wesselson mine has 4,000. In addition to these there are several shifts of white men, some of them miners, some of them engineers, some drillers, and some in charge of moving the ore out of the mines. The work never ceases. It goes on all night and all day Sunday.

The first step in the mining is the drilling the holes for the blasting. Then the blasts are touched off, and the crushed blue-ground is conveyed to the shafts of the mine, which is fourteen hundred feet away from the tunnels where the mining is actually done. At the foot of the shaft the ore is dumped into a huge bucket, or "skip," and this, fastened to a great cable, is rapidly drawn out of the mine by powerful engines. Such diamonds as have been accidentally found have been washed from placer beds beside some river. The mining process is the modern way of finding diamonds. Thousands of men, mostly negroes, with no higher aim in life than to earn 5s. a day, are perched upon the blue-ground rock in the tunnels, drilling with a chisel and a hammer. The spirit of adventure

has been eliminated by the stupendous devices of the mechanical engineer.

The task of separating the diamonds from the blue-ground required months. From the shaft the ore is conveyed to what are called the "floors"—great stretches of ground cleaned off like a tennis-court. The ore is taken there in trucks, or cars, which are fastened ten feet apart to an endless cable, propelled by the power from the engine-room. Each floor is four hundred feet square, but their combined territory covers a great area of land, one mine alone having "floors" which extend five miles. These "floors" are nothing more than dumping grounds. Upon their smooth surface is spread the blue-ground to a depth of about ten inches. Being very susceptible to the action of air and water the blue-ground disintegrates after being exposed several months, and in the crumbling such indestructible crystals as diamonds or garnets are released. This is facilitated by harrowing the ore after it has been exposed six months and is beginning to become pulverized. The harrowing is done by steam plows drawn back and forth over the "floors" by a cable. Any of the blue-ground that is not decomposed by the long exposure is taken to the crushing machine, where it is pulverized. All the pulverized blue-ground is taken to the pulsator, or separating rooms.

The quarters where the separating is done contain large washing apparatus and an incline plane covered with a coating of a thick tallowy substance. First, the pulverized blue-ground is washed thoroughly in huge tubs or tanks. The water dissolves the softer dirt and leaves only the hard pebbles, crystals, and coarse

sand. This coarse matter is poured over the inclined plane, or pulsator. In descending the plane the dirt and gravel pass on to the lower end, and the diamonds become imbedded in the tallowy coating. From 98 to 99 per cent. of the precious stones are thus entrapped, the diamonds often burying themselves in the soft substance.

The tallowy stuff is scraped off, placed in a cauldron, and melted; becoming thin and oily under heat, it is poured off, and the diamonds are found at the bottom of the cauldron. The diamonds are sold in the rough. A syndicate of diamond merchants in Europe buy them at about one-third the price a jeweler charges for the finished stones. Taken from the cauldron to the general office of the De Beers Company every day, these rough diamonds are separated according to value and size, and are then ready to be sold to the Diamond Syndicate, 75 per cent. of whose stock, by the way, is owned by the De Beers Consolidated Mines Limited.

The De Beers Consolidated Mines, Limited, pays in a single year dividends to the amount of £2,175,000. It contributes insurance money for the benefit of its employes amounting to £100,000. It lays aside annually £2,175,000 for further investment, and, after all this, it has a balance of £746,000.

The Kaffir with his chisel and hammer makes 5s. a day. He is paid at the rate of 1s. for every foot he drills into the hard rock. Sometimes he drills the required five feet in three hours, but oftentimes it takes him the full eight hours of the shift. With this 5s. he must support himself, for he has to buy his own food, clothing and cabin furnishings. Somewhere he has a wife or several wives,

out on the veldt. A Kaffir is always anxious to have as many wives as he can, for with these Kaffir tribes wives are an evidence of one's wealth. The wives sometimes go to Kimberley while their husbands are in the compounds, and there live in quarters set aside for that purpose. But they are never permitted to enter the compounds. On pay days the wives flock to the gates of the great compounds and clamor for the pay of their husbands. They give their names at the gate to a guard, or the numbers by which their husbands were entered, and send within for money. The money is sent outside by a guard. Many of the women carry to the gates a child or two strapped to their shoulders.

The risk of life in the mines is great. What is known as a "mud-rush" sometimes happens by the inrush of water from the surface. Rain-water goes flooding down into the vast craters of the mines. In these craters lie various kinds of clay and other strata. This earth becomes very soft and slippery after a soaking, and it often breaks through underlying beds and goes thundering into the tunnels of the mines. On one occasion a "mud-rush" imprisoned a score of Kaffirs in the tunnels of the mine in which I worked. Several of them groped their way through the plastic mass, but when the mud was cleared away some of the Kaffirs were found standing erect just as they had been the instant the mud-rush fell upon them, chisel in one hand and the other raised as if to strike a blow.

The expense of living in Kimberley is very great. The food supply is so inadequate that a steak costs half a crown, and every article of wearing apparel costs twice as much as it

would in London. The necessity of preventing the illicit diamond traffic, too, has its baneful effect upon the lives of the honest and sensitive. A fair idea of this last condition can be drawn from the experience of one officer of the De Beers corporation. For three hundred and sixty-five days this man had been under the surveillance of the detectives of the company. The men at the general offices thought that he was spending more money than he was earning. One day after the detective had followed the man for a whole year had played poker with him, and watched every movement, another officer of the company approached him, and laying his hand upon his shoulder said:

"I want to congratulate you."

"What about?" asked the object of suspicion.

"Why, you're all right. You're an honest man."

"Of course, I'm an honest man. What do you mean?"

The explanation was made. The suspected man learned that the detective who had followed him had been his closest personal friend all those months, knowing every move he made, how much money he lost gambling, exactly how much he won, how much he spent in high living, and how much for the necessities of life.

"Now, according to our accounts of your doings for these weeks and days," said the official to the man under suspicion, "you ought to have just three pounds in your pocket this moment."

The man who had been shadowed three hundred and sixty-five days thrust his hand into his pocket and found just a trifle less than three pounds.

Why is it that nearly all of us are so much less anxious to be wise than to seem clever? Surely good education should teach us all that nothing good was ever easy. Now, educate yourself into the dread of being merely clever, for I am sure that anyone who will fairly review the errors of his practice will find that a very large portion of them must be ascribed to his having underrated the difficulty of that which he undertook—to his having tried to be clever when he ought to have been wise.—Paget.

The Men Who "Also Ran"

BY CHARLES F. AKED IN THE YOUNG MAN.

There is a tendency in the world to-day to belittle the men who have failed in any achievement or who have seemingly lost ambition and are content to move along in a rut. It is in vindication of the noble band of "Also-rans" that the author of this bright article takes up his pen.

THE "Also-rans" are not a wild tribe of the Balkans, nor a lower range of the Himalayas, nor yet fine entomological specimens. They are all round about us, in our homes and streets, in our offices and churches. They are found in every grade of society. We all know them well.

The phrase is American. "Poor old fellow! he is one of the Also-rans"—so runs the half-pitying, half-contemptuous word. Clearly the "Also-rans" maintain some kind of relation, compromising or otherwise, with the "Good old have-beens," and occupy a position more discouraging and pathetic than theirs. The reference is not far to seek. The keen eye of a student is scrutinizing the columns of his evening paper—for the latest ecclesiastical intelligence, of course, or for the freshest item concerning "Clause 4"; it is inconceivable that he should seek such information by design—and his glance passes over the sporting news, so called. And there he chances—it is entirely an accident—to notice that in the account of that day's racing a number of horses are "placed" as winners, as seconds, as thirds, and the like. And then follow a number of horses' names—"King Bunghole the Second," "Joseph the Conqueror," "Arthur the Great," and all the rest of them—all thrown together in a heap, not worthy of any order or discrimination, and the lot merely eaded, "Also ran." They "ran": that is all you know about them or

need to know. They started, you don't need to know how. They got somewhere, perhaps; but it is not worth while to find out where. They "also ran," and that is the best you can say about them. "Poor old fellow! he is one of the 'Also-rans'"—and so we have told the life-story of a man who has failed.

Yet is the story quite done? Have the high gods written "Finis" where we have written "Also ran?" Is there no more to be said? We had better go back to our Browning. "A Grammarian's Funeral" remains an inexhaustible battery for the recharging of heroic aspiration, for the everlasting comfort of high-minded men who "also ran," though they never swept past the winning-post in rainbow colors that flashed in the sunlight amid storms of cheers that made the welkin ring and fetched shrill echoes from the sounding earth. Let us make the contrast Browning asks us to make.

Men set themselves to the accomplishment of a useful and substantial piece of work, and they do it. It is within the compass of their abilities. It calls for a little effort, for a little energy, for a little sacrifice. So! The effort is made, the work is done. It was worth doing; the world, in a quiet way, is all the better for it, and the men who have done it have a reasonable satisfaction in "something attempted, something done." They have succeeded. And here are men who are wearing out their brains and their hearts in one of the divine-

ly-inspired moral movements of our time. They are beating their souls against the imprisoning bars of an evil social system. They are pouring out their lives in the strife against strong drink. They are battling with a zeal which is eating them up against war and the war spirit. The sorrows of India madden them. They die daily in thought of the agonies daily done in the blood-stained forests of the Congo. And from all corners of the earth, on all winds of heaven, are borne the voices which tell them that the curse of sterility is on all their toil, that Mrs. Partington was wise compared with them—she had her bucket and her mop, at least, they have nothing—and the Atlantic against which they contend, with all its many-sounding waves, will howl in derision of their work. India? The Congo? Who hears? Who cares? An evil social system?—and the “Jungle” is hurled at our heads, and we swear that if the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob were still alive He would blast Chicago off the face of the earth with a fiery rain from heaven! The Drink Traffic?—and there is more drink consumed per head of the population today in this country than there was sixty years ago, when the Temperance movement began! War against war?—and along the frontiers of Europe stand five millions of men, and twenty-six millions in reserve behind them, armed to the teeth, ready to loose hell amongst the nations! A young man gives himself with the mighty extravagance of youth to such a cause as these. He spends his years as a tale that is told. The “brown of his locks gives place to grey,” as old friend Mackay used to sing, and then “age comes creeping, to silver the hair on his aching head”; and all

that he can say is that the evil which he sought to conquer is no sooner rooted up and driven out than it re-incarnates itself in national life again! And so he dies, and leaves a world where the race is to the swift and the battle to the strong, and not to the like of him. If history troubles about him at all, the most and the best it has to say is that he “also ran.”

And yet the failure is not his who accomplished “nothing,” and the success is not his who got “something” done. In any real estimate of the infinite significance of things the “Also-rans” are the heroes, the apostles, the empire-builders, and with them is far-shining and wingless victory. This is not to say that the near, the real, and the solid should not be attempted. It should be attempted. It must be done. And they who do it deserve well of their fellows. But they, too, are great who “also ran,” and their greatness breathes immortality. This is what Browning means when he bids us believe:

This low man seeks a little thing to do,

Sees it and does it;

This high man, with a great thing to pursue,

Dies ere he knows it.

That low man goes on adding one to one,

His hundred's soon hit;

This high man, aiming at a million,

Misses a unit.

This has the world here—should he need the next.

Let the world mind him!

This throws himself on God, and, unperplexed,

Seeking shall find Him!

So, then, we have to revise our es-

timates of success and failure. We have to set up a new standard of values. Who is the successful man of your dreams? Is it Sir Georgias Midas or Viscount Moneybags, cursing until the midnight air is cerulean because six of his six-foot footmen are not up to open the door to his ring? Is it the general who has burnt his way across a continent, leaving a track of desolation to attest his soul-stirring achievements? Is it the purveyor of cheap lies, whose name is in everybody's mouth and whose honors sicken the air of Cosmos? Or is it Plumley of the Dash United, the Napoleon of Collar-studs, you know? Ask your world, ask your office, ask—alas! that we should need to ask this—ask the pulpit sometimes, the Church sometimes, if these men are not the successful men of our time, a bright and shining light, each one of them, to guide the nations stumbling on their way. Yet here is a London schoolmaster who has not gathered one of the "plums" of the profession; and here is a village parson who has been not "passing rich" but cruelly poor all his life on £100 a year; and here is the plucky Sunday school teacher, and there the brave-spirited lad who has kept his end up in a slum mission-hall, and on every side of us are men who have kept their hands clean and their hearts pure and done the duty that lay nearest to them with a cheerful courage, and found time to help a lame dog over a stile now and then—and God knows that we must learn to call them "great!"

In a brutal sentence an atheist writer has given us his account of the final reckoning. He tells us that "the heroes who fell at Marathon and the last barrowful of litter wheeled out of the cavalry stables will be alike remembered." It is doubtful whether this old earth has ever rung beneath the footfall of a greater man than the "blear-eyed little Jew" whom history knows as the Apostle Paul. When he had fought a good fight, kept the faith, and finished his course, he was satisfied that a crown of righteousness waited him, the gift of his righteous Judge; but he hastened to add—the big-souled man!—"and not for me only, but for all them also that have loved His appearing!" That estimate of greatness will do. It finds us. That will work! Wherefore, with the exultant Whitman—

With music strong I come, with my
trumpets and my drums;
I play not marches for accepted vic-
tors only;
I play marches for conquered and
slain persons.
I beat and pound for the dead.
I blow through my embouchures my
loudest and gayest for them,
Vivas to those who have failed;
And to those whose war-vessels sank
in the sea;
And to those themselves who sank in
the sea;
And to all generals who lost engage-
ments,
And to the numberless unknown
heroes as great as the greatest
heroes known!

New York—City of Mammon

BY MAXIM GORKY IN APPLETON'S MAGAZINE.

In scathing language the Russian patriot, Gorky, condemns the mammonism of America as evidenced in the life of the people of New York. He does not gloss over anything but lays bare the heart of the American people relentlessly. The article is reproduced in part only.

FROM afar the city looks like a huge jaw with black, uneven teeth. It belches forth clouds of smoke into the sky, and sniffs like a glutton suffering from overcorpulency. When you enter it you feel that you have fallen into a stomach of brick and iron which swallows up millions of people, and churns, grinds and digests them. The streets seem like so many hungry throats, through which pass, into some unseen depth, black pieces of food—living human beings. Everywhere, over your head, under your feet, and at your sides is iron, living iron emitting horrible noises. Called to life by the power of gold, inspirited by it, it envelops man in its cobweb, deafening him, sucking his life blood, deadening his mind.

The horns and automobiles shout aloud like some giant ducks, the electricity sends forth its surly noises, and everywhere the stifling air of the streets is penetrated and soaked with thousands of deafening sounds, like a sponge with water. It trembles wavers, and blows into one's nostrils its strong, greasy odors. It is a poisoned atmosphere. It suffers, and it groans with its suffering.

The people walk along the pavements. They push hurriedly forward, all hastily driven by the same force that enslaves them. But their faces are calm, their hearts do not feel the misfortune of being slaves; indeed, by a tragic self-conceit, they yet feel themselves its masters. In their eyes gleams a consciousness of independence, but they do not know it is but

the sorry independence of the axe in the hands of the woodman, of the hammer in the hands of the blacksmith. This liberty is the tool in the hands of the Yellow Devil—Gold. Inner freedom, freedom of the heart and soul, is not seen in their energetic countenances. This energy without liberty is like the glitter of a new knife which has not yet had time to be dulled, it is like the gloss of a new rope.

It is the first time that I have seen such a huge city monster; nowhere have the people appeared to me so unfortunate, so thoroughly enslaved to life, as in New York. And furthermore, nowhere have I seen them so tragi-comically self-satisfied as in this huge phantasmagoria of stone, iron, and glass, this product of the sick and wasted imagination of Mercury and Pluto. And looking upon this life, I began to think that in the hand of the statue of Bartholdi there blazed not the torch of liberty, but the dollar.

The large number of monuments in the city parks testifies to the pride which its inhabitants take in their great men. But it would be well from time to time to clean up the dust and dirt from the faces of those heroes whose hearts and eyes burned so glowingly with love for their people. These statues covered with a veil of dirt involuntarily force one to put a low estimate upon the gratitude felt by the Americans toward all those who lived and died for the good of their country. And they lose themselves in the network of the many-

stoned buildings. The great men seem like dwarfs in front of the walls of the ten-storey structures. The mammoth fortunes of Morgan and Rockefeller wipe off from memory the significance of the creators of liberty—Lincoln and Washington. Grant's tomb is the only monument of which New York can be proud, and that, too, only because it has not been placed in the dirty heart of the city.

"This is a new library they are building," said some one to me, pointing to an unfinished structure surrounded by a park. And he added importantly: "It will cost two million dollars! The shelves will measure one hundred and fifty miles!"

Up to that time I had thought that the value of a library is not in the building itself, but in the books, just as the worth of a man is in his soul, not in his clothes. Nor did I ever go into raptures over the length of the shelves, preferring always the quality of the books to their quantity. By quality I understand (I make this remark for the benefit of the Americans) not the price of the binding, nor the durability of the paper, but the value of the ideas, the beauty of the language, the strength of the imagination, and so forth.

Another gentleman told me, as he pointed out a painting to me: "It is worth five hundred dollars."

I had to listen very frequently to such sorry and superficial appraisal of objects, the price of which cannot be determined by the number of dollars. Productions of art are bought for money, just as bread, but their value is always higher than what is paid for them in coin. I meet here very few people who have a clear conception of the intrinsic worth of art, its religious significance, the power

of its influence upon life, and its indispensableness to mankind.

To live means to live beautifully, bravely, and with all the power of the soul. To live means to embrace with our minds the whole universe, to mingle our thoughts with all the secrets of existence, and to do all that is possible in order to make life around us more beautiful, more varied, freer, and brighter.

It seems to me that what is superlatively lacking to America is a desire for beauty, a thirst for those pleasures which it alone can give to the mind and to the heart. Our earth is the heart of the universe, our art the heart of the earth. The stronger it beats, the more beautiful is life. In America the heart beats feebly.

A magnificent Broadway, but a horrible East Side! What an irreconcilable contradiction, what a tragedy! The street of wealth must perforce give rise to harsh and stern laws devised by the financial aristocracy, by the slaves of the Yellow Devil, for a war upon poverty and the Whitechapel of New York. The poverty and the vice of the East Side must perforce breed anarchy. I do not speak of a theory; I speak of the development of envy, malice, and vengeance, of that, in a word, which degrades man to the level of an anti-social being. These two irreconcilable currents, the psychology of the rich and the feeling of the poor, threaten a clash which will lead to a whole series of tragedies and catastrophes.

America is possessed of a great store of energy, and therefore everything in it, the good and the bad, develops with greater rapidity than anywhere else. But the growth of that anarchism of which I am speaking precedes the development of socialism. Socialism is a stage of culture,

a civilized tendency. It is the religion of the future which will free the whole world from poverty and from the gross rule of wealth. To be rightly understood, it requires the close application of the mind, and a general, harmonious development of all the spiritual forces in man. Anarchy is a social disease. It is the poison produced in the social organism by the abnormal life of the individual and the lack of healthy nourishment for his body and soul. The growth of anarchism requires no intellectual basis; it is the work of the instinct, the soil on which it thrives is envy and revenge. It must needs have great success in America, where social contrasts are especially sharp and spiritual life especially feeble.

Impurities in the body come out on the surface as running sores. Falsehood and vice, now festering and spreading in society, will some day be thrown up like lava streams of dirt suffocating and drowning it if it betimes heed not the life of the masses corrupted by poverty.

But, methinks, I, too, am turning moralist. You see the corrupting influence of society.

The children in the streets of New York produce a profoundly sad impression. Playing ball amidst the crash and thunder of iron, amidst the chaos of the tumultuous city, they seem like flowers thrown by some rude and cruel hand into the dust and dirt of the pavements. The whole day long they inhale the vapors of the monstrous city, the metropolis of the Yellow Devil. Pity for their little lungs, pity for their eyes choked up with dust!

The care taken in the education of children is the clearest test of the degree of culture in any country. The conditions of life with which children are surrounded determines most cer-

tainly the measure of a nation's intellectual development. If the Government and society employ every possible means to have their children grow up into strong, honest, good, and wise men and women, then only is it a Government and a society worthy of the name.

I have seen poverty aplenty, and know well her green, bloodless, haggard countenance. But the horror of East Side poverty is sadder than everything that I have known. Children pick out from the garbage boxes on the curbstones pieces of rotten bread, and the dirt, there in the street in the stinging dust and the choking air. They fight for it like little dogs. At midnight and later they are still rolling in the dust and the dirt of the street, these living rebukes to wealth, these melancholy blossoms of poverty. What sort of a fluid runs in their veins? What must be the chemical construction of their brains? Their lungs are like rags fed upon dirt; their little stomachs like the garbage boxes from which they obtain their food. What sort of men can grow up out of these children of hunger and penury? What citizens?

America, you who astound the world with your millionaires, look first to the children on the East Side and consider the menace they hold out to you! The boast of riches when there is an East Side is a stupid boast.

However, "there is no evil without a good," as they say in Russia, country of optimists.

This life of gold accumulation, this idolatry of money, this horrible worship of the Golden Devil already begins to stir up protest in the country. The odious life, entangled in a network of iron and oppressing the soul with its dismal emptiness,

arouses the disgust of healthy people, and they are beginning to seek for a means of rescue from spiritual death.

And so we see millionaires and clergymen declaring themselves socialists, and publishing newspapers and periodicals for the propaganda of socialism. The creation of "settlements" by the rich intellectuals, their abandonment of the luxury of their parental homes for the wilds of the East Side—all this is evidence of an awakening spirit; it heralds the gradual rise in America of the human life. Little by little people begin to understand that the slavery of gold and the slavery of poverty are both equally destructive.

The important thing is that the people have begun to think. A country in which such an excellent work as James's "Philosophy of Religion" was written can think. It is the country of Henry George, Bellamy, Jack London, who gives his great

talent to socialism. This is a good instance of the awakening of the spirit of "human life" in this young and vigorous country suffering with the gold fever. But the most irrefutable evidence of the spiritual awakening in America seems to me to be Walt Whitman. Granted that his verses are not exactly like verses; but the feeling of pagan love of life which speaks in them, the high estimate of man, energy of thought—all this is beautiful and sturdy. Whitman is a true democrat philosopher; in his books he has perhaps laid the first foundation of a really democratic philosophy—the doctrine of freedom, beauty, and truth, and the harmony of their union in man. More and more interest in matters of the mind and the spirit, in science and art—this is what I wish the Americans with all my heart. And this, too, I wish them, the development of scorn for money.

Truth is the law of the whole wide universe. The stars are true to their course, the planets to their suns. Falsehood always means a broken law, and disaster sooner or later. The human life that is true, the human word that is true, are right with the universe, while a lie throws things out of joint, and must bring trouble and penalty after it. The theory that there are lies that do no harm is a mistaken theory.

Mr. Minter's Hobby

BY FRED JAY IN CASSELL'S MAGAZINE.

The publishers of Cassell's Magazine may be justly proud of the "find" they have made in the author of this amusing story. It is full of a dry humor that will appeal to the reader. More stories from his pen are announced for publication in future numbers of Cassell's which should add greatly to the popularity of this excellent periodical.

““OBBY?” said the old man, “no, I don't feel no want for anything o' that sort myself. Wot with assistin' the old woman with the 'ouse-work by a-keepin' out of 'er way and 'elpin' the landlord of the 'Owl' by sittin' on the bench outside 'is place to attract visitors, I finds the time pass fairly pleasant. Then there's mother's little bit o' property to keep a eye on and see she don't get a-muddlin' away—no, as I said afore, I can't say as I feels no call for a 'obby. Perhaps when mother goes I may begin to think o' somethin' of the sort.”

The old man paused and relit his pipe. Detecting a patient listener, with a cunning bred of long experience, he motioned his victim with a wrinkled hand to join him on the seat by the roadside.

“Talking of 'obbies,” he resumed, “it's wonderful, sir, ain't it, wot queer things some folk do find to interest theirselves in? One o' the queerest I ever 'eard on were Mr. Minter's 'obby—if 'obby you could call it. Him were the gen'-leman as used to live in that big white 'ouse on the hill there with the verandey round it. I were 'is 'ead gard'ner, so it ain't no made-up stuff I'm agoin' to tell you.

“Well, 'e were very comfortable off indeed, were Mr. Minter, and wot's more, he made 'is bit fair and square in honest trade — rags and bones and sich like—as fools like me

and gen'lemen like you would have thought rubbish. He 'ad been a very 'ard-working man, with never a thought for anything besides 'is business and 'is home.

“He were a fair good age afore they persuaded 'im to retire, when he sold 'is business and come down 'ere with 'is family to live. Mrs. Parish, who were engaged to cook, recommended me for the garden—nice, pleasant woman she were, but a somethin' too thin for my liking. I mind wot she ses to me the first day I started up at the Lodge.

“‘Mr. Stubbs,’ she say, ‘if you minds wot I tell you, you'll not be leavin' that coat o' yours about when you're a-workin'.’

“‘Why?’ ses I.

“‘Well,’ ses she, a-smilin', ‘don't you know as 'ow the master were in the rag trade. I thought perhaps—’

“‘Oh, did yer, Mrs. Parish?’ ses I. ‘Well, you'd better keep out o' his way, for don't forget rags wer'n't 'is only line.’

“But to git back to this 'ere 'obby business. At first Mrs. Minter and 'er two daughters thought the old gen'leman would be very lonely having nothing to do, but for about a month he were very busy several hours a day in his study, arrangin' of the money he'd got out of the business. I thought that wouldn't last long, and expected he'd start potterin' round my garden a-undoin' all the good work I'd put in' like other

old gen'lemen I know of. But that wer'n't 'is 'obby, for, as we soon found out, 'is 'obby were investments.

"He put 'is money into all sorts o' trading concerns—'Commercial and Industrials,' 'e called 'em—and when 'e'd finished his arrangements 'e got 'is youngest daughter, who wrote a nice 'and, to make a list of 'em very neat, and 'e 'ad that list framed and 'ung it up in the 'all. Then he called 'is wife and daughters and Mrs. Ming, the 'ousekeeper, into 'is study, and told 'em they was to learn the list all orf by 'eart. And 'e hurried to explain that 'e were interested in all them companies, and said that everythin' they bought they'd 'ave to get from one o' them whose names they see on the list.

"Well, they argued with 'im that it were quite impossible and altogether ridiculous to suppose that their buying things would make any difference to his dividends. 'But 'e said it were the principle 'o the thing, and if all the shareholders did the same it would make a lot o' difference. And when they went on a-arguin' 'e got in such a rage, which he'd never shown no symptoms of afore, that they all 'ad to promise to do wot 'e said.

"Just as they was a-leavin' the room, Mrs. Ming, whose sister's 'usband were the grocer in the village, turned round and ses, 'I 'ope, sir, as you'll excuse me a-making a observation, but I suppose you know that the local tradesmen won't want to serve you if you buys most of your things in London?'

"'That's all right, Mrs. Ming,' ses 'e; 'I've thought all that out. For instance, if you wants some tea, you'll ask Mr. Sands, who keeps that rather dirty shop oppersite the pond,

for 'Anti-Tannin,' and if 'e can't or won't supply it I'll get it from the Stores in London where I'm a shareholder.'

"'Beggin' your pardin' once more,' ses the 'ousekeeper a-sniffin', 'I thought as 'ow you'd want to buy everything in London so as the railway company, which I see is on the list, would 'ave the carrying' of 'em.'

"'Ah! a nice point, Mrs. Parish,' ses 'e, 'a very nice point. I'll think it over for a day or two and let you know my decision.'

"Well, they all see as 'ow 'e meant to 'ave 'is way, and as 'e were very liberal with the 'ousekeepin' money, they soon gave up makin' a fuss about it, even when he went a-pokin' about the kitchen lookin' at the labels on tins and things; for, as the missus said, 'it's 'is 'obby, and we must humor him.'

"When they'd been living 'ere some long time—in the autumn it were—they began talkin' about going to the seaside for a 'oliday. The ladies wanted to go to the Isle of Wight, but the old gen'leman he said they couldn't, but might go anywhere they liked on the Great Eastern. They all grumbled about it being so cold on the East Coast, but 'e said that were 'ealthy, and, as usual, they 'ad to give way.

"The next day the ladies went off to London a-shoppin', and they all come back lookin' very cheerful. Two days arter a great 'eap o' packages come down, and a letter were put on the old gen'leman's plate at dinner-time. When 'e opened it, and found a long bill for the things— all furs and sich like—'e got very red in the face but I suppose 'e saw 'ow they'd done 'im, for 'e wer'n't so angry as

they'd expected. He only said as they'd been very extravagant and foolishly wasteful of 'is money.

"'Not wasteful, dad,' said his youngest daughter. 'Don't you see the name on the top o' the bill? Of course, we knew you were a big shareholder in Peter Robinson's, or we shouldn't ha' done it.'

"Then 'e gets up an' kisses 'em all, and ses no doubt they'll look very nice in the things, and they all laughed, but I don't suppose 'is laugh were quite so natural as the others.

"On the day before they went away he come down the garden just as I'd managed to get the kink out o' my back after diggin' a lot.

"'Stubbs,' ses he, 'you're a very careful man, ain't you?'

"'Yes, sir,' ses I, 'I always see we gets the seeds from Podds Ltd., Cambridge, and the tools from Bright & Co., Birmingham, and the —'

"'Yes, yes,' ses 'e; 'that's right Stubbs, quite right—but wot I mean is, you're pretty careful of your person, ain't you? You're not the sort to stick the fork through your foot, or to tumble over the barrow and break your leg through a-hurry-in'?"

"'No, sir,' ses I; 'quick and sure, that's my way.'

"'Well,' ses he, 'I were wonderin' whether I'd insure you agin accidents in the Employers' Liability or some other society I ain't interested in; but that can wait till I come back 'ome agin.'

"'P'r'haps, sir, if you ain't a-goin' to insure me, I'd better not reglaze them green'ouses while you're away, as you told me?'

"'Ah!' ses 'e; 'well, I'll break my journey in London to-morrow and take out a policy with another com-

pany, and then you can get on with the job without no risk.'

"Well, they went away, and they come back agin, but the old gen'leman didn't seem to ha' got much benefit from the change. I don't know whether them east winds had touched 'im up a bit, but 'e brought back a nasty, 'acking cough. Then I heard as 'ow one of 'is companies were doing very bad, but it seemed to upset the missus much more than 'im. One day she were talkin' to the parson on the lawn, and I overheard 'er say as it were very serious, and the parson 'e say couldn't she try to persuade 'im to sell out of Highland Glen and invest in Popp's Ltd. But she said it were no use interferin' where 'is 'obby were concerned.

"Arter that I see 'ow things was goin', and I notice wot a lot of empty whiskey bottles there was in the cellar. Then one afternoon as I 'appened to pass by the study window, 'e taps on the glass and beckons me to come round. When I gets in 'e were sittin' at 'is desk, and 'e says in a very strange way.

"'Well, Stubbs, me boy, won't you 'ave a glass for the good o' the firm?'

"'Thankee, sir,' ses I.

"'Why, damn it!' ses 'e, a-fillin' a glass. 'why didn't I think o' you afore?'

"'Just wot I've oftena wondered, sir,' ses , a-humorin' of 'im.

"'Well,' ses 'e, lifting 'is glass with a very shaky 'and, 'drink with me, old worm-turner'— 'e'd had a deal too much already—'drink with me, old worm-turner, to a declining trade, and may it boom agin.'

"Well, we both done our best to support that 'ere falling concern— 'ow many supports I give it, I can't

say, for I don't know to this day 'ow or when I got out or were taken out o' that room. When I wakes up next morning, I see I wer'n't fit for no work, so I gets back to bed again and tries to think 'ow I can explain it to the missus. I gets up again in the evening, and was a-goin' to look for her when the cook stops me and ses I mustn't worry missus as the master were very ill indeed.

Then the end came. He got so bad 'e couldn't speak nor hear, and were a-worryin' terrible about somethin' which they couldn't understand. Then the missus sends for me just as 'e were sinking. 'Let's try Stubbs,' she says, 'e always understood 'is master very well.'

"So I goes upstairs, and 'e looks at me appealin' like, while they all

stood round. Arter thinkin' a bit I turns to the missus and ses, 'I ain't quite sure, mum, wot it is, but if you'll wait here, I'll be back agin in a minute.' Then I goes downstairs into the 'all, and 'as a good look down that 'ere list, and I think I see wot 'e wants. I couldn't per-nounce it until I'd said it over to myself once or twice. Then I goes upstairs agin, and I see a 'opeful look in his face as if 'e knew wot I'd been after. And I goes up to 'im, and taking 'old of 'is 'and, ses very slow and distinct:

"'It's—the—Necropolis—sir—you—wants.'

"And as I spoke the troubled look disappeared, and 'e passed away with a smile on 'is face as would ha' done credit to a archbishop."

A Pocket Notebook

IT is not the usual custom of young people to take notes but as they grow older and their interest in the affairs of life widens, they will discover that a number of matters will come to their attention and will slip away again unless there is something to help the memory. While the suggestion may not be of use to many of you, for the benefit of the few who like to be systematic, the habit of carrying a little notebook with an alphabetical index is strongly recommended. In this put down at least a brief note regarding what you wish to remember, in each case entering it under the letter beginning the most prominent name or word connected with it. If you cannot put down the exact item you wish to remember, at least note where you found it. The amount of time saved by this habit as you grow older will enable you to read a large number of excellent books; for to seek in vain a bit of information is not only extremely irritating, but exceedingly wasteful of time. Particularly in reading will a little notebook prove a great help. It is better to choose a tiny book, so that it will never be in the way.

—St. Nicholas.

A Small Business or a Good Position?

BY C. S. GIVEN IN WORKERS' MAGAZINE.

According to the writer it is a fallacy to assume that in most cases it is better for a man to be in business for himself than to continue as an employe in somebody else's business. He presents telling arguments to show that a man's opportunities are broader when working for others and that his faculties are not dwarfed by so doing.

“GO into business for yourself,” was the earnest and no doubt honest injunction of a recent magazine editorial. Some ominous views were expressed by the writer of the article with reference to the young man or woman continuing his or her pursuit as an employe. Some of his arguments are contrary to the facts as I have observed them during my few years' experience in mercantile life.

“It is well known,” he argues, “that long continued employment in the service of others cripples originality and individuality. That resourcefulness and inventiveness which comes from perpetual stretching of the mind to meet emergencies, or from adjustment of means to ends, is seldom developed to its utmost in those who work for others. There is not the same compelling motive to expand, to reach out, to take risks, or to plan for one's self when the programme is made for him by another.”

Continuing, he says: “As a rule men who have worked a long time for others shrink from great responsibility, because they have always had others to advise with and lean upon. They become so used to working to order—to carrying out the plans of other men—that they dare not trust their own powers to plan and think. * * * Some employes have a pride in working for a great institution. Their identity with it pleases them. But isn't even a small

business of your own, which gives you freedom and scope to develop your individuality and to be yourself, better than being a perpetual clerk in a large institution, where you are merely one cog in a wheel of a vast machine?”

The above writer seems to have lost sight of the significant fact that a small percentage of the workers in the world would be qualified to assume the role of proprietor; and, moreover, that fully 95 per cent., as confirmed by statistics, of those who go into business for themselves fail. This moment I can call to mind a dozen men of my acquaintance who have given up growing positions to go into business for themselves. All but one of them have repented, and that one, I understand, has built up a fairly good business in shoe retailing in a country town. Six of the remainder sought their old positions back, while the other five have changed from pillar to post and give no startling evidence of immediately becoming bright and shining lights in the galaxy of commercial kings.

The character of a firm or a business organization of any kind is determined by the character of each of its employes. Therefore every inducement is offered by the proprietors of a prudent concern to elevate each of its attaches to his most efficient service. If a man makes himself necessary to his employer he will be retained and promoted, and

when known to be thoroughly reliable he becomes necessary.

I maintain that the man who applies himself conscientiously, diligently, and thoughtfully in another's interests is not hampered. With present day methods in force he has the same opportunity to grow, the same freedom to exercise his talents and his powers as the one who undertakes to run an enterprise of his own.

There are just as many business men in the rut—I mean men who are in business for themselves—just as many, comparatively speaking, as there are those who are employes. The same temptation meets the young merchant, for he is quite apt to be tempted to pattern after his successful rivals in business rather than adopt an independent course — to build upon ideas of his own.

Referring once more to the article mentioned above, I quote another brief paragraph which seems an argument against, rather than for, a young man setting up in business: "A young man entering business with little capital these days of giant combinations, like a soldier in battle who is reduced to his last few cartridges, must be doubly careful in his aim and doubly zealous in his endeavor, for everything is at stake. He must call into action every bit of judgment, courage, sagacity, resourcefulness, ingenuity, and originality he can muster; he must make every shot tell—every dollar count."

In that first sentence is visible danger and the command to halt rather than to go forward. It is because of the fierceness of the battle waging on the field of trade to-day that a man should consider well before he advances into the thicket of

the fight. And as for the remainder of the paragraph, is it not a logical conclusion that a man must perforce do all these things if he would be a success anywhere in the world? The carpenter, the mechanic, the bookkeeper, the salesman—even the errand boy—must do these things, must act from the force of initiative—if he aspires to the top notch of superiority.

"Think for yourself; work out your own salvation," is the great edict from the man in power.

Nothing will stimulate a high order of service, calling out the best efforts, like imagining that one's own capital is invested in the concern with which he is allied. Virtually an employe is working for himself on another's capital; the more thought and enterprise he exhibits, the larger will be his dividends. Thus, the idea of proprietorship becomes so predominant in the mind of the workers—made so by the management because it is the only guaranty of a high grade of service—that all the personal initiative of each individual responds readily to the encouragement.

Take, for instance, the great army of buyers in the big stores of our cities. Each is allotted a certain amount of capital on which to conduct the business of his department, and at once we see that it becomes that particular individual's burden and ambition to stretch that capital to its utmost, to make it earn the highest dividends possible. And on the whole these positions, most of them, are more attractive than a smaller business of your own; they include trips to Europe, whereas the limited proportions of a business of your own could not possibly give you

this splendid advantage of studying the markets of the old world.

Those who fill these positions, of which there are scores and hundreds in the great stores of the large cities—managers, superintendents and others in executive positions in these emporiums—are men of resource and individuality. Many of them are drawing salaries far in excess of what they could earn if in business for themselves on a small scale.

“The modern department store,” says Mr. Louis Stern, the self-made New York merchant, “has opened many new positions for the ambitious young man. The general managers and buyers of the up-to-date first-class houses receive salaries much larger than the amounts they could have earned if in business for themselves, and they are free from the troubles and worrying which often rest heavily on the shoulders of the owner.”

Continuing, he adds that the “youth of to-day who starts on the lowest rung of the ladder of a great business house has every chance of reaching the top if he shows sufficient energy and will power.”

In fact, the men for the most part who are at the head of our country's greatest business and industrial institutions are men who did not go into business for themselves, but grew up as employees, and, after years of faithful service, obtaining promotion after promotion, became managers and partners and finally presidents; many of them of the concerns in which they began as errand boy or stock boy or salesman.

No finer example can be found anywhere than that of the late Marshall Field, who began his career as a humble dry goods clerk, and who, by a succession of promotions, was

finally taken in as a member of the firm with which he started in the early days of Chicago; then, by other succeeding steps, from junior partner to senior, and at last to be crowned “merchant prince of the whole round world. And down through the years in this one institution alone has come a royal procession of men and women, many of whom have achieved brilliant success, some of them retiring, as is well known, millionaires from the service.

No problems to solve? No emergencies to meet in these huge organizations, where every individual is placed on his own merit, his own responsibility, to become a thinking unit, and where individuality and originality are constantly being encouraged and developed in the process of making the character of a great enterprise? Surely our informant has been ill informed as to the methods in force in the broad policed establishments, whose constant aim and ambition is to build up an efficient, self-reliant army of workers characterized by the power of initiative and imbued with the law of promotion by merit.

The business world to-day is advertising not for the man with stereotyped ideas and fixed modes of working, but for men who are actuated by a yearning to outgrow the present and to catch large visions of the future—men who are not conformed to the doctrine of the letter, but who are transformed by the spirit of the occasion.

In the earlier days when the birch rod instead of the motto of moral suasion hung over the door of the schoolhouse, there was also the chalk line in every mercantile house. It was not easy sailing in those days. Wages were small, hours long, and

the duties that were piled on to the fellow who began at the back door of the store to work his way up to the front were many and irksome, and if he didn't knuckle down and do things to suit the high cockalorum of the premises he got the front door experience a good deal sooner than he had calculated on. But the chalk line idea eventually became eradicated and a newer and better idea came into force.

Individual capacity is extolled as opposed to the mere machine method. Creative force is placed at a high premium while the imitative is deplored. The old way dwarfed men's souls; the new expands them. The old was an iron clad system of trifling formalities while in the modern conception inherits all that is conducive to healthy growth and natural development.

The problem of success is not a question of whom you are working for—whether for self or some one else—but of the character of your working—a question of entering with zeal into that which you are doing. I do not believe in limitations. I believe that each one of us was made to grow, expand, and flourish wherever we are, but I as firmly believe that the great mass of bread winners in the world to-day are better off in the role of employe than employer, and that unless a young man feels signally adapted and strongly impelled to embark in business, he had not best "give up the ship" on which he is sailing.

If he is a failure in another's undertaking he is quite likely to be such in an effort for himself; and on the other hand, if he is a success in his present engagement and ris-

ing toward the top, the argument is equally forcible for his continuing in his present line of work.

But in case he finds the idea indubitably fixed in his mind that he has the making of a good merchant, then about the only effectual proof of the matter is to try; it might be an expensive teacher, this experience, but it is really the only methods by which the individual possessing an overmastering conviction can solve the problem. That is the way the ninety-five out of every hundred have found the answer to the cry from within—but theirs was a spurious conviction; and it is by this same method that the five successful ones determined the genuineness of the voice which spoke to them.

The crucial point of the whole matter is that the most careful consideration be given before the venture and then the overwhelming percentage of failures would be reduced and the 5 per cent. of successes would be increased. But in the face of all the facts it seems to me that a far more sane admonition to our aspiring young men and women who find themselves in a business relationship in which the future does not look bright, would be to identify themselves with a firm where the chances for promotion and success are greater.

It is simply the old story of the big toad in the little puddle applied to business. If you want to accept the little puddle limitations the little puddle is the place, but the man who is willing to do big things and has the capacity for the doing, should get into the house where there is room for advancement, honor and money.

The Humor of the Colored Supplement

BY RALPH BERGENGREN IN ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

The vogue of the colored supplement is immense and its popularity undoubted. It has come to be the Sunday diversion of children in countless homes. But be it said to the credit of the public, there are some people bold enough to speak out against its crudity and its vulgarity. The following article is a clever arraignment of the comic supplement.

AT no period in the world's history has there been a steadier output of so-called humor—especially in this country. The simple idea of printing a page of comic pictures has produced families. The very element of variety has been obliterated by the creation of types—a confusing medley of impossible countrymen, mules, goats, German-Americans and their irreverent progeny, specialized children with a genius for annoying their elders, white-whiskered elders with a genius for playing practical jokes on their grand children, policemen, Chinamen, Irishmen, negroes, inhuman conceptions of the genus tramp, boy inventors whose inventions invariably end in causing somebody to be mirthfully spattered with paint or joyously torn to pieces by machinery, bright boys with a talent for deceit, laziness, or cruelty, and even the beasts of the jungle dehumanized to the point of practical joking. *Mirabile dictu!*—some of these things have even been dramatized.

With each type the reader is expected to become personally acquainted—to watch for its coming on Sunday morning, happily wondering with what form of inhumanity the author will have been able to endow his brainless manikins. And the authors are often men of intelligence, capable here and there of a bit of adequate drawing and an idea that is honestly and self-respectingly provocative of laughter. Doubtless they are often

ashamed of their product; but the demand of the hour is imperative. The presses are waiting. They, too, are both quick and heavy. And the cry of the publisher is for “fun” that no intellect in all his heterogeneous public shall be too dull to appreciate. We see, indeed, the outward manifestation of a curious paradox: humor prepared and printed for the extremely dull, and—what is still more remarkable—excused by grown men, capable of editing newspapers, on the ground that it gives pleasure to children.

Reduced to first principles, therefore, it is not humor, but simply a supply created in answer to a demand, hastily produced by machine methods and hastily accepted by editors too busy with other editorial duties to examine it intelligently. Under these conditions “humor” is naturally conceived as something pre-eminently quick; and so quickness predominates. Somebody is always hitting somebody else with a club; somebody is always falling downstairs, or out of a balloon, or over a cliff, or into a river, a barrel of paint, a basket of eggs, a convenient cistern or a tub of hot water. The comic cartoonists have already exhausted every available substance into which one can fall, and are compelled to fall themselves into a veritable ocean of vain repetition. They have exhausted everything by which one can be blown up. They have exhausted everything by which one can be

knocked down or run over. And if the victim is never actually killed in these mirthful experiments, it is obviously because he would then cease to be funny—which is very much the point-of view of the Spanish Inquisition, the cat with a mouse, or the American Indian with a captive. But respect for property, respect for parents, for law, for decency, for truth, for beauty, for kindness, for dignity, or for honor are, killed, without mercy. Morality alone, in its restricted sense of sexual relations, is treated with courtesy, although we find throughout the accepted theory that marriage is a union of uncongenial spirits, and the chart of petty marital deceit is carefully laid out and marked for whoever is likely to respond to endless unconscious suggestions. Sadly must the American child sometimes be puzzled while comparing his own grandmother with the visiting mother-in-law of the colored comic.

Lest this seem a harsh, even an unkind inquiry into the innocent amusements of other people, a few instances may be mentioned, drawn from the Easter Sunday output of papers otherwise both respectable and unrespectable; papers, moreover, depending largely on syndicated humor that may fairly be said to have reached a total circulation of several million readers. We have, to begin with, two rival versions of a creation that made the originator famous, and that chronicle the adventures of a small boy whose name and features are everywhere familiar. Often these adventures, in the original youngster, have been amusing, and amusingly seasoned with the salt of legitimately absurd phraseology. But the pace is too fast, even for the

originator. The imitator fails invariably to catch the spirit of them, and in this instance is driven to an ancient subterfuge. To come briefly to an unpleasant point, an entire page is devoted to showing the reader how the boy was made ill by smoking his father's cigars. Incidentally he falls down stairs. Meantime, his twin is rejoicing the readers of another comic supplement by spoiling a wedding party; it is the minister who first comes to grief, and is stood on his head, the boy who later is quite properly thrashed by an angry mother—and it is all presumably very delightful and a fine example for the imitative genius of other children. Further, we meet a mule who kicks a policeman and whose owner is led away to the lockup; a manicured vacuum who slips on a banana peel, crushes the box containing his fiancée's Easter bonnet, and is assaulted by her father (he, after the manner of comic fathers, having just paid one hundred dollars for the bonnet out of a plethoric pocketbook); a nondescript creature, presumably human, who slips on another banana peel and knocks over a citizen, who in turn knocks over a policeman, and is also marched off to undeserved punishment. We see the German-American child covering his father with water from a street gutter, another child deluging his parent with water from a hose; another teasing his younger brother and sister. To keep the humor of the banana peel in countenance we find the picture of a fat man accidentally sitting down on a tack; he exclaims, "ouch," throws a basket of eggs into the air, and they come down on the head of the boy who arranged the tacks. We see two white boys beating a little negro over

the head with a plank (the hardness of the negro's skull here affording the humorous motif), and we see an idiot blowing up a mule with dynamite. Lunaey, in short, could go no farther than this pandemonium of undisguised coarseness and brutality—the humor offered on Easter Sunday morning by leading American newspapers for the edification of American readers.

And everyone of the countless creatures, even to the poor, maligned dumb animals, is saying something. To the woeful extravagance of foolish acts must be added an equal extravagance of foolish words: "Out with you, intoxicated rowdy," "Shut up," "Skidoo," "They've set the dog on me," "Hee-haw," "My uncle had it taken in Hamburg," "Dat old gentleman will slip on dem banana skins," "Little Buster got all that was coming to him," "Aw, shut up," "Y-e-e-e G-o-d-s," "Ouch," "Golly, dynamite am powerful stuff," "I am listening to vat der vild vaves is sedding," "I don't think Pa and I will ever get along together until he gets rid of his conceit," "phew." The brightness of this repartee could be continued indefinitely; profanity, of course, is indicated by dashes and exclamation points; a person who has fallen overboard says "blub"; concussion is visibly represented by stars; "biff" and "bang" are used according to taste to accompany a blow on the nose or an explosion of dynamite.

From this brief summary it may be seen how few are the fundamental conceptions that supply the bulk of almost the entire output, and in these days of syndicated ideas a comparatively small body of men produce the greater part of it. Physical pain

is the most glaringly omnipresent of these motifs; it is counted upon invariably to amuse the average humanity of our so-called Christian civilization. The entire group of Easter Sunday pictures constitutes a saturnalia of prearranged accidents in which the artist is never hampered by the exigencies of logic; machinery in which even the presupposed poorest intellect might be expected to detect the obvious flaw accomplishes its evil purpose with inevitable accuracy; jails and lunatic asylums are crowded with new inmates; the policeman always uses his club or revolver; the parents usually thrash their offspring at the end of the performance; household furniture is demolished, clothes ruined, and unsalable eggs broken by the dozen. Deceit is another universal concept of humor, that combines easily with the physical pain motif; and mistaken identity, in which the juvenile idiot disguises himself and deceives his parents in various ways, is another favorite resort of the humorists. The paucity of invention is hardly less remarkable than the willingness of the inventors to sign their products, or the willingness of editors to publish them. But the age is notoriously one in which editors under-rate and insult the public intelligence.

Doubtless there are some to applaud the spectacle—the imitative spirits, for example, who recently compelled a woman to seek the protection of a police department because of the persecution of a gang of boys and young men shouting "hee-haw" whenever she appeared on the street; the rowdies whose exploits figure so frequently in metropolitan newspapers; or that class of adults who tell indecent stories at the

dinner table and laugh joyously at their wives' efforts to turn the conversation. But the Sunday comic goes into other homes than these, and is handed to their children by parents whose souls would shudder at the thought of a dime novel. Alas, poor parents! That very dime novel as a rule holds up ideals of bravery and chivalry, rewards good and punishes evil, offers at the worst a temptation to golden adventuring, for which not one child in a million will ever attempt to surmount the obvious obstacles. It is no easy matter to become an Indian fighter, pirate or detective; the dream is, after all, a daydream, tintured with the beautiful color of old romance, and built on eternal qualities that the world has rightfully esteemed worthy of emulation. And in place of it the comic supplement, like that other brutal horror, the juvenile comic

story, that goes on its immoral way unnoticed, raises no high ambition, but devotes itself to "mischief made easy." Hard as it is to become an Indian fighter, any boy has plenty of opportunity to throw stones at his neighbor's windows. And on any special occasion, such, for example, as Christmas or Washington's birthday, almost the entire ponderous machine is set in motion to make reverence and ideals ridiculous. Evil example is strong in proportion as it is easy to imitate. The state of mind that accepts the humor of the comic weekly is the same as that which shudders at Ibsen, and smiles complacently at the musical comedy, with its open acceptance of the wild oats theory, and its humorous exposition of a kind of wild oats that youth may harvest without going out of its own neighborhood.

Positiveness is a virtue. It is well to have opinions of our own if they are well matured, and to hold to them with firm and tenacious grasp. A man with no opinions is sadly wanting in the quality of manly character. He never can be a force or an influence in the community. One must stand for something and people must know where one stands.

The Value of Foresight

SMITH'S WEEKLY.

It will be found on investigation that the man with the most worries in his business is the man who has failed to lay plans ahead. If he had exercised foresight and arranged matters with a view to future needs, he would have been able to ride smoothly over what has become a rough path.

WE all know the man who never has time. And yet he is not by any means the one with the most to do. Indeed, if we stop to consider the matter, we usually find that he is not really a busy man at all, and he is certainly never a successful one. Take any one of these "never-have-time" individuals, and you have no difficulty in classing him as a thoughtless, scatter-brained kind of person, often most amiable and a very good sort, but shiftless.

No one by taking thought can add a cubit to his stature, nor can anyone by any possibility stretch 24 hours to 25. Yet, paradoxical as it may seem, anyone can make time.

You mean, "You can get up earlier and go to bed later," suggests the reader. Not a bit of it. No need to change your hours. The thing is not to waste them. Not a single one of us but wastes time, how much he or she seldom or never realizes. Not work-time only, but play-time as well, and the simple reason why this waste takes place is that we don't look ahead.

Perhaps one should say rather, "We don't look ahead enough," for everyone who is not absolutely an idiot must take some thought for the future. But too many—far too many—only take an occasional glance into futurity instead of keeping one eye steadily fixed thereon.

The man who has no time is in that predicament because he does not consider each Monday what he

has to do during the following week, or each morning what his duties are for the ensuing day. He lives absolutely in the present, acts as if uncounted leisure was before him, and, consequently, is never ready for the small emergencies which arise everywhere in both social and business life.

Providence helps him who helps himself, and no one can better help himself than by parcelling out his time in advance, and so being ready to attend to each duty at its proper moment.

To take an example in everyday life. What housewife worthy of the name but draws up a scheme for her household work? Such-and-such a day for washing, such for baking, another for marketing. On Monday the dining-room is turned out, on Tuesday the best bed-room, on Wednesday the hall and passages are scrubbed. Each morning the meals for the following twenty-four hours are ordered, while if she lives in the country the tradesmen's orders are given days beforehand.

Indeed the careful housewife looks further into the future than a week, for she makes arrangements long beforehand for such terrible upheavals as spring cleaning and chimney sweeping or for the annual holiday.

On a greater scale the case is the same in every successful business, and the man who is best able to look forward and provide against future emergencies is the one who rises

to become manager of such a concern. Heads of great banking and insurance and railway companies have to consider most carefully the probable trend of affairs, not only for a few months, but for twenty or thirty years ahead, and statesmen must take thought for even greater periods in advance.

Would, for instance, Rockefeller be to-day the richest man on earth had he not formed the opinion more than forty years ago that petroleum was to be the illuminant of the future, and steadfastly acted upon that opinion?

And yet all around one sees men—young men especially—who seem content to live in the present and drift. They are satisfied if they possess or are making a mere livelihood, and so go on from day to day as if they would be always young, always strong, and as if such a contingency as possible loss of money or employment was altogether out of the question.

Such a young fellow suddenly falls in love, and at once becomes madly anxious to get married. But he has no money to make a home or start housekeeping. Ah! he thinks, if he had only started saving a few years before! And there is bitterness in the thought. But it is too late now. He cannot recall lost time. Nothing for it but to wait, for years perhaps,

and meanwhile live hardly and work harder in order to accumulate the necessary sum which if he had only looked ahead might have been so easily saved in the past years.

Another, already married, has a chance to buy a house or make some valuable investment. But he has lived up to his income. He has no reserve in hand. The opportunity passes, never to come again.

Or he has an opportunity of placing his son in some excellent position if he can supply a small capital. But no. He has not looked forward, and his lack of foresight costs the boy his career.

The man who looks ahead lives carefully, saves as he goes, and when either opportunity or disaster meet him is able to seize or confront it as the case may be. Such a man insures his life, and even if he be not married nor has family ties, yet considers that he must in the natural course of events grow old and get beyond work, and so lays up against that time.

It may, in fact, be asserted, without the slightest irreverence, that every man, in so far as foresight goes, is his own Providence. The careful man leaves nothing or as little as possible to chance. He sees the emergency before it arises and is ready for it. Well-applied foresight is only another word for success.

The best thing any hero does for the world is simply being a hero; the deed we applaud, however great, is worth less than the personality which made it possible.

A Magistrate Who Redeems Drunkards

(THE ARENA.)

Judge William Jefferson Pollard, of the Second District Police Court of St. Louis, has made an in ovation in his treatment of prisoners brought before him on a charge of drunkenness. Instead of punishing, he endeavors to reform. By suspending sentence and requiring the signing of a pledge, he enables many victims of drink to save themselves.

LIKE Judge Lindsey, of Denver, whose faith in humanity and sympathy for the young led to the inauguration of the treatment of youthful offenders that has already saved to the nation numbers of children who would otherwise have become a curse to themselves and a burden to society, Judge Pollard, of St. Louis, has introduced a new method for the treatment of drunkards by which hundreds of men have been reformed instead of brutalized by judicial procedure. When he took his office the judge found himself confronted by scores upon scores of men brought to the bar for drunkenness. Among this number were some confirmed toppers whose characters had been so weakened that they no longer had the moral strength to resist temptation. Judge Pollard recognized the fact that to liberate such men on the pledge to abstain from drink and permit them to go free would in effect be like leading them into temptation. Only by taking from them the power to gratify their appetites and by environing them with an atmosphere of ethical enthusiasm and stimulation that would favor the strengthening of the moral fibre and the calling into action of the dormant will power, or by skillful scientific medical and psychological treatment, could permanent cures be hoped for in their cases.

But there was another class of prisoners brought to the bar by drink, far more numerous than the confirmed drunkards, who, he believ-

ed, might be redeemed to the state and to their families by a double restraint; one an appeal to their manhood and all the better elements of their nature, the other the threat of the consequences of the violation of the pledge given to the state.

He knew that the old way, the easy way for the judge who did not feel the tremendous responsibility resting on a judicial official who holds the fate of human lives in his hand, was to fine every offender five, ten or twenty dollars, and in default to send him to the workhouse to break stone with many men more degraded, brutal and criminal than himself, until the fine was worked out. But he also knew that the result of such sentence was in most cases to further brutalize the victim of drink. After such a sentence the man, if he had not become a criminal by association and the sense of degradation, would still have less power and incentive to resist temptation than he had before he entered the workhouse, and thus the effect of the sentence would have been to force the victim farther on the downward road. The judge believed that the majority of these men might be saved to society and to their families if they could be enjoined against drinking; if they could be made to feel that the law and the courts were desirous that they be saved, and though society had to protect itself, still, if the offender would do his best the court would help him to make a fresh start. Such was Judge Pollard's be-

lief, and he proposed to test its practicability by giving those who had not become confirmed drunkards a trial. There was no precedent to justify him in his innovation, and the members of the bench and bar shook their heads incredulously; but his faith in humanity and his realization of the worth of a human soul, the value of a sober citizen to the state and the need of the victims' families for support all urged him to put his theory into practice. This he did three years ago.

When the drunkard who is not a confirmed toper is arraigned and the case heard, the judge imposes a heavy fine which will necessitate sixty days in the workhouse, breaking stone. This sentence, however, is held in suspense if the guilty party will sign a pledge which he has framed, to abstain from drink for one year.

Three years have passed since this innovation, which the conventionalist pessimists so freely predicted would prove a dismal failure, was put in operation, and up to the present time not more than two persons in one hundred thus put on their honor have fallen. The effect of showing the victim of drink that the court is interested in his reclamation and is willing to give him a chance to prove his manhood, and the knowledge that if he fails to keep his pledge sixty days of hard work breaking stone in the workhouse are before him, exert a double check. The success of the innovation has exceeded the most sanguine expectations of the judge and his friends.

"As long as the germ of good is not dead," said Judge Pollard in a recent interview, "I believe it is the duty of the court to save drunkards from themselves and for their families. I would rather make my court

a tribunal of reformation than of punishment. A judge on the bench must exercise common sense and good judgment. I try to do the best I can for the defendant and the city. Back of the man is his family, whose interests must be taken into consideration in fixing his punishment. To send a man to the workhouse to work out a fine breaking rock at fifty cents a day while his family faces starvation is a pretty serious thing to do. I would rather send the man back to his family and keep him sober than to send him to prison. It is better for the city, better for society, better for the individual, and a thousand times better for his family, to say to the drinking man: 'The court will forgive you for your past conduct, but you must pledge yourself to behave in the future.' Virtually the man is enjoined from getting drunk.

"In giving a defendant an opportunity to sign the pledge I always impose a suitable fine for his offence. I let him off on his promise of good behavior, with the distinct understanding that if he drinks again he will have to go to the workhouse. The man who knows he is going to be sent to the rock pile for getting drunk will keep out of the reach of temptation. I have learned by observation that after they have kept sober for a month they have very little trouble. It is during the first month after giving them the pledge that I have to keep a sharp lookout over them. They must report to me regularly every week either at the court or at my home. If a man is working and cannot get away without losing time I give him the privilege of reporting to me at night at my home. If he is a married man I require him to bring his wife with him."

There are, Judge Pollard holds, great numbers of good-hearted, honest men whose moral fibre has not been weakened or destroyed by drink, and they would be permanently injured if the court should "put the stain of the workhouse upon them." "What they need," he says, "is a good strong moral stimulant. I produce the pledge and give them a chance to work out their own reformation. Then I back up that pledge with the law created by 700,000 people. The chances are that the man who knows the eye of the court is upon him wherever he goes will stay at home evenings instead of lounging around saloons.

"Here is a case in point. A delicate woman endured the abuse of her drunken husband as long as she could. He was a poor teamster, earning \$9 a week. He was the father of three children, ranging in age from three to eight years. Regularly every Saturday night he went home drunk, having spent the greater part of his wages for liquor.

"He mistreated his wife. His children were so afraid of him that they hid under the bed when they heard him coming. The furniture in his little home was mortgaged. His wife and children were in tatters. Finally in her desperation the wife had the husband arrested, and he was brought into my court for disturbing the peace. The thin little woman appeared in court, carrying her youngest child in her arms. Tears streamed down her cheeks as she told me of the indignities she had borne. She asked me to send him to the workhouse until he reformed. I asked her how she would get along without him. She said she would take in washing and manage to eke out an existence. She was willing to make

any sacrifice if he could only be cured of the drink habit.

"I called the defendant to the bar of the court and had a heart to heart talk with him. He seemed penitent, and when I asked him what he would do if I gave him a chance to reform his countenance brightened and he said he would do his best to keep away from liquor. I asked him if he could keep sober a year. He said he would try. I produced the pledge and he signed it. Then I told him to report to me at my home once each week for a month, because he had no time to lose from work, and his family needed all the money he could possibly earn.

"He came to see me regularly every week. When he appeared in court he was a sorry looking sight, but week after week there was an improvement in his appearance. He was more cheerful and ambitious. It was not long until he told me the mortgage on his furniture had been paid off and that he was getting along better than for years. He wore better clothes and his general appearance was neater. I saw that he was a reformed man, and after the first month I released him from the obligation to visit me every week. I saw him a few days ago and he told me he was happy and prospering, that he had been promoted and never intended to drink again.

"If I had sent him to the workhouse he would have come out soured on the world and probably would have gone back to drink. During his incarceration his family would have endured many hardships. I have not the slightest doubt that he will keep the pledge, not only for a year, but for all time. His wife tells me that he treats her with the greatest possible

consideration, that his children have learned to love him again, and that he is ambitious to get ahead in the world.

"That is only one case out of hundreds. The records of the police courts of St. Louis show that thousands of persons are arrested annually and formally charged with petty of-

fences committed while they are under the influence of liquor. So many cases resulting from intemperance made me do some real earnest thinking.

"Any man after a forced sobriety of a year who has any moral stamina about him will not fall into his old habits of intemperance."

Liberia, the Negro Republic

BY AGNES P. MAHONY IN APPLETON'S MAGAZINE.

It is interesting to note, even if it is not very encouraging, that the negro republic of Liberia is degenerating. This republic, started so auspiciously in 1839, has been gradually declining. The reason given for this is that, away from the influence of white men, the negro seems to lose the desire and the ability to better himself.

MOTHER Nature deals out the vegetation of tropical Africa with a lavish hand, and no one need starve in Liberia who is willing to work, but the civilized negro in Africa, at least in Liberia, as I have observed after nearly five years' residence in the republic, seems to need the encouraging example of and contact with the right kind of white men. The success and flourishing condition of Sierra Leone, the colony established by the English for its freed slaves—many of them brought there from Newfoundland after the Revolutionary War, the West Indies, and also released from captured slave ships—shows that success can attend the efforts of the race to raise themselves, but this success seems to be largely due to the fact that a white man's hand is at the helm, although most of the principal Government officials are negroes. This colony is only one generation older than Liberia, having been settled in 1787, but at the present time it is several generations ahead in the development of the country. In Sierra Leone are rail-

roads running several hundred miles into the interior and in this way the native in the hinterland is able to send his produce down to the coast for transmission to European ports. The Government is doing many things to encourage the natives to produce for the foreign markets different things which grow with very little care or trouble in that part of the world. Take, for instance, cotton. The natives in Sierra Leone can secure free seeds and free transportation of their crops to the English markets for two years.

Poor Liberia seems to stand alone in her inability to make the most of her naturally rich country. I have seen cotton growing wild in Liberia in three different stages at the one time on the one bush. I have seen the coffee trees bearing three crops in the one year. With very little care—practically none after the "daughters," as the young banana shoots are called, are separated from the mother plant and stuck into the ground—bananas can be raised in great abundance. The natives live principally on rice, which they raise

themselves, but the descendants of the Liberian colonists seem to do nothing on this line, and here is what, in the opinion of many with whom I have talked on the matter, a great deal of Liberia's condition to-day rests upon: the disinclination of the average Liberian to work with his hands. Palm oil, palm nuts, or kernels, and piassava are exported in large quantities from Liberia, but the work of preparing them for the market and carrying them long distances (often on their heads, for there are no vehicles of any kind in Liberia and horses and mules are not able to live there) is entirely done by the native Africans, who came under the domination and rule of the Liberians when the colony was established.

An export duty is charged by the Liberian Government on all produce sent from the country, and an import duty of twelve and a half per cent ad valorem on all goods on which a specific duty is not imposed. These are the main sources of income for the country. This income at the present time is not as great as one would suppose it to be, for the reason that many of the employees of the Government are paid with notes issued by the Government, and these seem to depreciate in value very rapidly. The traders, taking advantage of the needs of the people and the small amount of ready money in circulation in the country, are always ready to buy the Government notes, in some instances being able to obtain for eight shillings in English money (or the equivalent in American or German money) a note which has been issued for \$5. These notes are then tendered to the Government as payment for customs duty. The Government, recognizing finally the low financial

condition this kind of business was bringing on the country, then made a law whereby only part of the duties may be paid with Liberian money, the rest being paid in either English, German, French, or American money. The drafts of the American Missionary Society are also accepted by the Government at their full value, though many of the traders charge the missionaries from two to four per cent. for cashing the drafts.

There are no industries in Liberia to-day. All traces of the trade school established at the time the country was under the protection of the American navy and Colonization Society have entirely disappeared. Much money is made by a few through trading. That the natives have learned to like spirituous drinks is clearly evident when one goes into a native village and finds grave after grave outlined by an inverted row, or fence, of gin bottles. These gin bottles are used sometimes by the natives for other purposes, as I found out when two persons came to me for surgical help. They had been operated upon by a native doctor or medicine man—one had a swollen knee, and the other a swollen ankle—and in both instances each "medicine man" had lanced the swelling with a piece of broken gin bottle.

The Liberian Government has established schools in many of the towns, but the native Africans in most instances refuse to send their children to these schools, but will gladly send them to the schools established by the missionaries. Another phase of the situation which stands in the way of the further development of the colony under present conditions is the attitude of the descendants of the first colonists,

who are the Liberians of to-day, and the native Africans toward each other. Many of the latter have conceived a dislike and a distrust for the former, as a whole, which is unfortunate, considering that a few of the leaders in the community realize that Liberia is at the parting of the ways and are doing all they can to save the situation. What Liberia needs to-day is money and men to show them how to use that money to the best advantage in developing the country. Above all things a stimulus is needed to make the rank and file of the people willing to work, for in this will lie the success of the nation. Every facility is given at present by the Government to missionaries and teachers from other countries who go to Liberia to help better the conditions of the people there, and she also offers a home to people of her own race and color. But the Government in a recent message distinctly said that the poor negro emigrant need not come there, as under present conditions they would find it hard to make a living.

According to the opinion of many experts who have investigated the resources of the country there is plenty of natural wealth locked up in the land, because the Liberians seem not to have the money or ability to open it up, and the great danger is that some concession will be granted to syndicates of other countries whereby a few will be benefited at the expense of the nation at large. It is the opinion of many persons who have lived in Liberia, both white people and Liberians themselves, that sooner or later some other nation must assume a protectorate over the country. Some of their leaders think it far better to choose their own protectorate rather than have a protectorate forced upon

them by existing conditions, such as inability to pay their foreign loans or to secure more credit. As those who think in this way are in the minority, Liberia must struggle along until she can go no farther — and after that, what?

The native Africans far outnumber the Liberians, and Mohammedanism is rapidly spreading in the country despite the efforts made by the Christian missionaries to stem the tide. Their proselytizing agents are going around continually advancing their lines in all directions, until to-day in many sections of Liberia whole tribes will be found who are all practically Mohammedans. The history of all Mohammedan nations is not one of progress along civilized lines, so that little help is to be expected from the Mohammedan natives, and the Liberians must work alone in their efforts to better their own conditions.

Slavery and polygamy are two important features of the native life, and the Government seems to be unable to control either one or the other. It is true that no slaves are exported from the country, but they are continually passing from master to master to satisfy debts and other conditions. That the Government officially recognized one of these two institutions was evidenced when one of the prominent Liberian officials decided that two little girls who had been born during the time their parents were slaves must be given up to the former owner of the parents to be sold by him as slaves. These parents had by industry been able to purchase their own freedom, and naturally thought their children were free also, until their old master claimed them. The father appealed to the Liberian Government, which decided that the children must be

taken from their father and given up to the man who formerly owned him. The master had a purchaser ready for one of them, a Mohammedan native, who already had many wives, but wanted for another wife the elder child, about seven years of age and an attractive, winsome little creature. It is a common thing for natives to purchase girls when they are babies in their mothers' arms, in some instances leaving them with their mothers until they are old enough to be given up to the Zoba, or "country devil," who presides over the gree-gree bush, and who trains all girls before they are considered eligible—I will not say for marriage, for they are never married, only purchased by some man, who although he may have many wives seems always anxious to add more to his family. The father of the two little girls had not the money with which to buy his children's freedom and appealed to me, who was able by paying \$30 to save the children from being torn away from everyone belonging to them and carried into the interior, never perhaps to see their parents or each other again. In this instance the price or value was placed upon the children by the representative of the Liberian Government.

That Liberia to-day is in a more dead than alive condition, and is certainly retrograding on economic and industrial lines, is apparent not only to people outside of the race, but to many prominent Liberians, who recognize conditions, but are so few in number that they can only sink or swim with the multitude. During a conversation not long ago a prominent Liberian Government official has perhaps given the reason for that country's condition to-day when he said: "Twenty-five or thirty

years ago I could take a hundred Liberians, men who had come over from the United States (these men had been developed under white influences), and go into the interior against a thousand rebellious natives without the slightest fear." When I asked him, "Would you do it to-day?" he answered quickly, "No indeed, I would not." A prominent official said at one time to me: "Thirty years ago if I wanted a boat I could have one made in Monrovia (the capital of Liberia), but to-day I must send to England or Germany for it."

When I first started for work in Liberia I was filled with the idea of helping the people to stand alone, but I have reached the stage others who are anxious to help the race have reached before me. I recognize that very few of those who have not at some time been under the stimulating influence and example of the Caucasian will ever become leaders. I have learned to look upon the race as children, who must be guided and led by the right kind of progressive men. Not many take the initiative, and of those who do the majority have been born outside of Liberia, or have a strain of white blood in them. I have wondered many times if Booker T. Washington would have developed into the leader he is had he not known the standards of the white men around him, and realized that to uplift his people he must train them to copy the better class of Caucasians. He has recognized that only a few can be developed into teachers and leaders, and is doing much to develop industrial training at Tuskegee, and Liberia needs this sort of training more than anything else.

Perhaps by the time this article reaches the public some country will

be collecting Liberia's customs and endeavoring to relieve the financial conditions, but this will be only temporary relief. The law forbidding the white man to hold property in the republic should be abolished or amended, and he should be encouraged to come in with his money and help the Liberians to develop out their own country. But the Liberians must be taught to realize that this can only be done by hard work and not by holding Government positions, as so many of the people do

to-day. Better than anything else would be the emigration to Liberia from progressive countries of large numbers of the race who have learned how to make the most of the talents with which they have been endowed, and are willing to work hard to uplift their own people. It must be in large numbers, for a few at a time would under the enervating surroundings and climate soon reach the condition of many who preceded them, and would content themselves with merely living, no matter how.

The Art of Inventing

BY EDWIN J. PRINDLE IN SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN.

That inventing is not a haphazard result of circumstances is demonstrated by the writer of the following article. On the contrary it is generally a methodical and slow pursuit of a chosen object. Hints are given as to the choice of a problem and the subsequent working out thereof.

IT seems to be popularly believed that the inventor must be born to his work, and that such people are born only occasionally. This is true, to a certain extent, but I am convinced there are many people who, without suspecting it, have latent inventive abilities, which could be put to work if they only knew how to go about it. The large percentage of inventors in this country compared with all other countries, shows that the inventive faculty is one which can be cultivated to some extent. The difference in ingenuity is not wholly a matter of race, for substantially the same blood exists in some other countries, but it is the encouragement of our patent laws that has stimulated the cultivation of this faculty.

The popular idea seems to be that an invention is produced by its inventor at a single effort of the imagination. It is, undoubtedly, true that

every inventor must have some imagination or creative faculty, but, as I shall seek to show, this faculty may be greatly assisted by method. While reasoning does not constitute the whole of an inventive act, it can, so to speak, clear the way and render the inventive act easier of accomplishment.

In the making of all inventions which do not consist in the discovery of the adaptability of some means to an end not intentionally being sought after, the first step is the selection of a problem. The inventor should first make certain that the problem is based upon a real need. Much time and money is sometimes spent in an effort to invent something that is not really needed. What already exists is good enough or is so good that no additional cost or complication would justify anything better. The new invention might be objectionable be-

cause it would involve counter disadvantages more important than its own advantages, so that a really desirable object is the first thing to be sure of.

Having selected a problem, the next step should be a thorough analysis of the old situation, getting at the reasons for the faults which exist, and in fact discovering the presence of faults which are not obvious to others, because of the tendency to believe that whatever is, is right.

Then the qualities of the material and the laws of action under which one must operate should be exhaustively considered. It should be considered whether these laws are really or only apparently inflexible. It should be carefully considered whether further improvement is possible in the same direction, and such consideration will often suggest the direction in which further improvement must go, if a change of direction is necessary. Sometimes the only possible improvement is in an opposite direction. A glance at the accounts of how James Watt invented the condensing steam engine will show what a large part profound study of the old engine and of the laws of steam played in his invention, and how strongly they suggested the directions of the solutions of his difficulties.

We now come to the constructive part of inventing, in order to illustrate which I will seek to explain how several inventions were, or could have been produced.

The way in which the first automatic steam engine was produced was undoubtedly this—and it shows how comparatively easy a really great invention may sometimes be made. It was the duty of Humphrey Potter, a boy, to turn a stop-cock to let the

steam into the cylinder and one to let in water to condense it at certain periods of each stroke of the engine, and if this were not done at the right time, the engine would stop. He noticed that these movements of the stop-cock handles took place in unison with the movements of certain portions of the beam of the engine. He simply connected the valve handles with the proper portions of the beam by strings, and the engine became automatic—a most eventful result.

A most interesting example of the evolution of an invention is that of the cord-knotter of the self-binding harvester. The problem here was to devise a mechanism which would take the place of the human hands in tying a knot in a cord whose ends had mechanically been brought together around a bundle of grain.

The first step was to select the knot which could be tied by the simplest motions. The knot which the inventor selected is a form of bow-knot. The problem was to find how this knot could be tied with the smallest number of fingers, making the smallest number of simple movements. As anyone would ordinarily tie even this simple knot, the movements would be so numerous and complex as to seem impossible of performance by mechanism. The inventor, by study of his problem, found that this knot could be tied by the use of only two fingers of one hand, and by very simple movements.

Thus the accomplishment of a seemingly almost impossible function was rendered mechanically simple by an evolution from the human hand, after an exhaustive and ingenious analysis of the conditions involved.

It will be seen from the example I have given that the constructive part

of inventing consists of evolution, and it is the association of previously known elements in new relations (using the term elements in its broadest sense). The results of such new association may, themselves, be treated as elements of the next stage of development, but in the last analysis nothing is invented or created absolutely out of nothing.

It must also be apparent that pure reason and method, while not taking the place of the inventive faculty, can clear the way for the exercise of that faculty and very greatly reduce the demands upon it.

Where it is desired to make a broadly new invention on fundamentally different lines from those before—having first studied the art to find the results needed, the qualities of the material or other absolutely controlling conditions should be exhaustively considered; but at the time of making the inventive effort, the details should be dismissed from the mind of how results already obtained in the art were gotten. One should endeavor to conceive how he would accomplish the desired result if he were attempting the problem before any one else had ever solved it. In other words, he should endeavor to provide himself with the idea elements on which the imagination will operate, but to dismiss from his mind as much as possible the old ways in which these elements have been associated, and thus leave his imagination free to associate them in original, and, as to be hoped, better relations than before. He should invent all the means he can possibly invent to accomplish the desired result, and should then, before experimenting, go to the art to see whether or not these means have before been invented. He would probably find that

some of the elements, at least, have been better worked out than he has worked them out. Of course, mechanical dictionaries and other sources of mechanical elements and movements will be found useful in arriving at means for accomplishing certain of the motions, if the invention be a machine. Many important inventions have been made by persons whose occupation is wholly disconnected with the art in which they are inventing, because their minds were not prejudiced by what had already been done. While such an effort is likely to possess more originality than that on the part of a person in the art, there is, of course, less probability of its being thoroughly practical. The mind well stored with the old ways of solving the problem will be less likely to repeat any of the mistakes of the earlier inventors, but it will also not be as apt to strike out on distinctly original lines. It is so full, already, of the old forms of association of the elements as to be less likely to think of associating them in broadly new relations.

Nothing should be considered impossible until it has been conclusively worked out or tried by experiments which leave no room for doubt. It is no sufficient reason for believing a thing won't work because immemorial tradition, or those skilled in the art, say it will not work.

In inventing a machine to operate upon any given material, the logical way is to work from the tool to the power. The tool or tools should first be invented, and the motions determined which are to be given to them. The proper gearing or parts to produce from the power each motion for each tool should then be invented. It should then be considered if parts of

each train of gearing cannot be combined, so as to make one part do the work of a part in each train; in short, to reduce the machine to its lowest terms. Occasionally a mechanism will be invented which is exceedingly ingenious, but which it is afterward seen how to simplify, greatly at the expense of its apparent ingenuity. This simplification will be at the sacrifice of the pride of the inventor, but such considerations as cheapness, durability, and certainty of action leave no choice in the matter. It will sometimes be found that a single part can be made to actuate several parts, by the interposition of elements which reverse the motion taken from such part, or which take only a component of the motion of such part, or the resultant of the motion of such part and some other part. Where a machine involves the conjoint action of several forces, it can be more thoroughly studied, if it is found there are positions of the

machine in which one force or motion only is in operation, the effect of the others in such position being eliminated, and thus the elements making up the resultant effect can be intelligently controlled.

The drawing board can be made a great source of economy in producing inventions. If the three principal views of all the essentially different positions of the parts of a machine are drawn, it will often be found that defects will be brought to light which would not otherwise have been observed until the machine was put into the metal.

It is desirable to see the whole invention clearly in the mind before beginning to draw, but if that cannot be done, it is of great assistance to draw what can be seen, and the clearer perception given by the study of the parts already drawn, assists the mind in the conception of the remaining parts.

That country is the richest which nourishes the greatest number of noble and happy human beings; that man is richest who, having perfected the functions of his own life to the utmost, has also the widest helpful influence, both personal and by means of his possessions, over the lives of others.—Ruskin.

Some Wise Advice for Investors

WORLD'S WORK (AMERICAN).

Taking as his text the warning that "the average investor has no right in the world to buy or sell on margin," the writer proceeds to point out some of the pitfalls that investors have to avoid. These are numerous and cunningly concealed.

THE man or woman who has money to invest is an object of deep interest to many people. All the business of brokers, bankers, and all the allied industries, depend upon the person with money. The object of the broker, the banker and all the other "money professionals" is to get that money in circulation.

This ambition may be either legitimate or illegitimate. Honest bankers and brokers invite and even cajole the investor to come and buy. They honestly believe that by following their advice he will make a profit, secure an honest income, and become a permanent customer. Dishonest bankers and brokers, on the other hand, wish the investor simply to provide them with the money that they need.

The object of this article is to throw more light into the darker corners of the investment world. For the way of the investor is to-day beset with more snares than ever before. There are more subtle methods of swindling investors. They are better masked. The class of men who prey upon the investors is better educated, better trained. The most subtle danger, however, is the temptation to speculate. Every man, when he buys stocks or bonds, wishes to see those securities increase in value. That is a legitimate desire. But perhaps the enhancement is too slow. He buys a good bond. It goes up 10 per cent. in a year. During the same year, he sees that the common stock of the same

company has gone up 20 points. He begins to figure his actual profits against the profits he would have made if he had bought the stock instead of the bond.

It is an insidious thing, this watching the results of possible speculations. It gets into the blood. The average man is apt to forget that whatever goes up fast is likely also to come down fast. It is well to illustrate. Along in 1902, Union Pacific stock and Union Pacific first mortgage bonds sold at the same figure, 101. The speculator bought the stock, because every one on Wall Street said that it was going up. The real investor bought the bonds, because he knew that they were perfectly safe, and would provide a steady income. A year or so later, the stock sold in the 70's. The bonds were still around 101. The speculative buyer was an uneasy and unhappy man. The investor slept easy, nights, and he did not need to watch the papers to see whether he was rich or poor.

Perhaps, if he was worldly wise, and informed in the ways of Wall Street, he sold his bonds when the stocks reached their lowest point and used the proceeds to buy some of the stock, strictly for investment, but yet with a keen eye for speculative chances. This is one thing that the buyer of good securities may be able to do—namely, to pick his own time to sell. The speculative buyer of stocks, on the contrary, finds that in hard times, or even in a little fall-

ing off in the price of stocks in the midst of good times, he cannot sell without suffering a heavy loss.

Stocks and bonds that are heavily advertised are very often dangerous. Looking through the financial advertising columns of the big Sunday papers, one finds a veritable host of pitfalls. Mining stocks are offered in glowing terms. One reads, and reading cannot help but see visions of fortune and wealth. "Richer than the Anaconda," "The greatest Mine since the United Verde"—they flock into the public view. Yet nine out of every ten of these much-promoted concerns are simply blind lures to entrap the man with money to invest. This class of securities, however, may be dismissed with this brief comment. The warning has been sounded often and from many sources.

Much also has been written lately about the bucket shops. These are alleged brokerage houses, which tempt their clients into speculating on small margins, and bet against the client. If he wants to buy stock, they sell it to him. If he wishes to sell, they buy it from him. The transactions are merely sales and purchases on paper. The net result usually is that the client loses all the money he has put up. This class of institution is not of much concern to the average investor. One rule can be laid down, which will not only guard against this danger but will also guard against many other dangers of this kind. That rule is: "The average investor has no right in the world to buy or sell on margin."

In a publication that has recently been "exposing" the bucket shops, appears an advertisement that

deserves comment. It is an offer of certain bonds and notes, "to net from 8 per cent. to 10 per cent.," a little phrase which epitomizes the cause of more misery, poverty, degradation, and suffering than can ever be entailed upon an enlightened people by the whole miserable bucket-shop system. The man who tries to get 10 per cent. on his money from an investment in securities is riding down the broad and pleasant road that leads to the swamps of bankruptcy. In this age and in this country there are no legitimate 10 per cent. investments fit to be bought by the public.

In this whole field of investment, there is no other danger sign so plain as that. No man can expect to receive more than 5 per cent. from a conservative investment east of the Mississippi, or more than 6 per cent. west. That is the truth. The investor who is receiving better returns should closely investigate. Of course, this does not mean that those who bought securities years ago, and have waited to see them grow in value, cannot do much better than this. It means simply that securities now for sale to yield more than these returns will stand close scrutiny. As for such bonds or notes as those advertised, to yield from 8 to 10 per cent., they are almost as dangerous as the mining shares advertised in the Sunday papers.

There are, throughout the country, a great many companies that parade under the name "Bank," which are little better than swindles. If, in your mails, you find an attractive booklet setting forth the brilliant future that awaits the investor in some of "our 6 per cent. debentures, secured upon first mortgages on im-

proved real estate," beware of them. Generally, the debentures are issued by some company which calls itself a "Banking Corporation." That sounds big, but the sound is the only big thing about it.

In nine cases out of ten, these corporations are doing a straight business. They do buy real estate mortgages, and they buy good ones too, if they do not cost too much. Their debentures are secured upon these mortgages. The trouble about the scheme is that in nine cases out of ten the whole corporation is based upon the belief of the directors that they can do a banking business with your money and make it pay you your 6 per cent. and pay them something besides. They are simply schemes to get you to lend money to people you do not know and let these people use it in what amounts to real estate speculation. The plan runs smoothly until, some day, a real estate boom in St. Louis, Seattle, San Francisco or some other place flattens out suddenly. Then your interest stops, and you cannot find the head office of the corporation.

The same advice applies to a great many of the so-called "Co-operative Building and Loan Associations," and companies under similar titles, which are to be found in almost every town and city in the United States. These concerns, though perfectly honest in a great majority of cases, are based upon the belief of somebody that he can make a success out of trading in real estate, or building houses. Perhaps, he can, but sad experience has demonstrated that in a great many cases he cannot. When he can, you get your regular income from your investment, either in stock or in bonds.

When he cannot, all you have for your money is some more or less useful experience.

The term "bond" is a badly abused term. Once upon a time, the word carried with it a great deal of assurance. It meant stability. It meant something based upon real property. The man who had all his money in bonds was regarded as safe and solvent. Nowadays, in too many cases, the word is another pitfall, dug for the unwary. There is one issue of so-called "income bonds," listed on the New York Stock Exchange, which has no right to receive any interest until after the capital stock has received 5 per cent. dividends! It is hardly necessary to remark that the holders of these bonds have never received any interest. One can name a list of a dozen so-called "bonds" whose security is so slight that it would not, even in this prosperous time, suffice to pay twenty-five per cent. of the principal of the bonds.

The buyer of bonds, it will be seen, must use good judgment. It is a notable sign of the times that many of the gold and copper mining companies of Mexico, Arizona, Colorado, and Nevada are selling bonds, debentures, and notes, instead of the old-fashioned stock. It should not require a great deal of judgment to see that a "bond" secured upon a mining claim, unless that claim is fully developed, is nothing in the world but a limited claim on someone else's prospects.

If these are some of the pits dug for the buyer of bonds, there are equally dangerous nets set to catch the unwary buyer of stocks. One of them is the periodical Stock Exchange "boom." Clever men, old

in the ways of Wall Street, run the prices of stocks far up above their values at times. They do it with a purpose—namely, to sell the stocks to the public. It is one of the fundamental rules of the game as played in Wall Street that more people will buy a stock at high prices than will buy it at low prices. The public seldom, one can almost say never, buys very many stocks when the stocks are really cheap.

How, then, can the buyer of stocks who is not a Wall Street man avoid being caught? No man, or woman should buy either stocks or bonds for income unless persuaded beyond all question that the security is worth the price paid, even if it never went any higher. A fairly safe guide

and one that is easily used is to take a careful inventory of the prices that have obtained for the stock under consideration. Any broker can give you prices back over a period of years. Those prices are an almost unfailing index. You do not want to buy at the top. Your record of prices will tell you what the top price is. Looking down the list, you will note occasions when the prices went soaring. Your broker will tell you that those prices represent "campaigns," engineered by certain large speculators. The price to-day will generally tell you whether or not you are likely to be merely another incident in a stock market campaign, or whether you can buy with a fair assurance of success.

Never whip your brain. All high pressure is dangerous. Study to think as quietly and as easily as you breathe. Never force yourself to learn what you have no talent for. Knowledge without love will remain a lifeless manufacture, not a living growth.—Professor Blackie.

Small Expenses of Big Businesses.

PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

The amount of money spent by big hotels and business concerns on what may be considered trivial things is astonishing. The annual bill for breakage in a big metropolitan hotel would alone be equivalent to an income far in excess of that of an ordinary individual. Sa'aries, small in themselves, when added together produce fortunes.

MODERN businesses have grown to such colossal size that the mere number of millions which they turn over in a year conveys little or nothing to the blunted imagination of the everyday reader. One has to descend to smaller details to begin to realize the importance of some of these undertakings.

For instance, we frequently see in the daily papers mention of the gigantic income of Mr. Rockefeller, head of the Standard Oil Company. He is said to be in receipt of over four millions sterling a year. But this does not convey half so vivid an impression of the resources of the richest company in the world as the fact that it has recently constructed a pipe to bring down the oil by force of gravitation from the wells to the coast at a cost of £12,000,000, and that one branch of this pipe which runs from Indian Territory to Kansas City requires 20,000 barrels of oil to be poured in at one end before a drop comes out at the other.

There is an English brewing firm, whose head is a well-known peer honored by the friendship of the King, which pays away in freight charges to railway companies £300,000 a year. For labels this same company pays what would be to most of us an income almost beyond our wildest dreams—namely, between £4,000 and £5,000 a year.

A London firm of much more recent growth, which began business

only twelve years ago, and of which the specialty is the sale of inexpensive clothes of all sorts, and which conducts an enormous credit business helps the Revenue by the expenditure of £3,200 a year on postage stamps.

A big hotel spends money in a score of ways that the public rarely, if ever, consider. For instance, the yearly water bill of the famous Waldorf Astoria in New York is £6,400. It also uses 7,500 pounds of soap in a week. Perhaps these figures will excite less wonder when it is mentioned that the hotel has 1,395 bedrooms and 800 bathrooms.

This same hotel uses Haviland china, and puts its bill for breakage at £1,400 a year. At another New York hotel, the Holland House, Worcester china is used exclusively and the breakage account is set at £2,000 a year.

Probably London waiters are more careful than their fellows in New York, for, so far as the writer has been able to gather, no London hotel has a breakage account of over £1,000 a year.

On the other hand, the manager of one large London hotel has said that their yearly bill for what may be called "stealage"—that is, for property that mysteriously disappears, such as cutlery, ornaments, small plated and silver articles—is nearly £50 a month. Another large London hotel paid last year for flowers

and plants for decorative purposes £4,200.

The Waldorf Astoria, before mentioned uses 140 tons of anthracite coal every twenty-four hours during the winter months. Its yearly coal bill is £40,000.

Speaking of coal, the amount which a large ocean steamer carries in her hold is, of course, enormous. A ship like the *Oceanic* or *Celtic* burns upwards of 2,000 tons on a voyage, and carries 3,000 in her hold. It throws some light on what this quantity really is when one hears that it takes sixty men working continuously for forty hours to put it aboard, and that the operation of coaling for each voyage costs the company £240.

The salaries paid to the crew of a ship like the *Oceanic* amount to £3,000 a month, and her breakage bill beats that of any hotel in existence. In one recent voyage there were broken aboard the *Oceanic* 1,000 plates, 280 cups, 438 saucers, 1,213 tumblers, 200 wine glasses, twenty-seven decanters, and sixty-three water bottles, besides many other articles too numerous to mention. On a steamer of this class the average bill for breakages while at sea is £20 a day.

The cost of packing parcels for customers is no small item in the accounts of great businesses. Paper and string cost money. The United States Post Office boasts that it used 30,000 pounds of string last year. But there is a British firm of book and newspaper sellers which can give the U. S. post office points and a beating in this respect. The firm in question, simply for the purpose of tying up its newspapers into bundles, uses on an average fifty-

nine tons of twine yearly, or a total length of 5,271 miles.

One of the greatest businesses in this country is that known as the Oxford University Press. Mere statistics of the millions of volumes which it has sold are not nearly so instructive as the fact that the duty paid on Bibles sent to America amounted for several years in succession to an average of £12,500 a year. Now the Press has a branch of its own in the United States.

Again, take the British and Foreign Bible Society. This wonderful concern publishes Bibles in over four hundred different languages, and since its foundation a century ago has issued over 190,000,000 copies of the sacred book. Its yearly bill for translations and revisions averages £4,000, and the last revision of one Bible alone—namely, the Malagasi—cost the Society more than £3,000! Another interesting item of its accounts is £42,500 per annum paid to colporteurs.

You can, perhaps, hardly term advertising one of the smaller expenses of a great business, but it is rather instructive to notice that Mr. John Wanamaker, the owner, among other things, of the biggest shop in Philadelphia, pays the man who writes the advertisements for that shop the pleasant little salary of £3,200 a year.

Another American firm, Marshall Field & Co., of Chicago, whose turnover is £200,000 a week, pays the boys who attend to the lifts in the establishment wages to the tune of £2,200 a year. There are in all fifty-four lifts in the various buildings.

This same firm keeps its accounts by calculating machines, called comptometers. There are £15,000 worth

of these in the building, and a staff of three men do nothing else but look after them. The chief of these mechanics gets twenty-five dollars (£5) a week.

Finding that London water was too hard for the best laundry purposes, the head of one of the great London stores promptly bored an artesian well 600 feet deep, at a cost of more than £4,000. This same man employs an analyst in his laundry to test the water, soap, etc., and pays him a salary of about £400 a year.

Mention of soap brings to mind the fact that a great Lancashire firm of soap makers recently paid away £5,000 in sending 1,600 employes to Paris for a couple of days. Another firm, manufacturers of a well-known cash register, spend £700 a year on keeping up gardens for their workmen and women, and a similar sum is given in prizes for the best-kept plots around the cottages of their people.

One often sees accounts of the enormous sums expended upon the production of spectacular plays. When Sir Henry Irving produced Dante, the little model of one scene, quite apart from preliminary sketches, cost £30. After this one is no longer amazed to hear that the

complete cost of the scenery was £10,000.

Steamship companies frequently pay from £60 to £100 for the small model vessels which are placed as advertisements in the windows of their offices.

A big circus is a terribly costly business. When Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show was last in England the expenses were said to be £1,000 a day. When one considers that the horses ate six tons of hay, 200 bushels of oats and about half a ton of bran daily, to say nothing of using up five tons of straw every 24 hours, this is more easily understood.

The small expenses of great railway companies would make an article itself. One British company uses over three tons of lubricating oil daily.

Those who grumble at having to pay a penny a mile to be carried in luxury would do well to remember another fact, that, quite apart from immense bills in coal, wages, upkeep of permanent way and rolling stock, railways are the greatest ratepayers in the kingdom. The Great Western alone is mulcted in something like £500,000 a year by the local authorities through whose ground it passes.

Friendship, like everything else, is tested by results. If you want to know the value of any friendship, you must ask what it has done for you and what it has made for you.—James Stalker.

The Beautiful Pearl Industry

BY WILLIAM DURBAN IN THE BRITISH WORKMAN.

The pearl has ever been held in high estimation by mankind, whether superstitiously as by the ancients or on account of its value as an ornament by the moderns. The pearl industry is carried on extensively in eastern waters, as the article shows.

UNDOUBTEDLY the pearl has during all ages been considered the gem of gems. Even diamonds and the rarest jewels are less prized by the world of beauty and fashion than these exquisite products of the mysterious ocean depths. The genesis of the pearl is one of nature's most singular paradoxes. Most of the molluscous aquatic creatures which tenant shells line these with a secretion which is laid over the harsh granular surface in extremely thin, semi-transparent films. The object of this provision is of course to prevent what would be intolerable friction on the extremely tender body of the mollusc. The films harden into a substance which is often characterized by the loveliest iridescence. This is called nacre by zoologists, and by traders mother-of-pearl.

Mother-of-pearl is the bed in which is born the "gem of purest ray serene," called by Oriental poets the "angel's tear," though the prosy modern savant prefers to describe the pearl as "a calcareous concretion of peculiar lustre produced by certain molluscs." Both in its creation and in its liberation from its prison house under from nine to thirteen fathoms of water the pearl costs pain and sacrifice, although after it is once secured it has this distinction, above all other gems, that it requires no human hand to bring out its beauties. It is not surprising that the Orientals cherish many superstitions as to the cause of pearl formation. Their poets tell of how the monsoon rains,

falling on the banks of Ceylon and Bahrein, find chance lodgment in the opened mouth of the pearl-oyster. Each drop distils a gem, and the size of the raindrop determines the luck of the diver. Heaven-born, and cradled in the deep blue sea, it is in their eyes not only the purest but the most precious of nature's products.

That the pearl is the result of a morbid process cannot be doubted. One of my friends, an expert biologist, with a splendid collection of natural curiosities from all parts of the earth, showed me recently a large oyster-shell, of which he was very proud, as the inner surface was dotted with Chinese "pearl gods." Now the "pearl gods" furnish a striking demonstration of the manner in which pearls are generated. The Chinese Buddhist priests insert between the shell and the mantle of a live oyster little images of Buddha, stamped out of metal. These are rapidly coated with nacre, and are afterwards displayed to the ignorant as supernatural testimonies to the truth of Buddhism. Any irritation caused by the intrusion of a foreign substance will induce the shell fish to secrete an extra amount of nacre, and thus the gem is built up. Many a preacher has eloquently illustrated in his sermons the use of affliction by referring to this phenomenon.

Pearls are always precious. Other adornments vary in value at different times, on account of the fickleness of fashion, but the popularity of the pearl is subject to no vicissitudes.

For long ages the Indian Ocean, the Bay of Bengal and the Persian Gulf have been the chief fishing grounds, but valuable pearl beds have during late years been exploited at great profit on the coasts of West Australia and South America. The bivalve which produces really fine pearls is not the common edible oyster so familiar in Britain and the United States. The humble mollusc, which goes by the name amongst naturalists of "ostrea," does not produce either nacre or pearls of any value, but its magnificent relative of the tropical waters, which boasts of the sounding appellation "meleagrina margaritifera," is the subject of assiduous search by great fleets manned by thousands of sailors and divers. This wonderful shell-fish will sometimes measure from 12 to 15 inches in its greatest length, outside the shell. The more rugged and indented the shell, the better the prospect for the diver. These splendid shells are not only likely to contain fine gems, but practically the whole substance of both valves consists of mother-of-pearl, a commercial commodity of considerable value because of its great use in the manufacture of many elegant fabrics.

Great Britain owns a most valuable pearl protectorate, about which our countrymen generally know far too little, for it is one of our most interesting imperial possessions. I refer to that wonderful region on the Arabian side of the Persian Gulf, where the sea is dotted by the Bahrein Islands. The chief member of this little but important archipelago is the Island of Bahrein itself. This is the head-centre of one of the wealthiest pearl fisheries in the world. The whole region is a supremely interesting and most romantic district. It is

a very ancient pearl-fishing territory. These pearl islands of the Persian Gulf are by the most learned authorities identified with the Dedan of the Bible (see Ezekiel xxvii. 15.) Old Ptolemy speaks of the pearl fisheries which had from time to time existed along this Arabian coast. The main island, Bahrein itself, which gives its name to the group, is about twenty-seven miles long from north to south, and ten in breadth. The northern half, where there are abundant fresh water springs of lukewarm temperature, is covered with beautiful gardens of date palms, pomegranate, and other fruit trees. Menameh, the large town with 10,000 people at the northeast end of the island, is built along the shore for a mile. This is the head-centre of the pearling. If Egypt is the gift of the Nile, Bahrein may well be called the gift of the pearl-oyster. The pearl-fishing is carried on every year from June to October, and longer if the hot weather sets in earlier. The total value of the pearls annually caught off this wonderful group of islands averages over £300,000. Nearly a thousand boats are engaged in the industry in the Persian Gulf. Hundreds of craft come to the oyster-banks from various other ports on the gulf.

The superstitious customs of the Bahrein divers are most singular. Each boat carries on its bows a sort of figure-head, called the "kubait," which is covered with the skin of the sheep or goat sacrificed when the craft was launched. No Moslem fisherman likes to sail in a boat until it has cut a covenant of blood with Neptune. A pearling boat holds from twenty to forty men, according to its size, half being divers, the others rope holders and oarsmen. But there is always one man in each craft call-

ed "El Musully," or "the one who prays," because his only function is to hold the rope for any other man who stops either to pray or to feed.

A Bahrein diver wears no clothing. He descends with nothing on him but two curious articles. One is the "fitaam," or nose-clip, which is something like a clothes-pin, made of two pieces of horn riveted together and fitted on the lower part of the nostrils to keep out the water. The other apparatus is a set of "khabaats," or finger-hats, made of leather, and thrice the length of an ordinary thimble.

These are, of course, worn to protect the fingers during the process of gathering the great shells at the bottom of the sea. Attached to the diver's feet is a stone, fastened by a rope passing between his toes. On this stone he descends feet first. He carries down with him his "dajeen," or basket. By another rope, fastened to him and his basket, he gives the signal for his ascent. Even the best divers can remain in the depths only two minutes, never more than three. Many are brought up utterly unconscious, and sometimes the poor diver cannot be restored to life. They are always nine-tenths suffocated. Each plunge for the pearl is a terrible ordeal. Sometimes sharks attack the men, but they most dread a small species of octopus. This little devil-fish is the subject of many horrible stories in the bazaar gossip of Manameh and other towns on the pearl coast.

Many of the islands in the South Seas are mere atolls, that is, coral reefs or narrow belts of land, each enclosing a lagoon. In many of these quiet tropical lagoons live large numbers of great pearl oysters. On some islands the natives are expert pearl

divers. They sell the great shells to white traders in exchange for "pilot bread," calico, knives, and many other articles which they have learned to use from white people. Occasionally a diver finds a pearl inside a pair of shells, and for this he receives more than for many shells.

The great Ceylon fisheries for pearls are a Government monopoly. The fleet is patrolled by a Government tug. Pearl Town, on the coast, is an interesting spot. Here on the shore is to be seen a mixed Oriental crowd, such as can be found in no other spot on earth. Jews, Persians, Indians, Arabs, Malays, Chinese, and a dozen other nationalities, jostle each other in the streets. When a boat arrives it is unloaded by natives, the oysters being carried up to the Government enclosures, where they are divided into three heaps. The bulk of each heap is exactly equal, for the officials will come round later and choose two of them, leaving one for the fishers.

Among the valuable possessions acquired a few years ago by the United States, together with the Philippine Islands, were the famous Sulu pearl fisheries. These and the fisheries off the north coast of Australia are rapidly developing, and they seem likely to become as important as any in the world. The enterprise requires a large capital, and the industry is now chiefly in the hands of the great London and Paris jewelers, who send out to the Sulu Isles and to Australia fleets of twenty to thirty schooners, equipped with modern diving appliances and manned by expert crews. If the profits depended on pearls alone the promoters would quickly become bankrupt, but the chief revenue comes from the mother-of-pearl, which brings in the market upwards of £20 a ton.

Expensive Economies

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL.

The examples supplied in the following article are taken mainly from the world of transportation. The economies introduced by railway and steamboat companies at enormous expense seem to be paradoxical.

TIME is far more precious nowadays than it was in the leisurely days of our grandfathers. Labor, too, grows more costly year by year. Proofs of how keenly these facts are appreciated can be seen on every side, but more particularly in the enormous sums which the great corporate bodies who control locomotion and production are willing to lay out with the object of future economies of these two commodities. So immense are these sums that the ordinary observer positively gasps at their magnitude, and vaguely wonders "how it can pay." Yet the practical business men who are at the head of these great companies would certainly not incur such expenditure if the prospects did not justify them. Evidently they have a healthy faith in the future; and those pessimists who croak over evils to come, especially those who prophesy the speedy decay of the British Empire, should observe what is going on around them, and take courage from what is before their eyes.

With railway companies the all-important problem is to shorten their train mileage. A striking example of the enormous sacrifices which a company is willing to make for the purpose of reducing the length of a journey is afforded by the new route to Ireland upon which the Great Western has been engaged for more than eight years past. Hitherto travelers by the Great Western Railway to Ireland have traveled via New Milford and Waterford. The sea journey in this case is ninety-eight nautical

miles, and takes six hours to cover. No less than sixty years ago the company, realizing the fact that the distance between Fishguard Bay and Rosslare was considerably less than that between the Irish coast and New Milford, obtained parliamentary powers to construct a line to Fishguard; but upon examination the scheme was found to be beyond the resources of the engineers of the time. It was not until 1895 that the company, having acquired the undertakings of the Waterford and Wexford Railway Company and of the Rosslare Harbor Commissioners, obtained the further power to run steamers between Fishguard and Rosslare, and began work in earnest.

It is no light undertaking, even for a wealthy corporation like a railway company, to construct two new harbors; and the Fishguard or Goodwick harbor presents difficulties beyond the ordinary. Where the present harbor works are situated mountainous cliffs of the hardest vitreous rock dropped sheer into deep water, not even a footpath running between cliff and sea. Blasting had to be resorted to on the largest scale, and every day an average of fifteen hundred tons of rock are torn from the cliff-side and either used for the great breakwater, which will be two thousand feet long, or are crushed for screenings and ballast. Nearly five hundred men are constantly at work, and by the time that the harbor and breakwater are completed more than two million tons of the mountainside will have disappeared. The magnitude of

the undertaking may perhaps be better comprehended when it is stated that up to date the company has expended some three hundred and eighty thousand pounds on Goodwick Harbor alone. This sum does not include the money spent on building the new railway from Leath to Llangennech, on Rosslare Harbor, upon shortening the Great Western main line between Wootton Bassett and Patchway, upon the great improvements in the Irish service, or upon the magnificent twenty-two-knot turbine steamers which are being built for the new service.

When all is complete, which will be within another few months, the Great Western will be able to start passengers from Paddington at eight in the morning and land them at Rosslare at half-past five in the afternoon. The sea journey will be only three hours, for the distance from Fishguard to Rosslare is but fifty-four knots as against the ninety-eight knot crossing between New Milford and Waterford. Not only that, but the new Great Western Railway route will be considerably the shortest and most direct in existence between London and Cork, for from Rosslare to Cork the railway journey will occupy only four hours.

Another railway company which considers no sacrifice too great in pursuit of future economy is the North-Eastern. The North-Eastern justly boasts of the heaviest goods traffic of any line of its mileage. Now, goods traffic is the most difficult form of business that a railway company has to deal with. This is easily understandable, for goods traffic is not a constant quantity, yet the company cannot, of course, wait until they can fill a train before starting it; they must keep up a

regular service. The consequence is that trains of forty to sixty half-filled trucks are running between the principal centres three or four times a day, and the resultant waste in coal, labor, and wear and tear is very considerable.

The North-Eastern determined that this sort of thing must be put a stop to, and their plan for so doing is a most interesting, ingenious, and—incidentally—an immensely costly one. It is no less than the construction of an immense sorting station for the whole of their goods traffic. The place selected for this station is Northallerton, which is almost in the centre of the company's system, and lies just half way between London and Edinburgh. Here the company have purchased a vast area of land, a triangle three miles long and two and a half miles across its base, and have begun operations by building five hundred cottages for their workmen. To this collecting-ground will be brought trains from all the large centres, such as Newcastle, the two Hartlepoons, Darlington, and Middlesbrough in the north, and Leeds, Hull, and Normanton in the south; and here the trucks will be sorted and marshalled into proper order, and the newly made-up trains despatched to their proper destinations.

The principle upon which this sorting is to be managed is beautiful in its simplicity. It is what is known as the "gravitation" method, and entirely dispenses with the use of shunting-engines. As each train arrives it will be hauled by a steel rope worked by an electrically driven capstan up to the top of a long incline, technically known as a "turtle-back." When it has reached the top there lies before it a great number of sidings spreading out in an immense

fan from a common centre. The train is then broken up, and as the trucks run by force of gravity down the far side of the "turtle-back," the men in charge of the points switch them one by one into whichever siding corresponds with that truck's ultimate destination. Thus, trucks from half-a-dozen different trains, but all bound for the same destination, will be made up into one train. Then an army of men will tranship the goods from half-filled trucks into large, well packed ones, and off goes the new train straight to its proper destination. The immense economy thus effected will be apparent to every one. Lord Ridley, the chairman of the company, states that it will reduce train mileage by two-thirds, save the upkeep of some hundreds of engines, and materially lessen the wear and tear of the permanent way. The cost of the new scheme is estimated at no less than half a million; but the money will be well spent if the result is, as expected, an eventual saving to the company of eighty thousand pounds a year.

The railway coal bill of this country is about five millions a year. The employment of electric power on all our railways would halve this gigantic sum. Our companies know this; but as most of them are already staggering under excessive capital charges, they cannot afford to "scrap" their present plant and go in for even partial electrification. In this respect American railways are ahead of our own. One of the wealthiest railway companies in the world is the New York Central; and this company, fully appreciating the immense economy of electric power, has recently adopted the most gigantic and costly electrification scheme on record. It has already carried its

electric zone fifty to sixty miles out on almost every side of New York. Trains approaching the city are now picked up at that radius by electric locomotives of three thousand horsepower, capable of a speed of eighty miles an hour. The company also works all its suburban traffic by electricity, on the system that each suburban car has its own motive power. This obviates the necessity of using a full-sized locomotive and a full train crew to handle a small train with perhaps only a few dozen passengers. The cost of this transformation has been appalling in its magnitude. It approaches twenty million pounds. Such an expenditure speaks volumes for the company's faith in electricity as the motive power of the future.

Before abandoning the subject of railway economics some mention must be made of the tremendous feat recently achieved by the Southern Pacific Railway. When the old Central Pacific Railway, now absorbed by the Southern Pacific, was first built, the engineers found that the Great Salt Lake of Utah lay directly in the way of the new railway. It is hardly probable that the idea of bridging this inland sea ever occurred to them. They carried the line round the northern shore. This added forty-three miles to the distance, and necessitated some tremendously heavy gradients. When the Southern Pacific bought the line they saw at once that the expense of taking trains over all these extra miles and of keeping the permanent way in repair was excessive, and they resolved to bridge the lake from Ogden to Lucin. The lake at this point is divided into two arms, one of which is nearly twenty-five miles broad. We have here no space to give even the barest details of this colossal undertaking. The

Great Salt Lake is practically an inland ocean, subject to terrific storms. During the progress of the work, over which three thousand men toiled for more than three years, more than twenty thousand pounds' worth of material and machinery was lost by storm alone.

A pit was found in the bottom of the lake which swallowed two thousand and five hundred tons of material a day for thirty days, and it took in all six months before the pit could be filled sufficiently to bear the foundations. The total length of bridge is thirty-four miles, and there are nearly ten miles of embankment besides. The cost was over two millions. The achievement is completely successful, and the resultant saving pays interest on the capital sunk at the rate of about 6 per cent.

The rapid increase in size of ocean steamers both for freight and passenger traffic is directly due to motives of economy; and monsters like the *Amerika*, the *Oceanic*, and *Celtic*, though each cost a huge fortune to build, rapidly repay the money laid out upon them. A twenty-thousand-ton ship pays better than two separate ten thousand tonners, because she needs less than two-thirds the crew and staff necessary to man the two smaller boats. She also shows an economy in coal consumption; while the saving in dock, pilot, and other similar dues is very considerable.

Among the most interesting object lessons in marine economy are the new gigantic five, six, and even seven mast schooners which are once more bringing sails—not long ago considered practically extinct—back to the ocean. When the project of building these gigantic schooners—of which the *American Lawson* is perhaps the fin-

est example—was first mooted there was a general sneer. Such a ship, it was said, would be hugely costly to construct, would be unmanageable from sheer size, and could not possibly compete with steam. But Captain John Crowley, builder and owner of the *Lawson*, has shown how completely false were all these predictions. This seven-ton steel-built seven-master is provided with small steam engines for hoisting and lowering sail, and with steam steering gear. Although she can carry eight thousand tons dead weight, she needs a crew of only sixteen men, including her master, engineers and cook. With a good breeze she can do fifteen knots as against the average tramp steamer's eight. She has no coal bill, and her builder's faith in her as an economical money-earning investment has been absolutely justified.

Mining companies are often called upon to lay out immense sums with a view to future economies. Perhaps the most astonishing instance of this kind is the gigantic engineering operation now being carried out at Cripple Creek, Colorado. Partly with a view to draining the great mines without the expense of pumping, but chiefly in order to get the ore out cheaply, a tunnel no less than fourteen miles long is being bored through solid rock. When this is completed the ore will be run in trucks down a gentle slope on to the plain below, and thus will be saved the present excessive expense of transporting it over a lofty range of mountains. The cost of this undertaking will exceed a million and a half, which argues great faith on the part of the directors of the company in the resources of their mines.

Here in England we have a similar example of a very heavy expenditure

being incurred by a mining company with a view to future profit and economy. This is no less than an alteration of the Cumberland coast line with the object of extracting iron ore lying beneath the sea bed. In 1899 the Hodbarrow Iron Mining Company discovered that they had worked out all the veins on the land side, but when they began to cut rich ore under the sea a bed of quicksand was tapped and the works were flooded. Nothing dismayed, the company erected a mighty concrete barrier in the form of a bow seven thousand feet long, which has turned one hundred and seventy acres of sea into dry land. The difficulties incurred in building the wall, which is some two hundred feet thick at the base and eighty feet at the top, were enormous. In one place an acre of soft clay was found, into which steel piles had to be driven a distance of forty feet in order to secure a foundation. The work cost fifty thousand pounds, but the result is that the bold miners will be able to drive their workings six hundred feet seaward without danger, and to tap a mass of ore estimated at five million tons.

Scores of similar instances might be cited. In South Staffordshire it is proposed to spend no less than eighty thousand pounds in pumping dry the water-logged collieries in which experts declare lie forty million tons of

coal. At the Dawdon Colliery, near Seaham harbor, an immense sum will be expended to clear the mines of water. Here a German firm is at work using a secret freezing process which makes the wet soil as hard as rock and keeps it so while the shaft can be tubbed.

The American Standard Oil Company is spending sixty million dollars (twelve million pounds) in pipe lines for the purpose of bringing their oil cheaply down from the oil fields to the coast, and so dispensing with railway transportation; while in South Russia an oil pipe line four hundred and eighteen miles long, with a capacity of forty-eight thousand gallons an hour, has been constructed running from the Caspian oil fields down to a Black Sea port. The eight-inch steel pipe used cost eight shillings a yard.

To give one last instance, the Edinburgh Corporation not long since spent nearly six hundred thousand pounds on the finest and largest gas works in the world, which can carbonize a thousand tons of coal a day. The sum seems prodigious; but when one hears that the yearly saving over the old work amounts to fifty thousand pounds, and that therefore the new gas works will pay for themselves within twelve years, no one can assert that the city fathers were not justified in their undertaking.

It is not by regretting what is irreparable that true work is to be done, but by making the best of what we are. It is not by complaining that we have not the right tools, but by using well the tools we have.—F. W. Robertson.

The Highwayman

BY ALFRED NOYES, IN BLACKWOOD'S

Nowadays poets are apparently not held in as great esteem as they were some years ago. Possibly it is because there are so few worthy ones. This absence of enthusiasm for contemporary verse however, throws into greater prominence the work of the young English poet, Alfred Noyes, who has become quite the "rage" on the other side of the Atlantic. An example of one of his latest poems is "The Highwayman."

PART ONE.

I.

The wind was a torrent of darkness among the gusty
trees,
The moon was a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas,
The road was a ribbon of moonlight over the purple
moor,
And the highwayman came riding—
Riding—riding—
The highwayman came riding, up to the old inn-door.

II.

He'd a French cocked-hat on his forehead, a bunch of
lace at his chin,
A coat of the claret velvet, and breeches of brown doe-
skin ;
They fitted with never a wrinkle : his boots were up to
the thigh !
And he rode with a jewelled twinkle,
His pistol-butts a-twinkle,
His rapier hilt a-twinkle, under the jewelled sky.

III.

Over the cobbles he clattered and clanged in the dark
inn-yard,
And he tapped with his whip on the shutters, but all
was locked and barred ;
He whistled a tune to the window, and who should be
waiting there
But the landlord's black-eyed daughter,
Bess, the landlord's daughter,
Plaiting a dark-red love-knot into her long black hair.

IV.

And dark in the dark old inn-yard a stable-wicket
creaked,
Where Tim the ostler listened : his face was white and
peaked ;
His eyes were hollows of madness, his hair like moldy
hay,
But he loved the landlord's daughter,
The landlord's red-lipped daughter,
Dumb as a dog he listened, and he heard the robber say—

V.

"One kiss, my bonny sweetheart, I'm after a prize to-
 night,
 But I shall be back with the yellow gold before the
 morning light ;
 Yet, if they press me sharply, and harry me through
 the day,
 Then look for me by moonlight ;
 Watch for me by moonlight ;
 I'll come to thee by moonlight, though hell should bar
 the way !"

VI.

He rose upright in the stirrups; he scarce could reach
 her hand,
 But she loosened her hair i' the casement ! His face
 burnt like a brand
 As the black cascade of perfume came tumbling over his
 breast ;
 And he kissed its waves in the moonlight
 (Oh, sweet black waves in the moonlight !)
 Then he tugged at his rein in the moonlight, and gal-
 loped away to the west.

PART TWO.

I.

He did not come in the dawning; he did not come at
 noon ;
 And out o' the tawny sunset, before the rise o' the
 moon,
 When the road was a gipsy's ribbon, looping the purple
 moor,
 A red-coat troop came marching—
 Marching—marching—
 King George's men came marching, up to the old inn-
 door.

II.

They said no word to the landlord, they drank his ale
 instead ;
 But they gagged his daughter and bound her to the foot
 of her narrow bed ;
 Two of them knelt at her casement, with muskets at
 their side !
 There was death at every window ;
 And hell at one dark window ;
 For Bess could see, through her casement, the road that
 he would ride.

III.

They had tied her up to attention, with many a sniggering jest ;
 They had bound a musket beside her, with the barrel
 beneath her breast !
 "Now keep good watch !" and they kissed her. She
 heard the dead man say—
 Look for me by moonlight ;
 Watch for me by moonlight ;
 I'll come to thee by moonlight, though hell should bar
 the way !

IV.

She twisted her hands behind her; but all the knots held
 good !
 She writhed her hands till her fingers were wet with
 sweat or blood !
 They stretched and strained in the darkness, and the
 hours crawled by like years,
 Till, now, on the stroke of midnight,
 Cold on the stroke of midnight,
 The tip of one finger touched it ! The trigger at least
 was hers !

V.

The tip of one finger touched it ; she strove no more
 for the rest !
 Up, she stood up to attention, with the barrel beneath
 her breast.
 She would not risk their hearing; she would not strive
 again ;
 For the road lay bare in the moonlight ;
 Black and bare in the moonlight ;
 And the blood of her veins in the moonlight throbbed to
 her love's refrain.

VI.

Plot-plot ! tlot-tlot ! Had they heard it ? The horse-
 hoofs ringing clear,—
 Tlot-tlot, tlot-tlot, in the distance ? Were they deaf
 that they did not hear ?
 Down the ribbon of moonlight, over the brow of the hill,
 The highwayman came riding,
 Riding, riding !
 The red-coats looked to their priming ! She stood up,
 straight and still !

VII.

Tlot-tlot, in the frosty silence ! Tlot-tlot, in the echo-
 ing night !
 Nearer he came and nearer ! Her face was like a light !
 Her eyes grew wide for a moment; she drew one last
 deep breath,
 Then her finger moved in the moonlight,
 Her musket shattered the moonlight,
 Shattered her breast in the moonlight and warned him—
 with her death.

VIII.

He turned; he spurred to the westward; he did not know
 who stood
 Bowed, with her head o'er the musket, drenched with
 her own red blood !
 Not till the dawn he heard it, and slowly blanched to
 hear
 How Bess, the landlord's daughter,
 The landlord's black-eyed daughter,
 Had watched for her love in the moonlight, and died in
 the darkness there.

IX.

Back, he spurred like a madman, shrieking a curse to the
 sky,
 With the white road smoking behind him, and his rapier
 brandished high !
 Blood-red were his spurs i' the golden noon; wine-red
 was his velvet coat ;
 When they shot him down on the highway,
 Down like a dog on the highway,
 And he lay in his blood on the highway, with the bunch
 of lace at his throat.

X.

And still of a Winter's night, they say, when the wind
 is in the trees,
 When the moon is a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy
 seas,
 When the road is a ribbon of moonlight over the purple
 moor,
 A highwayman comes riding—
 Riding—riding—
 A highwayman comes riding, up to the old inn-door.

XI.

Over the cobbles he clatters and clangs in the dark inn-yard ;
 And he taps with his whip on the shutters, but all is locked and barred ;
 He whistles a tune to the window, and who should be waiting there
 But the landlord's black-eyed daughter,
 Bess, the landlord's daughter,
 Plaiting a dark-red love-knot into her long black hair.

The Real William Randolph Hearst

BY JAMES CREELMAN IN PEARSONS (AMERICAN).

No more masterly writer of character sketches lives on this side the Atlantic than James Creelman, and in this sketch of the great newspaper-owner, William Randolph Hearst, he has painted a picture of the man, which possesses a wonderfully life-like tone. The career and character of Hearst are fascinating, even if his methods do not arouse our admiration.

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST was born in San Francisco in 1863, went to the public schools and then entered Harvard University. He was tall, strong, pale, smiling, bashful, but mad for practical jokes. He was an indifferent student, although he showed ability whenever he chose to concentrate on any subject. But he had an incurable levity, a feverish love for pranks.

He became the business manager of the student paper, the *Lampoon*, and made money so rapidly that the students had to have frequent banquets to keep the surplus down.

When Grover Cleveland was elected President Mr. Hearst hired many bands of music, bought wagon-loads of beer, set off fireworks in all directions and raised such a red-blazing, ear-splitting, rip-roaring, all-night racket as to scandalize old Cambridge and almost cause his expulsion from Harvard. It was the first outburst of that Hearstian genius for fireworks, brass bands and hurrahing spectacularity which has

startled and entertained the country so many, many times since.

An unappreciated practical joke resulted in Mr. Hearst's suspension by the Harvard faculty, and he went back to San Francisco as shy, gentle and smiling as ever.

Senator Hearst eyed his tall, handsome son gravely and stroked his grey beard.

"My boy," he said, "I assume that you are not content to live simply as a rich man's son, but that you want to get out and do something for yourself."

"That's right, father."

"I have great ranch properties which you might develop."

The young man shook his head vigorously.

"Mines?"

Another emphatic shake of the head.

"What do you want?"

"I want the San Francisco Examiner."

"Great God!" cried the senator, throwing up his hands. "Haven't I spent money enough on that paper?"

I took it for a bad debt and it's a sure loser. Instead of holding it for my own son, I've been saving it up to give to an enemy."

But Mr. Hearst's gay and successful experience as manager of the *Lampoon* had bitten deeply into his soul. He was only twenty-three years old and, to his adventurous, prank-loving nature, journalism was an enchanted playground in which giants and dragons were to be slain simply for the fun of the thing; a Never Never Land with pirates and Indians and fairies; a wonderful, wonderful rainbow, with uncounted gold at the other end of it.

In the end Senator Hearst reluctantly surrendered his own judgment that a newspaper was an interesting game but a "damned poor business," and his son became the proprietor and editor of the *San Francisco Examiner*.

San Francisco smiled at the notion that the long-legged, soft-voiced, frivolous youth, whose gorgeous cravats were the wonder of the city, and whose personal escapades had provoked the frowns of even that liberal community, was to assume the dignities and responsibilities of editorship. It was a public joke.

But San Francisco was mistaken. Mr. Hearst threw himself into the work of reconstructing his newspaper with a vigor, intelligence and courage that astonished everybody. He brought to his task a personality hitherto unsuspected. He attacked abuses, proclaimed radical democracy, introduced a sort of typographical violence in the make-up of the paper, and smashed all journalistic traditions in his effort to arrest public attention. The circulation of the *Examiner* increased by leaps and bounds. Mr. Hearst stuck to his task, working harder than any

of his subordinates, seldom leaving the office before midnight. He made the members of his staff his chums and showered presents on them. He courted the applause of the crowd, and invited the opposition of the hated railroad despotism and its allies. He championed labor unionism. He even got one of his women writers to pretend to faint in the street and be taken in an ambulance to a hospital, in order to tell the story of her terrible experiences and expose the inefficiency and corruption of the public hospital service.

He had all sorts of ways of varying his life. He built the *Vamoose*, a \$60,000 yacht that steamed twenty-eight miles an hour, the fastest thing afloat, and, finding that he could not take it from New York to San Francisco, sold it for \$22,000. He made flights through Europe, collected antiquities and made thousands of photographs, even catching with his camera bats flying in the underground tombs of Egyptian kings.

Before Mr. Hearst had spent \$750,000 in his new venture the *Examiner* had been converted from a newspaper wreck into a profitable business and a recognized power on the Pacific Coast. Then the humorous smile faded from the face of San Francisco, and the tall young editor with the pale blue eyes and almost feminine smile was denounced as a clever but unscrupulous sensationalist.

Even in those adolescent days, when Mr. Cleveland's ponderous utterances were the wonder and delight of the Democracy newly restored to power, Mr. Hearst monotonously repeated his prediction that unless the Democratic party had the courage to be "really democratic" it would be swept from office. But nobody paid much attention to the per-

sonal views of the young "freak journalist," in spite of his success.

When Senator Hearst died in 1891 he bequeathed his fortune to his widow. It has been commonly supposed that his possessions were worth \$40,000,000, and some estimates have been as high as \$80,000,000. The truth is that the estate left by Senator Hearst was worth about \$17,000,000.

Mr. Hearst wanted to own a newspaper in New York. San Francisco had grown too small for him. His desire to burst into the metropolis became an overpowering passion.

There can be no doubt that at this time Mr. Hearst had no desire either for political leadership or for public office. The excitements and romance of newspaper life satisfied him. He avoided political attachments and revelled in the society of working newspapermen. His bashfulness was extreme and he shrank from personal publicity.

It is hard to recognize the nervously demure W. R. Hearst of those days in the William Randolph Hearst whose name is printed in 'big type' several times a day in his own newspapers and screamed from the very housetops by his agents.

Mr. Hearst wanted to conquer New York in a newspaper sense, to make a grand splash, to build up "the biggest circulation in the world" and be the acknowledged master of sensational journalism. Politics were merely incidental to this iridescent ambition.

He came to New York in 1895 and bought the Morning Journal, a cheap and amusing, although somewhat discreditable, sheet published by Albert Pulitzer. He paid \$150,000 for the paper; but, before he reached the climax of his activities, he invested

more than \$7,000,000 in this single enterprise, with its various editions.

At first Mr. Hearst's New York paper was bright, enterprising, full of clever pictures and striking cartoons, saucy, but without malice or ruffianism. It caught the fancy of the crowd and won friends. Its raw and abusive politics were developed later on.

Mr. Hearst's great opportunity came in 1896 when Mr. Bryan was nominated for President. The New York press was bitterly antagonistic to the free silver movement and all its concomitants, and the great eastern newspapers bolted the Democratic ticket.

Mr. Hearst was not a free silver man, and never has been, but he at once took up the abandoned Democratic cause and made a campaign for Mr. Bryan which astonished the country by its dash and brilliant audacity. He hired the ablest writers he could get and spent money in a way to make the richest New York newspaper proprietors gasp. His expenditures were so lavish that the salaries of newspaper men on most of the rival journals were raised to keep them from Mr. Hearst; and the present large incomes of American newspapermen are to some extent due to the pace which he has set.

It was in the long struggle to arouse the United States to armed interference with the cruel and bloody rule of Spain in Cuba that Mr. Hearst showed the terrific power of sensational journalism backed by wealth. His frantic and vulgar methods of attracting attention to his newspaper disgusted conservative journalists; but underlying the screaming headlines and crazy illustrations there was a note of moral earnestness that steadily made itself felt. The Journal did things. It

proclaimed itself as the protagonist of "the journalism that acts."

Mr. Hearst was not content merely to print news: he felt it to be a proper part of journalism to make news.

So, when Evangelina Cisneros, a young Cuban girl, was sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment for having resisted the vile attentions of a Spanish officer, Mr. Hearst spent thousands of dollars in cabling petitions for the girl's release to the Queen Regent of Spain, and he even secured the intercession of the Pope by cabling petitions to the Vatican, until the Spanish Government was beside itself with helpless anger.

And in the end Mr. Hearst sent Karl Decker to Cuba to rescue pretty Evangelina by sheer jail-breaking. When the friendless fugitive reached New York, he had her dressed like a princess, set her in the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel and had a military parade, a mass meeting of a hundred thousand persons in Madison Square and a reception at Delmonico's, all in her honor and all at his own expense.

It was a tremendous advertisement for his newspaper, and he was shrewd enough to see its sordid bearings; but it was a genuine stroke for the oppressed Cubans, the hardest struck before the destruction of the battleship Maine; and, besides, Mr. Hearst was entertained, and sometimes thrilled, by the mere excitement and romance of it.

Frederick Remington, the famous artist, was sent to Cuba, with instructions to remain there until the war began. After a few days Mr. Remington sent this telegram from Havana:

W. R. Hearst, New York Journal,
N. Y.:

Everything is quiet. There is no

trouble here. There will be no war. I wish to return.

REMINGTON.

This was the answer he got:
Remington, Havana:

Please remain. You furnish the pictures and I'll furnish the war.

W. R. HEARST.

The outbreak of the Spanish-American War found Mr. Hearst in a state of proud ecstasy. He had won his campaign and the McKinley Administration had been forced into war. His newspapers broke into a new madness of big type and red-ink appeals to public passion. He spent \$500,000 above ordinary expenses in covering the news of the short campaign. He went to Cuba himself and made notes of the fighting under fire.

One of the Journal's correspondents was shot down at El Caney. Mr. Hearst knelt in the grass beside him and took down his story of the battle.

"It's fun, isn't it?" he said, as the bullets whined past his head. "I'm sorry you're hurt; but wasn't it a splendid fight! We must beat every paper in the world.

After the sinking of Cervera's ships by the American fleet Mr. Hearst, who was near at hand, lowered a steam launch from his own ship—he had already armed and presented his yacht to the Government—and ran to the Cuban shore, where he found a party of surviving Spanish bluejackets huddling on the beach. Pulling off his trousers and drawing his revolver Mr. Hearst leaped into the surf, drove twenty-six prisoners into his launch and delivered them to the nearest American warship.

Mr. Hearst pays \$122,000 a year for the services of three men in his New York office. That is exactly the sum which the United States pays

for the services of President Roosevelt and the nine members of his cabinet. The highest salary paid by Mr. Hearst is \$52,000, the next \$40,000 and the next \$30,000. Besides this he has five assistants who receive \$20,000 a year each. This makes \$222,000 a year for eight captains of yellow journalism, just \$100,000 more than the total income of the President and his whole Cabinet.

These are Mr. Hearst's principal lieutenants :

Solomon Solis Carvalho, general manager of all the Hearst newspapers; a highly trained journalist and shrewd business man; said to be a descendant of a famous Portuguese statesman. Mr. Carvalho owns a notable collection of Chinese blue and white porcelain.

Arthur Brisbane, editor of the New York Evening Journal and writer of its remarkable editorials. He is the son of Albert Brisbane, disciple of Fourier, the French socialist, and was one of the most highly-paid writers for Charles A. Dana and Joseph Pulitzer.

Samuel S. Chamberlain, managing editor of the New York American and supervising editor of all the Hearst newspapers. He is a recognized master of bright and entertaining "make-up" in a newspaper, a brilliant news-feature editor. He is the son of a former chief editorial writer on the World and Herald, and was for many years the friend and secretary of James Gordon Bennett.

Morrill Goddard, editor of the New York American Sunday Magazine and the inspirer of its lurid and fantastic sensations.

Max F. Ihmsen, Mr. Hearst's political manager; once a member of the New York Herald's staff.

Clarence Shearn, Mr. Hearst's

lawyer and the thinker-out of his costly injunction suits and other litigations against corporations and "oppressors of the common people."

With more than fifty editors and hundreds of political agents working out his instructions and with two million copies of his newspapers drifting over the face of society every day, it might be supposed that Mr. Hearst lives in a state of perpetual excitement. The truth is that he is the most placid of humans and finds plenty of time for play. It is hard to believe that this smooth-faced, soft-spoken and tranquil young man of forty-three years who idles in the restaurants, lolls amiably in automobiles, and generally studies the American people from the standpoint of the vaudeville theatre, is the master-mind of a movement that keeps a large part of the nation in an uproar.

In the midst of a great tumult stirred up by the Hearst papers, a friend called on Mr. Hearst. He found the editor stretched on a bed beside his infant son, holding a milk bottle, at which the child tugged vigorously. Now and then the baby would utter a loud squall, whereat Mr. Hearst would kick up his heels delightedly, and cry, "Uxtry ! Uxtry ! Uxtry edition !"

It was only natural that the son of a man whose money carried him into the United States Senate should in time develop political ambitions. The Senator was an easy-going and docile party man. But his son has always been impatient of restraint and cannot abide the discipline and limitations of regular party service. He must lead, never follow. It was that lawless, uncontrollable spirit that made Tammany Hall distrust him and, even after he had helped to elect the notorious Van Wyck mayor

of New York, Tammany shut him out of its councils. Boss Croker could never understand him, and when Mr. Hearst, on the eve of a permanent revolt against Tammany, sent word that he would continue his support on condition that the organization's pledge to spend more money on the public schools should be carried out, the wily old Tammany leader spat on the ground, wagged his head and announced that no man in the world was so green as to swallow such a tale as that. And yet the beginning of a sensationally grand public school movement was Mr. Hearst's real object. He is a fanatic on the subject.

"When we have more and better schools," he said, "the time will come when men like Croker must fall from power."

Mr. Hearst was, in a furtive and half-hearted way, a candidate for second place on the ticket with Mr. Bryan in 1900. But the very men who have been shrieking Mr. Hearst's name from one end of the country to the other laughed at the editor's pretensions. Even Mr. Bryan looked upon the matter as a jest.

Mr. Hearst had not yet learned to discard his fashionable clothes and change his straw hat with its gay ribbon to a "black slouch." He was still W. R. Hearst and as yet did not dream of the resounding and stately William Randolph Hearst. But he was President of the National Association of Democratic Clubs, and his experiences in that presidential campaign taught him that political organizations are, after all, largely made up of noise and boasting, and that most of the men who do the real work among the voters can be controlled by any one with boldness enough to proclaim himself leader

and pay for the printing, music and red fire.

He had a terrible awakening in 1891 when President McKinley was assassinated. His newspaper rivals recalled the fact that the Evening Journal had once printed an editorial saying that assassination was sometimes a good thing, and that the Morning Journal had published this quatrain:

The bullet that pierced Goebel's
breast

Cannot be found in all the west.
Good reason—it is speeding here
To stretch McKinley on his bier.

It did not matter that these and other things had been printed without Mr. Hearst's knowledge and against his wish. It made no difference that he had stopped the presses when he read the assassination editorial. A cry of rage sounded across the continent and Mr. Hearst was burned and hung in effigy, while bonfires fed by his newspapers were lighted north, south, east and west. It is doubtful whether any American has ever faced such a wild storm of passion as that which burst over the head of the hapless young editor. He was everywhere denounced as a murderer, anarchist and scoundrel.

It would be unfair to refer to this terrible incident without also recording the fact that, months before the President was slain, Mr. Hearst sent a representative to Mr. McKinley to express his regret that his newspapers, in the heat of active political warfare, had been led into excess of personal attack, and offering to exclude from its pages anything that the President might find personally offensive, but also pledging him hearty support in all things as to which Mr. Hearst did not differ with him politically.

The President seemed deeply touched by this wholly voluntary offer and sent a message of sincere thanks. The writer of this article was the bearer of the President's message. These facts are given as an explanation of the actual terms upon which Mr. Hearst and Mr. McKinley were living when Czolgoz fired the fatal shot.

In less than three years after this appalling experience, Mr. Hearst worked up a Presidential boom for himself which carried the Democratic conventions of California, Idaho, Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, Nevada, Rhode Island, South Dakota, Washington, Wyoming, Arizona, New Mexico, and Hawaii, with parts of the delegations of Maine, Minnesota, Oregon, West Virginia, Indian Territory, Oklahoma and Porto Rico.

All was forgotten in the roaring passion aroused by his newspapers and agents. Yet, in spite of the fact that the most active men in this unprecedented campaign were his own employes, working through his National Association of Democratic Clubs and through political leaders anxious to gain the favor of his newspapers, there was some evidence that Mr. Hearst had touched the hearts and gained the confidence of a great multitude, and that he was beginning to be honestly taken as an unselfish and unterrified champion of the poor and the helpless.

It has been said that he spent more than \$2,000,000 in that attempt to be nominated for President. The fact is, that, outside of the salaries and ordinary expenses of his regular employes, he paid out not more than \$150,000—practically all for printing, fireworks, hall-hire, banners, badges, music and transpor-

tation. He had spent as much for Mr. Bryan.

Mr. Hearst's campaign for mayor of New York was carried on without the support of any political party. He was nominated by petition, the arrangements being made by his employes, and he paid his own expenses. Mr. Odell, the New York Republican leader, informed Mr. Hearst's representative, when an attempt was made to unite the Republicans, Hearstites and the Citizens' Union on a mayoralty candidate, that a legitimate campaign, supported by disciplined organization methods, would cost, without a dollar for bribery, at least \$400,000. Mr. Hearst had no party and a mere pretense of organization, known as the Municipal Ownership League, yet he came within a fraction of being elected mayor at a cost of about \$65,000.

That amazing and passionate struggle awakened the country to a new view of Mr. Hearst and a realization of the fact that, whatever his merits or demerits, Hearstism is a political and social force that must be reckoned with in earnest.

Hardly had Mr. Hearst's industrious but stealthy campaign to capture the governorship of New York been under way for a month when the signs of his political strength caused the bitterist of the anti-Bryan Democratic leaders to unite in a loud cry for Mr. Bryan to come back to America and save the conservatives from Mr. Hearst and, apparently by a previous arrangement, several Democratic state conventions endorsed Mr. Bryan for President two years in advance of the national convention.

There was a time when Mr. Hearst would tremble and grow pale at the

bare thought of making a speech. That was before he found out that an American political leader must do his own talking. His devices for avoiding speeches excited laughter and jeers. It was said that everything that appeared over his name was written by employes, that he was too shallow to think and too dull and shamefaced to talk.

But in his mayoralty campaign he developed powers of oratory and slashing, original, straightforward attack, that surprised everybody. And ever since he has shown an almost incredible love for public speaking, and a growing mastery of the art of extemporaneous cajolment of the poor but honest citizen who has a vote.

Phyllis' Fallacies

BY GELETT BURGESS IN GOOD HOUSEKEEPING.

Phyllis had made up her mind that she wanted to be as perfect a type of woman as Edna May and to that end she started in to perform all sorts of physical exercises. The contortions she went through were enough to distract her husband. In the end the result was quite different from what one would expect.

PHYLLIS wasn't satisfied with herself. I was, though. I even called her pretty—which is as much better than being beautiful as people pretend it isn't. She was plump and freckled. I didn't mind, I liked her that way. But Phyllis wanted to look like Edna May. She wanted wear these slithy, snaky gowns you see in the pictures in the hallways of the \$3 photographers. She wanted to be able to stand with her hands clasped behind her head and throw out her chest with a tight Princess clinging 'round her legs. And, to do that successfully, you have to have a shape. Therefore, she determined on a course of Physical Culture.

It was no use arguing with Phyllis when she has once made up her mind, and so I didn't attempt it. (This is the sort of thing bachelors imagine that married men always say.) I only made remarks; it's much more effective.

"I'm getting too stout," said Phyllis. "Why, I can't even pick up a handkerchief from the floor without bending my knees, and that's one of the first and simplest things to do!"

"But why not bend your knees?" I asked. "Why spend your time and make yourself ridiculous in acquiring unnecessary accomplishments?"

"It makes you strong!" she replied.

"You don't need to be strong; you ought to rule me by love alone," I declared.

"It makes you agile and supple," was her next reason.

"Of course, if you want to be a contortionist—but it seems to me that you can wriggle out of almost anything now!"

"It makes you graceful," quoth she, undisturbed.

"Oh, no it doesn't! If you could only see yourself trying to stoop

down without bending your knees! Hebe and Venus and the Nymphs never did that, I'll wager."

Phyllis then took refuge in a treatment that I deliberately and persistently misunderstood her. So I let her have her way.

She subscribed to three *Gymnastic-Vegetarian Magazines*, and bought a book. The illustrations were simply awful. My unmarried cousin used to borrow it. He called it "Beauty on the Half-Shelf." In the book the well developed men proudly contemplated their biceps, and the perfect women pointed ecstatically at a star. The rest of the pictures portrayed boys and girls in negligee, doing Navajo ghost dances or imitating the Flying Mercury.

Phyllis conscientiously went through the exercises while I jeered and cheered her on. She did them in front of her cheval-glass with the illustrations propped open on a chair. She did them in the prescribed costume, which resembles that of the Happy Villagers of the Chorus in the second act of a musical comedy. My one regret was that she wouldn't wear a blonde wig. I never permitted the hired girl to see her, for I wanted Jane to respect her mistress as long as she could.

These exercises certainly were funny. They were the kind of gestures you might imagine a Martian would make, if she were trying to attract the attention of the earth. She bent down and back and sideways, she waved her arms, she shot out her knees, she pointed her toes, she squatted, sloped, scourged, squirmed and slanted. The idea seemed to be that you had to imitate

every letter of the alphabet in turn, from A, which was rather easy, to Z, which was as difficult as it was amusing.

The fine thing about Phyllis was that she was unashamed. I won't say that she was exactly naked and unashamed, but it came pretty near to it, in the black tights she now adopted in the place of the chorus get-up. She explained exactly how keeping your legs stiff and revolving 'round your hips reduced your waist if you were too thick. She showed me a lot about flexors and extensors, with a big poster of a man, which she peeled, showing him first skinned and then by various awful anatomic stages till he became a mere collection of vermicular blue and pink organs.

She showed me, too, all sorts of ways of using your legs without walking and how to swim without water, and how to climb without ladder or rope. The exercises seemed to be absolutely dissociated with human life as it is lived in the temperate zone, but I was assured that her object was not utilitarian but aesthetic in principle. She acquired a rubber neck and could clap the backs of her hands behind her back if necessary or desirable, and lift herself up on tip-toe so many times that she looked like some parts of a steam engine—the marine kind that you see on ferry boats. If I could only have sold tickets to her, I would have made money!

But Edna May was still about eight miles ahead.

Phyllis roamed all over the house, exercising with ordinary domestic appliances, with the object, as the

Apostle of Beauty said, of "inaugurating a systematic endeavor to build up a superb health, vitality and that splendid degree of physical vigor which characterizes the full beauty and power of true womanhood."

Her favorite stunt was balancing on her stomach on the footboard of our bedstead. She used chairs in every possible way except to sit down upon, she climbed doors and hung from them like an anthropoid ape. The balusters suffered most. I began to invest in mission furniture—nothing else could stand the wear and tear of my athletic wife. She soon grew so strong that she could dismiss the cook or complain of the gas meter without fear. When I asked her to sew on a few buttons, Phyllis said that she was acquiring power through repose. She had to perfectly relax! she had to devitalize and to practice breathing exercises—a thing I learned while still young. But, as she had already begun boxing I did not insist.

From these simple, inexpensive tastes, she developed a taste for apparatus (if that's the plural), and first came the punching bag. It seemed tame and useless to me until I thought of painting the bag with a face remotely resembling my maiden Aunt Boria, after which I could witness Phyllis' triple tattoo with great glee. I even tried it myself and found a certain enjoyment in it. A rowing machine was next in order, rowing being a perfect exercise. Phyllis often took me across the Atlantic and back without expense or seasickness, in a single morning.

As I had still clung to a carnivorous diet, I used to put my beefsteaks under her pulley-weights when she wasn't looking (she always acted as if she were being photographed for a beauty contest) and I dined always on tenderloin.

She had given up meat long ago, in fact, she never used a knife nowadays and ate nothing but pulverized proteids. She would eat anything that you could put cream on, and she gnashed her teeth and counted her chews with a statistical table in front of her, leaning against the sugar bowl. After a while she adopted the live food theory and the cook stove was abolished. She abandoned her corsets, she wore flat-soled shoes, she invested in porous mesh goods that made her look like a coarse half-tone cut in the newspapers. She put ice and salt in her bath tub. I don't know but she sandpapered herself, for friction. She began to run a half mile every morning before breakfast. She did it in the bath room, which is five by eight. I offered to buy her a treadmill because she wore out the rug: she said it wasn't hygienic.

But her resemblance to Edna May didn't seem to increase a bit.

One day when I saw her using a little mallet all over herself for increasing her circulation I reminded her that there were trip hammers which were so delicately adjusted that they could smash an iron beam or crack an egg shell. I thought one would be fine for mellowing her. But no. Then as she proposed to train up our little son to her infamous mode of life, I suggested that it would be

economy instead of an Indian club, so that both would get muscle from the same exercise. She tried it, but the boy cried. Swinging him by the feet was exciting, but painful.

Having acquired strength and noble womanhood as a proper foundation, Phyllis now began trying seriously for beauty. There are 321 different kinds of massage—you'll see them continued serially in the Sunday papers—Phyllis tried them all. Why she didn't end by being black and blue all over, I never knew. She had an original method of rubbing herself all over the face with a pencil eraser every morning that fascinated me. She did it in front of the glass, looking for hollows. Her bureau top was covered with rollers, brushes and flatirons, skin foods and vibrators.

"There's only one thing in the world that will beat freckles," I said.

"Oh, WHAT is it?" Phyllis said.

"Printer's ink," I replied; "you put it on with a pad, and the freckles immediately disappear."

Phyllis, by this time, was sleeping in a mask and gloves, wearing wrinkle eradicators to breakfast and putting glyco-hairoil on her head. She made faces in front of the mirror for a half hour to stimulate the circulation.

"See here," I said, "aren't you a superb type of womanhood enough, yet?"

"Oh, I'm all wrong. I'm only six heads high! They say that if you crawl through forty feet of eighteen-inch drainpipe three times every day

it gives you just the right proportions. But I'm so tired! I've been jumping rope all day."

"Why not live rational for a while?" I proposed. "Why not try eating food? What do you need of muscle anyway? I never saw a fat person who wasn't cheerful and contented."

"Oh, I am unhappy!" Phyllis admitted. "It's a lot of work and worry, but I do so want to have an ideal figure. I want a normal, healthy body—but oh, how I'd like to wear high-heeled shoes again and eat an ice cream soda! Would you hate me if I did?"

"I think you ought to have the courage of your convictions," I said. You see, I had suddenly changed my mind—I wanted to see how she would get out of it.

A week later I came home to find her lacing on a corset. She had on silk stockings—a sure sign of mental exaltation in Phyllis—and, on her bureau was a plate with only a few crumbs left. I smelled of it—it had once been a large lemon pie. Then I pointed a finger at her.

"Oh, that's all right," Phyllis remarked, doing something with a hare's foot. "I can eat anything I want, now, and do anything, too! Isn't it lovely?"

"Apostate!" I cried.

"Not at all! I've found out that there's no such thing as matter, and I haven't got any such thing as a body—even Edna May hasn't—so I don't care whether mine is ideal or not. I'm going to get a new pair of shoes—2 A's with high heels. Corns are only errors. They told me so!"

King Solomon Was a Black Man

BY ST. JULIEN GRINKE IN CENTURY.

This is no attempt on the part of any professor of biblical history to prove seriously that King Solomon was black. It is merely the opinion of an old darky, who brought out his bible and demonstrated therefrom to a sceptical auditor the grounds for his belief. The reader will enjoy meeting a quaint character like "Professor" Gadsden.

I MET the professor on Broad street a few days after my interview with him on the subject of the trolley. The old man was sunning himself in the window-sill of the office that he has cleaned out every morning and locked up every evening "sence freedom come een" for the sum of one dollar per week, payable in as many instalments as collectable. He was clad in his "Gin'ral Shumman" overcoat, and he wore upon his ebony features an air of dignified reserve and imper-turbable serenity.

"Hello, professor!" I said. "How do you find yourself this morning? Glad to see you looking so spry. What's the news? Have you received that little appointment from President Roosevelt yet?"

"I ain't tarrogated de gent'mun dat totes his letters furrum dis mawnin'," he replied, "but 't would n't knock me off dis winder-sill ef de 'Publikin 'ministration wuz to notification me tuh-day. Dey said in dat letter dey wrote me atter de 'lection dat dey had me on a file, an' jest as soon as de udder fellers stopped pushin' dem so hahd, dey wuz gwine to he'p deir frien's een de Sout.' I tell yuh," he said, shaking his head at me, "yuh Dimocrats is gwine to have to boa'd wid yuh frien's mighty soon. I don't call no names, but some o' dese sassy people better biggin to git deir stummicks een trainin', fuh hom'ny is gwine to be mighty sea'ce wid some buckras. Yuh can't fool ol' man Roosevelt, I tell yuh. He 's de wisest man de

Lawd put eento dis wurl sence old man Solomuns lef' it. Onderstan' me good; I don't class um een de same class wid Solomuns, 'cause Solomuns wuz a cullud gentulumun, an' I don't t'ink Mr. Roosevelt is cullud—leastways, he face stan' w'ite een he pictuh. But ef he face been black, Solomuns hisse'f 'blige to gi'e way turrum."

"Excuse me, professor," I said, "but did I understand you to say that Solomon was colored?"

"Cullud? Of co'se he wuz cullud. I like to know who say he w'ite. De Bible don't say so. De Bible say he wuz black. Ain't yuh never read yuh Bible? Yuh better go home an' set down an' study um right now, 'fo' ol' man Nick come roun' wid his baskit an' stow yuh 'way in it. Yuh won't git any mo' chances w'en de toastin' biggins—I tell yuh dat, my frien'!"

"I am sorry I overlooked that part of the Scriptures at Sunday-school," I said, "but if you have got a copy handy, I wish you would show it me where it says King Solomon was black."

The professor looked very sorry for me. Then he slid down off the window-sill, and, without a word, made for the office door and left me to follow him. He led me to a little room at the rear where he kept a piece of a broom stored, and an old shoe-box full of odds and ends, from among which he dug out a very greasy and very dirty and very much tattered copy of the Holy Scriptures.

Then he fished out from the same receptacle a pair of cracked spectacles with rusty frames and cotton strings, which he tied behind his ears, and then began to turn the pages of the Bible, mumbling to himself. Finally he struck it:

"Fust chapter Songs o' Solomuns, de fif' verse: 'I am black, dough comely.'" The professor regarded me with a triumphant air. "I like to see yuh wash dat away! Dat mean he is black, don't it? Dat 's too strong for yuh. Yuh can't git 'way from dat!

"Yuh 's anudder verse," he continued: 'Look not upon me, dough I am black.' W'at? Yuh don't b'lieve dat? Well, w'at yuh t'ink o' dis, een de sixty-eight chapter o' de t'irty-fus verse? 'Princes shill come out o' Egyp', an' Ethiopia shill stretch out his hands todes God!'

"Now I like to know w'at yuh call dat? Yuh can't wipe dat out. Dat's got de onderholt on yuh. 'Umph! yuh chillun t'ink yuh know summuch sence de Nunion come een, an' yuh don't know nuttin'. Yuh better go back to yuh grumma an' ax him 'bout ol' man Solomuns.

"W'at, yuh satizfy Solomuns wuz a w'ite man? Well, I satizfy he black, jes de same way you satizfy he w'ite. Ef he been w'ite, den I w'ite. Ef I black, he got de bery same complexion. All two o' us paint wid one bresh."

Saying which, the professor crammed his Bible vigorously back into the shoe-box, untied his glasses and put them into his hat, slammed it on his head, and stumped off out of the office, sniffing the air contemptuously, and pounding the floor triumphantly with his stick.

Cheerfulness is just as natural to the heart of a man in strong health as color to his cheeks, and wherever there is habitual gloom, there must be either bad air, unwholesome food, improperly severe labor, or erring habits of life.—Ruskin.

The Gayety of Old Edmonton

NEW YORK EVENING POST.

In this short description of the capital of Alberta, we are afforded a glimpse of life in that interesting city from an American standpoint. The contrasts between the old and the new are pointed out and the character of the social life of the place portrayed.

AT the last reception at Government House in Edmonton, Alberta, nine women wore gowns that were imported directly from Paris. Nothing can express more forcibly than this the change that has come over the old Hudson's Bay trading post within three years. Three hundred and twenty-five miles north of the international boundary seems so very far north, indeed, that New Yorkers think of it as a country wrapped in snow and ice, with Eskimo styles in favor the year 'round. That the town can furnish this number of women who know the charms of a Paris gown and men of means enough to pay for their knowing shows that after one hundred and eleven years and several attempts to make something of herself, Edmonton is at last started on the high road to metropolitan honors.

On the brow of the plateau overlooking the wide reaches of the Saskatchewan stands the weather-beaten Hudson's Bay fort, the old "Edmonton House," around which for more than a hundred years centred all the trade of the vast country to the north, as well as all the social life of the vicinity. For decades, Edmonton was called the "Last House," the end of the trail, beyond which lay a trackless wilderness. Today, the once busy trading post is silent, its stockade crumbling, its houses and roofs rapidly falling into decay. Higher on the crest of one of the hills are the great Hudson's Bay Company's stores, in an exceedingly modern business block. Instead

of piles of furs, coarse cloth, fire-arms, cheap rum and whisky, and the few paltry trinkets of the old-time Indian trader, there is a thoroughly up-to-date department store where one may buy the latest styles in everything. Nothing is lacking from the much-desired long black silk or kid gloves to a bottle of champagne. The town is full of just such contrasts, where the old still hangs on doggedly refusing to give place wholly to the new. On a slightly hillside, overlooking the river and facing the old Hudson's Bay fort is Government House—typical both of the picturesque past and the practical present. The old trading post is low ceilinged, its interior finish crude and primitive, while its smoke-grimed beams and walls are still musty with the odor of pelts, stores of supplies, the pungent tang of "spirits" and the clinging taint of cheap tobacco smoke. Government House is typically modern. It has steam heat, electric light, and running water. Its scheme of interior decoration is the acme of good taste in color and design, and what Edmonton is, compared with what it so recently was, is shown by the fact that in every detail the decoration of Government House is the work of an Edmonton firm.

In the finest residence district of Edmonton is a house which only unlimited wealth could plan and build. Everything without and within bespeaks perfect taste, except for one thing—a tumble-down log hut, containing but a single room, which

stands conspicuously in the grounds. It mars the view of the house and is an eyesore to the passerby, but nothing could draw the line more distinctly between the life during the ascendancy of Edmonton House and that of the city of to-day. For the owner of the log hut and the state-ly mansion was one of the very first settlers and began his married life in the little old hut. To-day, in the enjoyment of the great wealth that has come to him with the opening of the "last west," he cherishes the crude cabin as a reminder of his humble beginning.

Social life in Edmonton is quite different in tone from that of any American city of its size—12,000 — and "has to be seen to be appreciated." When the Provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta were erected from the four territories of Saskatchewan, Assiniboia, Alberta, and Athabasca, not quite a year ago, Edmonton became the capital of Alberta, and entitled to a Government House as the official residence of the lieutenant-governor. There is nothing in American life that corresponds exactly to Government House throughout Canada. It is not so formal as the White House, but it is considerably more so than the official residence of the governor of a State. Moreover, the atmosphere of the Government House differs greatly in the various provinces. Government House in Toronto is ultra English; Government House in Winnipeg is rather English, while Government House in Edmonton is like the home of a cultured American family of wealth, minus any frantic desire for frivolous social recognition and conducted with dignity and a reasonable amount of ceremony.

Aside from the functions at Gov-

ernment House, society is very gay in Edmonton. There are dinners and dances, teas and receptions, formal and informal; "at home" days are more strictly observed than in the United States, and "the little something to eat" and a cup of tea are as much a part of every afternoon as the hours themselves. Then there are all sort of outdoor recreations, of which those of English blood are so fond; there are glorious drives for miles along famous old trails which for so long echoed only the creaking and rumbling of the clumsy, picturesque old Red River carts; there are clubs for both men and women; there is a large circulating library, and 'way up there beyond the fifty-fourth parallel there is a cafe where banquets are served of which Delmonico himself would not be ashamed, either as to menu or service. The only things lacking are first-class plays and music.

Decidedly a different standard from the days of Edmonton House, when clerks, bourgeois, voyageurs, and bois brules met in carousal to celebrate the return of the canoes with the harvest of pelts. Instead of the soft music of the stringed orchestra, the murmur of voices in refined conversation, the tap of slippered feet and the swish of women's garments (made in Paris), there were the hoarse voices of the woodsmen raised in drink-roughened shouts in the French-Canadian songs of the day, the pounding of moccasined feet upon the floor, and, as the finishing touch, when for once the official lines were dropped, the singing of a popular boating song to the rhythm of pokers, tongs, shovels—anything that could be made to do duty as a pseudo-oar.

Other Contents of Current Magazines.



In this department we draw attention to a few of the more important topics treated in the current magazines and list the leading contents. Readers of *The Busy Man's Magazine* can secure from their newsdealers the magazines in which they appear. :: :: :: :: ::

ACADIENSIS.

The third issue of this maritime quarterly for the year has appeared. It is a neat looking periodical, well-printed and full of interesting matter of an historical nature about the Maritime Provinces.

Jonathan Eddy and Grand Manan.
By G. O. Bent.

The Union of the Maritime Provinces. By Reginald V. Harris.

The History of Tracadie. By W. F. Ganong.

Halifax in Books. By A. MacMechan.

AMERICAN.

The September issue is a good all-around number with several valuable articles and a fair assortment of short stories. Stewart Edward White's romance "The Mystery" continues its intense interest.

An Awakening in Wall Street. By Sherman Morse.

A "Bad Man" Who Made Good. By Edwin B. Ferguson.

Chicago's Five Maiden Aunts. By William Hard.

The World's Lost Treasures. By Broughton Brandenburg.

Lynx and Lion. By W. N. Wright.

Can We Keep Sober. By Julian Williard Helburn.

AMERICAN HOMES AND GARDENS.

The first portion of the August issue of this fine publication is printed in a brown tint, which adds richness to the illustrations. The table of contents is as usual full of interest and the many outdoor scenes pictured delight the eye.

Notable American Homes. The House of E. C. Knight, jr., Newport. By Barr Ferree.

Some Modern Concrete Country Houses. By F. D. Nichols.

- The Automobile and the Country House.** By Paul Thurston.
Training the Cavalry of the United States. By Benjamin Winslow.
American Reforestation. By J. Chandler-French.
Summer Camps. By Elizabeth L. Gebhard.

AMERICAN INVENTOR.

- In the August issue, the contents are slightly extended and the articles are, if anything, a little longer and more comprehensive.
The Telegraphone. By Frederick B. Wright.
Electric Power in Domestic Service. By Frank C. Perkins.
An Adjustable Tension Spring Window Balance.
New Machinery in the Production of Potatoes. By T. B. Collins.
Florida Gorgonias. By Chas. F. Holder.
Igniters for Cylinder Fired Motors. By Frederick Collins.

APPLETON'S.

- John Philip Sousa's article on "The Menace of Mechanical Music" with its humorous illustrations is a readable feature of the September issue. There is also a well-written character sketch of Tillman.
A State Going to Waste. By Allan L. Benson.
Some Rare Napoleons. By S. D. Smith.
The Submarine Diver. By A. W. Rolker.
India and the Opium Trade. By Chester Holecombe.
Tillman. By Clifford Howard.

ARENA.

An illustrated article on "Picturesque Rottenburg" is the most

interesting content of the August number. The pictures are excellently reproduced. Other contents.

- San Francisco and Her Great Opportunity.** By G. W. James.
The Court is King. By T. S. Mosby.
The Spirit of American Literature. By Winifred Webb.
The Right of the Child not to be Born. By Louise Markscheffel.
The Virgin Birth. By Katrina Trask.
Mr. G. H. Wells: The Prophet of the New Order. By C. J. Hawkins.
Our Next Ice-Age. By John C. Elliot.
Common Ground for Socialist and Individualist. By J. W. Bennett.
British Egypt. III. By Ernest Crosby.
Shall Prohibition be Given a Fair Trial? By F. C. Hendrickson.
Food-Production of the Future. By John A. Morris.
Byron: A Study in Heredity. By Charles Kassel.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

A hitherto unpublished sketch by Ralph Waldo Emerson appears in the August Atlantic. There is also a capital short story by Norman Duncan and many other readable features.

- The Year in France.** By Stoddard Dewey.
The Nature-Student. By Dallas Lore Sharp.
The Novels of Mrs. Wharton. By H. D. Sedgwick.
Vulgarity. By Arthur C. Benson.
A Dissolving View of Punctuation. By W. P. Garrison.
Lord Randolph Churchill. By A. Lawrence Lowell.

The Humor of the Colored Supplement. By Ralph Bergengren.

BLACKWOOD'S.

There is a military note to the contents of Blackwood's for August. Colonel G. K. Scott Moneriewick makes a strong appeal for more land for training troops, while in "The Military Obligations of Empire" an anonymous writer criticizes the proposal of the British War Secretary to reduce the army. There are stories by Neil Munro and Jack London.

Land for Military Training. By Colonel Moneriewick.

Folk, Fish and Flowers in Montenegro. By Rt. Hon. Sir H. Maxwell.

The "Times" History of the War in South Africa.

On Heather-Burning. By Lieut.-Colonel Sir Henry Smith, K.C.B.

Crofters, Past and Present.

The Military Obligations of Empire.

The Church of England, the Schools and the Lords.

BRITISH WORKMAN

Though a small publication the British Workman is full of excellent articles and the August number presents the following:

Men Who are Working for Others. Charles Dibdin.

The Romance of Work. Some Noted Shoemakers.

About Cheshire Cheese.

The Cotton Industry of Britain. By John T. Wood.

A Day on the Bass Rock.

BROADWAY.

Under its new management the Broadway shows marked signs of improvement and the August number is

one of the best of the current issues. Stories are naturally given the preference.

What Has Been Done to Exterminate the Mosquito. By Charles A. Selden.

The Summer Pleasures of New York. By Anne O'Hagan.

On Flats and Migrations. By Jas. L. Ford.

How Little Italy Worships San Rocco. By Montague Glass.

Plays of the Season Past. By Lillian Bell.

CANADIAN.

An essay on "The Exhibition Habit," by Norman Patterson illustrated with tinted drawings of scenes at the Toronto Exhibition is the leading article in the August Canadian. An article on the bridges across the St. Lawrence River is also valuable.

The Exhibition Habit. By Norman Patterson.

Canadian Celebrities. 71. W. H. Schofield. By Dr. R. Keys.

When the Dominion was Young. VI. By J. E. B. McCreedy.

Mexico and the Civil Virtues. By J. H.

Women of Spanish-America. By G. M. L. Brown.

Bridging the St. Lawrence. By Jas. Johnston.

State and Church in France. By W. H. Ingram.

CASELL'S.

Cassell's for August is an admirable issue, with many exceedingly good features. Stories and illustrations are numerous and uniformly excellent. Mr. W. T. Stead's explanation of his system of work is instructive.

Royal Automobilists. By Everard Digby.
 Biography by Anecdote.
 All-Round Sportsmen of To-Day.
 By A. Wallis Myers.
 My System. By W. T. Stead.
 The Philistine in Switzerland. By E. McDowell.
 How to Choose a Healthy Home. By Dr. J. Dulberg,

CASSIER'S.

The list of contents of the August number is an inviting one to the reader interested in engineering and industry.

Manufacture of High Explosives. By W. H. Booth.
 Alcohol and the Future of the Power Problem. By Elihu Thomson.
 Smokeless Fuel for Cities. By C. G. Atwater.
 New Business for Electric Central Stations. By John C. Hammond.
 Wind Power. By E. Lancaster Burne.
 Remedies for Electrolysis. By A. A. Knudson.
 The Rationale of the Industrial Betterment Movement. By H. F. J. Porter.
 A New Gas Engine By-Product. By F. E. Junge.
 Noteworthy Railway Appliances. By George L. Fowler.

CENTURY.

A. E. W. Mason's new serial "Running Water," begins in the Century for August. Color illustrations of the eruption of Vesuvius and the fire in San Francisco lend brightness to the pages, while the supply of fiction is large.

The Catching of the Cod. By W. J. Henderson.

French Cathedrals. By Elizabeth Robins Pennell.
 Vesuvius in Fury. By William P. Andrews.
 Heroic San Francisco. By Louise Herriek Wall.
 Gilbert Stuart's Portraits of Men. By C. H. Hart.
 Why Some Boys Take to Farming. By L. H. Bailey.
 Sketch Plans for Outing Cottages.
 The Future of San Francisco. By Benjamin Ide Wheeler.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL.

Chambers's Journal occupies a niche all its own in the temple of magazines. There is nothing just like it, at once so entertaining, so instructive and so high-class. Consider the contents, other than fiction, in the August issue.

Tibbie Shiels and the visitors to her Cottage at St. Mary's Loch. By Rev J. Sharpe.
 A Neglected Branch of Woman's Work. By May Martin.
 Some Exquisites of the Regency. By Lewis Melville.
 Cattle Thieves in India. By Capt. C. H. Buck.
 St Andrew's Links in the Days of Young Tom Morris. By W. T. Linskill.
 The Sand Grouse. By Captain J. H. Baldwin.
 A Lost Velasquez.
 Ranching in Mexico.
 A Word for the Servant.
 What to do at the Seaside. By R. Gatty.
 An Unknown Riviera.
 A Forest Sanctuary.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY.

August 4. "New York Seen from a Balloon"; "A Sky-View of New

- York's Skyscrapers," by James H. Hare; "The Great American Fraud," by Samuel Hopkins Adams; "Stanford White," by Richard Harding Davis; "The Power Wagon," by James E. Homans.
- August 11.** "The Way of a Railroad," by Mark Sullivan; "Fiction Award and a Talk About Ideals," by Norman Hapgood; two short stories.
- August 18.** "Americans at Play," by Robert W. Chambers; "The Resuscitation of a River," by Richard Lloyd Jones; "The Lady Bull-Fighters of Juarez," by Arthur Ruhl.
- August 25.** "Ottawa, the Washington of the North," by Samuel E. Moffatt; "The Annexation of Cuba," by Frederick U. Adams; "The Power Wagon," by James E. Homans; "Control by Competition"; "Woman Suffrage."

CONNOISSEUR.

With recurring, monthly interest the Connoisseur comes to hand. The August number is, as usual, richly illustrated, with several reproductions in color of famous old paintings.

- Penshurst Place.** By Leonard Wiloughby.
- Tea-Caddies.** By Olive Milne Rae.
- Bell-Metal Mortars.** By D. Davison.
- A Primitive Italian Opera.** By W. J. Lawrence.
- The Cheremeteff Sevres Porcelain.**

CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

The August issue opens with a summary of the work of the Liberal Government of England for the past half-year, followed by a series of thoughtful articles on current topics.

The First Six Months. By J. A. Spender.

- Goethe's Orientalism.** By Yusuf-Ali.
- Socialism in France.**
- Economic Army Reform.** By Col. F. N. Maude.
- The Evolution of the Lord's Prayer.** I. By Monsignor Barnes.
- Culture Among the Poor.** By Miss M. Loane.
- The Ecclesiastical Discipline Report.** By Canon Hensley Henson.
- Form and Color.** By L. March-Phillips.
- Foreign Affairs.** By Dr. E. J. Dillon.
- Some Recent Books.** By "A Reader."

CORNHILL.

The first of two articles on "Ruskin in Venice," by Count Alvise Zorzi, appears in the August number, and also the conclusion of Halliwell Sutcliffe's novelette "On Windy Hill."

- Objects of Polar Discovery.** By Sir Clements Markham.
- Memories of Church Restoration.** By Thomas Hardy.
- When the Herring Come in.** By Stephen Gwynn.
- Links With the Past—Old Miniatures.** By Martin Haile.
- At Montmirail in 1814.** By Emma Marie Caillard.
- Ruskin in Venice. I.** By Count Alvise Zorzi.

COSMOPOLITAN.

An amusing story by W. W. Jacobs appears in the August Cosmopolitan, as well as the first of a series of Ghetto stories by Bruno Lessing. The articles on "The Treason of the Senate" and "The Life of Andrew Jackson" are continued.

Cause of the Great Earthquake. By David Starr Jordan.

A Honeymoon in a Canoe. By Winifred Fales.

The Treason of the Senate. By D. G. Phillips.

What Life Means to Me. By Henry D. Thoreau.

Can a Dramatic Critic be Quite Honest? By Alan Dale.

Weapons and Ornaments of Women. By Octave Uzanne.

Story of Andrew Jackson. By Alfred Henry Lewis.

The September issue is notable for the first article in a series of Edwin Markham, "The Hoe-Man in the Making," telling of child life in cotton factories.

Panama—the Human Side. By Poultney Bigelow.

Diary of a Lion Tamer. By Claire Heliot.

The Nobel Prizes. By Vance Thompson.

The Hoe-Man in the Making. By Edwin Markham.

Story of Andrew Jackson. By Alfred Henry Lewis.

What Life Means to Me. By Bailey Millard.

Why Women are Greater Actors than Men. By Alan Dale.

The Treason of the Senate. By D. G. Phillips.

Increase in Ancient America. By Ambrose Bierce.

An Age of Common Sense. By Elbert Hubbard.

CRAFTSMAN.

In the August issue of the Craftsman is to be noted the development of the magazine's idea of what life should be. Articles on sociological subjects are prominent.

A New Civilization. What New Zealand has Accomplished. By Florence Finch Kelly.

Social Sweden. By Mary R. Cranston.

A City Architect's Country Retreat. By Henry A. Smith.

The Art of Vine-Growing. Illustrated.

The Social Service of a City School. By John Spargo.

Simple Life in Japan. By Marguerite Glover.

The Spiritual Regeneration of Dreyfus. By John Spargo.

A Craftswoman in Agriculture. By Elisa H. Badger.

CRITIC.

Portraits of Julia Ward Howe, Bliss Perry, Austin Dobson, and John Burroughs appear in the August Critic. There is also a long installment of the Critic's serial "The Lion and the Mouse."

The Anglo-Saxon Myth. By an American Resident in England.

Idle Notes. By an Idle Reader.

Georg Brandes and His Country. By Paul Harboe.

The Italian Stage of To-Day. By Raffaele Simboli.

Miss Marlowe and Her Juvenile Spectators. By Elizabeth McCracken.

EMPIRE REVIEW.

In the August number there is the usual list of articles of an imperial interest. The following are the titles of the various articles.

The New Constitutions. Points for Consideration.

Islam in Fermentation. By Edward Dicey, C.B.

The Kaffir as a Worker. By L. E. Neame.

The Australian Rabbit Pest. By Frank S. Smith.

Farm-Life in Rhodesia. By Gertrude Page.

A Modern Maori Wedding. By E. J. Massy.

Sea-Dyak Legends. By Rev. E. H. Gomes.

Imperial Literature.

Indian and Colonial Investments. By Trustee.

ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED.

The Seaside Number of the English Illustrated, published in August is a bright and entertaining issue. A novelty is the series of comic full-page drawings, which are interspersed throughout. The stories are short and clever.

The Seaside Home of Queen Victoria of Spain. By Katharine Kimball.

A Holiday by Caravan. By Robert Aitken.

A Canvey Pilgrimage. By Owen Asche.

Walmer Castle.

The London Stage. By Oscar Parker.

EVERYBODY'S.

A word of praise must be bestowed on the fiction in the September number of Everybody's and especially on two amusing stories, one by Joseph C. Lincoln and the other by G. W. Ogden.

A City of Special Schools. By Marion Melins.

Soldiers of the Common Good. By Charles Edward Russell.

"Us Fellers." Drawings in color. By B. Cory Kilvert.

How the American Wage-Earner Spends His Income. By F. W. Hewes.

The Dollar-Mark and the Hall Mark of Fame. By F. T. Hill.

Bucket-Shop Sharks. By Merrill A. Teague.

FARMING.

The August number contains several timely features. Illustrations are as usual numerous and excellent.

What the Farmer can do With Concrete. By C. H. Miller.

Clearing Land With Dynamite. By Edith L. Fullerton.

Holstein-Friesians. By J. H. Martin.

Cheap Farms Near New York City. By W. D. Alexander.

Harvesting the Small Grain. By Frederick Bonsteel.

In the Farm Kitchen. By Deshler Welch.

Some Facts on Farm Drainage. By Grant Davis.

FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

The August issue is a voluminous production touching a great many interests and presenting the views of a number of eminent writers.

An Anglo-Russian Entente: Some Practical Considerations. By Victor E. Marsden.

Kant and the Buddha. By W. S. Lilly.

Charles Lever. By Lewis Melville.

The Higher Education of Working Men. By J. A. R. Marriott.

Dora Greenwell: Her Poems. By D. G. McChesney.

England, Belgium and Holland. By Y.

Ritualists and the Royal Commission. By H. P. Russell.

The Future of the Country Court. By His Honor Judge Parry.

Pierre Corneille: A Domestic Enigma. By M. Gerothwohl.

The English Stage in the 18th Century. III. By H. B. Irving.

Local Finance. By John Holt Schooling.

John Stuart Mill. By Francis Gribble.

“**The Commercialization of Literature**” and the **Literary Agent.**

GARDEN MAGAZINE.

A number of timely articles appear in the August issue of the Garden magazine and the interest of these is very considerably enhanced by the many excellent illustrations, which accompany them.

The Humble Currant and Gooseberry. By S. W. Fletcher.

The Cultivation of Hardy Orchids. By W. Miller.

The Ten Best Hardy Conifers. By J. W. Duncan.

The Real Things in Greenhouse Construction. By Leonard Barron.

The Joys of a Cool Greenhouse. By P. T. Barnes.

Bulbs for August Planting. By Thomas McAdam.

Flower Seeds for Summer Sowing. By W. Clark.

The September number is a transition in a way because one notices in it the approach of Winter, heralded by plans for indoor gardening.

All the Beeches Worth Growing. By Louis H. Peet.

Growing Winter Salads in a “Pit.” By Frank H. Presby.

Quality Tomatoes for the Home Garden. By L. and E. M. Barron.

Winter Flowers in a Piazza Conservatory. By M. K. Farrand.

Making More and Better Fruit Trees. By S. W. Fletcher.

Water Lilies for the Business Man. By H. S. Conard.

A Garden of Pink Flowers. By Helen R. Albee.

GEOGRAPHICAL JOURNAL.

At least four important articles appear in the August number of the

Geographical Journal, together with the usual departmental matter. A large map of Eastern Turkey in Asia accompanies the number.

Travels on the Boundaries of Bolivia and Peru. By Baron E. Norden-skiold.

The Economic Geography and Development of Australia. By J. W. Gregory.

The Geography of International Frontiers. By Major E. H. Hills.

A Plea for the Investigation of Biological and Anthropological Distributions in Melanesia. By Dr. Alfred C. Haddon.

The Survey of India.

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING.

As a home magazine for the housewife, Good Housekeeping offers many advantages. Its departments are ably written and cover a wide ground. The general contents of the September number are as follows:

Single Blessedness. By Elizabeth K. Tompkins.

A Mothers' and Fathers' Club. By J. L. Harbour.

Fatigue and its Consequences. By Luther H. Gulick.

Mrs. Fiske to the Rescue of Suffering Cattle. By E. H. Westwood.

The Dog Baths of Munich. By K. M. Roof.

HARPER'S.

Fiction occupies considerable space in the August issue of Harper's and among the story writers are Mark Twain, Grace M. Cooke, W. D. Howells, Joseph Conrad and Alice Brown. The other contents are:

The Sense of Newport. By Henry James.

On the Hostility to Certain Words. By T. R. Lounsbury.

Legends of the City of Mexico. By Thomas A. Janvier.

Some Rare Elements and Their Application. By Robert Kennedy Duncan.

Wealth and Democracy in American Colleges. By Arthur T. Hadley.

HIBBERT JOURNAL.

The July issue of this religious quarterly is marked by the publication of a number of excellent articles by thoughtful writers.

First Principles of Faith. By Sir Oliver Lodge.

Denominationalism, Undenominationalism and the Church of England. By Canon Knox Little.

A Layman's Plea for the Separation of the Creeds from Worship. By H. A. Garnett.

The Teaching of the Christian Religion in Public Schools. By the Headmaster of Bradfield College.

The Working Faith of the Social Reformer. IV. By Professor Henry Jones.

The Great Fallacy of Idealism. By D. H. Macgregor.

Japanese Character and its Probable Influence Outside Japan. By Professor R. H. Smith.

The Rallying-Ground for the Free Churches. By Rev. P. T. Forsyth.

Why not Face the Facts? An Appeal to Protestants. By Rev. K. C. Anderson.

Signs and Wonders in Divine Guidance. By Miss C. E. Stephen.

The Suffering of the Saints. By Miss Edith Gittins.

Gospel Types in Primitive Tradition. By Rev. Benjamin W. Bacon.

HOUSE AND GARDEN.

A wealth of illustrations fill the September number of House and

Garden, which are a delight to the eye of the reader.

One Source of Color Values. By Samuel Howe.

Los Angeles Parks. By C. M. Robinson.

Digby Doorways and Decorations. By Phebe W. Humphreys.

German Model Houses for Workmen. By Wm. Mayner.

Brook Farm, New York.

Some Object Lessons From San Francisco. By F. W. Fitzpatrick.

The First Country Park System in America. IV.

IDLER.

A good supply of short stories is to be found in the August Idler, with a few sketches and some appropriate poetry.

Among the Orcadians. By F. S. S. Terry.

The Idler in Arcady. By Tiekner Edwardes.

Italian Art at the Milan Exhibition. By Alfredo Milani.

Modern Homes. By T. Raffles Davison.

INTERNATIONAL STUDIO.

Seven charming color inserts accompany the August issue of the Studio and the number of black and white illustrations is profuse.

A Romanticist Painter. J. L. Pickering. By A. L. Baldry.

Charles Henry Niehans, Sculptor.

Austrian Peasant Embroidery. By A. S. Levetus.

Volendam as a Sketching Ground for Painters. By Jane Quigley.

Recent Designs in Domestic Architecture.

The Salon of the Societe Nationale des Beaux-Arts. By Henri Frantz.

Technical Hints from the Drawings of Past Masters of Painting. VII. Francois Clouet.

Colored Glass Windows. The Supremacy of the Modern School. By W. H. Thomas.

IRISH MONTHLY.

Not the least interesting of the contents of the August number of this periodical is a lengthy appreciation of the merits of the Busy Man's Magazine. The four* short poems in the number are meritorious.

An Idyl of Amalfi.

Irish Saints in Irish Schools.

How Robin Redbreast Came to Ireland.

LIPPINCOTT'S.

The novelette in the August Lippincott's is a pretty Summer romance by Ralph Henry Barbour, entitled "An Adventure in Arcady." The number contains a good supply of clever fiction.

The Chautauqua Movement. By Paul M. Pearson.

Current Misconceptions of the Philippines. By Willard French.

McCLURE'S.

Stories by Myra Kelly, Jack London, O. Henry and Rudyard Kipling are to be found in the August issue of McClure's. A first installment of C. P. Connolly's "Story of Montana" is also included in the contents.

The Story of Montana. I. By C. P. Connolly.

Impressions of Rachel. By Carl Schurz.

The Story of Life Insurance. IV. By Barton J. Hendrick.

Cancer—Can it be Cured? By C. W. Saleeby.

McGILL UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

The second number of the fifth volume of this publication has been received. In its scope, its contents and its appearance it is entirely creditable. A portrait of William Molson appears as a fontispiece, followed by a sketch of him by C. W. Colby.

McGill University in British Columbia. By H. M. Tory.

Biological Sensationalism. By E. W. MacBride.

The Philosophy of Shelley's Prometheus. By A. T. Taylor.

Bacon and Galilei. By J. W. A. Hickson.

The Rehabilitation of Charles II. By Stephen Leacock.

An Unofficial Liberal on Fiscal Reform. By Archibald McGoun.

The Various Races of Man. By E. W. MacBride.

Education as a University Study. By G. R. Lomer.

Recent Hamlet Criticism. By John W. Cunliffe.

Slavery in Montreal. By Henry Mott.

METROPOLITAN.

The special art feature of the August number of the Metropolitan is a series of photographs of modern English beauties. These are admirably reproduced. The other illustrations are uniformly excellent.

The Romance of State Lotteries. By W. G. Fitz-Gerald.

Angling by the City Side. By William E. Simmons.

American Official Society. By a Chinese Gentleman.

Ibsen and the Circus. By James Huneker.

September's issue is a special Fall fiction number with stories by Thos. Nelson Page, A. E. W. Mason, Theodore Roberts and many other excellent writers.

Insects from Brobdingnag. By Rene Bache.

Charles James Fox. By Homer Saint-Gaudens.

Some Roof Gardens. By James Huneker.

MONTHLY REVIEW.

In the July number of the Monthly Review are to be found several readable articles of a lighter nature than the average review article. These are contributed by well-known writers.

The Race Question in South Africa.

The Coming Power. By Mrs. Paget.

A Leaf from the Admiralty. By Dora G. McChesney.

How Does it Feel to be Old? By Edward Marston.

A Night in the House of Lords. By M. MacDonagh.

Hybridisation and Plant Breeding. By Arthur J. Bliss.

The Need for Social Reform in Russia. By Lieut. Cameron.

Instinct in Birds, Animals and Insects. By C. Bingham Newland.

MOODY'S.

Moody's for August is, as usual, devoted to financial affairs, its most notable content being an article on the "Amazing Prosperity of the United States," illustrated with diagrams.

New York City Bonds. By John P. Ryan.

Cycles of Grain Speculation. By Thomas Gibson.

Cause of Our Financial Stringency. By W. H. Allen.

New York's Barge Canal. By Day Allen Willey.

Money Supply Should be Regulated. By A. J. Warner.

Investment Features of Railroad Stocks. By Bronson C. Keeler.

Thoughts on Clearing House Methods. By James C. Hallock.

MUNSEY'S.

An illustrated article on the house-boat opens the August number of Munsey's. The number contains eleven short stories and in addition the following list of special articles.

The Charm of the House-Boat. By Samuel Crowther.

The Story of the Short-Story. By Brander Matthews.

The Countess of Warwick. By Anne O'Hagan.

The Romance of Steel and Iron in America. V.

Blanche Bates. By Matthew White, jr.

The Best Prose Epigrams. By Arthur Penn.

The Scandinavians in America. By Herbert N. Casson.

Emil Fuchs, Sculptor and Portrait Painter. By R. H. Titherington.

The Value of Titles... By F. Cunliffe-Owen.

NATIONAL.

The August National is given over mainly to stories, though space is given to such readable articles as the following.

A Modern Monte Cristo. By C. W. Stoddard.

Gathering of Christian Scientists. By Alfred Farlow.

Japan's Modern Novelists. By Yone Noguchi.

NEW ENGLAND.

Fiction occupies considerable space in the August number of the New

England and the various stories are well told.

The Massachusetts Bench and Bar.

Old-Home Week. By Thomas F. Anderson.

Weymouth, Ancient and Modern. By G. W. Chamberlain.

PACIFIC MONTHLY.

The illustrations in the August issue are extremely fine. Mountain scenery, water pictures and other natural views are shown in tints and colors that charm the eye.

The Vikings of the Columbia. By Marshall Douglas.

The Rugs of the Orient. By E. T. Allen.

Rowing for Racing and Pleasure. By P. E. Stowell.

Indians of the Northwest. By Thos. Nelson Strong.

Scowtown and its People. By Alma A. Rogers.

Arks and Launches About San Francisco Bay. By Blanche Partington.

The Girl's Rowing Clubs of San Diego Bay. By Waldon Fawcett.

Yachting on the Pacific.

PALL MALL.

Stories by J. J. Bell, H. C. Bailey, Eden Phillpotts, Joseph Conrad, Cutcliffe Hyne and Lawrence Mott, are to be found in the August issue of the Pall Mall, which is called a Summer number.

The Art of Bowling. By B. J. T. Bosanquet.

Henrik Ibsen. By George R. Halkett.

The Eton Schooldays of Herbert Gladstone, M.P.

A Tunnel to the Clouds. Up the Jungfrau by Rail. By H. G. Archer.

White Wings. The Cost of Yachts and Yachting. By Clive Holland.

Some Marvels in Insect's Eggs. By John J. Ward.

PEARSON'S (AMERICAN).

In the September issue we are treated to a character sketch of W. R. Hearst, and a strong article on "Divorce." There are several meritorious short stories.

The Real Mr. Hearst. By James Creelman.

The Wellman Polar Airship. By Andrew Dangerfield.

What Easy Divorces Mean. By Rene Bache.

The Romance of Aaron Burr. By Alfred Henry Lewis.

QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Thirteen capital articles mainly of an historical nature appear in the Quarterly for July. They are all the products of ripe scholarship.

England in the Mediterranean.

The Cry of the Children.

Geoffrey of Monmouth and the Legend of Arthur. By W. Lewis Jones.

The Origins of the Irish Race. By Robert Dunlop.

Northumberland.

Modern British Art and the Nation.

The First Year of the Boer War.

John Knox and the Scottish Reformation. By R. S. Rait.

The Origin and Historical Basis of the Oxford Movement.

The Literature of Egotism.

The Government of the English Church.

The General Election in France.

The Government, the Session and the Education Bill.

READER.

The August number is largely composed of fiction and several short

stories, with an installment of a capital serial "Blindfolded," make up the bulk of the contents.

The Curb-Bit. A Record of Some Effective Railway Rate Regulation. By Ethel Hutson.

Letters to Heroines. II.

The Passing of the Argonauts' City. By Geraldine Bonner.

San Bernardino. By Arthur Colton.

RECREATION.

The August number is a good outdoor issue with plenty of hints for enjoying the Summer holiday.

Aeronautics in America. By Homer W. Hedge.

Battling the Wilderness. By Ernest Russell.

Gen. Zebulon Pike, Explorer. By Eugene Parsons.

The Revival of Archery. By Cora Moore.

Prospecting for Woodcock. By Dr. George McAleer.

On St. Patrick's Marshes. By Sid Howard.

How to Learn to Swim. By Herolf Wisby.

Indians as Guides. By John Boyd.

The Art of Camping. By Charles A. Bramble.

A Vacation in a Wagon. By Mary K. Maule.

Hunting the Pronghorn. By Everett Dufour.

Eaching in the Bad Lands. By S. B. McManus.

Hunting Western Caribou. By R. E. Godfrey.

REVIEW OF REVIEWS.

The Review of Reviews crowds an immense amount of information into each issue, providing a liberal education in world politics for its readers. The August number is particularly well stocked.

William Torrey Harris: Teacher, Philosopher, Friend. By James H. Canfield.

The New Commission of Education. By Dr. Elmer E. Brown.

Aladyin, Russia's First "Walking Delegate." By Kellogg Durland.

Oregon as a Political Experiment Station. By Joseph Schafer.

Rio Janeiro: Scene of the Pan-American Conference. By J. Barrett.

Brazil, the Great Republic of the Tropics. By G. M. L. Brown.

Opening of Shosbone Reservation. By N. H. Darton.

Ellen Terry's Fifty Years on the Stage.

The Historical Pageant at Warwick, England.

The Traffic Manager and the Shipper. By Philip S. Fiske.

Free Alcohol in the Arts and as Fuel. By Charles Baskerville.

ROD AND GUN

The combination July-August number of Rod and Gun contains an unusually good supply of outdoor reading matter. The publisher announces that improvements in the typographical appearance of the magazine will be inaugurated in the next number.

Jottings from Labrador. By G. Parry Jenkins.

Interlocked Deer. By C. G. Schreiber.

How I Got By Moose Head. By John H. Conover.

Our Holiday in British Columbia. II. By Dr. A. C. Fales.

A Piece of Moose-Fortune. By Charles K. Fox.

The Quebec Fish and Game Leases.

The Alpine Club of Canada's First Camp. By A. O. Wheeler.

The Haunt of the Trout. By C. W. Young.

Salmon Fishing on the Restigouche.

By James S. Macdonald.

ROYAL.

The August Royal is a bright, breezy number, with plenty of stories and pictures. For light Summer reading it can hardly be surpassed.

Dog Stories. By Rudolph de Cordova.

A Day in the Life of a Keeper at the Zoo. By A. E. Johnson.

Camping Out in a Tramcar. By Olive Holland.

ST. NICHOLAS.

The stories and illustrations in the August number are up to the usual standard of excellence of this interesting juvenile.

Crabs and their Habits. By M. W. Leighton.

The Boys' Life of Abraham Lincoln. By Helen Nicolay.

Nature and Science for Young Folks.

SATURDAY REVIEW.

July 7. "Sir Edward Grey and Humanitarian Meddlers," "The Ritual Report," "Sir Wilfrid Lawson," "Christian Quackery," "The Russian Agrarian Problem," "American Amateurs at Henley," "The Warwick Pageant."

July 14. "Mr. Chamberlain's Influence," "Mr. Haldane's Surrender," "The Amendment of Company Law," "An Eton vs. Harrow Reform," "The Decay of the Bonus System," "Languishing Theatres," "The Human Bird."

July 21. "The South African Situation," "Islam and Egypt," "The Welsh Move," "Mr. Haldane's Scheme Reviewed," "Juggernaut," "Points About Annuities."

July 23. "The Tsar's Stroke," "Mr. Morley's Prudence," "The

Prime Minister's Indiscretion," "Progress in the Study of Cancer," "New Insurance Laws in America," "Emigration to Siberia," "The Summer Train Service."

SCRIBNER'S.

The midsummer fiction number of Scribner's contains stories by Kate Douglas Wiggin, A. C. Smith, Edith Wharton, Churchill Williams and F. Hopkinson Smith, with four pictures in color by A. B. Frost, illustrating "The Farmer's Seasons."

The Mountain Goat and the Camera.

By W. T. Hornaday.

In Foreign Streets. By Royal Cortissoz.

SPECTATOR.

July 7. "The Report of the Church Commission," "The Prospects of Disestablishment," "Army Reduction," "The Position of the Duma," "The First Difficulty of Constitution Making," "The Manufacture of Paupers—the Hospitals," "The Teaching of Patriotism," "Cribs," "Insect-Eating Birds."

July 14. "Mr. Haldane's Proposals," "The British People and the Dark Races," "A Clause to Abolish Passive Resistance," "The Laborers' Stepping Stones," "The Colored Vote in the Transvaal," "The Lessons of the Old Poor Law," "On the Other Side of the Wall," "An African Sibyl," "The Charm of Sand."

July 21. "The Army that we Need," "The Problem of the Transvaal Constitution," "Egypt and the Pan-Islamic Danger," "The Political Moral of the Dreyfus Acquittal," "English Opinion and the Natal Rising," "The Motor 'Bus," "The Prophet of Nazareth," "Indiscriminate Friendship," "Prospects of Game."

July 28. "Disarmament," "The Dissolution of the Duma," "The Transvaal Constitution," "Mr. Morley on India," "The Wesleyan Conference and Public Houses," "Lashing the Vices of Society," "Narrow-Wideness," "In Praise Sea Fishing."

SUBURBAN LIFE.

Four large full-page pictures portraying country scenes during August are pleasant features of the August number. All the other illustrations, and there are many of them, are equally enticing. The literary contents are decidedly readable.

Our Country Roads. By Henrietta Sowle.

Where Wild Fruits Grow and When They Ripen. By M. G. Peterson.

A Practical Greenhouse for the Suburban Home. By L. W. C. Tut-hill.

A Woman's \$2,400 Cottage. By G. D. Smith.

Well-Made Walks and Driveways. By Herbert J. Kellaway.

Evergreens for Everybody. By Arthur P. Anderson.

Why I Grow 100 Varieties of Grapes. By E. P. Powell.

Sowing Vegetable Seeds in August. By I. M. Angell.

SUCCESS MAGAZINE.

Roosevelt is very much to the fore in the September number of the Success magazine. His picture appears on the cover, while in the opening article about thirty different photographs are scattered here and there.

How Roosevelt Plays the Game. By H. B. Needham.

Fools and Their Money. I. By Frank Fayant.

Taking the Hoe to Congress. By Samuel Merwin.

David Warfield. By J. Herbert Welch.

Poverty and Disease. By Orison S. Marden.

How to Write Humorous Verse. By Ellis Parker Butler.

SYSTEM.

The August System is well supplied with helpful articles on a wide range of subjects.

Landing the Big Fish.

The Vital Factor in Business Success.

Fifty-Five Years in Business. The Life of Marshall Field. IV.

The Battle for the World's Market's. IX.

Advertising a Bank. I.

Cost Accountants,—the Business Doctors.

TECHNICAL WORLD.

The August number is entirely readable. One of the best features is a series of photographs taken in Chicago packing houses, showing the actual state of affairs.

Are the Elements Transmutable? By Robert A. Millikan.

Inside the Great Chicago Packing Houses.

Women as Inventors. By Rene Bach.

Alcohol—the Anti-Tried Fuel. By D. A. Willey.

Raising Silkworms in America. By John C. Cowan.

Educating a Half-Blind Nation. By F. B. Warren.

Giving Medicine to Trees. By Robert Franklin.

Workmen Who Own Their Jobs. By Arthur Cook.

To Supplant Pneumatic Tires. By David Beecroft.

Making a City to Order. By D. S. Peebe.

Walking on the Water. By M. G. Fling.

In the September number we find the tendency to shorten the articles and increase their number, thus producing an extremely varied table of contents.

Selden's Explosion Buggy. By Leroy Scott.

When the Sun Grows Cold. By Paul P. Foster.

Three Hundred Shots a Minute. By D. S. Beebe.

Over the Ice by Auto. By Max A. Brunner.

Doom of the Farm Horse. By David Beercoft.

New Rival of Panama Canal. By Rene Bache.

Six-Mile Tunnel Through Sierra Nevada. By J. M. Baltimore.

Gold in a Thousand Sand Pits. By Waldon Fawcett.

Creating a New Harbor. By N. A. Bowers.

World's Great Canals. 3. Kaiser Wilhelm Canal. By W. R. Stewart.

Ultimate End of Small Potatoes. By W. D. Graves.

Weaving Panama Hats. By M. Glen Fling.

WINDSOR.

Reproductions of some of the exquisite work of Mr. Marcus Stone, R.A., form a pleasing feature of the August number of the Windsor, which is altogether an excellent issue. In it are to be found stories by Anthony Hope, S. R. Crockett and Jack London.

The Art of Mr. Marcus Stone. By R. C. Trafford.

Chronicles in Cartoon. IX. Rowing, Games and Athletics.

Sailing-Day. By B. J. Hyde.

Hats and Their Temperature. By H. J. Holmes.

The Kaiser: A Character Study. By Dr. Carl Peters.

WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION.

The struggle for the rights of children continues in the September number.

Why a National Crusade Against Child Labor. By S. M. Lindsay.

In the Shadow of the Coal-Breaker. By Owen R. Lovejoy.

Free Alcohol: What it Means to the Household.

Rug-Making as a Home Industry. By M. T. Priestman.

WORLD'S WORK (AMERICAN).

In an article on "Wonderful Marine Photography" in the August number, some beautiful sea pictures in brown and green tints are reproduced. A sketch of Admiral Togo and a health article by Dr. Gulick, are well worth reading.

The Real Cause of the Russian Massacres.

Pitfalls Investors Must Avoid.

The Secret of Good Health. By Luther H. Gulick.

Wonderful Marine Photography. By W. A. Johnson.

China Transformed. By W. A. P. Martin.

The Players of the Game. By Freeman Harding.

Our Spendthrift Industry. By A. W. Van Zwaluwenburg.

The Pike's Peak Centennial. By Lawrence Lewis.

Horse-Racing and the Public. By Leroy Scott.

Admiral Togo. By Mary Crawford Fraser.

Desert Farming Without Irrigation. By Herbert Quick.

The Drama of Coal. By Henry Wadsworth.

The Future of Manchuria. By Ernest Brindle.

Modern Diamond Mining in South Africa. By James Sherwood Hamilton.

WORLD'S WORK (ENGLISH).

A pleasant evening can be spent with the *World's Work* as a companion. By the time the reader has concluded such an excellent number as that for August he will have become acquainted with every progressive scientific movement in the world.

Drawing Ireland 100 Miles Nearer. By H. G. Archer.

Mining Diamonds in South Africa. By J. S. Hamilton.

Is the Turbine Doing Badly? By Robert Crombie.

The Return of a British Industry. By B. B. Chapman.

The Future of the British Navy. By Fred T. Jane.

Mr. Bryan and the Presidency. By George Turnbull.

What Becomes of Horses' Hair. By John Mackie.

The New Peat Fuel. By Frederick A. Talbot.

The Uses of Heather.

Money in Mushrooms. By "Home Counties."

The March of Events. By Henry Norman, M.P.

How the Motor Bicycle will Become Popular. By Rev. B. H. Davies.

What the Lady Inspectors Saw.

Fakes in the Market. By Percy Collins.

The Dog in Harness. By J. E. Whitby.

WORLD TO-DAY.

Articles on Cobalt and Coney Island, with many illustrations are

timely features of the August number of the *World To-Day*. The departments, "Events of the Month" and "The Making of To-Morrow" are as usual well prepared.

The New State of Oklahoma. By Grant Foreman.

What an Immigrant Inspector Found in Europe. By F. A. Ogg.

Roosevelt's Successes and Failures. By Charles M. Harvey.

A Holiday in Tahiti. By L. O'Connell.

New York's City of Play. By R. W. Neal.

College Men in Business. By H. J. Hapgood.

Cobalt, the Silver Land. By George L. Stryker.

Sculpture for Municipal Decoration. By Lena M. McCauley.

The New Theatre for Chicago. By Wallace Rice.

The Work of the Anti-Saloon League. By W. F. McClure.

The Making of a Socialist. By William Hard.

Paul Reinach. By L. G. McConachie.

Gregory Maxime. By Foster Gilroy.

A Year at Panama Under Stevens. By C. H. Forbes-Lindsay.

YOUNG MAN.

The August issue has several features of interest for the young man on his Summer vacation. Many of the articles will be found helpful.

Cricketer and Missionary. By Mr. C. T. Studd.

Britain's Billions. By H. Mudie Draper.

The Odour of Brine from the Ocean. Also Ran, —. By Charles F. Aked.

The Busy Man's Book Shelf

Some Interesting Books of the Month Reviewed



IN emulation of his British namesake, it is announced that the American Winston Churchill will shortly make a bid for political preferment as governor of New Hampshire. This announcement curiously follows on the heels of the publication of his latest novel, "Coniston," (the Macmillan Co. \$1.25) in which he presents a picture of state politics, that may be taken as giving his version of the situation in his own state. In the person of Jethro Bass, political boss, he has depicted a remarkable type of man. Jethro comes to maturity at a time when the political power in the state is in the hands of a body of conservatives, whose one idea is to maintain things as they are. Jethro cunningly undermines their power and suddenly emerges as a political boss. For years he exercises arbitrary and illegal powers and then come the railway corporations and a bitter war for control begins. The book is, however, not merely a story of political intrigue. There is a deep hu-

man interest as well. Jethro himself has many lovable characteristics and there are other men and women introduced, who win the reader's regard. Judged as a whole "Coniston" is one of the most remarkable books of recent years and a welcome relief from the average novel of the day.

Those who enjoy sea stories will find their tastes gratified in a new romance by T. Jenkins Hains entitled "The Voyage of the Arrow." (Copp, Clark Co. \$1.25.) The story presents some novel features. Apart from the nautical flavor which permeates its pages and lends character to its incidents, there is worked out a somewhat unique plot. A convict ship is made to drift in a dead calm near to the Arrow, on board which the writer holds the berth of first mate. The convicts mutiny, burn their prison-ship and take possession of the Arrow. The mate, in order to save the heroine, who is niece to the captain of the Arrow, makes a compact with the mutineers and navi-

gates the ship. The story of how he escapes with the girl is thrilling. Several typical sea characters figure in the tale.

In his latest book, "The Fortune Hunter," (McLeod & Allen. \$1.25), David Graham Phillips has made a new departure. Leaving the fields of politics and finance from which he has been accustomed to select his subjects, his facile pen has produced a charming sketch of middle class German life in New York City. The reader is introduced to the Branners, a typical family, simple, industrious, prosaic, whose philosophy of life is summed up in the three words, work, love, and home. The serenity of their lives is invaded by Mr. Feurstein, actor and dead-beat, whose melodramatic career and tragic end divide the interest with the sweet innocence of Hilda Branner. There is a certain freshness and naivete about this story that is quite captivating.

A book of remarkable power and originality is the characterization which the reader is likely to bestow on "Henry Northcote," by J. C. Snaith. (Copp, Clark Co. \$1.25.) Its interest is not based on the usual requirements of the mere story. It has, so to speak, neither time, action nor location. Even its characters are subordinated to its great theme—the eternal principles of law and justice. Henry Northcote is a genius after the order of Faust and although the book is more than a mere imitation it is constructed largely along the lines of Goethe's immortal drama. Bold and dashing in style and abounding in paradox, the author dares to follow arguments to their logical issues. The special pleading in the murder trial and the after scene in the judge's private room possess high literary mer-

it. Caviare to the ordinary reader, this book cannot fail to elicit diversity of opinion from the reading public.

A sequel to "Pam," the novel by Bettina von Hutten, which created such a sensation last year, has appeared with the title, "Pam Decides." (Musson Book Co. \$1.25.) In "Pam" the heroine is presented as a girl. In the new story she is twenty-seven. She is not conventional and has neither name, position nor inheritance. She is suddenly confronted with the problem of making a living for herself and her aged attendant. Just at the moment when her brave spirit has been tested almost to its limit Prince Charming appears in the person of Jack Lensky, and a competence is provided through a bequest from an old friend and admirer. From this point the story moves on through a number of charming and romantic incidents until the usual conventional ending is reached.

Several books by Guy Thorne, the author of "When it was Dark," have appeared recently. Among them probably the best is "Made in His Image" (Copp, Clark Co. \$1.25), which in quality and treatment is equal to any of its predecessors. Two young men, equipped with all that social influence, wealth and political power can bestow, turn their attention to the solution of the difficult question of "the unemployed." Equally animated by patriotic motives, they are diametrically opposed in their methods. Charles Bosanquet, agnostic, inaugurates a process by which the unfit are to be gradually eliminated, with disastrous results. John Hazel, christian, illustrates in his own person the divine way of self-sacrifice as the only effective

means of reinstating the lapsed masses.

As a story many of the incidents in Rider Haggard's latest novel, "The Way of the Spirit," (Musson Book Co. \$1.25) are highly improbable. As a study of faith and renunciation as principles of life attaining to victory over every trial and temptation it is interesting. Rupert Ullerslaw, a man endowed with the finest qualities of mind and heart and withal a mystic, has in his youth unwittingly sinned. He is henceforth under a vow of renunciation. Then Job-like he suffers loss and fiery temptation, yet to the very end he maintains his integrity and sins not. His wife, Edith, and the beautiful eastern maiden, Mea, are at once the sources of his greatest joy and his greatest sorrow. The scenes are laid in London and the Soudan. The book has much of the usual mysticism of the east that characterizes this well known and popular writer.

"Kenelm's Desire," by Hughes Cornell (Musson Book Co. \$1.50) is a pretty love story with its scenes laid in British Columbia. The hero, Kenelm Fraser, an Alaska Indian, is adopted and educated by a Scotch family. Possessing mental gifts with ambition he becomes a political and social success. Meanwhile he meets and falls in love with Desire Llewellyn, a beautiful girl with musical tastes and ambitions. The only bar to their happiness is race prejudice on the part of the young lady's mother. This is eventually overcome and a happy consummation is reached. The

writer shows familiarity with the natural features and also the political and social conditions existing in the western province.

That tireless octogenarian, Goldwin Smith, has recently added yet another volume to his long list of literary productions, "In Quest of Light." (Macmillan Co. \$1.25.) The light of which the author is in quest is that appertaining to man's existence after this life is ended. The traditional and the supernatural in religion he dismisses. The Mosaic story of the fall of man he declares has been dispelled by scientific research and with that dispelled so must also the doctrine of the atonement and the belief in the resurrection be discarded. Reason, he maintains, must rule, and Bishop Butler is quoted to sustain his argument. He scouts the idea of propounding any theory of his own and while he asserts that nothing positive is known in regard to the future life he leans rather to the belief that this life does not end all. Indeed, he asserts that without a belief in future life "interest in the future of our race would lose its force; reason would bid each man aim simply at a comfortable passage through life." But he holds that it is not on the old ground that the doctrine of a future life can be sustained. He suggests that in the process of time evolution may prove its existence and that the germ-plasm may terminate in spiritual life. Destruction, Goldwin Smith declares, is far from his object. "We seek amid these troubled waters to find if possible some anchorage for a reasonable faith."

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Men's Attire

EXTRACTS FROM AUGUST DRY GOODS REVIEW.

Comment on the Present Mode and Suggestions with a View to Greater Comfort—Indications of Coming Changes in Formal Evening Dress—Notes from Correspondents at the Leading Fashion Centres, London and New York.

TO the man who takes genuine pleasure at all times in the niceties of dress, the sweltering days of July and August present a problem of some intricacy. He likes as well as anyone to be comfortable, but will not permit himself to accord with the disposition of many of his fellows to sacrifice some points of appearance to ease and coolness. With him the proprieties must be observed as far as possible, and his mind turns to the task of making materials and articles of hot-weather weight fit into the groove which correct form prescribes. This applies to everyday street wear; away from town he has no difficulty in being cool and comfortable without violating any of the conditions of the fashionable code.

Why is it not possible to adjust the strict ethics of dress so as to permit the wearing of white flannels, linens, pongees, etc., in town during the hot months? It looks practicable to us, and we believe it could be accomplished without creating any great disturbance. It would be an extremely sensible idea. At present these materials are properly regarded as being for out-of-town wear. Coats cut after a simple style that would establish a clearly marked distinction between them and the outgoing garments might be suggested. The business man would welcome the innovation gladly as a means to comfort from which he has long been barred.

The Review has encountered the prediction, from one who follows matters of dress closely, that the Summer of 1907 will be more of a

negligee season than any we have yet experienced. The vogue of materials of the lightest permissible shades is included in this. While we do not commit ourselves to this view, opinions of this kind are always worth noting.

Authorities on men's dress seem to feel that the time is coming for a change in the formal evening coat. The spike-tailed garment has stood out during a long period against storms of criticism, and its vogue is not yet showing any particular signs of weakness. However, it is claimed that there is a growing sentiment in favor of such modifications as would establish, for one thing, a wider distinction between the gentleman at dinner and the man who waits upon him.

An attempt has been made in the United States to introduce colors into evening suit materials, but the movement was plainly along the wrong line. In England dark blue cloth, which in artificial light is said to be really blacker than black, has been introduced. These instances are looked upon as the thin edge of the wedge that will bring about a radical change in the formal evening coat.

* * *

A stiffened felt hat, shaped like a straw sailor, has been introduced in London. The colors are grey, brown and black.

In London the frock coat is to be made a good deal less snug at the waist than the coats worn now. The fit is smarter over the chest but relaxes below it.



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That a close bond of sympathy exists between waistcoats and neckwear must be admitted, or, perhaps, it might more aptly be said that the waistcoat dominates to a marked extent the style of neckwear that shall be used with it. Reflection upon this point is particularly interesting at the present time.

The vogue just now calls for a low-cut waistcoat, and by reason of the fact that a great deal of the tie is shown, plain colors, with a decided

fashion decree, which says that the waistcoat may be cut to within an inch or an inch and a half of the collar.

As soon as the moderate opening is again endorsed by the best authorities we will be permitted more latitude in the selection of neckwear. The less of it that shows the brighter the colors that may be utilized.

Plain colors have been in vogue for some time, and neckwear men are on the lookout for indications of a revulsion of public feeling. "Just let some people who are somebody appear on King street wearing bright-colored ties, and then watch the demand," said a Toronto member of the trade to *The Review*. "One good result of the continued run of the plain colors," he continued, "is the very fine quality of neckwear that is being turned out."

A new type of evening tie is illustrated. It is made with small tabs which may be buttoned to the collar button to prevent riding up.

Manufacturers have had trouble to meet the demand for four-in-hand wash ties this season. Business all through the range has been brisk, with plain whites or self-figured designs as the decided leaders. Better class trade took to linens and silks and linen mixtures.

* * *

Fancy waistcoats have sold exceedingly well, especially in the better class shops. Greys and white grounds were the favorites. In the Fall lines the range of greys is very attractive. Some smart waistcoats have a very decided dip in front and flap pockets.

* * *

The coat shirt and the attached cuffs have now established themselves firmly in the good graces of the pub-



New Evening Tie.

tendency toward the more sober tones, are the correct thing. Neckwear manufacturers feel that the extreme has been reached in this direction and that the pendulum will swing back before long. Already waistcoats with a higher cut are discussed seriously, and they are bound to come, in moderate form at any rate. We will not, however, be likely to follow the latest London

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* * *

The sale of the new soft collar has been lively, and for outing wear it gives good satisfaction. Use on the street has placed it somewhat lower in the scale of favor with smart people than it should be. They will receive it cordially again, for its intended purposes, when the popular trade drops it.

* * *

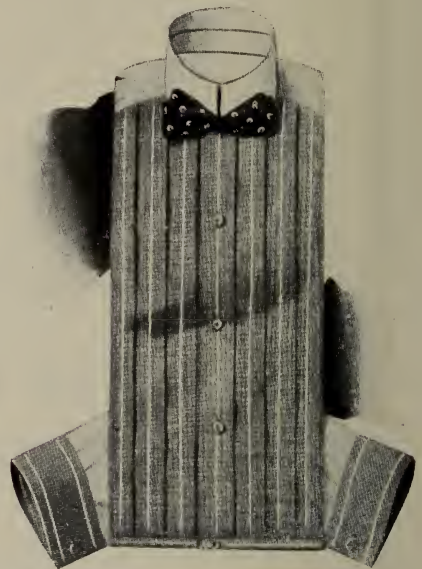
Moderation of the men's suit styles which obtained last Spring were inevitable, in accordance with the unimpeachable rule that whatever embodies an element of the freakish is slated for only temporary use. The long sack coat, it must be confessed, had quite a dressy appearance. From this must be subtracted the inconvenience which its length caused and the odd look of the pressed side seams. The long centre vent was necessary to make the garment hang right, and also from the standpoint of comfort. The form-fitting waist could not logically hope to claim any lasting degree of popularity, that is, in the extreme cut.

The sack coat for Fall and Winter is shorter than the Spring model, which, however, sets its general lines. Pressed side seams are correct, but the vent has been dropped altogether. The form-fitting feature has been moderated considerably, Lapels are cut about the same. The breast pocket is obviated in many cases, and there is a tendency towards a smaller V-shaped opening at the bottom of the waistcoat front. To prevent unsightly curling of the points is the reason for this latter.

No change has been introduced into

the cut of the trousers. They are semi-peg-top, a garment which allows for plenty of leg room, and hangs well besides. It will likely be a considerable time before any innovation that aims to make the trousers fit more snugly will be accepted. As they are smart appearance is maintained without the sacrifice of comfort.

Trade which sought the paddock



Mesh-Woven Shirt.

overcoat during the past two seasons will this Winter be served by a new garment. It is of moderate length, form-fitting, with a plain flare over the hips and long single vent. Pleated or pressed seams may be used if desirable.

The best tailors are of opinion that the great demand will be for Chesterfield coats. That is more than likely to be the case.

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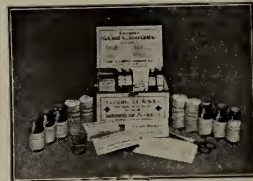
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“THE BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE is published by The MacLean Publishing Company in Canada, at Toronto, Montreal and Winnipeg. It seems to realize the ideal that Mr. W. T. Stead proposed to himself better than Mr. Stead himself has done in his Review of Reviews. He, too, proposed to reproduce for busy people the cream of the world's magazines; but he is too original a man, he has too much of his own, to be merely a reproducer. Every page is sure to be studded with Steadisms. His magazine is not the less interesting for that, but it is the less able to give with adequate fullness the best articles of the periodicals of the previous month. The Busy Man's Magazine keeps more steadily—that is the best adverb, and the possible suspicion of a pun must not make us fling it aside—keeps more steadily to its purpose of reproducing for busy men and women the best articles from the current magazines of the world. The form, too, of the magazine is much more pleasant, of a convenient size and shape, and the type fairly large and readable. In the last pages are given the contents not only of the current magazines, but of the four weekly numbers of the Spectator, the Saturday Review, and some other weekly journals. Some half pages and quarter pages that would otherwise have been left blank, are filled with short extracts, sometimes one sentence only, which have evidently been chosen with great care, and pleases us as much as any part of The Busy Man's Magazine. For instance, this from Father Basil Maturin: 'I am what I think, even more than what I do, for it is the thought that interprets the action. It is behind the veil, in the silent world of thought, that life's greatest battles have to be fought and lost or won, with no human eye to witness, no voice to cheer or encourage.' This good thought is only slipped in to fill a quarter page at the end of a very arch and brightly-written little story, 'The Brink of Destruction,' the only intrusion of the sort among many solid and useful papers.”

—The Irish Monthly, August, 1906.

THE BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

(Formerly "Business")

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Inside With the Publishers

IT is just a year ago since The Busy Man's Magazine was first issued in its present form by the Mac-Lean Publishing Co. As month by month has slipped by, improvements have been made in the publication. until with the present issue we can say that the magazine is pretty nearly what we have been aiming at. Only those who are familiar with the mechanism of a publishing house can understand the difficulties we have had to encounter. They have been by no means few or small. However, we can assure our readers that the time of trial is over. General satisfaction has been expressed on all sides and we feel assured that our efforts have not been in vain.

In the present number we have made an innovation in the matter of illustrations. Whenever possible we intend to illustrate such stories as we shall reproduce in future issues. While an illustration is by no means a necessity, yet it is an improvement and we take it that our readers will appreciate the brightness which will be added to our pages by the use of occasional illustrations.

The classified index of contents which we introduced in the August issue, and continued in the September and October issues, has been well received. A magazine which sets out to systematize magazine reading should itself be systematic and, for this reason, such an index is a necessity. Of course, the contents vary considerably from month to month, and consequently the same classification cannot always be followed. Whenever possible we will stick to the sub-divisions already selected.

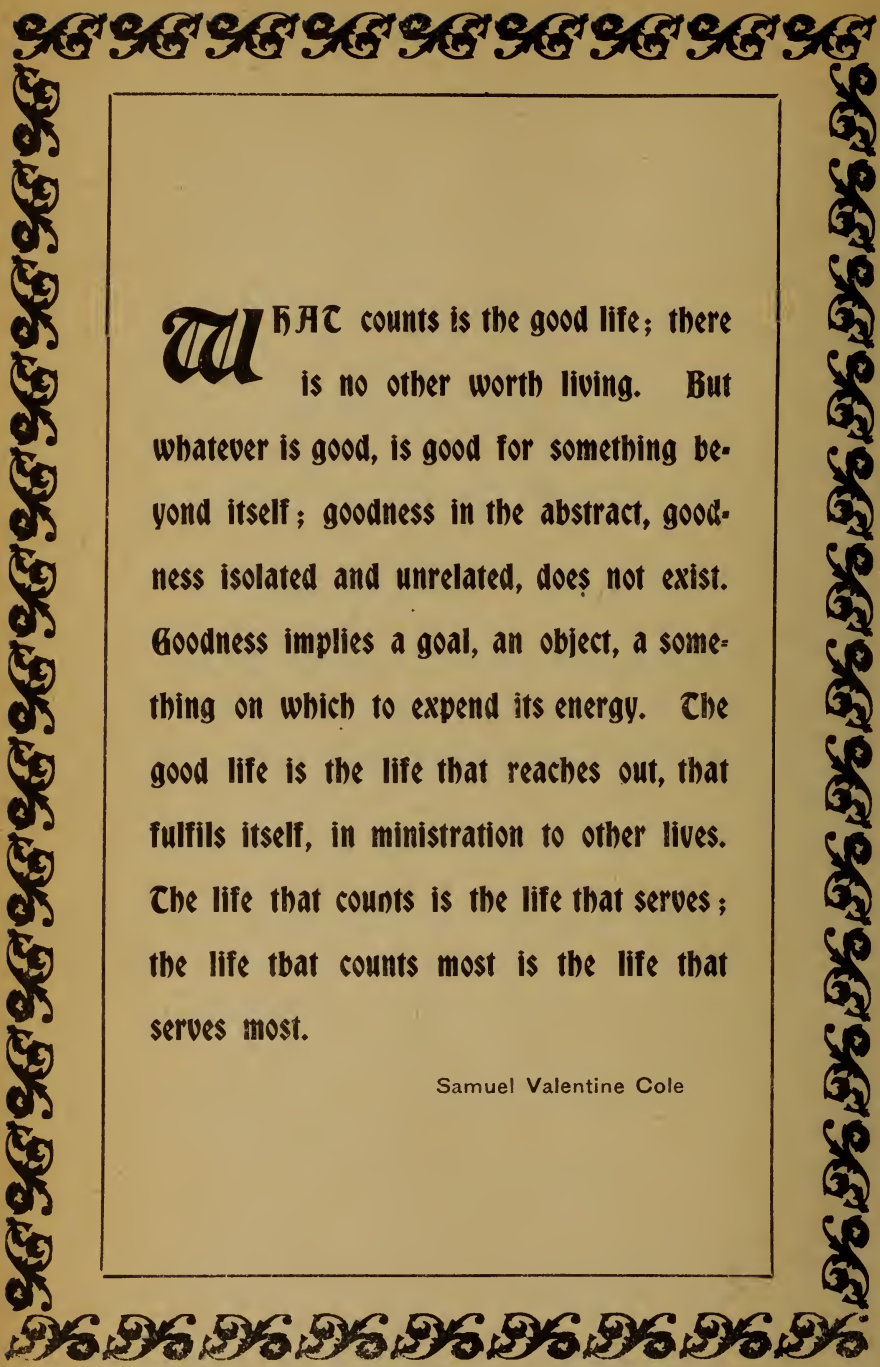
We would like our readers to do what they can for us in the way of

interesting their friends in the magazine. Several subscribers have won our gratitude by the very real interest they have shown in its progress. If they will remember that every new subscriber means so much more power behind the editorial chair, they will realize that any interest they may show will be returned in an improved and enlarged magazine. A form is provided elsewhere in this issue on which names of likely subscribers can be written down. To all such we will be pleased to forward sample copies.

It always affords us pleasure to record the kind words of appreciation of our readers. This month the number of compliments we have received is larger than ever.

Mr. E. J. Freysing, manager of the Freysing Cork Co., Toronto and Montreal, says: "The Busy Man's Magazine is the finest publication of its kind I have yet seen. The man whose business is of such a nature as to keep him constantly at his desk has not the time to look through several magazines. When, perhaps, he can snatch fifteen or twenty minutes to himself he wants a magazine that will reproduce the best articles from the leading journals. Every article in The Busy Man's Magazine I find of great interest, and another good quality of this magazine is that its articles are not too lengthy. I look forward to a great future for this magazine."

Mr. G. F. Ronald, superintendent of the Carter-Crume Co., Toronto, says: "I have as yet only received one copy of The Busy Man's Magazine, but I found it so interesting that I sent it to a friend in England, as I think it is far ahead of all British magazines."



WHAT counts is the good life; there is no other worth living. But whatever is good, is good for something beyond itself; goodness in the abstract, goodness isolated and unrelated, does not exist. Goodness implies a goal, an object, a something on which to expend its energy. The good life is the life that reaches out, that fulfils itself, in ministration to other lives. The life that counts is the life that serves; the life that counts most is the life that serves most.

Samuel Valentine Cole

THE BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

Vol. XII.

OCTOBER, 1906.

No. 6

Concerning Mr. Augustine Birrell

BY SPENCER LEIGH HUGHES IN M.A.P.

There is a lightness of touch and a charm of sentiment about the gossipy sketches of public men by this writer that make his contributions to M.A.P. delightful reading. In this sketch of the British Minister of Education, he has brought out the salient features of his character with great skill, illustrating them by anecdotes and quotations.

I AM deeply, horribly conscious that owing to what a deposed Emperor of Brazil once called, in a moment of inspiration, "the imperiousness of circumstances," Mr. Birrell has become a party question, and I know also that among my readers there are some who belong to one party, some who belong to the other party—and many cheerful happy people, whom may Heaven bless, who belong to no party at all, and who care not two straws about any or all of the parties which for some mysterious reason exist in this country. And so I have no doubt it is the case that some of my readers regard Mr. Birrell as a hero, others think he is the incarnation of the Evil One, while not a few may yawn when they see his name and ask: "Who and what is this Mr. Birrell we hear so much about?" Let me, therefore, try to present the man in such a way as may not be offensive to anyone.

To begin with—what does he look like? Well, he is a man of sturdy build, rather short, thick-set, with a good square head covered with crisp

hair rapidly turning grey under the storm and stress of public life, and with a pair of eyes in which shines and twinkles through his spectacles the light of unconquerable humor. For, he is a humorist—he cannot escape from the grim fact. It is his own fault—it is his own glory—and it is perhaps the most dangerous reputation that a man in public life can gain. James Beattie has asked:

Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar?

The difficulties in climbing that steep are added to enormously when the climber has rashly let it be known that he is not a dull man, for that means to many that he is not a safe man. Mr. Birrell has many gifts, but I have always regarded his gift of humor as the most conspicuous of them all—and I say this well knowing that he will not thank me for saying it.

Sometimes I have suspected him of

trying to conceal the fact that he sees the quaint side of things—I mean during recent days when he has found himself on the front bench and entrusted with the conduct of great and serious affairs. But he cannot help himself, for humor, like murder, will out. The other night I heard him making an impassioned speech in defence of his Education Bill. He was wound up to concert pitch. His resounding voice filled the House, and he smote that much-enduring box as it has not been smitten since the days when Mr. Gladstone indented it with the mark of his signet ring. Whether Mr. Birrell was right or wrong in the views he was literally roaring at the House is a matter which does not concern me here and now—but it was obvious to the least intelligent hearer that he was desperately in earnest.

In the midst of his harangue about denominational and undenominational education he paused for a moment. I could see well enough that some curious train of thought had suddenly presented itself to him, and I knew he could not resist the humor of whatever it was that danced across his brain. It seemed as though he tried for a moment or two to resist the temptation—and then he took the House into his confidence. On one side were the advocates of Board schools, on the other side the advocates of clerical schools, fiercely and hotly opposed—and yet he made them join in a common laugh. For he said that he knew a member of the House who had been blessed with five daughters. Three of them had been sent to Board schools and two of them to Church schools. The three who had gone to the Board schools were to-day confirmed and communicating members of the Church of England—the two

who had gone to Church schools were stern and uncompromising Nonconformists! And members of all sorts of belief and of every party leaned back and roared with laughter when they found how their pet theories concerning what must happen had been mocked and contradicted by what had happened.

I have often wondered lately how he feels as he sits there in that fierce light which beats upon the Treasury Bench and blackens every blot. For Mr. Birrell has said things, in his unregenerate days, about that front bench, and about those who sit thereon. Was there ever a less respectful simile in the whole history of parliamentary criticism than this employed by Mr. Birrell only a few years ago? He is describing front bench performances on a great occasion, or what is known as a full-dress debate:

On such occasions the House of Commons has reminded me of a great drying ground where all the clothes of a neighborhood may be seen fluttering in a gale of wind. There are night-gowns and shirts and petticoats so distended and distorted by the breeze as to seem the garments of a race of giants rather than of poor mortal man; even the stockings of some slim maiden, when puffed out by the lawless wind, assume dropsical proportions. But the wind sinks, having done its task, and then the matter-o-fact washerwoman unpegs the garments, sprinkles them with water, and ruthlessly passes over them her flat-irons, and, lo and behold! these giant's robes are reduced to their familiar, domestic and insignificant proportions.

A reputation for humor is not the only obstacle Mr. Birrell has had to surmount. He has made a name as a writer of books, and also as a barrister. Seldom, indeed, does a man

with a literary reputation come to the front, or, at any rate, remain at the front, in the House of Commons. I do not say that the House looks on them as old Osborne, in "Vanity Fair," regarded "littery fellers"; but there is a curiously persistent view—a settled conviction—among ordinary members that a man who writes books cannot be a practical man. It is true that John Morley on one side and Mr. Balfour on the other have made their mark in literature, and they have both been in the front rank of statesmanship for years; but I verily believe that their literary performances have hindered rather than helped them in their political careers. Poor Mr. Morley has now and then protested against the manner in which men will describe him as a musing Utopian dreamer, at home only in the academic cloister. And when any man is hunting round for a stone to fling at Mr. Balfour, the assailant never fails to call him a philosopher—a deadly term of reproach in the world of politics—and the very names of the right-hon. gentleman's books, "A Defence of Philosophic Doubt," and "The Foundations of Belief," have been hurled at him as if they were in themselves something for which he ought to apologise.

And so with Mr. Birrell—many and many a time he must have groaned as he has heard allusions to "Obiter Dicta." Not long ago he referred to it in public as a book written "in a misguided moment." Probably no reviewer or leader-writer has for years written about the right-hon. gentleman without using the phrase "Birrelling" or "Birrellism"—terms that must by this time make the unhappy man groan in spirit. Moreover, as fate has ordained it that his recent public labors have to do with

what some call religious, and others call irreligious, education, it is only natural that his critics have talked about religion, irreligion, and Birrelligion. It has turned out, however, that Mr. Birrell has managed, somehow or other, to live down the damaging fact that he is an author.

The right-hon. gentleman is a devout Johnsonian; he is a member of the Johnson Club, and, in spite of that fact, he has read both Johnson and Boswell extensively. I hope his constituents in particular, and the public in general, will not lose confidence in him when I say that I have seen him on licensed premises with a long clay pipe in his mouth. At the club suppers he takes his part in the modest festivities and in the talk about Johnson and kindred topics—or he did until called away by the cares of this world and the deceitfulness of office, talks and argues about the right of entry, extended facilities, Cowper-Templeism, denominational education, and so forth. Probably during recent hot nights in the House—hot figuratively and literally—Mr. Birrell has now and then felt that he would like to slip away from the contentions of Parliament to indulge in a pipe and a chat about Johnson. The great Doctor once remarked, "Sir, I would rather a man broke my bones than talked to me of public affairs," and such a view may well be held at the end of a Session by the Minister on whose shoulders most of the work of the Session has rested.

I well remember one meeting of the Johnson Club at which certain guests were present in addition to the members. One visitor was an alderman—a silent man at first, but a good listener. He just listened and gave no sign. We had all made speeches, all in glorification of Sam

Johnson, and had all chanted the praises of Boswell's immortal book, and then it occurred to someone that we ought to give the alderman a chance to say something, so we drank his health. He rose, and speaking with great deliberation, he said that he had been surprised, nay, amazed, to hear all this about Dr. Johnson, and especially about Boswell's book. "I once tried to read that book," he began, with manly simplicity, "but I could not get on with it." Here there was a burst of cheering, and, thus encouraged, the honest alderman added: "I could not see anything in it,"—another great cheer so inspired the alderman that he made a clean breast of it, saying with marked emphasis, "indeed, I thought the book was so-and-so rot from beginning to end." Of course this was really blasphemy, but we all gave the worthy gentleman an ovation—and I remember with what animated approval Mr. Birrell beamed on that critical alderman.

It is even so to-day in the House. Mr. Birrell is not shocked or madened by speeches addressed to him which are as contrary to his views as were the terrible sentiments of the heterodox City man. I verily believe that he has learnt that most difficult of all lessons—how to suffer fools gladly. And to a man of his temperament, while there is much to try and to afflict in the House of Commons, there is also much to entertain. Here is a passage from a speech delivered before Mr. Birrell reached the front bench, when he was explaining how forlorn is the position of the back-seat man compared with the front bencher, and when he further pointed out that there are gradations even on the front bench:

Between the leaders of the House

who bag all the best moments and the humble under secretary or civil lord there is a great gulf fixed. These latter gentry are not allowed to speak at all, except on matters relating to their departments, or when they are told off to speak by the leader. Nothing is more amusing than to notice the entire eclipse of some notorious chatterbox who has been given some minor post in an administration. Before he took office he was chirping on every bough—after he has taken office he frequently has to hold his tongue for a whole session. Poor fellow! He will sometimes buttonhole you in the lobby and almost tearfully complain of the irksomeness of office, and tell you how he longs for the hour of emancipation, when once more his voice, like that of the turtle, shall be heard in the land.

All this is horribly true, as many a suppressed and suffering gentleman knows full well. There is not much that misses the keen eye of Mr. Birrell in that strange arena, the House of Commons, and it must be well for some of the performers that he does not say all he thinks. Indeed, if some prying fiend of science ever invents something of the nature of a mental X-rays, some hateful method of revealing a man's inmost thoughts, I believe the House of Commons would have to close its doors,—nay, all public life would be impossible. Such a disaster has not yet overtaken us—and among those who without any deceptive intention think a great many things which they do not say is, doubtless, Mr. Augustine Birrell. But while he may not say all he thinks, I am convinced that he thinks and means all he says, for whether he is right or wrong in his views and aims, there can be no doubt whatever about his honesty.

Thomas Ogden's Smoke Sale

BY WILBUR D. NESBIT IN AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

It was just another case of mistaken judgment. Manager Ferguson saw no good in Thomas Ogden and was just preparing to dismiss him, when a combination of fortunate circumstances gave Thomas an opportunity to show what was in him. Then it was not only the manager who saw the result but the resident partner also—the man who did things and made them hum. The result was that Thomas' fortune was made.

THOMAS OGDEN had been put upon the approach to the toboggan slide. Two months as a clothing salesman, two more as a hat salesman, and a short try-out in the men's furnishings had demonstrated that nature never had meant him to be the intermediary between his fellow men and their garments. He could sell things to his personal friends; but the mysteriously hypnotic quality which enables a man to induce a perfect stranger to purchase something he doesn't altogether want had been omitted from Tommy's make up. So he had been started for the toboggan, but he did not know it.

The other salesmen knew it; Miss Renlow, the interesting and pleasant bookkeeper, knew it; and it would have been a kindness to warn him. But then, we are never willing to bear bad news to a fellow-worker, are we? Ogden had been given the preparation of the advertisements of the store, or part of that task, in connection with his other work. Manager Ferguson had two avenues of exit for employes whom he wished to let down easily. One was to request them to assist him in writing the ads.; the other was to put them "on the floor." Frimmer was already tottering along the greased plank as floor-walker, consequently the manager put Ogden on the companion plank—the ad.-writing. Most large stores employ an advertising manager on a regular salary. All he has to do is to prepare the ads, ar-

range for proper display and space, and see that all the other advertising literature is ready at the proper time. But in this clothing store matters were differently arranged. The manager had the advertising to look after; and he wanted to do so, for he felt that he was the Atlas on whose shoulders sat the little world of salesmen, customers and "men's wear" in which he lived, moved and had his being. Then, away back yonder, fifteen years ago, when the store was established, its director was the man who was now the resident partner. A young man then, he had opened his campaign for business with the most amazing line of advertising ever seen up to that date, and he was still the best clothing advertiser in the country. That is, he was when he was at home. As resident partner he did not have to be there very much; the store could run itself. He had rheumatism and dyspepsia and a good part of his time was spent in travel in search of that elusive but desirable commodity—health. Ogden had heard of him, but had never seen him. There was another resident partner, who was in and out from time to time, but Blackwell was The Resident Partner—the Man Who Did Things and Made Them Hum. His name was not to be spoken in ordinary tones. He was Mr. Blackwell and you did well to utter his name with an awed face and a most respectful air.

So, Tommy Ogden, genial, earnest, enthusiastic Tommy, was "on the

skids," as Forty-Eight confided to Twelve, and didn't know it. And, in the inmost recesses of Ferguson's mind it was known that the act of decapitation would be performed on the first day of August, when there would have been a month of dull business as a better excuse than any other. July is ever the terror of the retail clothier. July and January are months that he wishes were not on the calendar.

Come we now to the morning of the Glorious Fourth. The store was to be closed all day. At 5 a.m. Thomas Ogden is discovered hurrying along the street to be at the station in time to catch a train that will carry an excursion party to The Shades of Death. The Shades of Death, gentle reader, is one of the prettiest natural beauty-spots in the United States, no odds what impression you have from its name, and it is located in Indiana. And it would be doubly attractive on this particular day because Miss Renlow was to be one of the excursionists.

However, again, Thomas Ogden did not go to the Shades of Death, albeit Manager Ferguson and nearly all the others of the store family went. Ogden was passing the store when he smelled smoke. More than that, through the bright morning sunlight, he saw smoke, and it was curling from one of the basement windows.

"Someone has dropped a firecracker where it fell into the basement," he told himself as he raced to the fire-alarm box on the corner. Smashing the glass in the key-door and pulling the hook were acts that happened unconsciously, and he stood and waited for the clanging gongs that should tell him the fire department was on its way.

"Good work," he muttered, when

from afar up the asphalt street he heard the rumble of an opening door and the clatter of hoofs. Then it was bingety-bangety-clang! on four streets at once, for an alarm from the business district early on the morning of the Fourth is something that induces earnest haste in the firemen. The chief's wagon swooped to the box and Ogden shouted:

"Right down there at the clothing store, chief!"

Now clothing that is stacked up in a basement smoulders, and does not blaze. The fire had eaten along through one table of coats.

"Won't need any water," the chief remarked. "You boys can get action with the chemicals all right."

He went upstairs and sent the hose-wagons and steamers back to their houses. Ogden stayed with the chemical crew and the captain until the burning clothing had been tossed and tumbled about and thoroughly drenched with the extinguishing compound. Then they, too, went upstairs and found the watchman standing in the doorway keeping out a crowd of curious folk who had assembled. It was now nearly half after six o'clock, the celebration had begun, and the reverberations of fire-crackers were filling the air.

"I've missed the excursion," Ogden observed to himself. "Now what's to do?"

The watchman solved the problem for him.

"Well, I guess I can turn this place over to you till your boss comes down," he said to Ogden.

"The boss isn't in town. He's gone to the Shades of Death with an excursion, but you needn't lock up," Tommy added, thinking quickly. "I'd have to stay here all day, anyhow, under the circumstances. There's a lot of work to do now."

Ogden sat down to think. As assistant advertising man it clearly was his duty to assume the initiative in this crisis. The store was filled with smoke; the windows were grimy with it. The public would know there had been a fire. Under such circumstances it was the time-honored custom and prerogative of clothiers to have fire sales.

"But we haven't had enough stuff burned to advertise a fire sale," Ogden said to himself. Then the inspiration came to him. He went to the shipping room, got huge sheets of wrapping paper and a marking brush and paint. On the paper he printed: "Smoke Sale." One of these placards he pasted in each window. Beneath each of them he pasted other placards advising the public to "Watch the Papers To-morrow."

If there was to be a Smoke Sale, necessarily the stock would have to be ready to sell. He did not know what sort of price reductions Ferguson would want to make, but he did know there was plenty of stuff in the basement—held-over Winter and Spring stock, for instance — that might be worked off under the stress of low prices and alluring argument in the ads. To the basement he went, but the smoke was still too thick there for him. So he came back, and concluded to move some of the goods on the tables in the sales-room and make space for the marked-down stuff. He tugged and lugged it. Trousers, vests and coats he took to rear tables and rearranged in bigger stacks. By the middle of the morning he had four long tables clear. Then he sat on one of the tables and swung his legs boyishly and smiled with satisfaction.

"There's some fun in this thing of being monarch of all you survey," he mused. "Wait a minute, though!

There's got to be some newspaper ads to-morrow morning."

He sat at one of the tables, with paper before him, to write an advertisement announcing a smoke sale. It should be a bare statement that one would occur, because he could not give any price figures or particulars of its time of beginning. He had made a rough draft of such an announcement when he heard some one fumbling at the latch of the doors.

"Had a fire here?" asked a man, walking in with an air of interest. The stranger was a middle-aged man, who used a cane when walking, whose eyes were keen, and whose mouth was concealed by a thin mustache that drooped at the corners as though he were in the habit of tugging at it.

"Yes, sir," Ogden replied, wondering if the caller were a reporter.

"Getting ready for a sale?"

"Trying to, but I'm alone. The force is off for the holiday."

"Um—just so," commented the stranger. "You the manager?"

"No, sir. Mr. Ferguson is the manager. My name is Ogden."

"Work here?"

"Yes, sir."

"How do you happen to be here alone?"

Ogden told him all about it, and then asked:

"Are you a detective?"

"No. I happened along, saw there had been a fire and looked in. See you've got the front tables fixed for the sale stock."

"Yes. You a clothing man?"

"Yes."

"Working anywhere?"

"Off and on."

"Say," Ogden asked eagerly, "why can't you get to work and help me

put things in shape for this smoke sale?"

"Smoke sale?"

"Sure. Fire sales are old stories. There's a chance here to wake 'em up with a new one. These goods are all right, except that every thing in the house will smell of smoke. July business will be deader than a mackerel, anyhow, in spite of cut prices, but with the argument that there isn't anything the matter with the goods except the smell of the smoke that will disappear when they are in the air a few hours, there's no reason why we can't catch all the business in town this month."

"Good idea, Mr. Ogden."

"But there's no one to help me fix this stock up, and it ought to be practically ready for pricing by tomorrow. It'll mean a whole day saved. Want a job helping me?"

"You're not the manager. How can you hire anybody?" asked the stranger.

"I'll—I'll guarantee you wages. How much do you want?"

"Whatever's right."

"All right. Shuck your coat and get to work and we'll fix it satisfactorily when Ferguson gets here tomorrow. Come on to the basement."

"You're a funny kind of a man, to want to work on the Fourth when everybody else is having a good time."

"Great Scott! Who's going to have any more fun than I will? This is the first chance I've had to play boss since I came here and I like the feel of it."

The stranger laughed softly at this and took off his coat.

"You'll help me, then?"

"I'll have to, I suppose."

"All right. Say, what's your name?"

"Jones."

"All right, Jones. Now, you help me bring up enough stock to cover these tables."

Jones proved his assertion that he was a clothing man. He knew even better than Ogden how to handle goods. He grunted somewhat, and swore under his breath at times when his elbow struck the wall of the basement stairway, and he limped just the least bit, but when it came to putting the coats in orderly stacks he was a past master, and Ogden told him so.

"You know your business, Jones," he said as they clumped down the stairs for a fresh load, to begin filling the third table.

"I ought to, but I haven't hustled like this for a good while."

"Work here, and you'll have to hustle. When anything is to be done it has to go through with a whoop."

"There's a good bit of old stuff down here," Jones said abruptly. "Why not dump some of it on those tables?"

"How do you know it is old?"

"By the lot-marks."

Ogden saw nothing strange in this. The store was one of the "one-price" kind, and did not use the cryptic price-marks and cost-marks of some of the others. But each coat bore on its price-tag a certain number representing its lot. Not only did this number indicate where to look for its original cost in the books, but according to its numerical value was the age of the garment to which it applied. Thus, a garment with a lot-mark of 9,855 you might know, if you were versed in the store affairs, was much older than one numbered 4,432. This being instinctive with a clothing man, it was perfectly natural that Jones should know the oldest stock of the back-number stuff in the basement.

"Yes," Ogden said. "Let's put some of it up there; then in the ads say it is stuff that has been carried over a season or two, and for that reason, as well as the smoke, the sale price is a tremendous cut in value."

"That ought to sell the stuff."

Ogden went to the restaurant at noon and brought back enough sandwiches and pie and coffee for their luncheon, and the two men worked until after 3 o'clock fixing the suits on the tables. Then Ogden said:

"Now, I've got to slam up some kind of an advertisement for the morning papers."

"You want to make it a corker," observed Jones.

"I wish I could take plenty of space, but Ferguson will kick if I use more than our regular hundred lines double column."

"If he kicks, he's a fool. If I were you I'd take half a page anyhow."

"Half a page! Say, Jones, do you know what advertising space costs?"

"If you want to have a successful sale you don't want to know what the space costs. It's the big talk you make at the start that counts. Take half pages in the morning papers."

"I wish I dared."

"By thunder! If I dared to take possession of a whole store, and get the goods ready for a special sale without consulting the owners or manager, I'd have nerve enough to do the right kind of advertising."

"Yes. And then get canned."

"They don't can men for doing the right thing at the right time, Ogden. It's for doing it at the wrong time."

"Well, how do you like this for an ad?"

Ogden showed him what he had prepared. Jones looked it over thoughtfully, and observed:

"Well, it's an ad. It tells what is going to happen. But——"

"But what?"

"Your sand seems to have run out. This ad hasn't the backbone you have. You ought to be yourself in an ad."

"But that's all they want to know—that there is going to be a big sale."

"Not nowadays. They want to know why, as well as what, and when. Tear that up and give it to 'em straight from the shoulder. Tell 'em the truth. Some folks believe a lie in an advertisement, but all of them believe the truth."

"There aren't any lies in this."

"There isn't enough truth. Here, write one from my dictation, just to see how it will read."

Tommy listened and wrote while Jones talked.

"'Smoke Sale.' That's for the big display line clear across the page—have the printers put it in horse-sale type. Then go on and say 'Somebody got too patriotic early yesterday morning and dropped a lighted firecracker into our basement. The whole force was on a picnic, but the assistant advertising man' (that's you, Ogden) 'was on his way to the excursion train when he saw it. He pressed the fire button and the department did the rest. No real damage done. Only smoke. Well, what does smoke do to clothes? It smells them and it sells them. One-third off for smoky clothes. That's our policy. A horizontal reduction of one-third in the already low prices.' (There, put that in display). 'Air is a sure cure for that smoky smell. Smoke doesn't hurt

quality, style or fit. It only hurts prices.

Pick out your suit and it's yours for two-thirds its price, smell and all.

"It's the smelling that does the

have a fit if I dared to print this ad. Don't you see, I haven't the authority."

"You've got it to-day."

"Ferguson would—"



"Paused in their efforts to celebrate to read and smile approvingly."

selling.' (Display that.) 'Dors open at eight o'clock.'"

Ogden shook his head as he wrote the last word.

"That would make a smashing ad in half a page," Jones remarked.

"Oh, Ferguson would curl up and

"Ferguson be—be jiggered!"

Jones was persuasive. Besides there was common sense to the proposition. There was no reason why the prices should not be reduced as Jones had suggested. There was every reason for beginning the sale

at once. The public likes firms that move on the jump.

And then there was the incentive of taking the initiative—of running things for once. This is a great big appeal to a young man. And Ogden had worked—worked like a dog, he thought—to get things in shape for the sale. Why shouldn't he take the only remaining responsibility and launch the sale properly?

"If Ferguson wants to kick, he'll kick about what you have done so far," Jones smiled, easily. "If I were you I'd swing in and have things ready for him to handle when he comes to work to-morrow."

"I'll—I'll do it if it throws me!" Ogden exclaimed.

He marked the ad for half a page, indicating the few display lines, and, at Jones' suggestion, ordered that the body of the ad set in a large, plain Roman-faced type, with plenty of white margin and plenty of space between the lines.

"That'll be an eye-catcher," Ogden said, after he had copied the ad.

"The store won't lose any money, at that," Jones observed. "Getting this stuff out of here in July will be like picking money off of trees."

"You stay here and keep your eye on things while I run around to the Herald and Pioneer offices with this copy and arrange for space," Tommy ordered.

"All right. Anything for me to do while you are gone? Any heavy lifting?" Jones asked, genially.

"I guess not. Take it easy. But don't smoke," Ogden laughed. "And while I'm out I'll arrange at headquarters for a detail of police to watch the store front to-night, although you and I will board up those basement windows before we leave."

"Now," said Tommy later, as

they put on their coats and prepared to leave, "you show up here in the morning and I'll speak a word for you to Ferguson, and try to get him to put you on during the sale, if you want the job. Anyway, I'll pay you out of my own pocket for to-day's work if Ferguson kicks about allowing you bill."

"Thank you. I'll try to be on hand, but my legs are aching like the duce now and it may be I'll not feel like getting out to-morrow. If I can come, I will, though. You may depend on that."

"It'll be a good chance at a permanent situation for you," Ogden urged.

They walked down street, stopping to admire the effect of Tommy's "Smoke Sale" placards in the show windows. Little knots of people paused in their arduous efforts to celebrate the nation's natal day to read the placards and smile approvingly.

"Looks to me as if you'd hit on a good idea," Jones said.

"I hope so. To-morrow will tell, though."

Ogden was dead-tired and he slept until after 8 the morning of the fifth, when he should have been on duty at the store at that hour. He leaped into his clothes and rushed breakfastless for a car, buying a morning paper on the run. And the first thing he looked at was his half-page ad. There it was, spread blazingly across the last page, screaming "Smoke Sale" to all the world. He was not the only man reading the ad. It was being talked of by the others on the car—and talked of in the right way.

The sidewalk approaching the store was blockaded. Two policemen had guarded the store all night; now ten officers were keeping the crowd in

line. The heart of Thomas Ogden beat tumultuously in his breast.

...“Maybe I’ve done wrong, but I surely have brought in the people,” he muttered, as, entering the rear of the store, he shoved his way through crowded aisles, where busy salesmen were pulling out clothing to show to busier customers. He wormed a pathway to the clock and turned in his time.

“You’re nearly an hour late, Mr. Ogden,” same in Ferguson’s voice.

“Yes. I worked so hard yesterday I overslept myself.”

“I haven’t time to tell you what I think of your hard work,” said the manager in icy tones. “The trade has to be handled now, no matter whether I approve of the way it has been secured or not. Our first duty is to attend to our patrons. I shall have something to say to you later in the day.”

“Why, I thought I was doing the right thing?”

“It might have been all right if you had consulted me. But——”

The exasperated Mr. Ferguson hurried to the front of the store to aid the bewildered Frimmer in untangling the crowd. It wasn’t a crowd; it was a mob. It wanted hats and shirts and neckties and underwear and suits—and overcoats. Yes, overcoats on the fifth of July! It picked things up and held them to its nostrils and said:

“By ginger! It is smoky!”

And then it got its size and paid the price, deducting one-third. Even the displeasure of Ferguson could not dim the joy of Ogden in beholding this rush and jam to get the things he had promised. He got into it himself, and helped sell anything and everything. But all the while he was wondering what sort of an ad he should prepare for the

morrow, or whether Ferguson would insist upon preparing the ad himself. He wondered if Ferguson would call the sale off! This was so appalling a thought that he produced a child’s sailor hat in response to a request for a black Stetson from a patriarchal gentleman who immediately accused him of having been drinking.

Once during the morning he got near enough to Ferguson to ask:

“Did a man named Jones ask you to give him a job as extra salesman?”

“Man named Jones? All the Joneses in this part of the state have been in here this morning, but none of them has applied for a job,” sarcastically replied the manager.

“But this was an old clothing man. I hired him——”

“You hired him!”

There was scorn, there was contempt, there was everything hot in the voice of the manager.

“I mean I hired him yesterday to help me get the stock in shape. He said he would be on hand this morning.”

“No. He hasn’t shown up. But if he comes in I’ll make him get to work. I hope you’ll have some one to share the blame with you to-morrow.”

“Blame? To-morrow?”

“Yes. Mr. Blackwell came to town this morning.” The manager mingled reverent awe with his accusing voice. “He telephoned me asking what the dickens we are up to, and saying he’ll get around to-morrow when there isn’t such a crowd. He couldn’t get—into—his—own—store—to-day!”

The manager went away again, and left Ogden mopping his brow. Well, he thought, Mr. Blackwell needn’t get so all-fired chesty if he couldn’t get into his own store be-

cause it held so many customers. This was an event sufficiently exceptional to be its own excuse. He found his way back toward the bookkeeper's desk, and approached Miss Renlow with an air of fine unconcern.

"Have a nice trip yesterday?"

"Oh, Tommy Ogden! Whatever have you done?" she demanded.

that from Ferguson! I did what I thought was right. It wasn't my fault if the blamed old store caught fire and gave me a chance to help Ferguson move out some of the stuff that has been 'spiffed' till it looks like red ink had been spilled all over the price-tags."

"Well, goodness me! You needn't



"Produced a child's sailor hat in response to a request for a black Stetson."

"What have I done?"

"O—o—oh! Mr. Ferguson is raving, ripping, boiling mad clear through. The idea of your taking things in your own hands and putting that terrible big advertisement and cutting prices this way, and — and—O—o—oh! Tommy Ogden!"

"Oh, rats! I've had enough of

get so huffy about it. Everybody but Mr. Ferguson thinks you did just right. I think it is simply splendid!"

Which soothed and sustained the faltering soul of Ogden to a most considerable extent. There was a lull in the rush at noon and he went out and had his breakfast. He hur-

ried back to the store, though, and, finding Ferguson unoccupied, asked him what they should have in the ad for next day.

"You're doing it," Ferguson answered, savagely. "Understand me. I wash my hands of this. I know what Mr. Blackwell will think of it. You started it, now go on with it. You can do it all—until to-morrow."

With which darksome remark he went on about his business. And Ogden, brazened by the foreboding that the portion of the deliberate sinner was to be his, went to his little desk in the rear of the office and prepared yet another half-page ad in which he advised the public that

"We may cut, we may shatter the price as we will
But the scent of the Smoke Sale will cling to it still!"

And he further urged the people to buy what they wanted and all they wanted that very day, for at the rate things were going, the life of the sale might be exceeding short. Then he went out with his copy for the newspapers, passing the eagle-eyed Ferguson on the way but stopping not for his suggestion and criticism as on other occasions and with other ads.

To the Herald and the Pioneer offices he went again and left his half-page ads. While returning to the store, he purchased the afternoon papers, and there were his half-page ads of the morning, reproduced, glaring and blaring at him! He had forgotten the afternoon papers entirely in the turmoil of the morning, what with sleeping too late and with the jumbling business at the store. He almost ran to the counting-room of the Evening Globe.

"Who ordered this half-page?" he

asked, stabbing it with his forefinger.

"Telephone order from the store, I think," answered the clerk.

At the Evening Star counting-room he learned the same, and then he hastened on to the store, trying to figure it all out. But it wouldn't figure out.

Next day he got to the store on time, and there was the same big crowd of customers on hand at the opening of business. More than that, above the head of every employe of the store hung the shadow of the knowledge that Mr. Blackwell would be on deck that day. There were pitying glances for Ogden. Even Ferguson's sourness was tintured with sympathy when he spoke to Ogden. But Ogden had got past the point of caring. He was living a life of half-page ads and big sales, of crowded aisles and pushing customers. And he felt that the wires which controlled all this had been for two days in his fingers. There were other clothing stores! Let this one punish him for his temerity in arranging the smoke sale. He had in his breast the suddenly born confidence in himself that made him able to believe that he didn't care two hoots whether he held his job or not, because he could find another and fill it. He took a customer and began finding a suit for him. As he bent over a stack of coats he raised his head and saw coming along the aisle toward him the man whom he had pressed into service on the Fourth.

"Why, hello there!" he said, stepping toward the man, not noticing that immediately in the rear of the stranger loomed Ferguson, whose face was frozen with horror. The stranger smiled oddly.

"How's the game leg this morning?" Ogden inquired. "You're just in time. You ought to have been

here yesterday. We surely did have all the town in to see us."

"I heard you did," the man answered.

"You bet! Say, I'll speak to the manager for you, and——"

Ferguson by this time had crowded around between Ogden and the stranger, and extended his hand.

"Good morning, Mr. Blackwell."

"How-d'y'-do, Ferguson. Shaking things up a bit, aren't you?" responded the Resident Partner. Ogden leaned against the stack of coats and tried to understand it. Finally he lifted his hands weakly, and laughed a queer, helpless laugh.

"I may as well tell you at once, Mr. Blackwell," said Ferguson, with a frowning glance toward Ogden, who was still dumbly gazing at the Resident Partner, "that I have had nothing to do with this sale. It is——"

"But I have," came the whiplike words of Hiram T. Blackwell, the

Man Who Always Made Things Hum. "I have, Ferguson. And you would better be jumping around here keeping things in shape instead of making excuses for the greatest stroke of business that ever was turned in this store. Mr. Ogden, come back to the office. There's a day's pay coming to me—and a raise for you. And there's another smoke ad to write for to-morrow."

Ferguson stood transfixed, full of chagrin and unuttered swear words, and all the salesmen turned from their customers for the moment and gazed in muddled wonder at Thomas Ogden, who, uplifted by the knowledge of the recognition of a good deed well done, was walking into the private office of the Resident Partner and smiling at some jocose remark of that much-feared individual.

And Miss Renlow, beholding Tommy's happy face, dropped her handkerchief into the big inkwell, so great was her astonishment.

There is very little saving virtue in simply abstaining from things that we consider wrong. The really saving virtue lies in doing something positive that will help to subdue wrong things. That is the real criterion of character.

The Love Story of the Spanish King

BY C. N. AND A. M. WILLIAMSON IN *McCLURE'S MAGAZINE*.

It is refreshing to read about such a royal romance as that in which King Alfonso of Spain and Princess Ena of Battenburg were the principals. That it was a love match is plainly evidenced by the obstacles which had to be overcome ere it could be consummated. The writers of this article had special opportunities to acquaint themselves with the story, and so their narrative can be considered as strictly accurate.

MOST royal romances are made to order, and exist merely in the mind of the journalist whose duty it is to impress upon a sentimental public the fact that a certain prince has fallen in love with a certain princess whom he is about to marry.

As said witty Princess Victoria (sole unmarried daughter of King Edward and Queen Alexandra), "Most of us marry because it's convenient. Alfonso and Ena are marrying because it's inconvenient."

This way of putting it is a merry exaggeration. But, as a matter of fact, none of the powers wished Alfonso XIII and Princess Victoria Eugenie of Battenburg to make a match; and there is where the romance begins.

Naturally, Queen Christina (an Austrian of the Austrians) would have preferred that her son marry a very Catholic Austrian princess. Indeed, she had one carefully picked out, and an understudy or two ready to fill the part, in case the first choice should fail to please. Her own marriage had been one of convenience; but the boy, brought up so carefully by his mother, had a surprising individuality of his own which nobody had counted upon — despite signs of firmness of character, not to say obstinacy, in childhood.

Sensational journalists have announced that the King of Spain was extremely eccentric, if not deficient in intellect; but exactly the opposite

is true. He is exceedingly clever, though too impatient of restraint to be much of a student. He bids fair, as his character develops with experience, to show his mother's diplomatic tact, mingled with an engaging impulsiveness all his own, which wins hearts as she never could. He is quick to make decisions, is really interested in the welfare of his people, and his selfishness is merely the selfishness of high-spirited youth, eager to do everything that is really worth doing. He is easily moved through his affections, though it is all but impossible to influence him in any other way except through his sense of justice. The King has a boyish fashion of imposing his own will on every one around him. He does this so gaily, so smilingly, (if not in one of his "sombre moods of pride") that even people who have decided to oppose him find themselves pleased that he should do as he likes.

"What, marry her nose to my Hapsburg mouth! It would be a crime," was his remark to an intimate friend, concerning an Austrian princess. No other on the list pleased him better; and the two or three possible German candidates were crossed off in the same way. "I want to be happy, and then I shall know how to make others happy," he said to the same friend of his youth.

It was at this period that he took a fancy to things English, which for some years had not been quite the

fashion in Spain. He went in for motoring, hunting, cricket, and tennis; and was so far interested in America that he engaged a young American of his own age to teach him American slang, at which he became so adept that he used greatly to astonish his friends. This put it in the minds of those nearest him, that, since it would be well for the dynasty that the King should soon marry, an English princess might be to his taste.

The matter was informally discussed, as such matters are when a royal match is to be made, and in the end it was arranged that, when King Alfonso paid a proposed visit to England, he and Princess Victoria of Connaught should meet and see what they thought of each other.

Of course they had seen each other's photographs, though nothing had been said to the princess of the plan. As she had never seen the King himself, with his illuminating smile, his humorous eyes, intellectual forehead, and the chin which as a child he kept "pinching into shape" to make it resemble that of Philip IV, she judged him very ugly. She is well dressed and smart, with the air of being pretty, and the King was prepared to admire her. All bade fair to go smoothly. When the King went to England, a party was arranged in honor of the royal visitor. All the princesses from far and near had to be invited, Princess Ena among others—nobody thought of her as a possible danger.

To be sure, she is an extremely pretty girl, with hair of "guinea gold," which she wears charmingly in waves and soft coils. She has beautiful dark brows and lashes, and violet eyes which seem dark in contrast with her yellow hair. Besides

all this, her complexion is as perfect as roses and cream; and she has the high spirits of her father, Prince Henry of Battenberg, whom Queen Victoria used to call "Our Sunshine." But then she was not, until after her engagement, a Royal Highness, as the Princes of Battenberg were the children of a morganatic marriage; and Prince Henry would not have been allowed to marry Queen Victoria's daughter had he not bribed his royal mother-in-law by promising to live always with her.

Princess Ena had been greatly admired on her presentation at Court only a few months before the King of Spain's arrival, when she was not yet eighteen; but she was not to be thought of as a match for a king. It was supposed, when the time came for her to marry, that some German princeling would be found, who would be glad enough to marry such a pretty girl, made an heiress by her rich and devoted godmother, the ex-Empress Eugenie. She had traveled nowhere, had seen nothing, and was still the tomboy who had been the chum and willing slave of her brothers.

So she was asked to the party, to be a figure in the background, while another more fortunate princess played leading lady. She is a shy girl, rather self-conscious with strangers, like her mother, who has a most undeserved reputation for haughtiness. She was eager to meet the King, because of the great interest she had taken since childhood in Spanish history. To please her godmother she had studied Spanish, and she admitted to a friend that she looked forward to seeing the King. But since it was as the King of Spain, not as a young man

and a possible husband, that she thought of him, she was perfectly natural and unembarrassed on meeting him.

"Who is that?" asked the King, at first sight of Princess Ena, looking at her very intently. When he was told, he did not rest until he had been introduced, and was able to talk to her.

Before an hour had passed, every one foresaw what was going to happen—every one but Princess Ena herself. "How nice he is to talk to," she said to her most intimate friend, a charming English princess. "And what a nice smile he has. I did like to make him laugh."

After that, King Alfonso did not lose a day in letting King Edward and King Edward's sister, Princess Henry of Battenberg, know what was in his mind. His mother, Queen Christina, was also communicated with. He soon found that on all sides there was opposition to his wishes.

Queen Christina had her heart set on a ready-made Catholic daughter-in-law, and besides it was clear that to marry Princess Ena would be a misalliance for the young King. King Edward did not wish his niece to enter a family which was not pleased to receive her; and Princess Henry disliked her only daughter being forced to adopt the Catholic religion.

One friend at Court the royal lover had, however—Empress Eugenie, who was delighted with the idea of the marriage, for which she had already longed, without believing that it could take place. As she had ardently desired Princess Beatrice to marry the Prince Imperial, she had always felt an especial interest in the children of her widowed favorite.

In a few weeks, by sheer force of will, the young man of twenty had

got his way, and had permission to propose to Princess Ena. By this time, the girl well knew what was in the air, though nothing definite had been said to her; and she was chaffed by her brothers, because she had always insisted that she would marry a "dark man or no one," and she "wished it might be a king."

A visit was arranged for her and her mother to Princess Frederica of Hanover (who herself made one of the most romantic marriages on record) at the Villa Mourisicot, close to Biarritz; and it was there that King Alfonso was formally accepted.

The young King has been called "the demon motorist," because when he drives an automobile he forgets everything but the wild joy of speed, and it is necessary to clear the way for him before he starts. "Remember, your Majesty, if you have no wife and family, we have," said one of his friends who traveled with him from Madrid to meet Princess Ena at Biarritz. Each morning at eight o'clock he left the Villa Miramai at San Sebastian where he lived during his fiancée's stay across the border), to motor to the Villa Mourisicot. At his rate of speed, the journey took exactly an hour. Having arrived, the King would make a round of the jewelry shops, flower shops, and sweet shops, choosing something himself at each place. He would wash off the dust of travel at the Hotel du Palais (where he kept a suite of rooms) and then, armed with his offerings, would hurry to the Villa Mourisicot. The Royal lovers usually spent the whole day together, and though they were invariably well chaperoned, Spanish people of the old-fashioned sort lifted their eyebrows at such a modern courtship. It was *infra dig*, said they, and a shocking thing that the

fiancées should be photographed with their hands clasped together. King Alfonso only laughed at such frumpish criticisms. He stopped all day and every day at the Villa Mourisicot; dressed for dinner at the Hotel du Palais, flew back to dine with the three princesses; stayed till eleven o'clock, and then gaily motored off to the royal villa at San Sebastian—where, by the way, as bride and groom the royal pair will spend much of this Summer and early Autumn.

It was during this happy visit at Biarritz that an amusing little incident took place. Princess Beatrice was reminding the King of his first visit to England, as a very small boy, and how he turned somersaults one evening before being sent to bed. Queen Victoria had laughed heartily, and had exclaimed, "We ought to try and arrange it that he shall be my grandson some day."

Afterwards, when she had gone with her mother to Paris, he appeared quite unexpectedly at Versailles, and surprised the princesses. "I don't know how it is, but I cannot keep away," he explained. He had traveled strictly incognito, and remained only twelve hours.

Later, in Madrid, he received a letter from his betrothed, in answer to one from him telling of renovations he had been making in a castle and glorious garden of Southern Spain, where he hoped that they might spend part of their honeymoon. "How I long to see a big orange tree actually growing and blossoming out of doors," said Princess Ena, in her reply. And that same day the King had a large orange tree in full blossom dug up, placed in a great tub, well covered, and sent to Versailles on a railway

truck by "grande vitesse." This tree the princess duly planted in the garden at Versailles; but wrote to the King, "It was nicer planting out pine trees when we were together at the Villa Mourisicot."

During his trip to the Canary Islands, King Alfonso sent a long telegram to his bride-elect every day; and in one he said: "I am keeping that promise to be more careful of myself." (The promise in question, by the way, was given at Biarritz, apropos of his demoniacal motoring.)

Two large boxes full of presents from the Canaries accompanied the King on his flying visit to England, which he made directly after landing in Spain and attending the grand ceremonies of Holy Week in Seville. Also he took the princess a number of heirlooms, gifts from himself as well as from his mother, who is more than resigned now to welcoming her daughter-in-law.

"I am never so happy as when I am giving her a present," the King told a friend. And when one day in the Isle of Wight, an old peasant (mistaking him for an ordinary individual) remarked that the Princess Ena was a very pretty girl, he answered: "Yes, I've seen her. She is the prettiest girl there is and will make a glorious queen."

He was not content until his fiancée had shown him the corner of the garden which had been her favorite playing place as a child; the spot where she once had a dangerous fall from her pony; her pet window of the nursery; her battered toys. And he asked to be taken to call upon her old nurse, to whom he carried a gift and said so many kind things that the poor woman broke into tears, in the midst of her smiles.

Sir Robert Hart, a Power in China

NEW YORK EVENING POST

It is a remarkable story, that of Sir Robert Hart. Born in Ireland in 1835, he became in course of time one of the most powerful men in China. Courted by both Chinese and British, all manner of honors were bestowed upon him. As inspector-general he has made the Chinese customs service about as perfect as it is possible to make it. His modesty alone has kept him from attaining the world-wide fame which he well merits.

WHEN it was announced two months ago that Sir Robert Hart was to sever his connection with the Chinese Customs Service, those who are familiar with Oriental politics and finance realized that the most powerful single hand in the Far East was about to be withdrawn from its grip on that part of the world. Though less known to fame than many a recent hero of the Orient, this Britisher has for nearly half a century wielded an influence not even second to that of the Dowager-Empress of China, or the Mikado of Japan. Whatever advance has been made by his adopted country, in business, or diplomacy, or science, has been partially attributable to his genius; and until the rise of the faction that has caused a native regime to supplant his sway, he was a sort of financial dictator of the Flowery Kingdom, as well as a confidential censor of the Imperial Government in matters of foreign policy and trade.

The "Wizard of the East" he has been called, for out of nothing he created an organization equalled by no system of its kind on earth. Having entered the Maritime Customs Service as a representative of Great Britain, which by treaty exercised a control over the foreign commerce of the largest of empires, he built up a machine that collected the revenues, governed the municipalities along 4,000 miles of coasts, maintained a fleet of ships and gunboats for the protection of trade, regulated a mag-

nificent chain of coast lights, and controlled all the commerce linking the empire with the rest of the world. To him the Government at Peking looked for its only steady and honestly reported revenues, depending upon the customs receipts to make good war indemnities and later to pay the State's general expenses. To his judgment was entrusted the arrangement of all the big foreign loans negotiated in Europe, and in the last decade preceding 1900 he had risen to such importance that his advice was necessary before the court entered into any important agreement with another nation.

But with all his power, Sir Robert Hart has been distinguished for his moderation and his modesty. He has not seemed a seeker after vast wealth or glory, although he achieved both. Out of the percentage allowed to him from the collections of revenues, it has been said, he might have amassed the greatest fortune in existence; but his liberality to the 5,000 subordinates, whose salaries he had to pay out of his allowed allowance, showed that he was bent on the upbuilding of a perfect system, rather than the accumulation of a private estate. The man who did his work promptly was sure to be promoted in accordance with his work, and down to the bottom ranks the rate of wages in the customs service was as high as the machine was effective.

As the system grew, its helmsman worked unceasingly. But he worked

far from the limelight's glare. Hardly 10 per cent. of the 5,000 customs employees, including about 900 foreigners, have ever seen him. Many of them have known him only as the I.-G. Thae means inspector-general. In his little office, at Peking, the I.-G. spent his time, or the most of it. For months he would not leave it. But there was not one of the 5,000 but knew that I.-G. could detect any infraction of rules or carelessness, even if the dereliction had been committed at a port a thousand miles away.

The secret service of the I.-G. was as wonderful as the Russian third section. It used to be said that a little white bird always hovered over the wrongdoer of the customs. When the time came the bird would fly to Peking. Then there would come to the bureau chief one of Sir Robert Hart's dreaded T.L.'s, or threatening letters. In the T.L. there would be a reminder that certain things must be done or cease to be done, and this was followed by long references to sections in the books of rules issued by the I.-G. These volumes accumulated until each set made a small library. All of them, it is said, were written by the I.-G. himself and people who have seen them say it is marvellous to realize the gigantic industry and mastery of details exhibited by the author. In the forty or more volumes lies hidden the history of the Chinese customs. Perhaps Sir Robert will some day yield to the entreaties of the pursuing publishers and write a book of memoirs giving to the public all of that story, with its sidelights of tragedy and romance and Oriental intrigue.

Besides his work in the little office, the I.-G. had another fad. It was his trained orchestra of Celestials.

This band, composed entirely of natives, was the only Eastern orchestra ever trained to play Occidental music, and in Peking the highest honor a European visitor could receive in bygone days was an invitation to one of the musical entertainments at the inspector-general's residence. Incidentally, the guests found Sir Robert as charming a host as he was picturesque in his Chinese costume—the dress he adopted many, many years ago, before the world at large had heard much of him, before his occasional biographers began to describe him as "more Chinaman than Briton."

That he became to all intents a Chinaman ought not to seem extraordinary. Had not his ancestors un- to the third generation back been ennobled by imperial decree? And did he not receive all the highest native honors, including the Red Button, the Double Dragon, the Yellow Jacket, and the Peacock's Feather? His British decorations—he became a C. M.G. in 1880, a K.C.M.G. in 1882, a G.C.M.G. in 1889, and a baronet in son to his elevation to the state of mandarin of the first order. Before he was anything of a great man in the eyes of Europe, he had a position of impregnability in China, and all the jealousies of less renowned natives were of no avail to displace him until recent events changed the whole political aspect of the East. Now that he is going, it is hinted that the powerful Japanese influence alone caused his dethronement, that his first and only defeat in China resulted from a secret interference from Tokio. But that is something nobody on the outside knows positively, and it may be that the apparent attempt to end England's rule of China's commerce may result in such

international complications as will restore him to his old authority.

That authority was well-nigh absolute. "How does he do it?" students of Oriental politics once asked. "He is the customs service himself," was the answer, "and there's not a cog in all the machinery that he does not control every day of his life." Like a mysterious engine, that, unseen, supplied the power, influencing every wheel, large and small, near and far, he kept in touch through his secret service with all the hundreds of clerks, surveyors, examiners, native boat crews, skilled foreign officers, watchmen, interpreters, and laborers, who one and all regarded him as the incarnation of wisdom, almost of supernatural power. The plans for the coast lights were his own, perfected under his direct orders. The building and manning of the fleets were his own ideas, with only the routine carried out by subordinates. The system for safeguarding the river's channels he organized between times, and when the Chinese Government instituted its postal service, he was called upon to do the work, which was accomplished as though it were a mere incident, though the customs were increasing with the days. The wonderful power of organizing, however, knew no limits with the inspector-general, and so firm was his system in its detail workings, that he appeared able to take on any number of new burdens.

When he first took hold of the Maritime Customs Service in the early sixties, it had included only five ports, and the employees were mostly adventurers. To-day, the customs workers are of the most exclusive and best-educated class employed by any vast system of the world. The candidates in each important case have been nominated by the I. G.

personally. He was constantly rigorous in his requirements about educational qualifications. Preferring Englishmen and Americans, but holding to his theory that the force should be cosmopolitan, he gathered around him a staff including university graduates in numbers, and for the most part gentlemen by birth and training, with a scattering even of the British aristocracy. The consular officers became, in fact, a sort of aristocracy of the China coasts, without, however, possessing any "pull" with the I. G., whose only consideration in advancing his subordinates continued to be their efficiency.

Sir Robert is an Irishman by birth, having first seen the light of day in Portadown, Armagh, in 1835. He was educated in Queen's College, Belfast, being graduated in 1854, and entering the British consular service in the same year. In 1858 he was secretary to the Commission of the Allies at Canton, and the next year found him entered in the Chinese Maritime Customs Service as deputy commissioner.

It was in 1863 that he became inspector-general of the Maritime Service. The employment of foreigners to collect the customs had begun in 1853, when Mr. (later Sir) Thomas Wade began to assist the native collector at Shanghai, the only port in the service. Mr. Wade was replaced by H. N. Lay in 1854, and the system had been extended to five ports by 1858. Five years after that, however, Mr. Lay got into trouble and was replaced by Hart, who had practically been in charge from 1861. The service immediately began to grow, and, as if by magic, it soon sprang up to be the financial bulwark of the empire. In spite of wars and rebellions, its scope increased, and

honors were showered upon its head until he was powerful enough to offset the hostile efforts even of Li Hung Chang, viceroy of Tientsin, who tried to have a German installed as inspector-general. The German, Detring, fell with Li in 1895.

Meanwhile, within a few years after taking office, Sir Robert had almost stopped piracy and smuggling along the coast, besides accomplishing the other reforms already mentioned. When, in 1885, he was asked by Great Britain to become its minister to China, succeeding Sir Henry Parkes, he refused at the earnest entreaty of the Dowager Empress, who proceeded to give him more decorations. Later, after the Boxer troubles, in the course of which he was reported as among the dead in the British consulate, she placed him in charge of all the customs, native and

foreign. The bitterness of certain factions of nobles against him naturally increased, but he was never in any real danger of personal violence, as he always kept around him a native guard entirely devoted to his interests, and through his secret service he was constantly posted on the trend of affairs at court and elsewhere.

The pulse of China was at his command and there was no apparent likelihood of its beating under other orders until the issuance of the Imperial decree of last May appointing Tieh-liang and Tang-Shao-Yi administrators of the entire customs of the country, and placing Sir Robert's staff under their control. It was prophesied then that the British autocrat would never consent to serve China in a subordinate capacity.

Be inspired with the belief that life is a great and noble calling; not a mean and grovelling thing that we are to shuffle through as we can, but an elevated and lofty destiny.—W. E. Gladstone.

The Romance of Welsh Coal

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL.

All the important navies of the world have huge quantities of Welsh coal stored away for use in case of emergency, for it has been demonstrated over and over again that a fleet using Welsh coal would have a big advantage over another fleet using another kind of fuel, because of its smokeless qualities. The output of Welsh coal increases year by year, and has now reached enormous proportions.

THE most remarkable thing about Welsh coal is that its value should not have been discovered until comparatively a recent day. The frugal Welsh farmers of a century or so ago never dreamt that beneath the mountains on which they reared a hardy race of sheep there lay wealth surpassing Aladdin's. Nor did they imagine that the 'black stuff' in the ravines would make a better fire than peat. The wise old monks, however, had discovered as early as the thirteenth century that with this black stuff they could make a glowing fire, but the knowledge they possessed did not become a common possession for centuries afterwards. Wales was then, even more so than when George Borrow wrote of it, a wild country, with lonely wildernesses in which men were seldom seen. The monks lived a self-contained existence in secluded spots, and for long the secret of the coal was known only to them. Even as recently as a century ago peat fires were common in Wales; for, speaking generally, the inhabitants did not at that time suspect the existence of the rich store of precious coal that lay beneath their mountains; while to the average Englishman of that day Wales was an unknown country, 'a mountainous wilderness peopled with a strange folk who spoke a foreign language.'

And so the Welshman remained in undisturbed possession of his coal until was passed what is known as the London Smoke Act. Then it was that there arose a cry for smokeless coal.

That cry for some time went up in vain; but at length it was whispered on the London Exchange that somewhere down in Wales there was a coal that gave off practically no smoke. From this point the development of the Welsh coal-trade reads like a romance. London merchants talked of an expedition to Wales to discover the smokeless coal much as we to-day might talk of an expedition to some unknown part of Africa or Greenland. It was not a matter of a simple railway journey of a couple of hundred miles. It meant the fitting up of a ship and a voyage to a practically unknown land, with a grave doubt as to how the explorers would be received by the "barbaric" inhabitants.

Among those who talked of this expedition was, however, at least one resolute man who had set his heart on the undertaking, and who was not deterred by the thought of possible dangers. This was Mr. Lockett, manager for a firm of coal-sellers. But Lockett was not himself rich enough to fit out a ship, and he met with much ridicule and many rebuffs from the merchants to whom he appealed for financial assistance. Lockett was not, however, the man to be easily turned from an object upon which he had set his heart, and ultimately he secured the co-operation of a merchant named Duke, a far-seeing, enterprising man, comparing in this respect with the smartest men in the city to-day, who subsequently became Lord Mayor. Lockett and

Duke, after due deliberation, sailed in a sloop from London to Cardiff, not then, as it is to-day, one of the largest exporting ports in the world, but a tiny village with a few old-world creeks suggestive of smugglers and pirates. There is no record of the duration of the voyage or of any adventures that may have been associated with it.

The next we hear of the two adventurers narrates their arrival at a little inn in Cardiff. In the room into which they were shown a fire was burning brightly, and this at once attracted their attention. Lockett immediately became enthusiastic, and going to the coal bucket, placed on the fire more coal. As he observed the resultant bright glow his eyes sparkled, and he exclaimed to his companion, "We need go no farther." He was, however, a little out of the reckoning. "Where do you get this coal from?" he asked the landlady. "From Merthyr, sir," was the reply. The landlady explained that Merthyr was more than 20 miles away, and that the only way to get there was to walk or drive. "But how is the coal brought down to you?" demanded Lockett. "Oh," was the reply, "it comes down on the backs of mules."

Next day the Londoners were in Merthyr. Merthyr then was a collection of a few houses encircling a pit. To-day it is the centre of a teeming population, and recently was granted a charter of incorporation. The explorers were highly amused at the picture which presented itself to them at Merthyr Pit. Outside a tiny hut near the mouth of the pit sat a trim little Welsh widow. Fastened onto her head was a small wicker basket, into which she placed the money as she received it from the purchasers of her coal. This was Mrs Lucy

Thomas, the owner of the pit and the "mother of the Welsh coal trade." With difficulty the Londoners kept their countenances, for the quaint spectacle of the little widow with a wicker basket fixed to her head, and her pit in the background, was highly comical. With becoming commercial gravity, however, they entered into negotiations with Mrs. Thomas for the purchase of all the coal she could raise. The widow was a little suspicious of her visitors, and gave them to understand that not a single piece of coal should they have that had not first been paid for on the spot. That was her way of doing business she explained. The Londoners were at length able to surmount this difficulty, and to place down enough solid gold to purchase a sloop-load of coal. This coal had to be shipped at Cardiff, to which place it was taken on the backs of mules. In this year (1830) there sailed from Cardiff the first cargo of Welsh coal. The price of the coal, bought at four shillings a ton at the pithead, was in London eighteen shillings a ton. The cost of conveyance from Merthyr to Cardiff and thence by water to London was a large item; nevertheless, when these charges had been met, Lockett and his companion were handsomely rewarded for their enterprise. Thus ended the first notable episode in the development of the Welsh coal industry.

Far more important, however, as subsequent events proved, was the arrival in South Wales of a young north-country engineer named John Nixon. Nixon, as he worked in the neighborhood of Newcastle-on-Tyne, heard a rumor that down in South Wales a valuable coal had been discovered, and that there were likely to be in that neighborhood very great developments. Adventurous and en-

terprising, the young north country man set off for South Wales, bent upon making his fortune. He had no capital, but he had engineering skill and knowledge, and, above all, boundless energy and perseverance. As it happened he needed all these qualities, particularly that last named, for it was only after many struggles, disappointments, and privations, and the passing of many years, that the fortune he sought came to him.

Soon after his arrival in South Wales he stood one day near the engine at Pennydarren Pit, and watched the stoker throw coal on the fire. The bright glow and the intensity of the heat amazed him. "Look," he cried enthusiastically to a companion, "what great heat, and no smoke from it, either! We have no coal like that in the north of England." This incident powerfully influenced the young man's future career. Work he had obtained with ease, but his advancement was not commensurate with his ambition. So disappointed did he become with his rate of progress that he finally forsook South Wales and tried his luck in France. But there also he met disappointment; and one day, as he thought moodily over his progress and prospects, that picture of the glowing fire at Pennydarren Pit flashed suddenly upon him, and simultaneously there came to him an idea. "I will open a market for Welsh coal in France," he said.

Nixon was pre-eminently a man of action, and for him to resolve was to do. Soon he was back in South Wales endeavoring to secure the cooperation of the colliery-owners there in the launching of his scheme. He addressed himself first to Mrs. Lucy Thomas, but she was quite satisfied with her output of one hundred and fifty tons a day, then re-

garded as a phenomenal amount, for which she had a ready sale at remunerative prices, and she would have none of Nixon's project. Nor did he meet with better encouragement from the other pit-owners to whom he unfolded his plans. Disgusted and disheartened, he at length turned his back on Wales, resolved never again to set foot in it.

But that picture of the glowing fire at Pennydarren Pit haunted him, and the idea of opening in France a market for Welsh coal had taken such complete possession of him that he could not banish it from his thoughts. Hearing eventually that a Mr. Powell had opened a pit in Aberdare Valley, and was anxious to secure a market for his wares, Mr. Nixon visited him, and spoke so enthusiastically and eloquently on opening a market in France that Mr. Powell consented, though somewhat reluctantly, to join in the undertaking. The agreement they came to was that Mr. Powell was to supply the coal at the price Nixon was able to obtain for it from French customers, and that Nixon was to be paid sixpence on every ton exported to Havre, and ninepence to every ton sent to the west of France.

Newcastle coal was at that time used exclusively on the lower reaches of the Loire, and was considered to be of excellent quality. Welsh coal which was now commanding in England a higher price than any other, was still unknown to the French.

Nixon began with great ardour to canvass for orders for Welsh coal; but the reception he met with was very disheartening, and such as would have deterred from further efforts a less determined man. French people refused point blank to have anything to do with the new coal. Nixon, however, amid the disappointments,

preserved a genial exterior and gradually made friends. Among these was a gentleman in the Government service, who, after being much importuned by the irrespressible Nixon laughingly consented to allow the north countryman an opportunity of "demonstrating the superiority of Welsh coal." The experiment took place in a Government factory, and was watched with amused interest by a select party. Perspiring, and stripped to the waist, Nixon himself acted as stoker, for to obtain the best results from Welsh coal it is necessary that it should be stoked by some one who understands its peculiarities. The result of the trial was a complete triumph for Nixon. He forthwith obtained an order for Welsh coal, and by-and-by it altogether superseded Newcastle coal in the Government factories.

Nixon was not, however, the man to rest on his oars. On the contrary, this victory spurred him on to capture other fields. By his persistence he eventually induced the French naval authorities to give a trial to Welsh coal. Again Nixon assumed the role of stoker, showing the French naval firemen how Welsh coal should be stoked. The result was another victory for the Englishman. Not only was Welsh coal found to be more economical, but it was observed that by reason of the almost entire absence of smoke, warships were able,

without being seen, to get into closer touch with an enemy than was formerly possible. From that time forth the French naval authorities would have no coal other than that from Wales, and our own and the other leading navies of the world have since followed suit. A naval battle means increased work and wages for the Welsh collier. In the past, during such a war, Welsh engineers have slept on their engines, and stokers worked day and night for big wages.

Since Mr. Nixon opened a market for Welsh coal in France, the export to foreign countries of this valuable coal, a prime necessity, as Mr. Balfour once stated, to our navy, has increased in a phenomenal manner. How serious is this ever-increasing output of a coal admittedly of vital importance to our most powerful arm either of defence or offence will be realized from the following figures, which show strikingly how great the increase has been: in 1854, 8,500,000 tons; in 1864, 10,970,000 tons; in 1874, 16,490,532 tons; in 1884, 25,553,166 tons; in 1894, 33,418,344 tons; in 1904, 43,730,415 tons. The output, it will be seen, is five times greater than half a century ago. The figures of 1905 show a slight falling off as compared with 1904, which was an exceptional year owing to the special requirements of the navies of Japan and Russia.

Every time you crowd into the memory what you do not expect it to retain, you weaken its powers, and you lose your authority to command its services.

A Pilgrimage to Ste. Anne

SUN MAGAZINE.

Often we are more interested in reading what outsiders have to say about places, which are familiar to us, than in reading descriptions written by our own neighbors. It is this way about Ste. Anne de Beaupre. The regulation guide books and articles in Canadian publications seem common-place. We like to hear what strangers from other countries have to say. In the following sketch a New Yorker gives his impressions.

HERE is but one place on the American continent where one can travel on a blessed trolley line. The rails are blessed, the ties are blessed, the cars are blessed, the road-bed is blessed, and for all one knows the conductors and motormen too.

It is the sacred trolley line which carries the pilgrims from Quebec to Ste. Anne de Beaupre which has thus been blessed, tie, rail and fuse, by a Cardinal. They say that there have been accidents on the blessed trolley line, which seems incongruous; but certainly no twenty mile run in the country is prettier.

All the way to Beaupre the traveler has the St. Lawrence on the right. Sometimes the river is running the same way as the car, that is down, as a river ought to—and sometimes it is going the other way. When it is flowing up country and there happens to be a wind it breaks on the shore in little white-caps, like an inland sea, with a funny little imitation of surf booming on the coast. The salt water does not get up to Quebec, but the tide rises eighteen feet nevertheless, the waters of the river being piled up by the tides below.

On the left of the trolley line are quaint little French villages all the way, with names as quaint as they. One is named Guardian Angel.

Any one, however, who expects to find a primitive rural church at Beaupre will be disappointed. It is an immense and magnificent structure

of gray stone. The great grounds about it are laid out in formal French gardening style, with gravelled walks, flower beds and large statues of saints.

In front of the church and connected with it there is a long, covered stone portico with seats and tables, where frugal pilgrims may eat the luncheons they have brought. Pilgrims from New York cannot help being reminded of the signs at Coney Island, "Basket Parties Welcome."

In other ways the village reminds one of seaside resorts. There is the same atmosphere of catering to the tourist over all. There are cabs and hotel runners at the gate of the church grounds. The one long street is lined with hotels. One may count five of these named Ste. Anne. The same indifference to duplication of names prevails throughout French Canada, where favorite saints are concerned. In Montreal there are two St. Jean streets, three St. Johns, two St. Hypolities, two Ste. Elizabeths, two St. Georges, two St. Alphonses, two St. Patricks, two St. Pauls, two St. Louis.

Beaupre is full of little shops, into which one can step directly off the sidewalk, and all of them, and the hotels as well, are full of souvenirs of the place, quite in summer resort style. One wonders how they can keep afloat, however, for all the business in this line seems to be done in the church store in the basement of the basilica. That is crowded at all

times, and money is passing over the counters in a stream.

The mementoes are all of Ste. Anne and her daughter, the Virgin, in some shape. It is the old familiar figure of the mother and child; only in this case the child is a girl. One of these figures, oft repeated, is quaintly attractive. It is a statuette of Ste. Anne teaching the little Ste. Marie to read. She holds a scroll, the alphabet, in her hand, and the alphabet is in English.

On the bases of the pillars of the church, outside, there are inscriptions to good Ste. Anne, "Good Ste. Anne, Grandmother of Jesus," one of them reads.

A row of chapels extends the whole length of the auditorium on either side. Each is maintained by a different society. Then they show a glass case full of the more valuable objects which have been left by visitors. There are heaps of bracelets, opera glasses and lorgnettes, and the number of pistols would indicate a large proportion of visitors from the Far West. Two massive jewelled crowns have been made of the rings and other ornaments left. Most precious of all the gifts preserved in the chasuble, stiff with gold embroidery, presented by Anne of Austria, who is said to have worked it with her own hands.

"She was very pious, wasn't she?" said a woman in the tourist party of which the writer was a member.

"Oh, yes," said the priest who was acting as guide, "you know she got her child from Ste. Anne. She had been twenty-two years married when Louis XIV. was born."

The church, or rather the cathedral, for it was raised to the dignity of a basilica by Pius IX., is very richly decorated with a picture of Ste. Anne and the Virgin, by Le-

brum, over the altar. Exquisite organ music sounds dreamily through its spaces. At all hours except early morning, in summer at least, hundreds are passing in and out, which gives a curious impression when one surveys the wide empty country spaces round about.

At fixed hours there are services and it is said that for the benefit of pilgrims from "the States" these services are in German, Italian, Dutch, Flemish and Spanish, as well as in English and French.

The one heard by the writer was in English. The speaker closed by urging most earnestly the purchase of some memento.

"Do not leave," he said, "without buying a memento of good Ste. Anne. The 50 cents it costs you will never be missed, and it will be a thousand times repaid you in the care the good Ste. Anne will have over your health, your children and your business.

In obedience to this injunction the pilgrim from New York bought a little life of Ste. Anne, printed in Quebec, in French. The speaker was right. The 50 cents invested has never been missed and has been fully repaid by a perusal of the little book. It does not mention authorities, but it gives the whole history of Ste. Anne's life from birth to death with a wealth of detail.

Well down in front of the altar is a pedestal bearing a round box covered with glass; and in this box is the little object which has built this great altar out among the fields: the knuckle bone of St. Anne. It is impossible in the dim lit church to see the object in the box, but a continuous succession of men and women kiss the glass all day long.

The story of the shrine is a romantic echo of the Middle Ages. Some

Breton sailors early in the seventeenth century got caught in a storm. They vowed a sanctuary to Ste. Anne if she would save them, and when they came to port, just down there on the river bank, they walked up through the woods and built a little wooden shrine. This is the fourth church that has been erected on the spot. The miracles began from the very first, though the knuckle bone and the rock from the grotto where the Virgin was born did not arrive until later.

The age of faith still reigns across the border to a degree startling to the unregenerate from this side. At the Holy Stairs, for instance, he rubs his eyes and wonders for a moment if he has dreamed himself into the middle of a historical novel. They go up and down the Holy Stairs all day, every day in the year, on their knees. They are just plain wooden stairs, but in the rise of each one are set relics, let into

the wood and covered with glass. There are twenty-eight steps and two relics to each. On each step each pilgrim pauses to say a prayer and then stoops to kiss a relic.

The faithful all about this region make vows to Ste. Anne to visit her shrine on foot and walk fifteen or twenty miles and back again to keep the vow. Sometimes they vow such a pilgrimage for ten years to come, or some other stated period; and they keep the vow unless death intervenes.

There are crutches a-plenty heaped at the front door of the church. There are cases full of glasses left by near sighted persons. The priests who guide the tourist parties about the place tell of many and miraculous healings. The standard Quebec guidebook, an English publication, says the miracles are "ofttimes reported daily during the pilgrimage season."

The powers of man have not been exhausted. Nothing has been done by him that cannot be better done. There is no effort of science or art that may not be exceeded; no depth of philosophy that cannot be deeper sounded; no flight of imagination that may not be passed by strong and soaring wing.

The Dream That Failed to Come True

BY W. W. JACOBS IN STRAND MAGAZINE

Alf Simms, nephew to George Hatchard, had expectations which were threatened by the advent of a new housekeeper into his uncle's household. The housekeeper had designs on the old man. Alf endeavors to relieve the situation by means of a very clever device but unfortunately he failed to make sure of his ground and his edifice collapses at the critical moment.

TALKING of marrying agin reminds me o' something that 'appened to a young fellow I knew named Alf Simms. Being an orphan 'e was brought up by his uncle, George Hatchard, a widowed man of about sixty. Alf used to go to sea off and on, but more off than on, his uncle 'aving quite a tidy bit of 'ouse property, and it being understood that Alf was to have it arter he 'ad gone. His uncle used to like to 'ave him at 'ome, and Alf didn't like work, so it suited both parties.

I used to give Alf a bit of advice sometimes, sixty being a dangerous age for a man, especially when he 'as been a widower for so long—he 'as had time to forget wot being married's like; but I must do Alf credit to say it wasn't wanted. He 'ad got a very old 'ead on his shoulders, and always picked the housekeeper 'imself to save the old man the trouble. I saw two of 'em, and I dare say I could 'ave seen more, only I didn't want to.

Cleverness is a good thing in its way, but there's such a thing as being too clever, and the last 'ousekeeper young Alf picked died of old age a week arter he 'ad gone to sea. She passed away while she was drawing George Hatchard's supper beer, and he lost ten gallons o' the best bitter ale and his 'ousekeeper at the same time.

It was four months arter that afore Alf came 'ome, and the fust sight of the new 'ousekeeper, wot opened the door to im' upset 'im terrible. She was the right side o' sixty to

begin with, and only ordinary plain. Then she was as clean as a new pin, and dressed up as though she was going out to tea.

"Oh, you're Afred, I s'pose?" she ses, looking at 'im.

"Mr. Simms is my name," ses young Alf, starting and drawing hisself up.

"I know you by your portrait," ses the 'ousekeeper. "Come in. 'Ave you 'ad a pleasant v'y'ge? Wipe your boots."

Alfred wiped 'is boots afore he thought of wot he was doing. Then he drew hisself up stiff agin and marched into the parlor.

"Sit down," ses the 'ousekeeper, in a kind voice.

Alfred sat down afore he thought wot 'e was doing agin.

"I always like to see people comfortable," ses the 'ousekeeper; "it's my way. It's warm weather for the time o' year, ain't it? George is upstairs, but he'll be down in a minute."

"Who?" ses Alf, hardly able to believe his ears.

"George," ses the 'ousekeeper.

"George? George who?" ses Alfred, very severe.

"Why, your uncle, of course," ses the 'ousekeeper. "Do you think I've got a houseful of Georges?"

Young Alf sat staring at her and couldn't say a word. He noticed that the room 'ad been altered, and that there was a big photygraph of her stuek up on the mantelpiece. He sat there fidgeting with 'is feet—until the 'ousekeeper looked at them—and

then 'e got up and walked upstairs.

His uncle, wot was sitting on his bed when 'e went into the room and pretending that he 'adn't heard 'im come in, shook hands with 'im as though he'd never leave off.

"I've got something to tell you,

keeper to marry you, I s'pose?" ses Alf, looking at 'im very hard.

His uncle shook his 'ead. "I never asked 'er; I'd take my Davy I didn't," he ses.

"Well, you ain't going to marry



"'Oh, you're Alfred, I s'pose?' she ses."

Alf," he ses, arter they 'ad said "How d'ye do?" and he 'ad talked about the weather until Alf was fair tired of it. "I've been and gone and done a foolish thing, and 'ow you'll take it I don't know."

"Been and asked the new 'ouse-

her, then?" ses Alf, brightening up.

His uncle shook his 'ead agin. "She didn't want no asking," he ses, speaking slow and mournful. "I just 'appened to put my arm round her waist by accident one day and the thing was done."

"Accident? How could you do it by accident?" ses Alf, firing up.

"How can I tell you that?" ses George Hatchard. "If I'd known 'ow, it wouldn't 'ave been an accident, would it?"

"Don't you want to marry her?" ses Alf, at last. "You needn't marry 'er if you don't want to."

George Hatchard looked at 'im and sniffed. "When you know her as well as I do you won't talk so foolish," he ses "We'd better go down now, else she'll think we've been talking about 'er."

They went downstairs and 'ad tea together, and young Alf soon seen the truth of his uncle's remarks Mrs. Pearce—that was the 'ousekeeper's name—called his uncle "dear" every time she spoke to 'im, and arter tea she sat on the sofa side by side with 'im and held his 'and

Alf lay awake arf that night thinking things over and 'ow to get Mrs. Pearce out of the house, and he woke up next morning with it still in his mind. Every time he got 'is uncle alone he spoke to 'im about it, and told 'im to pack Mrs. Pearce off with a month's wages, but George Hatchard wouldn't listen to 'im.

"She'd 'ave me up for breach of promise and ruin me," he ses. "She reads the paper to me every Sunday arfternoon, mostly breach of promise cases, and she'd 'ave me up for it as soon as look at me. She's got 'eaps and 'eaps of love-letters o' mine."

"Love-letters!" ses Alf, staring. "Love-letters when you live in the same house!"

"She started it," ses his uncle; "she pushed one under my door one morning, and I 'ad to answer it. She wouldn't come down and get my breakfast till I did. I have to send her one every morning."

"Do you sign 'em with your own

name?" ses Alf, arter thinking a bit.

"No," ses 'is uncle, turning red.

"Wot do you sign 'em, then?" ses Alf.

"Never you mind," ses his uncle, turning redder. "It's my handwriting, and that's good enough for her. I did try writing backwards, but I only did it once. I wouldn't do it agin for fifty pounds."

"If 'er fust husband was alive she couldn't marry you," ses Alf, very slow and thoughtful.

"No," ses his uncle, nasty-like: "and if I was an old woman she couldn't marry me. You know as well as I do that he went down with the Evening Star fifteen years ago."

"So far as she knows," ses Alf; "but there was four of them saved, so why not five? Mightn't 'e have floated away on a spar or something and been picked up? Can't you dream it three nights running, and tell 'er that you feel certain sure he's alive?"

"If I dreamt it fifty times it wouldn't make any difference," ses George Hatchard. "Here! wot are you up to? 'Ave you gone mad, or wot? You poke me in the ribs like that agin if you dare."

"Her fust 'usband's alive," ses Alf, smiling at 'im.

"Wot?" ses his uncle.

"He floated away on a bit o' wreckage," ses Alf, nodding at 'im, "just like they do in books, and was picked up more dead than alive and took to Melbourne. He's now living up-countryside working on a sheep station."

"Who's dreaming now?" ses his uncle.

"It's a fact," ses Alf. "I know a chap wot's met 'im and talked to 'im. She can't marry you while he's alive, can she?"

"Certainly not," ses George Hat-

chard, trembling all over; "but are you sure you 'aven't made a mistake?"

"Certain sure," ses Alf.

"It's too good to be true," ses George Hatchard.

"O' course it is," ses Alf, "but she won't know that. Look 'ere; you write down all the things that she 'as told you about herself and give it to me, and I'll soon find the chap I spoke of wot's met 'im. He'd meet a dozen men if it was made worth his while."

George Hatchard couldn't understand 'im at fust, and when he did he wouldn't 'ave a hand in it because it wasn't a right thing to do, and because he felt sure that Mrs. Pearce would find it out. But at last 'e wrote out all about her for Alf; her maiden name, and where she was 'orn, and everything; and then he told Alf that, if 'e dared to play such a trick on an unsuspecting, loving woman, he'd never forgive 'im."

"I shall want a couple o' quid," ses Alf.

"Certainly not," ses his uncle. "I won't 'ave nothing to do with it, I tell you."

"Only to buy chocolates with," ses Alf.

"Oh, all right," ses George Hatchard; and he went upstairs to 'is bedroom and came down with three pounds and gave 'im. "If that ain't enough," he ses, "let me know and you can 'ave more."

Alf winked at 'im, but the old man idrew hissself up and stared at 'im, and then 'e turned and walked away with his 'ead in the air.

He 'ardly got a chance of speaking to Alf next day, Mrs. Pearce being 'ere, there, and everywhere, as the saying is, and finding so many little odd jobs for Alf to do that there was no time for talking. But the day art-

er he sidled up to 'im when the 'ousekeeper was out of the room and asked 'im whether he 'ad bought the chocolates.

"Yes," ses Alfred, taking one out of 'is pocket and eating it, "some of 'em."

George Hatchard coughed and fidgeted about. "When are you going to buy the others?" he ses.

"As I want 'em," ses Alf. "They'd spoil if I got them all at once."

George Hatchard coughed agin. "I 'ope you haven't been going on with that wicked plan you spoke to me bout the other night," he ses.

"Certainly not," ses Alf, winking to 'imself; "not arter wot you said. How coud I?"

"That's right," ses the old man. "I'm sorry for this marriage for your sake, Alf. O' course, I was going to leave you my bit of 'ouse property, but I suppose now it'll 'ave to be left to her. Well, well, I s'pose it's best for a young man to make his own way in the world."

"I s'pose so," ses Alf.

"Mrs. Pearce was asking only yesterday when you was going back to sea agin," ses his uncle, looking at 'im.

"Oh!" ses Alf.

"She's took a dislike to you, I think," ses the old man. "It's very 'ard, my fav'rite nephew, and the only one I've got. I forgot to tell you the other day that her fust 'usband Charlie Perce, 'ad a kind of a wart on 'is left ear. She's often spoke to me about it."

"In—deed!" ses Alf.

"Yes," ses his uncle, "left ear, and a scar on his forehead where a friend of his kicked 'im one day."

Alf nodded, and then he winked at 'im agin. George Hatchard didn't wink back, but he patted him on the

shoulder and said 'ow well he was filling out, and 'ow he got more like 'is pore mother every day he lived.

"I 'ad a dream last night," ses Alf. "I dreamt that a man I know named Bill Flurry, but wot called 'imself another name in my dream,

his uncle; "but wot was Joe Morgan and his missis in it for?"

"Witnesses," ses Alf.

George Hatchard fell over a footstool with surprise "Go on," he ses, rubbing his leg "It's a queer thing, but I was going to ask the Mor-



"He patted 'im on the shoulder and said, 'ow well he was filling out."

and didn't know me then, came 'ere one evening when we was all sitting down at supper, Joe Morgan and 'is missis being here, and said as 'ow Mrs. Pearce's fust husband was alive and well.

"That's a very odd dream," ses

gans 'ere to spend the evening next Wednesday."

"Or was it Tuesday?" ses Alf, considering.

"I said Tuesday," ses his uncle, looking over Alf's 'ead so that he needn't see 'im wink agin. "Wot

was the end of your dream, Alf?"

"The end of it was," ses Alf, "that you and Mrs. Pearcee was both very much upset, as o' course you couldn't marry while 'er fust was alive, and the last thing I see afore I woke up was her boxes standing at the front door waiting for a cab."

George Hatchard was going to ask 'im more about it, but just then Mrs. Pearcee came in with a pair of Alf's socks that he 'ad been untidy enough to leave in the middle of the floor instead of chucking 'em under the bed. She was so unpleasant about it that, if it hadn't ha' been for the thought of wot was going to 'appen on Tuesday, Alf couldn't ha' stood it.

For the next day or two George Hatchard was in such a state of nervousness and excitement that Alf was afraid that the 'ousekeeper would notice it. On Tuesday morning he was trembling so much that she said he'd got a chill, and she told 'im to go to bed and she'd make 'im a nice hot mustard poultice. George was afraid to say "no," but while she was in the kitchen making the poultice he slipped out for a walk and cured 'is trembling with three whiskeys. Alf nearly got the poultice instead, she was so angry.

She was unpleasant all dinner-time, but she got better in the arternoon, and when the Morgans came in the evening, and when she found that Mrs. Morgan 'ad got a nasty sort o' red swelling on her nose, she got quite good-tempered. She talked about it nearly all supper-time, telling 'er what she ought to do to it, and about a friend of hers that 'ad one and 'ad to turn teetotaler on account of it.

"My nose is good enough for me," ses Mrs. Morgan, at last.

"It don't affect 'er appetite," ses George Hatchard, trying to make

things pleasant, "and that's the main thing."

Mrs. Morgan got up to go, but arter George Hatchard 'ad explained wot he didn't mean she sat down agin and began to talk to Mrs. Pearcee about 'er dress and 'ow beautifully it was made. And she asked Mrs. Pearcee to give 'er the pattern of it, because she should 'ave one like it herself when she was old enough. "I do like to see people dressed suitable," ses she with a smile.

"I think you ought to 'ave a much deeper color than this," ses Mrs. Pearcee, considering.

"Not when I'm faded," ses Mrs. Morgan.

Mrs. Pearcee, wot was filling 'er glass at the time, spilt a lot of beer all over the table cloth, and she was so cross about it that she sat like a stone statue for pretty near ten minutes. By the time supper was finished people was passing things to each other in whispers, and when a bit o' cheese went the wrong way with Joe Morgan he nearly suffocated 'imself for fear of making a noise.

They 'ad a game o' cards arter supper, counting twenty nuts as a jenny and everybody got more cheerful. They was all laughing and talking, and Joe Morgan was pretending to steal Mrs. Pearcee's nuts, when George Hatchard held up his 'and.

"Somebody at the street door, I think," he ses.

Young Alf got up to open it, and they 'eard a man's voice in the passage asking whether Mrs. Pearcee lived there, and the next moment Alf came into the room, followed by Bill Flurry.

"Here's a gentleman o' the name o' Smith asking arter you," he ses, looking at Mrs. Pearcee.

"Wet d'you want?" ses Mrs. Pearcee, rather sharp.

"It is 'er," ses Bill, stroking his long white beard and casting his eyes up at the ceiling. "You don't remember me, Mrs. Pearce, but I used to see you years ago, when you and poor Charlie Pearce was living down Poplar way."

"Well, wot about it?" ses Mrs. Pearce.

"I'm coming to it," ses Bill Flurry. "I've been two months trying to find you, so there's no need to be in a hurry for a minute or two. Besides, what I've got to say ought to be broke gently, in case you faint away with joy."

"Rubbish!" ses Mrs. Pearce. "I ain't the fainting sort."

"I 'ope it's nothing unpleasant," ses George Hatchard, pouring 'im out a glass of whisky.

"Quite the opposite," ses Bill. "It's the best news she's 'eard for fifteen years."

"Are you going to tell me wot you want, or ain't you?" ses Mrs. Pearce.

"I'm coming to it," ses Bill. "Six months ago I was in Melbourne, and one day I was strolling about looking in at the shop winders, when all at once I thought I see a face I knew. It was a good bit older than when I see it last, and the whiskers was grey, but I says to myself——"

"I can see wot's coming," ses Mrs. Morgan, turning red with excitement and punching Joe's arm.

"I ses to myself," ses Bill Flurry, "either that's a ghost, I ses, or else it's Charlie——"

"Go on" ses George Hatchard, as was sitting with 'is fists clenched on the table and 'is eyes wide open, staring at 'im.

"Pearce," ses Bill Flurry.

You might 'ave heard a pin drop. They all sat staring at 'im, and then

George Hatchard took out 'is handkerchief and 'eld it up to 'is face.

"But he was drowned in the Evening Star," ses Joe Morgan.

Bill Flurry didn't answer 'im. He poured out pretty near a tumbler of whisky and offered it to Mrs. Pearce, but she pushed it away, and, arter looking round in a 'elpless sort of way and shaking his 'ead once or twice, he finished it up 'imself.

"It couldn't 'ave been 'im," ses George Hatchard, speaking through 'is handkerchief. "I can't believe it. It's too cruel."

"I tell you it was 'im," ses Bill. "He floated off on a spar when the ship went down, and was picked up two days arterwards by a barque and taken to New Zealand. He told me all about it, and he told me if ever I saw 'is wife to give her 'is kind regards."

"Kind regards!" ses Joe Morgan, starting up. "Why didn't he let 'is wife know 'e was alive?"

"That's wot I said to 'im," ses Bill Flurry; "but he said he 'ad 'is reasons."

"Ah, to be sure," ses Mrs. Morgan, nodding. "Why, you and her can't be married now," she ses, turning to George Hatchard.

"Married?" ses Bill Flurry, with a start, as George Hatchard gave a groan that surprised 'imself. "Good gracious! what a good job I found 'er!"

"I s'pose you don't know where he is to be found now?" ses Mrs. Pearce in a low voice, turning to Bill.

"I do not, ma'am, ses Bill, "but I think you'd find 'im somewhere in Australia. He keeps changing 'is name and shifting about, but I dare say you'd 'ave as good a chance of finding 'im as anybody."

"It's a terrible blow to me," ses George Hatchard, dabbing his eyes.

"I know it is," ses Mrs. Pearce; "but, there, you men are all alike. I dare say if this hadn't turned up you'd ha' found something else"

"Oh, 'ow can you talk like that?" ses George Hatchard, very reproachful. "It's the only thing in the world that could 'ave prevented our getting married. I'm surprised at you."

"Well, that's all right, then," ses

was Charlie Pearce right enough; scar on 'is forehead and a wart on 'is left ear and all."

"It's wonderful," ses Mrs. Pearce. "I can't think where you got it all from."

"Got it all from?" ses Bill, staring at her. "Why from 'im."

"Oh, of course, ses Mrs. Pearce. "I didn't think of that; but that only makes it the more wonderful, doesn't



"Bill Flurry got up and went out on tip-toe."

Mrs Pearce, "and we'll get married after all."

"But you can't," ses Alf.

"It's bigamy," ses Joe Morgan.

"You'd get six months," ses his wife.

"Don't you worry, dear," ses Mrs. Pearce, nodding at George Hatchard; "that man's made a mistake."

"Mistake!" ses Bill Flurry. "Why, I tell you I talked to 'im. It

it?— because, you see, he didn't go on the Evening Star."

"Wot?" ses George Hatchard.

"Why, you told me yourself—"

"I knew I did," ses Mrs. Pearce, "but that was only just to spare your feelings. Charlie was going to sea on her, but he was prevented."

"Prevented?" ses two or three of 'em.

"Yes," ses Mrs. Pearce; "the

night afore he was to 'ave sailed there was some silly mistake over a diamond ring, and he got five years. He gave a different name at the police station, and naturally everybody thought 'e went down with the ship. And when he died in prison I didn't undeceive 'em."

She took out her 'andkerchief, and

while she was busy with it Bill Flurry got up and went out on tip-toe. Young Alf got up a second or two arterwards to see where he'd gone; and the last Joe Morgan and his Missis see of the happy couple they was sitting on one chair, and George Hat-chard was making desprit and 'art-rending attempts to smile.

The Lure of the North Pole

BY COMMANDER R. E. PEARY IN PALL MALL

As Commander Peary points out the curiosity of most people about the North Pole concerns its life with the cold, the darkness, the silence and the hunger, and many questions are asked on these points. Few people, however, realize just what the North Pole really is and what is the motive that leads men to risk their lives in vain attempts to reach it.

BEFORE attempting to give an idea of the charm, the attraction, of the North Pole and Arctic exploration, let me try to answer the question—What is the North Pole? And in doing so, I imagine that I shall give some information that will be new, even to the oldest and best-informed of my readers.

The North Pole is the precise centre of the Northern Hemisphere, the hemisphere of land, of population, of civilization. It is the point where the axis of the earth cuts its surface. It is the spot where there is no longitude, no time, no north, no east, no west—only south; the place where every wind that blows is a south wind. It is the place where there is but one night and one day in every year—where two steps only separate astronomical noon from astronomical midnight. The spot from which all the heavenly bodies appear to move in horizontal courses, and a star just visible above the horizon never sets, but circles for ever, just grazing the horizon.

More than this, the North Pole is

the last great geographical prize which the world has to offer to adventurous man: the prize for which the best men of the strongest, most enlightened, most adventurous nations of the earth have been struggling unsuccessfully for nearly four centuries: the trophy which the grandest nation of them all would be proud to win.

Next after this definition of the Pole, perhaps it is well to take up very briefly the four things which, it may be said, go to form the conception of the Arctic regions in the minds of the greater number of people. These four things are the cold, the darkness, the silence, and hunger. The first questions almost invariably asked me by strangers are in regard to these four things, and the questions are usually in the order given.

In the far North, when winter settles down in earnest, the very air seems frozen, and is filled with tiny little frost crystals; tempered steel and seasoned oak and hickory become brittle, soft iron becomes hard as steel, molasses and lard are cut with a hatchet, petroleum turns white and

grows thick like ice-cream, and one's breath turns instantly to ice. Yet my readers should understand that the cold alone is not the greatest hardship of the Arctic regions, nor is it a thing which alone should interfere with Arctic work. Heat and cold, as we know, are relative; and the climate of New England may seem as unendurable and as great a terror to a native of the tropics as does the winter cold of the Arctic regions to the native of New England.

And my readers should also understand that a well, sound man, woman, or child, if properly fed and properly clothed, can live and endure the severest cold of the Arctic regions just as comfortably as we live and endure the cold of our Northern winters here at home. It is only when the cold joins forces with an Arctic blizzard, the drifting snow and the wind, the winter demons of the North, that all attempts to work or travel must be given up, and men and animals are compelled to burrow in their snow shelters until the storm is over.

The darkness of the Arctic regions is another thing which is very generally misunderstood. The "Great Night" of the Pole is at once the grandest, the sternest, and perhaps the most trying of all natural phenomena on the Globe. It is something which, when once experienced, is never to be forgotten. How many can really form a true idea of this, even when I say that the night is weeks and months in length?

Try to imagine, if possible, what it would be for each of the inhabitants of Great Britain, if every year the sun set early in October, not to rise again until the last of February. This is about the average night of the Arctic regions; though, as I have al-

ready said, at the Pole itself this night is six months long—from September 21st to March 21st. This "Great Night" is what often drives men crazy in the north. This is the great, the unescapable drawback to Arctic work. Six months' long, irritating, crushing weight of darkness.

But do not think, as do many, that the entire year is a period of greater or less darkness in the Arctic regions. Just as the winter is a period of intense and almost unendurable darkness, so the summer is a time of continuous, brilliant, and at times blinding sunlight.

The silence has been a favorite theme with more than one Arctic traveller and writer—the unbearable silence of the Arctic regions. In my own experience I have not found this silence. If one's camp or winter head-quarters is near the sea, the rising and falling of the great sheet of ice under the influence of the tides results in the continuous cracking, creaking and groaning of the ice, which never entirely ceases; and if the camp is in the interior, the chances are that during the greater portion of the time the wind and drifting snow keep up an incessant hiss and rustle.

This is in the winter time. In the brief summer, the cries and whirring wings of countless sea-birds, the sound of the numerous Arctic brooks, the lapping of the waves against the ice and rocks, keep the air alive with an incessant murmur.

Yet there are at times brief periods of utter silence, and when these occur the silence, to me, is not repellent, but fascinating, in its qualities of absoluteness and purity.

Hunger and starvation have played an important part in many Arctic expeditions; yet it should be remember-

ed that they have played an equally prominent part in expeditions in what are considered more favored regions. Carelessness or mismanagement, or inexperience, or carefully considered taking of chances, may make them a serious menace anywhere in the world. In regard to hunger, as in regard to darkness, how many of my readers know what real hunger is, or can form any true idea of it? I do not mean the hunger of the man who has slowly starved to death inactive, till he is semi-conscious, and life is but the faintest spark. Such hunger I have never known.

What I do mean is the hunger which a man feels who has for weeks been working to his limit, in the biting air of the Arctic regions, on half-rations or less, till he is only a gaunt machine of bones and sinews; the hunger of a man whose heart and lungs and muscles are working overtime, whose stomach is thin as a sheet of paper, but whose blood is still red and hot, and every drop of it calling for meat. That is the hunger which leads a man to jump on bear or musk-ox that he has just killed, lift the skin with his knife, and fill up on the delicious, raw, warm meat, without waiting for the useless luxuries of fire or salt. The hunger which, when a dog dies in harness, makes a man stand off the other dogs, till he himself has eaten.

Yet, while these Arctic regions, with their cold, their darkness, their privations, labor and starvation, are shudderingly repellent to the invalid, the aged and the timid, to the man or boy of health and ruddy blood they have possessed from time immemorial the strongest fascination of any portion of the globe. No other field appeals so strongly and universally to brain and blood as these daz-

zling, dangerous, mysterious areas. The mystery, the novelty, the challenge, the bigness and the cleanness of it all stirs to its utmost the man blood in us.

What lends charm to our youthful excursions more than the novelty of penetrating to new places? The travel instinct, the Wanderlust as the Germans call it, is innate in nearly all animals; man is no exception. It is the call of the old free, wild life, when the world was young and men were only animals.

First and foremost among the spells of the Arctic is the nature call. Though her ribs are gaunt and protruding with the cold and starvation of centuries, nowhere else does one get so close to the great heart of Mother Earth as up there in that dead white borderland between this world and interstellar space which we call the Arctic regions. There is to be found the realization of the fable of Antaeus, that mighty son of Poseidon, to whom every contact with earth gave new strength and vigor. Nowhere else is the air so pure, nowhere else the sunlight so brilliant or the darkness so opaque, nowhere else the storms so furious. There is to be found the iceberg, the glacier, the eternal ice, and the savage mountains. There is the walrus, the narwhal, the musk-ox, the polar bear and the white wolf, there the Eskimo and his dogs. There is the "great day" and the "great night," with Polars in the very centre overhead.

Then there is the feeling of ownership, the right of possession which the man earns who lifts a new land or a new sea out of the darkness of the unknown, and fixes it for ever upon the chart?—the feeling that the savage splendid scene before him is his because he has earned it by work

of brain and body, won it by sheer force of clear head and clean muscle.

How can I make you understand this better than by asking you to conceive a picture I have in my mind of a pile of stones, two men, a flag, and four dogs. Give your imagination play for a moment and try to realize that, though the flag is gone and three of the dogs are dead, the pile of stones is still standing there, shrouded for six months in the gloom of the "great night," standing in blinding sunlight throughout the "great day" of the Arctic regions, battered by storms and scoured by driving snow, the most northerly of all permanent records of man's wanderings. And this pile of stones means that for nearly a thousand years Norseman and Dane, Briton, German and American, have crept painfully northward along the shores of the great Arctic island-continent of Greenland, until at last, in the closing year of the nineteenth century, the Stars and Stripes wrested its savage northern headland out of the mist and gloom of the Polar night.

And there is more than this in the picture. There, on that most northern land, the most northerly known fixed point on the face of the earth, never trodden before perhaps by human foot, were gathered the representatives of three great races—myself the Caucasian, Henson the Ethiopian, Anghmaloktok the Mongolian. Then there are the dogs, four of them, members of my own team—the "Old Guard" as I called them.

I could talk to you by the hour of these splendid creatures who have made Arctic work possible. How can I bring home to you what they are? Descendants of the Arctic wolf, they are wolves themselves when the sight or hot scent of bear or musk-ox

starts the blood lust flaming in their eyes. At other times they are companions, assistants, affectionate slaves, giving their lives to turn aside from their master the murderous rush of infuriated polar bear or musk-ox bull, or working for his sake till they drop dead in their harness without a sound; and when, in the bitter darkness of the "great night," starvation grips a village in its bony grasp, they yield their lives to feed their master's children.

But I am wandering from what I had in mind—to call the roll of these four of the "Old Guard." Panikpahperdu died of the Eskimo dog disease at Etah; Muktaksoah was tossed and killed by an infuriated musk-ox bull west of Discovery Harbour; Ingeropahpu, fleetest of all my dogs, had the life cuffed out of him by a wounded polar bear at the head of Sawyer's Bay. Thalarktoksoah, the gray king, leader of my own team in all my Arctic journeys during the past four years—with me on the long sledge journey around the northern end of Greenland—with me on the journey out upon the polar pack to 84 degrees 17 min. N. Lat., was the best and faithfulest and most affectionate of all my dogs. Once his back was nearly torn off by the claws of a polar bear, later two holes were punched in his chest by the horns of a big musk-ox; yet he survived these accidents, was later victor in many a hard-fought struggle with both bear and musk-ox, and finally was brought home by me, together with his queen, and both are now in the Bronx Zoological Park in New York, sure of full rations and no hard work for the rest of their natural lives.

Do you wonder that, when I think of the glittering prize still waiting

to be won up there beyond the barrier of ice and cold and darkness, I often have a feeling of contempt for all the petty surroundings of our civilized life, and long to be up there

again with my faithful dogs and loaded sled before me, working my way across the Polar pack towards that on which for sixteen years I have set my heart?

The Utilization of Waste

BY HENRY C. NICOLS IN MOODY'S MAGAZINE

It is most entertaining to read how these magicians of industry, the chemists, have evolved uses for apparently the most useless refuse of manufacturers. The amount of money saved annually by the utilization of waste is well up in the millions and equals nearly seven times the annual production of gold in the United States.

SUCH remarkable progress has been made during recent years in the elimination of waste that it would seem that there was little left in this direction for the ingenuity of man and the creative force of science to accomplish. It has for years been the open boast of the Chicago packer that nothing of the hog escapes but the squeal. The refiner of oil can boast with equal truth that nothing escapes from the crude oil which he refines but the smell, and there are many other industries where the elimination of waste has been carried to a point of fully as great efficiency as that shown in either the packing or oil industry.

It is to the chemist that we largely owe this tremendous addition to our annual increment of wealth. Thirty years ago, for every ton of finished product turned out by our manufacturers there was from one to several hundred pounds of materials which were thrown away as waste. Not only was this so-called "waste material" considered valueless, but the disposition of it was often a source of considerable expense and annoyance to the manufacturers. Owing to the wonderful progress of chemical knowledge during the last

quarter of a century, and the constant finding of new revelations and uses for substances of all kinds, a complete revolution has been wrought in nearly every branch of the manufacturing industry. Instead of this waste material being a source of expense to manufacturers, the experiments of chemists have shown how it can be converted into products which have a high marketable value, and it is no exaggeration to say that the value of products annually manufactured out of materials which thirty years ago were thrown away as waste to-day amounts to fully \$500,000,000—a sum equal to nearly seven times the annual production of gold in the United States.

Sawdust was for years looked upon as an absolutely waste material, and was either dumped into a stream of flowing water or thrown into a heap where it could be conveniently disposed of. During the last few years a process has been discovered, however, which has resulted in giving sawdust a value far above solid lumber. By this process, which combines the use of hydraulic pressure and the application of intense heat, the particles of sawdust are formed into a solid mass capable of being molded

into any shape and receiving a brilliant polish that is fully as beautiful as ebony, rosewood or mahogany. Ornaments of great beauty can be made in this way closely resembling carved woodwork. In the manufacture of such ornaments the only materials mixed with the sawdust are alum and glue. Imitation marble can be manufactured from a mixture of the finer grades of sawdust with ivory waste, waterglass and glue. The substance thus produced can take a high polish and resembles the finest marble. In Norway acetic acid, wood naphtha, tar and alcohol are produced on a commercial scale out of sawdust.

Successful attempts have been made to utilize the needle-shaped leaflet of the pine tree to produce an article of commercial value for textile and other uses. Factories have been erected, both in this country and in Europe, that convert the pine leaflets into what is called "forest wool," which has proven to be a suitable material for stuffing mattresses and articles of furniture in place of horsehair, for manufacture into hygienic articles for medicinal use, and for articles of dress, such as inner vests, drawers, shirts and chest protectors. In the opinion of chemists the principal use of sawdust in the future will be in the production of sugar and alcohol. Sawdust is practically pure cellulose, which is easily convertible into sugar and alcohol.

For many years bituminous coal operators used to cast aside slack as waste. Later it was sold for five cents a ton, and the operators were glad to sell it at this price. To-day slack commands at the mine 75 cents a ton, or within five cents per ton of the price of runup-mine coal, and the sale of this by-product now adds

many thousands of dollars a year to the profits of the large bituminous operators. The increase in the price of slack is due to the demand for fine coal which has arisen from the makers of cement. At first cement manufacturers bought lump coal and then pulverized it to fit for their purpose. One of the most enterprising manufacturers of cement some years ago began experimenting with slack, and he soon discovered that it would answer his purpose fully as well as lump coal and greatly reduce the cost of manufacturing cement. This manufacturer is now said to consume 140 tons of slack daily.

There are in the Allegheny Mountains numerous cliffs which are composed of almost solid quartz rocks. Until a few years ago it was thought that these cliffs were absolutely worthless, when a process was discovered by which it is possible to manufacture these quartz rocks into glass. As a result of this discovery these huge cliffs have assumed an important economic value. The rocks are first blasted and then broken into small pieces, which are in turn then ground into a powder. This powder is shipped to glass manufacturers, who convert it into glass by melting it in a furnace and adding the proper ingredients. By greatly reducing the cost of manufacturing the lower grades of glass it is claimed that this discovery has opened up an entirely new field for the glass industry. It has been known for years that coffins, tombstones, bricks, tilings and similar articles could easily be manufactured out of glass. Nearly a decade ago experiments showed that railroad ties—ties which will virtually last forever and which are entirely proof against decay—could successfully be manufactured out of glass. No serious

attempts were made to manufacture any of these articles on a commercial scale, however, as the cost of manufacture under the old conditions existing in the glass industry was prohibitive. Now that a process has been discovered for utilizing these cliffs of quartz rocks, however, it is claimed that glass manufacturers will be able to rapidly extend their field of operations, and there are even some enthusiasts who predict that the time will come when people will live in houses made out of glass bricks, walk on floors made out of glass tilings, sit in glass chairs, sleep in glass beds and be buried in glass coffins.

Thirty years ago the Chicago packer made little attempt to utilize the waste products of the abattoir. The blood was allowed to drain away, and the disposal of heads, feet and tankage was a source of considerable expense, men being paid to cart this waste away and bury it. Gradually industries began growing up in the vicinity of the slaughtering houses using as their raw material the waste products of the abattoir. The packing houses later absorbed these industries, and during recent years the manufacture of valuable by-products out of the material formerly thrown away as waste has been one of their largest sources of profit. Each large packing establishment now has its combinations to render more valuable and extensive the already long list of by-products. The products of the grey brain matter of the calves are now employed in affections of the nervous system, such as nervous debility, nervous exhaustion, agophobia, St. Vitus' dance, mental disorder and insanity. The blood of the slaughtered animals is congealed and manufactured into buttons, and is also utilized

in the production of albumen for the use of the calico printer, the sugar refiner, the tanner and others. The bones of the animals are used for a score of different purposes, being manufactured into knife and toothbrush handles, chessmen, combs, backs of brushes, mouthpieces of pipes and various other articles. Black hoofs are used in the manufacture of cyanide of potassium for gold extraction, and are also ground up to make fertilizer for florists, grape growers and others. Among the other articles manufactured out of the former waste products of the abattoir are glue, flypaper, sandpaper, gelatine, isinglass, curled hair, bristles, wool felt, hair felt, laundry soap, soap powders, glycerine, ammonia, bone meal, pepsin, poultry food, neat's foot oil, and a score of other products. The annual value of the by-products of the packing industry all of which are manufactured out of what was considered a waste material thirty years ago, is approximately \$200,000,000.

Prior to 1860 the disposal of cottonseed was a matter of great concern to both the ginner and the community. In the cotton plant two-thirds of the contents of the ripe boll is seed while only one-third is fibre. For years the fibre was used in the manufacture of cotton, while the seed was thrown away as worthless. The seed was usually hauled to a remote place to rot or dumped into a stream of flowing water. With the growth of population and the increase of cotton culture this careless method of disposal of cottonseed became a great nuisance, and its low commercial rating is vividly indicated by a law passed in Mississippi in 1857 providing that every cotton ginner shall—

“Forfeit and pay the sum of \$20

for every day he or she shall neglect or refuse to remove or destroy the cottonseed as aforesaid, to be recovered by warrant in the name of the state before any justice of the peace of the proper county for the use and benefit of said county. No person who shall be the owner or proprietor of any cotton gin shall be authorized to throw or permit to be thrown the cottonseed from such gin into any river, creek or other stream of water which may be used by the inhabitants for drinking or fishing therein; and any person offending herein shall forfeit and pay for such offense the sum of \$200."

Out of this product, which was deemed a nuisance in 1857, there was manufactured in 1900, as shown by the last census, by-products having a value of more than \$42,000,000. More than a score of products are to-day manufactured out of cottonseed, including butter, paper, fertilizer, cotton batting, cattle feed, soap, lard, cottolene, crude oil and salad oils. The butter which is thus artificially manufactured is as pure and wholesome as the best dairy product. The oil manufactured out of cottonseed resembles olive oil so closely in its properties that Professor Morgan, of the University of California, says it is practically indistinguishable except by chemical means, and even here the most delicate series of tests is required to distinguish between the two with certainty, no single test being adequate. Indeed, cottonseed oil has become such a strong competitor of olive oil that in Southern France the farmers are abandoning the cultivation of olive groves. Competent authorities say it is doubtful if olive oil will ever again recover its old-time place, as cottonseed oil is being produced in increased quantities from

year to year and is rapidly gaining in the estimation of the public.

Whatever may be thought of the methods whereby the Standard Oil Company early succeeded in crushing out all competition in the oil industry, there can be no question of the remarkable business ability of the men who organized this corporation—an ability that amounted to almost a genius for avoiding all wasted energy and utilizing every possible means for reducing the cost of manufacture and increasing the profits of the oil industry. Nowhere was this business ability more strikingly shown than in the manner in which the Standard Oil Company early began to utilize the waste materials of the refiner in the manufacture of valuable by-products. During the early days crude oil was refined and everything but the refined oil was thrown away as necessary waste; but no sooner had John D. Rockefeller entered the oil fields than he began looking for means whereby the waste products could be profitably utilized. The Standard Oil Company had hardly been organized before it sent its agents to Europe to engage the leading chemists of England and Germany and a large sum was spent in the erection of one of the most complete chemical laboratories in the world. It is doubtful if any capital ever invested in any manner ever reaped a larger return than the money which the Standard Oil Company expended in the erection of this chemical laboratory and in the employment of the most expert chemists in this country and Europe. John D. Archbold, vice-president of the Standard Oil Company, is authority for the statement that for the last ten years more than one-half of the profits of the company have been made out of

the manufacture of by-products. Indeed, so important has this branch of the Standard Oil Company grown, that if the company was to-day in a position where it was forced to choose between its refined oil and its by-products it would choose the latter. The company could throw into the ocean every drop of refined oil as fast as it was manufactured, and would still be able to pay handsome dividends to its stockholders simply through the sale of its by-products. The secret of most of these by-products is guarded jealously and the processes by which many of them are

manufactured are to-day entirely unknown outside of the laboratories of the Standard Oil Company. Some idea of the extent and character of these by-products, however, can be gained from the fact that the Standard Oil Company manufactures more than 200 remedies which enter into materia medica alone. Not once in a dozen times does a druggist compound a prescription in which one of the by-products of the Standard Oil Company does not enter. Among the leading by-products are gasoline, naphtha, paraffine, lubricating oils, vaseline products and aniline dyes.

Honesty, Perverserance and Success

SUCCESS is a safe. It is different from the ordinary private safe. Its contents are yours by right if you can open it, and, unlike the steel safe, dishonest methods will avail you nothing. There are two instruments necessary, and you have them at your command. These instruments are Perseverance and Honesty.

With these you can accomplish anything. Without them nothing.

Some people think they will attain their object quicker by throwing away honesty. They tried it. They fancied they were getting along famously. Perhaps they did get on for a time, but their progress was but short-lived. Without honesty perseverance is of no use, except to land you in trouble.

No business built on dishonest methods, or into which dishonest dealing was allowed to creep, ever prospered.

Don't throw away honesty.

Perseverance and honesty are the two instruments by which the door of Success can be opened. Sometimes you will get disheartened and discouraged. The forces opposed to you will be like the chilled steel of the safe.

The chilled steel of circumstances can never withstand Perseverance. Let honesty and perseverance be your watchwords.

The Work of a Press Clipping Bureau

SUNDAY SUN

Few people are familiar with the every-day work of the press clipping bureau. Not many know that such institutions exist, nor do they know for what purpose they are operated. Abundant light on the subject is afforded by a perusal of the following entertaining article, which not only explains the purpose and system of the bureau but gives particular examples of the problems with which it must grapple. For the information of readers, it might be stated that there is a Canadian bureau in operation in Toronto.

NINETY newspapers a day is the task of the girls who read for one of the oldest press clipping bureaus in New York, and they read every item in each paper, including the advertising. Moreover, as they read they carry the names, wants and wishes of 3,000 subscribers in their minds and underscore the salient word in every item which should go to a customer.

This bureau has certain rules in hiring its readers. It takes no elderly person, no person who says she is fond of reading or has made scrap books all her life, and no school teacher. It wants no literary tastes at its reading desks, and not too much education.

It wants persons who will read mechanically, with lightning speed and with no interest in what they read aside from the word they are looking for. After trying all sorts of people, the type found most satisfactory is the girl who has left school at 14 to go to work in a factory or dry goods store. In either of those places she would get from \$3 to \$8 a week. In the clipping bureau she may run her wages up to \$20 a week, as the star reader of this bureau has done, and average \$12 or \$15 a week, as most of them do.

All of them work by the piece, receiving so much for every clipping marked. Sometimes they are a little too mechanical, as when the patron who subscribes for everything concerning banks gets choice items con-

cerning sand banks, but it is better to have them that way than to have them getting interested in what they read and lingering over their task.

Eight hundred dailies a day are read in this office, and in addition every publication, weekly and monthly, in the United States which has a circulation of 5,000, making 5,000 in all. The amount of surface information which these girls get to carry around in their heads concerning the matters in which the 3,000 subscribers are interested is remarkable. The strangest and most unexpected scraps of knowledge will crop up among curly headed fifteen-year-olds whom one would not accuse of an idea beyond chocolate and peekaboo waists.

These girls read for all sorts of queer things. There is a badge and button house capitalized at \$1,000,000 which has built its business in the last twelve years on the clippings furnished it by these girls. It takes everything relating to the organization of societies, or their parades, processions, meetings. It gets 1,000 items a day and its bill is \$400 a week. Its literature goes to the addresses provided in these clippings, and its publicity scheme has proved good.

A house that makes church bells takes everything relating to new churches, appropriations for new bells, etc. Another firm has for years taken everything relating to scales. A company insuring against burglars, which took everything re-

lating to bank robberies for twelve years, recently cancelled its order, as it found that there was no profit in this branch.

Society news in the papers is carefully scanned. Notices of engagements are clipped for jewelers, florists, stationers, furniture dealers and hundreds of other merchants. The most profitable branch of the business is the commercial, but the largest number of customers is made up of those who subscribe for personal mention. Personal vanity plays little part in this, however. It is dictated mostly by commercial reasons.

On this list are playwrights, actors, prize fighters, politicians, authors, and all sorts of men in public life. Some of them are anxious for newspaper mention and some are anxious for its absence.

The income from this source is extremely irregular. It has happened that a man would not have an item for months, and then suddenly in one month his bill at the clipping bureau has leaped from nothing to \$1,000. This sudden bull movement may be a source of pleasure or quite the opposite to the subject—one never can tell.

Sometimes authors subscribe for clippings on subjects which they intend to write upon. One author has for two or three years been collecting all clippings which describe the heroism of girls, as shown in reports of fires, accidents and the like. Then there are the obviously crank collectors.

One man has for years collected everything printed on vegetarianism. His bill this Summer has been pretty heavy. Another man pays for all items relating to any rascality discovered among spiritualists, or among priests and ministers of the

gospel. Periodically he publishes a deadly parallel in a spiritualist paper, obviously to the discredit of the church people, as there are many more of them than of his own cult.

Another man has collected for years everything published on Lincoln, and another everything published against vaccination.

The American Medical Association collects statistics relating to injury and loss of life at Fourth of July celebrations. The principal of a school in New England buys all items concerning persons who have made donations to schools or academies in New England, with the obvious purpose of affording them an opportunity to extend their benevolence.

Interesting comparisons are supplied by the clipping bureau regarding the articles printed in the newspapers about the deaths of prominent men. No other man in America ever had so much printed about his death in the newspapers as McKinley. Carl Schurz has received thus far 12,000 obituary notices, more than any other man since McKinley. John Hay and Joseph Jefferson had 10,000 each, and Mark Hana, 8,000.

The most expensive thing to buy in a clipping bureau is a "back search," a search for the notices of a past event. For that a charge of 10c. for each paper read is made, whether anything is found or not. The bill may easily run into thousands of dollars, and it is never entirely satisfactory, as many papers are inevitable lost.

A month after the San Francisco catastrophe the Southern Pacific road decided that it wanted everything that had been published on the subject, and turned in an order to that effect to a New York bureau. The bureau has just forwarded a dry

goods box containing 15,000 clippings.

One of the most curious back searches ever ordered was started by Harmsworth, the London newspaper owner. He began his career with a little periodical called *Answers*. He placed an order with a clipping bureau for all original jokes and funny stories published in American papers. He was getting a pretty heavy service, naturally, when one day a letter arrived from him to the following effect :

"Last December you furnished us with the following joke :

" 'Einstein's place has burned down.'

" 'Too much inflammable material ?'

" 'No; too much insurance.'

"It is necessary to locate the origin of this joke and mail us a copy of the paper immediately."

The manager of the bureau cabled to his London agent, asking the cause of Mr. Harmsworth's sudden demand, and received in response the cablegram :

"Local Einstein suing."

The manager wrote to every joke-smith he could hear of in the United States and posted the joke in every press club, with an inquiry as to its origin. After a while he got a letter which read :

"I know—'cause why? I wrote it myself. How much is it worth to show you its original publication?"

For \$5 a copy of the periodical originally containing the much-sought joke was obtained and despatched to the London publisher.

The first clipping bureau in the world was started in Paris in 1879 by a Frenchman named Cheri. There are now forty clipping bureaus in the United States, of which ten are in

New York. There are clipping bureaus in every country and every language on earth sufficiently advanced to have newspapers.

Gen. Joe Wheeler ordered a complete newspaper history of the Spanish War in twelve great volumes. A New York firm presented to every regiment that went out of New York to that war a scrapbook history of the action of the regiment, and the books are now preserved in the various armories. Forty-two books of clippings were made of McKinley's obituaries. One man ordered twelve sets to present to twelve different persons.

Relatives and friends of Henry B. Hyde ordered ten sets of his obituary notices, in twenty great volumes, including items from insurance papers in China, Japan, India, and other countries, some of which cost \$50 apiece to obtain. Mrs. Collis P. Huntington had under consideration the making of a \$10,000 scrapbook of Mr. Huntington's obituary notices when the clippings were destroyed by fire.

The first scrapbook to attract public attention was the enormous volume ordered for presentation to Admiral Dewey on his return from the Philippines. Including its table it cost \$3,100 and is the most valuable scrapbook ever made. It is now in the Smithsonian Institution.

Under the auspices of the German-American committee on a memorial to Carl Schurz a scrapbook is being prepared of that statesman. This will contain letters on the life and character of Mr. Schurz from almost every prominent man of the day, and will be a mine of autographs and personal sentiments for future historians.

From Engine Cab to Editor's Desk

WORLD'S WORK

Young men of ambition will find much to encourage them in the career of John A. Hill, who is to-day the owner of three of the most influential trade publications in America. Born on the farm, he had ambitions to be an engineer. Eventually he succeeded in this object. But his experience on the railroad was merely a stepping stone to still better things.

ONE day in the early eighties a Denver & Rio Grande passenger train ran into an engine at a small Colorado station. A freight train was waiting on a side track and the engineer of the freight train who saw the collision was summoned as a witness at the investigation held at the division superintendent's office at Pueblo. When the freight engineer appeared at the trial, the division superintendent, who was a cross little man, snapped:

"What's your name?"

"Hill," replied the witness.

"What have you been doing?"

"Running No. 207 for two years."

The little man looked up quickly. Then he said:

"You are a d— good man. This is the first time I ever heard of you." It was his characteristic way of complimenting him for attending to his business and not hanging around division headquarters.

The freight engineer was Mr. John A. Hill. He had a union card in his pocket when he stood before his chief in Pueblo; he carries one to-day when he is head of the Hill Publishing Company of New York, publishers of the three largest trade publications in their field. Yet he stands for the open shop and he made a fair-minded declaration of the principle to his employees, during the printer's strike, which attracted wide attention.

He was born on a farm in Vermont. His parents moved to Iowa.

When he was eight years old he herded five hundred sheep. Then the Hills moved to Wisconsin where John had five terms of schooling "between husking and planting time." It did not amount to one full term. One day he smuggled a Wild West story into the bleak country school house and his teacher caught him reading it.

"You stay after school, John Hill," she said. John was prepared to be thrashed and waited in trembling. But the teacher said to him, "You can only learn things by reading, not studying. But read the right kind of books." So she lent him a romance of travel. His father would not allow that kind of book or a novel in the house; so the boy hid it and read it at night, holding a candle over the pages in his garret room. That book was the first of many.

One day the boy saw an engine go puffing and panting through a nearby village. He resolved to be an engineer. Mechanics of all kinds had appealed to him. But the first job he could get was in a small printing office. The shop was so far from his home that he slept in it. When he was seventeen he was foreman. All the while he read every book on mechanics that he could lay hands on. He became a self-taught machinist. In the early eighties he went to Colorado to set up machinery in a state that was in the making. That did not pay and he got a job as fireman on the Denver & Rio Grande Rail-

road. The "Santa Fe war" when two great railroads had been at grips for rights of way had just ended. Trains were still traveling arsenals; every station was a small fort. It took nerve and courage to stick to the cab at that time, but Hill had those qualities.

The ambition to be an engineer was still with him. He said to himself: "To become an engineer I've got to be the best fireman on the road." In six months he was an engineer. The Denver & Rio Grande was a single track road. It skirted yawning canyons and climbed dizzy mountains. To quote Mr. Hill: "If you made one slip you'd be gathered up in a spoon somewhere."

Once the brakes refused to work in Fremont Pass, the highest in the Rockies, and the engine started "wild" down the steep incline. It was the unwritten law to jump in this emergency, but Mr. Hill stuck to his cab. To reverse at once meant blowing up his steam box and certain death. But in those thrilling moments when he raced down to the valley he began to reverse a little at a time. He did not lose his head. The engine slowed up and came under control.

Just about this time, he was put temporarily in charge of the roundhouse at Pueblo. The day after he took charge the master mechanic said to him: "Hill, you're all right."

"Why?" asked Mr. Hill.

"Well, you didn't call me once last night. All the other fellows used to call me out every time anything went wrong."

When he became a fireman, Mr. Hill joined the Brotherhood of Firemen. He joined because all the other firemen joined it and because it had an insurance feature and some

social attractions. Soon he was elected president of the union. One day he said to his fellow members'

"We talk too much about people. Let's get down to something that will do us good. Discuss questions and find out all about them."

The result was a class to study among the firemen, that increased their efficiency and hastened their chance for promotion.

Then he became engineer on the engine that hauled the snow plow. The trips were irregular and he had more time to study technical subjects. He began to write for the American Machinist (the ambitious young engineer was to own the publication within ten years). He thought he saw a chance for a newspaper in Pueblo; so he left the engineer's cab and became editor of the Daily Press. But the love of the road was stronger, and he went back to an engine after a year.

Meanwhile he had transferred his union membership from the Brotherhood of Firemen to the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, an organization where character was as much a requisite for admission as being able to handle the throttle. In 1888 he was offered the editorship of the Locomotive Engineer, published in New York. Again he stepped from the cab to an editorial room—this time to stay.

What Mr. Hill did in taking the position was typical. He said: "I have to deal in figures a great deal in technical articles. Figures don't stick, but a story does." He wrote stories about technical matters and made them so simple that every engineer could understand them and somewhere in them he concealed mathematical facts.

His experiences on the road had taught him that the system of train-

ing engineers was bad. The plan in vogue was to let a fireman work along until there was a vacancy among the engineers. Then the superintendent asked, "Who has been firing the longest?" and the oldest fireman in service got the job. "Now," said Mr. Hill, "if that fireman had served under a grouchy engineer who did not teach his fireman anything about the mechanism of the engine, the fireman incompetently assumed a responsible job." He devised a plan for what he called "progressive examination of firemen"—providing for specific subjects to be studied each year by candidates for positions as engineers. It increased their efficiency and made them more valuable. The great railroad system soon adopted it.

When he became editor of the *Locomotive Engineer*, he withdrew from the Brotherhood, but his old co-workers made him an honorary member of the order.

Mr. Hill conducted his magazine, just as he had railroaded, with an unconquerable desire to do things that other people thought were impossible. He wanted to cut off the return privileges of the magazine; the business manager said it was ruinous for a trade journal to try it. Mr. Hill said, "Try it." It succeeded. He formed the Hill Publishing Co., sold the *Locomotive Engineer* and bought the *American Machinist*. Subsequently the company acquired the *Engineering and Mining Journal* and a controlling interest in Power.

He has made the development of the individual the very basis of his business. He is the best example himself. He is now the business head of the company. "I never interfere with the editors," he says; "they are supposed to know their work. We have no 'policy.'"

The body has its claims—it is a good servant; treat it well, and it will do your work; attend to its wants and requirements, listen kindly and patiently to its hints, occasionally forestall its necessities by a little indulgence, and your consideration will be repaid with interest. But task it and pine it and suffocate it, make it a slave instead of a servant, it may not complain much, but like the weary camel in the desert, it will lie down and die.—Charles Elam.

Land Speculation in the North West

BY T. J. TOBIN

One of the outstanding factors in the history of the development of the Canadian West is the speculation in land, which has gone on there ever since the resources of the country were first made known. Whether or not this speculation has been detrimental to the growth of the West is a debatable question. At any rate many men have made immense profits out of their dealings in North West land.

“LAND is the true basis of all wealth”—one may quickly follow up and test the exactness of this reasoning. It is exact. He finds that the line of thought pursued carries him through an instructive series of conditions, exposing the fundamental principles of commercial life. As the nucleus from which evolves, directly or indirectly, all industrial activity, he pictures great areas under crop, covered with forest or pierced with the mine shaft. Tracing the products in their various courses, he examines the superstructure of commerce, receiving its vitality from Mother Earth, the whole cooperating with a perfection directed by the best powers of science.

The accepted application of the fact that land is the true basis of all wealth presupposes that the land must be cultivated. There, however, its utility as a medium between man and wealth does not cease, or, rather begin. Generally speaking, it has to pass through the speculative era before it embarks upon that commercial field where it produces according to the Divine intent, and spreads its benefits universally. The manipulation of land for grain without production—always undesirable, and often pernicious—may be studied with interest, and in it many phases will be found. This form of speculation has essentially a solidity not present in the majority of enterprises in which the goddess of fortune is asked for a large order of blessings on short notice, for as any agent of land

will tell you, “it can’t fly away.” The fact that some mining properties did not have wings in early youth and a disposition to use them has been often deplored.

In land speculation, as Canadians experience it at the present time two fields stand out noticeably—the mining and western farm land. The effects of the former being to a certain degree, localized we may leave it to justify or disprove itself, and turn to the latter, with its broad national influences, and its existence backed by the most substantial conditions.

From what time does land speculation date? Did it find its inception with the downfall of feudalism, and the unpopularity of conquest by force of arms? It is a new form of conquest—that of the dollar.

Take the present day instance of Western Canada as an example. Not so very long ago our maps showed that immense tract, lying between the Great Lakes and the Rockies, as simply Prince Rupert’s Land, and the popular idea saw little in it but a fur trading ground for the Hudson Bay Co. The awakening came and from a territory that was scarcely considered in the affairs of state has emerged 600,000 square miles of fertile country, the value of the soil of which is greater than all the mines in America, from Alaska to Mexico, taken together with the entire forest growth of Canada. It is a great natural heritage, and wealth and energy have been freely invested, with assurance of large returns.

The speculator was among the first on the ground when Canada's new era opened. A few of his seeds of gold covered large territories and he has reaped many fine harvests, with prospects of many more. In the early days he stalked half-breed scrip with a few dollars, and, perhaps, a few bottles of whisky to make a bargain doubly attractive. Each piece of scrip entitled him to select 160 acres from the Government lands anywhere within 600,000 square miles of the finest country that lies out of doors. He watched for the location of townsites along the new railways, and secured in many cases very valuable property, afterwards divided into town lots and sold at big prices.

Before the real merits of this new country had taken hold of the farmer from the States or Canada the speculators were on the ground buying areas of the choicest wheat land in the world—almost treeless, and ready for the plow—at \$1 and \$2 per acre. The country appeared so immense, and the problem of settling it so stupendous that subsidies of millions of acres to the railways were not considered ample bonus to these enterprises, but were augmented by millions of dollars cash. Was such a proceeding an example of good judgment? Perhaps the end has justified the means.

The operations of the speculators did not embarrass the great influx of settlers to any great extent while homesteads within reasonable distance of the existing railways and projected lines lasted. But the time came when it was discovered that the greater part of the desirably located land still unoccupied was in the hands of the railways and land companies organized to act as their selling agents, independent land companies, syndicates and wealthy priv-

ate individuals. The settlement and cultivation of the homesteads naturally enhanced the value of the land around and the speculators found their assets multiplying without expending either money or effort. When the new settlers faced the problem of going back 40 or 50, and sometimes 100 miles from a railroad or town for free grant land, or buying at the speculators' prices, the market began to ripen for the gathering in of profits and the advance of prices.

The greatest influx into our west has been from the United States. The thrifty Yankee from Minnesota, the Dakotas, and, eventually, many other states, found that he could sell out his property at from \$75 to \$100 per acre, go across the line into "Canada," buy ten acres for every one that he had at home, and better land, besides securing 160 acres free for each of his sons and himself. He moved quick and is getting rich fast. He has become a good Canadian and spends a good deal of his spare time endeavoring to convince his neighbor from Ontario that back-setting isn't the best way to plow.

In 1905 the fever for speculation in western farm lands took hold of numbers of Ontario men with money. They bought generally in blocks of 5,000, 10,000 or 20,000 acres. The land they would personally select, and they could, therefore, guarantee its quality. Being men of standing they found no difficulty in retailing their holdings to friends going west to settle, at \$9 and \$10 per acre, where the representative of a land company would be liable to interest them in a proposition at a cheaper price. They considered the certainty of quality worth the difference. Most of this land was purchased at \$6 and \$6.50 per acre, with a small cash payment, the balance at 6 per cent., extending

over several years. The interest liability was transferred to the retail purchasers, and the cash payment made sufficiently large to let the speculators out, with a good piece of their profit besides. Then they re-invested.

This Spring there was a veritable rush of speculators, usually in syndicates of four and five. The wholesale price had jumped to \$7 per acre at the beginning of the year, but the retail price had advanced proportionately. So great was the eagerness that large blocks were purchased without being seen, although there was a certain amount of protection afforded by twice the desired amount of land being reserved for selection. The price of option up to June 1 was 50 cents per acre, to be forfeited if the land did not suit, and the intending purchaser did not wish to go further with the deal. The chance of getting poor land was small. The term "land office business" was exemplified in the fullest degree. Before long one company controlling a very large territory had to announce that its entire holdings were tied up for selection. This gave competitors who still had land for sale a splendid opportunity, and the law of supply and demand operating at once sent the wholesale price to \$7.50, then to \$8 and \$8.50, and finally even to \$9 and \$10 for first-class land in desirable locations. The retail price ranges generally from \$10 to \$15 per acre.

The land referred to above is all raw prairie untouched by the plow. Improved land is another matter. In some districts it is almost impossible to buy a good farm for anything like a reasonable figure. The owners are making money and generally do not care to sell. On the contrary, they are putting their spare cash into

more land as close by as possible. And this has given rise to a condition worth dwelling upon.

A settler going into the west usually puts all of his money—with the exception of enough to make the way clear to his first harvest—into land. He knows that it will never be so cheap again, and that this is the last great west. Very often he puts all he has into his farm and relies on his credit to see him through for the necessities of life. Where he shows honest endeavor the merchants are willing to keep him on their books until he gets his first crop. But here is the drawback to this system: the proceeds of his wheat received, the settler gets the fever for speculation and he prolongs his credit. The volume of business on paper has become so great that the merchants and wholesalers have had to tighten up somewhat, with the result that the west is getting down to a saner pace than heretofore existed.

To go through the west is to get the land fever. It seems to be in the air, and one breathes in the seductive exhilaration of dollars won by the rapid transit route. Land is being turned over rapidly, and real estate agents are a multitude. They are everywhere and many have made comfortable fortunes. The men who devote their whole time to this work have competitors in every citizen who knows where there is a piece of land to be bought handy, and who can pick up a purchaser. One dollar an acre is the standard rate of commission on retail sales, or \$6.40 on every section. The attractiveness of the proposition may be gauged when it is known that the majority of sales are of 320 and 640 acres. Even the women are not exempt from the fever. One lady from Minnesota organized parties of homeseekers last

Summer and brought them to land for which she had an agency. Her commissions netted her \$10,000.

There is money in it for the speculator and money in it for the farmer who buys from him. Both should be happy. The price is climbing, but it will have to go much higher before speculation will be discouraged. It is predicted that all good land will double in value within the next ten years. Likely it will. Inferior land in Ontario is worth more than that. One railway company seems resolved on waiting for better terms, for, last Spring, it's holdings were put at a figure somewhat above the market. There was an outcry that this was done to enhance the value of the company's stock and the Government of one of the western provinces was asked to protest.

Some idea of the degree to which the speculative fever is contagious, may be abstracted from the fact that complaint was made at a church assembly recently that some western ministers neglected their pastoral duties to dabble in land.

The most rapid play in the western speculative field has, of course, centred in town and city lots, and in some cases the need of bringing strong influences to bear on the market, with a view to steady prices, is being felt. Abnormal inflation of values does not give a young municipality the chance to attract the population that it should have. Many fortunes have been made as the result of purchases made before the great influx of settlers started. In Regina, ten years ago, a young man had an opportunity to buy two lots at \$8 apiece. He somewhat reluctantly secured one of them. He sold it a short time ago for \$20,000. The writer is informed that a quarter-section on the outskirts of Calgary,

bought for \$23,000 last Winter, was divided into building lots and sold at a profit of about \$60,000. In Edmonton the other day a fifty-foot lot in central location realized \$40,000 on \$800. This is the highest figure that has yet been reached.

Let us return to the question of farm lands. Has speculation been a drawback to the west? Undoubtedly it has. Large tracts have been tied up in the best localities at times when settlers were clamoring for entry, and were willing to pay what they considered a fair price. The speculator knew he had a sure thing, and he hung on till he got his figure. Large blocks of land are held at the present time in just this way. The injustice to the settler is apparent, but who can blame the man who had foresight enough to get on the ground early, and back up his faith with dollars?

Who were the original owners of the land? The people of Canada. They intrusted this great heritage to the Government. Now, admitting that the building of railways was worth the enormous land subsidy it received, is there anything to be said in condemnation of the governmental policy that has been pursued since? A few months ago land was sold to a large company at less than the market price by a good deal, and will, no doubt, be turned over within a short time. This company's profits will be a burden that numbers of settlers will divide among them, and find very heavy, though they be spread over five or six years. Perhaps other such deals have been put through.

"Land graft" has an ugly sound, principally because of the application that it has to the peopling of the American west, where one man is known to have acquired millions of acres, chiefly by fraud. No parallel

case is to be found in our Great West, but it is said, nevertheless, that choice plums have been dropped into hands that were able to pass them on at an immense profit. Such transactions were dishonest, and it is hoped that someone with the requisite proof will have the courage to expose them, regardless of what heads may fall.

In the meantime the Great West is prospering, most of the settlers

own their land, have money in the bank, and look forward to another big crop this year. The land of No. 1 hard wheat, where the climate makes it almost a crime to die of anything but old age, is filling up fast, but has still lots of room. It is the country where nearly every man has an actual stake in the soil, and follows steadfastly the doctrine that "land is the true basis of all wealth."

London's Exposition of Sweated Industries

BY E. DOUGLAS SHIELDS IN WORLD TO-DAY

The misery that exists in the homes of sweated industry was brought directly home to Londoners by an exposition which was held a few months ago, in which the actual conditions were reproduced. Forty industries were represented and in each, men, women, and children, living under the system, carried on their work before the interested visitors. At the same time lectures were delivered urging the amelioration of these terrible conditions.

A FEW months ago The Sweated Industries Exhibition was organized and carried out in London by the Daily News, one of the leading Liberal journals. The heart of the prosperous West End of London was a more appropriate milieu for this exhibition than appeared on the surface, for it could probably be proved with little trouble that the luxury, the palatial shops, the hundreds of men and women able to spend a morning in studying the shops and their windows and in making purchases, were paid for, supported, made possible by these very ill-clad men, women and children on exhibition in the Queen's Hall, Regent street, at the Sweated Industries Exhibition.

Forty industries were represented, comprising matchbox-making, shawl-fringing, artificial flower-making, hook and eye carding, shirt, skirt, trouser making, etc. One could walk down

the hall and see the "sweating" going on under one's eyes, but under ideal circumstances compared with the actual homes of the people. One of the chief features of this exhibition is its catalogue. It is prefaced by articles by leading specialists in various departments of social betterment in England, every one of the industries exhibited being dealt with in detail, many accompanied by photographs of the workers in their own homes, and "unfaked." There follows a full description of each stall in the exhibition, with the earnings, hours of labor, expenses for materials, time spent in fetching the work, and sometimes the personal history of the worker. To stand and watch a woman carding trouser buttons, to look at her strong, patient face and uncomplaining expression is also to refer to the book and find that she is paid three shillings per gross of buttons carded, and that she and her

brother between them work for fifteen hours each day in the week, and earn between them three shillings and sixpence daily. Their rent is three shillings sixpence a week for three rooms, and when the writer asked them how they managed to find three rooms in London for so small a rent, the woman said smiling, "Oh, we live in Birmingham." In London their rent for three rooms would be from five shillings to seven or more. A young girl making cigarette cases is an instance of the evils of subdivision in manufactories. The man who supplies cigarettes to the firms does not make the cases, and he himself is so sweated in fact, that he is forced to sweat those who make the cases. Thus it comes that a girl can only earn sixteen or eighteen shillings a week by work that lasts from six o'clock in the morning till one at night. The girl at the stall was typical of her class, and in fact of any class of sedentary workers, and overworkers. Pale, flabby, her whole body ready to relax or, rather, collapse into the inertia of fatigue. In spite of her skill she takes two hours to make a thousand cases, and for these she gets fourpence halfpenny. Her earnings are from eight to ten shillings weekly, and she is one of the best paid of the home-workers.

One stall was occupied by a woman making pinafores—white ones with trimming. She is paid two shillings a dozen for making these and by working twelve hours a day can earn ten shillings weekly. Her rent is three shillings and sixpence for one room, and it takes her from one to three hours to fetch her work from the shop. This woman is better off than most, as her relations allow her a small sum weekly. It was delightful to notice her unselfishness. Her

only subject of conversation with the writer until asked specially about herself, was "the old lady—a nice old lady too—over seventy years of age," who had been making confirmation wreaths—heaven save the mark!—and was earning one shilling and ninepence for a dozen wreaths, each containing a gross of white flowers. In order to earn seven shillings weekly this old lady had to work twelve hours daily. It is therefore not surprising that she was ill. Another woman about her age was there at a stall, but she had only come for the exhibition time. When asked why she had stopped work, she said with bitterness, "My daughter, with whom I live, says I might as well do nothing as work for nothing." The suggestion was made that probably she was able to earn her two shillings a week by helping in her daughter's household. But to a woman who has known the sweets of independence it must be a hard thing to become dependent on a daughter probably either sweated herself on the wife of a man who is.

It was simply appalling to move along the part of this exhibition given over to specimens of sweated work, and look at boots, shoes, children's clothes and note the overwhelming extent of the robbery that is being perpetrated. A child's coat beautifully made, trimmed with silk, lace and other trimming, was made for ninepence, and it took twelve hours to make; a woman's skirt jacket and skirt, trimmed with silk braid and other things, cost one shilling to make; a youth's coat, sixpence; silk belts from sixpence to three shillings sixpence a dozen, according to the pattern. Safety pins are "capped and closed" at one shilling sixpence per 100 gross. One of the men on duty

at the exhibition was kept busy answering the questions of visitors. Their favorite one is, "What is the use of this? (i.e., the exhibition). Nothing can be done. Of course it is as well to have ideals and all that sort of thing, but do you really mean to say you think these things will ever be different?" This man persistently said: "There is no absolute solution of the problem except the carrying out of the golden rule." Nevertheless, the promoters of the exhibition have had every day lectures by leading men and women on the problem, and these along with the articles in the handbook will form a valuable addition to the works of reference on such subjects.

And now we come to the question, "What remedies are proposed?" Home industries are a necessity for families where the woman has children dependent on her support. They enable her to maintain some vestige of home life and home training. The proposals dealt with better pay, shorter hours, sanitary homes or work places, and have been embodied in a bill which has already been brought before the House of Commons. This is after the pattern of those in Victoria, Australia, and the main object of the bill is to provide for the establishment of wages boards, the bill saying: "The Secretary of State for the Home Department may, if he thinks fit on application being made to him and on inquiry being held as hereinafter pro-

vided, direct that a wages board be appointed." Clause two runs: "Application for the appointment of a wages board for any trade in any district may be made to the Secretary of State by any trade union or trades council which represents persons employed in the trade in the district, or by any six persons who are either employers of labor or employed in the trade in the district." This board, drawn from both employed and employees, would have power to fix a minimum rate of pay for any particular class of work and worker. The bill also provides for penalties for infringement of its regulations.

It is also proposed that there should be a registration of all homes in which industries are carried on, that these should be under the inspection of the factory inspector, and that firms should be debarred from supplying work to any one whose name and address is not on such a list. It would be almost impossible to regulate the hours of work in homes, but it is probable that better pay would cause them automatically to diminish. Investigations have shown that the woman supported by her husband but supplementing their income by home work, being better nourished and capable of more strenuous work, earns more in a shorter time than a woman who may be absolutely dependent on her own earnings and who may have children to support as well.

Fatigue and its Consequences

BY LUTHER H. GULICK, M.D., IN GOOD HOUSEKEEPING.

Dr. Gulick points out how fatigue tears down our personalities stratum by stratum. Our higher attainments, such as patience, modesty, chastity, the sense of justice, etc., go first. Seeing this how necessary it is that fatigue should not secure control of our being or that we should not be called on to act when our bodies are in a state of fatigue.

THAT great Italian physiologist, Angelo Mosso, has given an account in his book on fatigue, of the arrival of flocks of quails on the seacoast of Italy on their northward migration from Africa. The distance across the Mediterranean is three hundred miles or more and the bird covers this distance in less than nine hours, flying at the rate of eighteen or nineteen yards per second.

When the quail sights land its strength is almost exhausted. It seems to have lost the power of recognizing objects, even though its eyes are wide open. Every year vast numbers of birds dash themselves to death against trees, telegraph poles, and houses on the shore. Those that have met with no accident lie motionless on the edge of the beach for some minutes as if stunned. They seem to have become incapable of fear, and sometimes even let themselves be caught by hand without trying to get away. When they finally awaken to their exposed condition, they pick themselves up suddenly and run for a hiding place. But they do not fly. It is days before they will use their wings again.

We can see effects of a somewhat similar kind in ourselves when we are exhausted. I remember a certain ten-mile bicycle race in which I was a contestant. I had fastened my watch to the handle bars in such a way that I could keep my eyes on it during the race. Before I had finished the fifth mile, I found that it was impossible for me to read the watch

hands. I saw them plainly enough, and after the race was over I could recollect how they had stood at certain points in the course; but at the time I had lost all faculty of getting any meaning out of them.

An incident of this kind suggests how deep the effects of fatigue strike in. It is easy to show by experiment that fatigue slows down the circulation, dulls the nerves, lessens the secretion of the glands, decreases the power of digestion, reduces the ability of the system to recover from shock or injury, and makes the body peculiarly liable to disease.

In other words, fatigue lowers all the faculties of the body. The effects on the other part of a man are just as important. It puts a chasm between seeing and acting; it makes a break somehow between the messages that come in to the brain from the outside world and the messages that go out. It destroys will-power. In every direction it decreases efficiency, forcing the personality down to a lower level.

Fatigue is a destructive agent like sickness and death. It is a condition which in the nature of things we cannot avoid; but it is important for us to know what it means and how to deal with it if we want to keep out of costly blunders.

When we are tired out we are not ourselves. A part of us has temporarily gone out of existence. What remains is something which belongs to a more primitive state of civilization.

Our personalities are built up in strata, one layer added to another.

At the bottom lie the savage virtues and vices of our remote ancestors. The code of morals of cliff dwellers and hunting tribes still holds there. At the top lie the higher attainments of an advanced society—the things that have taken hundreds of centuries to acquire. In men patience is one of these, modesty is another; chastity, and a fine sense of justice and personal obligation belong in the list, too.

Now when fatigue begins to attack the personality, it naturally undermines these latest strata first. When a man is exhausted, he finds it difficult to be patient. That is not his fault. It is because fatigue has forced him back a few hundred generations. His self-control is at a low ebb. The smallest annoyances are enough to make him lose his temper.

The same holds true of all the list of recent charter acquisitions. Many temptations are more violent and harder to resist when a man is fatigued. His moral sense is dulled. He loses the vividness of his distinctions between right and wrong, honesty and dishonesty.

We degenerate from the top down. The last thing acquired is the first lost. Therefore bodily vigor is a moral agent. It enables us to live on higher levels, to keep up to the top of our achievement. We cannot afford to lose grip on ourselves.

The only thing to do with fatigue, then, is to get rid of it as soon possible. As long as it is with us, we ought to realize that we are not our normal selves and to act in accordance. Important questions must not be decided then. It is a bad time to make plans for the future. A man has lost his faculty of seeing straight.

It is often said that the best way

of getting rid of fatigue is a change of occupation. This is usually true, but not always. A moderate degree of muscular fatigue will not keep a man from taking up something which will use his brain, and while his brain works his muscles will rest. But there is a degree of muscular fatigue which makes headwork impossible.

The converse of this is also true. If a man's brain is used up, hard exercise is nothing but a sheer drain upon the system, and not in any sense a form of rest. The central battery has run down. The energy supply is exhausted. To force anything more out of it is to kill the goose that laid the golden eggs.

Unfortunately a good many men have the conviction that they must keep exerting themselves all the time. They call every moment wasted which is not spent in activity of some kind, either physical or mental. Such men are taking the quickest means to burn themselves out. You cannot live well and keep happy under a constant and tyrannical sense of effort. There must be times of play, times to let up the tension and to do easy and natural things which don't require conscience and exact attention.

Horace Bushnell, the great Connecticut minister, recognized this when he said: "Let's go sin a while." Sinning has the advantage of being easy, and there are times when the easy thing is the right thing. A man who takes no time off for one kind of play or another, but who keeps the anxious, conscientious look on his face day in and day out, may be on the road to heaven, but he will find that the sanitarium is a way station.

Each man has his own special manner of reacting under fatigue—

what physiologists call his "fatigue-curve." One works along steadily and evenly right through the day without any alteration in his efficiency worth recording, except that it shades off gradually during the last hour or two. Another man is unusually slow in getting warmed up to work; but once in action he maintains a higher level of productivity than the first man, and he may be able to hold the pace longer, besides. A nervous man can usually throw himself with great vigor into his work. He is under way in a minute and sweeps quickly ahead of all competitors. But the chances are that his energy will not hold out long. He taps it too fast. After several hours or less, he is likely to feel jaded and tired. His head needs a rest before he can put it to work again.

Each of these types is familiar and there are as many variations as there are individuals. Yet men rarely take this into consideration in blocking out their day.

I have spoken of fatigue as one of the destructive agents. That does not mean that there is any harm in being thoroughly tired out at night after the day's work, if only a man knows how to look out for himself.

Other things being equal, the system will soon repair the waste, and by another day the man will be ready for energetic work again.

The time when fatigue becomes a really dangerous agent of destruction is when a normal amount of rest does not do away with it—when it piles up day after day, so that a man comes from his work tired and goes to it equally tired. Such fatigue as this keeps him living on a low level of efficiency. He never gets up to his own possible best. This may be because he works too hard; but it is more likely because he doesn't know how to look out for himself.

An athlete who is training for the two-mile run cannot cover the whole course every day. The physical cost of the exertion is so great that a single night isn't enough to make good the waste. A man who is training for the fifty-yard dash can do several heats every day.

How much rest a man needs depends upon the character of his work and on the personal make-up of the man himself.

Overfatigue is fatigue that does not disappear before the next exertion. Overfatigue piles up against the day of wrath. This must be guarded against.

No man is in true health who cannot stand in the free air of heaven, with his feet on God's free turf, and thank his Creator for the simple luxury of physical existence.—T. W. Higginson.

The Morality of Money-Getting

BY WILLIAM H. P. FAUNCE IN YOUTH'S COMPANION

In simple language, the President of Brown University, explains the difference between getting money by earning it and getting it through speculation or gambling. He urges his readers to follow the path of honest work and labor faithfully in their chosen field. He also explains what is the highest and best kind of work.

NO citizen has the right to coin silver dollars or gold eagles, or to print banknotes. Coinage is the prerogative of the Government alone. According to the old English law, only the King could issue money, and the power which the King once exercised now belongs to the Government in every civilized land. The man who "makes money" in this sense is a counterfeiter, is regarded as a criminal by all honest men, and is, if captured, at once sent to prison.

We do not make money when we borrow it. Some careless people, if they can borrow one hundred dollars of a friend, at once begin to feel rich and to spend freely. They forget that the reckoning day is coming, and that every penny must be returned.

The man who borrows a shovel has not made a new shovel, and the man who borrows a dollar is not creating a new dollar. Whether he will make or lose depends on how he uses what he has borrowed.

So the man who wins in betting or gambling is not making money. If two boys make a bet on a baseball game, when the game is over one boy takes the money of the other boy, according to the agreement. But there is no more money in the world than there was before, so no money has been "made." One boy has seized the money of the other, and so has got something for nothing. But no one has actually made money.

If two men gamble with cards, at the end of the game a certain amount of money comes out of one man's pocket and goes into the pocket of the other man. But the world is no richer than it was before. No one has really made money. One man has simply been compelled by his own foolishness to give up his property to another. But there is no more gold or silver or flour or cloth or education in the world than there was before. The man who wins by gambling has not made money, but has come very near to stealing it.

But how different is the work of the farmer! He may have, for instance, a lot of land which he decides to plant with corn. He buys a plow, hires a pair of horses, procures the seed at the village store, plants his corn, and watches over it all through the Spring and Summer. He invests in the operation perhaps one hundred dollars, and his own watchfulness and labor. In August, when the corn is ripe, he sells his crop for two hundred dollars, and puts the profit of one hundred dollars in the bank.

That farmer has really made that hundred dollars. He has added just so much to the wealth and health and happiness of the world. He has become richer without making anybody poorer. He has himself gained by the operation, but the man to whom he sold the corn has gained also. The man who has sold him the seed has gained, the man who sold him the plow has gained, the man

who rented the horses has gained, and everybody concerned in the planting of that field is better off than before.

The farmer may well be proud of that hundred dollars in the bank, for in enriching himself he has enriched every man who had anything to do with that corn-field.

The same thing is true of a shoemaker. Not many of the old shoemakers are left, for the great factories have changed the business completely, and one man no longer makes a whole shoe. But wherever we find a genuine shoemaker of the old type, we are likely to find a money-maker as well.

He buys the leather, the thread, the wax, the tools, and by applying his own skilled labor to these things he produces a pair of shoes worth ten times as much as the raw materials. But the shoemaker and the farmer add to the wealth of the world by actually creating what did not exist before.

Such production is at the basis of civilization. All our homes, schools and churches would be impossible if millions of men were not thus producing wealth. The maker of a watch or a sewing-machine takes rough raw materials, which were of little value in themselves, and transforms them into things so useful that we cannot do without them.

The man who makes thousands of machines each year may become immensely wealthy, he may be many times a millionaire. Yet he has enriched the whole world at the same time by enabling thousands of men to secure what they most desire. Edison has made money by inventing the electric light; but every one of us has become richer by that invention.

Another way of creating wealth is

by transportation of goods. The value of a thing depends largely on its position. A cake of ice in Alaska has little value, but in Florida it is well worth having. A bushel of corn gains immensely in value when brought to the mill. The thousands of freight cars that are transporting grain across the country are all making wealth by carrying the wheat and corn and oats where they are wanted.

Many a farmer lets his apples lie on the ground and decay, simply because he has no means of getting them to the people who need them. The freight-agent and the expressman are adding to the wealth of the world by the transportation of goods.

Other men make money by producing true and beautiful forms or ideas in music, art or literature.

The famous pianist, Paderewski, is paid several thousand dollars for a single concert, but he gives far more than he receives. Sir Walter Scott was a working man, a producer, just as really as the blacksmith or the carpenter. Millet, the great French painter, paid probably three francs for the little piece of canvas on which he painted one of the great pictures of all time, the "Angelus."

We see, then, that there is only one legitimate way of making money, and that is by creating wealth. That wealth may be in the form of potatoes, or cotton cloth, or novels, or music; yet it blesses not only the man who makes it, but the world at large.

The man who becomes rich without enriching the world, without rendering any service to his fellow men, is a swindler, whether he cheats a poor farmer with a "gold brick," or cheats the shrewd financiers of Wall Street with "watered" stock.

All attempts to get something for

nothing, to accumulate dollars without rendering service, are immoral. The only possible way of making money honestly is by giving the world some object or some service which it did not possess before.

From this point of view, we can distinguish real business from mere speculation. The grocer who buys a carload of sugar, and then sells it in bags to several hundred customers, is serving the community, and ought to have some profit out of the transaction. But the man who agrees with a broker that he will pay the broker if sugar falls, and that the broker shall pay him if sugar rises in value, is simply speculating; in plain English, he is betting on the price of sugar.

Genuine business is always a form of social service. The aim of the true baker is to feed the hungry; of the true clothier to clothe the naked; of the true physician to heal the sick. Of course, if the baker and clothier and physician do their work skilfully, they will make a profit; but this is incidental to their real aim, which is the service of society.

We can see what is meant by the common saying that "labor is the source of wealth." Labor applied with intelligence and character is always the chief source of wealth. But labor without thought behind it is thrown away.

Would any of us be willing to shovel sand back and forth on the beach day after day and month after month? It would be a degradation to perform work which has no object and demands no intelligence. Such labor is the source of poverty and stupidity. But toil mixed with thought always counts; and the greater the thought, the greater the value.

One man takes a lump of clay and

fashions it into a brick, eight inches long by four wide by two inches deep. It is worth little, because little thought has gone into it. Another man takes the same amount of clay and shapes it into a beautiful, decorated vase, rare and costly. Into it he puts intelligence, skill, memory, imagination, affection, the things of the spirit; and the spirit gives the clay its value. It is labor of the head and the heart that is the chief source of wealth.

The superintendent of a mill may seem to be doing nothing of any importance. As the weavers go into the mill in the morning they see him sitting at his quiet desk behind the glass doors, and they envy him as a man who draws a big salary without labor; but he may put forth more mental energy in one day than a hundred weavers put forth in six months.

He is responsible for all the men in the mill, for all losses, accidents and surprises. He is studying the markets of the world, studying new machines, new processes, new inventions. He must keep informed concerning raw materials, must know within an eighth of a cent the cost of every yard of cloth and where it can be sold—and a mistake on his part may render the whole mill a source of loss and misery to thousands of people. Does he not earn his salary?

The superintendent of a railroad, the pastor of a church, the captain of a steamship, the principal of a high school are all working far harder than any of the men under them, and without this labor of superintendence the railroad, the church, the steamship and the school would be utterly useless.

What a noble thing modern business would be if all young men go-

ing into it could view it as a kind of public service !

In these days of stock-jobbing and "frenzied finance," we are tempted sometimes to think that business is utterly selfish, that its motto is simply, "Each man for himself, and devil take the hindmost."

But this is not true. Thousands of young men are going into business to-day with high, clear purpose to serve their fellow men. Thousands of our industrial leaders are not only honest, but they shrink from any bargain which is not a benefit to both parties. Of most business men it is true that their word is as good as their bond. Our modern "credit system," it built on our faith in one another.

A young man who goes into business to-day has a splendid opportunity to serve his generation.

He may go into it with the same spirit with which Senator Hoar went to Congress, or with which Pasteur went into his laboratory. Both Pasteur and Hoar received reward for service rendered; but they lived for the service and not for the reward.

The code of ethics that we now recognize as binding on the statesman, the scientist and the artist is slowly but surely coming to be the code of business men as well.

In spite of all the rogues and cheats, we are steadily moving toward the time "When no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame, but each for the joy of the working." And the real joy of working is the pleasure of making something useful or beautiful, and so enriching the world.

Life is a sheet of paper white,
Whereon each one of us may write
His word or two, and then comes night.
Though thou have time
But for a line, be that sublime ;
Not failure, but low aim is crime.

—J. R. Lowell.

Alfred Beit, Diamond King, Empire Builder

BY W. T. STEAD IN REVIEW OF REVIEWS

Here follows a sketch of the recently deceased diamond King of South Africa in Mr. Stead's characteristic style. Beginning his article with a remarkable contrast between Beit alive and Beit dead,—the turmoil and stress of his life and the perfect peace of his grave,—he passes on to show how Rhodes and Beit worked together for the development of the resources of South Africa.

CECIL RHODES was the man, Alfred Beit the woman in the political and financial marriage which had as its children the amalgamation of the Kimberley diamond mines, the opening up of the Rand, the conquest of Rhodesia, the raid, and the war. Rhodes was the father, Beit the mother, of Rhodesia. And in good sooth, Alfred Beit loved Cecil Rhodes as Jonathan loved David, with a love and a loyalty passing the love of woman. Beit was essentially feminine in his mental characteristics. With his intuition he quickly conceived Rhodes' ideas, and mothered them to their birth. Nor did he limit his labors to their gestation. After he had brought them to birth, he continued to brood over them with ceaseless anxiety. These schemes were Rhodes' bairns; he loved them more for their sire than for themselves. It is impossible to disassociate him from Mr. Rhodes, but it is as impossible to condemn him for his complicity in Mr. Rhodes' errors more strongly than we would censure the wife who, for good or for ill, for better or for worse, casts in her lot with her husband.

By this time everybody, even the most prejudiced, realizes the fact that Cecil Rhodes was a great man, of lofty ideas and of immense public spirit. He had initiative energy, courage, originality, and a passionate devotion to the country which gave him birth. People are only now beginning to realize that Alfred Beit was also a great man. His ideas, adopted from Rhodes in the

first place, were not less sincerely held or faithfully served. He was superior to Rhodes in many things—in the quickness of his intuition, in the marvelousness of his memory, in his keen appreciation of men, in his financial genius. He was not inferior to him in courage, in resolution, and in the passionate devotion of his patriotism.

On all affairs political Mr. Beit surrendered himself absolutely to Mr. Rhodes. He became as clay in the hands of that imperial potter. But stronger even than his devotion to Mr. Rhodes was his devotion to his own family. He loved his old mother even more than he loved Mr. Rhodes. The Beit family had become Christian generations back. He was no son of the synagogue. For his own race he had little enthusiasm. For Germany, the land of his birth, he had much sympathy; but he elected to repudiate his German nationality, in order that he might be naturalized as a British subject. Then he was an Africander, and he was convinced that it was better for everybody that South Africa should be under the British flag.

If any one wants to know the kind of man Alfred Beit was, let him imagine the typical Randlord, the sordid and vulgar Hoggenheimer of the Radical lampoons, and then let him realize that Alfred Beit was in almost every respect its exact antithesis and antipodes. He was a man of refinement, sensitive as a woman, with the taste of an artist and the enthusiasm of a political vis-

ionary. Although a financier, he had a soul above finance. He was ever keenly interested in the great affairs of mankind. He was much more intelligently concerned, for instance, in the internal affairs of Russia than most of our cabinet ministers.

Cecil Rhodes and Alfred Beit were born in the same year, 1853; both were of such weak and delicate constitutions that they were sent to Kimberley, not so much to make their fortune as to save their lives. Alfred Beit's father was a merchant in Hamburg. His mother—now an old lady of eighty-four—seems still to be in good health. His schooling was much interrupted by his ill-health, and he never enjoyed the advantages of a university education. He went as a lad of seventeen into the office of L. Lippert & Co., a Hamburg firm which did a large business in South Africa. After he had been a minor clerk for five years, the discovery of diamonds at Kimberley led to his being sent to South Africa. He was young, industrious, and capable. His health would benefit by the change. Off he went at the age of 22, in possession, it is said, of about £2,000 capital. He traveled up country 400 miles in a bullock wagon, and arrived at Kimberley just in the nick of time. Wernher (now Sir Julius) had been there four years earlier. Rhodes had but just arrived in Kimberley from Natal the previous year. The two men were strangers to each other, diverse in nationality, language, and temperament. Wernher and Beit met as employees in the firm of Jules Porges & Co., in which they subsequently became partners. Beit was interested in the Wernher properties for many years, even up to the time of his death.

When Beit first met Rhodes I do not know, but the following anecdote

of how they met is credited to Rhodes himself. Everybody in Kimberley knew every one else, and Rhodes soon became aware that Beit was one of the few men who counted in the diamond fields. Sooner or later it was certain they would come together. Beit worked early and late in the office. Rhodes used to be much more in the open. "I called at Porges' late one evening," said Rhodes, "and there was Beit, working away as usual. 'Do you never take a rest?' I asked. 'Not often,' he replied. 'Well, what's your game?' said I. 'I am going to control the whole diamond output before I am much older,' he answered as he got off his stool. 'That's funny,' I said. 'I have made up my mind to do the same. We had better join hands,' " and join hands they did very shortly after.

Diamonds are valuable because they are scarce. To produce too many diamonds is worse than to produce too few. To make diamonds pay it was indispensable to control their output. To do this meant to amalgamate the whole of the interests in one gigantic combination. To this work Messrs. Rhodes and Beit applied themselves. Rhodes supplied the driving power, Beit was the financial genius who enabled him to realize his vast and somewhat cloudy ideals. Nor was it only genius that Beit supplied. At one crucial moment it was his readiness to advance £250,000 out of his own pocket, or that of the firm he represented, which saved the situation. Beit advanced the money without commission or interest.

There is no need to repeat the oft-told story of the war of giants that ensued when Rhodes and Beit on the one hand, and Barney Barnato on the other, fought for the control of the diamond mines. The

story is much more American than English in its atmosphere. In the end, in the year 1880 Beit and Rhodes being at the time young men of twenty-seven, the De Beers Mining Co. was formed, with a capital of £200,000 on which two years later a dividend of 3 per cent. was paid. To-day the De Beers Consolidated Mines, Limited, has an issued share capital of £4,475,000, in shares of £2 10s. each, of which 790,000 are 40 per cent. cumulative preference and 1,000,000 deferred shares, together with about £4,500,000 of debentures. Besides its vast undertakings in Cape Colony, the De Beers Co. holds the preemptive rights to any diamond mines discovered in the territories of the British South Africa and South-west African Companies, and its monopoly has hitherto been so well maintained that regular dividends of 40 per cent. were distributed for several years prior to the war, and are now being paid at the increased rate of 50 per cent. on the deferred shares. Beit was one of the two remaining life governors, the other being his partner, Mr. (now Sir) Julius Charles Wernher. At the present time the market value of the De Beers undertaking is between £42,000,000 and £43,000,000, and the company earned in 1900-01 a net profit of £2,688,000.

Of Beit's munificence the world has heard little. He preferred to do good by stealth and blush to find it fame. He gave a park worth £200,000 to Johannesburg, which was his largest known gift in his lifetime. He gave another estate—the Frankenwald—to Johannesburg as the site for a university, which by his will he has endowed with another £200,000. He gave £25,000 as a thank offering for his recovery to the Institute of Medical Science Fund of the

London University, and he and his partner munificently endowed the Technological College, which is to be the Charlottenburg of South Kensington. He gave liberally to hospitals. He did not contribute to free libraries, but he made the largest gift that had been made for many years to any English university when he endowed a chair of colonial history at Oxford with an income of £1,310 per annum. His private charities were large but unostentatious. Whatever he gave he gave with a kindly sympathy which doubled the value of the gift.

Beit's will follows afar off the will of Cecil Rhodes. As Mr. Rhodes bequeathed Groote Schurr to Cape Town, so Mr. Beit bequeaths his park, Borstler Jager, to the city of Hamburg. As Rhodes created a special body of trustees to administer the £1,200,000 which he left for the extension of railway and telegraph communication in Rhodesia, Beit limited the number of his trustees to three—his brother, Otto; his partner, Sir Julius Wernher, and his lawyer, Mr. Hawksley. Like Rhodes, Beit left no money for religious purposes. "Educational, public, and charitable purposes" — the phrase is wide enough to cover everything, including religious endowments, if the trustees thought fit.

Altogether it is probable the bequests in the will represent £2,500,000 devoted to public purposes, of one sort or another, of which £1,750,000 goes to Africa.

But to John Burns and to many others of his way of thinking Alfred Beit was a kind of devil. He was a kind of vampire-octopus draining the life-blood of South Africa. He was the typical landlord. He was the mag-

nate at whose bidding the republics had been annexed after the home-steads of a nation had been given to the flames. He was Herr Beit, German-Jew, millionaire—what more need be said? To which I can only reply that while I regard the war with a detestation as deep as any man, and while I deplore as bitterly as any one the deplorable results of that great crime, I do not hink that Mr. Beit from first to last did any-

thing which he did not honestly believe would be for the benefit of the British Empire, of the world at large, and in the long run of the Boers themselves. That he deceived himself is possible enough. We all do that at some time in our lives, perhaps many times. But that Alfred Beit was as honest and straight and public-spirited a man as any I know of, that I feel certain, and I do not forget that I know John Burns.

St. Pierre, the Smuggler's Paradise

BY P. T. McGRATH IN THE WIDE WORLD

Situated off the South coast of Newfoundland, St. Pierre-Miquelon, being a French possession, offers unusual opportunities for the smuggler to ply his illicit trade. The smugglers are well-organized and systematic and the ramifications of their trade extend in all directions. The population of the islands is only about six thousand five hundred and the area a matter of only ninety square miles. The Islands were ceded to France by the Treaty of Paris in 1763 to be used as a shelter for the French fishing fleet.

THE little French colony of St. Pierre-Miquelon as an international issue has its own features of importance, but they cannot compare with its remarkable record as a contrabandist emporium. Nominally the headquarters of the Breton fishermen, it is really the distributing point for thousands of dollars' worth of valuable commodities illicitly introduced into the neighboring countries. Opium, perfumes, wines, liqueurs, and other high-class French goods are smuggled into Gloucester, Boston, New York and Philadelphia by the American fish-vessels on their way home from the Grand Banks; brandies, rum, and merchandise are carried up the St. Lawrence and distributed among the Quebec villages; while tobacco, sugar, foodstuffs, wearables and fishery outfits are traded with the Newfoundlanders for bait, firewood, or garden stuff, St. Pierre being a barren rock.

Were it not that scores of convictions and many voluntary confessions—not to mention the activity of the American, Canadian and Terranovan (Newfoundland) revenue police—attest the magnitude of this traffic, the reader might be pardoned for doubting that it is so extensive, but the commerce of St. Pierre is two hundred and eighty dollars per head, while that of Canada and Newfoundland is but seventy dollars.

Nature might almost be said to have designed St. Pierre for smuggling purposes, so admirably is it located to conduct the traffic. It lies but a day's sail from the Banks, where a thousand vessels—French, American, Canadian, and Terranovan—seek for cod, harboring at times in St. Pierre for needed or illicit supplies. Within sight of it is the Newfoundland coast, where countless creeks and coves are peopled with hardy fisherfolk who regard St. Pierre smuggling as a special dis-

pensation in their behalf. A little farther away is Nova Scotia, with similar facilities and an equal propensity for the business. Up the St. Lawrence is the Quebec coast, peopled by French Canadians, predisposed to unlawful trade with St. Pierre because of kinship in race and speech. To the south is the New England seaboard, whose prohibition towns absorb "St. Peter's rum" in quantities that suggest grave doubts of the efficacy of the temperance law enforcement. The high duties imposed by all these countries upon spirituous liquors is another incentive to the traffic, for champagne that costs five dollars a bottle in New York or Montreal is obtainable in St. Pierre for a dollar.

Therefore St. Pierre is to-day the greatest smuggling centre in the world, with as perfect and comprehensive an organization for conducting this unlawful traffic as that of a modern trust. There is a regular smuggling syndicate, with headquarters in the town and agents along the seaboard of the countries it serves; with a fleet of schooners, a code of signals, and a central fund for the conduct of their campaigns. The audacity and extent of the transactions are somewhat staggering. The American Government was defrauded for years by corn juice, or alcohol being imported to St. Pierre "in bond" in shiploads, and then, after being concocted into "whisky," smuggled back into the "down-east" seaports. The Canadian Government was victimized by rum being got in the same way from Demerara, and after being "doctored" smuggled into Cape Breton and Gaspe. The Newfoundland Government was duped by its coast being made the theatre for shipments of varied stocks, as the lonely seaboard

afforded exceptional opportunities for the distribution of such material.

But, not satisfied even with this wide range, the audacity and ingenuity of the Pierrois smugglers were such that they also tricked their own ministry by bogus claims for bounties on fish bought in Newfoundland. France regards her fisheries in these waters as a naval nursery, and, to foster a large prosecution of them and secure abundant and suitable material for naval reserves, pays a large bounty upon all fish caught by French vessels. The skippers accordingly traded liquor with the Newfoundland fishermen on the Banks for cod, and coolly collected the bounties on this! The same game was further worked by these astute schemers in carrying stocks of fish to Nova Scotia for sale, obtaining certificates from the purchasers that they had bought twice the quantity they actually did, and securing the bonus thereon.

These far-reaching frauds were eventually discovered through the combined efforts of the Newfoundland revenue chief, Inspector Rielly; the Canadian Inspector Jones; and the French Commissioner of Customs at St. Pierre, M. Joseph Ferry. The result was a series of captures of smuggling craft—so sudden, so certain, and so complete as to demoralize the ringleaders at St. Pierre. Then, concluding their was a traitor in their midst, they laid traps to locate him, and, finding M. Ferry was the one, they made St. Pierre too hot to hold him. The worst riot in the island's history was caused by this incident, for in St. Pierre the smuggler's name is legion. Ferry's house was wrecked by an infuriated mob, and he himself had to seek refuge in the gendarmerie to escape with his life. That night a notice was posted

around St. Pierre, heavily bordered in black, inviting all and sundry to the "funeral" of M. Ferry, who was to be hanged in effigy at noon next day in front of the Customs House, when the pall-bearers would be Rielly, Jones, Dreyfus and Zola. And solemnly hanged and burned in effigy Ferry was, at the appointed hour, in the presence of an assemblage of all the able-bodied Pierrois, while Ferry himself was being carried across to Newfoundland in a tug requisitioned by the Government, who feared that the stout walls of the gendarmerie would be unable to protect him.

It is estimated that these frauds cost the French treasury seventy thousand dollars a year, and what the annual loss to the United States, Canada, and Newfoundland was in those halcyon days of the traffic can only be conjectured, but it must have been at least a million dollars annually. These figures are startling, but Canada still admits to two hundred and fifty thousand dollars and Newfoundland fifty thousand dollars per annum, and the United States still probably loses one hundred thousand dollars per annum. In every harbor that the American fishing vessels visit, from Eastport to Philadelphia, to sell their cargoes of fish or renew their outfits, they unload quantities of these smuggled goods. Champagnes are put ashore in lobster cases, wines in trawl-tubs, silks in rolled sails, opium and drugs in canisters, and other articles by means of a thousand and one expedients. The invariable practice of the vessels is to enter St. Pierre when homeward bound to procure "wood and water," and lay in contraband meanwhile.

Merchants of St. Pierre, apparently reputable fishery outfitters, have become millionaires and are now living a life of ease and pleasure in

Paris on the profits obtained not from their recognized industry, but from smuggling, while handsome fortunes are still realized out of it. In St. Pierre, though the smuggler's business is growing riskier and less profitable every year, it is still one of the mainstays of existence, and parlous would be the state of the place if this traffic were put an end to. Hence the Pierrois are furious against the new treaty, because it provides for a British Consul to be stationed among them, and this will probably be a deathblow to the traffic. Hitherto France has always refused to recognize a consul there, lest he should learn too much about the waning prosperity of the little province in consequence of Newfoundland's enforcement of her Bait Act against St. Pierre; but when a settlement was being arranged last spring Newfoundland and Canada insisted on this proviso and France gave way.

An idea of the magnitude of the smuggling may be gained from the fact that St. Pierre maintains a regular fleet of freighter-vessels plying to St. Malo, taking fish ladings to France and bringing back cargoes destined to be clandestinely introduced into the neighboring English-speaking countries. One of these vessels, the brig *Russie*, went ashore near the Needles, Isle of Wight, on Easter Sunday, 1902, supposed to be laden with fishery salt. When she broke up, however, there were washed on to the beach many hogsheads of what the coast-folk found, on broaching, to be the rarest of French liqueurs, and enjoyed immensely until the authorities came and impounded the remainder—fifty-five casks containing from eighty to a hundred gallons each.

A big smuggling trade is done along the shores of Quebec Province. It is

mainly in intoxicants, and is so widespread that a few years ago the Canadian distillers, from the harm caused to their business, proposed to the Dominion Government to bear the cost of a modern steam cruiser to patrol the coast there and put down this outlawry. One of the largest depositories of smuggled liquors in those times was near Ste. Anne de Beaupre, a shrine on the St. Lawrence River, visited annually by thousands of pious Catholics. The place was ostensibly for breeding poultry, and the liquor was carted about the country in hen-coops. Another place was a large potato farm; the liquors were stored beneath the cellars, and vended with every sack of the tubers sent out. The Island of Orleans was an equally noted resort because of the facility it afforded for transshipment among the schooners, but now it is being occupied by wealthy Montrealers as a summer resort, and the smugglers have had to move elsewhere.

That, however, is easy, for they enjoy the active countenance of the whole coast. The "Quebecker" thinks this trade no wrong, and the smuggler is a hero to him, while the detective is despised. Every settler, no matter how honest otherwise, is ready to buy smuggled wares, to help the smuggler hard beset, or to financially back a smuggling venture. It is not uncommon for men to club together and import mixed cargoes of spirits and merchandise by a Pierrois craft which lands it in some cove. Then old farmers and fishers going to market will be found with the stuff concealed in their carts and boats, and vending the goods as opportunity offers. All are at it, one to-day and another to-morrow, and hence almost any "habitant" will secrete goods for a neighbor and lie to the coast-

guards to throw them off the scent, as it may be his own ease to want help another time.

The Canadian liquor merchant can place few orders east of Three Rivers, in Quebec, as the whole Gaspe peninsula is supplied by the smugglers, while nearly all the spirits consumed in Cape Breton and Eastern Nova Scotia pays not a cent of duty to the Canadian revenue. Legal dealers dispose of practically no stocks there, owing to the competition of the smugglers. Recently a Canadian cruiser chased a suspicious craft along the coast, and next morning the whole strand was littered with casks of intoxicants, which the vessel, a St. Pierre smuggler, had thrown overboard, fearing capture, when the cruiser appeared as she was making for her landing place.

A remarkable feature of St. Pierre smuggling is that the commoner grades of intoxicants are manufactured in the place, notably a cheap brand for the Quebeckers, the base being corn spirit imported in bond from the Middle States. To manage this traffic an official of the United States Consulate at St. Pierre was made an active partner by the smugglers a few years ago. He was provided with bogus Consular seals and papers, and when the alcohol, having reached Boston from Chicago, was loaded into vessels for St. Pierre, they, on arriving off that port, hoisted a private signal, whereupon he came out to them in a tug and supplied them with false bonding clearances for use on returning to Boston, to prove they had properly landed their cargoes. Instead, they made for some prearranged Newfoundland harbor, where they transferred their cargoes to the smugglers' schooners, which decanted the liquor into eighteen-gallon casks already containing a delectable

mixture of rainwater, fusel-oil, drugs, and coloring matter, and in these receptacles the rolling of the ship speedily mixed the contents. Next these craft made for the Quebec coast, one of their favorite tricks being to show but part of their canvas or carry two suits of sails, so as to deceive the Canadian cruisers, a smuggler craft displaying a white set to-day, a parti-colored outfit to-morrow, and a brown spread the next day.

Another very successful trick is to have a decoy vessel, which, when a cruiser appears, makes sail hurriedly as if to escape so that the cruiser follows her and the real offender sails serenely on. These wild-goose chases are common, and are worked in various ways, the superior knowledge of the coast which the smugglers possess, and their utilizing of intricate channels into which the cruisers dare not venture, also materially aiding them. When the scene of the proposed landing is reached signals are displayed, and the agent ashore assembles a crowd of fisherfolk to land the cargo. If anything occurs to imperil success another cove is chosen, or the cargo sold to the Government. This most ingenious trick consists in notifying a conniving coast-guard where the cargo will be landed next night. He is on hand, and seizes it. The liquor is sold subject to duty of one dollar eighty cents per gallon, and as it is usually fifty per cent. over proof, this means two dollars eighty-five cents, or, to allow for a bid, three dollars a gallon. The Canadian law gives one-third each to the informer, the seizer, and the revenue, so the former two, in league with the smugglers, pocket two dollars a gallon, leaving the Government but one dollar. Sometimes, of course, a genuine capture is made, but

the vessels are old and worth but little, and the profits of the traffic allow for occasional losses.

The smuggling that can never be stamped out, of course, is that done by the fishing vessels. Seldom does one harbor in St. Pierre, no matter what her nationality, but she lays in a stock of commodities, for illicit disposal on reaching home. These fishermen declare that St Pierre has on sale the greatest variety of ardent spirits of any place in the world, from the vilest compounds to the rarest of vintages, all of which can be procured by the glass or the hog-head. There are two grades of drinking houses in the place—auberges and cabarets—frequented respectively by the masses and classes, but when mobs of English-speaking Bankmen get ashore they patronize both with marked impartiality, and always resist expulsion at ten p.m., when the law requires these places to shut. So the gendarmes are summoned, and it is a favorite trick of the alien fishers, with their undisguised contempt for "Froggie," to pile these gorgeous officials in a heap in the public square and then decamp for their boats. All the intoxicating beverages produced at St. Pierre have a larger percentage of alcohol than have legitimate products, and by the addition of noxious drugs are all the more injurious and harmful to human beings. The stuff demoralizes fishing crews on the Banks—most of the disasters, and they are many, which occur there being due to overindulgence in these beverages. The Pierrois will leave church in the middle of a sermon to obtain a drink and then nonchalantly stroll back again.

The best-hated man along the Newfoundland shore is the coastguard. One of these being caught by some smugglers on their craft, the skipper

ordered him to be thrown overboard, saying, "Tie a rock to his feet and finish him." He was "launched," but without the rock, yet his fright was such that he sought a new post next day. Another officer who had caught some smugglers in the act was knocked senseless by them and carried off to a deserted island miles from the coast, where he was marooned for forty-eight hours to meditate on the enormity of his offence in "interfering with decent people who were earning an honest livelihood," as the Irish schoolmaster of the village put it. A third, who was on duty on a vessel, was persuaded by the skipper to take a swig or two from a flask until helplessly drunk, when all her illicit cargo was landed and he was hoisted up with a block and tackle from her deck to the Government wharf on a Sunday morning, in full view of hundreds of people who had come from different coves to attend church—an exhibition which cost him his job.

Some years ago, when the Newfoundland coastal steamers called at St. Pierre in plying to and fro, a sleuth in the Customs service ventured into the engine-room of one ship, in search of a tank which he had been told the engineers had secreted there to contain smuggled liquor. He manipulated sundry taps without finding out anything, and then he turned one which emitted a jet of live steam that almost scalded him to death. Another detective was notified that a skiff was to land a cargo in a cove, and hastily rowed there. Seeing a suspicious boat which fled at his approach, he chased her for hours, only to find that her cargo was a barrel of fish offal!

In Newfoundland it is not judicious to press inquiries about smuggling, for you may tread on somebody's

corns. To understand the inside workings of the traffic you must visit the fishing hamlets and fraternize with the coast-folk. Then you will hear strange narratives of cargo-running and coastguard-dodging, the veracity of which is beyond question. Few of the fisherfolk but have had more or less adventurous encounters with the preventives as they have slipped into St. Pierre with wood or bait or out again with smuggled goods, the friendly shelter of the blinding fog aiding them to dodge the cruisers through the narrow channels and the rock-strewn inlets along the shore. Their escapes are oftentimes wonderful, but their handy little smacks enable them to give the steamers the slip, and they make into the creeks, unload their contraband, and hurry it to some secure hiding-place in the forests or hills. In the political contests of the colony "St. Peter's rum" plays a prominent part, and an experienced authority has declared that a cask of it is as good as a thousand dollars of public money. A few years ago a vessel with a supply was seized in a harbor in a district where an appeal to the electorate was in progress, and the coastguard was coolly told: "Don't you touch that liquor; it's more than your job is worth. That's for X——'s election."

With the operation of the new treaty, which provides for a joint policing of the fisheries and the prevention of liquor-smuggling into Newfoundland, as well as for a British Consul at St. Pierre, the supremacy of the banditti who have carried on this traffic must vanish, and then the business will be the dim and unsubstantial of what it once was—the greatest money-making enterprise along the Atlantic seaboard.

Landon and the Eagle Bank

BY J. H. GANNON, JR., IN PEARSON'S (AMERICAN).

Landon was exactly what he cynically set himself forth to be to the few who ever penetrated so far into his confidence as to be favored with his cynicism—a Master Mariner of the Troubled Seas of Finance. When he undertook to secure control of the Eagle Bank for Mr. Pitkins, a retired woolen merchant, he determined to make all he could out of the deal. The story of how he manipulated the stock is diverting.

IN the Street, where men are judged by results, Landon's success in carrying through the many and difficult deals put in his hands had earned for him a unique reputation as a manipulator. Particularly had his skill in floating the Amalgamated Nickel Company, with whose promoters he afterwards fell out, exposing them ruthlessly in the public prints, insisting that he had been misled, although there were whispers of deep plays in all this, fixed his fame, and thereafter his services were in demand for the furthering of all sorts of possible and impossible financial transactions.

It was, therefore, perfectly natural that, when a group of capitalists headed by Jarvis Pitkins, a retired woolen merchant, decided that they wanted control of the Eagle Bank, they should turn to Landon to get it for them.

Mr. Pitkins, a man of sixty years and of insatiable vanity, and perhaps some real genius in the woolen line, was not as widely known in the Street as he thought comported with his abilities and wealth, and he had become convinced that all this would be different were he identified with the control of one of the Street's many banks. A live banker, he thought, undoubtedly was worth many retired woolen merchants.

He had no difficulty in persuading several of his former business friends and one or two brokers and minor private bankers of the Street, who were counting on favors to come, to

share a portion of the expense entailed in securing the bank.

The Eagle Bank was selected because it had a valuable clearing house membership; because it was one of the oldest banks in the city, and yet again because it had been run with such extreme conservatism, a word which often is synonymous with dry-rot, that its business was small and its control, presumably, correspondingly within reach. But as Pitkins put it to Landon it was, after all, a bank, and a bank was what he wanted.

With their first interview on the matter Landon conceived an amazing dislike for the retired woolen merchant, whose retail way of dealing with big questions quite put him out of patience. The climax came when Pitkins, after some hemming and hawing, came to the matter of the remuneration Landon should receive for his services.

Landon rolled away from his desk in his big chair, got out of it stormily and came around to the stammering Mr. Pitkins.

"Mr. Pitkins," he said, with much finality, "I must tell you frankly that you don't understand me and my methods—or those of the Street for that matter. You want me to get at least 5,100 of these 10,000 shares of the Eagle Bank's stock so that you may control it, and you don't want me to pay more than \$250 a share on the average. To-day those shares, for all we know, are scattered from here to Podunk, and in the hands of

people perfectly willing to keep them.

"I may have to put the institution into bankruptcy, or dynamite it, or carry off the vaults between two days, and yet you want me to tell you beforehand just how much I'll charge you to perform any or all these contemplated crimes—as if they were woolen goods and could be measured off with a yardstick.

"Now, keep calm, Mr. Pitkins. I meant no offence, really. I only made use of that familiar simile to convince you of the impossibility of fixing a price at this time. I like the looks of this job—it looks real hard—and I usually allow a discount on that kind. What I propose is just this :

"I'll get those 5,100 shares of stock for you somehow, and at the figure you name as your maximum. And when I put them in your hands I'll tell you frankly just how much it is worth to me. Then if you don't like the price we won't haggle a minute—we'll just call it nothing—wipe it off the books or charge it up to profit and loss. How's that?"

"I don't like it, Mr. Landon. It's not a business-like way."

"Granted, granted freely, Mr. Pitkins; but it's my way and it's the only way I'll go into this thing with you."

Mr. Pitkins hesitated. "I'll have to talk it over with my associates before I can definitely accept such terms," he said at last.

"All right, do so," said Landon genially. "And now, Mr. Pitkins, there's a seething roomful in there waiting to get at me. Good-day."

A formal note accepting his terms came to Landon from Pitkins on the following day. Landon filed the note with some care.

The stock of the Eagle Bank was not dealt in on the Stock Exchange—where few bank stocks are listed—but in the outside market it was traded in from time to time, and Landon learned the last sale had been made at \$185 a share. Through a bond house which he often employed in similar cases, Landon picked up here and there odd lots of the stock until the total ran up to 1,100 shares and through private negotiations with the estate of a former director he secured another block of some 1,200 shares, so that at the end of a month he had in his possession just about half of the 5,100 shares needed to control the Eagle Bank. The floating supply was cleaned up, and the time had come for aggressive tactics which should dislodge the big holdings.

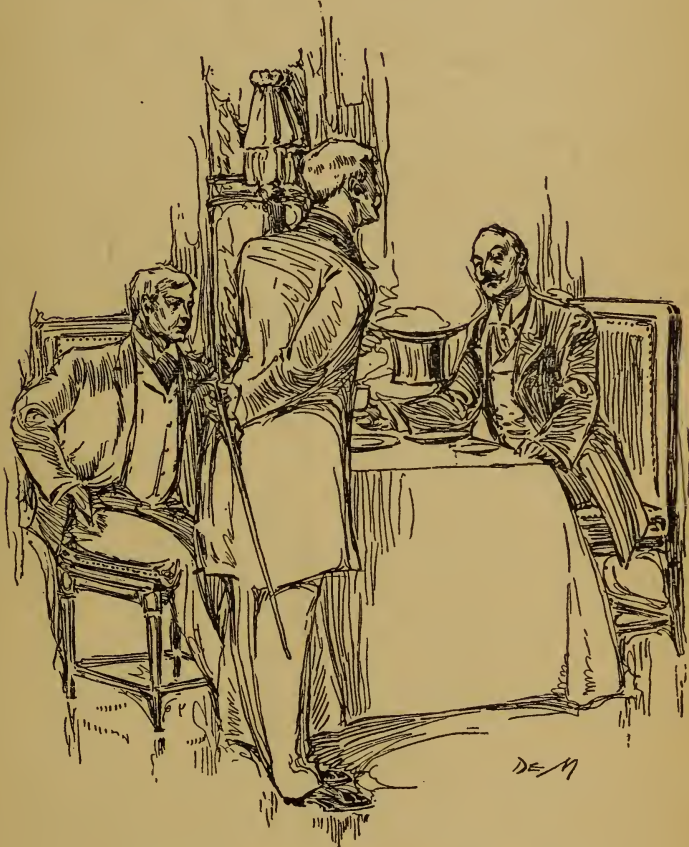
In his secret and thorough investigation of the bank's affairs Landon had discovered three things: The bank had made a number of bad loans and was carrying these along from day to day, menacing its resources; again, most of these loans had been made to one of its own directors, Wallace R. A. Jones. The third discovery Landon looked on as personal, and he reserved it until the time which he had foreseen from his first interview with Pitkins, when it might be used vigorously and effectively in his own interests.

The second discovery interested him most now, however, for, with his knowledge of the intimate and somewhat embarrassing relations existing between Wallace R. A. Jones and the Eagle Bank, he felt that it was only a question of weeks before the bank fell into his hands. He knew something of Wallace R. A. Jones.

Mr. Jones was a type equally familiar in Wall street, the uptown

clubs and Newport. He had all the ear-marks of wealth: a town house, a sumptuous yacht, on which he entertained royally during international races, and a place at Newport. He was a director in a dozen corpora-

month he was compelled to hustle, in all the distasteful meaning of that humble word, to meet the rent and other bills run up in sustaining a well-nigh untenable position. Mostly, as Landon's investigation disclosed,



"What's the news in Wall Street, Mr. Landon?"

tions, three of them, perhaps, sound, the rest of a fugitive character to which he had loaned his name for a large stock bonus.

As a matter of pure fact, Mr. Jones was on a par with the humblest flat dweller in that each

Mr. Jones had hastened to the Eagle Bank and there induced its misguided, or worse, president to accept the stock of the nine wayward companies to which he had added the lustre of his name, as collateral for loans of real money.

Landon had had inklings of the utter hollowness of Mr. Jones, it being a part of his day's work to keep the run of frauds; but the depths revealed in the story of the bank's assistant note teller, from whom he gleaned all this, surprised even him, which didn't prevent him from handsomely subsidizing the worthy assistant note teller, who had the usual large family and sick wife.

The following afternoon there was closeted with Landon the senior partner of one of the biggest note brokerage houses in the Street, a house which sold to banks and bankers millions of dollars worth of firm and individual notes each year. From him Landon learned, as he had anticipated, that Wallace R. A. Jones often brought his personal notes to the house to dispose of—a rather difficult task—and that at the moment even, which Landon had hoped, they had a Jones note for \$25,000 which they were trying to negotiate for him.

"How much did Mr. Jones tell you to take for it?" asked Landon of Millard, the broker.

"Oh, he'll take, \$20,000," said Millard. "But what on earth do you want of it?" he added, struck by the oddity of any one wanting Jones' precarious paper.

"I'm making a collection of the autographs of great humbugs," said Landon soberly. "Here's a check. I'll take the note, and any others he gives you to sell, only mum's the word. I'll put this in the name of a dummy to cover it up."

"Well, you're doing it with your eyes open," said Millard, "and I can't refuse to make commissions; but I don't think they're good for much."

"I'll use 'em some way, Millard,"

Landon reassured him, "so send 'em along. The more, the merrier."

And Millard sent 'em along, \$25,000, \$15,000, \$12,000, \$5,000, then \$25,000 again, until the note broker looked on Landon as a sort of good natured waste-paper basket for Jones notes.

After a month and a half of this false heaven for Jones, the first note, for \$25,000, fell due. Landon informed Millard that Jones must meet it or be at once exposed in his true colors to an unsuspecting world. "Tell him I'll grab his Newport place if he don't pay," was Landon's threat.

And then, at last, the wheels of this complicated machine were set in motion by the master manipulator. The little assistant note teller stole into Landon's office at the luncheon hour to say that Jones had just borrowed \$25,000 more from the Eagle Bank, on the same old wayward collateral, and two hours later Landon had received the full value of his \$25,000 Jones note and had credited the "Poor Pitkins Syndicate," as he dubbed it, prophetically, with the \$5,000 "velvet."

The note for \$15,000 fell due and Landon repeated these tactics, threatening this time to seize the Jones yacht, and again the little note teller stole in with his tale of Jones' loan from the Eagle, and again the note Landon held was paid.

And thus steadily, pitilessly, Landon sapped the bank of its little remaining strength until it, too, was in much the same shape as the hollow Wallace R. A. Jones. And then Landon dropped out of sight.

Two days later he turned up at the Fort Orange Club in Albany lunching, quite at ease, with an acquaintance—for he had no friends. By what may have been pure chance,

Wellman, the state superintendent of banking, came into the club for luncheon while Landon and his acquaintance were still over their coffee, and the acquaintance introduced him to Landon.

"What's the news in Wall street, Mr. Landon?" asked Wellman. "You know we're provincial up here."

"I don't dare say I know it, either," laughed Landon; "I've been away from it for two days, out in Buffalo, and you know how fast they make news in the Street. The market is rather strong, according to the papers."

"Yes, it is. It looks bullish," Wellman agreed. "That increases the margins on collateral loans held by the banks and makes my days more restful," he added laughingly. "Anything new in the banking situation?"

"Usual grist of rumors," answered Landon easily. "I heard something about the Eagle—that's a state institution, isn't it?"

"Yes, that comes under my jurisdiction," said Wellman, interested. "What about it?"

"Oh, something about one of the directors getting into it on some shaky loans, but I daresay you know more about it than I do. I hear only the rumors."

"I hadn't heard a thing," said Wellman, frankly. "I rather wondered, though, why the Eagle's stock dropped so sharply in the outside market yesterday. It went down 30 points in the bid price."

"Did it though?" said Landon, politely curious, and rather pleased that his manoeuvre had told. "That seems to bear out the rumors. I heard the bank had loaned one director almost one hundred and fifty thousand dollars and had \$50,000 more in bad loans. But I'm rather

ashamed to repeat this stuff to you, Mr. Wellman. Often it's only distilled malice."

"No, no!" urged Wellman. "I'm glad you've told me what you heard. I am going down to-morrow, anyway, and I'll drop in to see that everything is all right. You would be surprised, Mr. Landon, to know how many times the banking department has been enabled to save stockholders and depositors big losses through just such chance information as I have only now received from you. In fact, our first intimation of trouble usually comes in just that way."

"Indeed!" said Landon, politely skeptical. "I hope this time, for the Eagle's sake, that I am not the forerunner of such disaster."

At three o'clock the following afternoon, State Banking Superintendent Wellman faced the directors of the Eagle Bank, summoned hurriedly to a meeting in the banking parlors behind locked doors, and told them vigorously of their peril. Mr. Jones, for reasons no better known to himself than to his fellow directors, was not present.

"You have allowed loans of over two hundred thousand dollars to be made, \$150,000 of these to one of your own directors, Mr. Jones—a plain and flagrant violation of the law—which I find are absolutely worthless. They are impossible of collection, and as a result you have so impaired your resources that your surplus is wiped out and your capital encroached upon."

"There are only two steps open to me in the circumstances: one to close the bank at once and secure a receivership to wind up its affairs, and the other to allow you to make good these losses out of your own pockets. I am disposed to give you an oppor-

tunity to follow this latter course, simply because it will save money to both depositors and innocent stockholders by avoiding the expense of a receivership.

"I want you fully to understand the gravity of the situation, gentlemen, and also your responsibilities. This is Friday — I give you until Monday morning to make good this loss of \$200,000."

Two hours later Mr. Pitkins rushed breathlessly into Landon's office in answer to an urgent summons.

"Have you got the stock," he panted, "all of the 5,100 shares we needed for control?"

"Yes, Mr. Pitkins," Landon answered, coolly, "all the 5,100 shares and a bit more, for I've just had to take over whole blocks from frightened directors—three of them frightened because they have been called on by the Banking Department to make good a big loss, and one of them, named Jones by the way — unusual name — because he engineered the loss."

"What do you mean, Mr. Landon? You speak of losses. Is the bank in trouble? What is it, please?"

"Yes, it's in trouble; but since we made the trouble I guess we can unmake it, Mr. Pitkins," replied Landon, and then, grudgingly, for he loved to torture the retired woolen merchant, he laid bare to the latter the details of his three months campaign for the control of the bank.

"Now that \$200,000 deficit must, of course, be made good on Monday, Mr. Pitkins," Landon concluded, "but, as you can see from this statement, and as I have explained, I secured your stock so cheap and made such usurious profits out of Jones' notes that you can pay it and still be way inside your estimate of \$250

a share for the stock. That called for \$1,275,000, and, thanks to the directors' panic I conjured up, your stock has cost you only \$205 a share, or \$1,045,000 in all.

"If you add to that the \$200,000 you will have to pay on Monday, and some of that may be recovered in time, you are still ahead \$30,000, or \$38,000, including the profit on the Jones notes I bought.

"Really a pretty deal, Mr. Pitkins. And quite inside the law, since it was Wallace R. A. Jones who broke the bank."

"Yes," assented Mr. Pitkins, and then thoughtfully, "but I don't see why we should have to make up that \$200,000 loss. It was the old directors' fault."

"Whose fault?" asked Landon sarcastically. "You don't see why you should make good the loss? Perhaps the Banking Department can show you on Monday, Mr. Pitkins. You know it is your bank now."

"But seriously, Mr. Pitkins, if you are disposed to cavil over that point, what are you going to do when I name the value I put on my services in this matter?" And Landon gazed innocently on the writhing Mr. Pitkins, who finally, after much maundering, found courage to ask:

"What do you value them at, Mr. Landon?"

"Thirty-eight thousand dollars," said Landon; and then, smilingly, "exactly what I saved you, Mr. Pitkins."

"Thirty-eight—thousand!" gasped Mr. Pitkins. "Thirty-eight—"

"Just so," interrupted Landon brusquely. "No more—just now; no less—any time."

"Preposterous, Mr. Landon, preposterous! We will never pay it—"

Again Landon interrupted the stammering Mr. Pitkins :

"Under our agreement, as you will recall, Mr. Pitkins, your refusal to pay the amount I asked was to result in my giving you my services outright, wiping the whole matter off

But Landon made no answer. Silently he passed across the desk to the still pleading Pitkins the stock certificates and vouchers for the 5,100 shares of Eagle Bank stock. He thrust a receipt into Mr. Pitkins' trembling hands :



"Now! Now!" yelled Mr. Pitkins, "Now! I take it now!"

the books. That clause is therefore now operative, and you are released."

"But this is ridiculous, absurd, unheard of!" said Mr. Pitkins. "We must reach some agreement, Mr. Landon."

"Sign that, please, Mr. Pitkins. Thanks. Now we're square so far as my services go, and I'll ask you to pardon me for hurrying you away, but it's late and I'm only a poor commuter, you know. Good-day."

On the threshold Mr. Pitkins lin-

gered—said with mingled hope and despair—

"I'll see you again to-morrow about this, Mr. Landon," and fled.

"I think you will," mused Landon grimly.

He laughed softly to himself as he stepped back to his desk and picked up the 'phone.

"Ninety-eight hundred, John, Central."

And then, as the connection was made,

"Hello, Wall street office of the Union? Is this you, Cogswell? Good, I thought perhaps you'd got away for the day. Come up a minute. It's Landon."

And Landon put the 'phone down and picked up the smile again. He was still at it when Cogswell, the Wall street reporter of the Union, one of the greatest of the metropolitan dailies, came in.

"Something good, Mr. Landon, when you smile like that," was Cogswell's laughing greeting. He was Landon's favorite among the newspaper men of the Street.

"Oh, fair," laughed Landon, "it's a bank story this time. I hear that Jarvis Pitkins—you may have heard of him, retired from wool or calico—and a syndicate have bought control of the Eagle Bank."

"Good," said Cogswell, who was not a model reporter, for he never took elaborate notes.

"But the best is yet to come," Landon went on. "They got, so I'm told, about 5,100 of the 10,000 shares which gives them control all right; but as the bank's charter expires within three months and it takes a vote of two-thirds of the stock, or 6,667 shares, to renew it, the control is worthless. They've bought a pig in a poke."

"Can they get the other 1,567 shares, Mr. Landon?" asked Cogswell.

"Well—there is just a chance, a very slim chance. I'm told they will need an extension ladder to reach them."

"Pretty mess," commented Cogswell, "A woolen merchant—I should think so. That's a rattling good story, Mr. Landon."

"And straight as a string, Cogswell. You don't need to verify it. I'll give you the details, as they came to me." And he did.

"Mind, now," he cautioned the newspaperman at the end. "Not a word as to where you learned this. You know our agreement."

"I do," answered Cogswell. "You may depend on me."

"So long," said Landon.

Nine o'clock the following morning found Mr. Pitkins pacing up and down Landon's outer office, stopping now and then to read a line or more of a front page, column-long story in the copy of the Union he grasped, or to importune the small and hugely delighted office boy, to "see if Mr. Landon isn't disengaged now."

He had been diverting himself thus for twenty minutes, and still another twenty minutes passed before the small boy regretfully ended Mr. Pitkins' wanderings by ushering him into the inner office. Landon was sitting quietly at his desk. He nodded curtly to Mr. Pitkins.

"I am very busy, as you see, Mr. Pitkins, but I have granted you a minute, and you must admit this is pure generosity on my part. Now, what can I do for you?"

Mr. Pitkins waved the Union at Landon.

"My lawyer tells me this is true—that we do need 1,567 shares more to

extend the charter, and that as things stand the bank is worth less than nothing to us."

"I must congratulate you on your lawyer, Mr. Pitkins. He has found out in one day what it took me, I confess, a month to discover."

"A month?" said Mr. Pitkins in astonishment—then, rather incoherently, "which month?"

"The first I spent looking into the bank's affairs."

"Then you've known it all along!"

"Yes, all along," said Landon.

"You didn't tell me!"

"You didn't ask me to investigate the legal status of the bank, that's a lawyer's work. Then I rather suspected this information was worth more to me than to you. I seem to have been right—so far. But really, Mr. Pitkins, I can't take time to discuss all this. What do you want?"

"One thousand five hundred and sixty-seven shares of Eagle Bank stock, evidently," said Mr. Pitkins, bitterly.

"How much will you pay for it?"

"Can you get it, Landon?" asked Mr. Pitkins feverishly, his face radiant with hope.

"I have it already, Mr. Pitkins," and there was something in Landon's voice which quite dispelled the other's hopes.

"I'll pay you \$205 a share for it, Landon," Mr. Pitkins spoke eagerly. "And give you the \$38,000 besides," he added, touched at his own generosity.

"Thanks," said Landon, "but let's not talk of that \$38,000. I told you I had given you my services, according to agreement. Now, I'm only a stockholder of the Eagle Bank, and you are bidding for my stock."

"I'll give you \$220 a share for your stock," cried Mr. Pitkins.

Landon took his watch from his pocket.

"It is now nine o'clock, thirty minutes and ten seconds, Mr. Pitkins," he said quietly. "The price of my stock is \$260 a share, and it is going up \$1 a share each second—in fact it is now \$265 a share, Mr. Pitkins, \$266 a share, two hundred and—"

"Now! Now!" yelled Mr. Pitkins, "Now! I take it now!"

"Thanks, Mr. Pitkins. You get it at two hundred and sixty-six dollars and fifty cents a share."

The frivolous, purposeless lives of this world are like ships at the mercy of wind and tide. Hail one of them and ask, "Whither are you bound?" and the answer will be, "I don't know." "What cargo do you carry?" "Nothing." "Well, what are you doing out here on the ocean of life?" "Only drifting." Ah! but you don't know what a sorry spectacle you make—only drifting when there is so much to be done.—Samuel V. Cole.

A Definition of Christian Socialism

BY DR. CHARLES H. PARKHURST IN MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE

Christian Socialism does not oppose individualism. Rather does it refuse to accept the type of selfish individualism which is so prominent to-day. It would substitute for this self-seeking individualism, a sense of responsibility. It would regard property as a loan and the owner of property as a trustee. It would require him to use his property for the good of the community and not for the satisfaction of self. In short it would emphasize the great Christian doctrine of the brotherhood of man.

WHAT we understand by Christian socialism is not communism; it is not the negation of wealth. It is not the denial of individualism, but it is the insistence upon individualism considered as means to a wholesome collectivism. It is a form of "trust," differing in this respect from institutions more generally known to us under that name that, while the latter appear to exist for the purpose of drawing the public blood, this has for its distinct aim to deepen the flow of that blood and to oxygenate it.

Nor does it at all carry with it the idea of a more prodigal expenditure on charitable lines. Much of what is beneficence in name is maleficence in fact. There is such a thing as giving money in the public interest, but equally is there such a thing as accumulating and retaining money in the public interest.

Christian socialism is no enemy to millionaires, provided the millions in their tenure are viewed by them as funds that are to be bestowed or withheld, invested or disbursed, with reference to general requirements; and provided, also, such funds have not been collected in defiance of general requirements; for the kind of socialism that this article is advertising is one that is as much concerned with the way a man makes his money as with the way he uses it, and sordid individualism in getting it is not made good by flamboyant collectivism in expending it.

When a person of extended means

makes big gifts for the conversion of the heathen, or for the endowment of schools and colleges, no man is in a position properly to characterize such gifts till he knows something about the scale of wages paid to his employees, and also until he knows whether the business which yielded so large revenues was maintained in generous rivalry with competing enterprises of the same order, or whether it was built upon the ruins of such enterprises. Cooking and eating one's neighbor's flesh, after the manner of the South Sea Islanders, is not the only kind of cannibalism in the world, nor the worst kind. I might forgive a Fijian for making a cold lunch off my body, but he is a more abandoned cannibal who, while posing as guardian of Christian civilization at home and abroad, stuffs his capacious belly with my means of livelihood, and sucks up my prospects of material success in order to tickle his own palate and distend his own paunch. Barbarism is prettier when it is left to show the natural grain than when it is coated over with evangelical shellac. It is not in the spirit of sweet fraternity to burglarize one brother as means of capitalizing some other brother, nor to be clandestinely ruthless in order to be pyrotechnically humanitarian.

That leads on to say that Christian socialism, so far as it becomes a controlling influence in material affairs, will have a good deal to say about wages, and will take matters into its own hands, if a private sense

of the fitness of things does not become more concerned for the needs and rights of employes than appears generally to be the case at present. These things are going to be managed, by and by, on the basis of brotherhood; and when that is the case workmen will be paid on the scale of what their services are worth, not on the scale of the lowest market rate at which those services can be obtained. The law of supply and demand may be properly relevant to sugar, potatoes, and mutton; but when applied to men and women it degrades them to the level of live stock, and serves them with dispossess proceedings so far as relates to membership in the family.

As things are, the relation between employed and employer is not a relation between man and man, but a relation between workman and utensil. So far as all sense of humanness and fraternity is concerned the man that is hired is practically a tool, as much so as hammer and tongs are tools in the hands of a blacksmith — purely a machine for coining money, and no less a machine in his owner's eyes for all he is made of heart, brains and blood rather than of cogs, levers, and belting.

Labor is as essential to business success as capital is, and should have half the profits; and the reason why it does not is that the capitalist's wealth is a weapon which the employe has nothing that he can bring forward to rebut. The man with abundance can afford to wait till the man with a pittance has used up his pittance and been starved into surrender. Money can buy legislation, poverty cannot. The poor man has less show before the courts than his affluent brother, and is in all ways the under dog. And socialism, whe-

ther Christian or unchristian, is the attempt that the under dog is making to be the dog on top, or at least the dog alongside—that is to say, to be taken back into the family where he belongs.

This which has just been stated must not be taken to mean that men are never anything but tools in the estimation of their employers, but that that is all that they usually are. Nor would we be understood to indorse all the means that the laboring classes take to secure to themselves the rights that belong to them as brothers in the household; only we must remember that when people are fighting for what they conceive to be their rights, and have not muskets, they will instinctively resort to paving stones and pitchforks. It is not good form to hit below the belt, but a fighter will be exceedingly likely to hit anywhere he can when the struggle appears to him to be a matter of life and death.

Now the serious question that Christian socialism raises is this — why is it that there are so many poor brothers and sisters in the family who can scarcely get enough to eat, or the wherewithal to clothe themselves comfortably or even respectably, and so small a minority of brothers and sisters who have not only enough to eat and drink and wear, but enough to be wildly, licentiously extravagant in the luxuries of life, and coarsely, rudely, insultingly demonstrative in their display of wealth?

The principal reason of it is that the larger number of sons and daughters have been practically ostracized from the household and excluded from all controlling participation in the production of the necessaries of life and in their distribution. We are

here brought face to face with a touchy and difficult problem, but it must be confronted, and its solution is bound to come by one means or another. The existence of an impatient majority is not a condition which can be permanently tolerated in a country where intelligence is as widely diffused as it is in our own.

It is a statement that is self-founded, and that needs no argument to corroborate it, that the resources of this country are sufficient to warm, clothe and feed our entire population, and to do it comfortably and handsomely. Nor is that nearly all there is to it. In order to procure all the necessities of life in ample abundance, and many of its luxuries in a manner to meet the requirements of all our millions of people, it is not necessary that our working classes should toil any greater number of hours each day than they do now, nor nearly as many hours. The introduction of labor-saving machinery has wrought a tremendous revolution in the matter of production, but only in a minimized degree are the toilers themselves getting the advantage of such revolution. The fact that a man works in a cloth manufactory, and by the aid of looms or sewing machines is able to turn out goods enough every day to cover the nakedness of a hundred people, is no sign that he will not himself have to go naked, or at least ragged; and this notwithstanding all that Christian socialism has to affirm touching the matter of brotherhood.

Some very careful study has been given by economists to the matter of the amount of time required in order to produce in ample abundance all that is required for home consumption. Taking the population of Austria as twenty-two millions, Profes-

sor Theodor Hertzka, the distinguished economist of that country, argued that "five million able, strong male members could produce everything imaginable for the whole nation in two hours and twelve minutes per day, working three hundred days a year."

I am not aware that the same searching investigation has been given to the situation in our own country, but the figures quoted are sufficiently illuminating for our purpose in a general way. Capitalistic manufacturers are constantly screaming for colonial expansion in order that there may be a market for their wares, so that the employe, for example, who works in a shoe shop on too small wages to be able to keep the bare feet of his own children off the frosty paving-stones may be helping to shoe some little Jap or Hottentot, and to swell the profits of his employer, who has hardly the interest in his workmen that he has in his awls, leather and shoe-pegs. Then, when the colonials have all been shod and the market generally has become glutted and sales slow, the works are shut down and wages stop; so that at the very time when there are most shoes and when for the same reason there are the most woven goods and manufactured garments in the country, the poor people are nearest to being obliged to go naked. That is to say, when the drawers and closets in the house are all stocked with outer garments and underwear, the children, all but favored Thomas and Mary, are put into rags and sent out to shiver.

Now this situation is intolerable, and cannot survive. The great toiling majority are realizing that considerable of the trouble lies in the fact that they are admitted to no con-

trolling share in production and distribution, and that the fruits of industry are handled with no reference to the men, women and children who produce those fruits; and the tendency toward the concentration of control in the hands of a few has proceeded till the toiling classes are verging toward revolt. The tremendous growth of socialism here and abroad is one of the phenomena of the times that capital needs to take account of.

It would seem unfortunate that anything that can be done success-

fully, economically, and with an eye to the general interest, should be relegated to municipal or federal control. The danger would be that such disposition of the case would check individual enterprise and initiative and embarrass our material development. But however that may be, we are not a people where the majority can be permanently counted out, nor where eight out of ten will consent indefinitely to have their feathers plucked in order to line the nests of the other two.

Little Things Count in Business

IT is the little items of expense, seemingly too small to consider, that eat up the profits of any business. The most successful business men are those who have lived on the basis of "look out for the pennies and the pounds will take care of themselves." In stopping up the little leaks they have made themselves financially solid, and have earned for themselves the title, "Captains of Industry."

No matter what the general magnitude of a business may be, it is well worth the while to look out for its minor affairs. This may be an age of large things in general, but it is, after all, from the handling of smaller deals that the greatest profits are derived. Small leakages are sure to slip by unnoticed unless the business is so organized that every detail, no matter of how little apparent significance, can be properly checked.

Early Struggles of Albert J. Beveridge

BY JAMES B. MORROW IN WORKER'S MAGAZINE

The youthful senator from Indiana tells in his own words the story of the struggle he made as a youth to get a footing in the world. To many, it will be surprising that some of Beveridge's experiences were possible. The rough life of the West, the effort to win an education, the disappointments are all very realistically described.

BUT for a cutthroat from Boston and a gambler in the southwest there would be no Albert Jeremiah Beveridge to interview. He would be dead. And but for a laugh he might not be worth an interview. He would be a captain in the army.

These stories and others are told in his own words. I found three typewriters thumping out letters for Indiana. It might have been the office of a bank or manufactory. The thick door burst open, a swirl of long gray coat, a tattoo of dynamic footsteps, and then a brisk and hospitable greeting.

"At the age of 12 I began to do for myself," said Senator Beveridge. "I sold newspapers in the streets of Sullivan, Ind. Next I was a teamster on a new railroad. Scrapers were then turned by hand. I was small and the work almost killed me. In a short time I found employment as a hostler at a logging camp in a walnut forest. My wages were too wretched to remember. My food was horrible. I was 13 years old and life looked dreary to me. Besides, I grieved for my mother. I learned how to handle logs, to load and unload them, and really became an expert in that hard and hazardous labor. Logs piled together are as dangerous as dynamite—they are likely to crush you any minute. I can stack them up now on a bob-sled and drive a six-horse team through the woods where there is no road.

"Several years ago, while going from one Indiana town to another to

keep a stumping appointment, I saw some men loading logs at a little railroad station. They were in a perilous position. I jumped from my buggy and took command of the situation. 'What in thunder do you know about logs?' one of the men asked. But I was right and so he moved his chains and pulled the way I wanted him. He proved to be the Democratic committeeman in that township. He has been a red-hot friend of mine ever since.

"I was in the woods a year. At 14 I was put in charge of a gang of loggers and always had control of them except on one occasion when they went to town and began drinking and fighting. It was a rough life. The profanity was hideous. We swore at the horses and at the men, at the logs, and at everything else. I quit smoking after I got away from the camp, but I couldn't stop the vulgar and evil practice of swearing until six years ago. What little money I earned I saved. I had made up my mind to get an education and to be a lawyer. When alone, I made speeches to the walnut trees. Even earlier, when I plowed in the fields at home, I addressed myself to imaginary audiences in the fence corners.

"Returned to my father's house I joined him in a little undertaking in wheat. We rented a field and put out our crop. There happened to be a drought that Summer and the sun burned me back to beggary. I lost my savings of a year and despondency parched my soul as the heat had

shriveled my wheat. My sixteenth birthday was near at hand, but I had not started to get an education and was without money or prospects. Rather early to be a bankrupt, wasn't it? But I was a mature man in some respects. About that time there was a West Point examination in Paris, two counties east of us. I was there, rehabilitated in hope and with sweet visions of the tented field and of glory won in the crash of arms. In the midst of the examination, while reading aloud from a book, something funny occurred and I laughed. The examiners marked me back several points for indecorous conduct. As it was, I only lost the appointment by a fifth of 1 per cent. A young fellow named Brown got the cadetship and I was his alternate. After my election to the senate, in 1899, I went to the Philippines and was introduced to Capt. Brown. He was a good officer and a fine man. I regret to say that he has since died. Thus a trifling incident changed my life. If I hadn't laughed I suppose I would now be Capt., or, possibly, Major Beveridge, U.S.A.

"Mournfully I went home. The whole world was black. I wrote to several colleges. I was penniless, but I would write, anyway. Perhaps — but I didn't care to speculate further. A kindly reply came from De Pauw, at Greencastle, in Indiana. But I was helpless without money. One day I met Edward Anderson, a lumber dealer, now a resident of Oklahoma, and he asked me why I looked so down in the mouth. 'My wheat burned up,' I replied, 'I failed to get to West Point. I am without money. I hoped for an education, and I am discouraged.'

" 'Where do you want to go?' he inquired.

" 'De Pauw University,' I said.

" 'Get ready.' Then he walked away; not another word was said. I got ready and went to him. 'Here is \$50,' and he handed me the money. 'And here is a promissory note I want you to sign.' I became steward of a college club at De Pauw. That helped some. No boy in the world could have worked harder. I hardly slept after I decided that I had to win nearly all the prizes in sight or quit. At the end of my college course I had \$230 in prizes, but I almost died in getting them."

"What employment did you have during your vacations?"

"The first year I went back to Sullivan and helped several farmers to harvest their crops. In one week I cut 210 acres of wheat with an old-fashioned self-binder. I have plowed every field near the town of Sullivan but the fair grounds. I was a book agent during my second vacation, selling 'Error's Chains,' a religious compilation costing \$6. I tramped the country far and wide. I slept at farm houses, where I made maps of the roads and a directory of all the men in each region, getting their politics, their religion, the names of their favorite children, and the general characteristics of their families.

"I was sound financially all through my second year at De Pauw. The publishers of 'Error's Chains' wanted me to be state agent for Indiana during my third vacation, but I asked to be sent into Iowa. I took fifty students along, putting each under a bond of \$500. I knew if I didn't tie them up they would get discouraged and go home. The bonds, I fancy, were worthless in law, but they looked terrible and answered my

purpose. My headquarters were at Des Moines. I wrote out suppositional dialogues for my agents in which I covered every possible objection any farmer or his wife might set up against our book. We spread 'Error's Chains' all over Iowa. Senator Allison says you can find a copy of that useful work in nearly every family that has lived in the state for twenty years or more."

"You were graduated in 1885 and then went to Kansas?"

"My health broke from hard work and I was in need of money. I thought I would try Kansas. I journeyed to the edge of civilization, lived in a sodhouse, associated with cowboys, chased antelopes, and saw shooting and other rough and ready frontier demonstrations. I found work in Dighton, fourth county seat east of Colorado, which consisted of four or five houses made of sod and a hotel of the same material. The hotel contained three rooms, the partitions being fiercely colored calico hung on strings. My employer was D. G. McClellan, a land agent. He did the heavy work, the selling and so on, and I made out the papers.

"One day I returned from a trip to another town and found a poor devil in custody and an organized plan to hang him. He had been sleeping on the ground after a protracted session at a saloon. Near him was the stage driver's mule, anchored to the prairie by a piece of sod tied to the halter strap. He and the stage driver were not friends, and it looked to me like a put up job. At my suggestion the lynching was indefinitely postponed.

"The stage driver, a right bad man, stopped next day at the hotel for dinner. He began to argue the mule case, and became personal in his attentions to me. I took a lawyer's

view of the matter, endeavoring to show him that it simply was the word of one man against the word of another, and, therefore, no conviction reasonably could follow before a court. I was amateurish, I admit. I was neither a cowboy nor a real lawyer. The stage driver pulled his gun, but before he could work the trigger the women shrieked, and so he backed away, saying: 'I'll meet you outside. I don't want to agitate the ladies.' I stretched my dinner as far as I could, and then a murderer from Boston, whom I had nursed when he was ill, and a gambler accompanied me to the shack where I had my office. The stage driver trailed us, gun in hand. He was over me when I sank into a chair at my desk. I thought my last hour had come. I was unarmed. Besides, I couldn't have shot quickly enough nor hit the mark if a gun had been in each hand. But I didn't purpose to pass away without some kind of a protest, and so I threw a variety of logging camp language at the ruffian, ornamenting it with all the frills I had learned in the woods, and calling him the worst names in the unexpurgated vocabulary of iniquity.

"He slowly raised his pistol. Then I saw him blink and step back. At first I thought I had talked him to a standstill, had bullied him out of heart, stomach, and countenance, but it was not so. I hadn't seen him, but at my side sat the Boston assassin, with his revolver over his left fore arm, the muzzle of it tilted upward so that when the bullet left the barrel it would hit the stage driver under the chin and blow the top of his head off. That night the stage driver, under court orders from several persons as certain and speedy as himself, moved out of town on a run

and never came back to that district."

"Why didn't you remain in Kansas?"

"I wanted to see my college sweetheart, the young woman whom I afterward married, and to read law at Indianapolis. I went to Gen. Benjamin Harrison for a place in his office and happily was turned away. Joseph E. McDonald took me in. For six months I literally lived on one meal a day. My pay was \$20 a month, but I had to send some money home. By and by Senator McDonald made me his managing clerk at \$1,800 a year. I began to try lawsuits right after I was admitted to the bar, even going into the United States court, where I was counsel in an important case against Gen. Harrison.

"Then I got married. The next day I was back to my work. With \$75 in hand, I opened a law office of my own. The first year I made \$2,500; the second, \$3,500; the third, \$4,500, and thereafter much more. When elected to the Senate I had a large and profitable practice for a young lawyer. It was not my intention to take public office. My purpose was to stick to my profession and make some money. I thought territorial expansion would come some day, and that I should then, perhaps, enter public life. It beat my guess by fifteen years. Accordingly, I pitched in and ran for the Senate."

"What preparation should a young man have who takes up politics for a career?"

"Knowledge of his country's history and a liking for public matters."

"And a college education?"

"Well, there are two sides to that question. The young fellow without

a college education is not a hopeless case by any means. I don't know what it is, but there is something in a college course which takes from the student a part of his native strength and originality. You see, the clothes are all alike. Some of the coats fit, some drag on the ground, and others are ridiculously short in the back.

"But if you could go back you would travel the old road, just the same?"

"Sometimes I think I had to work too hard," Senator Beveridge replied. Then he turned the corner and took up another topic.

"When did you make your first political speech?"

"In a field, following a plow. I spoke for Garfield when I was 19 years old. When Blaine ran in 1884 I was sent to blacksmith shops and country schoolhouses, but I soon got into the cities. I was acquainted with a man on the committee, you know."

"In January, 1900, you delivered a speech in the Senate which filled twelve newspaper columns. You spoke it almost word for word as written, not depending on notes. Is it your practice to memorize your speeches?"

"Yes, set speeches. After my election to the Senate in January, 1899, I decided to go to the Philippines and get information at first hand. I went on the firing line, saw everybody, wrote out interviews by the ream, and coming back prepared the speech you mention and committed it to memory. In 1900 I replied to Bryan at the opening of the Republican campaign in Chicago. Two nights after I made a general political speech in Minneapolis. Next day I spoke on trusts at Columbus, Neb.

"Forty-eight hours later I opened the campaign in Kansas City, taking the markets of the world for a subject. Then I addressed the young men of Indianapolis. Going to Louisville I spoke to the people of the south. Ten days before the first

speech 'was delivered all of them had been given to the Associated Press. I carried the six in my head for some time, but I wouldn't do it again, even if I could be President of the United States at the conclusion of the performance."

Mr. Roosevelt's Orthography

THE SPECTATOR.

As the writer of the following article points out there is nothing new about the reforms Mr. Roosevelt is attempting to make in the spelling of English words. Not so many centuries ago there was no standard spelling of words at all, and the great Shakespeare himself spelt his name in twenty-six different ways. Ever since then changes have been made in orthography.

THE newspapers have given very short shrift to President Roosevelt's proposal to establish a new system of spelling in official documents emanating from the White House, and whether the President, in the face of so much opposition, will think it advisable to press his reforms, is doubtful. What is a little strange in the chorus of angry surprise which has gone up over Mr. Roosevelt's announcement is the general assumption that he is advocating something new.

The list of words which are to be spelt differently in future has been pulled to pieces and examined as if Mr. Roosevelt of his own initiative had arbitrarily selected two or three hundred words to the spelling of which he had taken a personal dislike, and had announced that he was not going to stand any more nonsense from them, but in future would spell them precisely as he chose. What has happened is something very different. We have not been given in the messages which have reached us a full list of the three hundred words which Mr. Roosevelt has approved of as a preliminary selection; but out

of those which have been mentioned there is not one change which has not been fully debated before by dictionary makers, and probably there are very few which have not been actually used in printed documents — even perhaps in documents of considerable antiquity. One of Mr. Roosevelt's critics remarks that the President's plan "breathes that scorn of history which is natural in a nation of yesterday, but is unacceptable to the old historic English nation." There is a certain "scorn of history" in neglecting to notice that some of the methods of spelling suggested by Mr. Roosevelt are early English.

There is no intention here of championing Mr. Roosevelt's proposal, which looks as if it would lead in the long run to a good deal of inconvenience and expense without any corresponding saving of time or trouble for the moment. But it is as well to look at the facts a little more closely without condemning offhand a number of proposals which apparently have the approval of such authorities on the history of the English language as Professor Skeat and Dr. Murray. When people talk a little

rashly about abandoning the time-honored method of spelling this or that word or class of words, they are apt to forget, not only that there are plenty of words the spelling of which has been changed during the past hundred years without anybody proving much the worse for it, but also that standardized spelling is a comparatively modern institution. Practically speaking, it began with Dr. Johnson. Those who object most strongly to any sort of "tinkering" or "tampering with the language of Shakespeare" may reflect that Shakespeare himself was so tolerant of change as to sign his own name in twenty-six different ways. The books which he read, and in which he saw the words printed that he used in writing his plays, were not consistent in their methods of presenting combinations of letters to the reader. Imagine him, for instance, comparing parallel passages in Purvey's Recension of Wycliffe's translation of the Bible and Tyndale's New Testament. The first would run: "But whanne Jhesus was come down fro the hil, mych puple suede hym. And loo! a leprouse man cam and worschipeid hym, and seide: Lord, if thou wolt, thou maist make me clene." In Tyndale the same passage appears thus: "When Jesus was come down from the mountayne, moch people folowed him. And lo, ther cam a lepre and worsheped him saynge: Master, if thou wylt thou canst make me clene." To which spelling, "puple" or "people," would the student incline who read those two passages for the first time, knowing that the parent word was the Latin "populus"? If the first two vowels in "people" are pronounced separately, instead of the "e" being lengthened and the "o" omitted, the resulting sound is prac-

tically the same as "puple." Would it occur to the student of the sixteenth century that of the two spellings, each of which probably sounded to him the same, one would some day be discarded as wrong, and the other selected as right, and then pronounced differently? Probably he would resent the idea of dealing so arbitrarily with the time-honored "puple." He would not realize the need for a certain arbitrariness in dealing with different methods of spelling until he came to attempt the making of a dictionary. In the same way, those who are readiest to condemn as "scornful innovations" or "Americanisms" various suggestions for an altered orthography are apt to forget how arbitrary the greatest of English dictionary-makers occasionally was in his choice between variant spellings. It was Dr. Johnson who added the "k" to "musick" and "rhetorick" and "physick," which before his day were more commonly spelt as we spell them now. "Labor" and "honor" and "favor" irritate many readers, why style them Americanisms. But it was Dr. Johnson who introduced the unnecessary, though, perhaps, rather graceful "u," and who wrote, in addition, "authour" and "errour" and "governour." The last spelling has only dropped out of the English prayer-book in the twentieth century. How many church-goers have noticed the change?

There are, as a fact, a large number of English words the spelling of which has been undergoing, and is now undergoing, a series of changes, yet which very few readers or writers notice are being changed, simply because the change is coming about so slowly. If the same change that is now going on slowly were sudden-

ly recommended, or commanded, there would probably be an outcry. Take, for example, the words "judgment," "skillful," "dogmatize," "fulness," and "quartet." Contrast with them "quartette," "fullness," "dogmatise," "skilful," and "judgement." Which is the old and which is the new spelling? Probably not one out of three ordinary educated men would care to risk his reputation on the orthography of all five. As to "kist" and "blusht," which are two of the President's choices which have been subjected to much criticism, both forms, are just as pleasant to see and hear as "kissed" and "blushed." But it was not President Roosevelt who invented them. They belong to all the poets, ancient and modern, and perhaps they are only objected to because they do not seem to fit in quite properly with the prosiness of modern existence. "When I kist her Jenny blusht" is clearly an opening for a lyric which would do credit to the most amorous; but it looks a little queer to write that "this smart feuilleton is now being publisht on page 8." As to other suggested changes, why should we oppose the dropping of the "a" out of the diphthong in "aesthetic" and "Aeolian" when we already have "celestial" and "penalise" and "Egypt"? Even in some of the articles in which the strongest objection has been taken to the elimination of the "a," the writers, who would hate to be accused of dropping their "h's," have argued this way and that way about "diphthongs."

Here and there, it must be owned, the suggested revision of the spelling is hideous. "Catalog" would only be admissible if the cutting off of the "ue" made the word more like the Greek, but it does not. As for "program," it is formed on the analogy of "epigram"; but there is evidently a further change in store for it. It will follow the example of "groggram," and shorten itself into monosyllabic unseemliness.

The truth is that the orthography of modern English provides, or would provide, a subject for discussion among Englishmen and Americans of established literary reputation which might have valuable results. Nor, probably, would the keenest opponent of Mr. Roosevelt's proposals object to the summoning of an international conference to consider suggestions for changes in the conventional methods of spelling English words which might seem sensible or desirable. It would be satisfactory if on certain disputed points an opinion could be expressed which could be regarded as authoritative; more satisfactory still if certain ugly changes were by the same authority set aside. But Mr. Roosevelt's action, unfortunately, will not have the same effect as would the summoning of such a conference. In America, another president may reverse his decision; and as for England, Mr. Roosevelt would be the first to disclaim any idea either of comforting wearers of dunces' caps or of dictating to philological professors.

The Flagship: the Brain of the Fleet

BY ARNOLD WHITE IN WORLD'S WORK.

Arnold White, the writer of the article, from which the following excerpt is taken, accompanied Admiral Wilson on his flagship during the recent naval manoeuvres off the coast of England. He made careful observations of what he saw and is able to paint a clear picture of the work of an admiral and the place of the flagship in the fleet.

THE work of an admiral is harder in 1906 than in Nelson's time; at all events admirals could sleep peacefully at night in "1800 and war time;" now there is no undisturbed rest for admirals by day or night. Harassed by destroyers, submarines, "wireless," floating mines and the cares of a great fleet, they know no rest. On the other hand, ships working under steam are far more obedient to the will of the strategist than ships propelled by sail. No accurate calculation could be made with so volatile an element as the wind, but the line of communication by "wireless," searchlight and semaphore is now so rapid and accurate, even in the case of distant ships, that sudden decisions involving great interests must be made a hundred times by the modern admiral when his predecessor would make them once. To sleep when you can is one of the first elements in a modern admiral's success.

The most important factor in a fighting fleet is the rapid and accurate impression of the mind of the admiral on other flag-officers and the captains under his command. A flagship, accordingly, is not only the admiral's palace and a fighting unit, but it is also a floating university. The flag-officer is to the rest of the fleet what the vice-chancellor is to the university, the headmaster to Eton or Winchester, or the Portland Club to the devotees of bridge. Day and night from the flagship streams a succession of ideas expressed in the form of orders, remonstrances, eulo-

gies, censure, requests (to admirals slightly junior to the commander-in-chief), and comment on the performances of the other units. The flagship expostulates, but never entreats. Between the flagship and the rest of the fleet there is a healthy and incessant rivalry which generates an electrical atmosphere that must be breathed before it is understood. To praise the flagship were impertinent in any landsman, but the discovery of its soul by the navy during the last four years has already doubled the strength of the fleet by improved gunnery efficiency, and within the last two months has quadrupled the control of the admiral over distant ships through improvements in the range and reliability of wireless telegraphy. This naval renaissance is mainly the work of flagships. In a life so strenuous, when every one is doing his best, the habit of competition becomes ingrained, and officers and men are insensibly habituated to work at top speed. Time is the essence of naval efficiency, and a quiet but immensely rapid delivery of orders is one of the small secrets by which time is saved. The commander of H.M.S. Exmouth, the flagship of Admiral Sir A. K. Wilson, V.C., speaks, when giving orders, at the rate of about 230 words a minute. The orders thus given are executed nominally at the double, really at the gallop. The holding of records by the flagship is the result only of minute superiority over other ships, and the maintenance of her prestige colors the lives of every man

and boy on board. Moments of repose are few, and when they come, as on Sunday afternoon, fatigue is universal.

In the olden days the admiral walked in solitary state on the weather-side of the quarter-deck with his secretary or flag-captain as companion; to-day the sacred quarter-deck of the flagship from dawn till sunset is devoted to the physical drill which is one of the things that has revolutionized the modern navy. Three years ago the navy repudiated the army system, and adopted the system in use in the Swedish army and navy. This system is based on the following general lines :

(1) The instructor in it must have a good knowledge of physiology and anatomy.

(2) He must consider the individuality of each member of the class under him.

(3) The exercises done in each period of physical training daily are arranged in a sequence based upon their physiological effects, and in such a manner that the exercises, mild at first, lead up to the strongest at about two-thirds way through the period of exercise, and the succeeding exercises tone the body down to a normal heart-beat and general normal condition at the close, leaving it refreshed but not fatigued.

(4) Each exercise is gradually increased in progression of strength, according to the growing strength, aptitude or activity of the class, from day to day, or from week to week, etc.

The general effect of the new training has been to increase the alertness and improve the health of the ship's company. Nobody is exempt from the training—the midshipmen torn out of their hammocks yawn, but the strange rhythmic dance, which is

the first movement of the day, quickly clears away the cobwebs from the brains of the young gentlemen who would fain linger longer lying in the Land of Nod. As the quarter-deck is practically denied to the admiral, he takes his own exercise on the after-bridge, where he may be seen biting his thumb in company with the flag-lieutenant and the chief yeoman of signals, gravely pacing to and fro, while long lines of battle-ships and cruisers keep station astern and on either beam. The fleet, in sea-going formation, steams in column-of-line ahead. Day and night a ceaseless conversation was carried on with the flagship by wireless and searchlight, which is found to be more effective even than the heliograph by day. An interesting illustration of the space of information that floods the wireless room of the flagship occurred on our homeward journey after the recent manoeuvres were completed. Every ship in the fleet, being anxious about its letters and its stores, was despatching wireless messages to the various ports to which they were attached, in order that correspondence, fresh provisions, and other naval needs might be satisfied on arrival. The rush of work in transcribing these unimportant messages impeded the execution of work of greater moment. Orders were accordingly transmitted to all the ships in the fleet to cease using wireless until further orders. Suddenly there was a great calm, and the flagship successfully and peacefully carried out the work she had to do. On its completion the fleet was notified that the various units might resume the use of wireless, and suddenly the inaudible din began again, dozens of messages saturating space with interrupted ether.

A modern admiral must be many things—a mathematician and a scientific engineer as well as a seaman. When the Montagu went on shore on the Shutter's Reef, Lundy Island, the flagship steamed round from Portland at full speed, and Admiral Wilson himself took charge of the salvage operations. Questions have been asked in Parliament which indicate some misapprehension as to the question of saving the Montagu. The loss of a King's ship to a naval officer is a calamity only comparable in civil life to the loss of a near relation. This is sentiment, the practical man may say; yes, but sentiment is the intangible and priceless element that has made the navy what it is. The Exmouth, Russell and Duncan at Lundy Island have been engaged in work just as hard, and little less dangerous than any likely to fall to their lot in time of war. When the funnels of the Montagu were removed the flagship took charge of the foremost funnel, and the Russell of the after one. They made a race of it, but the flagship contrived to remove her funnel in a fraction less time than taken by her sister ship. The photographs of the Montagu at high and low water show the class of work to be done. A more repulsive way of spending time than standing up to your knees in muddy slush, calculating weights and working out problems of buoyancy and stress, is inconceivable. Admiral Sir A. K. Wilson, who is sixty-five next March, has worked in wet clothes day after day and week after week like a lad of twenty. On one occasion he fell overboard from the picket-boat in a heavy sea on his way from the Montagu, but, shifting into fresh clothes, was back again at the wreck within an hour or two. Even with the crushing responsibility

of the manoeuvres, when over 40,000 men were under his direct command, there was scarcely a day during the four times we crossed the Bay of Biscay when Admiral Wilson did not find time to work at the Montagu problem, although for two consecutive nights during the long chase of Admiral May he never removed his clothes.

It may be well to point out that the recent naval manoeuvres, if they prove anything, show that England is relatively so much stronger than any other naval power that the Government are well advised in dropping one Dreadnought from the construction programme, if for no other reason than that we shall have four Dreadnoughts ready to fight before a single foreign Dreadnought is launched. Some authorities regard the Lord Nelsons as equal to or better than the Dreadnoughts. If their view is correct, England will have ten Dreadnoughts at sea not very long after the Hague Conference has ended in smoke. The practical lesson of the manoeuvres is the most interesting comment upon the Hague Conference, for the defence of England's sea-borne trade will probably be the conundrum to be solved in the next naval war. The key to the situation consists in the fact that so long as England possesses a larger fleet than the enemy it is to the interests of Great Britain to court an action on any and every occasion, wherever possible. If equals are taken from unequals, the remainders are not only unequal, but the stronger power is stronger and the weaker power weaker than before the exchange took place. Since the supply of commerce destroyers possessed by any foreign power is limited, it stands to reason that the sooner each commerce destroyer can be

brought to action the more rapid will be the establishment of our supremacy at sea. In the olden time, when a ship went into action, the renewal of masts and sails and the plugging of shot-holes were sufficient to restore her to the fighting line; to-day an average injury to a fighting ship puts her out of action for months, as the forging of armour plate and structural alterations imply lengthy operations.

To sum up, the lessons of the manoeuvres are threefold; first, that the importance of the flagship, which is the brain of the fleet, is greater than is generally believed. Centralization can go no further than in the organization of a modern fleet. Writing with the diffidence of a civilian on the apparatus of modern war, I venture to think that too little provision is made in our navy for the death or disablement of the admiral. The devolution of command according to seniority is a dangerous method to adopt, and, as Trafalgar showed, it is by no means certain that during an action the fleet units will know of the catastrophe on the flagship. For this reason a spare admiral with a dormant commission,

who will succeed to the command in the case of the death of the commander-in-chief, and who is fully cognizant of his plans and dispositions, should be carried on board the flagship.

The second lesson of the manoeuvres is that for a fortnight or three weeks after the outbreak of naval war, England will pass through a period of great anxiety, of some disaster, and possibly of panic. It is essential to warn the public that this period of anxiety and loss is strictly limited, but that any attempt to tether the battle-fleet to English coasts will inevitably result in the triumph of the enemy and appalling losses to British commerce and prestige.

The third lesson the manoeuvres have taught us is that the possession of a great admiral of strategic genius is a gift of the gods. In the dread day of battle, when the Empire stands or falls according to the wisdom and tranquility of one man, England will wake up to the fact that hitherto she has not trained her admirals, but has promoted them from the captains' list without system or forethought.

I cannot repeat too often that no man struggles perpetually and victoriously against his own character; and one of the first principles of success in life is so to regulate our career as rather to turn our physical constitution and natural inclinations to good account, than to endeavor to counteract the one or oppose the other.—Sir H. L. Bulwer.

The Financial Aspect of Horse Racing

BY LORD HAMILTON IN BADMINTON.

The writer points out what a disproportion there is between the money expended by owners of horses and the returns from racing. He also outlines a remedy for the losses which are thus occasioned. The article is inserted for the delectation of those interested in horse racing, of whom there are a large number.

RACING ought, of course, to be an amusement. But the state of the modern turf and the unremitting attention which is exacted by the conditions of modern races have made it more or less of a business; a business, moreover, which is as exacting in its demands as most, but which does not hold out the prospect of pecuniary success which is the prize for application in every other.

It is a matter of complaint against the London County Council that it costs their steamers a penny in expenses to earn a halfpenny in fares. This, if true, is certainly not a profitable way of carrying on business. But, compared with the conditions under which owners of racehorses carry on theirs, it seems almost sound finance. It costs owners of racehorses—taken as a body—nearly five pounds in expenses to win a sovereign in added money. The method of arriving at these figures is a simple one, and the estimates on which they are based are of the most conservative nature. In making the calculation only horses actually in the trainers' hands are taken into account, and only the bare necessary expenses of these horses are considered. Nothing is reckoned for cost of yearlings—whether bought or bred—till they go to the trainer, nor for depreciation in the value of the horses, though it need hardly be said that these are items which hugely swell the figures.

It is calculated that on the average

throughout the year there are some 4,000 horses in training in Great Britain. It will be generally allowed that £200 is a very low figure at which to place the keep per horse for the year (omitting entry money and forfeits, but including training, traveling, jockeys, veterinary and other expenses). These 4,000 horses will, therefore, cost at least £800,000 per annum to keep in training.

The stakes run for in Great Britain in 1905 amounted to £495,082. Of this sum it is calculated that the owners provided at least two-thirds, and the race funds at most one-third. In making the first calculation nothing has been charged for entrances, sweepstakes, and forfeits, so now nothing is credited for that part of the stakes which is provided by owners. The figures deal with the whole body of owners, and therefore two-thirds of the stakes can be left on one side, as they go out of pocket of one owner into that of another. The remaining third is what is really run for. This amounts to £165,027. It is thus seen that it costs owners of racehorses £800,000 to run for £165,027—a proportion of £4 16s. 11d. of expenses to each £1 of prize money.

It is well known that there is an enormous wastage among the ranks of owners of racehorses. Men come on the turf and run horses for a year or two, but with a few exceptions they very soon give up the game. Some of them no doubt bet indiscriminately, and are naturally soon beaten by the bookmakers. Many,

however, race without betting at all, while others indulge in a reasoned, and apparently not unsuccessful, support of their own horses. But all alike find after a few years that it is costing more than they thought, in spite perhaps of their having enjoyed what their friends assure them is exceptionally good luck. The consequence is that they drop out one by one.

There is a method by which the balance might be fairly held between racecourse and racehorse owners. It cannot be claimed that it would make the added money balance the expenses but it would at all events make it certain that the owners got a fair share of anything that was going. The possibility of the adoption of such a course was suggested to the writer by a gentleman of great experience in public affairs, who once raced extensively himself, and still takes great interest in all that concerns racing. This method would consist of an adaptation to the needs of the turf of what are known in parliamentary committee rooms as "the gas companies clauses." The principle of these clauses is that a monopolist gas company is not allowed to charge more than a certain sum per 1,000 cubic feet for its gas nor to pay more than a certain amount per cent. as a dividend on its share capital. But if it sells its gas cheaper it is allowed to pay a proportionately higher dividend.

It would be fair enough and easy enough to introduce such a principle into any new racecourse licenses which may be given, and it does not seem that there is any equitable reason why the existing licenses should not be revised and such a clause inserted. There would be difficulties no doubt, but a careful consideration of

each individual case on its merits ought to provide a fair working arrangement. The method of doing it would be roughly this in the case of a new license: The company would have to produce a statement showing the amount of its proposed share capital, and of any debentures which it was proposed to raise. It would have to satisfy an accountant that this money was to be actually expended in acquiring or making the course and stands, and in providing a suitable working capital. The accountant being satisfied on these points, a maximum yearly payment towards debenture redemption would be agreed upon. A standard dividend of (say) six per cent. would then be fixed. It would be provided that the company was obliged to give a certain sum (say £10,000) in added money yearly, and that unless that sum was exceeded no higher dividend than the standard should be paid; but that for every additional £1,000 given in added money another half per cent. might be paid. The terms of the license to be subject to revision in either direction every five years. It would also provide that in the case of companies which gave free stabling or other advantages to owners, these should be assessed at a certain yearly sum which might be considered as part of the company's contribution to the stakes. In calculating the contribution made by the company account would only be taken of money actually paid by it. In the case of the catchpenny stakes, common at certain meetings where owners run for a sweepstakes of £10 each starter, with £200 "added," and where the conditions carry a clause as to a £4 "entrance" concealed in their tail, like the sting of a wasp, only the money which the

race actually cost the racecourse proprietors would be taken into account. These "entrances," for some mysterious reason, always go to the race fund, whether that fact is expressly stated or not, and are often equivalent to the whole of the so-called "added money."

In the case of a course which had races under National Hunt as well as Jockey Club rules, a special tariff

would have to be settled, probably by arrangement with the National Hunt committee, as to the contribution which was to be made to races under their rules. It might also be arranged that when a company made an improvement in its course, which was allowed to be a benefit to owners, an agreed sum might be added to the capital on which dividends might be paid.

The Wives of English Statesmen

BY HAROLD SPENDER IN THE CHRONICLE.

As this writer points out the suffragettes of the present day, who are making such scenes in English public life to-day, are attempting to do in a different way what the wives of English statesmen are endeavoring to do in the quiet of the home life. The anecdotes of Mrs. Gladstone and Mrs. Disraeli will be read with interest.

THE suffragettes who clamored outside the Prime Minister's house when his wife was in mortal sickness probably meant no harm. They acted in ignorance. But now that Lady Campbell-Bannerman has gone, the contrast comes back to the mind rather vividly, as an illustration of the different ways in which women may engage in public work. There, on the one side of the door, was the wife of the Prime Minister, who had labored obscurely for years in the interests of England by serving her husband, and was then, as truly as any man who ever occupied that house, dying for her country. On the other were women who believed in the same causes and pursued the same aims, but had adopted weapons which made a dramatic contrast.

The Prime Minister was, I will venture to say, converted to women's suffrage far more probably by his suffering, devoted wife than by the cries of the suffragettes. And in spite of the deplorable indifference to the

causes of women on the part of men—aye, and women too—which is just as responsible for the suffragette agitation as the suffragettes themselves, the contrast still suggests the question whether 'women' are not more likely to reach their ends by the milder route.

The greatest missionaries and propagandists, at any rate of women's rights, are those who, in the actual conflict, by the hearth and within the home, assert and vindicate women's claims to be the helpers and friends of men in their political fights. There is no need to wait until women have secured the suffrage. Most politicians are already married, and depend for their strength on the women at their side. Married or unmarried, all men are glad to have the help of women in their work, here, now, and to-day. The best advice that can be given to women who want the suffrage is Carlyle's: "Do the duty that lies nearest to you." Already, in local associations, education committees,

boards of guardians, and parish councils, they have no mean public sphere. Here, if sensibly taken, is the means of graduation for one generation at least. But it is not in the board room or council chamber that the battle will really be won. There is a story that woman's suffrage was first achieved in New Zealand — its first home—by the heroic policy of the wife of a prominent statesman in refusing to allow her husband to go to bed until he promised to give way on the question, "Si non e vero, ben trovato." It indicates the fact that women's suffrage, if it is to be won at all, is to be won in the home.

As a whole, the record of English political wives is a good one. We need not go back to the unhappy case of Henry VIII., who, if we may believe Froude, was really entirely sinned against in that victorious and prolonged affair of his matrimonial troubles. Henrietta Maria was an unhappy influence over Charles I. from the religious point of view; but we must never forget that she gave up her jewels — a woman's greatest sacrifice—and that she stood by him bravely in a very dangerous time. The influence of women over Charles II. was too multitudinous for any discriminating judgment; but there is no reason to suppose that he would have been any better without them. The wives of the Georges—except perhaps the wife of George III.—do not shine out with any particular brilliancy; but Queen Mary, Queen Anne, and Queen Victoria all vindicate John Stuart Mill's belief that women are better governors of mankind than men.

But let us come to the modern age. The most vivid memory I have of Mrs. Gladstone comes back to my mind in the form of a little picture.

It was just after a violent combat between Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Balfour during the Home Rule debates. Standing on the pavement in Palace Yard, waiting for their carriage, were Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone. Mr. Gladstone was still gesticulating vehemently, and I could hear him denouncing Mr. Balfour's conduct in stentorian tones to his wife. But she, good woman, cared for none of those things. She was just standing and gradually edging on Mr. Gladstone's coat. With each rise of the arm she edged on another inch of cloth. Slowly the coat, won the day. Mr. Gladstone's oratorical vehemence was gradually checked, and by the time the carriage had come up I witnessed another example of Rousseau's great saying: "Man is born free, but everywhere found in chains."

Another story of Mrs. Gladstone was told me by the wife of another statesman, who often found herself sitting not far from the Grand Old Man's wife in that corner seat of the Speaker's Gallery which she loved so much. It was that famous night in the early eighties when the Speaker ordered the suspension of the whole Irish party because they refused to leave their seats during a division. Mr. Gladstone had to move the suspension in a long speech. It had not been expected that he would have to speak that evening, and Mrs. Gladstone had come unprepared. Suddenly she rose from her seat and walked up and down very excitedly talking to a friend. The burden of her speech reached all ears: "He has not got his egg-filip—he has not got his egg-filip—what shall I do?" Then the full tragedy dawned on the ears of my listening friend. Mrs. Gladstone's carriage had gone; there was no means of fetching the filip. "May I

lend you my carriage?" said my friend, who happened to have hers handy. "Certainly! Certainly! Thank you very much!" The carriage went off; the egg-philip was fetched; and a few minutes after a very ugly looking bottle, wrapped in a piece of dirty newspaper (with the air of a bottle of embrocation) was handed down the Treasury Bench. Mrs. Gladstone almost leaped with delight as she saw Mr. Morley fill her husband's glass. "He has got it!" she cried; "he has got it!"

Such was Mrs. Gladstone—the type of many of the best English political wives.

Everyone knows the story of Mrs. Disraeli—the widow whom he wooed with such importunity that she finally surrendered from mere weariness of being wooed. "I suppose I must have him," said she, when the maid came to tell her that Mr. Disraeli was downstairs and would not go away. "Isn't she in?" Disraeli had inquired, "then I will wait until she comes." He had calmly sat down to the siege, and probably would have waited there if the widow had refused to come for a week. Once married to him, the whole world knows how she served him, placed all her fortune at his disposal, helped him with wise counsel, encouraged him in good fortune, and consoled him in

bad. It was another case of the self-effacing wife. "You don't know the meaning of the word gratitude," said "Dizzy" to Bernal Osborne when he scoffed at him about his wife in what we should in these days regard as a rather unseemly fashion. After she died, at any rate, Disraeli was never quite the same man. "Home?" he is said to have replied absently, to his coachman, "I have no home."

Such are the typical English political wives—women who merge their own lives and careers in those of their husbands. There are a few others, like Caroline Lamb, the lady whom Mrs. Humphrey Ward took as model for the heroine in "The Marriage of William Ashe," the Honourable Mrs. Norton, who did not betray the secret of the Corn Laws to the *Times*, and Lady Blessington, who acted as *Aspasia* to Count d'Orsay. These are women who played their own part on the stage of politics, and played it in their own way. There has been another type, the lady who has combined the parts of helpmate and great social lady. But they are not very frequent in English political life. The more common type, after all, is that of Lady Campbell-Bannerman, whose only conspicuous political act was that she traveled up from Scotland to prevent her husband from taking a peerage.

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

The Right Tools and the Right Way

SMITH'S WEEKLY.

The man who knows the right tools to use for any given work and who understands how to handle them is on the right road. This is as true of the man who works with his head as it is of the man who works with his hands.

WHEN Mr. Rider was nearly thirty he had saved £150. Then he started a little grocery store in Leeds with two assistants. Mr. Rider was very shrewd, very human, very hardworking. Mr. Rider had that spirit in him which would have made him successful in most things he undertook. So he succeeded in the grocery business.

At the end of a year he had bought the shop next door to enlarge his own premises. He then advertised for two new assistants. From the mass of replies he picked out the two young men whom he thought would best suit him, and told them to come in next Monday morning. They came, of course, glad that they had found work.

Early on this Monday morning Mr. Rider had had delivered to him several boxes of fresh eggs. He sent his two new assistants into the basement to unpack them. One of Mr. Rider's new assistants, call him No. 1, was discharged that day. That happened this way.

When the two new assistants went into the basement they took off their coats and looked at the egg boxes. No. 2 thought to himself, "Well, eggs have got to be handled with caution and care. There are big nails in those boxes. I'll go upstairs and ask the boss where he keeps his tools." So No. 2 went upstairs.

Meanwhile No. 1 had got to work. He had a big jack-knife in his pocket. He opened the biggest blade and made a start on the nearest box. In about

ten minutes he had lost his temper, and had nearly lost a finger of his left hand. He had smashed his knife, and over two dozen good eggs. Mr. Rider happened along just then, saw the trouble, and in his shrewd, human way told No. 1 that he didn't think he was going to make a good grocer, and so he had better get out without delay.

This little story teaches us that you cannot pull out a champagne cork with a hairpin. If you try to do that you are working with the wrong tools. Of course, if you are on a desert island, and have a bottle of champagne and a tin of sardines, and are starving, and have lots of spare time ahead of you, and nobody near by to criticise your actions, it's a good thing to utilize your imagination in an effort to accomplish the almost impossible.

But in business it's quite another thing. No fishmonger who had any real sense would try to open an oyster with a fork. A bricklayer would not try to lay his mortar with a big shovel. A gardener would not try to fell a tree with a pickaxe, the same as that fool person on the cover is doing. All such attempts spell failure with a big F.

If you are going to be a success in life you have got to use the right tools, and use those tools in the right way.

Not so long ago a man was having a bungalow built at the seaside, and he got talking to the builder about labor, and asked him what method

he adopted for choosing good workmen. The builder said: "If a man applies to me for work, I engage him for half a day's trial. I can tell by the way he takes his tools out of his bag, the way he puts them together, and the way he handles them, whether he is an experienced workman or a poor one. If he goes about these things the right way I keep him on. Because it's my fault then if he does not do his work properly."

Thoroughness is one of the best tools in carving out success. Peter the Great wanted to build a navy for Russia. He knew nothing about ships or shipbuilding. So he became a shipbuilder himself. Louis XVI. of France wanted to understand the blacksmith's art. If you go to the Louvre in Paris to-day—it is on a par with our British Museum—you will see the anvil on which he used to work.

I believe, I hear, and I think are bad tools in business. I know is the best tool.

Sir Joshua Reynolds was one of the most distinguished painters of his day. In answer to the question how he attained the excellence he did, he replied, "By observing one simple rule—always to make each painting the best."

There was a story told of a member of Parliament many years ago, that he once sneered across the House to a statesman: "I remember when you blacked my father's boots." "Well," was the retort, "did I not black them well?"

And let me now give you an extract from Samuel Smiles: "The value of knowledge to any man certainly consists, not in quantity, but mainly in the good use to which he can apply it. Hence a little knowledge of an exact and perfect charac-

ter is always found more valuable for practical purposes than any extent of superficial learning. The phrase in common use as to 'the spread of knowledge' at this day is no doubt correct, but it is spread so widely, and in such thin layers, that it only serves to reveal the mass of ignorance lying beneath. Never perhaps were books more extensively read, or less studied; and the number is rapidly increasing of those who know a little of everything and nothing well. Such readers have not inaptly been likened to a certain sort of pocket-knife which some people carry about with them, which, in addition to a common knife, contains a file, a chisel, a saw, a gimlet, a screw-driver, and a pair of scissors, but all so diminutive that the moment they are needed for use they are found useless."

But the best tool you have to work with is your brain. Your brain rules every other single item of your anatomy. Your brain will help you to thoroughness of work. At least it will if you cultivate it. Shut your eyes and think back twenty or thirty thousand years. Think what the world was like then. Men like you were puny, little, no account creatures, even if we admit that man then existed. He grubbed in the earth with his fingers for his food. His manners were filthy. He was little better than a beast. Every animal hunted him. He shivered in Winter because he was born without fur. He fought at a disadvantage when the eagle or the lion, or the buffalo, or the elephant met him, because he had no talons, no big, cruel teeth, no horns, no tusks. Nothing at all with which to protect himself.

But God gave him brains, and left

him then to the cultivation of them. He gave him tools and armor and defensive weapons—in brains. Man was slow to use them. The ant, for its size, is about a million times bigger in intelligence and sense than any man that ever lived. But man grad-

ually cultivated his brains and lifted himself upwards. He exterminated some of the fierce animals. He is still exterminating them. He does not now compete with them. He is their master. Brain power alone did that for him.

Effects of Civilization on Climate

BY S. LEONARD BASTIN IN MONTHLY REVIEW.

It is idle to deny that mankind is often able, for a while at any rate, to work in opposition to natural laws; any mark which he may leave will be, of course, purely temporary, to be effaced completely by the passage of time. Still the fact remains that the human race may continue to hold its own against the forces of nature over a comparatively long period.

ONE of the most interesting points which arise out of the consideration of man and the natural world is the question as to whether the developments of civilization may in any way affect the climatic conditions prevalent in the different countries of the earth. The subject is not by any means new, neither is it one concerning which there is universal agreement. Indeed, it is an oft debated matter upon which many authorities find themselves at variance. By some it is positively asserted that the relatively tiny efforts of man cannot have the least power to bring about meteorological change; and, whilst one fully appreciates the insignificance of human endeavor, yet the evidence which can be brought forward in favor of the theory of artificial interference with climate serves to show that the idea is not such a fanciful one as some would have us believe. There is no doubt that when the possibility of artificial climatic change was first mooted a great deal of exaggerated statement was brought forward, and in recent years there has been a strong tendency to dis-

credit the theory as a whole on the ground that so many of the original assertions have been proved to be entirely fictitious. The question is very fascinating and one of peculiar interest to the citizens of the vast British Empire, which in its many parts, covering one-fifth of the globe, is subject to every conceivable form of climatic condition.

Is it conceivable that man by his works may affect the climatic conditions of large tracts of land, whole countries in fact? In the first instance we can hardly do better than take England as an example. It is well known that during the last two centuries there has been an immense reduction in the amount of marsh land in this country, notably in the Fen district, if a particular instance is desired. Now damp soil is always colder than dry, and as may be imagined the amount of moisture in land has a very decided effect upon the temperature of the atmosphere. Conceive a huge area of land many miles in extent, which from a very wet state has been artificially drained for purposes of cultivation into a dry condition. It must be admitted

that it does not seem a very far-fetched idea to hold that such a change would bring about a very definite, and probably permanent alteration in the climate. This is what has actually taken place in England, for it is a proved fact that the temperature in this country is appreciably higher than it was several hundred years ago. Although accurate observations have not extended over a sufficiently long period to establish the fact with mathematical exactitude, we know that Glaisher in his time computed that the mean temperature at Greenwich had risen two degrees in the preceding hundred years. Very old people are frequently heard to remark that the Winters are not so severe as they remember in their childhood's days, and whilst giving every allowance, the observation is made so often and by such a number of different people that one cannot help attaching some weight to the statement. Severe Winters do not appear to visit us so often as was the case formerly, and certainly British Winters are later in coming than they used to be, for it is very rarely that any prolonged spell of cold is experienced until the New Year. The old-fashioned Winter often commenced in December, or even in November, as is very evident from the records which have been handed down to us. A typically modern Winter was that of the year 1895, when the rigors of the season were scarcely felt until February, and were extended well into March. There seems to be a clear reason for this. The well-drained lands of Britain are so thoroughly warmed by the Summer sun that it takes a longer time for the icy grip of Winter to take hold of the country; even when at last Winter does appear the increasing

power of the sun as the season draws away towards Spring exerts a powerful influence in the modification of the cold weather. The vast "tundras" which form so large a part of the northern portion of Siberia doubtless exert a powerful influence on the climate of that desolate region. On account of the exceedingly marshy character of the land, it is so thoroughly chilled that even in the height of Summer, on days when the sun is oppressively hot, the soil is frozen hard within a few inches of the surface. Doubtless if these great bog lands could be drained of their superabundant moisture it would lead to a diminution of the severity of cold experienced during the Winter months.

The point as to whether the presence of large tracts of forest land may in any way influence climate is one around which there has been an immense amount of controversy. It has been definitely established that the presence of large numbers of trees in tropical regions, notably in South America and Africa, has a tendency to reduce the temperature of a locality. This fact is readily to be understood, for it is only reasonable to suppose that country thickly covered with jungle is not so exposed to the burning rays of the torrid sun, and as a consequence the land does not get so heated. One of the principle causes of the intense heat of deserts is the fact that the ground is entirely unprotected by vegetation and absorbs the heat of the solar orb without interruption. The destruction of a large tract of forest in the tropics would be calculated to result in a marked increase in the temperature of the district. In their capacity as shelterers from strong and cold winds, trees are by no

means to be despised. Large belts of forest land will often afford protection in this respect to considerable areas of country, as settlers have found out to their cost after deforestation has been carried out. It is said that in the State of Michigan, where formerly peaches were cultivated to a large extent, since the disappearance of the forest land their production has been rendered impossible owing to the disastrous effects of the cold winds in the Spring time.

Most important of all, however, is the question concerning the probable effects of forests upon rainfall. In spite of a great deal of conflicting evidence upon the subject it may be concluded that large numbers of trees (not mere isolated groups), do have a real influence upon the amount of rain which is experienced in a district. Trees, as is well known, increase the humidity of the atmosphere by the evaporation of moisture from their foliage, and it is only natural to suppose that this is precipitated again in showers. It is generally believed that the destruction of the forest land in Central India has led to a diminution in the annual rainfall, and the same thing has been felt to an alarming degree in some of the smaller West Indian islands. In America it is positively asserted that the cutting down of the virgin forests has resulted in long spells of drought. It is observed as well that storms are of greater violence, seeming to point to the fact that the trees had an equalizing influence upon the climate. So concerned are the inhabitants at what they deem to be the consequence of deforestation that they are taking steps to replant all available pieces of land with saplings. An observer in South America has noticed that the clouds

generally hang over the forest land. He says :

"In the Corderilla at Bogota, clouds with rain falling from them can be seen hanging over the forests, while near by over ground which is covered with shrubs, or is used for agriculture, the sky is blue and the sun is shining. It appears further that this open country has been deforested, and that with the change in the covering of the soil the climate has also changed to some extent."

In another and very important way in the tropics where dews are heavy, forests largely enhance the precipitation of moisture. During a thick morning mist an immense amount of water condenses on the millions of leaves, and this with a steady drip falls to the ground beneath, forming a very good substitute for rain. One instance may be cited where the water supply of a large establishment is almost entirely derived from moisture dropping from trees—that of the garrison of a naval station in Ascension Isle. It is mentioned by Abbe in "Forest Influence" in the following terms :

"The principal water supply for the garrison of this naval station is gathered several miles away at the summit of Green Mountain, the upper part of which has always been green with verdure since the island was discovered ; almost all of this water comes from slight showers and steady dripping of trees enveloped in cloud fog on the windward side of the mountain."

As may be imagined, if the trees be not too thick in growth to obstruct the light grass and small, tender herbs will flourish under the branches in such a way as would not be possible in the open country. This knowledge might be turned to good ac-

count by agriculturists in tropical regions where it is often so difficult to grow green food for cattle.

To sum up the whole matter it is impossible to deny that man and his works do influence climate to a greater or less extent; the spread of civilization in a new land has a real effect on the annual tale of weather. The study of the subject is in its infancy, and research in the matter is beset by peculiar difficulties owing to the fact that definite evidence is long in coming and not easily obtainable. That special attention to this particular branch of meteorology will be given in the future there can be no doubt, and with the more reliable data which the student will then have at his command some valuable

conclusions may be expected. At the present time the fact that extermination of swamps and drainage of land tends to raise the temperature of a district, is worthy of serious attention. Many parts of the world would become more readily habitable both for animals and plants if the land could be released from the iron grip of frost during the Summer and the Winter season rendered less severe, even though it was only a mean annual increase of a few degrees. Of course, with our present resources schemes of this kind could not be carried out by one generation; rather will they be the outcome of the gradual spread of civilizing influences brought into being by the energetic nations of the earth.

Golden Rules

Don't work any harder any day than you can recover by sleep at night.

Eat simple foods, walk to your business if you can, and walk home again.

Exercise and sleep, and take plenty of time for your recreation.

With what time is left make as much money as you can, and be content with it. Don't overdraw your nervous capital. You ought to sleep as soundly and be as well when you are seventy as when you are thirty.

And nothing else counts, excepting that every day you take care of your health.

A Journey into the Interior of Peru

BY C. REGINALD ENOCK IN GEOGRAPHICAL JOURNAL.

As the world becomes better and better known, readers will be deprived by degrees of those most entertaining accounts of travelers' journeys into untrodden lands. Such a story as that related by Mr. Enock will lose its charm. So, while there is still an opportunity let us accompany the writer, as he proceeds into the almost unknown regions of central Peru.

TO reach the interior of Peru, and the rich mineral-bearing zone upon the eastern slope of the Andes, the traveler must, from the Pacific littoral, invariably cross the summit of the Cordillera, for this vast natural barrier runs parallel with the coast and leaves no pass, speaking generally, at a less altitude than 14,000 or 15,000 feet above sea level.

The Department, or State of Huancaavelica, which I visited in November, 1904, is one of the richest of the mineral-bearing regions of Peru, but it is difficult of access, due to its mountainous nature and to the fact that no roads, worthy of the name, have yet been constructed to give outlet to its products or communication with the coast. My way lay by the port of Pisco, about one day's steamer journey south of Callao, and past the town of Ica, a few miles from the port, with which it is connected by a railway. Ica is the centre of a fertile agricultural district, where cotton, sugar cane, wine, brandy, etc., are produced. The crops here, like all those of the agricultural regions upon the coast zone, are grown under irrigation, for, as is well known, the whole of this vast stretch of continent, from Ecuador to Chile, is a rainless region. Vegetation exists by virtue of the streams of water descending the western slope of the Cordillera—streams which have their origin in the ceaseless thawing of the ice-cap, and the heavy rains of that lofty region. For the Andes,

having deprived the western zone of its rainfall by reason of the climatic conditions brought about through its agency, has, in part, remedied the defect by giving origin to these torrential streams.

My first day's journey lay across the usual sterile desert zone between the coast and the foothills of the Cordillera—deserts over which the wearied horseman toils from sunrise to sunset. There is a group of extensive Inca ruins upon the desert, which I examined in passing. The principal feature is a large courtyard some hundreds of feet in length and width, with a series of doorways opening therefrom. Between these doorways, which are symmetrically spaced, are niches, and both are of the tapering form so often seen in Inca architecture. The walls are of adobe and rough pieces of stone, the whole being made into a smooth surface with plaster formed of mud or clay. The general face of the walls has been colored with red paints, and the niches with yellow paint or pigment. Parts of this coloring still remain, notwithstanding the centuries that have passed over it. The pigment may have been formed of iron oxides, or possibly vermilion from the cinabar mines of the interior.

Regarding these ruins upon the coast zone, it has been a matter for observation that they are not built like those of the interior—of cut stone—and they still exist only by reason of the rainless climate and the climatic conditions, which tend

towards exceedingly slow disintegration.

At nightfall I arrived at Humay, a hacienda upon the Pisco River, from which its extensive vineyards are irrigated. This place, although peaceful and picturesque, has not left a pleasant impression upon me, for during the night my room was invaded by swarms of mosquitoes, whose stinging was the cause, undoubtedly, of the "tercianas," or intermittent fever from which I suffered afterwards.

Upon leaving this point I knew little of the hardships I should be obliged to endure for the remaining four days of my journey to my destination. The road by which I had been directed passed through a portion of the country void of towns or villages, and consequently of food of any kind, notwithstanding that I had been informed that such was available. The arriero who conducted my pack-mule and served as guide was almost constantly drunk with *aguardiente*, and, as far as I could observe, took no other nourishment (!) during the last three days' travel. On two occasions I searched his saddle bags and confiscated and destroyed the bottle of alcohol he carried, but he again obtained supplies of this from acquaintances among the Indian shepherds en route. These people were also drunk, even early in the morning, and there is no doubt that the effect of alcohol is beginning to ruin the inhabitants of these regions, as I have elsewhere observed. Due to the effects of the fever, I could not touch the coarse and scanty food of these shepherds' huts; at night the cold was intense, for we were now at a considerable altitude, and I had foolishly neglected to bring my cot

or a mattress, desiring to travel rapidly without impedimenta.

There was nothing for it but to get out of the situation, and although I could scarcely mount my mule I was obliged to keep on, driving in front of me the drunken arriero and the pack-mule. Towards the close of the last day a violent attack of vomiting came on me, and I fell rather than got down from the saddle, and lay upon the plain utterly exhausted. The altitude was 16,000 feet above sea level, the air exceedingly rarified, and a bitter blast swept across the plateau. I thought for some time that I should never rise again from the spot, and it was only by an effort of will that I did so. But I managed to swallow two or three spoonfuls of condensed milk, and, mounting with the aid of the arriero, who was now sober and penitent, I continued onward, and near midnight arrived at my objective point—Santa Inez.

Situated here are the silver mines of Quespisisa, or Santa Inez, which have produced great quantities of that metal. They contain extensive bodies of ore, which will be made available upon further working. Hydrographically, the region is interesting also, for there are two large lakes of true Andean character here. The higher, known as Lake Orcochocha, is 16,000 feet, and the lower, Lake Choclococha, 15,600 feet above sea level. They are separated only by a distance of a few thousand yards, the upper being dammed up with a natural dam formed by a moraine of soil and gravel. A noteworthy feature of this lake basin is that, although it is upon the western or Pacific side of the summits of the Andes it nevertheless is drained into

the eastern or Amazonian watershed, by means of the River Pampas, which breaks through the Cordillera and so into the Apurimac River and headwaters of the Ucayali and Amazon. Close at hand, to the west, and at slight difference of elevation, are other smaller lakes, which give rise to the Pisco River flowing to the Pacific. Here, then, is another of those numerous instances which are met with in the Andes, where the water-parting of the continent is defined by a lake, a part of whose waters in times of abnormal flow may positively belong to the one or to the other of its adjoining watersheds. There is no fish-life within their waters, a common characteristic of the lakes in these high regions. Each is 5 or 6 miles in length and about $1\frac{1}{2}$ in breadth, whilst at a depth of 250 feet, I was informed, bottom was not reached in the middle. Their blue surfaces reflect the snow-capped range to the east, but in the rainy season are lashed into fury by the terrific thunderstorms of this altitude.

The whole of this region, from Castrovirreyna on the west to Ayacucho on the east, is exceedingly rich in minerals, including silver, copper, gold, as well as salt, and in places coal, all of which, when the country becomes more known and opened up, will be valuable elements of industry. The highest elevation at which I arrived was 17,500 feet, just below the ice-cap.

After a sojourn of about two weeks in the neighborhood, I continued my journey in a north-westerly direction. But my troubles were not yet over, for I was again attacked by the "tercianias," and rendered unable to go on. These intermittent fevers have the characteristic of quite sud-

denly depriving one of one's strength, and there was nothing for it but to give up the idea of reaching the next village and to sleep out upon the "puna," or plateau. Fortunately, the temperature fell but little below freezing point. During the night the arriero—not the former one—let the mules escape, and was obliged to follow them, leaving me alone and unable to get up for the whole of the following day. The sun blazed down and I was consumed with thirst, and nevertheless unable to reach the shimmering blue lake which lay within 100 yards of me! At length I beheld afar off an Indian approaching with some llamas, and I hailed him. But, after the manner of his kind, he was afraid, and instead of coming towards me he quickened his pace and soon disappeared. I suffered greatly from thirst, and with the sun and the fever was almost delirious, and still no signs of the arriero. I managed to reach my saddle bags and took a mouthful of extract of coffee, which revived me a little, but what I wanted was water. Again I saw another Indian, towards the close of day, and as he came within hearing, I called him, not this time, however, in Spanish, which might have had the same effect as before, but in the few words of Quechua which I was able to employ. "Shami! yacu-t-apami!" ("Come here! bring some water!") I shouted; and the poor Indian, gathering probably some confidence from being addressed in his own tongue, came up to me, and, following my directions, brought me water from the lake. I rewarded him with a silver dollar, and he stayed by me until nightfall, when the arriero returned with other animals from the hacienda.

After a loss of various days I ar-

rived at the City of Huancavelica, 14 leagues from Santa Inez, and which can be accomplished in one long day's hard riding. The country passed over was the usual treeless puna, alternating with lakes, swamps, rocks, and streams, and generally covered with grass, which gives pasturage for herds of cattle and sheep. The climate is exhilarating and the views magnificent, and in the intervals when the fever did not trouble me, I enjoyed the ride and the unfolding landscape.

At Huancavelica are the famous quicksilver mines, which are generally mentioned in all geological treatises. The history of the mines would fill a bulky volume. They were discovered in 1566, and were administered under a Spanish viceroy, and since that period have produced approximately 60,000 tons of mercury from the cinnabar ores, which exist in an enormous lode, or "farallon," to use the Spanish term. In 1786 bad work caused the mine to collapse, and it is stated that five hundred Indian miners remained entombed therein. Huancavelica was visited and described by both Bufon and Humboldt, as also Raimondi. I penetrated into some of the vast subterranean caverns which have been excavated to extract the ore, and made an examination of the general conditions of the region, in order to draw up a report thereon. The workings are about 2,400 feet above the level of the cathedral and city of Huancavelica, which latter is at an elevation of 12,300 above sea level. The Huancavelica River flows through the city, emptying lower down into the Mantaro, which in its turn falls into the Apurimac, before mentioned, and so into the fluvial system of the Ucayali and Amazon.

The Mantaro River, almost alone of Peruvian rivers, runs in this part of its course to the south-east, or directly opposite to their general north-west direction, over nearly 3 degrees of latitude to where its course abruptly changes near Huanta. The climate of Huancavelica is cold, but temperate. Alfalfa and cereals are not produced, owing to the altitude, and the principal industry is that of cattle, but was formerly, and some day must again become, mining. The general geological formation is limestone and sandstone, and hot springs occur, and are used as baths.

Leaving this remarkable place, my way lay across a lofty "puna," some thousands of feet above the town; for, notwithstanding the marvellous wealth in minerals that the region has produced, no road has been made beyond the primitive mule trail to the outside world. Such was the Spanish method of mining, from which no benefit accrued to the community, who toiled and died to enrich an arbitrary and distant monarch. The arms of Spain carved on the stone at the portals of the mine, with figures of saints, and ruined churches, are the principal remaining vestiges of this regime.

Descending rapidly from this plateau, the track passed into the valley below. The change from these dreary and inclement altitudes to the warmer climate of this valley was very agreeable, especially in my still weak state. The piercing wind gives place to a balmy breeze, and the dry grass of the puna changes to other vegetation. I pass a tree, and recollect "Thalaba and the Sledge"—

"Behold! the signs of life appear,
The first and single fir!"

It is not a fir; there are no firs

on the Andes, but it is a real tree although a wind-beaten specimen, drawing its scanty nourishment from the rocky soil, and stretching its attenuated boughs athwart the path. A tree! the first I have seen for weeks. It has green leaves, and, moreover, a bird carols in its branches. A little lower down a patch of celandines and dandelions bring to my senses a waft as from England's lanes. Here, also, are glorious masses of yellow acacia, and other flowers and shrubs on either hand, through which my mule brushes as we descend. But what is this — this sweet familiar perfume which suddenly greets me? Familiar, although for the moment I cannot recognize it. I look about, and, behold! there it is—a low hawthorn bush in flower. Its leaves are somewhat different in form from those of English hawthorns, but there is no mistaking the well known dark-green hue and glossy sheen of the leaves, nor the little white flowers and the sweet subtle perfume which carries the mind momentarily to another land. It is "may"!

I pass through the villages of Acobambilla and Huando, ascend and pass a high ridge, and again descend by steep and rapid zigzags down the sides of its canon to the River Mantaro, or Jauja, before mentioned, and sleep at the Town of Izcuchaca, 10 leagues of a broken, steep, and tortuous road from Huancavelica.

Izcuchaca is somewhat of a strategic point. A stone bridge crosses the river, and the place was generally promptly taken and held by various revolutionary forces in times past, as it commands the road to the interior of a large and important part of the country. I found the greatest difficulty in obtaining any-

thing to eat along the whole of this route. The Indians are of a surly and suspicious character, and will sell absolutely nothing to the traveler. In Izcuchaca I had expected to find an inn and some comforts, but the place was dominated by a Chinaman, who was the "governador," as well as the owner of the inn. This individual, due to some caprice which I was unable to explain, absolutely denied me food and shelter, and even several Peruvians of respectable appearance who were standing by failed to offer such or indicate where it could be secured, notwithstanding that they knew I was a stranger, a traveler, and that night had fallen and a heavy rain set in. This is the only place in Peru where I have experienced such a lack of hospitality, and I retain an unpleasant impression of the place. But I found shelter at length in the hut of a humble but honest individual, who, moreover, obtained alfalfa for my animals, which was the most important, for they had eaten but little for several days. There was no food in the house, and it was too late to purchase anything in the place, and all that I and my arriero could obtain was a cup of weak tea and a piece of dry bread from my saddlebags, the only food of which we partook until the following night upon arriving in Huancayo.

On the next morning at daybreak I shook the dust off my feet of Izcuchaca. My road now lay along the bank of the rapid river for some distance. Leaving that I crossed another high ridge and plateau, and at length descended into the large and fertile plains of Jauja, and slept in a fairly comfortable inn within the important city of Huancayo, 13 leagues from my last stopping place.

This plain, through which runs the River Mantaro, or Jauja, that I had been more or less following, is one of the finest agricultural regions in Peru, and crops of every description are produced. Not far away are extensive and valuable mines of good coal, as well as of copper and silver.

From Huancayo to Jauja, my next day's journey, the road is flat, and passes through numerous towns and villages, which, with their cathedrals, squares, and trees, present a restful and old-world appearance. The altitude of Huancayo is 10,686 feet, and that of Jauja 11,874 feet, the distance between the two cities being 10 leagues. The small Indian shops all along this route seem to contain little but bottles of "aguardiente," or rum, and a great deal of drunkenness is encountered among the Indian laborers.

On the morrow I began my last day's journey in the saddle. The road left the pleasant valley and wound up on to a high, cold plateau. Fourteen leagues lay between Jauja and my objective point, Oroya, the terminus of the famous Oroya Railway, where I should take the train for Lima. It is a remarkable thing that the inhabitants of Jauja and of the numerous towns of the valley have been content to live through the many years since that railway was

constructed without making any attempt at a road for vehicles which would give them cheap and comfortable communications therewith. The existing trail is simply a track over the limestone strata, where the wearied pack trains stumble ceaselessly, in the same condition almost as when the Andes were upraised from chaos. However, this is now being remedied by the construction of a branch railway from Oroya.

The altitude of the latter place, where I arrived in the late afternoon, is 12,178 feet above sea level, and the railway thence rises at the summit of the Andes to the west to 15,642 feet, the highest in the world, and doubtless the only existing instance where the traveler is carried from the limit of the perpetual snow-cap to sea level in a few hours. Near Oroya great activity is being displayed upon the Cerro de Pasco mines, which are said to be the largest copper deposits in the world.

The region which I traversed is but little known outside the country. It is a region of great resources, and will undoubtedly be the scene of an early development, for the dawn of an era of progress is upon the old empire of the Incas, awakening it from its years of stagnation, and giving it a place among the progressive nations of its hemisphere.

The courtesies of a small and trivial character are the ones which strike deepest to the grateful and appreciating heart. It is the picayune compliments which are the most appreciated; far more than the double ones which we sometimes pay.—Henry Clay.

The League of the Little Hats

BY ELEANOR ATTERBURY IN COSMOPOLITAN.

One of the most sensible reforms of recent times in Paris is the adoption of the small hat by women. There, women are accustomed to wear their hats at the theatre. The reform will be gratefully noted by mere man. It is even stated that the prefect of police in Paris considered the big hat a menace to law and order.

“THE League of the Little Hats is growing daily. It is no longer a movement; it has become a revolution, and the month of October has been chosen for the inauguration of the new idea.” This is the latest news from the source of the world’s fashions—Paris. When the theatres are reopened for the season, male spectators will have real cause for rejoicing. For it must be understood that in the French capital the custom is for ladies to wear their headgear during the play, and in some seasons of exaggerated modes mere man went, not to view the stage but a forest of straw, flowers and feathers, the setting for a gorgeous aviary, since whole birds—beak, plumes and claws—were there as well.

In America, some years ago, pity descended into the charitable heart of woman, and the hat at the theatre was abolished. Nevertheless it is still largely retained in the lecture and concert hall, and is practically compulsory in church, in spite of the fact that it is a great pleasure to watch the dexterous fingers of a Paderewski, or to get an uninterrupted view of the orator, preacher, or singer. Therefore the story of the League of the Little Hats may be a hint and a warning to the fair sex of this country.

The women of Paris had no desire to renounce a cherished ornament, and they were clever enough to effect a compromise when it became known that theatrical managers were think-

ing seriously of forbidding the wearing of hats in their houses. An alternative which seemed hard enough was finally offered. “The hat must be small or there will be no hat at all,” was the edict. And, thanks—so the Parisienne feels—to a number of women who by their name, rank, and elegance are able to control the styles, there will be a hat, but it will be small.

Apart from the theatre problem, another danger which bade fair to assume formidable proportions was beginning to threaten the large hat. The Parisiennes were somewhat astonished to learn, last Spring, that a number of prominent men were organizing to banish headgear of undue proportions at all times and from all places. Conspicuous in the movement was M. Lepine, the prefect of police. Just why this official should consider the big hat a menace to law and order in the community was not altogether clear, but the weight of his name was sufficient indication that some reform was necessary.

The Comtesse Greffulhe, born of the noble and powerful family of La Rochefoucauld, took the initiative. She laid the matter before several of her friends, and they in turn appealed to others whose acknowledged elegance would probably permit them to institute a dress reform. Finally the most renowned milliners were consulted. It was agreed that the small hat might be forced into next season’s styles, and, adopting the idea, all turned their attention to inspir-

ing and designing models of theatre hats which would meet objections. These were then put on public exhibition, and all Paris filed before them — to gaze in appreciation, to criticize, to suggest improvement, and, finally, to adopt them.

There was, of course a degree of opposition—skepticism in some quarters, open hostility in others. Certainly a large hat is more becoming than a small one. It throws softening shadows over the face, and gives it a much-sought-for "character." In the glaring light of theatre-halls, amid gilt decoration and furnishing of strong color, it may easily be seen that small hats and bonnets would make but little effect.

Nevertheless both skeptics and opponents renounce their smiles and their jeers when they had been to the Rue d'Astorg, and had examined the marvels destined to replace the vanished glories of the big hat; and it was noted in some cases that the very ones who had proclaimed their attachment to last season's head-gear were among the first to invest heavily in the little hats of the coming Autumn.

Such is the history of the League of the Little Hats—a really sensible reform in feminine attire effected by the combined efforts of women of fashion and the milliners. Of course no one woman could have accomplished this, and the League of the Little Hats points to what is probably the only satisfactory method of obtaining any desired reform in dress.

One difficulty in the path of reform in women's dress has always been that practical dressmakers and milliners have rarely been heeded or consulted. Many attempts have failed because the proposed costumes has

lacked the necessary element of beauty, which the skilled designer of clothes would be able to give. The organizers of the League of Little Hats had the wisdom to do nothing without the help and advice of the most famous milliners in the world. Yet in this instance the exquisite taste of the Perisian women of fashion was shown by the fact that their own designs rivaled in popularity those of professional makers of hats. At the sale in the Rue d'Astorg the most-sought-for models included the designs which the Duchesse de Guiche, the Marquise du Maine, the Marquise de Jaucourt, the Comtesse Edmond de Pourtales, the Comtesse Lafont, the Marquise de Mun, the Comtesse Greffulhe, and Mme. Strauss had planned and furnished.

The Parisian milliners have been busy all Summer preparing innumerable new models, with which even now their shop windows are blooming. Blue tulle is a favorite material, as is also the diadem of gold lace. Wreaths of small roses are on many a charming creation, and the uncurled ostrich plume, in possession of which the wearer can brave the terrors of dampness, is used often and with beautiful effect.

The hats were purchased at excellent prices, and so great was the demand that one model sold thirty times. In order to commemorate the inception of the League, the entire proceeds of this, its first sale, were turned over to a prominent charitable organization—La Societe Philanthropique. This was, moreover, a tribute to the founder of the League, for Comtesse Greffulhe is also one of the most generous and interested patronesses of the philanthropic society.



HEREDITY AGAIN !

Nurse : He gets on beautiful sir. He takes after you, he does. He's got your eyes exact, and he do take to his bottle so !

—Windsor.

Humor in the Magazines

AN American tourist on a visit to Glasgow a short time ago, on emerging from the railway station was accosted by a lad with the familiar shout of "Carry your bag, sir?" The gentleman, handing the boy the bag, requested to be shown through Glasgow.

Crossing George Square, they came opposite Sir Walter Scott's Monument, and the boy said proudly :

"That is one of the largest monuments in Scotland."

"Oh," said the Yankee, with an air of indifference, "we have three-cent cigars as big as that in America."

They boarded a car going east, and just as they alighted at the terminus, a long circular piece of iron on a

lorry drawn by twelve horses came up the street. The American, in surprise, asked the boy what that was for.

The boy, remembering what the Yankee had said about the cigars, and, with a resolve to be even with him, replied :

"Oh, a new hotel has been built in the Trongate, and that's the kitchen poker!"



A witness was once being examined before a Parliamentary committee, with this result :

Barrister B. (to witness): "And on Wednesday, the tenth, you called on Mr. Snooks?"

Witness : "I did."

Barrister B.: "And what did he say?"

Barrister C. objected to this question. B. argued that it could be put, and cited several precedents. The juniors hunted up all the cases. C. replied at length, and stated his precedents. The arguments lasted two hours. The committee retired to decide whether the question should be put or not. After an absence of about an hour they returned and stated that it was their opinion that the question might be asked. Up then rose Barrister B., and said :

"And on Wednesday, the tenth, you say you called on Mr. Snooks?"

Witness: "I did, sir."

Barrister B.: "And what did he say?"

Witness: "He wasn't at home."

Tableau!



That Was All.—Tourist (in the Highlands, miles from anywhere): "Do you mean to say that you and your family live here all the Winter? Why, what do you do when any of you happen to be ill? You can never get a doctor!"

Scottish Shepherd: "Nae, sir. We've just to dee a natural death."



From the First.—Lawyer: "Were you present when the trouble began between the prisoner and his wife?"

Witness: "Yes, sir. It was two years ago."

"What happened then?"

"I attended the wedding."



"It is a mean, grasping world," mused Ernest Easygo, as he ruefully contemplated the fact that he had served his employer faithfully and well for seven whole years without getting a rise.

"Twenty-seven and sixpence a

week," he muttered, "and a wife and three children, and me on the wrong side of thirty. It's scandalous!"

From under a ledger he extracted a copy of the Betting News, which he shoved into a remote corner of a drawer out of harm's way. Then, fired with heroic determination, he slid off his stool and marched into his employer's private office.

"I was wondering, sir," he began, "whether, maybe, you'd overlooked the fact that I've been here several years and have never had a rise. If you only knew, sir, the struggle I have to keep my wife and family, your heartstrings and your purse-strings—"

"That's quite enough, young man," said the governor, reaching for a ruler. "Every time I've decided to discharge you, a bit of silly sentimentalism has reminded me of your poor wife and babies, and so I've continued to suffer your presence here. There, Mr. Easygo! Go and think that over, and try to realize that I've a heart as well as a head."



Little Johnnie had been taken a round of calls by his mother, and at the house they had visited last he had made some remarkable statements in boasting of the grandeur of his own home.

"Now, Johnnie," said his mother, sternly, as they sat in the omnibus on their way home, "you should never tell fibs, and if I catch you doing it again I'll punish you very severely. Now, sit well back in the seat and draw in your legs, and try and look as small as you can when I tell the conductor you are only three."



"I suppose," said a sympathetic neighbor, "that you will erect a

handsome monument to your husband's memory?"

"To his memory!" echoed the tearful widow. "Why, poor John hadn't any. I was sorting over some of his clothes to-day, and found the pockets full of letters I had given him to post!"

"I was weeding an—aw—account of a woman being hooked to death by a beastly cow, doncher know," remarked young Dudeleigh. "Weally, I cawn't imagine a more howwible a fair—can you, Miss Caustique?"

"No, Mr. Dudeleigh," replied Miss Caustique, "unless it is being bored to death by a calf."

And when she illustrated her remark with a large, open-faced yawn, young Dudeleigh suddenly remembered he had an engagement elsewhere.

"Good morning, Mr. Ryetop," greeted the waiter in the big city hotel. "I hope you enjoyed that old Scotch I left in your room while you were out."

"It was pretty fair," drawled Farmer Ryetop, rubbing his parched lips; "but, be gum, that thar siphon you sent up had the strongest stream of fizz water I ever tackled. Why, I went to make one of these here highballs, and the blamed thing came near blowin' me through the window."

The waiter looked puzzled.

"Siphon? Why, I didn't send up any siphon!"

"Yes, you did. It was red and bound with brass bands."

"Great Scot! Why, that was the automatic fire extinguisher!"

In a certain large business house the chief is a very busy man indeed,

and at the same time a very peppery individual. So large is his concern that it is quite impossible for him to keep in touch with the many details of his business, and one of the departments he leaves to his manager is the payment of his clerks.

But about a month ago one of his young men bearded him in his den and broached the subject of an increase in salary. His wages had stood at £150 a year too long to please him.

"All my clerks are paid what they are worth to me," snapped the old man, "and I look upon your application as a piece of impertinence! What salary are you getting now?"

A happy thought struck the clerk.

"Two hundred and fifty a year, sir," he said.

"Um!" replied the old man. "Well, that is all I have to say to you. Send in the manager!"

The manager entered shortly afterwards.

"Make Brown's salary £200 a year," said the "governor." The manager was about to offer an explanation. "Do as I tell you!" thundered the old man. "I'll teach the young upstart to dictate to me what salary to pay my people!"

At a recent cricket match, "Married vs. Single," the former took first innings, and chiefly by the aid of some blind hits by one of the players, named Jones, made a score of 84. Just as the bachelors were about to commence their innings news of a local railway accident, in which some of the passengers had been killed, reached the field.

"I'm in a bit of a quandary," said Jones to the curate who had organ-

ized the match; "my missus was in that train."

"Dear me. I'm sorry to hear it," was the reply. "You are anxious to get away, of course?"

"Well, no, sir, it ain't that. I was only thinking if anything has happened to my Mary I ought to be playing for the single chaps."

❧ ❧

"Come, mister, no one can sleep here!" said a policeman the other evening, who found a man lying on the grass under a tree in the park, and roused him.

"But I have a good excuse," replied the man.

"What is it?"

"See that house over there? Well, please to do me the favor to go and ring the bell and ask if William Dockey is at home."

The officer went to the house, ascended the steps, and rang the bell. A head was thrust out of an open bedroom window, and a female voice demanded:

"Now, who is there?"

"Madam," replied the officer, "is William Dockey at home?"

"No, sir, and I don't expect him until daylight!" snapped the woman, and at the same moment a bowlful of water descended on the officer's head and half drowned him.

"Well," said the man on the grass, as the dripping officer came up, "you see how it is, don't you? I'm Dockey. That's Mrs. Dockey."

"I think I understand," replied the officer. "You can remain where you are."

❧ ❧

A good story is told of a very mild North of England vicar, who had for some time been displeased with the quality of the milk served him. At length he determined to remonstrate with his milkman for supplying such weak stuff. He began mildly:

"I've been wanting to see, you in regard to the quality of milk with which you are serving me."

"Yes, sir," uneasily answered the tradesman.

"I only wanted to say," continued the minister, "that I use the milk for dietary purposes exclusively, and not for christening."

Progress in life wants taking coolly. Attaining success is often something like catching a train. You will see one man walking at a good pace that he can keep up till he gets there. Another runs till he cannot progress at all. Vast numbers of people are always getting pumped out!—Lord Beaconsfield.

Other Contents of Current Magazines.



In this department we draw attention to a few of the more important topics treated in the current magazines and list the leading contents. Readers of The Busy Man's Magazine can secure from their newsdealers the magazines in which they appear. :: :: :: :: ::

AMERICAN HOMES AND GARDENS.

Several fine residences are illustrated and described in the September issue. The brown tints make the pictures appear to excellent advantage.

The Summer Home of Ambassador von Meyer. By Barr Ferree.

The Modern Bungalow. By F. D. Nichols.

Garden of Avonwood Court.

Ox Pasture Hill.

The Entrance to a Country Place. By John A. Gade.

The 125th Anniversary of the Surrender of Cornwallis. By Allen Desaix.

A New Apple Tree Pest in California. By Enos Broun.

Old Time Porches of Salem. By Mary H. Northend.

Modern Dahlias. By Clarence M. Weed.

Plant Specialists. By George E. Walsh.

AMERICAN INVENTOR.

The September number of the American Inventor contains the following useful articles:

The Art of Steel Plate Engraving and Printing. By A. F. Collins.

Kinematograph Current Curves with Glow Light Oscillograph.

Some Researches in Nerve Physics. VII. By Albert F. Shore.

Shifting Sands. By William S. Berge.

The Handling of the Trans-Atlantic Mail. By Our Berlin Correspondent.

A New System of Visual Communication.

The Crookedest Railroad in the World.

ARENA.

A lengthy list of contents appear in the September Arena and these,

with the many cartoons reproduced, comprise an interesting number.

Shall Lynching be Suppressed and How? By W. D. Sheldon.

Economics of Jesus. I. By George M. Miller.

A Cartoonist of Jeffersonian Democracy. By B. O. Flower.

An Artist's Message on Conventional Christianity.

The Spanish Waterloo of South America. By Prof. Noa.

The Cause and Cure of Our Marine Decay. By W. W. Bates.

Stock Gamblers as Managers of Railroads. By S. H. Allen.

Our National Library. By Frank Vrooman.

Liberty, Law and Labor By F. I. Gaffney.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

A good all around number is the issue for September of this excellent periodical. There are no particularly outstanding features but a general level of excellence is maintained throughout.

A Manufacturers Point of View. By Jonathan Thayer Lincoln.

Three American Poets of To-Day. By May Sinclair.

The Soul of Paris. By Verner Z. Reed.

The Missionary Enterprise in China. By Chester Holcombe.

The Novels of Thomas Hardy. By Mary Moss.

Confessions of an Obscure Teacher.

City Water and City Waste. By Hollis Godfrey.

The Power of Bible Poetry. By J. H. Gardiner.

Brag. By Wilbur Larremore.

Some Books of Science. By E. T. Brewster.

BADMINTON.

This handsome sporting magazine contains several excellent articles in

its September number. Not the least interesting feature is the series of snap shots of sporting scenes entered in the monthly photographic contest.

Sportsmen of Mark. XI. Duke of Rutland. By Alfred E. T. Watson.

The Financial Aspect of Racing. By Lord Hamilton.

Pigeon-Shooting in Egypt. By J. C. Grew.

The Hunting Outlook. By Arthur W. Coaten.

Game-Shooting and Shooting Schools. By Eustace H. Stone.

Early Summer in the Western Highlands. By Major Hughes-Onslow.

Nerve in Cricket. By Home Gordon.

The Race for the Herkomer Trophy. By Kate Hughes.

Sport in the Donegal Highlands. By Herbert H. Nelson.

The Sikh Quoit and How to Use It. By F. R. Lee.

BRITISH WORKMAN.

Several readable little articles will be found in the September issue of the British Workman.

Men Who are Working for Others. VIII. Mr. John Kirk. By H. Davies.

The Romance of Work. By Noted Carpenters.

China Tea. By A. E. Bonser.

A Factory in an Orchard.

Mothers of Distinguished Men. By Samuel H. Virgin.

BROADWAY.

An illustrated description of the new Grand Central Station in New York is the first article in the September Broadway. The art feature is a series of beautiful photographs of matrons and maids of society.

The Future Terminal Facilities of New York. I. By Charles H. Cochrane.

The Strangest Religion in New York.

By J. A. Dobson.

The Summer Charities of New York.

By Mabel P. Daggett.

The Month in New York.**The Promise of the Season to Come.**

By Lilian Bell.

CANADIAN.

Always of particular interest to Canadians are the contents of this magazine, which is kept up to a high level. The September issue has the following table of contents:

The Home of the Gondolier. By Erie Waters.

Camera Study of the Maskinonge. By Bonnycastle Dale.

Hon. David Laird. By Katherine Hughes.

DeMille, the Man and the Writer. By Archibald MacMechan.

Henrik Ibsen. By Thorlief Larsen.

Evolution of a Departmental Store. By Norman Patterson.

When the Dominion was Young. By J. E. B. McCready.

CASELL'S.

An illustrated article on the work of Arthur C. Cooke, the artist, is a charming feature of the September number. There is an installment of Max Pemberton's serial "The Lia-
mond Ship."

Biography of Anecdote.

A Wreck that Proved a Gold Mine. By W. A. S. Shun.

Mademoiselle Donalda. By Jean Victor Bates.

M.P.'s as Motorists. By H. F. Wiber Wood.

Women as Humorists. By J. C. Walters.

The Abyss of a Battleship. By C. Duncan Cross.

CASSIER'S.

An excellent table of contents is found at the front of the September number of Cassier's. The frontispiece is a portrait of James Gilbert White of New York and the first article is a character sketch of him.

Some Alcohol and Gasoline Locomotives. By George L. Clark.

The Island of Santo Domingo. By F. L. Garrison.

Electrical Machinery for Mines. By George Farmer.

Locomotive Cranes. By Percy R. Allen.

Tests of a Gas Engine. By George H. Barrus.

Small Steam Engines. By C. H. Benjamin.

The Labor Problem in Great Britain. By T. Good.

The World's Copper Output. By John B. C. Kershaw.

Advertising in Connection with Electricity Supply. By Arthur A. Day.

CENTURY.

The September Century contains some noteworthy art features, "Behind the Scenes," four drawings, and four pictures, "In the Anthracite Region." Special articles are:

Getting into Khiva. By Langdon Warner.

The Gates of the Hudson. By Chas. M. Skinner.

Down on the Labrador. By Gustav Kobbe.

A Religion Nearly 3,000 Years Old. By A. V. W. Jackson.

The Haystack Prayer Meeting. By Henry R. Elliot.

The Agricultural College and the Farm Youth. By L. H. Bailey.

A Negro Brain. By R. B. Bean.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL.

Of interest to Canadians is a short article on "Electric Smelting," by

R. W. Wilson, which appears in the September issue. There are several good stories in the number.

The Passing of a Great Title. By Sophia H. Maclehose.

The Valley of Briefny and its Romance.

Richardson's Show.

Welsh Coal. An Industrial Romance.

Some Notes on the Lyre Bird.

Old Art Bronzes and Their Imitation.

Pensions and Pensionnaires.

The Utilization of Waste.

Omnivorous Man. By Ernest Protheroe.

Electric Smelting in Canada.

COLLIER'S.

September 1. "The Newspaper Peril," by Frederick Peterson, M. D.; "The Great American Fraud—Quacks and Quackery," by Samuel Hopkins Adams; "The Jubilee of the Best Loved Man in England," by Tilden Sempers.

September 8. "Real Soldiers of Fortune," IV. Captain McGiffin, by Richard Harding Davis; "An Unsympathetic View of a Pan-American Vision," by J. Orton Kerby; "Children Without Childhood," by Martha S. Bensley.

September 15. "What the World is Doing," (illustrated), "Wage Earners' Life Insurance," by Louis D. Brandeis; "The Last West," by Richard L. Jones; "The Power Wagon" VI, by James E. Homan.

CONNOISSEUR.

Four color plates appear in the September Connoisseur, "Portrait of a Lady," by Rosalba Carriera; "The Musicians," an old Dresden group from the Dickens collection; "A Pair of Bleu-de-roi Old Sevres Vases" and "Master Henry Hoare," by C. Wilkin. The literary contents are:

The Dickins Collection of Porcelain.

By "Virtuoso."

Old English Pipes. By M. H. H. Macartney.

Penshurst Place. Part III. By Leonard Willoughby.

A Paris Bordone at the Vatican Gallery. By A. J. Rusconi.

The Grenville Library. By A. W. Jarvis and A. R. Tait.

Milanese Lace. By M. Jourdain.

CORNHILL.

A new serial by the author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden," with the title, "Fraulein Schmidt and Mr. Anstruther" opens in the September Cornhill. There is also a generous installment of "Chippinge," by Stanley J. Weyman.

A Scotchman at Mars-la-Tour. By Baron Campbell von Laurentz.

The Face of the Land. By F. W. Cornish.

Ruskin in Venice. II. By Count Alvise Zorri.

House-Breakers in the Alps. By D. G. H.-G.

The Origin of Life. By W. A. Shenstone.

CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

For September the editor provides the following interesting list of contributions:

England and Germany in Turkey. By A Traveler.

The Saga and the Ballad. By Henrik Ibsen.

The Evolution of the Lord's Prayer. II. By Mons. Barnes.

The Preparatory Day School of the Future. By Charles Simmons.

The Baghdad Railway and the Turkish Customs. By Alured G. Bell

A Religion of Ruth. By the Countess Cesaresco.

Home Industry and Peasant Farming in Belgium. By Erik Givskov.

The Ecclesiastical Discipline Report. II. By Canon Henson.

Foreign Affairs. By Dr. E. J. Dillon.

COSMOPOLITAN.

This magazine has of late developed into one of the best of the American periodicals. In the matter of illustration it is probably the most advanced of the ten cent group. For October it contains:

Child-Wrecking in the Glass Factories. By Edwin Markham.

Rise of the New San Francisco. By James D. Phelan.

What Life Means to Me. By Upton Sinclair.

Panama—the Human Side. By Poulteney Bigelow.

The Treason of the Senate. By D. G. Phillips.

Wonderful New Inland Sea. By Edgar L. Larkin.

League of the Little Hats. By Eleanor Atterbury.

CRAFTSMAN.

A description of the earliest known American civilization in Yucatan, forms a fitting opening to the September number of the Craftsman. It is accompanied by several illustrations in tints. Then follow:

Some Art Colonies in Brittany. By J. Quigley.

New Zealand's Political Experiments. By Florence F. Kelly.

The International Exposition at Milan.

Whitman as Carpenter Sees Him.

Some Queer Laborers. By C. F. Holder.

The Commercial Value of the Wild. By Charles Barnard.

Parallelogram Park. By H. A. Caparn

CRITIC.

With the September number the Critic disappears from existence. It is being succeeded by Putnam's Monthly. In the new magazine all the best characteristics of the Critic will be preserved, while its scope will be considerably widened. The first number will appear on September 35. In the September Critic appear:

A Japanese Thoreau. By M. Kumagusu.

Reminiscences of a Franco-American. II. By M. Chas. Bigot.

Some Literary Autographs. By Joseph B. Ames.

A Concord Note Book. By F. B. Sanborn.

EDUCATION.

A number of valuable papers on educational subjects are to be found in the September number of Education. They are as follows:

College Methods and Administration. I. Some Details. By President Fellows.

School Instruction in Religion. By Professor Hanus.

Culture Conditions in Alaska. By D. M. Stromstadt.

Phases of Modern Education. IX. German Education. By Professor M. D. Learned.

Conservatism versus Radicalism in the Kindergarten. By M. F. Schaeffer.

The Direct Method of Teaching Modern Languages. By W. B. Aspinwall.

EMPIRE REVIEW.

A paper by J. S. Hart, of Toronto, on "How to Extend Canadian Trade" is noted in the table of contents of the September issue. Other contents of the number are of a high standard of excellence.

- The Meeting of the Monarchs. By Edward Dicey.
- Mr. Haldane's Army. (1). By Maj.-General Sir Alfred Turner. (2). By Captain Kincaid-Smith.
- Do Small Grazing Farms Pay in Australia? By Cripps Clark.
- A Plea for Civic Rights for Women. By Mildred Ransom.
- Magic Among Certain East African Tribes. By Hildegard Hinde.
- Farm Life in Rhodesia. By Gertrude Page.
- The West Coast Sounds of New Zealand. By E. I. Massy.
- Sea Dyak Legends. By Rev. Edwin H. Gomes.

ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED.

For September, the editor offers a good bill of fare including several entertaining short stories.

- The Art of Horace van Ruith. By John S. Purcell.
- Rifle Shooting as a National Pursuit. By Field-Marshal Earl Roberts.
- The Thames in Summer. By Oscar Parker.
- The Building of Westminster Abbey.
- The Story of the Airship. By W. B. Northrop.
- The London Stage. By Oscar Parker.

FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

A character sketch of Admiral Togo, by Mrs. Hugh Fraser occupies first place in the September fortnightly. The other contents are varied in subject and include two stories and a poem.

- The Triumph of Russian Autocracy. By Dr. Angelo S. Rappoport.
- The Burden of the Middle Classes. By Shan F. Bullock.
- Three American Poets of To-Day. By May Sinclair.
- The Taxation of Site Values. By A. C. Pigon.

- Motor Cars in the Present and Future. By Cygnus.
- A Negro on Efficiency. By H. C. Foxcroft.
- Feasts of All Souls. By J. G. Frazer.
- Boswell's Love Story. By Augustin Filon.
- France, England and Mr. Bodley. By Robert Dell.
- The Command of the "German Ocean." By Exeubitor.
- The Future of Cricket. By Major Philip Trevor.
- Earthquake Areas—The Significance of San Francisco. By Herman Scheffauer.

GARDEN MAGAZINE.

The October number is a special double number containing a complete guide to Autumn planting.

- The Best Tulips for Outdoor Planting. By Peter Zager.
- The Best Daffodils for Outdoor Planting. By A. M. Kirby.
- All the Barberries Worth Growing. By John Dunbar.
- Planning the Home Fruit Garden. By S. W. Fletcher.
- Flowers Every Day From Christmas Till Easter. By I. M. Angell.
- Raising Your Own Evergreens. By John Dunbar.
- Growing Mushrooms on a Ping-Pong Table. By Louise Shaw.

GEOGRAPHICAL JOURNAL.

Of interest to Canadians is a paper by Dr. A. P. Low, director of the Geological Survey of Canada, on the work accomplished from 1900 to 1905, which appears in the September issue. Other articles are:

- Recent Survey and Exploration in Seistan. By Col. McMahon.
- The Economic Geography and Development of Australia. By J. W. Gregory.

Southern Peru: Notes on Two Expeditions. By G. R. Enock.
Recent Changes in the Course of the Lower Euphrates. By H. W. Cadoux.

HARPER'S.

The publishers of Harper's announce that a new serial by Sir Gilbert Parker will start publication in the October number. It will be entitled "The Weavers" and its scene is laid in Egypt. The contents of the September number other than fiction, are:

A Little Mexican Town. By Thos. A. Janvier.
Life and Sport in Nubia. By Capt. T. C. S. Speedy.
Kentish Neighborhoods, Including Canterbury. By W. D. Howells.
The Wonders of Cellulose. By Robt. K. Duncan.
Hunting Wild Bees. By H. C. McCook.
One of Franklin's Friendships. By Worthington C. Ford.

IDLER.

Stories as usual predominate in the September Idler. Two of the best are "The Ways of Captain Stryker" and "A Burns Recital."

A Visit to the Gersoppa Falls. By Sir George Wolseley.
The Idler in Arcady. By Tickner Edwardes.
Modern Homes. By T. Raffles Davison.
The Druce Claim to the Portland Millions.

INTERNATIONAL STUDIO.

Six color inserts appear in the September Studio, embracing "The Grey Dawn," by Montague Smythe; "Sheep Shearing," by T. Rowlandson; "Evening," by Carlos Grethe

and "Fish and Small Fry," by Maurice Detmold. Other contents: **The Watts Memorial Gallery.** By Mrs. Steuart Erskine.

Recent Lead Work by Mr. G. P. Bankart. By Aymer Vallance.
Note on the Landscape Paintings of Montague Smith. By E. G. Halton.

Some Recent Colored Etchings by Allan Osterlind.

Modern Viennese Toys. By A. S. Levetus.

Some Northern Painters and Their Homes. By George Brockner.

The New English Art Club's 36th Exhibition.

Technical Hints from the Drawings of Past Masters of Painting.

Recent Designs on Domestic Architecture.

The Etchings of E. T. Hurley. By David Dayd.

The Lace Collection at the Metropolitan Museum. By Eva Lovett.

The Rochester Room.

IRISH MONTHLY.

A new serial by Clara Mulholland, "Terrence O'Neill's Heiress," starts in the September issue of the Irish Monthly, which also contains:

Influence of the Literature of Ancient Ireland on the "Mabinogion."

The Praises of St. Matthew. By the Editor.

A Few Words About Lord Kelvin. By H. V. G.

Unseen Things. By William O'Neill.

LIPPINCOTT'S.

The complete novelette in the September number is by Edith Morgan Willett and is entitled "The Chauffeur and the Jewels." It is a first-rate motoring story.

Dissatisfaction in the Country Post Office. By Henry A. Castle.

A Night With Nature. By Adele Marie Shaw.

An Egoist on Weeds. By Charles C. Abbott.

McCLURE'S.

A second installment of C. P. Connolly's story of Montana appears in the September number of McClure's. An essay on Niagara, with illustrations in tints is also a feature.

The Story of Montana. II. By C. P. Connolly.

Niagara. By Eugene Wood.

A Royal Romance. By C. N. and A. M. Williamson.

The Story of Life Insurance. V. By Burton J. Hendrick.

METROPOLITAN.

The October issue is an excellent production, both from the artistic and literary standpoint. It contains stories by Anthony Hope, Ian Maclaren and T. Jenkins Harris among others, and the following articles:

The Pond. By Sydney Allen.

The Future of Life Insurance. By Paul Morton and Charles Peabody.

The American Museum of Natural History. By H. E. Rood.

MONTHLY REVIEW.

This handsome periodical contains the following readable articles in its September issue:

England, France and Socialism. By Laurence Jerrold.

Walter Pater. By Arthur Symons.

Antonio Fogazzaro. By Harriet Reid.

Cricket Sharping. By "Varsity."

The Mutiny at Vellore. July 1806.

By F. W. Blunt.

Clerical Feeling in French Canada.

By V. de M.

The Quest of Prolonged Youth. By Dr. Carl Snyder.

The Effects of Civilization upon Climate. By S. L. Bastin.

The Human State. By F. Carrel.

Jean Francois Millet. By A. H. Fisher.

MUNSEY'S.

The most important contribution to the September Munsey is Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst's explanation of "Christian Socialism." There is another installment of "The Romance of Steel and Iron."

Franz von Lenbach. By Christian Brinton.

Christian Socialism. By Charles H. Parkhurst.

The American Public School. By Newton Dent.

The Artist of the Camera. By C. Howard Conway.

How Time is Measured. By Eugene Wood.

The Welsh in America. By Herbert N. Casson.

Maxine Elliott. By Matthew White, Jr.

NATIONAL.

A good list of fiction appears in the September National and the usual department "Affairs at Washington," by the editor, besides,

Nast's Historical Paintings. By Leigh Leslie.

Six Great Editorial Writers. By Frank Putnam.

Editors at Minneapolis. By Joe Mitchell Chapple.

NEW ENGLAND.

A number of thoughtful articles are to be found in the September issue of the New England, which has now come to be one of the best American periodicals.

Northern Alaska To-Day. By A. G. Kingsbury.

The Massachusetts Bench and Bar.
By Steven O. Sherman.

Antwerp, the Hub of Europe. By
Homer Gregmore.

A Foot-note on Poe. By Eugene C.
Dolson.

A Tramp of the Grand Banks. By
Konan MacHugh.

White Mountain Legends. By J.
S. English.

The Call of the Subtle. By Laura
Simmons.

OUT WEST.

An article on the Los Angeles Public Library is the first contribution to the September number. The other contents are:

The Festa del Fiori at Rome. By
Grace Ellery Channing.

In Moqui Land. By Theresa Russell.

The Voice of the Summer Woods. By
Virginia Garland.

Orleans Indian Legends. By Mel-
cena B. Denny.

OVERLAND MONTHLY.

San Francisco still occupies considerable room in this magazine. The September number contains in addition:

Silverado, Scene of R. L. Stevenson's
Honeymoon. By H. French.

The Triumph of the Automobile. By
Arthur H. Dutton.

A Memorable Commencement. By
H. M. Bland.

The National Disgrace—Child Labor.
By Austin Lewis.

Tallac and Tahoe. By Eleanore F.
Lewys.

PACIFIC MONTHLY.

The September number is given over almost entirely to the subject of irrigation, and a large number of articles and many illustrations explain its development in the Western States.

National Irrigation as a Social Problem. By Senator Newlands.

The New York Stage: Its Power and Influence. By William Winter.

The Necessity for Irrigation. By
Governor Pardee.

Work of the Reclamation Service in
Idaho. By D. W. Ross.

Golden Rule Applied in Railroad-
ing. By D. C. Freeman.

Land and Legal Matters of the Re-
clamation Service. By M. H. Bien.

Foreign Immigration and the Arid
States. By Charles W. Eberlein.

PALL MALL.

The latest sport of the rich, ballooning, is treated in an entertaining article that occupies first place in the September number of Pall Mall. There is also a well-illustrated paper on the life of the locomotive engineer.

Ballooning for Beginners. By P. H.
O. Williams.

The Railway Nerve. By K. Snowden.
An Ascent of Mont Blanc. By M.
Steinmann.

The Lure of the North Pole. By Com-
mander R. E. Peary.

The Camera of the Relic Hunter. By
T. W. Wilkinson.

Sleeping Out of Doors. By Carine
Cadby.

In the Land of the Fakirs. By An
Eye Witness.

PEARSON'S (AMERICAN).

A new series of "Little Mother Stories," by Maud Ballington Booth, begins in the October Pearson's. There is also an installment of David Graham Phillips' serial and several short stories.

A Boss-Tamer in Ermine. Judge
Gaynor. By James Creelman.

The Kaiser's Escapade. By A. V.

The Romance of Aaron Burr. By
Alfred Henry Lewis.

Protecting the World's Richest Man.
By William R. Stewart.

PEARSON'S (ENGLISH).

Very entertaining is the September Pearson's. The stories are unusual and fresh and the illustrations numerous and bright. Novel ideas are introduced in the articles.

Gustave Surand's Paintings of Wild Animals. By L. Vander Veer.

Lynch Law. By Ralph Noel.

Out of the Way Stations. By G. A. Sekon.

The Hunchbacks of Samoa. By F. W. Christian.

Comparisons are Interesting. By Marcus Woodward.

What will be the Future of Women?

The Life Story of a Quail. By S. L. Bensusan.

READER.

To the Reader probably belongs the distinction of having the first article on the next United States presidential election. This appears in the September number.

The Next National Campaign. By Henry Watterson.

Yosemite. By Arthur Colton.

Letters to Heroines.

Our Own Times. Illustrated.

RECREATION.

With each issue this publication shows improvement and the September number is an excellent issue.

When You Went to the Fair. By Roscoe Brumbaugh.

Cruising the Fjords of the North Pacific. By D. W. Iddings.

Some Aquatic Quail. By Edwyn Sandys.

Exploring Knox Mountain. By M. V. B. Knox.

The Nomads of Romany. By Jessie P. Tyree.

Sport in Squirrel Shooting. By Ernest Cave.

High Hook at Avalon. By F. L. Harding.

The Vanishing Prairie Hen. By Clate Tinan.

The Art of Camping. By Charles A. Bramble.

REVIEW OF REVIEWS,

The September number appears with a blue cover, being a change from the former design. It has many readable features, not the least so being the quotations from other magazines.

The Governor of Iowa: A Sketch of A. B. Cummins. By Johnson Brigham.

Sir Robert Hart: the Briton who became a dictator in China. By R. H. Graves.

Alfred Beit, Diamond King, Empire Builder. By W. T. Stead.

Kodama and His Successor.

What Hampton Means by "Education." By Albert Shaw.

Schools for the Out-of-School. By H. V. Ross.

A Successful Factory School.

Education and Revolution in Russia. By A. Petrunkevich.

Tea Culture in the United States. By Rodney H. True.

The Pike Exploration Centennial. By Charles M. Harvey.

Printing and Publishing: The Barometer Industry. By W. S. Rossiter.

Investigating Municipal Ownership at Home and Abroad. By Edward W. Bemis.

ROYAL.

Bright and timely are the contents of the September Royal, with its quaint Dutch cover. There is a good collection of short stories and many pictures.

The American Summer Girl. By Alex. Kenealy.

Survivors' Tales of Great Events. XX. Chillianwalla.

Living Wells. By Harold J. Shepstone.

Some Experiences of a Bioscope Man. By J Mackenzie.

ST. NICHOLAS.

The September number is full of delightful stories and pictures and simple instructive articles for the young. There are no fewer than three serial stories.

Children and Their Pets in the San Francisco Fire. By Charles Keeler.

Geographical Bottles. By Walter J. Kenyon.

The Boys' Life of Abraham Lincoln. (Continued). By Helen Nicolay.

The Great "Y" and the Crockery "O." By Charles D. Stewart.

A Locomotive in the School Room. By Charles Barnard.

SATURDAY REVIEW.

August 4. "Exit King Edward—Enter Mr. Smuts," "Vote 8," "The Turn of the Lords," "The Straightforward Ministry," "Dr. Lankester's Address," "Tannhauser Under Difficulties," "Jean-Francois Millet," "The Tramp in Summer."

August 11. "Can South Africa be Saved?" "The Far East—Principus Obsta," "The Dear Friends," "The Appeal of the Passive Resister," "The Parliamentary Session I," "Nooses of Conversation," "Butterflies at the Zoo."

August 18. "King Solomon at Pretoria," "The Stand of Pius X," "The Stores Commission," "The Higher Civil Service," "The Parliamentary Session" II, "Mr.

Wood's Programme," by Harold E. Gorst; "A Punjab Head," by Mrs. F. A. Steel; "Etaples," by R. S. Gundry.

August 25. "The Doctrine of Drago," "The Chilian Convulsion," "Wages and Foreign Competition," "The Parliamentary Session" III, "The Laboring Bat," "Some Notes on Blake," "Lundy Island."

September 1. "Red Ruin or Reconstruction?" "The Future of the Netherlands," "The Irish Problem," "Mr. Roosevelt's New Epoch," "Grand Opera Projects," "Vanishing East Anglia."

SCRIBNER'S.

In the September number of Scribner's, John Fox, jr., begins a serial entitled "A Knight of the Cumberland." A readable contribution is John Vaughn's article on the thirtieth anniversary of the invention of the telephone.

Eastman Johnson, Painter. By William Walton.

Washington in Jefferson's Time. By M. B. Smith.

The Whitetailed Deer and its Kin. By Ernest Thompson Seton.

Henrik Ibsen. By James Huneker.

The 30th Anniversary of a Great Invention. By John Vaughn.

SPECTATOR.

August 4. "The Education Bill in the Lords," "The Transvaal Constitution," "The March of the Russian Revolution," "A Fool's Paradise," "Local Expenditure and Local Estimates," "A Student of Felicity," "Animal Heroes," "Country Butter."

August 11. "The Report of the War Stores Commission," "English Pessimism," "Legislative Nihilism," "Liberty and Collectivism," "Cabs and Omnibuses," "The Lord's Freeman," "An East

End Bank Holiday," "Wet-Fly Fishing.

August 18. "The Education Judgment," "The Unrest in Mussulman Countries," "Chinese Nationalism," "Government by Puppets," "Men of Science and Public Appointments," "Obsolete Examples," "An Ancient Quadrilateral," "Birds and the Gift of Flight."

August 25. "France and the Pa-pacy," "The Transvaal and Natal," "The Loss of H.M.S. Montagu," "Unemployment and its Causes," "Australian Naval Defence," "Silent Opinions," "The Romance of Excavation," "Art in the Village.

September 1. "Pan-Germanism, Holland and Belgium," "Socialism and Political Parties," "The Russian Welter," "The Stannard Case," "Poor Law Expenditure," "Mr. Roosevelt's Orthography," "Holiday Tastes," "The Domesticating of the Wilds."

SUBURBAN LIFE.

The September number resumes the fight in favor of country life as opposed to that of the cities. Its contents illustrate how health and economy are both the result of suburban life.

A Model Suburban Town. By Thos. F. Anderson.

A Lawyer's \$1,250 Suburban Home. By Frank A. Depue.

Shall We Move into the Country? By Fannie W. Brown.

Neighborhood Garden Clubs. By Frank P. Stewart.

Bulbs for Christmas Blooming. By Arthur T. Roby.

WATSON'S.

The September number is characteristic of the aims of the publisher and is full of articles on populism. **The Life and Times of Andrew Jack-**

son. III. By Thomas E. Watson. **The Federal Courts.** By Edgar Lee Masters.

The Railroad Hold-up. By W. G. Joerns.

The Democratic Party. By Lucius F. C. Garvin.

The Currency Trust. I. By Flavius J. Van Vorhis.

WESTMINSTER.

The two serials, "The Doctor," by Ralph Connor and "The Pioneers," by Theodore Roberts, which began publication in the August number of this magazine, are continued in the September number.

Climbing with the Alpine Club. By J. C. Herdman.

The Land of Scott. By Alexander MacMillan.

Great Words of Religion. II. Redemption. By Chancellor Burwash.

Beauty in the Home. By Margaret Laing Fairbairn.

Rome's Unpainted Pictures. By Frank Yeigh.

Romance and Beauty of the St. Lawrence. IX. By Robert Haddon.

WINDSOR.

The art feature in the September Windsor consists of a number of reproductions of the work of Louise Jopling, with an appreciative sketch. A number of eminent administrators are touched off in the series of "Chronicles in Cartoon."

Some Notable Cricket Bats. By Home Gordon.

A Tiger of the Sea. By Charles F. Holder.

Robust Health. By Frank Richardson.

WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION.

A new serial "The Mountain Doctor," by Juliet Wilbor Tompkins,

begins in the October number of the *Woman's Home Companion*. The other stories in the issue are good.

Foolish Physical Culture. By Eugene Wood.

Child Slavery Reform—A Mother's Fight. By Edward E. Hale.

How the Fight for the Children was Won in Georgia.

For the Girl who Earns Her Own Living. By Anna S. Richardson.

WORLD TO-DAY.

The September issue of the *World To-Day* is a most instructive number, with a long list of entertaining articles. The illustrations are as usual well worth inspection.

Ships that are Passing. By James G. McCurdy.

The Regeneration of Minneapolis. By James Linn Nash.

The Humor of Book Reviews. By Elliott Flower.

The Separation of Church and State in France. By Abbe F. Klein.

Prosecuting the Ice Men. By Sterling Beeson.

Governing Cities by Commissions. By C. Arthur Williams.

Celebrating the Rembrandt Tercentenary. By W. E. Griffiss.

The Forests of the Philippines. By Hamilton Wright.

The Making of an Artist. By W. M. R. French.

Robert E. Lee, Homeless. By Chas. M. Graves.

Denver, a Typical American City. By Arthur Chapman.

WORLD'S WORK (AMERICAN).

Character sketches of Tillman, Lindon W. Bates, David Lubin and John A. Hill are contained in the September *World's Work*. Each is the story of a man who has achieved through work.

The Boom in Real Estate.

Women Improving Schoolhouses. By E. C. Brooks.

England's Half-Way House to Panama. By Charles T. Whitefield.

Exploring for New American Crops. By Isaac F. Marcossou.

Can Men Now Rise from the Ranks? The Sculpture of E. C. Potter. By Henry W. Lanier.

An Engineer of World-Wide Successes. By French Strother.

A Negro's Life Story. By W. H. Holtzelaw.

Japan's New Position. By Mary Crawford Fraser.

Rapid Travel of the Future. By John P. Fox.

Why Preventable Railroad Accidents Happen. By H. L. Stone.

Tillman, Smasher of Traditions. By Zach McGhee.

Mr. David Lubin and His Work. By Isaac F. Marcossou.

WORLD'S WORK (ENGLISH).

Some excellent photographs of the wrecked battleship "Montagu" are published in the September *World's Work*. The other contents are varied and numerous.

The Flagship: the Brain of the Fleet. By Arnold White.

The March of Events. By Henry Norman, M.P.

The Future of the Crown Lands. By C. Sheridan Jones.

The World's Most Perfect Drainage System.

Our Insect Foes. By Percy Collins.

The Making of Corks. By Evelyn Stuart.

A Cornish Experiment in Cottages. By Mrs. Havelock Ellis.

China Transformed. By Dr. A. W. P. Martin.

A Gigantic Clayfield. By Frank Burt.

The Open-Air Markets of Paris.

- Training the British Chemist. By Augustine Birrell, an Appreciation.
Ambrose Talbot. By Arthur Page Grubb.
- The Transit Problem in Cities. By The Gospel of Success. By A. St.
John P. Fox. John Adeock.
- Rearing a Nation of Artists. By The Rembrandt Tercentenary. By
Robin C. Baily. the Editor.
- The War Against Coal Smoke. By The Sea Hath its Pearls.

YOUNG MAN.

A stimulating number is that for September. Though small in bulk the Young Man contains a great deal of meat and it is of a good and elevating character.

- Reform in Sunday School Teaching.
By Prof. A. S. Peake.
- An Open Letter to Gavin Ogilvie.
By Eric Freeman.
- Every Man His Own Socrates. By
Charles F. Aked.

The Art of Leaving Off

IT is extraordinary how few people there are who know when to stop work, and how many break-downs are due to the fact that they cannot leave their business behind them at the office.

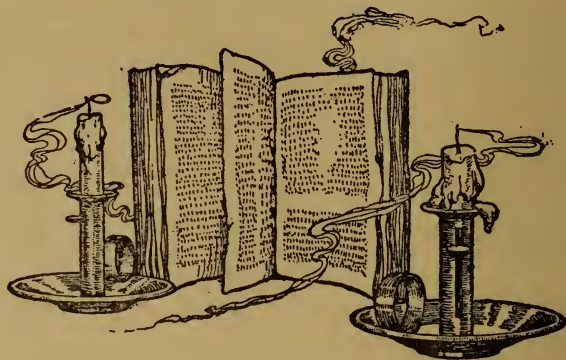
There is a limit to the human faculties, as there is to human endurance, and when that is reached it is well to stop.

How many have lost all they had acquired by a life of energy and toil, by just holding on too long, and persisting in business after they were disqualified for it. How many more wear themselves out prematurely, by not knowing how or when to leave off, in the active transactions of every-day life, carrying their burden with them everywhere and at all seasons.

When you have come in from the field, or locked your shop-door, to go home to your wife and children, leave your work behind you, and do not talk or even think about it any more. Let your Sundays be indeed days of rest and gladness. Take a little comfort as you go along, and let your household also get something out of you in the way of enjoyment—something more than food and clothing.

The Busy Man's Book Shelf

Some Interesting Books of the Month Reviewed



A DISCUSSION in a New York paper during the last few months, as to the practicality of an all-essay magazine, called forth a good many opinions as to the value and interest of essays in general. On the whole it seems as if the tide had set back from the extreme of what may be termed spectacular journalism towards the sane and sober realm of the essay. This fact has been emphasized by the appearance of late of several volumes of essays, one of the most noteworthy of which is a collection of the contributions of George W. Alger to the *Atlantic Monthly*, in a book entitled "Moral Overstrain." (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) This book contains essays dealing with present day conditions in the United States. "The duty of not putting on the character of another a greater burden than it can safely bear" and its application to the varying phases of commercial life is discussed in the first chapter. The influence of sensational journalism on the admin-

istration of justice and the State Legislature is discussed in another chapter. Two of the most important subjects touched upon by the author are unpunished commercial crime and criminal law reform. The crime of fraud in business is more far-reaching in its evil effects than the old-fashioned crimes of murder and theft. On crime of a more intellectual kind the public hesitates to put the mark of disapproval, while the national moral sense is undermined. The arguments for a reform in the criminal law are marshalled with literary skill and ability. Startling illustrations are given of failure to convict criminals in lynch-law states. "We have long since passed the period when it is possible to punish an innocent man. We are now struggling with the problem whether it is any longer possible to punish the guilty." The book is of general interest at this time to public spirited citizens, either in the United States or Canada.

"The Treasure of Heaven" is the title of Marie Corelli's latest contribution to the fiction of the day. The story is in a measure allegorical, and is probably a little more sensible in its theme than anything Miss Corelli has yet attempted. There seems to be an honest intention on the part of the authoress to demonstrate that the possession of riches is not a help but a hindrance to the attainment of true happiness. The pivotal scene of the whole book is where the rich old hero of the story enquires how his beautiful ward, in whom all his hopes are centred, would regard a proposal of marriage from him. The girl's eagerness to accept, undoubtedly occasioned by the hope of gaining his money, is a bitter disappointment to the old man. He disowns her and flees away to seek happiness elsewhere. Leaving his money behind, he becomes a tramp, and it is in this destitute condition that he finally discovers what he is in search of in the humble cottage of a poor working woman. (William Briggs, Toronto).

An Italian atmosphere permeates the new novel by Mary Cholmondeley—"The Prisoners"—though the principal characters are English. In the early chapters the reader is plunged into the midst of a highly dramatic episode, which provides the basis upon which the story is worked out. A beautiful English girl, married against her will to an elderly Italian nobleman, takes farewell of her lover in the Italian palace, where she is spending her honeymoon. Just as they are saying good-bye a murder is committed near by and the hue and cry after the murderer comes in their direction. Without thinking of the consequences the girl urges her lover

to hide in her chamber, until the pursuit passes, and this he does. Unfortunately the avengers burst into the very room where he lies concealed and pounce upon him. The moment is a critical one. The young man decides to shield the reputation of the woman and hands himself over as the murderer. He is sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment. The remainder of the story concerns the future lives of the two and is powerfully handled. (Copp, Clark Co., Toronto).

To those who enjoy mystery stories—the kind where the hero is threatened with an unknown danger, which he is unable to fathom until the very last chapter—"Blindfolded" by E. A. Walcott will appeal strongly. The groundwork of the story is briefly this. A young man from New England goes out to San Francisco at the urgent call of an old college chum, to assist him in some difficulty. The two bear a striking resemblance to each other, so much so that when the San Franciscan is murdered early in the story, the New Englander is able to step into his shoes and successfully impersonate him. This he does in the hope of avenging his death. He is surrounded by mysteries and dangers and is for a long time unable to differentiate friends from foes. But in the end light shines in and the ending is satisfactory. (McLeod & Allen, Toronto).

Turning from the wildly improbable romance of San Francisco, let us pick up a milder piece of fiction, "That Preposterous Will," a modern English story by a new writer, L. G. Moberley. In a way, this story is equally improbable. By the terms

of his godfather's will, Alan Dayrell is deprived of any share in the old man's estate, unless he marries within three years a certain young woman specified in the will, who is to be the actual heiress. Now it transpires, when the lawyers look up this last-named personage, she turns out to be a common "slavey," working in a London boarding-house. This is the basis of the story. In working it out to its conclusion, the author shows by degrees the reasons that actuated Alan's godfather in making this preposterous will. The clever way in which the impossible is made possible lends piquancy to the story. (Copp, Clark Co., Toronto).



"The Upper Hand," by Emerson Gifford Taylor, can be recommended as a good all around story, without any particular brilliancy in plot or workmanship. In it is traced out the course of righteous retribution on a man, who earlier in his life had committed a crime, by which he had got hold of some valuable property. Introduced as a hard and prosperous old mill owner, Alexander Warden becomes a pliant tool in the hands of a mysterious seafaring stranger, who calls himself Captain Bassett. This man sets himself to punish Warden for his wrong-doing and, despite all the efforts of the latter, he is powerless in the seaman's hand. An added charm is given to the story by the troubled love story of Warden's ward. There exists a mys-

terious bond between her and the stranger, which is only disclosed in the last chapter. (A. S. Barnes & Co., New York).



At the present time there is a very decided movement among thinkers and writers in the Old World towards a reform of the Catholic Church, which will again place her in her rightful place as the universal church. The idea is grand and appealing to the human mind, and no wonder that these Liberal Catholics, with their projects of broadening and freeing the Church, are generally applauded. Among them none speaks out more fearlessly than the Italian novelist, Antonio Fogazzaro. His last novel, "The Saint," has been written with a purpose and despite the fact that it has been placed in the Index, it has created a strong impression on the Catholic mind. It is in a measure a sequel to his earlier story, "Piccolo Mondo Antico." In this book, Piero Maironi, the saint-to-be, is introduced to the reader. He is anything but a saint, living openly with another man's wife, his own wife being confined in an asylum. In "The Saint," the conversion of Piero takes place. He becomes the leader of the new reform movement, the teacher, whose holiness of life and doctrine point the one way by which the Catholic Church may be restored to its ideals. (Copp, Clark.)

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Men's Attire

SEPTEMBER DRY GOODS REVIEW.

The modern system of dress allows of very little individuality. Growing body of intelligent opinion behind the protests which have been made against it. Comments on current fashions, and some prediction as well.

PROTESTS against the modern system of dress are becoming more frequent. One that we have noted takes the form of a bitter wail against the illogical condition of things which admits of a man exercising and developing his individuality in the realm of intellectual achievement, but which precludes him from revealing his artistic aspirations through the medium of personal adornment. Another criticises "this fixity, this stolid immutability in men's way of dressing." The frequency of these outbursts has a significance, and there is a considerable and growing body of intelligent opinion behind them. The modern system of dress is the result of evolution, it is true; but to admit this is to confess that nothing like finality has been attained. Just as the majority of men will agree in their estimate of the artistic merit of present-day clothes as a distinctly negative quantity, few are found to advance any reasons worth consideration in favor of remaining stationary at the point which evolution has reached. This constitutes a solid basis for hope of future progress towards a form of dress less austere in aspect, less arbitrary in relation to the wearer, reasonably artistic and more truly comfortable. This progress cannot be hurried. It must be fostered quietly by men of taste and discrimination, and with something more than pretension to authority. In due time will be attained something of the

ideal toward which many are looking at the present time.

* * *

A modern Beau Brummel, in the person of a French gentleman who is regarded as a leader of masculine fashion, has expressed the view that every portion of a man's attire should harmonize with the rest.

Even the umbrella and walking stick must be in keeping with the dress. An umbrella with a plain boxwood handle may be used with tweeds, but on no account with a frock coat. Moreover, a man who is wearing a gold scarf pin must on no account carry an umbrella with a silver handle.

Much the same applies to walking sticks, which should always be chosen with special reference to the clothes and ornaments worn.

The fastidious author of these rules certainly practices his own doctrines. He is said to possess more than a hundred walking canes, all of which he uses. Some of his sticks and umbrellas have handles set with precious stones, but these are only carried when he is wearing scarf pins set with stones to match.

* * *

"Speaking of the woeful waste of money, we wish to interrupt the meeting long enough to give a few figures on an important matter that seems to have been entirely overlooked," said a speaker on a Kansas



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City platform. "We refer to the four buttons on the sleeves of men's coats. Now, there are probably 600,000 men in Kansas, and they probably have on an average two coats apiece. That makes 1,200,000 coats and 4,800,000, or 400,000 dozen sleeve buttons. The buttons cost about 20 cents a dozen, and at that rate the men of Kansas are carrying around on their coat sleeves in the form of buttons, that have no use on earth or in the sky, an investment of about \$80,000. And the estimate is most conservative. Fellow countrymen, in the name of economy, and thrift, and philanthropy, and business sense, and all sorts of other things, is there no way to stop this reckless extravagance?"

* * *

The style of waistcoat being worn this Fall in New York is illustrated. It shows the smaller opening, which may be expected here next Spring and Fall—in moderation. The effect which this will encourage in respect to neckwear and shirtings has been referred to.

* * *

Bright colors in neckwear have made their appearance, but as yet have little higher standing than that usually accorded a novelty which has not been endorsed by public taste. Manufacturers have put them out in sufficient range to constitute a good feeler, and are not viewing the prospect with any great apprehension. The movement is a very reasonable one, but the point at issue is whether or not the consumer is in a receptive frame of mind regarding it just at the present time. In any case there is no reason for anxiety, for the suggestion that is conveyed will act as an excellent forerunner to

what will materialize in the near future. As predicted in *The Review*, bright colors are bound to come in again, just as surely as one year follows another, and that they should do so is in direct conformity to one of fashion's foremost rules. The periodical desire for change is the key that opens the way for new departures, or reversion to conditions that have prevailed heretofore. Plain shades have had the lead for a considerable time, and it may naturally be expected that particular dressers



What we may expect next Spring or Fall.

are getting lonesome for something with more life to it. They will turn to loud materials just as eagerly as they turned away from them, and bestowed the preference on the more sombre hues.

* * *

Stiff bosom shirts cannot be said to be increasing in favor for Fall and Winter trade, although it is unquestioned that it is desirable a line of demarcation should be established between Summer and Winter goods.

The progress of the coat shirt is

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being watched with interest. The prediction is safe that it will in time crowd out the old style shirt completely.

* * *

When ready-to-wear clothing attains to a certain degree of excellence the favor bestowed upon it will be such as to more than compensate for the expense and effort entailed by the improvement. When, in the eyes of the good dresser, it approaches custom-made clothing in some respects, questions of economy will swing a great deal of patronage over. If a man can have more suits in a year for the same price that he pays now, he is very likely to jump at the opportunity to secure them, or save the difference on the usual number. Then there is often heard the remark that suit styles change so frequently that the man who keeps his apparel right up to the minute would be satisfied with the ready-to-wear in many cases if no fault could be found with the cut. As it is now a custom-made suit costs so much that he is loth to

put it aside to conform to every change in style.

* * *

There is no indication that greys in suitings will not measure up to the demand that has been predicted for them this Fall. There will, however, be the usual strong call for blacks and blues. For Spring, as already stated in *The Review*, greys with fancy overcheck have been bought heavily by the wholesales. These are of a character that precludes, to a great extent, the chance of grey vogue becoming monotonous. Very little sameness exists between them and the plain shades.

In overcoatings for Winter black meltons will lead by a big margin.

Very little can be added regarding suit styles to what we said last month. One feature that strikes us as being open to slight moderation by some particular people is the cut of the waistcoat. The plates show the large opening unchanged. For cold weather this does not seem the most comfortable thing, and the fact will very probably be recognized in many instances.

Some people never learn to walk alone. They always lean on some other one. They will never come to a decision until they have asked the advice of a friend. They do not trust their own judgment. Such persons never reach their best possibilities of character or achievement. The only way to grow strong is in the use of one's powers.

Personal to You

THERE is a large number of people in every locality to whom THE BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE would appeal were we able to place a copy in their hands.

If you will send us the names of any friends to whom we may send a sample copy we will mail them one of this month's issue.

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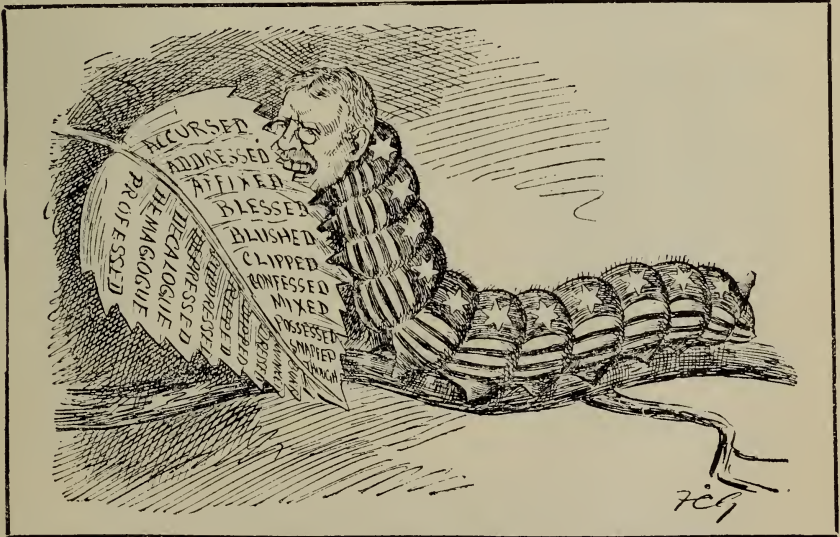
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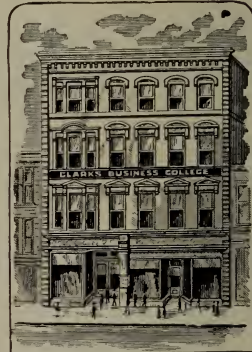
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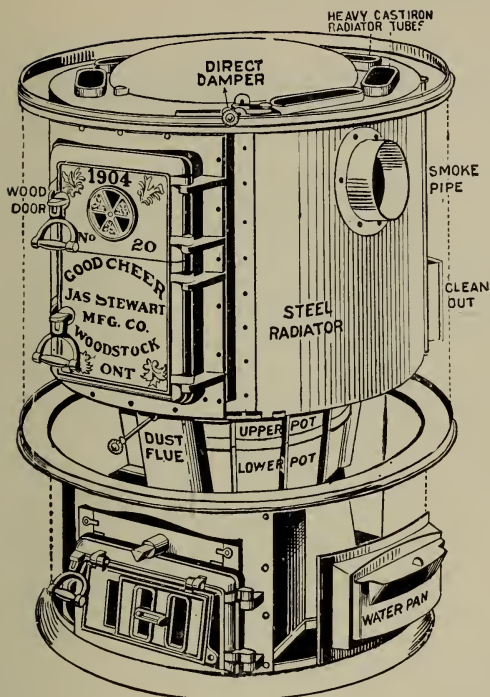
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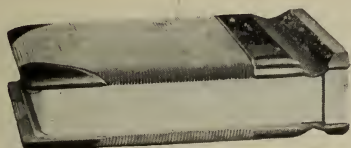
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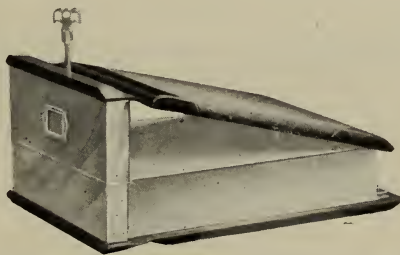
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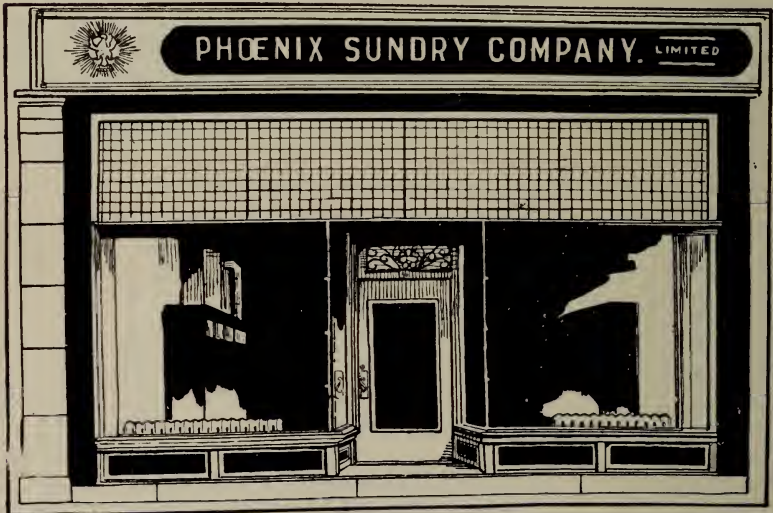
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THE BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

(Formerly "Business")

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Inside With the Publishers

With the present number the Busy Man's Magazine enters upon its second year of publication under its new management. The progress made during the past year has been remarkable, being without a parallel in the history of magazine publishing in this country. Each month it has been necessary to increase the run, owing to the larger calls for the magazine from the news stands and from the hundreds of new subscribers added monthly to the lists. The present issue is a very heavy one.

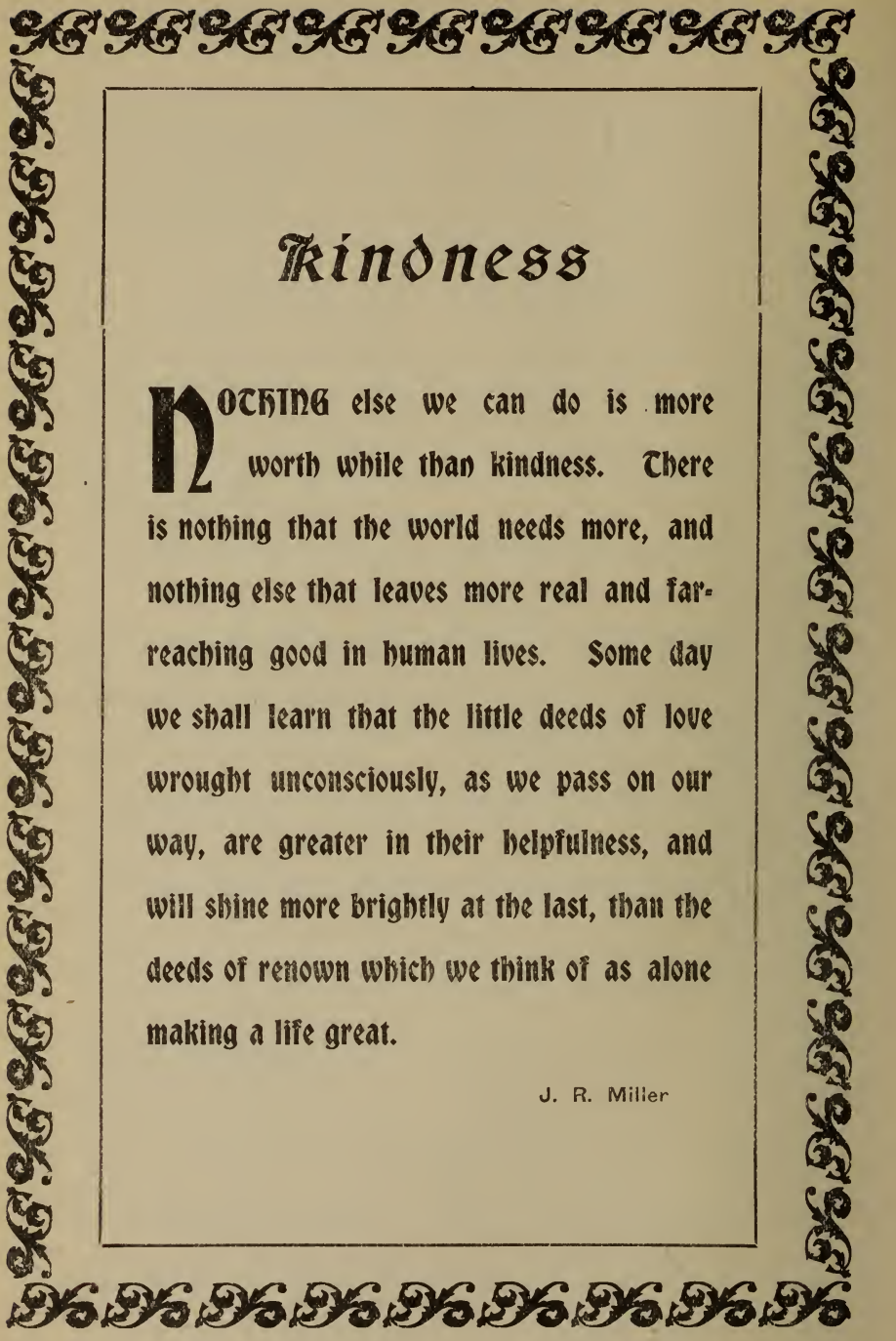


The editor of the Irish Monthly was very kind when he wrote his splendid appreciation of this magazine in a recent number of his publication. He said The Busy Man's Magazine "seems to realize the ideal that Mr. W. T. Stead proposed to himself better than Mr. Stead himself has done in his Review of Reviews. He, too, proposed to reproduce for busy people the cream of the world's magazines; but he is too original a man, he has too much of his own, to be merely a producer. Every page is sure to be studded with Steadisms. His magazine is not the less interesting for that, but it is the less able to give with adequate fullness the best articles of the periodicals of the previous month. The Busy Man's Magazine keeps more steadily to its purpose of reproducing for busy men and women the best articles from the current magazines of the world. The form, too, of the magazine is much more pleasant, of a convenient size and shape, and the type fairly large and readable."

Speaking of Christmas presents, might we not suggest the value of a year's subscription to this magazine? This magazine-giving idea was boomed considerably last year and we understand it took well. Consider the great class of fathers. How difficult it often is to discover something worth while to give to the head of the house! The fathers seem so well supplied with everything and yet mothers, aunts, uncles and children would like so much to give them some gift. Don't you think they would be pleased with the Busy Man's Magazine, coming monthly, and so delightfully supplementing their newspaper reading? And fathers are not the only class who would appreciate such a present. When in doubt, therefore, don't forget the Busy Man's Magazine.



We welcome criticisms and suggestions from our readers. The editorial mind is far from being infallible and mistakes are sometimes made, which we later regret. For instance, last month, we published an article, which appeared to us to be perfectly fair and impartial. One of our readers, however, felt hurt over it and wrote to explain why he disapproved of the article. This action, on his part, we take in a kindly way, for it lets us know wherein we have erred. In future we shall be enabled to shun this particular danger. How much better this is than for readers to keep silence and let us go on making similar mistakes.



Kindness

NOTHING else we can do is more worth while than kindness. There is nothing that the world needs more, and nothing else that leaves more real and far-reaching good in human lives. Some day we shall learn that the little deeds of love wrought unconsciously, as we pass on our way, are greater in their helpfulness, and will shine more brightly at the last, than the deeds of renown which we think of as alone making a life great.

J. R. Miller

THE BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

Vol. XIII.

NOVEMBER, 1906.

No. 1

How Science Aids Business

BY THOMAS A. EDISON IN SYSTEM.

Economy, efficiency, quality—to secure these three the business man is calling to his aid every possible instrument and science is his latest recruit. For years business men have been backward in availing themselves of the proffered assistance of science. To-day scientists are aiding industry in the elimination of waste in production, the utilization to the highest extent of power and the economy of human labor.

SCIENCE, first antagonized by commercial interests, is to-day the strong right arm of business progress. A business not conducted on a scientific basis, not having a knowledge of the scientific principles which are involved in it, cannot succeed to-day.

The revolution from antagonism to close intimacy has been remarkable—due more to persistent research and faith of scientists than to the acumen of business men. But to-day the business man does not and cannot stir without the aid of some factor of science.

Take his day's work; he rides to his work in an electric car; an elevator shoots him to his proper floor in the high building in which he works; if he wants a messenger, there is a call box within a few feet of his desk which will notify an agency miles away; he uses the telegraph, the telephone, the annunciator, without thinking—and only the discoveries of scientists have made them possible.

It took the business man a long

time to overcome his prejudice against the new, and, so far as he was concerned, the untried. Inventors must force their products upon him; and then he is constantly looking for faulty production, either in the machine itself or in its accomplishments. I have in mind one concern just now which has expended enormous sums of money trying to introduce one of its latest products. There is no question about its practical value or of its ultimate adoption; but two or three years will be required to make its manufacture a paying proposition—time consumed in arousing business men to the possibilities of this production.

And this backwardness, this stubbornness, is a more vital loss to business collectively than to the manufacturers of the new device. The profit which business men have lost through delay in the adoption of methods and devices now in common use can never be regained by them.

But business men are learning that science can aid them. I helped build the first type-writer that came out.

At that time I had a shop in Newark and a man from Milwaukee—a Mr. Sholes—came to me with a wooden model, which we finally got into working shape. Then came the waste of time and money before the typewriter was looked upon as useful. Now the business man sees that business on a modern scale would be impossible without the help of this little despised machine, based on scientific principles. The typewriter manufacturer eventually won back his initial loss. But how about the business man—the user?

Science comes much closer in its offer of help to the business man than merely in his use of mechanical devices. The two greatest industries of this country, which would be unnamed to-day were it not for science, prove this. The steel corporation would be only a number of scattered local furnaces and forges, the packing industry would still be made up of tens of thousands of little one-man shops—if it had not been for science, which in Pittsburg produces the best that is possible from the raw material of iron or coke or coal, and in Chicago works into some useful product every part of the animal. And to-day the steel companies and packing houses show their appreciation of science by their \$50,000-a-year laboratories—which the men in the shops may look upon as non-productive and expense-consuming, but which the owners know are the heart which pumps the life-blood of business—profit.

Science has its three great tasks marked out for it in the commercial world to-day: The elimination of waste in production, the utilization to the highest extent of power, and the economy of human labor—these are the chief problems in the development of business.

After capital is assured, the three great factors in production are material, labor, power, which form a link between the source of supply and the egress of the finished product. Science, in the laboratories, in the mine and field, at the loom and engine, is endeavoring to get more value out of these three links.

Every business man has his small problems to solve—concrete adaptations of these three great problems to his own business. He needs science to tell him what coal is the best for his use; what ingredients to use in his product to make it wear; how to treat his wood to give it quality; how to handle his process to save human labor; how to turn into profit his many wastes. The individual business man needs the aid of science here as does the business world in its bigger problems.

The next question then is: How shall the business man use science to the betterment of his business—to secure economy, efficiency and quality?

Many manufacturing houses, among which I have mentioned the steel companies and the packing houses, have permanent departments and employ a force of finely educated scientists with costly equipments, whose sole object it is to make improvements in the product and in the processes of manufacture, to test materials, and lower production costs.

There are perhaps few business houses which can afford a department of this kind, yet many could pay the salary of a chemist, and make a good profit over and above, by employing his trained mind and observation in their business. And those still smaller could find their efficiency greatly increased if they could from time to time take the problems which are arising in their business to a scientist for solution.

A toy manufacturing concern in New England whose output is far under a half million dollars employs all of one chemist's time—and he has saved many times over his salary by his experiments with and watchfulness over the paints, paper and wood which the concern uses in its manufacture.

Before the age of industrial development the scientist could give his time to the Nebular theory, tracing wandering stars, to alchemy and to horoscopes. But to-day the demands made upon his time and strength call him directly into the field of productive action.

Mrs. Casey's Dollar

BY ELLIS PARKER BUTLER IN SUCCESS MAGAZINE

When Mrs. Casey accepted the job of cleaning the windows of the single passenger coach of the English Valley Railway Company, she had no idea what troubles lay before her. In Mr. Simon Yoder, president of the company, she discovered an imperturable obstacle. His system held back her pay for months and finally discovered a way to refuse it altogether. But Mrs. Casey was undaunted and in the end she got her dollar.

MR. Simon Yoder, president of the English Valley Railway Co., stood on the station platform and looked at the company's only passenger coach. He was feeling particularly pleased with himself, for, as president of the West English Cheese Factory, he had just made a contract for the sale of the factory's entire output of cheese, and, as president of the West English Bank, he had bought a couple of mortgage notes that would undoubtedly have to be foreclosed, making about two hundred per cent. for the bank. For a year or more the conductor had wanted the car windows cleaned, but President Yoder was not an extravagant man.

"If somebody wants to look out of those car windows," he would say, "it ain't no use to. It ain't much to see out at. I can't afford window washings when round trips to Kilo is only one dollar. One dollar only pays for ridings; it don't pay for scenerys."

Therefore Peter Geis, the conductor, fell off the station platform

and skinned the palms of his hands on the cinders when he heard President Yoder's instructions.

"Them windows is too smutty, already, Geis," he said, smoothing his shiny Prince Albert coat over his plump stomach. "Decent rail-ways don't have such smutty windows. To-morrow get them windows cleaned up good."

Mrs. Casey was glad to get the job. She was at the car on time next morning, with pail and rags and soap, and went to work. At six thirty the car, preceded by the engine, pulled out from the station on its trip to Kilo, and all the way down and back Mrs. Casey scrubbed and polished, and when the train pulled into West English station the job was done, and she was ready to hurry uptown and collect the dollar, for her son Mike, five years old and freckled like a guinea hen, was lying in his bed at home because Dugan's goat had eaten his pants, and he was due at school, at one o'clock, to speak the "Charge of the Light Brigade" in the grand closing ex-

ercises of the year and term, and Edmiston, the general-store man, was having a sale of boys' pants at ninety-eight cents, marked down from one fifty.

As the car stopped she jumped



"Marked down from one fifty."

from the step and ran up the street toward the bank, to find President Yoder and collect the dollar.

Edmiston, as she passed, was taking down the special sale sign.

"Aw! Mистер Edmiston," she coaxed, "wud ye but lave th' sign be till I run up t' th' bank an' git wan dollar Mистер Yoder is owin' t' me, that's th' 'dear man? I'm

wantin' a pair o' thim ninety-eight cent pants fer Mike. He ain't got no pants at all."

Edmiston continued to take down the sign.

"That's all right," he said. "How old is Mike? Five? I'll put aside a pair of five-year-olds for you."

Mrs. Casey hurried off. She was round and weighty and to hurry made her gasp and groan. When she reached the bank the president was not there. She went to Yoder's house. Mrs. Yoder said he had gone out to the cheese factory. Mrs. Casey panted out to the cheese factory. She found Mr. Yoder sadly picking up pieces of a cheese that had fallen off the scales and broken.

"Will ye give me th' dollar fer th' cle'nin' of th' car, Mистер Yoder?" she gasped. "An' quick, fer Mike's in bed, him havin' no pants t' his name, an' 't is goin' on twelve o'clock this minute, an' school takin' up at wan o'clock."

Mr. Yoder dropped a piece of the cheese, he was so startled. Not in fifty years had any one been so rash as to ask him for money suddenly.

"Ach!" he cried, angrily. "Now see! That piece of cheese ain't hardly good for fish baits! She's gone to nothings, already. People don't ask for money so sudden. That ain't business. I don't like giving my money to spend so quick; that ain't no decent way to treat money."

Mrs. Casey glared at him.

"An' phwat is it t' you, anny-how?" she asked, with equal anger. "'T is me own money. Wud ye hev Mike spakin' th' Charge of the Light Brigade' stark naked, loike wan av thim Feejee haythin? Give me th' dollar, Mистер Yoder."

Mr. Yoder bent down and picked

up a cheese remnant. He dusted it carefully with his plump hand.

"So!" he said, mildly. "I ain't paying out for the railroad company, Missus Casey. I ain't the railroad company, already. I ain't but President. I ain't so much yet. ain't got all the say. Them directors, they got a say, too. They pass on bills. You must send in a bill, yet. So is it—you must send in a bill for that dollar." He went on dusting the cheese.

Mrs. Casey put her hands on her hips and swore with her eyes. Oaths snapped in her red hair, and profanity glowed on her brow.

"A bill," she cried. "A bill! An ivry blissid moment Edmiston's raisin' up th' price av pants from ninety-eight cints t' wan fifty, beyond th' reach av me, an' Mike weepin' his eyes out wid you a sthandin' here wipin' th' mud off a chunk av chase not fit for a pig to ate an' shoutin' at th' top av yer voice fer me t' mek out a bill!" Oh, thank ye, Misther Prisdint Yoder!" lowering her voice to her most biting sarcastic tone. "An' do ye think, Misther Prisdint Yoder, I carry me pen an' ink an' me day book an' ledger an' me journal an' writin' desk an' blotty paper whiniver I go washin' windys? 'T is in haste I am, Misther Prisdint Yoder, if ye plaze, fer Mike's pants was entirely et up by Dugan's goat, includin' the suspinders—"

Mr. Yoder calmly raised another piece of cheese from the floor and began picking dust specks from it.

"It does no good to talk so much, already," he said. "Talk is nothings; hurry up is nothings; pants is nothings! Nothings is nothings! I was not eating up Mike's pants yet. Pants make no difference with railroad companies. Pants has not to

do with bills. So it must be, always—a bill! Such is the system—a bill! Always it is—a bill."

Mrs. Casey folded her arms and eyed him sarcastically.

"Th' prisdint av th' railroad," she said, slowly. "An' th' prisdint av th' bank! An' th' prisdint av th' chaze factory! requesting a ledy to mek out a bill fer th' tremendous sum of wan dollar! Much oblige t' ye, sor! A bill I will mek, but let me say wan worrud—There be niggers an' they be black; an' there be injuns an' they be dhirty animals; an' there be Frinch, an' Rooshuns, an' Eyetalians, an' all th' races av min thet kem out av Noah's ark two by two, an' some of thim be dang mean, but whin th' divil created th' combination av a railyroad prisdint an' a Pennsylvany Doothman he bruck the record! Good day t' ye!"

The air of her departure was magnificent. She had the spiritual presence of rustling silks and glittering diamonds, but her high-uptilted nose was a plain, mad pug.

President Yoder looked at her unmoved, and then turned to the cheese.

"Too bad!" he said, with real sorrow. "Man can't hardly sell such busted cheese for nothings."

Mrs. Casey was as quick to recover her cheerfulness as she was to get in a temper, and in ten minutes she was herself again. She let Mike sit up in a cane rocker with a blue gingham apron tied around his waist, and she wrote her bill with a stubby pencil on a sheet of blue-lined note paper that Mike had once brought home from school to use in writing a specimen letter describing an imaginary vacation, but had spoiled.

The bill when completed read—

thanks to Mike's essay at a letter—as follows :

"Dear Teacher, i had a very nice vacat—(big blot)—ion. i plade with (big blot) Mr. Yoder oes me one dollar for washin ear windys Mary Casey."

She hurried with it to the office of the railroad company on the second floor of the bank building. She climbed the iron outside stairs, and tried the door. It was closed and locked, and she sat herself down on the top step and waited. At a quarter of one she heard the school bell ring, and she wept; at one minute of one she heard the "last" bell ring, and she dried her eyes. At one there was the single stroke of the "tardy" bell, and she set her teeth and clenched her fists.

It was five minutes after one when President Yoder ascended the stairs. Mrs. Casey stood majestically aside to let him unlock the door, drawing her skirt carefully away from him. This was intended to sting him to the heart with her contempt.

She followed him in, and stood beside his desk while he took off his hat and seated himself, and then, with the air of injured innocence playing a trump, she laid the bill on the desk before him, and folded her arms.

Mr. Yoher put his spectacles on his nose carefully and picked up the sheet of paper. He read it; read it again; frowned and looked a question at Mrs. Casey, who was standing glaring down at him.

"What is it?" he asked, puzzled. "I don't know what is it?"

"'Tis th' bill!" said Mrs. Casey. "So?" he asked, drawing the word out long and thin. "The bill? So-o! It is the bill?"

He lifted it and creased his forehead into wrinkles.

"'Dear teacher,'" he read, slowly spelling out the words, "'I had a very nice vacation.'—What is it, Missus Casey? It is no bills."

Mrs. Casey's nose trembled like an offended rabbit's.

"Rade on!" she said, coldly.

Mr. Yoder took up the paperagain.

"I—I— p-l-a-d-e, played with—"

Mrs. Casey leaned forward.

"Th' bill commences t' begin there,' she hissed. There was but one sibilant in the sentence, but she made it hiss for all the six words.

"'Misther Yoder'" he read, "'o-e-s, owes, me, one, dollar, for, wash, in, windys, Mary, Casey.'" "

"An' so ye do," said Mrs. Casey.

"No," said Mr. Yoder, "I owe nothings. The railway company owes—mebby. Make a new bills—English Valley Railway Company, so!"

He handed her a sheet of paper. It was a hand bill, printed on one side with a sale notice, with a picture of a fat cow. Mr. Yoder did not waste things. Mrs. Casey took the paper and leaned over the desk. She put the heel of one foot on the ankle of the other and began to write.

"And, say!" said Mr. Yoder. "Don't put in such about 'Dear teachers,' and all. I ain't undstanding those 'Dear teachers,' anyhow. Such makes nothings any better. Leave it out. So much writings use up my pencils too much and ain't no use."

He took the bill when Mrs. Casey had completed it and looked at it approvingly. Then he folded it up and put it in the pigeonhole marked "Bills." The pigeonhole was so full he had to squeeze its contents down to make room for the new-comer. Then he smiled.

"Good!" he said, with satisfaction. "So is it all right once."

Mrs. Casey did not smile at this pleasantry. "I am waitin' fer th' dollar," she said, coldly. Mr. Yoder shook his head.

"It is not so bills is paid, yet," he explained. "Railroads run by systems." Without systems could there be no railroads; everything busts up like cheeses. So is there systems, already. So is there time tables, and rates, and rebates, and all systems. Everywhere is systems. For everythings is some systems. And for bills is systems, too."

"'Twas not fer systems I kem here, Misther Yoder," said Mrs. Casey, "but fer wan dollar t' buy pants fer Mike, him bein' half naked wid Dugan's goat eatin' th' pants off him, an' Edmiston hodin' out a pair fer ninety-eight cints while I git th' dollar. I give not wan dang fer yer systems, Misther Yoder! If I hed twinty systems Mike cud not wear thim on th' bae legs av him."

"Business is business," said Mr. Yoder, slowly. "And, in railroads, systems is business. Such is the systems—You give me a bill, yes; here is the bill filed, yes. Comes the first of the month, and so is the bill sent to Stein, the conductor, for 'O.K.,' already, yes. Then comes the bill for my 'O.K.,' yes. Then, next month is the board of directors meeting and comes the bill to vote, yes. When the directors vote 'yes,' goes the bill by the auditor, yes. Next makes out the auditor a voucher, yes. Goes the voucher to the cashier, yes. And then," he said, bringing the flat of his hand impressively down on his desk, "if is so much money by the treasury, is the bill paid! So is the system. Nothing changes such a systems. Always is it the same. Not for

nothings is the systems changed. Not for nobody at all. Always, always, always is the system!"

Mrs. Casey's face had been growing longer and longer. Hope departed and bewilderment came.

"An' whin—whin, sor, kin I be expectin' t' receive th' arrival av th' dollar, Misther Yoder?" she faltered.

Mr. Yoder raised his eyebrows and shoulders. He was kind, even cheerful, but indefinite.

"Now is but June," he said. "June! Hah! June! Say—say



"So is it,—you must send in a bill."

December. Not after December. Such systems is not fast, no; but sure, yes."

Mrs. Casey turned and walked straight to the door. She went out. Mr. Yoder picked up the old bill from where it had fallen on the floor and, tearing off the strip at the bottom on which Mrs. Casey had not written, put the unused part carefully away for future use. A hundredth of a penny saved is a hundredth of a penny earned. Mrs. Casey put her head in at the door.

"Dacimber!" she cried. Daycim-

ber!" "'T will be plisint fer Mike wid no pants in Dacimber! If the lad catches pneumonia in his bare legs by it I'll hev th' law on yer illegant system! Remimber that, Misther Prisidint Yoder!"

She went down the steps, and at the bottom she glanced sideways toward Edmiston's store, across the street, and hurried on, for on his ledger Edmiston had an old, old account against Mary Casey, and across it, in violet ink that pretended to be black, was written "N.-G.". When she had money in hand Mrs. Casey did not bear Edmiston ill will because she owed him that outlawed account. She was willing to let bygones be bygones and forget the old account; but when she had no money the old account accused her, and she felt guilty, and always avoided him as much as she could.

"Hey!" called Edmiston, "Hey, Mrs. Casey!"

Her impulse was to hurry on, but she could not pretend ignorance of that voice. It was loud enough to call home a deaf cow from the next county. She hesitated, and crossed the street, formulating her excuse as she went.

"Th' ould cheese-rind av a Yoder," she began, but Edmiston interrupted her with a laugh.

"Wouldn't pay? I thought so. He has to hug a dollar for a month or two before he kisses it good-by. I was thinking I ought to have this store cleaned up—shelves scrubbed, walls washed—wonder if you would do it for me?"

"Wud I do it?" cried Mrs. Casey. "Ah, you're th' swate gentleman as iver was, Misther Edmiston! Lave me but git me pail from me shanty—"

"Not to-day," said Edmiston;

"nor to-morrow, that's market day. Say Monday. And here's the boy's pants you spoke for. They can come out of the—"

Mrs. Casey did not wait to hear.

"Hivin' bliss ye, Misther Edmiston!" she cried, grasping his hand. "If there be room fer another saint in hivin, wid them so crowded already, sure 'twill be Saint Edmiston av West English! 'Tis th' patron saint av widdys an' orphans ye be sellin' wan fifty pants fer ninety-eight cints, an' takin' thim out in worruk, an' nivr sayin' th' worrud 'system,' which was invinted be th' divil t' oppress th' laborin' man. Thank ye, sor, an' much oblige t' ye, an' if ye wor th' divil himself I wud say th' same."

Mike's clothing in summer consisted of two items: I., shirt, and II., pants. The quickest he had ever dressed was one day when he was swimming when he should have been in school, and saw his mother coming over the hill with a barrel stave in her hand; but he dressed quicker when Mrs. Casey got home with the new pants, for there were two of them, Mrs. Casey and Mike. He was buttoning the top button of his shirt as he took his seat in the schoolroom, "tardy" but "present," and it did not matter, for there was no "next day" to bring retribution.

The long vacation passed, and the autumn months, and the first of December came, but no dollar came to Mrs. Casey from the English Valley Railway Company. On the second she went up to collect the dollar.

"We don't owe nothings," said Mr. Yoder, calmly. "All is settled up, already."

Mrs. Casey wrapped her shawl around her and stood like a statue of Ireland defying the Dutch. She

was mad at the Dutch, but she had expected to be mad, and she was glad to be able to be. It was almost worth a dollar.

"Such a bill for one dollar, it was passed 'O.K.' by the systems," said Mr. Yoder. "Stein makes his 'O.K.' on that bill. I make my 'O.K.' on that bill. The board of directors they vote 'yes' and 'O.K.' that bill. The auditor makes a voucher for that bill. All is done as the systems says, already. Then comes the voucher by the cashier. Such is the beauty of a systems! 'Shall I pay?' says the cashier. 'First look does Mrs. Casey owe somethings,' says the systems. 'When she don't owe somethings, then pay.'"

He paused to let the wonder of system work into her soul, but her soul was so full of anger there was no room for wonder.

"So!" said Yoder. "He looks. He finds on such ledgers a bill against Mrs. Casey for one dollar. So is all squared up, already. The company owes nothings; Mrs. Casey owes nothings. All is even."

"A bill agin Missus Casey fer wan dollar!" cried Mrs. Casey. "An' fer phwat, may I kindly ask, does Missus Casey owe th' railroad, I dunno!"

"For riding on the cars," said Mr. Yoder, blandly. "Such costs is for round trips to Kilo. Nobody rides for nothings, yet. One dollar, round trip to Kilo; so everybody pays. such a round trips you took when cleaning the car windows, already. One way is sixty cents, but I ain't so mean. I ain't charging one twenty. You had a right to buy a round-trip ticket, but I ain't so awful mean, I say let it be for a round trip, anyway. Just one dollar."

Mrs. Casey did not stop to argue. She went down the stairs and across the street and up another flight to

the court of justice of the peace. The case came up promptly, for it was not a busy time.

"Now when did you clean the windows?" asked the justice, when the case was called.

"'Twas awn th' tinth av June," said Mrs. Casey, positively.

The justice of the peace looked at her sternly.

"Be careful!" he cautioned her. "Be careful! How—how, Mrs. Casey, do you fix that date in your mind? How can you be so sure of the date of a trifling event that occurred so long ago?"

"An' cud I iver fergit ut?" she asked, angrily. "An' wasn't it Mike's birthday? An' him in bed th' day on account av Dugan's goat havin' et his pants, which was hangin' on th' line, me havin' washed th' day before because th' nixt day was th', last day of school, an' Mike goin' t' spake th' Charge av th' Light Brigade', an' who iver heard of spakin' th' 'Charge av the Light Brigade' wid no pants on? Mebby some does, yer honor, but no Casey does, or will, an' shame t' ye t' think it, yer honor. A Casey's as good as the nixt wan."

The justice of the peace rubbed his whiskers thoughtfully and frowned at Mrs. Casey.

"That sounds like contempt of court," he said. "At least, it is almost contempt of court. You talk so fast I can't tell whether it is or not. If it was, I'd fine you. Next time speak slower."

The defence had a lawyer. He was old Sim Mobray.

"Judge," he said, trembling on his legs, but with the noble frown he had cultivated for fifty years, "this woman has no case. We are prepared to prove, first, she never washed the car windows of the Eng-

lish Valley Railroad; second, that she did such a poor job that she is not entitled to pay; and third, that the railroad has an equal counter-claim against her. I—I think, Judge, you should advise this woman to go home and attend to her daily round of household duties. What is nobler, your honor, than to see the noble women of our glorious land attending to their household duties? And—now, mark me!—what is less womanly, more degrading than to see woman, the noblest and fairest of God's creatures, meddling



"He lifted it and creased his forehead into wrinkles."

with the law and seeking to pervert its grand institutions to the base purpose of wringing an unearned sum from the defenseless and—oppressed English Valley Railway Company, duly incorporated under the laws of the state of Iowa?"

"Oh, pshaw!" exclaimed the justice, "she did the work. Everybody in town talked about it. You know that."

"Our counter-claim," said Sim Mobray, "is that she rode from West English to Kilo and back, the fare for which trip is one dollar."

"An' did I want t' go?" asked Mrs. Casey, bitterly. "Wud anny one want t' tour th' land in th' ould pig sty av a car that did not hev t'? 'Twas thim dragged me away, yer honor, without sayin', 'by yer leave, ma'am.'"

The justice nodded.

"Sim," he said, "Yoder'd better pay up this dollar. You ain't got no case at all. As I understand the law it's dead agin you. First, this woman was an employee and she was entitled to the ride. Second, if you charge her for the riding, she can charge you back with mileage for the same amount. And third, if you get sassy about it, she can sue you for abduction for carrying her, too, when she didn't want to go, and, I tell you, abducting a widow ain't no joke. I never knowed anybody to abduct a widow yet that wasn't sorry for it. I don't know the law on it, but I guess it's pretty stiff. I guess I will just grant judgment for one dollar and interest agin the railroad, and tax it for the costs."

Mrs. Casey waited expectantly for the dollar and interest. The light of triumph was in her eyes, but Sim Mobray knew his client. He gave formal notice that the case would be carried to a higher court, but, a week later, when the sheriff levied on the rolling stock of the English Valley Railway Company, Mr. Yoder, assisted by the remarks of the people, ordered the cashier to pay Mrs. Casey one dollar and five cents.

"Wan dollar!" said Mrs. Casey, when the round silver disk was laid in her hand. "Wan dollar! An' there be th' dint in it av Prisidint Yoder's fingers from holdin' onto it so harrud! An' t' think Prisidint George Washin'ton wance t'rew a

dollar acrost th' Pat-o-mack River fer nawthin' but th' fun av throwin'! Shure, there be prisidints an' prisidints! An' foive cints intrist!"

She shook her head over the unfathomable ways of capital and corporations.

"Foive cints! Well, annyhow, there be oil trusts an' no wan kin down thim; an' there be railyroad trusts an' no wan kin do annything to thim; an' there be beef trusts an'

no wan kin hurrut their feelin's; an' there be systems av foinance in Wall Street an' no wan kin mek them wink wan eye, but not wan av thim all knows th' knowledge av keepin' toight hold av a cint acquil t' Prisdint Yoder, av West English, and a Casey got wan dollar an' foive cints out av him! Wan hunderd an' foive cints! Sure, 'twill take wan hunderd an' foive years off th' ind av his loife!"

The Business Mayor of Scranton

BY HAROLD J. HOWLAND IN THE OUTLOOK

After a long and bitter struggle, J. Benjamin Dimmick became the Mayor of Scranton. His platform was purely and simply the promise of a sound business administration. Mr. Dimmick was interested in several important local industries and his success in these was a guarantee that anything he put his hand to would prosper. So far his administration has been all that could be desired.

THE mayor of the City of Scranton, in the State of Pennsylvania, a few weeks after his election, took the twelve o'clock express for New York. The porter, an old acquaintance, ushered him to his place in the parlor car with his accustomed greeting:

"Here's your seat Mr. Dimmick."

On the return journey, made by coincidence in the same car, the salutation was slightly changed:

"Here's your seat, Mr. Mayor," with a lingering emphasis on the title. In the smoking compartment a little later the porter offered an explanation.

"I didn't know you was our Mayor, Mr. Dimmick. Folks said it was you, but I said, 'No, it ain't. Our Mr. Dimmick's a gentleman. He goes around tending to his own business. He ain't no politician.'"

However hard the antithesis may bear on the rank and file of America's governing class, it contains an

apt characterization of Scranton's new Mayor, Mr. J. Benjamin Dimmick. There are two points in it that need emphasis. First, Mr. Dimmick is not a politician; his experience in public life is limited to something less than a year's membership of the Board of School Control twenty years ago; and his methods are not those that are in common use in political life to-day. Second, the man who attends to his own business, and who is now attending to the city's business as if it were his own, and as if it were a real business to be governed by business rules and business principles.

Scranton is a city of one hundred and twenty-five thousand people, situated in the Lackawanna valley of north-eastern Pennsylvania. It is the centre of the great anthracite coal region, and one of the principal distributing points for coal. It has large manufacturing interests and is an im-

portant centre for general trade. To the surprise of the uninformed visitor who had thought of it as a magnified mining town, dingy, dirty, and rough, it has many beautiful streets and fine public buildings. The County Court-House, the City Hall, the Young Men's Christian Association building, the High School, the Public Library, and two hospitals are excellent specimens of public architecture. The location within the city limits of a score of coal mines, with their towering breakers and their huge black culm piles, built up to a height of seventy or eighty feet by the refuse from the breakers, gives a unique and picturesque aspect to the city when seen from a neighboring height.

The population of Scranton has two significant elements, one of which certainly, the other probably, has an influence on the character of its public life. Its laboring class is made up of many nationalities. The churches of a city are perhaps as good an index as any of the racial composition of its population; Scranton has churches in bewildering variety, including the usual churches of the average American city, Episcopal, Presbyterian, Baptist, Catholic; and in addition Italian Protestant and Catholic churches, Hungarian, Slav, German, Welsh, even the Greek Orthodox. In so heterogeneous a working population the opportunities for corrupt politics are unlimited; the problem of arousing the public conscience is correspondingly hard. The other element is intimately associated with the history of the city. Scranton was founded and settled by New Englanders, as was much of the territory around it. The northern section of Pennsylvania was originally a part of Connecticut, and it took

years of warfare and arbitration to establish Pennsylvania's claim to it shortly after the close of the Revolution. But its people retained New England characteristics, very different from those of the Quaker inhabitants of Philadelphia and the Pennsylvania Dutch of Harrisburg. It is perhaps not too great a stretch of probability to attribute—as was suggested to me by a prominent Scranton clergyman—the movement for civic improvement, represented by the activities of the Municipal League and the nomination and election of Mayor Dimmick, at least in part, to the persistence of the New England spirit and New England ideals.

For many years Scranton has been politically under the control of one family and the Republican machine dominated by the head of that family. It has had the kind of political government (using the adjective in the debased sense which has become its most usual one) too common among the cities of the country to need description. The administration of the city's affairs had not become notoriously rotten. It had not reached the low estate of New York when it was under the control of a Croker who "was working for his own pocket all the time," or of Cincinnati under a Cox, or of Philadelphia under a Durham. But the time-worn motto, "To the victor belong the spoils," with the corollaries which custom has clustered around it, had the force of an unwritten charter supreme among the written instruments of the city's government. A mayor or a councilman or the director of a municipal department was held to owe his first allegiance to the men or the machine that had given him his place. To sum it up, I must return to the word politi-

cal, with the unwholesome suggestions which that word so generally implies.

The impulse which started the movement resulting in Mr. Dimmick's election came from the Scranton Municipal League, which had been working during several years for the improvement of conditions in municipal affairs. A meeting at luncheon of a score of prominent citizens evolved the suggestion of an independent movement to give the city a clean, efficient administration. Mr. Dimmick was proposed as the leader of the movement; the proposal was heartily approved. As he expressed it to me, "It was put up to me. I had been criticising the existing state of affairs for twenty years, and I felt it was time for me to 'fish, cut bait, or go ashore.'" He felt that a duty confronted him, and he accepted. It was agreed that he should decide whether he should run as an independent candidate or try to get a regular party nomination.

The group of citizens immediately went to work to secure support for Mr. Dimmick's candidacy. Petitions were circulated in all parts of the city, and as fast as they were signed they were sent to him. These petitions read as follows:

"The undersigned citizens and electors of the City of Scranton, without distinction of party, realizing the desirability of eliminating as far as possible baneful political influence from the administration of the city government, and of securing a purely business conduct of its affairs, and having confidence in your ability to promote these ends, request you to permit the use of your name as candidate for the office of mayor at the forthcoming municipal election."

The petitions bore several thousand names, amounting to a sub-

stantial proportion of the total number of votes cast at the last city election. Some of Mr. Dimmick's supporters advised an independent ticket, but he, realizing that it was his business to be elected, and strongly urged by other and perhaps more practical friends, registered his name, as required by law, as a candidate for nomination at the Republican primaries.

Mr. Dimmick's nomination was opposed by the machine, who put up the director of public safety in the then existing administration, Mark K. Edgar. Literally at the eleventh hour of the last day for registering candidates, however, Mr. Edgar's name was withdrawn, and that of William Corless, the warden of the county jail, and a thoroughgoing labor man, was substituted. The purpose of the move was obvious. Mr. Dimmick was a rich man and an officer in corporations; if the labor sentiment could be aroused against him, he might be beaten. Then began a strenuous campaign for the nomination.

In attempting to give some idea of Mr. Dimmick's personality and his qualifications for the office which, in response to the popular command, he was seeking, I cannot do better than to quote from the Scranton Times, the Democratic newspaper of the city:

"A gentleman of wealth, of culture, of public spirit, courteous, amiable, dignified; a successful business man. He is president of the Lackawanna Trust and Safe Deposit Co., and of the Scranton Lace Curtain Co., and is interested in a number of important local industries and charities. He is a Republican in politics, but has never been even indirectly connected with any political machine."

The platform on which he sought the nomination was simple and direct: First and foremost, a business administration as opposed to a political administration; the recognition of merit in the holders of positions in the city government and the rewarding it with security and permanency; the distribution, on a safe, proper, and equitable basis, among the various financial institutions of the city, of all public funds, and the securing to the city on all such deposits of the interest which had formerly been a perquisite of the treasurer's office; the laying of sewers wherever investigation showed the need for them; better construction, maintenance, and cleaning of the city's streets; extension and improvement of the park system; the effort to secure the equitable taxation of franchises and public utilities. These were some of the special objects that he would try to accomplish; but, above all and embracing all, he promised a business administration.

It was a vigorous campaign; Mr. Dimmick spoke at meetings every noon and every night, going from one end of the city to the other. The machine fought him hard, for a mayor who should eliminate politics from his programme would be disastrous for their organization. They attacked him as a bluestocking, an aristocrat, a corporation man, an enemy of labor. The labor argument they used freely, for his opponent was a member of a labor union and well known as an advocate of union methods. But Mr. Dimmick had for twelve years been an employer of labor in the curtain factory of which he was president; he had never had a fight with the union; he was known to be what union men call a "fair" employer. When these facts became

known, the labor argument lost most of its force.

In the districts where the foreigners lived he was denounced as a man who had no use for foreigners or for any one who was not a New Englander, or a rich man, or an aristocrat. But Frank Hummler, the vice-president of the Lackawanna Trust Co., tells with a twinkle in his blue eye how he quickly stilled that cry by a speech in a very German district where it had been most loudly uttered. Speaking in German, he said:

"They say Mr. Dimmick has no use for foreigners and common people. Fifteen years ago I came into the office of the Lackawanna Trust Co. looking for a job. I was a raw German lad without money and without friends. He was the manager of that company. If he'd been the kind of man they say he is, he wouldn't have had much use for me. But he gave me a job, and kept me in spite of the advice of some of his associates. And to-day I hold the position that he held then."

But I think the personality of the man must have been the best reply to the things they said against him. He went among the people simply and freely and told them straight what he wanted to do. I'm sure they must have believed him.

Anyhow, when the primaries were over, he had won by over two thousand votes in a total of 10,600. One fight was over, but another was yet to begin.

The campaign for the election was no less vigorous than for the nomination. The Democratic candidate was a thoroughgoing politician, Honest John Gibbons, whose allegiance to his party had been tempered during many years by his loyalty to the Republican boss. He controlled

a group of voters who were said to be always at the disposal of that gentleman when he was personally in a fight.

The Republican machine, as soon as the primaries were over, allied itself heartily and actively with Mr. Dimmick's forces. But again the alliance was made without pledge or promise from the candidate. The machine allied itself with Mr. Dimmick, in that it accepted him as its candidate; but he did not ally himself with the machine in the sense of assuming any obligations to it.

Mr. Dimmick made a whirlwind campaign on his simple platform, going directly to the people and asking their support because he promised them business methods in the administration of the public affairs. The result at the polls was close, but business won by a little less than a thousand votes. The total vote was nearly nineteen thousand, an increase of more than forty-five hundred votes over the previous election—a striking witness to the interest aroused by the novel issue.

After the election, Mr. Dimmick, as one of his close friends expressed it to me, "showed his good sense by going away." He went to his camp in the Adirondaacks, where he might consider, free from interruption and solicitation, the appointments to his cabinet which he must make on taking office. He returned only a week before his inauguration, but found there was still plenty of time for applications and suggestions. He discovered that either the politicians had not understood him, or else they believed that he could not stand the pressure when it was skillfully applied. And it was applied with all the skill and force of the veteran politician. It included pressure of the hardest kind for a man to with-

stand—pressure from his friends. It took the form, too, of an appeal to ambition. It was suggested that, with the machine behind him, he might become the boss of Lackawanna County, that he might even aspire to the Governorship of the State. They did not realize how little such baits could tempt him. It was doubly hard to go his own way because the man they wanted in a prominent position in the administration would probably have filled the position well. There was nothing against him personally; but he represented organized machine politics, and Mr. Dimmick had promised to have none of that in his administration. It was a hard thing to do, but he carried it through. He made his appointments to suit himself, and they seem to be considered good ones.

So he began his administration, trying to run it as he had run the two corporations which he heads, efficiently and honestly. He promptly carried out his pledge with regard to the city funds by dividing them among the financial institutions of the city. He secured the payment of the interest on them into the city treasury instead of into the city treasurer's pocket, or perhaps the pocket of some one "higher up." It brought a protest from the bank that had held the bulk of the city money, for it made a big hole in its deposits. But it was right, and he had promised to do it. With his director of public works he began to look into the question of clean streets, or rather dirty ones, for that kind predominated. To make them cleaner they tried the simple expedient of making every man on the force do a day's work for a day's pay. It was revolutionary, for under a political administration a good

many city employes substitute a day's work at the polls (or, more likely, a few minutes' work) for a good many days' work at their jobs. It weeded out a lot of men who couldn't measure up to the new standard, but it cleaned the streets.

He introduced civil service methods into the police and fire departments. Three prominent citizens were prevailed upon to act as an examining board for applicants. The examinations were not complex—reading, writing, and speaking good English, the elements of arithmetic, knowledge of the city. They were, of course, supplemented by the usual physical tests. It was simple, but it insured better men for the forces on which the safety of the people depended.

He eliminated politics from the police force. In other days the men were instructed how they should vote; they were used to make house-to-house canvasses in favor of the machine candidates; under the new regime they were told that they might vote as they pleased, but that they would better not display too much political activity. He let it be understood that merit and fitness were to be the tests of employes in all the departments; any one who did the work he was supposed to do efficiently and well was sure of his place. And the men seemed to like the idea. But incompetents he had no use for, no matter what their politics or affiliations. He said to me, in the course of a conversation

at his Lake Placid camp, "Many good citizens feel that a man who is old or crippled or otherwise incapacitated for efficient work might better be hired by the city to do as much as he can than be supported in an almshouse. The theory is as fallacious as can be."

The problems that are present in almost every city—those connected with the liquor traffic—existed in Scranton under two forms: the illegal sale of liquor on Sunday and the existence of unlicensed saloons or "speak-easies." Both practices being unlawful, there was nothing to do, under a business administration, but to put an end to them. The police, infused with the new spirit, went diligently to work, and convictions for both offenses began to increase. Curiously enough, Mayor Dimmick found that the reputable saloon-keepers were with him in this work. It is natural that they should want the "speak-easies" shut up, for their competition hurt the business of the regular saloons, while they bore no part of the taxation. In the matter of Sunday selling, however, it is generally assumed that the saloon-keeper wants to keep open every day in the year. But liquor men came to the mayor and told him they wanted to close on Sunday, so that they might have a day with their families; but they couldn't do it if their competitors didn't close too. If a man shut his saloon while the place on the opposite corner kept open, he would soon lose most of his regular customers to his rivals.

The London District Messenger Boy

BY W. B. NORTHPROP IN THE ROYAL

This highly entertaining account of the duties which fall to the lot of the London district messenger boy is well worth reading. To-day there is scarcely a field of domestic or professional work in which the messenger boy is not found useful. The writer gives several examples of tasks which have been set, all requiring nerve and intelligence.

“WHEN in doubt ring for a messenger boy,” is the advice of a well-known actor manager. It is a good rule; for there is scarcely an emergency to which the modern Mercury is unequal. In fact, the capabilities of the call-box are well-nigh inexhaustible. Veritably, it holds, in modern times, a position similar to that commanded by Aladdin’s lamp of old. Only, instead of rubbing a lamp, and ordering an unwieldy and somewhat terrifying Genie about, you pull a lever, and a harmless messenger boy presents himself willing to go anywhere or do anything that may reasonably be required.

Even in the fearsome field of domestic employment, messengers step in where mistresses fear to tread. Already the function of the nursemaid has been usurped by the boy in blue; and it looks as if we were coming within a measureable distance of the beautiful time when even the cook might be defied with impunity. Doubtless, before many years, should coachman, cook, housemaid, nurse, or other domestic servant “give notice,” the alarming situation might be met with complacency by merely “ringing up” for the particular kind of help needed.

Indeed, it is not an unusual sight to-day to see little children escorted to the nearest kindergarten by smartly-dressed messengers. As “baby minders” the popularity of the District Service is growing daily. Lady subscribers very often require messenger boys to take babies out

for walks. Pushing perambulators in the park is not a task for which members of the messenger force compete very vigorously with each other; but, as the custom seems to be growing, doubtless before very long there will be organized a regular baby-minding corps. These boys will be trained how to face all the infinite little predicaments that arise in the daily life of King Baby, from keeping the sun out of His Majesty’s eyes to—well, other things.

As a matter of fact, there is scarcely a field of domestic or professional work in which District messengers may not be found useful in one way or another. Indeed, the range of their employment is almost as astonishing as is the peculiar character of some of the tasks to which they are assigned.

The keynote of messenger duty is diversity. There is a fascinating uncertainty about the work that must be one of its strongest attractions to those engaged in the service. When a call is rung up for a boy at one of the numerous stations scattered about London, the lad who answers it does not know whether he will be required to take an old maid’s basket of kittens out for an airing, or carry a tube of dangerous explosive from one Government laboratory to another.

Not long ago a very cantankerous gentleman sent for a District messenger for the purpose of “changing poultices.” It seems that this gentleman had been taken ill, and, being a woman-hater, refused to ad-

mit a trained nurse to his presence. As a male attendant was not at the moment available, the doctor hit upon the happy expedient of calling in a District boy who performed his duties admirably.

In fact the enumeration of the peculiar bizarre—tasks to which London messengers are set reads more like romantic fable than sober truth. It was more or less the fashion a few years ago to ring up a messenger, and, in a nonchalant way, send him to the ends of the earth on a trivial quest. This somewhat expensive amusement was indulged in with an air of careless indifference which conveyed a very effective impression.

One of the most notable instances of this kind was the trip made by Jagers at the instance of Mr. Richard Harding Davis. Mr. Davis had made a wager with Mr. H. Summers Somerset, son of Lady Henry Somerset, that he could call up an ordinary messenger boy who would go from London to Chicago, New York and Philadelphia, and deliver letters properly, without written instructions, returning to London by a certain date.

The call was "rung in," the boy Jagers responded, took the letters, and started out on his journey without further preliminaries. The lad performed his task with marvelous celerity, and on his return to London became the hero of the hour. He was even presented to the late Queen Victoria, who praised him for his long and plucky journey.

Another extremely interesting adventure was that undertaken by Messenger C. J. Hill, who was required to deliver a collie dog, valued at £2000, to the Sultan of Turkey. The animal was a present from Sir Vincent Caillard, of the National Bank

of Egypt. When young Hill reached Constantinople with his dumb charge he created quite a sensation, the members of the Sultan's Court taking the greatest interest in him. On being presented to His Majesty, he was asked if he would not like to remain in Constantinople, and a place in the Palace was offered him. Though the pay was on princely scale, and the duties were comparatively light, the messenger declined the flattering offer, preferring the sober seriousness of dingy London to the golden glamour of the Eastern capital. On his return home, the Foreign Office notified Master Hill that a Court Honour had been conferred upon him in the shape of a decoration, which was duly forwarded to him, and which he wears to-day on State occasions.

The sending of boys on long-distance journeys is no walmost a matter of everyday occurrence. Recently a lad was sent to Madrid to collect luggage left behind by an English traveler who had vacated the Spanish capital in a great hurry. Boys think nothing of a "run over to New York and back."

American visitors often send them over to bring back forgotten articles, or to convey personal messages to friends at home.

One of the most interesting American trips ever taken was that performed for the late Col. M'Calmont. The Colonel one day rang up a messenger, and handed him a note "for immediate delivery." On looking at the address, it was ascertained that the point of delivery was Hansard, California, U.S.A. In less than two hours after receiving the commission, the messenger was en route to Liverpool, whence he caught the first boat to New York. Arriving at New York, he lost no time

in booking to California, at that time a seven-day trip by rail across the vast American continent. The note was safely delivered several hours before the arrival of the regular mails; and, as this was Col. M'Calmont's object in sending the note by this means, the trip proved a decided success. It is said that the fees in this case amounted to considerably over a hundred pounds, to say nothing of the special present made to the District messenger boy on his return to London.

District messengers are often sent to Paris to pay bills, and even to redeem pledges pawned in the French metropolis. These missions are generally of a very delicate nature, requiring great judgment, tact, and, of course, absolute secrecy. Only those who have been long in the service and who know French well are sent on such quests.

One of the strangest trips ever taken to France was by a District courier sent to the Pasteur Institute to bring back a tube of deadly microbes, required by an English scientist. On another occasion a messenger was despatched to Paris for some liquid air.

These messengers are very popular among scientific investigators, and even the Government occasionally employs them to carry various objects. Not long ago, a boy was required to go from one laboratory to another with a parcel of cordite—one of the most powerful explosives known to man. As cordite is not dangerous unless handled in a certain way, the life of the messenger was not in jeopardy. However, persons who knew what he carried on this occasion were careful to give him a wide berth, and it is safe to say he was not subjected to any

rude "shocks" by his playful companions.

Lecturers on medicine frequently require the attendance of messengers for the purpose of converting them into "models" at physical demonstrations. A not very agreeable task imposed on one of the boys last year was the watching of a corpse. When duties such as this are required, it is the rule of the inspector to call for "volunteers"; but it is seldom boys are daunted by any such demands.

District boys are in great favor among the blind. They are regularly employed in large numbers to take blind persons from place to place. It is said they are most successful in all situations requiring tact and sympathy. Some blind people have become so attached to their messenger guides, that they employ no other attendant. The boys are employed also to wait upon other persons suffering from various afflictions. They are useful in such employment as wheeling the paralytic about in bath chairs, reading to sick people, and doing other kindly offices which verge on the duties of the nurse. Many boys are very entertaining conversationalists, and several of them are quite successful in dealing with patients who prove unreasonable and refractory.

A boy was recently required to conduct a lunatic from London to a point some distance in the country. The journey was performed at night. Naturally, few were anxious to undertake a task requiring that they should be locked in a railway compartment at night alone with a lunatic. The manager of the District Company, who asked for volunteers for this work, was surprised to find, however, that several were quite

willing to perform this unpleasant duty.

But it is not "all work and no play" which falls to the lot of the London messenger. There are some so-called tasks which any of them would be highly delighted to fulfill. Last Christmas, two boys were employed to show the "sights" of London to a couple of Indian Princes and to aid them in their selection of presents to send home. It is scarcely necessary to say that the guides had a splendid time, from start to finish. The days were spent in sight-seeing and going to shows of various kinds; every night there was a theatre, or a big dinner, and for a week these two youths lived in an earthly paradise. It was very hard on them when they had to return to the ordinary duties of life, after having, practically, been elevated into the rarer atmosphere of Royalty for more than a week.

London messenger boys are not employed by Indian Royalty only, however. They are much in favour in several of the titled families of England. Buckingham Palace and Marlborough House frequently send for them, while at the home of the Duke of Connaught—Bagshot Park—they may be said to be quite a part of the ordinary domestic arrangements. At Clarence House, too, His Royal Highness employs several messengers on the tennis courts to pick up balls. They are also engaged as caddies on a number of ducal golf courses.

A very unique service connected with the Messenger Boy Brigade is "reminding." This consists in calling some people to keep appointments, arousing others at stated times in the mornings, in order that they will be in time for work, keeping some posted with reference to events in which they are interested;

and generally acting as a species of secondary memory, relieving the mind of many petty and vexatious yet, in themselves, important particulars. During the last solar eclipse boys were employed to remind persons of the hour; and, when the last show of meteors was predicted, many boys were engaged to arouse scientific observers from their slumbers in order to observe the phenomena.

If you are interested in some coming event, and fear that, through some inadvertence, you might fail to think of it in time, you can employ a messenger to remind you, and you may depend upon it that your interest in the event will not be allowed to flag.

To the naturally forgetful, messengers have at times rendered yeoman service. A traveller to America via Liverpool recently forgot his ear-trumpet. As the instrument was absolutely necessary to him, he wired to London to have it sent to Queenston, the first point of call of the boat the next morning. A messenger boy dispatched from London with the ear-trumpet arrived at Queenston in ample time to go on board, to the infinite relief of the passenger, who hailed the boy from the tender with great enthusiasm as soon as he saw him.

On another occasion a traveler from Marseilles to India forgot some luggage at the French port. A boy was dispatched from London, and he succeeded, on reaching Marseilles, in having the baggage forwarded in such a way that it was placed on the Indian boat before it had reached the Suez Canal. There are hundreds of cases recorded where forgetful travelers have been wonderfully assisted by

calling in the aid of District messengers at the last moment.

It was out of an incident of this kind that the saying arose: "When in doubt—send for a messenger boy." The story goes that a well-known London actor, traveling in the provinces, on one occasion forgot an important piece of "stage property." He was almost at his wits' end over the matter when, looking out of the window of his hotel, he chanced to see a messenger boy crossing the street. The idea occurred to him to telegraph to London to have a messenger boy to look after the missing article. This was done with great success, and the situation saved.

There are often exciting incidents in the careers of messenger boys. Not infrequently their services have been useful in connection with the trapping of criminals. Now and then call-boxes are used as burglar-alarms. A notable case of this kind occurred in St. John's Wood a few years ago, at the residence of Mr. Cohen. Finding that his house had been broken into, Mr. Cohen rang up the District Messenger Station at Swiss Cottage, and conveyed the intelligence that a burglar was on his premises. Of course this was done without the knowledge of the trespasser. Two messenger boys went immediately and brought policemen to the spot, just in time to capture a man leaving the house with his booty.

Some of the tasks imposed upon messengers are ludicrous. For instance, one boy was required to lead a live donkey from Charing Cross to Euston. He left the station amid the applause and bantering chaff of the railway porters. As he proceeded to his destination, his progress became a species of triumphal

march, most of the street gamins of that section of London manifesting the liveliest interest in the boy and his somewhat frisky charge.

Another boy was called up to take a basketful of kittens out for an airing. Taking pet dogs to walk in the parks is one of the most usual occupations of the messengers; while they are often employed to look after other pets as well, such as small birds, parrots, and monkeys.

One of the most amusing experiences ever had by a messenger boy was to conduct a Chinese servant belonging to the family of a wealthy peer from London to a place on the Continent.

The Celestial from the Flowery Kingdom arrived in England direct from the East too late to meet his master, who had gone abroad, and the Chinaman was turned over to the tender mercies of a messenger boy. Of course, the stranger could not speak a word of English, nor did the boy know any Chinese; while neither of them knew a word of French. The journey was performed by means of signs, the "inexplicable dumbshow" affording an immense fund of amusement to the fellow-passengers of the strange pair. However, despite all his difficulties, the messenger delivered John Chinaman safely, and the efforts of the knight of the call-box were duly rewarded.

There are times, however, when the employment offered these boys are far from amusing or pleasant. Bank robbers and cheque forgers have occasionally utilized them as part of their "system." The usual thing is to call a boy to some first-class hotel—where a room has been engaged as part of the plant—and send him to the bank with a forged cheque. The boy, innocently enough,

presents the cheque, and very often obtains the money before it is discovered that the document is a forgery. By this means the impostor himself is not seen in the bank, and cannot be identified subsequently, except of course, by the messenger boy.

Another form of employment which is to be deprecated is sending boys to various points for the express purpose of dispatching telegrams conveying the impression that the principal is absent on business.

This kind of work is, it is scarcely necessary to say, not encouraged by the company. As the boys when called out, however, are at the service of whoever employs them, they are not supposed to be more than mechanical instruments of their employers, who are responsible to the company for their time. If they are required to go down into the country to send a telegraph message back to London, that is part of their "day's work," and the boys themselves are not supposed to ask questions.

One of the most important duties of messenger boys is acting as guides to London visitors. Many of the newly-elected Members of Parliament have employed them in this capacity, and found them extremely efficient. Several of the boys are endowed with exceptionally accurate information of a unique character concerning points of interest in London; and nearly all know the streets of the metropolis "like a book." Indeed, it is part of the training of the messenger boy to know his streets quite as well as does the policeman or cab-driver.

As escorts for young boys, or for ladies visiting London for the first time, messenger boys have proved invaluable. The District Company

often receives a commission from an anxious parent to conduct some tender youth about the city in such a manner that instruction may be combined with amusement of the proper kind. Most of these boys seem to possess exceptionally sound ideas of their responsibilities in life. They are, as a rule, selected for service only after the most rigid inquiry into character, and it is doubtful if one would be able to find anywhere so numerous a body—they number nearly 1000—with so clean a record for upright service. As guides for young boys, children, and young ladies, they have never been known to render anything but exceptional service.

One of the most popular forms of messenger employment is in the theatre "queue." At the famous Terry benefit recently, no fewer than ninety-nine boys were engaged to hold places during the record wait of thirty hours. At nearly every performance of popular plays in London one may see lads holding places in line for those who are not willing to "stand and wait."

In certain offices in the City messenger boys are engaged to operate lifts, and do other responsible tasks usually assigned to well-trained officials. At times offices will need extra help in a clerical line, and not infrequently messengers are called in for this work.

All the call-boxes connected with the various central and sub-stations on the District service have a special indicating lever to be pulled in case of "fire." The very prompt action of messenger boys in notifying the nearest fire-station, or even smashing the glass fronts of the street alarms, has often prevented serious conflagrations.

The Ethics of Pig

BY O. HENRY IN MUNSEY'S

Jefferson Peters is firmly of the belief that it is next thing to impossible to find a fair-minded and honest business-partner in his particular field. He once had recourse to a backwoods village and ferretted out a likely looking confederate but the apparent greenness of this village rascal deceived him and before he knew he himself became the dupe of his own partner.

ON an east-bound train I went into the smoker and found Jefferson Peters, the only man with a brain west of the Washash River who can use his cerebrum, and medulla oblongata at the same time.

Jeff is in the line of unillegal graft. He is not to be dreaded by widows and orphans; he is a reducer of surplusage. His favorite disguise is that of the target-bird at which the spendthrift or the reckless investor may shy a few inconsequential dollars. He is readily vocalized by tobacco; so, with the aid of two thick and easy-burning brevas, I got the story of his latest Autolycean adventure.

"In my line of business," said Jeff, "the hardest thing is to find an upright, trustworthy, strictly honorable partner to work a graft with. Some of the best men I ever worked with in a swindle would resort to trickery at times.

"So, last summer, I thinks I will go over into this section of country where I hear the serpent has not yet entered, and see if I can find a partner naturally gifted with a talent for crime, but not yet contaminated by success.

"I found a village that seemed to show the right kind of a layout. The inhabitants hadn't found out that Adam had been dispossessed, and were going right along naming the animals and killing snakes just as if they were in the Garden of Eden. They call this town Mount

Nebo, and it's up near the spot where Kentucky and West Virginia and North Carolina corner together. Them States don't meet? Well, it was in that neighborhood, anyway.

"After putting in a week proving I wasn't a revenue officer, I went over to the store where the rude fourflushers of the hamlet lied, to see if I could get a line on the kind of man I wanted.

"'Gentlemen,' says I, after we had rubbed noses and gathered 'round the dried apple-barrel. 'I don't suppose there's another community in the whole world into which sin and chicanery has less extensively permeated than this. Life here, where all the women are brave and propitious and all the men honest and expedient, must, indeed, be an idol. It reminds me,' says I, 'of Goldstein's beautiful ballad entitled "The Deserted Village," which says :

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills
a prey;

What art can drive its charms
away ?

The judge rode slowly down the
lane, mother,

For I'm to be Queen of the May.'

"'Why, yes, Mr. Peters,' says the storekeeper. 'I reckon we air about as moral and torpid a community as there be on the mounting, according to censuses of opinion; but I reckon you ain't ever met Rufe Tatum.'

" 'Why, no,' says the town constable, 'he can't hardly have ever. That air Rufe is shore the monstrousest scalawag that has escaped hangin' on the galluses. And that puts me in mind that I ought to have turned Rufe out of the lockup day before yesterday. The thirty days he got for killin' Yance Goodloe was up then. A day or two more won't hurt Rufe any, though.'

" 'Shucks, now,' says I, in the mountain idiom, 'don't tell me there's a man in Mount Nebo as bad as that.'

" 'Worse,' says the storekeeper. 'He steals hogs.'

" 'I think I will look up this Mr. Tatum; so a day or two after the constable turned him out I got acquainted with him and invited him out on the edge of town to sit on a log and talk business.

" 'What I wanted was a partner with a natural rural make-up to play a part in some little one-act outrages that I was going to book with the Pitfall & Gin circuit in some of the western towns; and this R. Tatum was born for the role as sure as nature cast Fairbanks for the stuff that kept Eliza from sinking into the river.

" 'He was about the size of a first baseman; and he had ambiguous blue eyes like the china dog on the mantelpiece that Aunt Harriet used to play with when she was a child. His hair waved a little bit like the statue of the dinkus-thrower in the Vacation at Rome, but the color of it reminded you of the 'Sunset in the Grand Canon, by an American Artist,' that they hang over the stovepipe holes in the salongs. He was the Reub, without needing a touch. You'd have known him for one, even if you'd seen him on the

vaudeville stage with one cotton suspender and a straw over his ear.

" 'I told him what I wanted, and found him ready to jump at the job.

" 'Overlooking such a trivial little peccadillo as the habit of manslaughter,' says I, 'what have you accomplished in the way of indirect brigandage or nonactionable thriftiness that you could point to, with or without pride, as an evidence of your qualifications for the position?'

" 'Why,' says he, in his kind of Southern system of procrastinated accents, 'hain't you heard tell? There ain't any man, black or white, in the Blue Ridge that can tote off a shoat as easy as I can without bein' heard, seen, or cotched. I can lift a shoat,' he goes on, 'out of a pen, from under a piazza, at the trough, in the woods, day or night, anywhere or anyhow, and I guarantee nobody won't hear a squeal. It's all in the way you grab hold of 'em and carry 'em atterwards. Some day,' goes on this gentle despoiler of pig-pens, 'I hope to become reckernized as the champion shoat-stealer of the world.'

" 'It's proper to be ambitious,' says I; 'and hog-stealing will do very well for Mount Nebo; but in the outside world, Mr. Tatum, it would be considered as crude a piece of business as a bear raid on Bay State Gas. However, it will do as a guarantee of good faith. We'll go into partnership. I've got a thousand dollars cash capital; and with that homeward-plods atmosphere of yours we ought to be able to win out a few shares of Soon Parted, preferred, in the money market.'

" 'So I attaches, Rube, and we go away from Mount Nebo down into the lowlands. And all the way I coach him for his part in the grafts I had in mind. I had idled away two months on the Florida coast,

and was feeling all to the Ponce de Leon, besides having so many new schemes up my sleeve that I had to wear kimonos to hold 'em.

"I intended to assume a funnel shape and mow a path nine miles wide through the farming belt of the Middle West; so we headed in that direction. But when we got as far as Lexington we found Binkley Brothers' circus there, and the blue-grass peasantry romping into town and pounding the Belgian blocks with their hand-pegged sabots as artless and arbitrary as an extra session of a Datto Bryan duma. I never pass a circus without pulling the valve-cord and coming down for a little Key West money; so I engaged a couple of rooms and board for Rufe and me at a house near the circus grounds run by a widow lady named Peevy. Then I took Rufe to a clothing store and gents'-outfitted him. He showed up strong, as I knew he would, after he was rigged up in the ready-made rutabaga regalia. Me and old Misitzky stuffed him into a bright blue suit with a Nile green visible plaid effect, and riveted on a fancy vest of a light Tuskegee Normal tan color, a red necktie, and the yellowest pair of shoes in town. They were the first clothes Rufe had ever worn except the gingham layette and the butter-nut topdressing of his native kraal, and he looked as self-conscious as an Igorrote with a new nose-ring.

"That night I went down to the circus tents and opened a small shell game. Rufe was to be the capper. I gave him a roll of phony currency to bet with and kept a bunch of it in a special pocket to pay his winnings out of. No; I didn't mistrust him; but I simply can't manipulate the ball to lose when I see

real money bet. My fingers go on a strike every time I try it.

"I set up my little table and began to show them how easy it was to guess which shell the little pea was under. The unlettered hinds gathered in a thick semicircle and began to nudge elbows and banter one another to bet. Then was when Rufe ought to have singlefooted up and called the turn on the little joker for a few tens and fives to get them started. But, no Rufe. I'd seen him two or three times walking about and looking at the side-show pictures with his mouth full of peanut candy; but he never came nigh.

"The crowd piked a little; but trying to work the shells without a capper is like fishing without bait. I closed the game with only forty-two dollars of the unearned increment, while I had been counting on yanking the yeomen for two hundred at least. I went home at eleven and went to bed. I supposed that the circus had proved too alluring for Rufe, and that he had succumbed to it, concert and all; but I meant to give him a lecture on general business principles in the morning.

"Just after Morpheus had got both my shoulders to the shuck mattress I hears a houseful of unbecoming and ribald noises like a youngster screeching with green-apple colic. I opens my door and calls out in the hall for the widow lady, and when she sticks her head out, I says: 'Mrs. Peevy, ma'am, would you mind choking off that kid of yours so that honest people can get their rest?'

"'Sir,' says she, 'it's no child of mine. It's the pig squealing that your friend Mr. Tatum brought home to his room a couple of hours ago. And if you are uncle or second cousin or brother to it, I'd appreci-

ate your stopping its mouth, sir, yourself, if you please.'

'I put on some of the polite outside habiliments of external society and went into Rufe's room. He had gotten up and lit his lamp, and was pouring some milk into a tin pan on the floor for a dingy-white, half-grown, squealing pig.

'How is this, Rufe?' says I. 'You flimflammed in your part of the work to-night, and put the game on crutches. And how do you explain the pig? It looks like blacksliding to me.'

'Now, don't be too hard on me, Jeff,' says he. 'You know how long I've been used to stealing shoats. It's got to be a habit with me. And to-night, when I see such a fine chance, I couldn't help takin' it.'

'Well,' says I, 'maybe you've really got kleptopigia. And maybe when we get out of the pig belt you'll turn your mind to higher and more remunerative misconduct. Why you should want to stain your soul with such a distasteful, feeble-minded, perverted, roaring beast as that I can't understand.'

'Why, Jeff,' say he, 'you ain't in sympathy with shoats. You don't understand 'em like I do. This here seems to me to be an animal of more than common powers of ration and intelligence. He walked half way across the room on his hind legs a while ago.'

'Well, I'm going back to bed,' says I. 'See if you can impress it upon your friend's ideas of intelligence that he's not to make so much noise.'

'He was hungry,' says Rufe. 'He'll go to sleep and keep quite now.'

'I always get up before breakfast and read the morning paper whenever I happen to be within the radi-

us of a Hoe cylinder or a Washington hand-press. The next morning I got up early, and found the Lexington daily on the front porch where the carrier had thrown it. The first thing I saw in it was a double-column ad on the front page that read like this:

FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS REWARD.

The above amount will be paid, and no questions asked, for the return, alive and uninjured, of Beppo, the famous European educated pig, that strayed or was stolen from the side-show tents of Binkley Bros.' circus last night.

GEO. B. TAPLEY,
Business Manager.

At the circus grounds.

'I folded up the paper flat, put it into my inside pocket, and went to Rufe's room. He was nearly dressed, and was feeding the pig the rest of the milk and some apple-peelings.

'Well, well, well, good morning all,' I says, hearty and amiable. 'So we are up? And piggy is having his breakfast. What had you intended doing with that pig, Rufe?'

'I'm going to crate him up,' says Rufe, 'and express him to ma in Mount Nebo. He'll be company for her while I'm away.'

'He's a mighty fine pig,' says I, scratching him on the back.

'You called him a lot of names last night,' says Rufe.

'Oh, well,' says I, 'he looks better to me this morning. I was raised on a farm, and I'm very fond of pigs. I used to go to bed at sundown, so I never saw one by lamp-light before. Tell you what I'll do, Rufe,' I says. 'I'll give you ten dollars for that pig.'

'I reckon I wouldn't sell this

shoat,' says he. 'If it was any other one I might.'

" 'Why not this one?' I asked, fearful that he might know something.

" 'Why, because,' says he, 'it was the grandest achievement of my life. There ain't airy other man that could have done it. If I ever have a fireside and children, I'll sit beside it and tell 'em how their daddy toted off a shoat from a whole circus full of people. And maybe my grandchildren, too. They'll certainly be proud a whole passel. Why,' says he, 'there was two tents, one openin' into the other. This shoat was on a platform, tied with a little chain. I seen a giant and a lady with a fine chance of bushy white hair in the other tent. I got the shoat and crawled out from under the canvas again without him squeakin' as loud as a mouse. I put him under my coat, and I must have passed a hundred folks before I got out where the streets was dark. I reckon I wouldn't sell that shoat, Jeff. I'd want ma to keep it, so there'd be a witness to what I done.'

" 'The pig won't live long enough,' I says, 'to use as an exhibit in your senile fireside mendacity. Your grandchildren will have to take your word for it. I'll give you one hundred dollars for the animal.'

" Rufe looked at me astonished.

" 'The shoat can't be worth anything like that to you,' he says. 'What do you want him for?'

" 'Viewing me casuistically,' says I, with a rare smile, you wouldn't think that I've got an artistic side to my temper. But I have. I'm a collector of pigs. I've scoured the world over for unusual pigs. Over in the Wabash Valley I've got a hog ranch with most every specimen on

it, from a Merino to a Poland China. This looks like a blooded pig to me, Rufe,' says I. 'I believe it's a genuine Berkshire. That's why I'd like to have it.'

" 'I'd shore like to accommodate you,' says he, 'but I've got the artistic tenement, too. I don't see why it ain't art when you can steal a shoat better than anybody else can. Shoats is a kind of inspiration and genius with me. Specially this one. I wouldn't take two hundred and fifty for that animal.'

" 'Now listen,' says I, wiping off my forehead. 'It's not so much a matter of business with me as it is art; and not so much art as it is philanthropy. Being a connoisseur and disseminator of pigs, I wouldn't feel like I'd done my duty to the world unless I added that Berkshire to my collection. Not intrinsically, but according to the ethics of pigs as friends and coadjutors of mankind, I offer you five hundred dollars for the animal.'

" 'Jeff,' says this pork esthete, 'it ain't money; it's sentiment with me.'

" 'Seven hundred,' says I.

" 'Make it eight hundred,' says Rufe, 'and I'll crush the sentiment out of my heart.'

" I went under my clothes for my money-belt, and counted him out forty twenty-dollar gold certificates.

" 'I'll just take him into my own room,' says I, 'and lock him up till after breakfast.'

" I took the pig by the hind leg. He turned on a squeal like the steam calliope at the circus.

" 'Let me tote him in for you,' says Rufe; and he picks up the beast under one arm, holding his snout with the other hand, and packs him into my room like a sleeping baby.

" After breakfast Rufe, who had a chronic case of haberdashery ever

since I got his trousseau, says he believes he will amble down to Misfitzky's and look over some royal-purple socks. And then I got as busy as a one-armed man with the nettle-rash pasting on wall-paper. I found an old negro man with an express wagon to hire, and we tied the pig in a sack and drove down to the circus grounds.

"I found George B. Tapley in a little tent with a window flap open. He was a fattish man with an immediate eye, in a black skull-cap, with a four-ounce diamond screwed into the bosom of his red sweater.

"Are you George B. Tapley?" I asks.

"I swear it," says he.

"Well, I've got it," says I.

"Designate," says he. "Are you the guinea pigs for the Asiatic python or the alfalfa for the sacred buffalo?"

"Neither," says I. "I've got Bepo, the educated hog, in a sack in that wagon. I found him rooting up the flowers in my front yard this morning. I'll take the five thousand dollars in large bills, if it's handy."

"George B. hustles out of his tent, and asks me to follow. We go into one of the side-shows. In there was a jet black pig with a pink ribbon around his neck lying on some hay and eating carrots that a man was feeding to him.

"Hey, Mac," calls G. B. "Nothing wrong with the world-wide this morning, is there?"

"Him? No," says the man. "He's got an appetite like a chorus girl at 1 a.m."

"How'd you get this pipe?" says Tapley to me. "Eating too many pork chops last night?"

"I pulls out the paper and shows him the ad.

"Fake," says he. "Don't know

anything about it. You've beheld with your own eyes the marvelous, world-wide porcine wonder of the four-footed kingdom eating with perternatural sagacity his matutinal meal, unstrayed and unstole. Good morning."

"I was beginning to see. I got in the wagon and told Uncle Ned to drive to the most adjacent orifice of the nearest alley. There I took out my pig, got the range carefully for the other opening, set his sights, and gave him such a kick that he went out the other end of the alley twenty feet ahead of his squeal.

"Then I paid Uncle Ned his fifty cents, and walked down to the newspaper office. I wanted to hear it in cold syllables. I got the advertising man to his window.

"To decide a bet," says I, "wasn't the man who had this ad put in last night short and fat, with long, black whiskers and a club-foot?"

"He was not," says the man. "He would measure about six feet by four and a half inches, with corn-silk hair, and dressed like the pansies of the conservatory."

"At dinner time I went back to Mrs. Peevy's.

"Shall I keep some soup hot for Mr. Tatum till he comes back?" she asks.

"If you do, ma'am," says I, "you'll more than exhaust for firewood all the coal in the bosom of the earth and all the forests on the outside of it."

"So there, you see," said Jefferson Peters, in conclusion, "how hard it is ever to find a fair-minded and honest business-partner."

"But," I began, with the freedom of long acquaintance, "the rule should work both ways. If you had offered to divide the reward you would not have lost——"

Jeff's look of dignified reproach stopped me.

"That don't involve the same principles at all," said he. "Mine was a legitimate and moral attempt at

speculation. Buy low and sell high—don't Wall Street indorse it? Bulls and bears and pigs—what's the difference? Why not bristles as well as horns and fur?"

Lord Aberdeen's Coldstream Ranch

BY OLSTON BLACK IN PALL MALL

Out in the Okanagan Valley in British Columbia is located the ranch, which Lord Aberdeen started, when he was Governor-General of Canada. It is among the finest in that part of the world. Over eight thousand acres comprise the cattle range; 1,220 acres are under timber and 1700 acres under cultivation. Orchards cover 250 acres. The ranch is superintended by an Englishman, who has under him a whole army of workers.

THE eagle flying over British Columbia sees below him an ocean of mountains, petrified at the height of a horrible storm. The monstrous jagged billows, crested white with frozen foam, are what they have been since the mountains were raised, and what they will be till every mountain is laid low. Here and there, doubtless, the conservative eye of the king of birds is shocked by the sight of change, revolutionary change, astir in the depths between the unchanging waves. But surely its resentment must be softened by the gentle guise in which change has come to the Okanagan Valley.

The fairy godfather who has touched the Okanagan with his wand is the Earl of Aberdeen. He is Viceroy of Ireland now, as he was once before; but from 1893 to 1898 he was Viceroy of Canada. The Dominion, almost always happy in its Governor-Generals, was peculiarly happy in Lord Aberdeen. Canadians as a whole are a plain-living, God-fearing folk, and to them the peculiarly human qualities of the unassuming Aberdeens were altogether lovable.

The affection of the Canadian rank and file for Lord Aberdeen was not

lessened, you may be sure, by his enterprise in becoming a Canadian farmer himself. The fascination of that marvellous land is not easily shaken off; and many a Viceroy has shown a lively interest in Canadian affairs long after his re-absorption in the domestic activities of the Mother Land. Lord Aberdeen followed up his official and temporary connection with Canada by establishing a permanent connection of the most substantial kind.

From the Canadian Pacific terminus at Vancouver there sail to-day, and from the Grand Trunk Pacific terminus at Prince Rupert there will sail to-morrow, British fleets laden with wares for China and Japan. The dream and passion of all the great navigators from Columbus to Franklin have been fulfilled. The way by the west to the east, from Europe to Cathay, lies open—through the gateways of British Columbia. The value of this route to British trade will be enormous, and British trade will be chiefly represented for many years to come by the trade in Canadian produce. The Asiatic market now made accessible will, for one thing, give a new stimulus to the cultivation of wheat,

and therefore to the growth of population. Increase of the prairie population means an increased market for the neighboring fruit growers among the British Columbian mountains; and at the head of these fruitgrowers stands Lord Aberdeen.

From a village called Sicamous, in the heart of the Rockies, on the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, a little branch line runs south into the valley where Ireland's Viceroy has his ranch. There is only one train a day, and it takes three hours to cover the forty-six miles between Sicamous and Vernon. It is, however, a most accommodating train. When I was last in the valley there happened to be a circus at Vernon; and the north-bound train put off its departure from 1.40 p.m. till about 5 p.m. for the convenience of the passengers who had come for the performance and wanted to get home the same night.

The ranch occupies the greater part of a valley which, before cultivation began, was a dry and barren place, the hillsides thinly clad with the scanty grass of a droughty land, while almost the only trees were crowded down in the bottom beside the little stream. To a large extent this description still holds good. Of the whole 13,197 acres forming the estate, 8,200 acres form the "range" where nothing grows or is expected to grow except the sparse natural herbage, green for a short time in the early Summer but brown and dry for the rest of the year. Brown and dry, but nourishing all the same. Over this hillside range the cattle roam—a little herd of nine hundred head—and thrive, and breed. The yearling steers are picked out annually and taken over the mountains to fatten on the Albertan prairie till they are ready for transformation

into beef. Some 1,220 acres are under timber. This leaves about 3,770 acres available for cultivation — a quantity which might be increased by clearing the strip of forest from the bottom of the valley. As a matter of fact, only about 1,700 acres are actually under cultivation.

Last year 250 acres consisted of orchards — and such orchards! In picturesqueness they cannot compare with the old orchards of England, with their gnarled and unkempt trees rising from a knee-deep undergrowth of thick lush grass. The Okanagan orchards are for use, not for academy pictures; and nothing is allowed to rob the trees of an ounce of the nourishment or a drop of the moisture that the soil contains. For the first few years, before the trees begin to bear, it is permissible to grow among them a fair quantity of raspberries, currants, blackberries and other small fruit; but after five or at longest ten years these must be ruthlessly cut away if the trees are not to be stinted and stunted. The trees themselves, moreover, must be thinned out with unsparing hand, if they are not to starve one another. The plan adopted, as the result of much experience here and in the older fruit-growing region of California, is to plant 169 apple trees to the acre; to reduce their number by half at the end of five years; and, after another five years, to make another 50 per cent. reduction of the remainder.

In 1904, the complete statistics of which year lie before me, the Coldstream orchards covered, as I have said, 250 acres, of which 90 acres had reached the fruit-bearing stage, with another 50 acres ready to graduate into that mature class in the following Autumn. The crop of 1904 amounted to nearly 1,000,000

lbs. in weight, of which perhaps 50,000 lbs. were culls—suitable only for local consumption, though far superior to much that I have seen fetching its price on London streets. The remaining 900,000 lbs. and over were judged fit to maintain the high reputation of the ranch in the towns of Alberta on the one hand and in the coast city of Vancouver on the other. Roughly speaking, three-fourths of the crop consists of apples, the second place being taken by plums and prunes, cherries completing the total. The production of pears has lately been under a cloud, the trees having been destroyed wholesale in order to exterminate a parasite which had settled upon them. Peaches grow well farther down the valley. Canadian apples and plums are unsurpassable in the world, and those grown by Lord Aberdeen in the Okanagan Valley are unsurpassable in Canada.

The hop-garden covers another 120 acres; and the hop-picking is a sight to see, for it is done by a battalion of about 300 Indians—most of whom have farms of their own farther west among the mountains, and who, when their crops are safely in, come down and pitch their tents in the Okanagan Valley for the hop season. Man, wife and children, all join in, and payment is made to the father for the quantity picked by the whole family. The hops are dried at kilns on the spot, compressed into bales, and shipped off—some to Eastern Canada, and some even as far as England.

What may be called the farm proper consists of about 700 acres, mostly under wheat, barley, oats and potatoes; with another 500 acres of artificial hay. Large quantities of oats and hay are necessarily consumed on the ranch itself. There are

more than 80 horses to be fed; and even the cattle are not left to forage for themselves all Winter. The tale of the live stock is made up by a herd of swine, whose numbers are doubtless to be found in the Coldstream census—for the Coldstream bookkeeping, like everything else on the ranch, seems to be wonderfully complete—but of these I can only say that every year a surplus population of about 200 pigs are compulsorily emigrated. Last year, I should add, the beginning of what ought to become a great egg industry was made, with the hatching of 1,500 white Leghorn chickens.

The human element on the Coldstream is of the most varied description. The continents of Europe, Asia and America all contribute largely to the population of the ranch, and I daresay you would find representatives of Africa and Australasia, too, if you scanned the list. Mr. Ricardo, the Viceroy's viceroy—in plain words, the manager-in-chief—is an Englishman. The staff of experts whom he has gathered round him to keep the various departments up to the highest point of progressive efficiency are mostly Scotsmen and Canadians. Altogether, the labor bill of this big ranch amounts to about \$43,000, or £8,700 a year.

Down by the creek, behind the group of boarding houses and farm buildings, there is a saw mill; and among the other uses to which water power is put is the production of electric light, with which, as well as with a telephone system, the ranch is completely equipped. But the water power on which the Coldstream Ranch depends for its assurance of prosperity, I had almost said for its existence, is far away up in the hills. The rainfall is so small and uncertain that without irrigation the en-

terprise would be but a risky speculation. By an extensive scheme of irrigation flumes and ditches bringing water from mountain tarns eight miles away, large and regular production has been made practically certain. No pumping is needed; there is plenty of water, and all that it needs is direction into proper channels. Gravitation does the rest.

This leads me to the latest and in some respects the most interesting development of Lord Aberdeen's great enterprise. Having brought this life-giving and profit-laden water down from the mountains for his own use, he is now putting it at the disposal of others. At the lower end of his estate, where it comes out upon the beautiful shores of Long Lake—I had almost written Loeh Long—he is laying out a number of twenty-acre and forty-acre plots for settlers who wish to follow his example and become growers of fruit. The price of this land, under irrigation, is about \$150, or £30, an acre. If the settler does not want to plunge at once into the responsibility and difficulties of a new occupation, he can have the planting and initial culti-

vation of his orchards carried out by the skilled labor of the Coldstream Ranch itself; and if he does not care to seek a market for his fruit, he has only to hand it over to the Coldstream staff, who pack and ship and sell it with their own. This part of the business of the ranch has already reached considerable proportions, about one-third of the Coldstream fruit shipment being purchased from neighboring growers. The new landowners are mostly men of good social standing from the Mother Country, including army officers and business men, who feel more at home in the comparatively mild climate and among the picturesque surroundings of the Pacific Province than they would on the prairies of Central Canada. Thus there is growing up in the Okanagan Valley a community which will preserve the traditions and refinements of the Old Land while adopting the industry of the new: a community which owes its origin, as it is likely to owe its success, to the enterprise of Lord Aberdeen in establishing the Coldstream Ranch.

Life is a business we are all apt to mismanage, either living recklessly from day to day or suffering ourselves to be gulled out of our moments by the inanities of custom. We should despise a man who gave as little activity and forethought to the conduct of any other business.—R. L. Stevenson.

Co-operation in Sweden and Denmark

BY V. S. HOWARD IN GOOD HOUSEKEEPING

Beginning with a description of the only women's co-operative store in the world at Stockholm, Sweden, the writer continues to discuss co-operation in general, showing that in the countries of northern Europe it has made vast strides. Out of the 4,500,000 inhabitants of Denmark, more than 1,000,000 are shareholders in these organizations. In Sweden there are 60 societies.

THE City of Stockholm, Sweden, can boast the only women's co-operative store in the world. Shareholders, management, buyers and sellers are all women. Only two men are employed; these drive the delivery wagons. Miss Anna Whitlock, leader of the woman suffragists in Sweden, was the promoter of this scheme. Her appeal was to the cultured women of small means. She outlined the possibilities of this movement in talks before the women's clubs of Stockholm. Her propaganda met with favor in the Fredrika Bremer Association, Students and Workers, White Ribbon and the Woman's Club.

On April 5, 1905, Svenska Hem, as the women's co-operative society is called, was incorporated, with a membership of 391 women and a capital of about \$6,000. Quarters were found in Jacobsbergs Gatan, and the women went to work with a will attuned, and plenty of enthusiasm.

But they found themselves, as the Americans say, "up against it!" They were boycotted on all sides. The retail dealers made up their minds to crush these women, who had dared to compete with them. The women soon learned that the markets of their own country were closed to them, for every wholesale dealer had been warned. To sell to these women would be nothing short of suicidal! It meant the loss of all other customers. Drivers, who

deliver to retailers, were also warned, but they got around the thing by making night deliveries. They did not dare, however, to drive boldly up to the women's store, as detectives was always on the alert, but they stopped in a side street, some distance away, where the women sent their workmen to haul barrels, sacks, etc., to their own storerooms.

These gentlewomen put their wits together; they were determined to succeed in spite of all opposition. Since the Swedish markets were closed to them they sent their buyers to Denmark, Holland, Germany and England; they traded only in ports where goods could be shipped by water route, as the heavy railroad freight rates and high tariff in Europe, would eat up all their profit. In the face of all these obstacles they have made a good showing. Their sales have averaged more than \$120 a day, for the year, and their membership is increasing steadily. They are paying dividends on capital and sales every six months. The last report shows a payment of 4 per cent. on capital, and 5 per cent. on purchases. Like the other co-operative societies, the women sell to members only, and on cash payments. So well have these women succeeded with this first venture, that they have secured quarters in another section of the city, for a branch establishment.

Other co-operative concerns have been watching these women with interest, and are assisting them by

buying in sugar, coffee and spices and selling to the women, under cover.

There are several large co-operative bakeries and flour mills in Denmark and Sweden where all the employes are shareholders.

The co-operative movement now far advanced in these countries is opening up every possible avenue to help the laboring classes to get upon a basis of independence, and to awaken in them an appreciation of their economic value. When the profit of their labor is kept within their own confines, they have an incentive to work and study the best interests of all concerned. In Stockholm, small restaurants have been organized on the co-operative plan by laborers, students and army officers—these are all temperance promoters—and the patrons are, of course, shareholders.

The Rimbo Railway, a double track road, running between Djurs-holm and Stockholm, was entirely built by railroad laborers who take contracts on the co-operative plan. This society numbers eighty. The members have proved to the satisfaction of capitalists that they can furnish better work and cheaper materials than can be had on the old principles. These workmen are their own labor leaders and their own employers, therefore it behooves them to make sure that all their members are competent workmen; they, themselves, are the losers if they turn out bungling and indifferent work.

There is a movement on foot to organize co-operative fire insurance companies. At the congress of the co-operative association, held the last week in June, the question came up for discussion. The possibilities of returns in this direction are infinite, and such a movement ought to

be to the best interests of the people. The various townships in Sweden are to be thoroughly canvassed for this purpose.

The editor of *Co-operatoren*, official organ of the co-operative association in Sweden, proposed at the meeting that a pension fund be set aside for employes in the co-operative societies. The discussions were nearly all in favor of this movement.

The usefulness of the co-operative system in Denmark and Sweden has been two-fold: it has made it more difficult for trusts and private concerns to grow rich on the poor man's earnings—millionaires are very scarce in these countries—on the other hand, you do not find the dire poverty and suffering here that one finds in other lands. The idea of the whole movement is to do away with extreme wealth and extreme poverty. An object of the association is to get as many different kinds of labor into the co-operative plan as possible; in fact, it is desired to secure the very best economic advantages for producers and customers.

A brief history of the co-operative movement in Sweden and Denmark may interest the reader. The Danes, who are essentially an agricultural race, became dissatisfied with their economic conditions at home. About thirty years ago, a handful of laborers and farmers took the thing into their own hands. They began to ask themselves why all their profits should go to merchants and shopkeepers. Why could not they buy direct from the producers, and share with them the middleman's profits? Prior to this movement, the economic conditions of the farmer and the laborer were deplorable. Buying on the credit system had reduced the laborer to a state of chronic indebtedness; at the end of the year he had

nothing to show for his work but a mass of debts for the bare necessities of life, while the merchants, on the other hand, were growing rich. Tremendous strides have been made in thirty years. Denmark, a little country no larger than Rhode Island, now has 1,150 co-operative societies. Out of 2,500,000 inhabitants, more than 1,000,000 are shareholders in these organizations.

The cardinal principles of this co-operative system are :

1st—Honesty, justice and sound economy.

2d—Pure and unadulterated goods.

3d—Cash payments.

4th—Division of profits to members in accordance with their purchases.

Copenhagen has one immense co-operative concern in Ny Toldbogade, where not only food stuffs are handled, but clothing, furniture, hardware and tools as well. This concern has five large branch establishments in the same city. It is in the smaller towns and country districts, however, where the co-operative movement has been the most successful. The Sydfynske butter export, a Danish association of butter makers, exported, in the year 1905, nine million dollars' worth of butter, for which they received market prices, without the intervention of middlemen.

The co-operative movement in Sweden began in 1897. In six months fifty-five societies were formed. In 1906 there are 600 societies. In Sweden, as in Denmark, the co-

operative stores have been the most successful in the smaller cities and towns. In manufacturing towns, like Gefle, Norrkoping, Falun and Eskilstuna, the increase in membership has been enormous. Eskilstuna, which has the largest and most flourishing co-operative society in the country, opened its first co-operative store in an old log cabin. Three working men, with a capital of forty dollars, bought from producers and sold to other workmen who had joined them. These men could do business only at night, as they were employed during the day. They soon outgrew their quarters, and moved into a two-storey building. It was not long before this was too small for their rapidly increasing membership and business. They have recently purchased a four-storey building at a cost of about \$40,000. They have also established branch stores in neighboring villages. After paying dividends to the shareholders, they have set aside a sum to be used for the children's Summer school colonies, for sanitary improvements and for the working people's library.

No spirits, wines or beers are handled by any of these co-operative concerns, consequently, the Swedish working classes, more especially the younger generation, are becoming total abstainers. A malt brew, called *svalgdricks*, containing about 1 per cent. of alcohol, is made by a co-operative brewing company, and is the only drink sold by the societies.

Impressions of the Northwest

BY ANNIE S. SWAN IN LONDON CHRONICLE

The popular writer of this sketch has been visiting Western Canada and in it she gives some of her impressions. On the whole she approves of the West, its towns and its homesteads and the free life on the plains. With skillful pen she describes some of the sights she has seen and introduces a human note in her references to the settlers.

WE arrived in the hot glare of an August afternoon at a dusty little wayside station, pertaining to a flourishing new town, that has been built with an eye to the picturesque on the edge of a high bluff overhanging a deep ravine, well watered, with a deep swift river, which flows on to join the greater Assiniboine. The thick belt of trees covering the ravine gives a fine relief to the level stretches of the prairie land, and as we cover, with swift easy-going horses, the dusty miles between the station and our destination, we are struck by the fact that these deep ravines, with their accompanying water supply, occur at regular intervals, seeming to indicate the kindly plan of nature anxious to accommodate herself to the needs of man.

It is a well-settled country, which has all been homesteaded within the last fifteen or twenty years. Also it is considered one of the best farming tracts in the Northwest. The little town has that curious, unfinished look, that incongruous mixture of the pretentious and the elementary so characteristic of Colonial life. The main street sweeps round in a crescent, facing the ravine, and has fine substantial buildings side by side with the wooden shack which takes one back to pioneer days.

If outward signs mean anything, then Canada is pre-eminently a loyal country, since every new-fledged township has its "Queen's" or King Edward Hotel. Here the King Edward, an imposing structure four

storeys high, invites the traveller to good cheer and shelter at the moderate sum of a dollar and a half per day. There are plenty of stores, those devoted to hardware and to drugs the most imposing to behold. The hardware store is the farmers' vade mecum, without which he cannot exist. Here he purchases all he requires for household comfort and for keeping his machinery in repair. It is the storekeepers who make their pile quickly, who build the fine mansions with the hospitable verandahs all round, who bank quickly, and have an immense turnover without risk. It is practically a monopoly in these parts, and freight is so dear that it does not pay the farmer to send for goods to distant cities, however tempting the catalogues may be. He has to be content with such supplies as lie nearest his hand. The prosperity of this, like hundreds of other similar townships, depends upon the wheat. Small wonder that it is the word in every mouth. In the spring they talk of how soon it will be thawed out for the plough; later on the blade is keenly watched, and as it grows in beauty and in strength every possible accident or pest is discussed. We arrive at a moment when red-rust may eat out the goodness, or the dreaded tornado may hail it out.

To be hailed out is surely the most terrible and disastrous of all misfortunes. Now, when it is ripening for the sickle, in an hour, without warning, the storm may come,

and, singling out a certain pathway for its devastation, cut the heads clean off, as if a sharp scythe had been at work, leaving only the beaten straw behind. This happens many times, and is always the dread at the back of the farmer's mind. There is no hint of such disaster today, however, as we speed through the pleasant life-giving air, conscious of and eager for all the exhilaration of new surroundings.

The roads are guiltless of road metal or gravel, and the summer dust is thick upon them, but the riding is very easy, the springs of the wagon responsive to every vicissitude. Thus we can ride many miles without fatigue.

The roads, surveyed and ordered from headquarters, are all of uniform and striking width, a few feet of earth more or less having but little value here; there are always two, and sometimes three tracks, while in between are masses of the golden rod, of Michaelmas daisy, in every shade of mauve, and the low-growing wild rose, which blooms all over the prairie in wild and exquisite profusion, filling the air with its subtle sweet perfume. Indeed, the sweet wind is laden with innumerable delicate scents, and never had the eye a wider feast of form and color. It is said that every known species of flower and plant life is to be found in primeval form just here, on the open prairie.

But the dominant note of the landscape is wheat, just as it is the all-absorbing theme of talk at the bars, in the trains, by the homestead fires. It is everywhere, wonderful golden tracts, unrelieved by hedge or tree, and its music gives to the wind a new voice, a note of plenty and contentment; it chants a

paean of promise that the laborer shall be rewarded for his toil.

Although no hedge or tree is suffered to break or mark the boundaries of the fields, each homestead has its little belt of woodland, varying in importance according to the time it has been planted or the care that has been taken of it. Trees are not natural to the prairie, and only grow with careful selection and kindly fostering. But how they break and relieve the level lines, and how suggestive they always are of home.

Many of the farmhouses are quite handsome, new structures, built of wood, painted white and picked out with color, and further adorned with a wide verandah. But always you will see close by the old wooden shack, where the early days were spent, and where the children were born. It is never destroyed, and seldom put to base uses; although sentiment is not rampant on the prairie, there is just enough to redeem it from sordidness. They all speak tenderly of the old shack; and though the comfort of the new, airy, well-warmed and lighted home is fully appreciated, the memory of the old home is cherished, and that is well.

There is as yet no new house at the homestead, where we are eagerly expected; and we are pleased, in a way, that we should taste life under primitive conditions. It is very bare: a little unpainted wooden house, a storey and a half high, standing at one angle of the farmyard with the barn ahead, and a wild garden to the rear. Inside, a little living room, with a summer kitchen behind, and three or four bedrooms, very tiny and very bare, comprise the whole accommodation. The domestic arrangements are of

the simplest. There is no water in the house, nor anything drinkable within half a mile. A well in the yard pumps up a fluid so full of alkali that it is practically of no account. The rain water barrel is empty after the long drought, and the creek in the ravine hard by nearly dry. They fetch the water every day in a barrel fixed in a kind of sled called a stone boat, which a farm horse draws easily across the soft track. But in busy times in the fields it means that water has to be treated with respect, and not thrown about after the wasteful habit of cities.

This is a household bereft. The wife and mother, gently nurtured, was one of those physically unable to stand the conditions of life in the Northwest. She made a brave struggle and no word of complaint ever crossed her lips; the universal memory of her in these parts has a sweet savour; but it is a sore sight to those who loved her to see only the empty chair, the lonely man, and the little motherless boy. They have "batched," i.e., done their own chores, off and on, since that

bleak February day when she went away. In view of our coming, and more particularly because the harvest hands will be here presently, requiring huge chunks of meat and pie to fortify them against their arduous labors, some "help" has been got up from the Immigration Department at Winnipeg.

She is newly out from England, Londoner born, an elderly woman of the true Lambeth type, wedded to ancient traditions, ignorant and pigheaded as only that type can be; and lazy to boot. Yet this "help" save the mark! expects a wage of £30 a year or so, all found, and can get it too. She would be dear at the price of her food. Yet they are thankful to get somebody who can produce a meal of any sort, and make a semblance of comfort in the little shack. A strong, capable woman could organize the work of this little home so that it rested upon her lightly, but there is no organization here; the morning hours are dissipated with frequent rests, with arms folded across an ample bosom, and dissertations upon the lost delights of Lambeth.

We were born with certain capacities and opportunities; they may be great or small; we cannot greatly change them; they constitute the limits within which our work must be done; but the interest we take, the zeal we show, the use we make of those powers—all this is left in our own hands.—Samuel V. Cole.

The Will and the Way

SMITH'S WEEKLY

The importance of the cultivation of will power is emphasized by the writer of this short sermon to young men. By means of carefully selected examples he shows how men have been enabled to overcome all manner of obstacles, imply by a determination not to be beaten. The will rules the mind and every effort adds to its power. In time its sway becomes invincible.

THE young man who has made up his mind to succeed in life, and who is satisfied that he is on the right road to that end, must very seriously consider the extent to which he is going to use his will power. Will power is, perhaps, the first essential virtue in every undertaking. Will power is the lubricating oil that drives the human machinery.

You can't run a machine for any length of time without oil. Human exertion won't last for any length of time either, unless will power and determination, ambition, and hope enter into the man and give him the means of easy running. Let that soak well into your brain and oil your thinking machinery. The mere act of work and labor is of no interest to a man. It is the pleasure he gets out of it that counts. To see a thing grow and shape itself under the hand of constant toil guided by a brain that plans and wills—that is what brings success.

It seems almost a hopeless task to bring the raw recruit to the prompt obedience and military precision of the experienced veteran.

"Attention!" rings out the drill sergeant. The awkward soldier does not know at first what to do with his hands, his feet, and his head. There is too much for him to do all at once. But he gradually learns to concentrate his thoughts upon the various commands, and according to the intensity of his attention and will power are the celerity and accuracy of his motions.

It is the will that makes the march to victory. It is the want of will that causes panic and makes the coward.

Henry of Navarre was a natural coward. At his first battle he fled ingloriously from the field of conflict. Then he sat in a ditch and shivered. He tried to pull himself together, and he thought something like this: This won't do. It's got to stop. I swear I will do better next time.

In the next encounter, when fear began to make his teeth rattle and his hair stand on end, he shouted out, "Down traitorous flesh!" and he struck his spurs fiercely into his horse's side, to be plunged into the thickest of the fight. Ever afterwards his white plume led the fight.

You remember, also, the case of Bernard Palissy, the French potter. He knew he was on the threshold of discovering the secret of the glaze on porcelain. Nothing could deter him from his purpose. When he had no more money left to buy fuel to heat his furnace, he began to strip his house. He went on and on, burning his household goods right down to the last chair. And at length success came. With trembling hands and burning head and starved body he tore down his furnace and clasped a priceless treasure to his breast. He had the will to go on.

Take one more case. I like these illustrations because they remain longer with you. An eminent physician had been overworking himself. He did not feel bodily ill—only tired.

But he began to feel his mind wandering. Now and again in the dark hours he saw strange shapes that kept haunting him.

In his disordered condition they spoke to him, and made faces at him, and put their hands upon him. When he wished to read they tried to close his eyes. When he tried to sleep they jabbered around him. He knew this meant insanity if he could not assert his will power to win against the feeling. So he started in a simple way to combat it. He took a story-book and commenced to read with the fixed determination in his mind not to skip a word, and to understand every line. He held his book before him and read steadily in spite of the gibes and jeers of the ghosts hovering around.

He read a page. Then he had to stop and fight them off. He had only understood half the page. He read that half-page again, and then did understand it. And so he went on day by day, each time increasing the number of pages he could read intelligently. And he saw the shapes less distinctly, and heard the voices less clearly, and felt the pressure of their hands lighter, until the glad hour came when he was a free, sane man. That, also, is what will power did.

The will rules the mind. The will makes "I can" into "I will" and "I did." If your mind and your energy begin to waver, bring them both back again and again. You will find it wonderfully easy in time. Every effort adds to some controlling force. "I will" will make you think and pay attention to the thinking. "I will" will make you act and pay attention to the action.

Will power is perhaps the greatest deficiency in the young man of today. One young man writes to me :

"I have recently noticed that you laid stress on the value of will power and concentration. Unfortunately, I am lacking in will power and boldness. I also suffer from nervousness, and am addicted to blushing when obliged to talk with strangers.

"I am afraid this will tell against me, and cause me to be passed over when an opportunity for promotion comes along, and this would be a great disappointment to me. I am considered a good hand, and have several times been selected for special work.

"If promoted, I should be expected, to some extent, to control and supervise a body of men, and I am afraid that I should be considered incapable of controlling others when all the while I have so little control over myself. Perhaps I am rather too sensitive; however, I want to alter my condition if it is at all possible. Do you think I can overcome my difficulties by cultivation of will power? and can you suggest a method which would bring about the desired effect?"

If this young man reads this article carefully he ought to find some words of comfort. All young men so afflicted, ought to remember that, if they want promotion, and to be at the head of a body of men, they must command and hold respect. The weak man will not obtain either. His authority is bound to be broken down.

Whilst I do not hold with being severe and autocratic with those under you, I do hold with being strict and firm. I hold with the master being the master or the master's deputy.

The weak-willed, nervous, blushing man cannot do his work conscientiously, or make those under him do

theirs if they feel the knowledge of his limitations.

You won't be able to get over your troubles all at once. You will have to drill, drill, drill.

You can't get rid of a twenty or thirty years' disease in a day. You will have to physic yourself.

You must work hard. Certainly for months, perhaps for a year or two. You may make so little progress that you will only see you have advanced by looking backwards.

That is what happened to William Lloyd Garrison. He is one of the finest figures in humanitarian history. And yet I don't suppose you ever heard of him. You wouldn't, of course. Being an Englishman, nothing matters to you outside your own history book. I am not casting a slur on you. It's only because of the way they taught you at school. There they teach you the names of a lot of capes, and points, and hills, and rivers, and lakes, and you forget them all within a week or two. If they taught you the stories of many great men in foreign lands in an anecdotal way, and showed you on the map the field of their labors, I'll wager you would never forget them. Then schooldays might be passed without tears.

But to return to Garrison. He was a good American. He hated the American slave trade. He was one of the first—the first of importance—to raise his voice against it. In 1830, when he was bringing out the

first number of the *Liberator*, he was a slim, sickly youth of twenty-six, and looked younger. He had just been discharged from Baltimore jail. We find him in a Boston attic, living on bread and milk, sleeping on the floor of his printing works, penniless, and without influence and friends.

Somehow or other he had scraped together a second-hand printing plant, on credit. And when he issued the first number of the *Liberator*, he had practically no subscribers. The only things he really did have were courage, will power, and a cause to fight for. He wrote an editorial—this slim, sickly, penniless youth did—for his first number on the iniquities of the slave trade. It ended like this: "Let all the enemies of the persecuted blacks tremble. I will be as harsh as truth and as uncompromising as justice. I am in earnest. I will not equivocate; I will not excuse; I will not retreat a single inch; and I will be heard. Posterity will bear testimony that I was right." And posterity does so.

Looking back on the progress made, we first hear the shrill voice of William Lloyd Garrison, and then the roar of the guns that culminated in the American Civil War and the abolition of slavery. You saw the picture I drew of Garrison, and how everything was against him. You can't be worse off now than he was then. And you have more chances. The one thing you may be lacking is the will power to make the most of them. Garrison had the will power

Every person has two educations—one which he receives from others, and one, more important, which he gives himself.—Gibbon.

Seeing by Electricity

BY WILLIAM MAVER IN CASSIER'S

That we are on the eve of important discoveries in the realm of sight is demonstrated by the simultaneous invention of a device for seeing at a distance by two scientists. The details of the invention are not yet available but the writer of this article explains the lines along which experiments have been made.

ALMOST simultaneously from two different places in the United States the invention of a device for seeing at a distance by electrical means is announced by two different inventors. Somewhat strange to say, the name adopted by each inventor for his device is "Telvue." The names of the two inventors are J. B. Fowler and William H. Thompson.

A non-technical description of Mr. Fowler's device in one of the electrical papers shows a woman speaking into a telephone transmitter, while at the side of the transmitter is a projection akin to that of a hand stereoscope. The idea is that the apparition of the person at the distant end of the wire will be seen within this projection. It is said that four wires are at present required to accomplish the speaking and seeing, but that eventually two wires only will be necessary. It is also said that natural colors are reproduced in the apparatus. Complete details of the operation of this interesting apparatus are withheld, it is said for certain reasons connected with Patent Office matters. In the meantime, however, it is reported that a company has been organized to push the scheme, and stock in the company will be offered to the public.

Mr. Thompson does not appear to have progressed so far with his invention as Mr. Fowler, but it is stated on Mr. Thompson's behalf that his device will be an improvement on the other one.

In the absence of details it is obvious that no opinion can be expressed as to the value of the claims of these gentlemen. It is well established that the problem which they have set out to solve is not an easy one. Attempts without number have been made to solve it by men thus far without success.

Not long ago M. A. Nisco, of Belgium, made a careful study of many of the methods that have been proposed for seeing at a distance electrically, and concluded that none of the devices thus far experimented with possesses the necessary requirements for successful operation.

In the majority of the methods for transmitting sight to a distance, that property of selenium by which its electrical resistance varies with the intensity of the light thrown upon it, has been employed, but the use of this substance for this purpose has not hitherto met the expectations of inventors.

As a result of Mr. Nisco's study of the subject, he believes that a system constructed somewhat as follows would give practical results:—Let a sensitive screen be prepared by coating a metallic net with an insulating varnish. Into the meshes of the net copper wires are inserted before the insulating material hardens. The surface is then filed off smooth and a coat of selenium is spread over the net, this forming a connection between the net and the copper wires. The selenium is then treated in such a manner as to

crystalize it, which brings it into the required sensitive condition.

The copper wires are led into a hollow ebonite cylinder and are then brought to the outer surface of the cylinder through holes that are arranged to correspond to the position of the copper wires in the netting. The holes are arranged in spirals around the cylinder, and a steel blade is caused to pass around the cylinder at the rate of 600 revolutions a minute. As it does so, the blade makes momentary contact with the protruding copper wires, ten times per second. The blade, the copper wires and the metallic screen are in an electric circuit with a battery and a telephone receiver. To this telephone is connected a minute microphone which repeats the variations of current that may be set up in the selenium circuit into the transmission line.

At the receiving station a second telephone receiver, by means of another suitably arranged microphone, repeats the variations of current into a local circuit, which is arranged to produce a spark, the luminosity of which depends on the strength of the current, which latter, in turn, varies directly with the intensity of illumination at the selenium screen at the transmission station.

The spark-gap is placed within a

cylinder which is provided with slots arranged spirally around the cylinder in a manner corresponding to the arrangement of the copper wires in the transmitting cylinder. The slotted cylinder revolves in unison with the blade at the sending station.

If then, says Mr. Nisco, a picture be thrown upon the metallic screen while the apparatus at each station is operating synchronously, the light of each spark at the receiving station will be cast on a receiving screen in a manner capable of producing an illuminated image of the picture at the transmitting station. The method just described produces only variations in illumination, and it requires two wires, one for maintaining synchronism between the moving apparatus, the other for transmission of the variable currents.

While Mr. Nisco's plan thus outlined does credit to his ingenuity, its practicability appears rather problematical. It is not altogether unlikely, however, that Mr. Nisco's suggestions have formed, and will form, the basis of the efforts of numerous aspirants for fame and wealth in this direction. The public, however, should take all statements of successful accomplishments of this nature cum grano salis.

A man is not physically perfect who has lost his little finger. It is no answer to say that such a man can do many things as well as before his mutilation. Can he do everything as well? So every bad habit cripples in kind, though not in degree.

Women in Technical Work

BY WILLIAM HARD IN TECHNICAL WORLD MAGAZINE

In the following extract from the leading article in the Technical World for October, the author gives particulars about a large number of women, who have entered the field of the technical and have made a success therein. The story is not without its significance. As education becomes more general and opportunities more frequent, it will be found that woman will make herself felt in all walks of life.

SIMMONS College in Boston is perhaps the most spectacular concrete recognition of the fact that there is a technical side, even to the household duties which have long been classed together under the phrase "woman's sphere." This college is devoted entirely to the idea of providing a technical training for women in sanitation, in ventilation, in the chemistry of cooking, in biology, in the cost of proper food, in the preparation of proper clothing, in the construction of hygienic houses, and in the art and science of healthy living. It is characteristic of the present age that there should be an institution of learning dedicated to the proposition that a woman who manages a home needs a few qualifications in addition to a good complexion.

But, besides the technique of housekeeping, which in itself is immensely important, there is the big, outside world of technical endeavor, of engineering, of invention, of architecture, of electricity, of agriculture. In this world the pioneers of the secluded sex have already staked out their claims.

In Pittsburg, in the workshops of the Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company, there is a woman who every day does engineering work of a high order, making the designs for direct-current electric motors and generators. This woman began her work as Miss Lamme. She is now married to a fellow-engineer, Mr. R. S. Feicht. Mr.

Feicht designs induction motors. His work, therefore, exactly parallels that done by Miss Lamme on direct-current motors, and their union was technically as well as sentimentally appropriate. Miss Lamme early won the admiration of her fellow-engineers as "a slide-rule phenomenon," because of her unusual rapidity in making the intricate mathematical calculations for the construction of the metal monsters which provide the driving power for the gigantic machinery of modern factories.

Among other cases of woman engineers may be mentioned that of Miss Alice Law, of Chicago. Miss Law's struggle toward her ambition ought to prove stimulating to other ambitious young women. She was teaching school out in the Northwest, and had to begin her technical education by studying the catalogues of the big firms that manufacture machines. Then she went to a school of mines. After that she took engineering work at Purdue University. Leaving Purdue for real work in Chicago, she was employed for some time in an engineer's office. To-day she is on the staff of an engineering journal.

The American Institute of Mining Engineers has gone farther than the American Society of Civil Engineers. Instead of having one woman in its membership, it has two. They are Ellen H. Richards, of Boston, and Lena A. Stoiber, of Silverton, Colorado.

Ellen H. Richards is known all over the United States, not only for the work that has made her a member of the American Institute of Mining Engineers, but even more particularly for her constant and successful attempts to apply the principles of laboratory science to the every-day, practical affairs of the home. She is an instructor in sanitary chemistry in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. She writes learned theses on the "Potable Waters of Mexico." But she is most widely and favorably known as the author of practical books on "The Chemistry of Cooking and Cleaning," "Food Materials" "The Cost of Living," etc., in which the results of her experiments of many years' duration are put into popular form for general use. That Mrs. Richards' technical skill is thoroughly recognized, is shown by the fact that she has been employed as a chemist by the Chemical Manufacturers' Mutual Fire Insurance Company. As an official of that company, she has made many valuable experiments on the nature of explosive oils.

Out in the western country, the names of women mining engineers are beginning to be heard. Miss Clara Clark, of Butte, Montana, is doing the kind of work that any man mining engineer might do. She is a graduate of the Montana School of Mines. While she was in that school, she had a fellow-student of her own sex, Miss Isabell Little, of Baltimore, Maryland. These two girls took the whole mining engineering course without flinching. They waded mountain streams in high rubber boots. They spent whole nights in the open-air in blankets. They climbed perpendicular ladders in the darkness of deep mines. These little

diversions of their student days have prepared them for the mature pleasures of their profession.

Mrs. Sara Steenberg, of Chicago, is also a mining expert. But she is not a mining engineer. In fact, although she knows a great deal about mines, she did not gain her knowledge till after she had acquitted herself with great credit in another profession. She is really and mainly a fire insurance agent. Left with a daughter to educate and with no means of educating her, Mrs. Steenberg looked about for a profitable occupation, and chose that of soliciting fire insurance policies. She had such splendid success that she not only sent her daughter through the grade school, through the high school, and through the university, but even finally to the cities of Europe for the completion of her training. Mrs. Steenberg still devotes a full day to her fire insurance work. But in her leisure time she has acquired an interest in mines. Her latest success is with a lead and zinc mine in Wisconsin. Mrs. Steenberg is the manager of this mine, as well as its financial promoter. She makes the contracts for the sale of its product. She buys the machinery for it. She signs the payroll. Her success is an inspiring example to women who either have to make their way in the world or else just simply want to do so.

Miss Olive M. Percival, of Los Angeles, California, deserves special mention in this connection on account of remarkable success achieved in promoting the business of a well-known fire insurance company of New York in the Western and Southwestern States. She is also a writer of prominence, the author of a book of travel and of numerous short stories relating to the Chinese

in America, and is an authority on Oriental art.

If a woman can manage a mine or surmount obstacles in the field of insurance agency work, she ought to be able to manage a telephone company. And she can. Mrs. Anney M. Brett, of El Paso, Texas, has for some time been the president and manager of the Southern Independent Telephone Company, and is a striking example of what a woman can accomplish in the business world. Promoting public utilities has seemed peculiarly a man's work; but Mrs. Brett has a record in Texas for successfully launching telephone companies in fields where even the stout-hearted business man would hesitate to venture, that must challenge the admiration of the boldest of promoters. With a telephone company already in the field and operating under a generous franchise from the city council of El Paso, Mrs. Brett, a widow, with no capital but her knowledge of the telephone business and a determination to win, applied for a franchise to construct and maintain an independent telephone system. Her application was met with the strongest opposition from the "old" company, but Mrs. Brett had learned from her husband some of the fine points of the game of politics, and she won her fight. She has recently secured a franchise for a telephone system in Mineral Wells, Texas, and is now engaged in promoting that undertaking.

If a woman can manage a telephone company, why not a gas company? The answer is Miss J. J. Dickerman. She has not found her sex a disqualification in acting as the manager and purchasing agent of the Benton Harbor-St. Joseph Gas Company of Michigan.

From managers of companies, the transition is easy to contractors. At the recent meeting of the National Electric Contractors' Association at Cleveland, it was found that two of the members were women. They were Miss Rose B. Richardson of Syracuse, New York, and Mrs. C. Fred Warner of Rockford, Ill.

In electricity, in gas, in engineering, in sanitation, women have thus made their way into the same fields with men. It is not surprising therefore, that they have effected an entrance into architecture, which is more or less a summary of the technical trades, with the added element of art.

Mrs. Louise Bethune of Buffalo, New York, is an architect whose place in the profession is so well established that she has been elected to membership in the American Institute of Architects. Her husband is also an architect. Like Monsieur and Madame Curie in science, and like Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Webb in economics, Mr. and Mrs. Bethune have been able to carry their companionship from their home to their daily work.

Alice J. Hands, of New York City, has also done some interesting architectural work. She began by making anonymous designs for men architects to use. Afterwards she secured a practice of her own. She put up a model sanitarium in San Francisco and a row of model tenements in New York.

One of the most versatile of women architects is Miss Marion Mahony, of Chicago. This young woman not only did all the architectural work for the Unitarian church in Evanston, Illinois, but rounded the job out by doing the stained-glass windows and the mural painting.

Passing from the professions for a moment to the handicrafts, it is interesting to observe that women are capable, not only of the intellectual effort needed in architecture and in engineering, but also of the manual strength and dexterity required for the actual work of rough construction. Miss Nellie Patterson, of Mount Carmel, Connecticut, for instance, is a full-fledged machinist. She handles the file, the drill, and the planer, standing at her place before her lathe and turning out tools with as much knowledge of the tricks of metal-work as the men who labor by her side.

In the field of invention, the work done by women has long been recognized. And the number of women inventors is steadily increasing. The United States Patent Office makes the calculation, that, while in 1820 there was only one woman in 350,000 who ever exercised her inventive powers, there is now one such woman in every 32,500.

One of the most remarkable woman inventors is Mrs. Margaret A. Wilcox of Los Angeles, California, who, at the age of 76, still makes inventions, patents them, and organizes companies for manufacturing and selling them. Her latest interest is in a device for heating houses by electricity without the inconveniences which attend almost all other methods.

Another woman inventor who does not allow advancing years to interfere with her inventive activity, is Amanda T. Jones of Junction City, Kansas. This unusual woman seems to divide her time between writing poems which have received high praise from the literary journals, and inventing machines which pass the scrutiny of the Patent Office. She has five patents on vacuum-pre-

serving devices, and she is just now taking out a patent for a furnace in which the use of oil as a fuel is said to be provided with several new conveniences.

With so many women inventors, it is natural that women should become interested in the field of patent law. There are at least two women who have found this field both lucrative and fascinating. One of these women is Florence King of Chicago; the other is Edith Julia Griswold of New York.

Miss King started from the farm. She deserted agriculture for shorthand writing. After awhile she became a court stenographer. From reporting law cases, she went on to the study of law. Pretty soon she had fought her way up to the point of being admitted to the bar. But meanwhile she was taking scientific courses in local technical schools. The energy of this woman was inexhaustible. Her legal knowledge and her technical knowledge together gave her a firm hold on the intricacies of the Patent Office. She established her reputation forever in a great suit which was concerned with a patented material used for packing the axles of railroad cars, and which finally went for decision to the Supreme Court of the United States. While still a young woman, this graduate of the rough work of the farmhouse argued before the judges of the Supreme Court and won. It was undoubtedly a matter of gratification to her that her client, whose property was saved by her skill, was also a woman.

Edith Julia Griswold of New York has been equally persistent and equally successful. She opened an office in New York as a mechanical draftsman in 1886. After awhile she closed up this office, and became

managing clerk for the firm of Howson & Howson, patent-attorneys. Here she decided to study law. Being admitted to the bar, she hung out her own shingle, and began to use her knowledge of law and her knowledge of mechanical drawing at the same time. She has been so successful as a patent-attorney that now she has turned most of the office work over to a partner, and confines herself in the main to appearing as an expert witness in patent disputes. In 1904, at the World's Fair at St. Louis, she was a member of the International Jury of Awards in the Machinery Department.

Of all industrial enterprises, however, perhaps that of building and managing railroads is regarded as the most strenuous and the most masculine. Special interest attaches therefore to Mrs. Annie Kline Rickert, of California, who, after working for many years in mining enterprises, at last built the Stockton & Tuolumne Railroad, became the president of it, and established a

board of directors in which four out of the six members were women. Mrs. Rickert has successfully acquired the manners and customs of railroading. The dispatches from California announced not long ago that a judge had sentenced her to five days in jail for contempt of court in refusing to show the books of her railroad company.

In transportation on water as well as on land, it is possible to entrust one's self to feminine hands. There are six or seven women in America who have been granted pilots' licenses. Mrs. Carrie B. Hunter of Snow Hill, Maryland, is the pilot and master of the *Carrie*. She navigates this boat in the waters of Chesapeake Bay. Miss Jane Morgan of Philadelphia, the master of the *Waturus*, a steam vessel over 200 feet long, is another who has passed the necessary examinations for a pilot's license and who is allowed by law to undertake a pilot's responsibility for the lives of passengers on the high seas.

It is character that counts in a nation as in a man. It is a good thing to have a clean, fine, intellectual development in a nation, to produce orators, artists, successful business men; but it is an infinitely greater thing to have those solid qualities which we group together under the name of character—sobriety, steadfastness, the sense of obligation towards one's neighbor and one's God, hard common sense, and combined with it, the gift of generous enthusiasm towards whatever is right. These are the qualities which go to make up true national greatness.—Roosevelt.

Galveston: A Business Corporation

BY GEORGE KIBBE TURNER IN McCLURE'S

In Galveston they have the latest development of municipal government. They have a commission of five men, who carry on the affairs of the city just as directors carry on the affairs of a big business. Both the ward system and the system of alderman at large had been tried in Galveston but with the usual unfortunate results. The new system has made Galveston strong and prosperous.

FIVE men about a long table—a president and four managers of departments—govern the city of Galveston, Texas. This board is now five years old. It is probably the most direct and simple city government in the world. More than that: it is a revolution in local government in America; for it is organized on entirely new lines—the lines of a business corporation. Till now we have assured ourselves: "A city is a business corporation"—and run it with a legislature.

The Galveston Commission government has not only been a startling success in that city, but it is being adopted with great rapidity throughout the Southwest. The two largest cities in Texas have already taken it up, and within two years it is believed that every city of consequence in the State will have done so. From these—if its success continue—it must find its way north to the region of great cities.

The new idea was born of a tremendous disaster. On the 8th of September, 1900, the Great Storm came down on Galveston, and all but tore her from the map. One sixth of the population were drowned, one third of the property was destroyed in a night. The municipality itself was ruined—paved streets washed away, lights blown down, city buildings wrecked. And worse than all there was no money. Tax-payers—the great majority of them—could not pay their taxes then. The credit of the city was gone. Her bonds went down at once to sixty.

Yet millions must be spent in public works to keep the city in existence. Thousands of people were hurrying away. To retain her population the city must have the assurance of protection from a repetition of the disaster.

Those were the days when good government was no pretty theory in Galveston. It was a great serious desire. The community loomed big; the individual seemed very small. For the community was the only hope. Unless it could reorganize and go on, the individual was ruined. There was in the city a body known as the Deepwater Committee, formed to secure national appropriations for deepening the city's harbor. Its fifteen members are believed to have represented, in one way or another, nearly half the property of the place. Without delay, although it had never before concerned itself with municipal matters, this organization took affairs into its own hands. It planned ways and means of raising money, of satisfying creditors, of building public works, and it especially considered the formation of some agency to take over the management of the ruined city—a strong responsible, centralized city government which would really govern. Now there were two systems which the city would certainly not adopt. She had tried them and found them wretched failures. The first was government by a mayor and ward alderman; the second was governed by a mayor and a board of aldermen elected at large.

Galveston inherited, together with the other cities of the United States, the usual system of dividing its territory into artificial districts, each of which elected its representatives in the city council. Until 1895 the was ruled by the ward aldermen, who constituted by far the strongest branch of her government. It was impossible to elect really representative men to this body. Its members represented, not the city, but the ward; and the ward, in the great majority of cases could be almost certainly manipulated by the worst type of politicians. The aldermen had the distribution of the patronage and improvements. They divided them among their wards. Each alderman had the naming of his own election officers. The ward alderman had Galveston, as he has most American cities, securely organized. It was a disgrace, but it could not be corrected. Citizens went about their own business and disregarded it.

In 1893 Dr. A. W. Fly, a big, aggressive, popular physician, was elected mayor of Galveston. The city council was then, and had been for several years, in the control of the Eleven. This assortment was made up as follows: one saloon-keeper, one bar-tender, one drayman, two wharf laborers, one negro politician, one journeyman printer, one retail butcher, one retail grocer, one curbstome real-estate broker, one political agent for a railroad which never existed except on paper. War started immediately between the mayor and his aggregation. The Eleven overrode more than thirty vetos of the mayor in two years. The mayor, on his part, decided in 1894 to have an examination of the city's books. Being refused an appropriation for

this by the Eleven, he paid for the work out of his own pocket.

It took four bookkeepers four months to unsnarl the thing. The whole system was honeycombed; the city had been exploited right and left. But far more astonishing than that was the absolute barbaric crudeness of the affair. The losses from a defaulting ex-collector had been wiped off the books of an ex-auditor with a great daub of ink; the acting collector was calmly withholding thousands of dollars. The Eleven were giving all the city contracts to one contractor, and were frankly getting his endorsement on notes which they did not pay. These peculiar creatures, secure within the protection of the imaginary lines which made them, did not even trouble themselves to steal in a quiet and businesslike way. They battened openly on the city. If they had been less hungry or more intelligent, they would have fared better and gone farther. As it was, regardless of investigations, they had destroyed themselves. The citizens were refusing to pay taxes. The aldermen and their friends did not do so; then why should any one? Government cannot well continue without taxes. The rule of the ward aldermen was coming to a standstill—after having brought the affairs of the city into chaos.

There have been two plans of procedure commonly adopted, in America, under such circumstances. One kindly, but pathetically ineffective—has been to try to elevate the ward aldermen. The other, growing in popularity for fifty years, has been to take all power from him and leave him a shadow. This movement has gone furthest in New York, where in the last ten years the ward alderman has been so robbed of his

vitality that little now remains but to put him out of his pain. Galveston did neither of these things. She neither attempted to evangelize the ward alderman, nor to destroy the creature and retain the name. She merely went to the State legislature and put out of existence this Frankenstein monster which she had created with her own hands to pursue her.

From 1895 to 1901 Galveston was under another system—a mayor and a board of aldermen selected at large. She might be said to have had the usual type of American city government, reduced to its simplest form. She had escaped the viciousness of ward politics, but she retained exactly the same old machinery of operation. Imagine a business in which every matter to be considered goes first to a committee of three or five, then to a body of from twelve to two hundred, then at last to a single independent head for approval or disapproval—never once on its journey feeling the vital touch of a responsible hand, or the illumination of an expert mind. How long would a body of this kind exist in competition with the savage personal self-interest which drives the corporation of to-day? Yet that is city government—whose daily business brings it into relation with the sharpest and most unscrupulous elements in the business world. Is the present general hopelessness and indifference toward civic affairs fairly a surprise under the circumstances? Can anything come out of such machinery but failure and disgust? The interest in Galveston, stimulated by the reform of 1895, continually died down, both on the side of the public and the office-holder; but, in the meantime, the sharp interest of the politicians remained. In 1899 a ma-

chine mayor was elected, and the better element had the greatest difficulty in electing a bare majority of the aldermen. It was this government which broke down under the strain of the Storm—offering the melancholy spectacle of a chief administrative body in a tremendous crisis, with its two branches in open hostility.

After the Storm this body arrived nowhere. At first it made a few feeble moves, some of which proved most unfortunate in a business way. It was advised by one of its members to resign, but it would not even do that. It merely talked loudly and vociferously. The public disregarded it entirely. They looked first and always to the Deepwater Committee—a body without any delegated authority whatever. The people of San Francisco did a similar thing after the earthquake, and those of Memphis after the scourge of yellow fever in 1878. In the white flash of great calamity the population of cities sees with perfect clearness the inadequacy of the old machinery of city government in the United States. It is useless when we need it most.

The Deepwater Committee met nightly, discussing the community's affairs. They viewed Galveston, not as a city at all, but a great ruined business. What agency should be selected to reorganize it? Obviously, no mayor and aldermen: not with the memory of the past: not with that pitiful, chattering thing before them as an object lesson! The matter was not to be considered. But about a month after the storm the present commission government was suggested. Within ten minutes the idea was approved and adopted, and a committee chosen to formulate it. R. Waverly Smith, a former

city attorney who suggested the idea, was chosen chairman. Two other lawyers—Farrell D. Miner and ex-Congressman Walter Gresham — acted with him.

There were hints for the Galveston government in the commissions of Washington and Memphis, Tennessee, but they were little more than hints. For the important feature of the system the committee drew straight from modern business practice. Now, there can be no doubt of the splendid, brutal vitality of the great business organization. The whole earth is filled with it. We cannot escape its compulsion — eating or drinking, getting up or lying down. The problem of the charter committee was to inspire with the force of this strong, live thing, the moribund institution of city government. But where does this great driving force of the modern business corporation come from? From personality. The corporation succeeds because it has harnessed to its use the ambition and interest of strong men, by placing upon them individual responsibility and authority. The Galveston committee, in the same way, brought into the impersonal, perfunctory operations of city government, the same power of personal interest and ambition — stimulated, not by any empty political preference, but by the satisfaction of a fine and important public service.

The Galveston Commission is a body of five men—a mayor or general manager, and four managers of particular departments. All power resides in the commission. A majority vote of the body is final. The mayor is presiding officer and general director of the affairs of the city, but he has no power beyond his vote as commissioner, except some minor abilities to act in case of emergency.

The commissioners must also come to the board for all power to act. The commission, at its first meeting, divides its departments among its members by vote, under these four heads: commissioner of finance and revenue, police and fire commissioner, commissioner of streets and public property, and water works and sewerage commissioner. The mayor is elected specifically for his office, but the commissioners are not. But, though the division of departments is under the charge of the board, the public are practically certain, when they cast their votes, of the office each man will assume. In fact, the men who now serve were chosen because of special fitness for their work. The elections to the board are, of course, at large, and the whole body is elected together every two years—the election taking place in May, a time as far removed as possible from the time of other elections.

You must understand exactly the function of these commissioners, for this is very important. They are not superintendents in any sense — although they are salaried men, the mayor receiving \$2,000 and each commissioner \$1,200 a year; they are governors or managers of departments. First of all, each represents his department in the board. They outline its policy there as specialists in its affairs, and all questions concerning it are referred to them for their opinion. All matters of the daily conduct of their departments are under their supervision. They are in much the same position to the city that the British ministry is to the affairs of England. Their superintendents under them take the management of the routine. They simply advise and direct. The work, consequently, in all but the largest cities,

will not be so great but that it can be undertaken by most business men. Varied amounts of time will, of course, be given it, according to the temperament of the individual in charge, but the daily average need not be large. As a matter of fact, the Galveston commissioners give it more time than they would if they were not so actively interested in their work.

It is a wide-spread belief—and one of the most hopeless beliefs in the current pessimism concerning city government—that strong and representative men can never again be had for the service of cities. There is an ample supply for the management of libraries and hospitals and boards of trade, but none for the vastly more important work of city government. Galveston has contradicted this skepticism successfully. Her commissioners came into her service, it is true, under the pressure of a great calamity; but they still remain, and from present appearances they will continue some years longer. Their work interests them; it has become their hobby, as the libraries and hospitals and parks have their thousands of wealthy and successful men throughout the country. The change in the form of government has made this possible. In Galveston, where the office of alderman was a street joke or a disgrace, the office of commissioner is a high honor, and an absorbing personal interest for its holder.

This is the class of men who do the city business of Galveston: the first mayor-president was Judge W. T. Austin, for years one of the leading attorneys of the city. His death, in the Fall of 1905, made the first and only change in the commission up to date. He was succeeded by Henry A. Landes, a veteran whole-

sale merchant, with wide and varied interests in local business affairs. I. H. Kempner, the commissioner of finance, is perhaps the most promising young business man in the city—a banker and active manager of large business interests. Previous to his election he was for two years city treasurer. H. C. Lange, the water works and sewerage commissioner, is an active partner in a prosperous wholesale house. Before becoming commissioner he was for a number of years a member of the subsidiary board which managed the routine of the water department under the aldermen. V. E. Austin, commissioner of streets and public property, is a successful real estate dealer. A. P. Norman, police and fire commissioner, is the secretary and treasurer of a live stock concern, and has seen previous service as alderman. The first two men are wealthy, the third in more than comfortable circumstances, and the last two of moderate means. They are all good, clean, representative men. Galveston has at last a really representative government.

The Galveston commission government began in September, 1901. Under their installation, its members immediately reorganized the official force of the city. The salaries were not large, but they secured an excellent corps of officers. Albert Ferrier, the expert accountant who unearthed the scandal of the city's books in 1894, was made city auditor. Dr. C. W. Trueheart, a veteran physician with a life-long enthusiasm for proper sanitary regulation, was chosen health physician. John T. Rowan, one of the cleanest and bravest men on the police force, was put at its head. Throughout all the departments the best available men were selected with as much care as

for a private corporation. This force still remains intact. Together with the commissioners, whose board has been broken only by the death of Mayor Austin, they form an administration as continuous as that of any business concern. Galveston, in-

stead of changing managers every two years, has been governed by trained and experienced men. This government has now served five years. It has ceased to be an experiment. It has had ample time to prove itself.

The Will to be Well

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

Everyone knows the power of imagination. No one doubts that there are imaginary diseases and that multitudes of beings have no other disease than that they imagine themselves diseased. Is it not then as possible, and ever so much better, to imagine oneself healthy? And may we not in this way increase and preserve health, just by the contrary plan we can increase or produce disease?

MOST people have noticed that paying attention to sensations and impressions increases the effect these have on the body; witness the coughing in church at a pause in the sermon. The morbid effects of cold and other agents upon the system are certainly less when the corresponding sensations are not excited or not attended to. It undoubtedly requires a firm and reasonable man—when plagued with sensations for which no cause can be found, or where, if a cause be present, nothing can be gained by thinking about it—to voluntarily banish it from his mind and proceed about his duties unembarrassed thereby, although this is the best way to cure or render as harmless as possible, the trouble he has or imagines. Kant mentions that he himself almost got to desire death in the condition to which he was brought by thinking about his narrow and flat chest which scarcely allowed room for the functions of his heart and lungs; but, on considering that this feeling of oppression in the chest was only mechanical and could not be altered, he soon

got to disregard it; and, while there might be palpitation and panting in the chest, all was calm and cheerful in the head; and this philosopher lived to a ripe old age. Kant writes: 'Even in real diseases we must separate the disease from the feeling of sickness. The latter generally much exceeds the former; indeed, one would not notice the disease itself, which often consists of a locally deranged function of an unimportant region, were it not for the general unpleasant sensations and pains rendering us miserable.' These sensations, however—this action of the disease on the system—are often for the most part under our control. A weak, enervated spirit, with its increased sensitiveness, becomes completely prostrated; a stronger, more resolute one, resists and subdues these sensations.

Every one allows that it is possible to entirely forget one's bodily troubles when anything occurs of a startling or pleasant nature, anything which conducts the mind from itself. Why, then, cannot one's own mental power bring the same result about by its own determined effort?

Kant mentions cases in which he and others have done so, to which Hufeland adds: 'It is incredible what a man can effect by the power of a determined will, even in his physical conditions, and similarly by hard necessity, which is often the cause of the exercise of this determined will. Most striking is the power of the mind over infectious and epidemic diseases. It is a well established experience that those are the least liable to be infected who have good humor and do not fear or grieve over the disorder. But I am myself an example that an infection which has actually taken effect may be removed by cheerful mental excitement.' And so on.

I quote these extracts merely as samples; the whole essay is well worth study. No doubt the views preached and practiced by our authors have cropped up in literature at various times since history began; the Stoics taught and practiced similar precepts, and Asiatic races for ages have done the same. The recognition of the power of the will and of imagination over definite physical and physiological conditions in the animal body is as old as religion, as old as quackery.

The power of the will in influencing bodily conditions depends on the determinate direction of the attention to or from the sensations or ideas presented to the mind; and, as, Dr. Carpenter says, this capacity 'depends, first, upon our conviction that we really have such a determining power; and, secondly, upon our habitual use of it.' It has been proved that this attention, however induced, changes the local action of the part; so that, if habitually or repeatedly exercised, it may produce important modifications in its nutrition, probably through the so-called

ed trophic nerves and through the vaso-motor system of nerves which control the capillary circulation of the region concerned. In this way it often happens that a real malady supervenes upon the fancied ailments of those in whom the mind dwells upon its own sensations; while, on the other hand, the strong expectation of benefit will often cure diseases that involve serious organic change. Doubtless, most of us remember where our reading or hearing of some cases of illness has caused us to recognize symptoms of severe diseases in ourselves, and where disregard to these sensations, either voluntarily or as a result of a medical verdict, has removed all evidences of disorder.

Among the bodily changes more obviously directly resulting from mental influence, especially sudden emotions, may be mentioned, fainting, vomiting, change of the color of the hair, and of the nutrition of other parts, St. Vitus's dance, indigestion, important changes in the secretions and excretions, brain-disease, and death itself. On two occasions the writer has seen well-marked jaundice follow in two or three days after the individuals had been plucked at examinations, no other cause than the despondency produced being evident.

Undoubtedly many of the good effects attributed to magnetism, belts, pads, and the nostrums of the day are due to their mental influence; and much of the doctor's cures are due to the same 'expectation' of benefit from the drugs and rules of diet and conduct he recommends. The physician's personality and individual tact, the 'bedside manner' which has often been ridiculed, is often of more importance to the patient than all the drugs in his

pharmacopoeia. The marvellous therapeutic effect of many a placebo astonishes the physician and should cause him thought. One of the worst signs in many diseases is despondency or fear or the lack of a desire to recover; while we are often surprised at the tenacity of life evidenced by the hopeful and by those who have determined not to die. The desirable mental state may be induced or aided by the physician and by others about the patient, and is largely under the patient's own voluntary control.

There may be danger of exaggerating the capacities of this voluntary direction of the will towards the benefit of the economy, and such exaggeration can only cause disappointment. The power differs greatly in different people, and develops marvellously by practice. It is not sufficient to cry 'peace, peace, when there is no peace;' and Shakespeare tells us

There was never yet philosopher
That could endure the toothache patiently;

but in the large class of functional disorders of the nervous system, including the fashionable nervous breakdown and neurasthenia, the first thing is to remove the causes where possible, and to improve the habits where necessary, and the next thing is to strengthen the determination to be well. Sleep is largely under the control of the will, and so

is pain, as are the various sensations known as symptoms. One method by which the will can act is by switching the attention off from such symptoms by interesting studies or light literature, by music, theatres, cheerful company, and travel, and especially by congenial employment, physical and mental. Ennui, worry, lack of interest and employment are more common causes of nervous breakdown than the unjustly maligned overwork. How rapidly the man ages, and how easily he dies, who has retired from business and not secured employment!

To imitate the child and play at 'let's pretend' is an excellent game. Smile and you will soon feel cheerful, frown and you will soon fret; say and think 'I am well and happy,' say it firmly and often, and you will excel Mark Tapley as an optimist. 'Laugh, and the world laughs with you.'

Let us recognize the undoubted benefit derived from the mental influence of relics, shrines, faith-healing, Christian Science, quacks and nostrums, and similar stimuli in all ages, and let us determine to have a bit on our own.' Recognizing the power of voluntary conduct to materially influence happiness and good health, let us determine to be happy and well.

It is the mind that maketh good
or ill;
That maketh wretch or happy, rich
or poor.

Mr. Parslow's Fellow-Traveller

BY FRED JAY IN CASSELL'S MAGAZINE

Mr. Parslow must surely have felt that he was living in a dream when he encountered the anomalous individual, who became his travelling companion from London to Leigh. Outwardly a boy and with all the earmarks of the insolent office species he possessed a depth of discernment and a wisdom that was extraordinary for one of his years. Mr. Parslow was bewildered and the reader is bewildered too right to the end of the story.

MR. SAMUEL PARSLOW, with many sighs and grunts, settled his huge carcass in the cushions of a first-class smoker. A worrying day in the city had not improved his temper, and he looked forward to an hour of quiet seclusion on his homeward journey. The few travelers who glanced into his compartment were favored with a glare that sent them further along the platform, and Mr. Parslow, with a cigar between his lips, lolled back with satisfaction as the train started. Then suddenly there came a shouting and a fumbling at the handle of the door, and a small human object, assisted in the rear by the guard, came tumbling anyhow into the carriage.

The intruder recovered his equilibrium and returned Mr. Parslow's resentful stare with a smile of placid assurance.

He was a little fellow of perhaps sixteen years, long enough a city man to have acquired that self-confidence, not to say aggressiveness, common to office boys, but not long enough to have lost the color and roundness of his cheeks—a Raphael cherub after ten years' experience of a hard but mildly interesting world. A neat little short black coat, and trousers, also short, encased a small but expanding frame with an effort that could not be much longer sustained. To compensate for these deficiencies, a hat of the bowler variety, a full size too big, came well down over his head, giving the wearer a peculiarly old-fashioned appear-

ance, which was not diminished by an accessory handbag and a carefully rolled umbrella.

He produced a tobacco pouch, and, dexterously filling a small briar pipe, lit it and sent a cloud of smoke in the direction of Mr. Parslow. It had a nasty suggestion of shag about it, and gave the latter a much-desired opportunity to relieve his feelings.

"You've no business to smoke," he said rudely.

The boy glanced casually up at the window, and his pink cheeks took a slightly rosier hue.

"It is a smoking carriage, I believe," he replied.

He spoke in a broken treble, but with such easy assurance that Mr. Parslow, whose bullying manner was so effective in his counting house in Wood street, was visibly taken aback.

"I am quite aware of that," he rejoined. "I mean, a boy your age has no business to smoke."

"Indeed," said the other in the same tones.

"Yes, sir, indeed," said Mr. Parslow spitefully, his temper ruffling. "The habit, when indulged in youth, stunts the growth and enfeebles the brain."

"If that is so," replied the boy, quizzically eyeing Mr. Parslow's gigantic proportions and not over intellectual features, "when I look at you and hear you speak, I am quite at a loss to judge whether you contracted the habit in early years or have only recently become a devotee of the weed."

Mr. Parslow looked at him in astonishment and began to bluster.

"You knock that disgusting pipe out!" he demanded fiercely.

"Certainly," said the boy; "I will —when I've finished it." And he smiled complacently at the big and

itched to box his ears. But there was an expression in the boy's eye that he had seen on occasions in Mrs. Parslow's, and he sat down again.

"You're a very rude little boy," he said, lamely, "and have no right at all to be in this carriage."



"Confident and entirely at his ease, swinging his little feet."

furious man, and filled the carriage with smoke.

Mr. Parslow banged down the windows and opened the ventilators with a good deal more violence than was necessary or becoming in a man of his years. To be flouted by a mere urchin! The thought was well-nigh unbearable, and Mr. Parslow's hand

"My dear sir," pleaded the other, with an irritating wave of a skinny and not particularly clean hand, "pray spare me that inevitable retort of the railway carriage disputant. You're not, you're really not going to ask me to show my ticket."

"I'll have you turned out at Leigh," said Mr. Parslow furiously.

"Unfortunately we don't stop before that."

"You would have some difficulty to keep me in at Leigh, I can assure you," replied the boy. "To be quite candid, I have a third, and should there be any unpleasantness with the officials, you, as a gentleman, will of course bear witness that I was put into this compartment—I might say thrown in, I think."

"And will be thrown out, I promise you," rejoined Mr. Parslow with heat. "You are a most impertinent and audacious young rascal."

"You forget yourself," said the boy in a reproving voice. "And on second thoughts," he added, "I can't blame you. If I were you I should try to do the same."

"You shall be thrown out," reiterated Mr. Parslow, for lack of another retort. "You don't appear to know who you're talking to."

"Nor care," said the boy.

"Perhaps you will care when I tell you I'm a director of this line," continued the big man vulgarly.

"A director," said the other, with a curious little smile hovering around the corner of his mouth. "Chairman, you mean, my dear sir. Make it chairman."

Mr. Parslow was staggered. He sat looking hard and long at the greatest monster he had ever met in his life, and tried to think how he could reduce him to a proper state of respectful humility, and the monster, who might have weighed six stone, sat opposite, confident and entirely at his ease, swinging his little feet, which did not reach the floor by a couple of inches.

Staring at the enemy offered no solution to the difficulty, and did not disconcert the other. He was a mystery; Mr. Parslow, picking his teeth

reflectively with a gold quill, gave it up. Then of a sudden it occurred to him that he was not a boy but a man. He had heard of such a case; was not one to be seen in the neighborhood of the Stock Exchange any day during the last thirty years—a boy of sixteen, to all appearances?

Mr. Parslow was convinced that here must be the explanation of his fellow-traveler's conduct, but at the very moment he definitely arrived at that conclusion the object of his speculations knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and, opening his little handbag, took out an orange and consumed it with youthful avidity.

Mr. Parslow's theory was shattered.

"I should have thought you were old enough to know that it is very rude to eat oranges in a railway carriage," said he, blundering into the attack again.

"I must apologize," said the other. "In my haste to catch the train I hadn't time to finish my dinner, so brought the dessert along with me. You, I take it," he added conversationally, "dine at the more fashionable hour, although one might be disposed to assume, from the free use you are making of the toothpick, that you, too, had already partaken of that meal."

Mr. Parslow actually changed color. The theory was taking form again, and he began to consider the best way out of an awkward position. After all, a man had no right to go about misleading people, and if he were treated as a boy he had only himself to blame.

In the excitement of the encounter Mr. Parslow had let his cigar out, and, opening his matchbox, was disgusted to find it empty. He went carefully through every pocket two

or three times in the hope of finding another box, and then discovered that the only matches within reach were in the possession of his fellow traveler. So he kept the unlit cigar between his lips, and looking out of the window became intensely interested in the sunset.

The boy was dealing noisily with his third orange, the smell of which, unpleasant to most people, was particularly offensive to Mr. Parslow. If he could only smoke it wouldn't be so bad; but he couldn't, so sat fuming in spirit.

The dessert came to an end at last, and Mr. Parslow, without turning his head, became aware of the other refilling his pipe. An idea came into his head, the brilliance of which surpassed the sunset and almost startled him. He heard a match struck, and turning round, said as politely as he knew how:

"After you, sir, please."

The tobacco was so long in lighting that the boy nearly burnt his fingers, and what was left of the match dropped expired to the floor.

"Sorry," said the boy.

"Don't mention it," said Mr. Parslow, amiably.

"I mean, sorry I can't oblige you," said the other, putting the matches in his pocket. "After your remarks on the evil consequences of juvenile smoking you couldn't possibly accept a light from me. That would be compounding a felony, and precocious and impudent though I may be, I do not care to put temptation in anybody's way."

Mr. Parslow forgot the oranges.

"I begin to think," he said, apologetically, "I have made a very foolish mistake—"

"I can't blame you, my dear sir," interrupted the other, smiling.

"It's very good of you," murmured Mr. Parslow.

"Not at all," said the boy; "I was about to say that it is probably hereditary."

"Appearances are sometimes very deceptive," continued Mr. Parslow, failing to appreciate the relevance of the last remark.

"Sometimes," agreed the other. He was not assisting the big man in his difficulty.

"You, no doubt, are—er—very much older than I at first thought," blundered on Mr. Parslow.

"I've turned ten," said the boy, smiling.

"Well, let us say no more about it," said Mr. Parslow in desperation. "Have a cigar."

For the first time the boy showed some signs of hesitation in his manner.

"They look rather strong," he said; but he took one.

"Not too strong for smokers of our experience," said Mr. Parslow, jocularly.

"I'm not accustomed to cigars," confessed the boy. "My means prohibit such luxuries."

He tore the band off the cigar, and it occurred to Mr. Parslow, who kept his on, that he had seen gentlemen who ought to know better do the same thing.

"A Murias," said the boy, rolling it critically between his fingers. "A good smoke, though I prefer a Larranaga on the rare occasion I indulge. You won't take that unkindly, I know."

Mr. Parslow inclined his head graciously; he was waiting for the matches.

The other knocked his pipe out and put his hand in his trouser pocket for a knife. That useful article, however,

appeared to be missing, and in the search for it he disclosed some of the contents of his pockets.

Amongst other articles of youthful acquisition, Mr. Parslow observed with increasing bewilderment several

as for foreign stamps, he knew boys of fifty who collected; the coin, too, was probably off a watch-chain. But the marbles and jumping frog he was quite unable to reconcile, unless—and the thought came to him with some-



"Abstracting a pennyworth of chocolate."

pieces of string, some foreign stamps, a perforated silver coin, two glass marbles and a jumping frog.

String was useful—Mr. Parslow invariably carried a piece himself; and

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thing like a shock—unless he was taking them home for his children.

The object of these speculations returned the various articles to his pockets, and, biting the end of his

cigar, put it between his teeth and lit it.

"You will oblige me with a light now," said Mr. Parslow, holding out his hand.

"I have already given my reason for not doing so," said the boy, putting the match-box away again.

"But after accepting my cigar you surely can't refuse," said the outraged Mr. Parslow.

"I've no compunction on that score," replied the other, rolling the smoke with his tongue and watching it float up to the roof of the carriage. "I know perfectly well why you gave it me—you hoped it would make me ill."

"My dear sir," protested Mr. Parslow, artfully, "why should I hope it would make you ill?"

"Because," said the other, "I am a most impudent young rascal, who will be thrown out at the first stopping-place by the justly incensed chairman—I mean director—of the line."

Mr. Parslow looked a little shamefaced.

"I thought," he said in an aggrieved voice, "you accepted my apology for an unfortunate misunderstanding. I certainly apologized."

"Did you?" rejoined the other. "Well, I would not have you think me ungracious." And he passed the matches over.

Mr. Parslow lit his cigar, and, settling himself more comfortably in the corner, surreptitiously watched his fellow-traveler, who, deeming the unpleasant incident closed, had become absorbed in a newspaper. From where he sat, Mr. Parslow was unable to see what part of the paper he was interested in, and he fell to wondering whether it was the leading article or cricket results; in a circle of business

friends he was considered a "sport," and would have bet even money either way.

He looked at the quaint little figure and fresh-complexioned face that bore not the faintest trace of hair on the upper lip; and he thought of the oranges and the marbles and the jumping frog. Then he caught himself repeating some of the conversation that had passed between them, which did not reflect any great personal superiority, and he observed that the other was half-way through a big and strong cigar, and appeared to be enjoying it. Man or boy, he was a mystery.

More out of inquisitiveness, perhaps, than with any confidence of getting the better of further argument, Mr. Parslow opened on him again.

"We shall soon be running into Leigh," he said. "Do you live there?"

The boy glanced over the top of his paper with a look that boded no more success to Mr. Parslow's curiosity than his aggression.

"No," he replied simply.

Mr. Parslow was not to be put off so easily.

"Might I ask, without being guilty of rudeness," he continued, "what your occupation may be?"

"No," repeated the other.

"I'm rather interested," persisted Mr. Parslow. "I'm in the rag trade myself."

"I gathered as much," said the boy.

"Really," said Mr. Parslow. "How?"

The boy smiled.

"Well, railway directors do not generally travel with the Draper's Record sticking half out of their pockets."

"You are very keen," said Mr.

Parslow. "Since you have discovered my business, I'll make a guess at yours. You're a schoolboy—teacher, I mean."

He looked at the other narrowly.

"Well, I'm not usually interested in guessing games," said the boy, "but I don't mind telling you you're wrong. I'm not a school teacher, although I do give a lesson occasionally."

"Then you refuse to satisfy my not unnatural curiosity with regard to a most interesting personality," said Mr. Parslow.

"As you insist," replied the boy a little wearily, "I will tell you. I am a detective."

"A detective!" gasped the astonished Mr. Parslow. "Well, that explains a good deal."

"It certainly explains," said the other, "an apparently hurried and undignified entry into a railway carriage where one has been anything but welcomed."

"I don't understand," said Mr. Parslow, stiffly. "Perhaps you will be good enough to enlighten me?"

"I will," said the boy. "I am at present engaged to watch the movements of a notorious swindler known to the police as Sandy Simpson. His description is interesting. Height, six feet one and a half inches, big-chested and bigger waisted, dresses rather too well, florid complexion, small grey eyes, almost lost in baggy eyelids, red moustaches and side whiskers, as implied in his nickname—to be quite frank, a description answering your own so accurately as to

cause me to embark on a journey of thirty miles and back for nothing."

The train was running into Leigh.

"You are quite sure," suggested Mr. Parslow with a sneer, "you haven't found your man?"

"Perfectly," said the boy.

Mr. Parslow tried to look amused.

"When did you discover your mistake?" he asked.

"The first moment you opened your mouth," replied the other.

"Really," said Mr. Parslow, "this is most diverting. By the teeth, I suppose?"

"No," said the boy, quietly, as the train pulled up at the station. "Sandy Simpson's are false too."

He got out and stood on the platform, holding the door open.

"I got on the wrong scent," he continued, "as I've already said, by a great similarity of appearance. Both of you have the same abnormal physique, both the same simple—forgive me if I say silly expression. I discovered my error the first time you opened your mouth, for in the case of Sandy Simpson, the only thing silly about him is his expression."

The train started suddenly, and the boy shut the door politely. Mr. Parslow sank back in the cushions in a confused state of perspiring indignation. A sudden impulse took him, and letting down the window, he put his head out for a last look at his fellow-traveler.

He was extracting a pennyworth of chocolate from an automatic machine.

Economic Wastes in Transportation

BY W. Z. RIPLEY IN POLITICAL SCIENCE QUARTERLY.

In the following extract from a lengthy study of an important transportation problem, we are given a number of concrete instances of economic waste. In the remaining portions of the article, the writer goes on to propound the causes of the waste, its effects on commerce and the remedy. In its entirety the article is a valuable contribution to an important subject.

THE vast extent of the United States, the necessity of transporting commodities great distances at low cost and the progressiveness of railway managers has led to an extraordinary development of one phase of rate making. This is the principle of the flat rate, based upon the theory that distance is a quite subordinate if not indeed entirely negligible element in the construction of freight tariffs under circumstances of competition.

Concrete illustration of the effect of disregard of distance naturally falls into two distinct groups. Of these the first concerns the circuitous carriage of goods; the second, their transportation for excessive distances. Both alike involve economic wastes, in some degree perhaps inevitable, but none the less deserving of evaluation. And both practices, even if defensible at times, are exposed to constant danger of excess. It will be convenient also to differentiate sharply the all-rail carriage from the combined rail and water transportation. For as between railroads and waterways the difference in cost of service is so uncertain and fluctuating that comparisons on the basis of mere distance have little value.

Recent instances of wasteful and circuitous all-rail transportation are abundant. A few typical ones will suffice to show how common the evil is. President Ramsay of the Wabash has testified as to the round-about competition with the Pennsylvania

Railroad between Philadelphia and Pittsburg by which sometimes as much as 57 per cent. of traffic between those two points may be diverted from the direct route. "They haul freight 700 miles around sometimes to meet a point in competition 200 miles away." Chicago and New Orleans are 912 miles apart, and about equally distant—2,500 miles—from San Francisco. The traffic manager of the Illinois Central states that that company "engages in San Francisco business directly via New Orleans from the Chicago territory, and there is a large amount of that business, and we engage in it right along." This case therefore represents a superfluous lateral haul of nearly a thousand miles between two points 2,500 miles apart. The Canadian Pacific used to take business for San Francisco, all-rail, from points as far south as Tennessee and Arkansas, diverting it from the direct way via Kansas City.

Goods moving in the opposite direction from San Francisco have been hauled to Omaha by way of Winnipeg, journeying around three sides of a rectangle by so doing, in order to save five or six cents per hundred pounds. Between New York and New Orleans nearly one hundred all-rail lines may compete for business. The direct route being 1,340 miles, goods may be carried 2,051 miles via Buffalo, New Haven (Ind.), St. Louis and Texarkana. A generation ago conditions were even worse, the various distances by competitive routes

between St. Louis and Atlanta ranging from 526 to 1,855 miles. New York business for the west was often carried by boat to the mouth of the Connecticut River, and thence by rail over the Central Vermont to a connection with the Grand Trunk for Chicago. To be moved at the outset due north 200 miles from New York on a journey to a point—Montgomery, Ala.—south of southwest seems wasteful; yet the New York Central is in the field for that business. It is nearly as uneconomical as in the old days when freight was carried from Cincinnati to Atlanta via the Chesapeake & Ohio, thence down by rail to Augusta and back to destination. Even right in the heart of eastern trunk-line territory, such things occur in recent times. The Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton prior to its consolidation with the Pere Marquette divided its eastbound tonnage from the rich territory about Cincinnati among the trunk lines naturally tributary. But no sooner was it consolidated with the Michigan road than its eastbound freight was diverted to the north—first hauled to Toledo, Detroit and even up to Port Huron, thence moving east and around Lake Erie to Buffalo. In the Chicago field similar practices occur. Formerly the Northwestern road was charged with making shipments from Chicago to Sioux City via St. Paul. This required a carriage of 670 miles between points only 536 miles apart; and the complaint arose that the round-about rate was cheaper than the rate by the direct routes. I am privately informed that the Wisconsin Central at present makes rates between these same points in conjunction with the Great Northern, the excess distance over the direct route being 283 miles. Complaints

before the Elkins Committee are not widely different in character. Thus it appears that traffic is hauled from Chicago to Des Moines by way of Fort Dodge at lower rates than it is carried direct by the Rock Island road, despite the fact that Fort Dodge is 80 miles north and a little west of Des Moines. The Illinois Central, having no line to Des Moines, pro-rates with the Minneapolis & St. Louis, the two forming two sides of a triangular haul. An interesting suggestion of the volume of this indirect routing is afforded by the statistics of merchandise shipped between American points which passes through Canada in bond. The evidence of economic waste is conclusive.

A common form of wastefulness in transportation arises when freight from a point intermediate between two termini is hauled to either one by way of the other. Such cases are scattered throughout our railroad history. One of the delegates to the Illinois Constitutional Convention of 1870 cites, as an instance of local discrimination, the fact that lumber from Chicago to Springfield, Ill., could be shipped more cheaply by way of St. Louis than by the direct route. And now a generation later, it appears that grain from Cannon Falls, 49 miles south of St. Paul, on the direct line to Chicago, destined for Louisville, Ky., can be hauled up to St. Paul on local rates and thence on a through billing to destination, back over the same rails, considerably cheaper than by sending it as it should properly go. The Hepburn Committee reveals shipments from Rochester, N.Y., to St. Louis, Minneapolis or California, all rail, on a combination of local rates to New York and thence to destination. Presumably the freight was hauled

300 miles due east and then retraced the same distance; as New York freight for Southern California is today hauled to San Francisco by the Southern Pacific and then perhaps 300 miles back over the same rails. Even if the rate must be based on a combination of low through rates and higher local rates, it seems a waste of energy to continue the five or six hundred miles extra haul. Yet the practice is common in the entire western territory. From New York to Salt Lake City by way of San Francisco is another instance in point. Of course a short haul to a terminal to enable through trains to be made up presents an entirely different problem of cost from the abnormal instances above mentioned.

Transportation over undue distances—the carriage of coals to Newcastle in exchange for cotton piece goods hauled to Lancashire—as a product of keen commercial competition may involve both a waste of energy and an enhancement of prices in a manner seldom appreciated. The transportation of goods great distances at low rates, while economically justifiable in opening up new channels of business, becomes wasteful the moment such carriage, instead of creating new business, merely brings about an exchange between widely separated markets, or an invasion of fields naturally tributary to other centres. The wider the market, the greater is the chance of the most efficient production at the lowest cost. The analogy at this point to the problem of protective tariff legislation is obvious. For a country to dispose of its surplus products abroad by cutting prices may not involve economic loss, but for two countries to be simultaneously engaged in “dumping” their products into each other’s mar-

kets is quite a different matter. In transportation such cases arise whenever a community, producing a surplus of a given commodity, supplies itself, nevertheless, with that same commodity from a distant market. It may not be a just grievance that Iowa, a great cattle raising state, should be forced to procure her dressed meats in Chicago or Omaha; for in this case some degree of manufacture has ensued in these highly specialized centres. But the practice is less defensible where the identical product is redistributed after long carriage to and from a distant point. Arkansas is a great fruit raising region, yet so cheap is transportation that dried fruits, perhaps of its own growing, are distributed by wholesale grocers in Chicago throughout its territory. The privilege of selling rice in the rice-growing states from Chicago is, however, denied by the Southern Railway Association. An illuminating example of similar character occurs in the southern cotton manufacture, as described by a Chicago jobber:

“Right in North Carolina there is one mill shipping 60 carloads of goods to Chicago in a season, and a great many of these same goods are brought right back to this very section. . . . I might add that when many of these heavy cotton goods made in this southeastern section are shipped both to New York and Chicago and then sold and reshipped south, they pay 15 cents to 20 cents per hundred less each way to New York and back than via Chicago. This doubles up the handicap against which Chicago is obliged to contend and renders the unfairness still more burdensome.”

Not essentially different is a case recently brought before the Interstate

Commerce Commission, outlined to me by the chairman, Hon. Martin A. Knapp. A sash and blind manufacturer in Detroit was seeking to extend his market in New England. At the same time it appeared that other manufacturers of the same goods located in Vermont were marketing their product in Michigan. The burden of the complaint of the Detroit producer was not directed to this invasion of his home territory; but rather to the fact that the freight rate from Boston to Detroit, probably due to back loading, was only about one-half the rate imposed upon goods in the opposite direction, from Detroit to the seaboard. Is not this an anomalous situation? Two producers presumably of equal efficiency in production are each invading the territory naturally tributary to the other and are enabled to do so by reason of the railway policy of "keeping everyone in business" everywhere, regardless of distance. President Tuttle, of the Boston & Maine Railroad, is perhaps the most outspoken exponent of this policy, it being in a sense a necessity imposed upon New England by reason of its remoteness to stimulate the long-haul business.

"Generally the roads have never refused to help in the stimulation of industries everywhere. They all participate. I have even known it to happen between New York and Boston that a freight train would have a carload of bananas going in one direction and would pass a train having a carload of bananas going in the opposite direction, so that a carload of bananas are landed in New York and in the Boston market on the same day. I do not know how it is done, but it is done. . . . I should be just as much interested in the stimu-

lating of Chicago manufacturers, in sending their products into New England to sell, as I would be in sending those from New England into Chicago to sell. It is the business of the railroads centring in Chicago to send the products from Chicago in every direction. It is our particular business in New England to send the New England products all over the country. The more they scatter the better it is for the railroads. The railroad does not discriminate against shipments because they are eastbound or westbound. We are glad to see the same things come from Chicago into New England that are manufactured and sent from New England into Chicago."

This is of course what naturally results. The overweening desire of the large centres to enter every market is well exemplified in the Elkins Committee hearings by testimony of the Chicago jobbers.

"A few years later, when the railroads established the relative rates of freight between New York and Philadelphia and the southeast, and St. Louis, Cincinnati and Chicago and the southeast, giving the former the sales of merchandise and the latter the furnishing of food products, the hardware consumed in this country was manufactured in England. At that time we, in Chicago, felt that we were going beyond the confines of our legitimate territory when we diffidently asked the merchants in Western Indiana to buy their goods in our market. To-day, a very considerable percentage of the hardware used in the United States is manufactured in the Middle West, and we are profitably selling general hardware through a corps of traveling salesmen in New York, Pennsylvania

and West Virginia, and special lines in New England.

“What we claim is that we should not have our territory stopped at the Ohio River by any act of yours. It is not stopped, gentlemen, by any other river in America. It is not stopped by the greatest river, the Mississippi. It is not stopped by the far greater river, the Missouri. It is not stopped by the Arkansas; it is not stopped by the Rio Grande. It is not stopped even by the Columbia; and, even in the grocery business, it is not stopped by the Hudson. There are Chicago houses that are selling goods in New York City, groceries that they manufacture themselves. Mr. Sprague's own house sells goods in New York City, and Chicago is selling groceries in New England. As I say, even the Hudson River doesn't stop them.”

All this record implies progressive-ness, energy and ambition, on the part of both business men and traffic officers. Nothing is more remarkable in American commerce than its freedom from restraints. Elasticity and quick adaptation to the exigencies of business are peculiarities of American railroad operation. This is due to the progressiveness of our railway managers in seeking constantly to develop new territory and build up business. The strongest contrast between Europe and the United States lies in this fact. European railroads take business as they find it. Our railroads make it. Far be it from me to minimize the service rendered in American progress. And yet there are reasonable limits to all good things. We ought to reckon the price which must be paid for this freedom of trade.

In No Danger

The men who have the capacity to work and are content to work are in no danger of making failures.

Success never comes to the man who is watching the clock for fear that he might work overtime. The man who succeeds is the man who is not merely satisfied to do the work laid out for him, but willing and glad to do more.

How to produce wealth is another question. One answer is thorough organization. Better methods of conducting business are coming into rapid adoption, and the man who works with a system has common sense and the right material in him, can make his way to the top, no matter how humble his start or how poor his circumstances.

An English Mechanic in America

BY JAMES BLOUNT IN WORLD'S WORK (AMERICAN)

Mr. Blount is a mechanical engineer, who has had experience in shops both in England and the United States. He explains the fundamental differences between methods in the two countries, showing the ways of work, the attitude of the workers towards their work and the results achieved in both. It is a most instructive comparison illustrating as it does, the importance of education.

THERE has been a long controversy about the comparative industrial efficiency of England and the United States. Probably no one is better qualified to compare the merits of one country with another than one whose lot it has been to rough it in both. I have had the fortune to work in engineering shops in both countries, and the following is an account of my experiences and observations. The comparisons drawn are between a first-class large American factory and a well-equipped English works of moderate size and perhaps somewhat indifferent management.

Having taken an engineering course at an English college and received a sound theoretical and some little practical training, I decided, at the age of eighteen, to apprentice myself to a firm of manufacturing engineers. As it is customary for these firms to demand a premium from its pupils, varying from \$250 to \$1,500, according to their standing and reputation, I looked about for some weeks and finally entered works in London at which I was duly articulated for a period of four years. I was considered fortunate to be admitted for a premium of \$500, for which sum they undertook to teach me the trade or business. The whole of this tuition I found consisted of being allowed in a limited measure to choose my own work and to take a holiday when I felt so inclined.

By way of remuneration for my services I was to receive \$1 per week

during the first year, rising to \$1.25, \$1.50 and \$1.75 in my second, third and fourth years respectively, so that at the age of twenty-two I should have been in receipt of a salary of eighty-five dollars per annum, which would be reduced by deductions for lost time and holidays, the latter being much more numerous than in America.

On putting in an appearance to start work I was soon told by an informal deputation of two of the workmen that I should be expected to "pay my footing," which I found meant presenting each man and boy with a cigar. On my refusal I was subjected to a series of practical jokes, among the mildest of which were being made a target for pieces of waste soaked in dirt and oil, having buckets of dirty water rigged over my machine which capsized on my head when I started the machine, and having the handles of tools heated. I was continually being sent around the works on some fool's errand, such as finding a left-handed wrench (this, however, I'll admit was more the result of my greenness than anything else), and many more objectionable and offensive pranks, all which, though doubtless very amusing to the perpetrators, made life so unbearable that at the end of a fortnight I was glad to surrender and to buy my peace by producing the necessary cigars.

I ought, perhaps, in justice to add that if a boy was really too poor to pay, the demand was not pressed and

the baiting died a natural death after a few days.

The works, exclusive of the office staff, were in operation fifty-four hours a week. Starting at 6 a.m., work was carried on until half-past eight when a stop of half an hour was made for breakfast. At one o'clock there was another intermission of an hour for lunch. The regular day's work ended at five o'clock. The whole works shut down on Saturday afternoon, as is the general custom in England.

The foreman of the shop was a man of very limited education who had obtained his post by influence and who carried into effect the prevailing practice among English foremen of delaying his appearance until about half-past seven, and frequently he was not seen until nine o'clock. As no check was kept upon his time his superiors who did not arrive until after nine o'clock did not appear to be any the wiser. There being no supervision, the hours before breakfast were usually spent by the employes in discussing the latest racing, betting, and general sporting news, and, broadly speaking, there was no work done before nine o'clock, as those men who attempted to do anything were so unmercifully chaffed and pestered that they were glad to join the majority.

As it usually took the shop from ten to fifteen minutes to get into working order, and about the same time to stop, it will be seen that not more than six of the nine and a half hours were spent at actual work. At five o'clock — the signal to quit — everybody, having finished and washed his hands some moments previously, made a rush for the street from every available hiding place in the vicinity of the gate.

In this factory the workmen had one unusual privilege. The firm had rented a large room provided with tables, seats and a large cooking stove for the benefit of those of its employes who lived at a distance, and who partook of their meals in the place. It was my practice to take with me a large bottle of milk which I had to hold under the table while pouring it into my tea, to avoid being the victim of endless and unmerciful chaff for my "babyishness," the others favoring the more manly liquid, beer, upon which fluid a considerable percentage of their earnings was spent. Many of the men had a really deep-rooted conviction that they could not get through a day's work without the assistance of some such alcoholic stimulant. And so it was not to be wondered at that I was surprised during my first few days in an American shop to see great, grown laborers openly drinking bottles of milk, and, what was more, their not seeming to be ashamed at being seen doing so.

Having spent about two years in these English works, it was my good fortune to meet some Americans who were touring in England at the time, and who were good enough to offer, if I cared to come, to see me employed in one of the largest engineering works in the United States, where they assured me that if I were prepared to push for myself my chances for getting on were much greater than in England. On receiving this offer I approached my employers with the view to having my indentures cancelled and securing my freedom. To this request they demurred, as I had now become fairly useful and profitable to them; finally, however, seeing that I was determined to go, and probably realizing that

a dissatisfied man was undesirable about the place, they acquiesced. I accordingly forfeited the premium that I had paid and sailed a fortnight later for America, and within a week or so after my arrival I had commenced work in an American workshop.

After having been questioned about my previous experience by the foreman of the department of these works I was started to work and was agreeably surprised to find that I was paid ten cents an hour, or \$6 a week, for this was a substantial jump from \$1.25. I also received intimation that as soon as I proved myself worth it, I should get a rise. This promise proved to be no delusion, as six weeks later they voluntarily increased my rate two cents per hour, and three months later I was again raised to fourteen cents, and within a year I was receiving eighteen cents an hour, or \$10.80 a week, which is more than the journeyman mechanic gets in England.

The division of the working hours of the day in America is a more important item than appears at first sight. Working from 7 a.m. until 12, and again from 1 till 6 p.m., gives two periods of five hours each. This necessitates the workman taking breakfast before he comes to work — which is infinitely healthier and more natural than leaving home at 5.30 a.m. and fasting until 8.30, for I think most people will agree that one cannot work honestly on an empty stomach. This system does away with the lost time in the morning so common in England, and I think it is safe to say that 60 per cent. of British workmen do not work twenty-five full weeks in the year. They usually lose one, and frequently two quarters (which is the term applied to the

first two and one-half hours of the day) per week.

It is difficult for those who have not worked under both systems to realize to its full extent the economic value of this difference. The diligent attention to work and the general hustle of the place impressed me greatly. Immediately on the signal to start everyone moved off to his respective place and within a minute everything was in full swing. No one paid any attention to a new arrival, and work proceeded steadily and evenly until it was time to quit. When this signal had been given, the men leisurely took off their overalls, washed their hands, and went home.

It did not take me long to find out that the foreman followed the progress of each man and job with considerable interest, and if the job proceeded tardily, the man was soon reminded that a little more expedition would be appreciated. The foremen all struck me as being men of superior intelligence and education who took as keen an interest in the welfare of the place as the employers themselves, being always the first to arrive in the morning and the last to leave at night. They had all risen from the ranks by sheer merit and ability, as it is the boast of this particular firm that they keep no kid-glove superintendents.

The men on being kept waiting for material or any other cause displayed what was to me a quite unlooked for amount of patience. It seemed ingrained in them that the only natural thing to do during working hours was to work, consequently the amount of loafing and idling was infinitesimal.

One great difference between the American and British workman is his method of starting a job. The Yan-

kee's first care is to find out what are the vital and important parts and measurements and what are unimportant, and, by being accurate and careful and wasting as little time as possible, he saves an immense amount of time and labor. In English shops every part is finished with equal care and accuracy, regardless of its relative importance. The English product is more highly finished, a large amount of time being spent in polishing, painting, and decorating, which though more pleasing to the eye has little practical value. Then again the expense accruing from this extra and unnecessary work creates an almost prohibitive price which in these strenuous and competitive days is liable to exclude it from the world's markets. Another noticeable fact is the growing tendency in America toward specialization, which really reduces the cost of manufacture. This is a doubtful benefit to the country in the long run, for it means less good all-round men. For the British workman, as a mechanic, is undoubtedly a superior all-round man to his American cousin, who in turn, however, excels in some special groove and displays more ingenuity in the invention of small labor-saving devices, which relieve him of much superfluous work and afford him the time to attend to other things.

In the works to which I am referring—which is one of the largest in the United States and which is, as far as I have been able to judge, typical of the country—a great deal of loyalty is displayed by workmen co-operating with foremen and superintendents in securing all possible despatch of work. There is nowhere to be found that feeling of awe of the boss which is so customary on the other side of the Atlantic. Here a

common interest, that of getting out the work in the shortest possible time, overcomes to a large extent the barriers of position, the foreman paying little attention to the niceties of address provided the work is being pushed rapidly forward.

One of the most important differences in the management of American and British workshops is the custom of one workman running two, three, and sometimes as many as four machines at the same time, moving from one to another as occasion demands. Any attempt by an English employer to increase his output per man by these methods would be almost certain to provoke a general strike, the principle of one man to one machine and as little work as possible having been for many years one of the main planks of the trades unions' platform. The workman in his blindness and stupidity regards anything else as an effort to reduce the number of men employed and the amount of work which the world requires, which to him is definitely fixed. He quite loses sight of the fact that in economics this procedure would ultimately react to his own advantage.

The American workman usually sets his machine going and having adjusted it properly sharpens the tools not in actual use in order to be ready for the next cut and looks after any details requiring attention, which course generally assists him in turning out the work without delay. The Englishman, on the other hand, sits down and waits till his cut or whatever operation is being performed is done, and then, and not till then, does he shut off his machine and attend to those duties. It would no more occur to him to wait and take a drink of water while his machine was running than it would for the

American to shut his machine off in order to do the very same thing.

These little things, perhaps not of much importance in themselves, are unmistakably significant of the two characters. The Yankee takes a certain pride in the quantity of his output and every day tries to beat his own record, while the Englishman upholds the theory and practice of what his unions teach him—in other words, the longer he lingers over his job the longer it will give him employment.

What, however, appears to be at the root of the whole matter is the educational advantage which the American has over the rest of the world. Let me then examine the apprenticeship systems of the two countries. In England after the apprentice has paid his premium, hardly any more attention is paid him. He can come and go when he likes, although to run away before his time is up would render him liable to be arrested in any place he might hide. He can work as hard or as little as he pleases. And lastly (and this is where the beginning of the divergence of the characters of the two types takes place), no supervision is exercised over the moral or mental side of his character outside the works.

In America, however, the meaning of the word premium is unknown. In the works in which I am at present a man receives at the expiration of his term a bonus as large as the ordinary premium that would be demanded from him by his employers in England before he even set foot in the shop. In this particular works (in one of the three courses which they offer) they pay the apprentice 20 per cent. more than an English trades union mechanic receives. Strict attention is paid to him during work-

ing hours, and if he does not do the work with sufficient accuracy or at a reasonable rate, he is soon called up "to the front" for it. Strict attention is also paid to the hours he keeps, and if he is often late he is told that his services are no longer required. This supervision is by no means relaxed after working hours, for he is required to attend such night schools as his employers specify, and he is also required to recognize their supervision over his conduct out of the shop as well as in it.

Another very striking difference is that everybody starts right at the bottom in America, be he the son of a railroad president or the son of a laborer. Not only does he do this eagerly and cheerfully, but it never even occurs to him to start in anywhere else. Nobody points to anybody else with awe, as being the son of Mr. So and So, the great railroad magnate, or the son of one of the members of the firm, nor is any such favor shown to such young men as in England. Everybody is equal at the start; nobody better than anyone else until he has shown himself to be better.

The ambitions of the younger generation of workmen in the two countries add another layer to the foundation for the superiority of the American. In England he has, with possibly a few exceptions, practically no ambition beyond becoming a good journeyman mechanic or the questionable ambition of having enough to enable him to lay a few bets on the races and to treat his friends. But this no doubt is due to the present existing social laws of England. In America there is no limit to his ambition.

Although there are, undoubtedly,

equally good opportunities to obtain education in the two countries, only the American seems to want to take advantage of them. In short, the American looks ahead all the time; the Englishman is perfectly content and satisfied with his present level. America is steadily producing a generation of mechanics, highly trained, not only in the practical but also in the theoretical side of their business, who are prepared and qualified when opportunity occurs to step into high-

er and more responsible positions; and the way in which inventive genius is fostered and encouraged is bound to tell.

Can we, then, wonder that the products of this country are slowly but surely gaining in the markets of the world and making the United States the foremost commercial nation on earth? It is simply a case of the victory of an educated workingman with high ambitions over an uneducated man with lower ambitions.

China's Attitude Towards Japan

BY SIR R. K. DOUGLAS IN ASIATIC QUARTERLY

Li Hung Chang's advice to his fellow-countrymen to do nothing during the hostilities between Russia and Japan has been fairly wise. Japan has won and we now find her teaching the Chinese the art of military service, with a view to enabling the latter to maintain their independence, and so act as a bulwark against Russian advances in Eastern Asia.

THE diplomatic tactics pursued by China during the recent war were precisely those which have always guided the policy of that huge and inert nation in similar circumstances. Li Hung Chang, who directed the destinies of his country for so many years, left on record his idea of what the action, or rather inaction, of China should be towards the two combatants. In a despatch which has been published he gave his countrymen the following cynical advice: They should, in his opinion, do nothing, and may so hope to reap some advantages, whichever side issued victorious from the conflict. If victory should declare in favor of Russia, Japan would suffer extinction, and a possible enemy would thus be removed from the Eastern seas; while in the destruction of a former foe China would enjoy the additional gratification of a satisfied revenge. If, on the other hand, Ja-

pan should emerge successful from the contest, Russia's hold of Manchuria would be weakened, a check would be inflicted on a formidable neighbor, and peace would be insured on the frontier for a generation at least.

The line of policy thus sketched by Li was faithfully followed by the Peking authorities. At the same time the emperor's advisers have not hesitated to profit by the superior knowledge and military skill of the victors in the fight. They have never shown any hostility to the nations which at different times have vanquished them in the field. Their lofty contempt for the military art softens the blow of defeat, and attributes the success of their foes to a kind of prowess which is contemptible. When, however, arms have been laid aside, they have always shown themselves ready to profit by the skill and weapons of their former opponents, and following this course they have

now sought the assistance of the Japanese drill sergeants and mechanics to improve the material and tactics of their national army.

This, doubtless, is a wise step, and the Japanese have responded willingly to the invitation, so that at the present moment the best armies in the northern and central provinces of the empire are practicing evolutions in obedience to Japanese words of command. Like opportunities were offered to us and to the French after the war of 1860, and again after the Boxer outbreak. But there were two reasons why these arrangements proved to be only temporary. The Chinese require stimulating influences to induce them to carry out reforms, and Europeans lack the qualities which supply this necessary impetus. The Japanese, on the other hand, have long been in close touch with the Chinese. They have absorbed their literature, and have adopted much of their philosophy and religion. Thus, in many of their ideas and modes of thought they are closely allied to their continental neighbors, and to this day are to some extent influenced by the dicta of Confucius and the doctrines of Buddha. These affinities place the Japanese in a distinctly advantageous position in regard to the Chinese, and in one to which we cannot aspire. A wide gulf separates the European from the Chinese. Their views of life and of conduct, of their duty to their country, and of their relations with their fellow-men, differ widely, and it is difficult to point to a link connecting them. As a natural consequence we make constant mistakes in our dealings with the Chinese. We offend their prejudices while trying to flatter their idiosyncrasies, and our im-

petuous ways outrage their sense of decorum.

With the Japanese it is not so. They have inherited like traditions, and have sat at the feet of those who have taught the Chinese wisdom. But though when the Japanese first became acquainted with their then more civilized neighbors and assimilated their literature they only made it apply to those parts of their system of life which were in harmony with it. In the peace-loving philosophies of Confucius and Mencius there is no place, for example, for the "Bushido," of which we have heard so much lately. This side of the Japanese character was derived, not from books, but from nature herself, and no amount of teaching will ever make this flower of chivalry take root and blossom in the very uncongenial soil of China. Thus, while the two nations have much to unite them, it would be practically impossible to unify them. During the whole stages of their histories they have followed divergent courses. The Japanese have from their earliest days been a fighting race, while the Chinese have as persistently followed the peaceful pursuits of literature and commerce. The result is that, while one nation has earned for herself an honored place among the most powerful states in the world, the other has sunk into a state of impotence and decay, relieved every now and then by a futile attempt to rejuvenate herself.

One such period has arrived, and the Chinese have done wisely in enlisting the aid of their former conquerors. For the present there seems to be a genuine desire on the part of the Peking authorities to benefit by the kindly intentions of the Japanese, and in other directions besides those of the despised military art.

For several years batches of Chinese students have been sent to Japan to study the methods by which the people of that favored land transformed, as in a moment of time, a feudal state into a modern constitutional empire. It is easy to imagine the Chinese youths, straight from the self-seeking society of their fellow-countrymen, being struck dumb with amazement when they learned to realize that it was owing mainly to the absolute self-abnegation of the official classes that such a reform became possible.

A Chinaman finds it hard to regard the throne as a rallying-point on which to centre the nation's reverent affection. A selfish individualism is his leading characteristic, and thus it must always be borne in mind that, before he can expect to approach the high level of Japanese patriotism, he must learn to put his full trust in his newly-found ally, and adopt unhesitatingly her progressive counsels. Throughout the complex negotiations which preceded the late war Japan showed herself well worthy to be so trusted. She announced that the main objects of her diplomacy, and afterwards of her military efforts, were to prevent the absorption of Manchuria by Russia, and to maintain the integrity of China. From these views she has never swerved, and she is as ready now, as she has always been, to maintain the existing frontier of China against all comers. In this, in the opinion of her statesmen, her own safety, as well as that of China, consists; and it would be well that China should recognize the solidarity of the interests of the two nations. Unhappily, there are not wanting signs that the Peking authorities entertain some suspicion as to the motives of the Japanese in

their professed anxiety for the safety of China, a suspicion which has been carefully fostered by the Russians.

And it is this supposed "fly in the ointment" which delayed the signing of the treaty which had become necessary from the altered conditions of the two states. This treaty (signed December 22, 1905) fully carries out the conditions for which the Japanese have always contended.

As indicated above, China grants to Japan a lease of the Liaotung peninsula, and gives that power the control of the railway on the peninsula as far as Changchun. China also concedes to Japan the right to build a railway from Antung on the Yalu to Mukden. But the most important article, and one which is of the greatest possible interest to the world at large, is that by which China agrees to open to the commerce of all nations sixteen of the principal ports and cities of Manchuria, including Karbin. Thus the fruition of Japan's far-sighted designs has become an accomplished fact, and furnishes another instance of the persistency of her policy. When she buckled on her armor she proclaimed that she was about to fight for the commercial equality of all nations, and for the restoration of Manchuria to China; and now, when she is laying aside her weapons, she is able to point to this treaty.

It cannot be too often repeated that it is only by means of a frank and whole-hearted alliance with Japan, such as is foreshadowed in the above treaty, and a genuine adoption of her progressive system, that China can hope to maintain her integrity against the machinations, both secret and open, which threaten her very existence as an independent empire.

Smuggling Chinamen into the U. S.

HERALD MAGAZINE

Many are the methods employed to get Chinamen into the United States both over the Canadian and Mexican borders. Disguises of various kinds are favored, while in many instances the Chinaman is instructed to submit to arrest and then plead American birth as a reason for admission. The coasting schooners are said to do a big trade in landing coolies in out of the way places.

IT is the lure of wages so high that five years' savings make a fortune that is drawing venturesome Chinese these days into the country by novel shifts and in strange disguises.

Officially the smuggling of Celestials across the borders is dead. Experts in immigration and some inspectors will say when questioned that there is no such thing. As a matter of fact, however, although the Chinese population of the United States is not increasing, and timidity and the severity of the enforcement of the exclusion act deter many who might otherwise attempt to gain this promised land, plans for getting the contraband race into the United States are bolder and more skilfully concocted than ever.

Messages sent along the New England coast a few days ago to intercept the Frolic, a schooner yacht, with her consignment of thirty-five coolies, called public attention to the fact that the Chinese are still mindful of the opportunities offered in this country. Tactics similar to those attributed to the vessel's charterers are used by shrewd speculators, many of whom are Americans. Chinese who have persistence and courage are able to make their way here in spite of the utmost vigilance of the authorities.

From a sentimental point of view it would appear that Chinese would not care to come here for fear they would be subjected to indignities by the inspectors who are stationed at

ports of entry and in the principal cities and towns on both the northern and southern borders. This does not apply to the more conservative of the race, but there are hundreds of shrewder and bolder spirits who see a chance to gain wealth and they miss no means of gaining admittance to this country. They are eager to take the places of the thousands who are now leaving the United States for good with fortunes and competences.

Express companies which have branches in Chinatowns in the larger cities are busy transferring accounts of thrifty Celestials to Peking, Hong Kong and Canton. Hundreds of the returning Chinamen are buying large establishments in the trade centres of their native country, while others are investing in farms and plantations. They return with stories of how they are often ill treated in the United States, but they also clink the American gold which they have garnered. The depletion of the Chinese population is, as investigations made in the principal colonies in the United States show, hardly met by the birth rate or by the influx of the Orientals across the borders. The result of all this has been to increase the wages of Chinese workmen in America to exorbitant figures.

Although smuggling them across the Canadian border is now almost stopped, some of the most ingenious schemes are employed with success. It is a popular fallacy that all Chinese look alike and that no matter

how they are arrayed they will betray at a glance their Oriental origin. There are white men in Vancouver, B.C., who do not accept that theory, for by shrewd manipulation they are able to convert the most thorough-going Chinese into an American or Canadian farmer.

A coarse shirt, a pair of blue overalls and a straw hat will work wonders in the hands of an expert. Parties of Chinese going across the Dominion in bond not infrequently leave the trains forty or fifty miles before reaching the boundaries of the United States. Here they are taken in hand by one who understands something of theatrical make-up and converted into tramps, farmers, or whatever he thinks would be best suited to their talents. After that it is a walk to the border, and in many cases it is possible for the coolies to gain their destination. Once within the borders of this country they usually prowl forty or fifty miles farther before they think it safe to board a train and proceed in a more conventional manner.

Chinese have been intercepted in the State of Washington making their way on boats in the rivers, ostensibly bound to work as laborers on some of the large farms. They are disguised as immigrants of other nationalities. Many of them have essayed the roles of Italians, after encasing themselves in corduroy jackets and trousers and tying gayly colored silken handkerchiefs about their necks.

It is along the Rio Grande border, however, that the smuggling of disguised Chinese is conducted with consummate finesse. The schemes in use there, if followed by a really capable Chinaman, are usually effective. Hundreds of the more intelligent are

landed in Havana and at Mexican ports, whence they can make their way to this country.

Chinese immigration is welcomed in Mexico. There is a tradition preserved in the old histories of the Celestial Empire that centuries ago trading junks from China landed on the western coast of Mexico and opened up commercial relations with the subjects of Montezuma. The Chinese often have in mind this ancient relation when they go to the country over which rules President Diaz. The Chinese learn Spanish, adopt the Mexican dress and manners, learn to wear a sombrero with grace, and often, after waiting for two years to perfect themselves in being imitation Mexicans, they boldly cross the southern border and make their way to the nearest Chinatown. They do not like sombreros much, neither do they take a great fancy to jingling spurs.

Once in their element, they are back again in slouch hats, blouses and wooden soled slippers. As Mexicans, however, after they have permitted the hair to grow on their heads and have learned a glib command of Spanish, they are able to pass muster without having suspicion attracted to them. Many of the stations along the Mexican railroads or restaurants near them are used as depots for receiving Chinese-Mexicans who are to be conveyed into the United States.

Some of the Chinese under the direction of shrewd agents have even passed over both the Canadian and Rio Grande borders garbed as nuns. Most of them are born imitators, and once they have seen their instructor in familiar poses they follow his directions to the letter.

Little is heard these days of the

spectacular methods of running the blockade which were once employed by eager Chinese and have dropped into disuse. Chinese no longer have themselves packed up in boxes or chests and sent by express; neither do they go in vans, which are likely to be suddenly tipped into rivers. There are seldom wild chases across the snow from Canada to the United States, with accompaniments of bay-ing hounds and barking revolvers. Such methods are irregular and unreliable and they have been supplanted by those which are esteemed as more businesslike.

This recent expedition in which it is alleged the Frolic has taken part has more of the melodramatic spirit in it and it had its origin in peculiar conditions. Chinese are not welcomed in Canada any more than they are here and a head tax of \$500 each is placed upon them. It is regarded as, in fact, prohibitive. Until three months ago, when a law was passed assessing them at \$300 a head, no such tax was exacted in Newfoundland.

Chinese could be carried in bond from Vancouver without having to pay the impost demanded of them in the Dominion, and the result has been that many of them availed themselves of those conditions. It was until quite recently the custom to permit Chinese who were supposed to be on their way to the United States with proper credentials to remain in Canada for ninety days before they were notified to proceed with their journey. By a special arrangement, however, with the Canadian Pacific the Chinese were rushed through the British territory without having the advantage of the ninety day clause. This arrangement, however, did not hold with certain small-

er railroads which carried passengers to Newfoundland. The United States Chinese inspectors have negotiated an arrangement within the last few weeks under which Chinese supposed to be on their way to the United States must be bonded, even if they are carried to destinations in the provinces.

There are now said to be hundreds of Chinese in Newfoundland who have for months been waiting their chance to attain their ultimate goal, the United States. The Frolic is credited with landing two consignments of them in the neighborhood of Boston, despite the vigilance of revenue cutters.

One of the problems which have worried the Chinese inspectors stationed at Malone, which is the point in this state where many Chinese are brought from Canada, is the nativity clause. Scores of them present themselves and submit to arrest, for they have about them as a usual thing nothing which indicates any claims which they may be inclined to make. Hardly have they been taken into custody, however, when relatives or friends, accompanied by a shrewd lawyer, go to the rescue with birth certificates and affidavits which show that the persons detained were really born in the United States and as such are entitled to admission. It is estimated by a prominent inspector that if all the claims to American birth made by Chinese be true every Chinese family in this country must have seventy-five children.

Until within the last few weeks the Chinese who made this claim to native birth under instruction from their advisers did not talk, but they are now required to submit to a cross-examination. Occasionally fatal and glaring inconsistencies in their

claims are detected, which result in their exclusion.

Another method employed in getting across the border depends upon the making of one passport do for several Chinese. Even by the use of elaborate anthropometric measurements it is difficult to distinguish one from another. Even the photographs on these documents are changed to suit the various persons to whom they are given. The fact that the color of eyes, the complexion and the facial appearance of them are so much alike aids in making one passport do more service than it was intended should be required of it.

Chinese of intelligence who can give any evidence that they are not laborers, but actually merchants, are able to get into the United States with little trouble. One of the familiar schemes—and it is one which is often successful—is employed by merchants for the benefit of friends and relatives who may wish to establish themselves here. The merchant will practically close out his business, leaving, however, a few outstanding accounts. Sometimes, if his customers

are good pay, two or three obliging friends may consent to be debtors. The merchant, after comfortably establishing himself in China, sends his friend or kinsman over to the United States to close out his business, looking after his bad debts and generally adjusting things. Duly certified accounts are shown to the inspectors to demonstrate the necessity for admitting the "merchant" without delay. Frequently such a one is found ironing shirts in a laundry, but his legal status is that of a dealer.

Aside from the Chinese who gain admittance through the gates of the country by means of keys to which they have no legal right, there is a vast majority who as merchants, students, travelers or actors are entitled to all the privileges guaranteed them under the statute. The classes with money do not have to fear being submitted to inconvenience. As far as the Celestials are concerned who get in without complying with the law the high wages and the industrial opportunities here make the game for them well worth the candle if they succeed.

Recreation is intended for the mind as whetting for the scythe. He, therefore, that spends his whole time in recreation is ever whetting, never mowing, and that always toils and never recreates is always mowing, never whetting.—Bishop Hall.

Causes of the Trouble in Cuba

BY ATHERTON BROWNELL IN REVIEW OF REVIEWS

In its first stages the revolution in Cuba hardly surpassed others that have been nipped in the bud and for a time it looked as if it might easily be quelled. But in its later phases it became so acute that United States intervention had to be secured. The author traces in a clear way the causes which brought about the trouble.

IN one sense the situation in Cuba to-day, so far as the relation of American capital to the Government is concerned, is not wholly unlike that which existed in the Transvaal at the time of the Jameson raid, followed by the Boer war, that made British territory of the coveted country. Beyond this fundamental similarity the resemblance ceases when we consider Cuba and American capital. There is no necessity, however, of concealing the fact that the representatives of the one hundred and sixty millions of American capital invested in Cuba would welcome annexation. The Tobacco Trust, for example, which owns perhaps one-half of all the tobacco raised in Cuba, and the Sugar Trust, which owns perhaps a quarter of all the sugar, are compelled to pay annually upward of two million dollars in duties to bring their own product raised on a foreign soil into the United States. Any step, whether in the nature of political annexation, or of a permanent reciprocity treaty, which would give these products admission to our markets free of duty, would naturally appeal to the producer. Revolution, however, with its consequent destruction of property and blighting influence, would not seem to be the most economical method of accomplishing this result.

More important than these American interests are those Spanish-born Cubans, who, being heavily engaged in trade and industry, are known to be pro-American in sentiment, be-

cause they see that the only possible industrial salvation for Cuba lies in the establishment, on a permanent basis, of close relations with the United States. Keenly in their mind's eye they see the example of Hawaii, the sugar industry of which was saved from the results of a disastrous industrial warfare only by annexation. Cuba, alone, is defenseless in the industrial world. Too small to defend herself, she is yet too rich to be overlooked by the commercial nations of Europe. Her chief industry, cane sugar, is a direct menace to the heavily subsidized beet sugar interests of Europe, and it is only the protection afforded to her in a measure by the tariff wall of the United States that has enabled her to recover from years of industrial warfare, followed by years of bloody strife. The interests of American capital in Cuba and of Cuban industry are common, and the pro-Americans in Cuba see but one means to protect them permanently from the industrial condition of Europe without and from their own volatile fellow-countrymen within.

Even with this stimulus to bring about a situation that would lead to annexation, it is not evident in any way that either the American interests in Cuba or the pro-American Cubans are concerned in this revolution. Nor yet can it be said that the rebelling factions desire to provoke a situation which would lead to armed intervention, thereby robbing themselves of that which they desire

—namely, the reins of government. On the contrary, what may be called the American sentiment in Cuba is striving to bring about an understanding between the revolutionists and the Government which will permit the industrial progress to continue unchecked. Though the present writer has found in Cuba a large and healthy annexation sentiment, he has never heard it claimed that this can be accomplished save by popular request. The only strong anti-annexation sentiment that can be found is on the part of the two factions now at odds, the revolutionists in the field, who claim to represent the Liberal party, and the Government in Havana, which represents the Moderate party. These two have this in common, that they are anti-American in sentiment, and the struggle between them is a somewhat novel method of political warfare for gaining the administration of the country.

The ostensible cause of the present revolution is the abuse of power by the Moderate party at the polls at the last election, which re-seated Palma in the presidential chair and illegally—it is asserted—deprived the people of the franchise, to the extent that Gomez, the Liberal presidential candidate, was defeated. This was the first national election to be held in Cuba without the quieting effect of the United States army. Although there was no political issue to arouse rancor, the campaign was an acrimonious one, and was waged about the personality of the candidates rather than the principles for which they stood. At the head of the Moderate ticket stood Tomas Estrada Palma, who had remained in the United States during the war with Spain, and who was not personally

close to the people. During his first term as president he had proved himself rigidly honest, but unable to check the grafting propensities of his following, and, moreover, had, by his resentfulness of little things, his lack of diplomacy and stubbornness, driven from himself the hearty support of the strongest interests in the island. Nearly every official of the Moderate party had waxed wealthy during his term, public improvements, bravely begun, had finally almost ceased, and large appropriations had so been handled as to excite the covetousness of those politicians who were not in favor with the Government.

On the other side stood Jose Miguel Gomez, a man of the people, personally known to them, magnetic and winning, with the great prestige of his own service in the field as a successful guerilla general in the last war. An issue was manufactured out of the Platt Amendment, the Liberals following the jingo policy of declaring themselves in favor of the immediate abrogation of that appendix to the Cuban Constitution. The Moderates took a more conservative ground and declared that, while the Platt Amendment placed the island in the unenviable position of being practically under the thumb of the United States, the friendship of this great country was necessary for the time being, and that, moreover, the time for abrogation was at a later date. Both parties knew perfectly well that, without the active protection of the United States, Cuba's position is absolutely defenseless, and neither of them would seriously suggest any step which would antagonize this country.

The election which was held last Fall was really a farce and a sham.

To strengthen the Moderate ticket, Mendez Capote, a prominent lawyer of Havana, was induced to make the canvass for the vice-presidency, with the distinct understanding that he might resign, if elected, before the time came for him to assume the duties of his office. Freyre Andrade, prosecuting attorney, was brought into the cabinet as secretary of Government, to handle the elections. Bribery, intimidation, illegal voting, wholesale arrests and incarcerations and the guarding of the polls by the rural guard, to prevent any but Moderates from voting, were the flagrant methods charged, and beyond a doubt used, so successfully that, before the day was ended, word was passed to the Liberals to refrain from further voting. Under these circumstances, President Palma was returned to power and was re-inaugurated in May last.

Since the election the intriguing Cuban mind has been busy. Plots have been hatching all over the island, and it has been difficult for any three men, not of the Government party, to assemble without being charged with conspiracy. It is the general belief in Cuba that the Liberals actually had a majority of the voters. Possibly to satisfy the anti-American sentiment in Cuba, the Government has dealt with Great Britain in the matter of the negotiation of the Anglo-Cuban treaty, the purpose of which, apparently, was to give British investors a particularly favorable opening in Cuba, in order that they might offset the growing influence of American capital. The frown of our State Department has been sufficient to cause that treaty to become quiescent, but it is a favorite pastime to introduce resolutions which do not pass, limiting the

amount of land that can be acquired by Americans. This policy, however, has not served to satisfy the leaders of the Liberal party.

In February last an incipient revolution was nipped in the bud when a party of Liberals, who had attached the cuartel of the rural guard at Guanabacoa and captured many horses, were in turn captured in the jungle. The confession of the leader of this band implicated a Liberal Senator, Morua Delgado, who escaped punishment through the fact that the Cuban constitution provides that no member of the Congress can be arrested during the sessions of that body, and the Liberal party promptly caused "no quorum" and prevented adjournment.

The habitual political attitude of the people of Cuba may roughly be divided into five classes, as follows: (A) A small portion taking an interest in politics for profit only, and who are in favor with the existing Government. (B) Another small portion who take an interest in politics for the same reason, who are out with the existing Government and are consequently affiliated with the opposition party, the Liberals. (C) A very large, ignorant population, composed of the field laborers and small farmers, mostly native Cuban, of partly African descent, who care little for public questions and policies and who, in the last political division, were attracted more to Gomez than to Palma. (D) A very considerable number of small merchants, tradesmen and regular employes, who favor annexation to the United States from the rather indefinite belief that their material advantages would be increased, and who, probably, voted largely for the Moderate ticket as being the more conserva-

tive. (E) The heavy Cuban commercial interests, really pro-American in sentiment, for economic reasons, but taking little or no active interest in the politics of the island. It is among this class that the ablest men of Cuba are to be found, and it is from this class that President Palma desired to draw his cabinet. The unwillingness of the representatives of this class, as a rule, to annoy themselves with the somewhat hectic attitude of the politicians, is responsible for the low quality of the cabinet officers of the Palma administration. To this there have been exceptions, but they are few.

It may be said that the present revolution is simply an armed conflict between the first two of these classes. Any continued disturbance leading to the cessation of industrial activity and continued idleness would naturally involve the third class, while the influence of the fifth may

reasonably be expected to be thrown strongly in the interest of peace and quietude, although not necessarily favoring either side of the controversy. If there is one thing that neither of the parties at issue desires at this time, it is intervention; for it is the firm belief of both of these parties that, if the United States ever lands troops again on Cuban soil, the occupation will be permanent. The revolutionists are, apparently, very desirous that President Roosevelt shall use his moral force to persuade them to be good by indicating, in a way that will permit of no refusal, his desire for a new election, which is the sole object of the revolution. They look upon his power as a peacemaker, because of his previous successes in that direction, as supreme, and it is the distinctly Cuban and ingenious method of intrigue to create a situation and then suggest the solution which will gain for them what they desire.

No cheating nor bargaining will ever get a single thing out of nature's "establishment" at half-price. Do we want to be strong?—we must work. To be happy?—we must be kind. To be wise?—we must look and think.—Ruskin.

The Art of Keeping Young

BY CHARLES BATTLE LOOMIS IN SMITH'S

Here is a sermon for the man who feels himself growing old and who is ready and willing to be pushed aside among the "has-beens." As Mr. Loomis points out, the man himself need not grow old because his body ages. Let him emulate the old men in San Francisco, who are starting all over again with light and hopeful spirits.

DO you say every morning when you get up, "I am still young"? It will be worth your while to do it, my friend. A man is not the framework that holds in place his clothes. To reverse it, the framework that holds in place his clothes is not the real man. That framework does age, there's no doubt of it. Its joints creak, the muscles grow flabby, the legs and arms grow rebellious and refuse to move as fast as they used to move, the eye gets tired of seeing things clearly and sees things "as in a glass, darkly."

But don't we all know that a man's clothes-horse, so to speak, is not the man himself? The real man is that something that no one has ever been able to see or to put his hand upon, that something that lives forever. And does immortality age?

The stars are to all intents and purposes immortal, but have you noticed any perceptible diminution of their brilliance since, well, since we became the greatest nation that the sun ever shone upon? (You all remember the exact date—just after the Mexican War.)

We—our spirits—are immortal whether we believe everything in the Bible or not, and for us to age is for us to commit an unpardonable folly.

Don't look at your face in a glass and ask yourself, "Am I getting old?" Look at your spirit in the glass of your friend's treatment of you and try to discover whether it is getting old. And if it is—drop ten years.

It will not be so hard as it seems. Think young thoughts. Keep your mind wide open to the reception of new ideas. Don't, when you get to be forty, say to yourself, "I'm one of the has-beens." Only forty years old! Why, you ought to be a coon at forty.

Take, for instance, Manuel Garcia. I don't mean the Cuban patriot, but the Manuel Garcia who over eighty years ago brought to America the first Italian opera company. (If I'm mistaken as to the kind of opera he brought it does not spoil my point.)

I say, take, for instance, Manuel Garcia. The young man died recently at the age of one hundred and two.

They gave a dinner to our young friend, Manuel, when he was a hundred, and he made a speech full of wit; a speech that showed that he did not consider one hundred years half as heavy a load as some undergraduates esteem their twenty-one years.

If Manuel Garcia was still alive and busy at one hundred and two, and if, in our own country, Charles Haynes Haswell—born in the same year as Lincoln and Mendelssohn and Gladstone and Holmes and Edgar Allen Poe—the mechanical engineer, at ninety-seven still goes to his office on Broadway every day, buoyant and blithe, who has a right to establish a "dead-line" at forty and push you over it and say, "By-by, old man. Glad to have met you. Hope you'll be happy among the used-to-wases"?

You can't shove me over that way, and I've forgotten just when I was forty.

Why, for all I know, I have sixty years before me. And if a man has sixty years to come, what are forty odd that have gone? Nothing. A mere fortnight's holiday in the country.

Don't you let these beardless fellows—oh, dear, I forgot; we're all of us beardless now since the winds blew our whiskers away—but don't let the youngsters tell you when you're to get old.

They tell of a youth of one hundred and seven, in San Francisco, who was met just after "the fire"—there was no earthquake; it was only a fire—and who was asked how he had fared.

"Lost everything. Got to begin life over again," said he jauntily.

That's the stuff! He was the quintessence of the spirit that is going to make the new San Francisco the wonder of the world.

Do you suppose that that forty line counts for anything out there? No, my Christian—or heathen—friend, it does not. They are all young men and women together over there. And they are going to build the City of Youth out there by the waters of the Pacific.

It is almost too soon to say it now, but the time will come when San Francisco will look on her disaster as a great blessing.

Why? Because it was the touchstone that showed her citizens what stuff was in them. They have agreed to stop believing in old age; and the septuagenarian painter whose landscapes—the glory of the coast states—were destroyed by fire and who wrote a friend in the east who had condoled with him, "I am going to paint better pictures than ever," and

the octogenarian whose hotel was blown up to stop the progress of the flames and who, being in New York at the time, went back at once to render aid to those worse off than himself, and the young man who lost his job as a clerk and found another as a city builder are all working together, shoulder to shoulder.

The earthquake—there really was an earthquake—stopped the supply of water in the great mains, but it let loose the fountain of youth that was formerly supposed to be in Florida, and men, women, and children are drinking of it eagerly.

Read the private letters that some of your friends or you yourselves must have received from those living in San Francisco when the shock came. But one spirit breathes from them all. It is not a vain cry of "Time is flying" that we find in those letters, but "There is yet time. We're starting afresh—to-day!"

And starting afresh is only another way of saying, "We are young."

Keep young, then, you of the east, and the south, and the north. Let San Francisco's quake shake out of you the feeling of old age that was creeping into your senses.

To be sure, there are sky-rockets of twenty-five and thirty that rise brilliantly, but they may be spent sticks in a few years. Let your flame of life burn steadily, and replenish it from time to time with young thoughts—"Young's Night Thoughts" would help—and you'll be as young at fifty and sixty as you were at forty or thirty or twenty—no, you were old at twenty; older than you'll ever be again—and you'll force these ar-rant young masters of three decades or less to move the dead-line farther on, or perhaps relegate it to the limbo of useless things.

Why should there be a dead-line until you are lying prone and your friends have neglected to "omit flowers"?

If disease spares you, youth lies in your own hands.

What is the secret? Kindly thoughts, good cheer, and the feeling that you have not robbed another man in getting what you need. Of course, if you have failed to see that other people have rights and have simply played the fascinating, but wicked, game of "grab," you'll grow

old so fast that people will forget that you ever were young.

They say a woman's as old as she looks, but a man is as old as he feels.

Make it your pleasure to feel as young as you can, and induce your wife to do the same—for I don't believe the ungallant first clause of the aphorism—and you'll get so young that your son will call you "my boy," and you'll call him "old chap."

And a nation of "young men" is unconquerable.

A South African Confederation

BY CAPTAIN ARTHUR BLEKELEY IN NEW YORK POST

According to this writer the possibility of a confederation of South African States is not so remote as one might imagine. The new constitution for the Transvaal will give the Dutch element a large share in the government of the country, while it will preserve to the British all the benefits accruing from their victory in the late war. The Transvaal satisfied, the statesmen of that country will do their best to further the confederation movement

THERE is much speculation at present throughout the British Empire, regarding the ultimate result of the new constitution just granted to the Transvaal (the late South African Republic) by the Liberal Government in conformity with the conditions of the Vereeniging Peace Convention. It was distinctly understood that responsible government should be granted at an early date to the defeated republics, who should be permitted to manage their own internal affairs, including the serious question of native administration. In some quarters anxiety is professed as to the issue of the confidence placed in the Boer population by the present British ministry, who seem desirous of acting in good faith in terms of the Vereeniging treaty, and so place considerable reliance on the patriotism

and disinterestedness of the Boer leaders.

The new constitution gives the Dutch element a large share in the government of their country, while preserving to the British all the benefits accruing from their victory in the late war. It has been drafted with great forethought, after an exhaustive inquiry and investigation on the spot by a special royal commission, sent out to probe local feeling and requirements, and its compilers have exercised every endeavor to frame a workable constitution, acceptable to Boer and Briton. It is believed they have succeeded to a surprising degree.

Framed on a voter's basis of manhood suffrage, the constitution provides for a paid legislative chamber of sixty-nine members, of which thirty-four are allowed to the Wit-

watersrand gold fields, six to Pretoria, and the balance, twenty-nine, to the rest of the country. This distribution strikes a happy medium, and is a fair balance of the two great political parties. The chamber will be the popular legislative one, but there is to be also a second chamber, which, as a sop to the Imperialist faction, and an evident endeavor to safeguard British interests, will be nominated by the Crown for the duration of the first parliament and thereafter be elective.

On the upper chamber will depend the fate of all legislative enactments for the Transvaal, and to a great extent the future welfare and prosperity of South Africa. The Transvaal is the pivot on which all the other colonies hinge. On the personnel depends everything, for on this chamber will devolve a great responsibility. Much attaches to the selection of its members, but as the Liberal Government has hitherto shown an evident desire to inaugurate a new era of mutual trust and confidence, it may fairly be assumed that men of influence and high character will be appointed from both sides; men who have the esteem and confidence of their followers and the respect of their opponents. Of such men there is happily not a dearth in the Transvaal.

This being done, the success of the new regime may be anticipated, as the Boer leaders are likely to reciprocate this confidence and sink all individual differences in the task of promoting the common weal. It is difficult to say under the present circumstances which party may have the victory at the polls, for the fight will be stubborn and mainly conducted on national lines, while the Chinese repatriation, native policy, and cus-

toms union issues will cause a distinct cleavage in both the Imperial and Boer ranks. The former will be largely assisted by the financial aid and influence of the Rand capitalists, while the latter will be supported by the labor vote, always anti-Imperialistic, and, under the system of a secret ballot, a very powerful factor in local politics.

Be the victory as it may, there is no reason to think the new Government will fail in its duty, or that the Boer, now admitted to a due participation in the conduct of affairs, will not loyally second the Britisher for the advancement of the country, and aid in the march forward to that Ultima Thule of all far-seeing patriots, the Confederate States of South Africa.

There is much more in this federation of the South African colonies than appears at present on the surface; for while it is true that such federation cannot be forced by resolutions of parliament, it is equally the fact that such a measure must come from within, and originate with the masses. Such a feeling has already sprung up and is fast gaining favor with all political parties, as well as with the "man in the street." Federation is no longer a chimerical issue, but a very palpable prospect in the near future.

Natal, seriously disgruntled by the railway policy of Cape Colony, which is fighting to hold its own in the Orange River Colony (whose railroads it first exploited under the aegis of the late republic), and indignant over the unwarranted interference with its native policy by the mother country (which has largely fomented the serious rebellion in Zululand, from which the plucky little colony is just emerging), is open-

ly discussing the question of unification with the Transvaal. The Transvaal, smarting under the selfish treatment accorded it by the Cape at the last customs convention, is favorably inclined to the proposition. The plan is fast assuming concrete form, and will be one of the planks of the Progressives in the forthcoming political campaign.

The disadvantages of the union to the Transvaal are small and the advantages enormous, while the gain to Natal would more than counterbalance her losses. The union of the coast with the inland colony would give the latter the advantages of a harbor and such seaboard as would place her independent of the Cape or Delagoa Bay, while the former would benefit hugely from its extended market and free trade with the gold fields.

The new constitution for the Transvaal is not expected to come into effect (or at least the elections under it completed) till the early part of

next year, but no matter what party be returned to power, one of the first problems its first parliament will have to consider will be the merger with Natal. The unification of Natal and the Transvaal will be the first step towards federation of the colonies. Cape Colony, no longer able to dictate terms to the inland community, will have to drop the dog in the manger policy and fall in line with its northern neighbors. Already the Cape press has taken alarm over the rapprochement of Transvaal and Natal, and is asking whether it is not advisable for all to combine under one government, with presumably Capetown as the seat of government and with Cape politicians ruling the roost. This is not likely to be acceptable, but if the Orange River Colony joins its neighbors the Cape Colony will not be able to stand aloof and will have to join in the forward movement. It is quite on the cards that the next decade will see the birth of the Confederated States of South Africa.

All true work is sacred ; in all true work, were it but true hand-labor, there is something of divineness. Labor, wide as the earth, has its summit in heaven. — Carlyle.

The Labor Movement in Canada

BY J. RAMSAY MACDONALD, M.P.

Mr. Macdonald is one of the representatives of the Labor Party in the British House of Commons. He visited Canada this summer and investigated labor conditions here. The results of his observations are recorded in brief form in the following article which he contributed to a recent number of the London Daily Chronicle. Because he has viewed the situation, as it were, from a distance, his remarks are possibly more pertinent than would be those of a native writer.

THE labor movement in Canada, like the country itself, is as yet only in the making. A band of trade union organizers keep flying east and west, like shuttles, and trade union membership mounts up. The class struggle stage of the movement is in full swing, and our successes at the last general election have fired some of the labor leaders of Canada to march their unions on to the political field of battle. Mr. Gompers has given the word from Washington that this is now to be done. Six months ago the trade unionists of Montreal elected one of their number, Mr. Verville, to represent them at Ottawa, and another Montreal constituency, where a by-election is pending, is also to be fought by a labor candidate. In Quebec, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, and even more strikingly in the mining districts of British Columbia, the ferment of a labor movement is at work. What is to be its future?

He would be a rash man who would dogmatize upon this question, for the condition of Canada places special difficulties in the way of a great national labor party, and makes opinions regarding it largely matters of conjecture.

To organize such a party here would require a leader of national reputation and unusual genius. For Canada does not as yet cohere into a national whole. A paternal and enterprising Government at Ottawa, which has thrown to the four winds

all the laissez-faire notions of the state entertained in the Old World, is doing its best to write the word "Canada" across the whole land from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and no one who went through the country nine years ago, as I did, and is crossing it again to-day, as I am doing, can doubt but that Ottawa will ultimately succeed. But that is not yet; and the nationalist results of the Macdonald and the Laurier grandmotherly governments will not ripen for some time to come.

Meanwhile, away in the east are the Maritime Provinces, brought into the Confederation by the promise of a railway, and remaining in the Confederation to get a quid pro quo in public works for everything done to develop the west. They have a labor movement of their own, consisting mainly of miners and railroad men, separate, with its own leaders and policy.

Coming westwards we reach Quebec. Here the workman is French and Catholic. He dreads United States dominance, and he has split away from the unions that have their headquarters in the United States (called international unions), and has formed a Canadian federation of national unions, the motto of which is "Canada for the Canadians." He is handicapped by a lack of leaders, and he is not willing to pay heavy subscriptions, so he also suffers from a lack of funds. West of Montreal this

section ceases to exist. The Ottawa River is its western frontier.

In Ontario and west to British Columbia the unions are branches, with their headquarters in the United States. Towards the east the members of this section are Protectionists, and though they pay their dues to offices in Chicago, Cleveland, New York, or Washington, they vote as citizens against the United States and in favor of a high Canadian tariff. They pile up the Conservative majorities in Ontario. Round Winnipeg, and to the west, they are less frightened of the Yankee, and vote Liberal in the main.

In British Columbia the labor movement is in a state of flux and flow at present. The western miners have hitherto been influenced by the revolutionary spirit of the western states across the border, and the unions have been inspired by a kind of barren Marxian Socialism which has weakened in recent years as a settling influence has crept over the country. Changes towards a middle course of Socialist and Labor methods seem to be coming over this province, and British Columbia will probably soon become allied with the international unions.

The long days and nights in the train crossing Canada, the vast stretches of forest and wheat field which one has to go through, explain to us this lack of labor coherence. Nature has hitherto defied the creation of a Canadian labor movement on lines parallel with the political and economic interests of the Dominion. This long, narrow strip of industry, stretching from Sydney on the Atlantic to Victoria on the Pacific, broken by hundreds of miles of forest and farm at a stretch, cannot cohere. Willy-nilly Canadian labor

cannot stretch its arms east and west only; it is doomed to fraternize with the south as well. To the manufacturer, Canada is an industrial entity; to the workman it is not.

It is a grim comment, however, on what passes as Imperialistic sentiment that in the province where Imperialism is said to be at its lowest ebb, Quebec, the trade union movement is organized nationally, and suspicion of the United States finds expression in independent Canadian labor organizations, whilst in those provinces supposed to be most British, organized labor pays fees to United States headquarters.

This cannot be helped at present, but it brings a dualism into the life of the Canadian trade unionist as worker and as citizen, which will undoubtedly hamper him in creating a labor party for the Dominion.

But the most formidable of all the tasks of a Canadian labor party will be to get hold of the agriculturist, and without him it will be impossible to send more than a dozen to a score of labor members to Ottawa. With him, however, the Canadian labor movement will cohere, and the magic will then operate. A good many of the immigrant farmers from the United States have been influenced by the Populist and Bryanist movements and some of the wiser labor leaders—particularly those in Winnipeg—are looking hopefully to Saskatchewan for political developments. Moreover, the circumstances of Canadian agriculture necessitate a vast army of workers being upon the fields in Autumn. In the Winter that army is encamped in the cities, living as it best can, subject to the fermentation of idea which goes on in towns. Thus the spectacle which we see is a kind of Nile overflow of population upon

the western plains, bearing with it not only a rush of labor power, but a sediment of ideas, and so soon as the labor movement in Canada deliberately faces the work it has to do, this circumstance will be a precious opportunity for it. At this feverish moment of settlement, the conquest of Alberta and Saskatchewan by labor and Socialist opinion seems nothing but a dream—a dream, however of the same substantiality as that which haunted those intelligent men who believed ten years ago that these wilderness plains could grow wheat. The problem of transport charges is to be the practical issue which will bring the workman of the towns and the farmer into political co-operation.

Finally, one comes to what after all is the grand determining factor in what the future of the Canadian labor party is to be. In discussing matters with men here and in getting into instinctive touch with the life of this new nation one feels a silent but

sullen conflict going on far down beneath the surface. It is the conflict between the British and the United States tones of life. As this conflict affects the labor movement here it presents problems like these. Will public life become more corrupt? Will the machine fed by patronage become more powerful? Will expressions of the national will become more brutally boastful and selfish? Will plutocratic instincts become predominant? Will the labor leader continue to leave the labor movement for more lucrative commercial or political employment? If so, the labor movement will remain in the backwater of class conflict, revolutionary methods, Marxian Socialism, where it is in the United States to-day.

This is one of the most fascinating studies in the evolution of the Canadian spirit, but it is too complicated to be discussed at the end of an article on the prospects of the labor movement here.

Work is a test of character ; drudgery in work is a greater test ; but the supreme test is patience and perseverance in the task on which you have entered.

Personal Character of the Sultan of Turkey

BY CHEDO MIJATOVICH IN FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

The author of the following sketch of Sultan Abd-ul-Hamid, which forms a portion of a long article on that ruler, was formerly Servian Minister to Turkey. He writes a delightful account of the personality of the Sultan, interspersing his statements with anecdotes and illustrations, which go to prove that Abd-ul-Hamid is not such a terrible man as we might suppose.

AS is well known, Sultan Abd-ul-Hamid is one of the sons of Sultan Abd-ul-Medjid. His mother was an Armenian beauty. Abd-ul-Medjid was a kind-hearted and generous man, handsome, but not very strong physically, intellectually belonging to the mediocrities. When I first saw, and spoke to, Sultan Abd-ul-Hamid, I felt that he was the son of his mother, viz., that by far the greater part of his individuality he has inherited from his mother. The Armenians, as a race, are well known to be very intelligent. It is quite true that in the East they have a bad reputation as an exceedingly selfish and unscrupulous people. It is said that in cunning and astuteness the Jews are innocent babes when compared with the Armenians. Personally, I do not believe that that has anything to do with the race, and probably it is the result of the peculiar circumstances in which they live. Give them liberty, give them the responsibility of a self-governing nation, give them possibilities of higher culture, and the Armenians, in a couple of generations, would prove to be a noble and generous, as well as a highly intelligent, race.

There is in Abd-ul-Hamid a peculiar modesty, timidity, and tenderness which are quite womanly. He always looks earnest, almost sad, as if he were subdued by the consciousness of his great responsibilities. He smiles quietly, almost sadly, very often, but he hardly ever laughs

loudly. He is distinctly a man of aesthetic taste. He is fond of flowers, of beautiful women, of fine horses, of lovely views of sea and land, of everything that is beautiful. He is an affectionate father. He takes care that the ladies of his harem shall enjoy higher pleasures, and provides for them concerts and theatricals. He can be, and is, a devoted friend to his friends. He is able to contract deep and faithful friendships. The former British Ambassador in Constantinople, Sir William White, won his personal friendship and retained it to the end of his days. The great ambassador was not always able to carry his point, but when the Sultan's trusted friend, William White, spoke with his friend Abd-ul-Hamid, the case was always won for Great Britain. I know that the Sultan retains the most affectionate remembrances of Sir William. The so-called successes of German diplomacy in Constantinople are really not the successes of the supposed superior ability of German diplomatists; they are simply the results of the deep personal attachment of Abd-ul-Hamid to Emperor William. He honors with his personal friendship the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador, Baron Calice; also the Spanish Ambassador, Count Sagrado. He is very fond of the highly cultured and patriotic Armenian Patriarch Ormanian, and treats him as a personal friend.

I shall never forget with what pathos he spoke to me on one occa-

sion of the need of his heart to have near him a personal friend to whom he could talk as friend, and in whom he could confide unreservedly. One day, in September, 1900, he called me to come at once to see him. He received me most graciously, but I noticed that he looked somewhat more melancholy than usual. He told me that he had heard that King Milan lived, broken-hearted and very sad, in Vienna, and that he had invited him to come to live in Constantinople, where he would gladly place at his disposal one of the Imperial palaces on the Bosphorus.

"Knowing that King Milan is fond of you and trusts you," the Sultan said to me, "I called you to ask you personally to write to him to support my invitation. Write to him that I should feel happy to have him near me. He knows that all my sympathies are with him, and that his friendship is precious to me. Tell him that I have—thank God!—many good and faithful servants, but that I often feel quite lonely, and that I am longing with all my heart and soul to have near me a man to whom, as to a faithful and sincere friend, I could confide what I have in my heart, with whom I could freely exchange thoughts and take counsel, and with whom I could share joy and sorrow. I feel deeply that in Milan I should find such a friend. Write to him to come, that we as friends may help each other to bear bravely the load of our destinies."

There was a tone of sadness and earnestness in his words and manner. I felt that he spoke from deep conviction and in perfect sincerity.

As I am speaking here of the friendly sentiments of Sultan Abd-ul-Hamid towards King Milan, I may mention also an incident which is very characteristic of Abd-ul-Hamid's

fine diplomacy and of an entire absence in his character of any vindictiveness. The story was told to me by King Milan himself.

Going to Jerusalem after his abdication, Milan came to Constantinople, and naturally had to go to Yieldiz Kiosk to pay his respects to the Sultan.

"Having as vassal risen twice in rebellion against my Suzerain," King Milan told me, "having by our war against the Sultan made the Russo-Turkish war, so disastrous for Turkey, inevitable, I felt that I really had no right to expect from Sultan Abd-ul-Hamid a very brilliant, and certainly not a very hearty reception. Besides, I was no longer a reigning Sovereign, but a poor ex-King, going as a humble pilgrim to the holy places. All this made me doubtful about the reception which I should meet with from the Sultan. But what an agreeable surprise I had! When I arrived at Yieldiz I found the Sultan waiting in the entrance hall, surrounded by all his great dignitaries, generals, equerries, all in grand uniforms with decorations. He moved a step forward, gave me his hand, and said: 'I am sincerely pleased to be able to greet to-day as my friend the man who has restored to Servia the dignity of a kingdom. This pleasure is the more sincere because I know from history how much the Servian nation, through its sons, who were Ottoman statesmen and leaders of the Ottoman armies, have contributed to the power and glory of the Ottoman Empire.'"

Such a salutation, and in such circumstances, was indeed the highest diplomacy. And more than that—it was generosity.

What I especially admire in Sultan Abd-ul-Hamid is his evident desire

to be fair, not to do injustice, even indirectly, to anyone. He loves to consider almost every question from a philosophical point of view. I can give you a typical instance of this.

When the telegrams announced the formal engagement of King Alexander of Servia with Madame Draga Mashin, the Sultan sent for me, asking me at the same time to bring, if I could, a photograph of the King's fiancée. I did so. The Sultan looked at the photograph for some time, observed that Mme. Draga was evidently a handsome woman, and that she had beautiful eyes.

"Yet," he said in his quiet, earnest manner, "I cannot sufficiently wonder that King Alexander, who seemed to me a very shrewd young man, should commit such a folly! No doubt the day will arrive when he will see clearly himself what a folly he has committed."

And then, after a prolonged silence, he continued:

"But, after all, what right have we to complain? What right have we even to criticise? Can a man escape his destiny? And is it fair to forget what an irresistible power love has? Where is the strong man who is not weak when he finds himself alone with a woman with whom he is in love? And are we not all liable sometimes to commit follies? Does love ever ask what is your rank and dignity? Does love ever ask what your father and your mother will say to that? Does it ever listen to reason? I, verily, do not think we have a right to laugh at the folly of this young man. Poor Alexander is evidently deeply in love with Draga. All we can do is to wish for him that his love be crowned by true and lasting happiness. I will wire him my best wishes, but you must also let him know that I

shall always rejoice to hear of his happiness."

I was so charmed, and really deeply impressed by this philosophical discourse of Sultan Abd-ul-Hamid on the power of love, that on my return to the legation I wrote it down immediately. He never seemed to me to stand in a better light than on that occasion. He evidently knew what love was, and he seems to have reduced his own experiences to philosophical principles, which led him to be fair and charitable to others.

He is no doubt a sincerely and deeply religious Mussulman, and has all the virtues which the Al-Kuran succeeds in instilling in the True Believers. He is considerate, modest, charitable, and patient. His consciousness of his responsibility towards God makes him hesitate to punish anyone severely. Certainly he was never carried away by impulsiveness, He even exaggerates in his desire to consider every question from all points. He is slow; often much too slow for the nervous and impatient sons of the west. Even in the eyes of the Turks his conscientiousness, the mother of his hesitation, makes him appear a man who lacks energy. But he is not without energy. The re-organization of the military forces of the Ottoman Empire is a great work, implying great intelligence and great energy, and it is really his own work.

Nor is he lacking in initiative. To establish in his own palace a modern stage, on which the artists of European fame are invited to give their productions, shows in itself no lack of initiative. Once he led me through a long gallery in the Mer-rassim Kiosk (one of the several kiosks in the extensive grounds of Yieldiz), the walls of which were

covered by hundreds of pictures by famous European painters, representing victories and defeats of the Turkish army. That picture gallery by itself shows that Abd-ul-Hamid is capable of having, for a Turk, quite original ideas, and that he sees that they are executed.

Indeed, only a man of great initiative and unusual energy could have concentrated all the governing power in his own hands. He is not satisfied to reign only; he governs also, and that in all and every detail. The Grand Vizier and the Ministers are, in reality, only the secretaries of the Sultan. They come to report every single event, wherever it may have happened, and ask for his orders. He knows everything, or, at least, he has the ambition to know everything. Of course, he needed agents who would report to him everything. The system developed into a peculiar, probably vicious, detective organization which seems to be the curse of life in Constantinople. He not only tries to know everything, but he has the ambition personally to decide everything. No European sovereign has the tenth part of the work through which Abd-ul-Hamid passes daily. Such an amount of work would have killed any European sovereign in less than five years. It will, in the end, kill the wiry system of Abd-ul-Hamid too.

This sketch would be incomplete if I were not to mention that Sultan Abd-ul-Hamid, terribly earnest as he is and so sensitive to everything touching his personal dignity, has much of quiet humor in him. He quickly perceives the comic features in things and men, and in a peculiar quiet way enjoys it. His sky is generally and almost permanently covered by clouds of state anxieties and personal melancholy. But from time

to time, and most unexpectedly, those clouds are pierced by the sunny rays of a mild humor.

On one occasion, in the empty Court Theatre in the Merrassim Kiosk an Italian company was playing the opera *Robert le Diable*. The Sultan took the Russian Ambassador Zinovyeff, the Persian Ambassador and myself in his box. In the adjoining box were a few equerries of the Sultan. Those two boxes contained all the spectators on that occasion. Abd-ul-Hamid, as a true lover of music, listened attentively to the singing of the artists on the stage, and during their singing never spoke a word with us. But when Pepita, after her beautiful prayer to the Madonna, began to undress herself, prior to going to bed, and took off first her dress, then her bodice, then her top petticoat, the Sultan turned, alarmed, to Zinovyeff.

"No doubt," he said, "your Excellency knows the habits of the European young women. Do you think this young actress is going to undress herself altogether in our presence?"

"I hope not!" answered Zinovyeff. "But I do not know; the actors, and more especially the actresses, like to humor the desires of their patrons."

The Sultan immediately caught the meaning of the Russian Ambassador, and laughed heartily.

The following authentic story illustrates still more vividly the quiet humor of the Sultan. The Grand Vizier gave a grand dinner one evening, at which, with the Sultan's sanction, several court officers were present. One of these, the next day, gave the Sultan a verbal report of the exhibition of "magic power" by a poor dervish, which followed the dinner.

"Would you believe it, sire," he

said, "that poor dervish swallowed silver spoons one after the other? It was simply marvellous."

"Do you say marvellous?" the Sultan asked him. "I do not see anything so marvellous in the fact that a poor dervish swallowed a few of the Grand Vizier's silver spoons. That feat is as nothing in comparison with the feat which Hassan Pasha, my minister of the navy, used to perform. He swallowed entire ironclads without changing the color of his face for a moment."

Hassan Pasha was notorious for the boldness with which he diverted moneys, granted for ironclads, to the needs of his own renowned harem.

Among many stories of the Sultan's good-humored nature and wit, I have heard the following one also. It was once desirable to send a Turkish war vessel to greet a British Royalty at Malta. A favorite of the court was entrusted with that mission. He managed to bring his ship successfully out of the Golden Horn, and then—distrusting European naval charts—spent several weeks among the islands of the Aegean asking if there was such a place as Malta. At last he returned to Stamboul with a

laconic report: "Malta Yok." "There is no Malta." The Sultan, instead of being angry with his ignorant modern Hayreddin, laughed at his impudence and said: "Now I understand why the English wanted Cyprus! Of course they wanted it, since Malta was no more.—'Malta Yok.'"

Yet one word more as to Abd-ul-Hamid's personal character. I know that many Englishmen think him a cruel man, and as justification of such an opinion they point to the Armenian massacres. Personally I could detect in the character of the Sultan not even a shadow of cruelty. At the same time, I must say that several important members of the diplomatic corps, who were in Constantinople during those massacres, have told me that their impression was that the massacre of the Armenians was—the work of Sultan Abd-ul-Hamid! I mention this opinion, but personally I have no reason to endorse it. To accuse a man of cruelty—still more to accuse a man of murder—we ought to have undoubted proofs and hard facts, and not only personal impressions and bold conjectures.

There never did and never will exist anything permanently noble and excellent in the character which is a stranger to the exercise of resolute self-denial.

The Formation of the U.S. Steel Corporation

BY HERBERT N. CASSON IN MUNSEYS

In his story of the romance of steel and iron in America, Mr. Casson has advanced to the era of consolidation and the formation of the steel trust. It was J. Pierpont Morgan who stood behind and engineered this mammoth Merger, by means of which a full two-thirds of the most profitable American industry was organized into the biggest of the world's corporations.

IN the early Spring of 1901 J. Pierpont Morgan strode among the steel kings like a beneficent giant. Two years before, he had refused to become the overlord of the iron world; but several things had happened since that time. He was now to a large extent a steel king himself. He had successfully organized the Federal Steel Company. He was a heavy stockholder in the National Tube and the American Bridge Companies. Moreover, his intimacy with Frick had given him a better knowledge and a more favorable impression of the steel men.

Besides, at the present crisis, his own life-work was in danger. For more than thirty years Morgan had been a builder and a peacemaker. He was the most implacable foe of hostility among capitalists. He was the champion of "team play" and "community of interest."

From his point of view, therefore, the exit of Carnegie was a business necessity. Carnegie was preparing to parallel the Pennsylvania Railroad and to compete with the National Tube Company, both of which were in Morgan's "sphere of influence." To permit such a man to control the steel market was unthinkable.

From a business standpoint, Carnegie was invulnerable. He had his own ore, coal, railroads, steamships, and steel mills. In his commercial and personal interests he stood entirely outside all associations of capitalists. He enjoyed to the full what his Scottish poet called "the glorious

privilege of being independent." It was an amazing feat to win a place absolutely alone in an age of interdependence — when even the nations were clinging one to another for support; but as a factor in the business situation his position was not to be tolerated. The stability and peace of mind of the American financial world demanded that Andrew Carnegie should abdicate his throne.

Morgan rushed at his work like a Titan who had at last found a task worthy of his strength. At first his plan was to combine only four companies — the Carnegie, the Federal Steel, the National Tube, and the American Steel & Wire. But a quick survey of the field showed him that four other companies would be easy to persuade into the confederation — the National Steel, the American Tin Plate, the American Steel Hoop, and the American Sheet Steel; while if these concerns were left out, they might offer an inconveniently active competition.

Frick hurried to Pittsburg and offered about thirty million dollars for the big Jones & Laughlin plant, but was refused. On his return he found that Morgan had been trying to make terms with John D. Rockefeller, Jr., for the purchase of the Rockefeller ore mines. The negotiations had come to a standstill. For several days it appeared as if the powerful Standard Oil group would be left outside of the steel combination.

To break the deadlock, Henry H. Rogers suggested that Frick, who is

a better buyer than Morgan, be sent to Rockefeller. This expedient was tried and succeeded completely.

"I gave Rockefeller forty million dollars in preferred stock," said Frick, "and forty millions in common, for his ore. For his ore-carrying fleet I paid him eight and a half millions in cash. We needed the Rockefeller property, for without those rich ore tracts we should have been in a vulnerable position."

In this way the United States Steel Corporation obtained about two-fifths of its ore and nearly one-half of its ore fleet.

The speed with which the great structure was built is almost incredible. Schwab had secured Carnegie's selling price in January, 1901, and by February 25 the corporation had taken definite shape. According to its New Jersey charter, its purpose was practically to manage the business of the human race—to own and operate the whole world, with the sole exception of the railroads and canals of New Jersey. Its actual capital was declared to be three thousand dollars, which it had power to increase. Its three nominal incorporators were men who were comparatively unknown. Its life was to be "forever." All this, however, was only the formal and legal way of making a beginning.

On the following day the fog of rumor was dispelled by an official announcement from Mr. Morgan's banking house. Next came his advertisement for the stock of the smaller shareholders in the companies that were to be absorbed. It was signed by about forty well known names. Each one represented millions. Some could speak not for themselves alone, but for whole cities.

Morgan peremptorily announced

that all stock of the companies going into the trust must be in his hands in eighteen days. But the minds of the small stockholders did not work with Morganic swiftness, and he was obliged to give them twelve days longer. By April 2, however, Morgan's greatest task was accomplished. The corporation which is his financial masterpiece—by which his reputation will stand or fall—was complete. Its capital was fixed at a little more than a billion dollars, besides three hundred and sixty-six millions of bonded and mortgage debt. The stock, half seven-per-cent preferred and half common, was being sold to a greedy public.

Seventy per cent. of the American iron and steel industry had become organized. More than that, it had become Morganized; it had been put together on "community of interest" lines. Instead of being cut apart from other branches of business and dominated by one man, it was now linked to a dozen banks, a score of railroads, and an unknown number of other corporations.

Its officials and directors were not steel-makers. Less than a third of them understood the language of steel. Schwab, a practical steel man, had been made president at the request of Carnegie; but in the management of the corporation, the president ranked, not first, but third. Judge Elbert H. Gary was first, as head of the executive committee, and Robert Bacon—who was succeeded, a little later, by George W. Perkins—was second, as head of the finance committee. Strictly speaking, the president was merely the head of the manufacturing department. Gary was a lawyer, Bacon a banker, Perkins an insurance man.

The United States Steel Corpora-

tion was a financial even more than a manufacturing organization. It was first for money and second for steel. This was a new and important development in the evolution of the steel business. On its board of directors was only one steel-maker of the old-fashioned sort, Abram S. Hewitt, and he entered unwillingly. To his mind a billion-dollar corporation was a dangerous innovation. The modern steel-maker was typified in H. C. Frick; the others were men who had evolved into financiers from all sorts of beginnings.

More than half of the officials and directors were self-made men. The three who stood foremost — Gary, Perkins and Schwab — had climbed from the ladder's lowest rung. They were young men. The average age of the officials was forty-eight, the oldest being fifty-five and the youngest, Charles M. Schwab, thirty-nine. For their services in managing the immense corporation, Schwab and Gary drew salaries of a hundred thousand dollars apiece. Perkins received nothing.

"Mr. Morgan would not permit him to get a salary," said Judge Gary.

It has often been stated that Morgan himself received a huge fee for his successful work in effecting the consolidation. As a matter of fact, he received no direct payment whatever. He held a one-fifth interest in a syndicate that floated two hundred millions of the company's securities, and his total profits were less than three millions. "High pay for a few months' work," the outsider may say; but he should remember the magnitude of the achievement and the vast responsibilities that Morgan had to bear—and still bears, to a great extent, so closely does the pub-

lic identify him with the fortunes of his greatest financial creation.

"Morgan was big and fair and square," says Schwab.

"No man, no number of men, outside of Mr. Morgan, could have formed the United States Steel Corporation at that time," declared Judge Gary.

Another New York financier, in an outburst of enthusiasm, exclaimed:

"I believe that in the next twenty years a statue of J. Pierpont Morgan will be placed in some public square, to mark the general appreciation of his wonderful organizing ability."

In the consolidation of businesses it has been found that the services of a company promoter are indispensable. A business man naturally dislikes to sell to his competitor. He prefers to deal with an outsider.

"Every manufacturer imagines that his plant is better located and better managed than his neighbor's," says W. H. Moore, who is, next to Morgan, the most successful consolidator in the steel industry.

And now, for the practical people who love facts and figures, here is a feast of statistics. In the long history of commerce, where has there been a corporation with possessions like these?

The United States Steel Corporation owns as much land as is contained in the three states of Massachusetts, Vermont, and Rhode Island.

It employs one hundred and eighty thousand workmen—more than the combined armies of Meade and Lee at Gettysburg.

More than a million of the American people—as many as the population of Nebraska or Connecticut — depend upon it for a livelihood.

Last year it paid out in wages one hundred and twenty-eight million dol-

lars—more than the United States pays for its army or for its navy. "Our workmen have a first mortgage on United States Steel," said Charles M. Schwab.

It owns and operates a railroad trackage that would reach from New York to Galveston, or from Paris to Constantinople. It possesses thirty thousand cars and seven hundred locomotives.

It has nineteen ports and owns a fleet of one hundred large ore ships. This is the most numerous of all American fleets under a single ownership. It is the sixth largest commercial fleet in the world, and from the point of view of industrial efficiency, it is perhaps unequaled in any country.

It has ninety-three blast furnaces, nearly all of them running day and night, and it makes forty-four per cent. of the pig iron of the United States.

From its fifty great mines it produces one-sixth of all the iron ore in the world. In one year it heaps up a mountain of more than sixteen million tons of red ore.

It makes three-fifths of our Bessemer and open-hearth steel, two-thirds of the steel rails, two-thirds of the wire rods, three-fifths of the steel beams, ten-elevenths of the wire, and nearly all of the wire nails, wire fencing, steel tubing, tin plate, and steel bridges produced in the United States.

It makes more steel than either Great Britain or Germany, and one-quarter of the total amount made in all the countries of the world.

To feed its ceaseless fires, it burns in a single year ten million tons of coal, eleven million tons of coke, and fifteen billion cubic feet of natural

gas. Its supply of fuel will last for sixty years.

It can make anything in steel from a carpet tack to steel rails, from a tin can to armor plate, from a wire nail to an Eiffel Tower.

Its iron works and steel works are mainly in Pittsburg and twenty-five smaller "steel cities" within a hundred miles' distance; but it also owns large plants in Chicago, Joliet, Milwaukee, St. Louis, Muncie, Elmira, Philadelphia, Troy, Hartford, Worcester, and elsewhere. It is about to create a new industrial centre at the southern end of Lake Michigan. Its ore is mainly in Minnesota. Its headquarters are in New York, though as a New Jersey corporation it maintains a nominal "general office" in Hoboken.

If it had been organized in Pennsylvania, its first fee would have been fourteen hundred thousand dollars, and its yearly tax more than five millions; but being organized in New Jersey, its charter fee was a mere two hundred and twenty thousand dollars. Even this comparative trifle was more than the fortune spent by Baron Peter Hasenclever in founding New Jersey's iron business. Its annual tax to the state—another trifle of sixty odd thousand dollars—is more than three times the cost of the famous Lynn iron works, built in 1645.

Its total responsibilities, as expressed in stocks and bonds, were as follows, at the date of its first annual report:

Bonds (mainly five per cent. bonds held by the Carnegies)	\$366,097,697
Preferred stock	510,281,100
Common stock	508,302,500
Total	\$1,384,681,297

And not even this stupendous total expresses the full power of this industrial empire. Behind it stood

Morgan, Rockefeller, and Carnegie, representing about two billion dollars of well handled and aggressive capital.

Mr. Dooley on the Power of the Press

BY F. P. DUNNE IN AMERICAN MAGAZINE

The inimitable Mr. Dooley discourses on the subject of the press in his usual humorous style. Beneath his quaint conception there is a great deal of truth, for he probes pretty deep into the human heart. Beginning with a sly dig at the legal fraternity, whose day of leadership is over, he passes on to consider the power of the editor, whose slightest word possesses the greatest influence.

“A FEW years ago,” said Mr. Dooley, “I thought that if I had a son I’d make a lawyer iv him. It was th’ fine profession. Th’ lawyers took all th’ money an’ held down all th’ jobs. A lawyer got ye into throuble be makin’ th’ laws an’ got ye out iv throuble be bustin’ thim. Some lawyers on’y knew th’ law, poor fellows, but others knew th’ holes in th’ law that made it as aisy f’r a millionaire to keep out iv th’ pinitinchry as f’r a needle to enter th’ camel’s eye, as Hogan says. These lawyers niver had to worry about payin’ their gas bills. A law, Hinnessy, that might look like a wall to you or me wud look like a triumphal arch to th’ expeeryenced eye iv a lawyer. Lawyers were ivrywhere, even on th’ bench, be hivens. They were in th’ ligislachure seein’ that th’ laws were badly punctuated an’ in th’ coorts seein’ that they were thurly punctured. They were in Congress makin’ th’ laws an’ th’ flaws in th’ laws. They r-run th’ cuntry. McKinley was a lawyer, Cleveland was a lawyer an’ Bryan was a lawyer till he knew better.

“But ’tis far diff’reent now, Hinnessy. If I had a son ’tis little time I’d spind larnin’ him what some dead Englishman thought Thomas Jefferson was goin’ to mean whin he wrote

th’ Constitution. No, sir, whin me son an’ heir was eight years old an’ had r-read all th’ best iv th’ classical authors fr’m Deadwood Dick to Ol’ Sleuth th’ Detective, I’d put a pencil in his hand an’ shove him out into th’ wurruld as a gr-reat iditor. I wud so. F’r th’ lawyers ar-re too busy studyin’ haby as corpus proceedin’s to do annything else, an’ ’tis th’ Palajeem iv our Liberties that is runnin’ th’ cuntry an’ is goin’ to run it f’r a long time to come.

“What’s th’ use iv a lawyer annyhow? If I get a good wan ye may hire a better. Th’ more money a man has th’ better lawyer he can get but th’ more money a man has th’ worse iditor he’s liable to get. All anny lawyer can do is to holler at another lawyer. All a judge can do is to look unpleasant an’ dhrop off into dhreams just at th’ time whin th’ most excitin’ ividence in ye’er favor is bein’ put in. No, sir, lawyers an’ judges don’t amount to annything. ’Tis th’ twelve good men an’ thre dhragged fr’m butcher shop an’ grocery store that decides. It’s th’ intillegent jury iv ye’er peers or worse that tells ye whether ye must put in th’ rest iv ye’er days stickin’ paper insoles into ready-made shoes or wearin’ out th’ same lookin’ f’r wurruk. Th’ lawyers make th’ law;

th' judges make th' errors, but th' iditors make th' juries.

'Sure 'tis th' fine business an' I'd be th' gr-great hand at it f'r there's nawthin' I like betther than gettin' people out iv trouble unless it is gettin' thim into it. It's th' on'y power in th' wurruld that's worth talkin' about. No head is so high that it can't hit it an' none so low that it can't raise it up. If a sudden current shud tear me out iv this here backwather where I'm anchored an' make me th' public charackter I wanst was whin I was captain iv me precinct, 'tis not what I was but what th' pa-apers wud say I was that'd make th' goose flesh stand out on me an' disturb me dreams. What I've done I've done an' it rests between me an' Father Kelly. But it's what all th' wurruld says I've done an' believes I've done that's goin' to make th' diff'rence with me. I take all th' pa-apers an' read thim fr'm end to end. I don't believe a bad thing they print about anny iv me frinds but I believe ivrything about annybody else. Manny a man I don't know'd be surprised to hear I wudden't speak to him on account iv what I think I know iv him. I'm personally acquainted with ivry prominent man in th' wurruld through th' pa-apers but I cudden't swear there was anny such a person as Tiddy Rosenfelt. I niver see him. So far as I'm consarned, Hinnessy, th' man that's prisident iv ye an' me an' sivinty millyon others was made in a newspaper office be some bright young fellow in his shirt sleeves an' smokin' a corn cob pipe. He happened to be feelin' good so he made an attractive charackter. But th' rale Tiddy Rosenfelt instead iv bein' a short, thickset man, with rows iv flashin' teeth, a cheerful demeanor an'

a pugynacious disposition, may be a long, lean man with red side whiskers, no teeth at all an' scared to death iv Sicrety Shaw. Some day th' young fellow that made him may make him over an' thim I'll have another busted idol. It's th' same with William Jennings Bryan, th' Czar, King Edward or annybody else. They're all made out in newspapers th' way ye'er little boy makes a cocked hat an' thim turns it into a boat. Desthroy th' newspapers an' they'd disappear like th' figures off a kinetyoscope screen. They're alive while th' ink lasts; they're dead th' minyit th' iditor says: 'We pass on to th' next cage.' Be hivins, Hinnessy, if I can't believe what I read about people I don't know, I'm a lost man.

'People tell ye they don't care what is said about thim in print. They don't if it's pleasant. If ye said a man was a greater pote thim Shakespere, a greater gin'ral thim Napolyon, a gr-reater statesman thim Thomas Jefferson, he'd have a feelin' that ye done him scant justice on'y because if ye didn't ye'er readers wud indignantly stop th' pa-aper. Ye niver read iv annybody writin' in that his attintion has been called to a paragraph praisin' him an' regrettin' that stuff has been published about him that shud be kept f'r his tombstone. But if ye print a squib down in th' right hand corner iv th' twelfth page following pure advertisin' matter to th' gin'ral effect that his past life in Missouri is known to th' iditor he'll be around that mornin' with a gun an' a lawyer. Fr'm me expeeryence with newspapers I'd advise him to lave both on th' sidewalk an' go up th' ilivator on his knees. Th' on'y people that don't mind what's printed about thim are those whose pitch-

ers are already in th' Rogues' Gallery. But let a man be on'y half or three-quarters square, as most iv us are, an' he fears less a rijimint iv sogers with a gatling gun poundin' at th' dure thin th' touch iv a rayporther's hand on th' dure bell. There he sets, th' patriarch, carvin' th' turkey an' scowlin' down on th' assimbled fam'ly. He is th' boss iv that establishment, a man iv ruthless power with wife an' childher, a model husband an' father to thim. His conscience is clear because he thinks nobody knows. He's about to tell thim how ondesarvin' they are iv such a spouse an' papa whin th' hired girl whispers there's a rayporther in th' parlor. Why, childher, does father's knife an' fork an' jaw dthrop at wanst? Why does a pale green flush of indignation mantle his bold brow? Why does his legs wobble a little as he laves th' room? Ah, little wans, I can't tell ye. Finish ye'er supper an' sleep wan more night in peace. Ye'll know all about it in th' mornin' whin ye an' ye'er playmates gather around th' first spechal ex-thry.

"Th' printed wurrud! What can I do against it? I can buy a gun to protect me against me inimy. I can change me name to save me fr'm th' gran' jury. But there's no escape f'r good man or bad fr'm th' printed wurrud. It follows me wheriver I go an' sthrikes me down in church, in me office, in me very home. There was me frind Jawn D. Three years ago he seemed insured against punishment ayether here or hereafter. A happy man, a religious man. He had squared th' ligislachures, th' coorts, th' pollyticians an' th' Baptist clargy. He saw th' dollars hop-pin' out iv ivry lamp chimibly in th' wurruld an' hurryin' to'rd him. His

heart was pure seein' that he had niver done wrong save in th' way iv business. His head was hairless but unbowed. Ivry Mondah mornin' I read iv him leadin' a chorus iv 'Onward Christyan sogers marchin' f'r th' stuff.' He was at peace with th' wurruld, th' flesh, an' th' divvle. A good man! What cud harm him? An' so it seemed he might proceed to th' grave whin, lo an' behold, up in his path leaps a lady with a pen in hand an' off goes Jawn D. f'r th' tall timbers. A lady, mind ye, dips a pen into an ink-well! there's an explosion an' what's left iv Jawn D. an' his power wudden't frighten crows away fr'm a corn field. Who's afraid iv Rockyfeller now? Th' prisidint hits him a kick, a counthry grand jury indicts him, a goluf caddy overcharges him an' whin he comes back fr'm Europe he has as many polismen to meet him on th' pier as Doc Owens. A year ago, annybody wud take his money. Now if he wanted to give it even to Chancellor Day he'd have to meet him in a barn at midnight.

"Down they come, these here joynts that have set on our necks f'r years, not crushed be th' hand iv th' law which happens to be busy in their pockets at th' time, or shot out be th' bombs iv a revolution or even ligislated out be Congress, but smashed be wan tap iv a lead pencil be a man or a woman that has about as much money as wud buy cuttle fishbone f'r their canary bur-rds an' doesn't want anny more. A cry goes up: 'Here comes Rayporther Baker,' an' th' haughty insurance magnates break th' mahogany furniture an' th' quarter mile record in a dash f'r th' steamer. A novel smashes th' beef thrust an' a blow fr'm th' relentless Faber Number Two knocks

th' props out fr'm undher th' throne iv Rooshya. A young fellow comes along an' writes a novel an' th' villain iv it is th' Boston an' Maine Railroad. Th' villain iv all modhern novels is a corporation iv some kind, a packin' house, a karosene ile factory or a railroad. Th' Boston an' Maine Railroad is a handsome wretch that enthers a peaceful New Hampshire village with its cursed city ways, deceives th' heeroine with a false bill iv lading, forges th' will an' acquires a morgedge on th' old homestead, but is foiled at last by th' author. Th' State iv New Hampshire arises as wan man, so it seems, an' calls upon th' young fellow t' run f'r governor. None but writing men need now apply. F'r th' first time in thirty years we have a prisidint who isn't a lawyer, th' well known an' popular author iv 'Alone in Cubia,' 'Private Corryspodence (ninety-seven volumes),' 'Wild Beasts I Have Met in Wyoming an' Washington,' 'Th' Winning iv th' West an' How I Did It,' an' so forth. Th' hopes iv th' dimmycratic party is divided between th' iditor iv a Nebraska weekly an' th' iditor iv a New York siventy times daily an' a few at night.

'Whin a state wants to ilict a governor or a city a mayor they don't go as wanst they did to th' most graceful tax dodger in th' community f'r advice but apply to th' Pollytickal Intelligence Office set up be me frind Lincoln Steffens. No wan can get a job without a charackter fr'm him: 'Grover Cleveland, honest but grumpy; don't get along with other servants an' is disposed to lecture his masters; industhrees but not very bright; wud make a good judge in a probate coort; since lavin' his last place has been keepin' bad comp'ny.' 'Thaydore Rosenfelt; excellent man

iv all wurruk, honest, sober, but a little quarrelsome. Sometimes thries too hard to please all his employers at wanst; wants to do too much f'r thim at other times an' has been known to compel thim to take a bath whin they didn't need it. Wud make an excellent watchman f'r th' front dure but doesn't pay much attention to th' back iv th' house. Very well satisfied with his present position but may have to make a change.' 'Willum Jennings Bryan; has been a second man f'r ten years, a position to which he is well suited. Wud like to improve his condition. Cheerful, economical, but not to be thrusted with silver.'

'No, sir, as Hogan says, I care not who makes th' laws or th' money iv a counthry so long as I run th' presses. Father Kelly was talkin' about it th' other day. 'There ain't annything like it an' there niver was' says he. 'All the priests in this diocese together preach to about a hundred thousand people wanst a week an', he says, 'all th' papers preach to three millyun wanst a day, aye, twinty times a day,' he says. 'We give ye hell on Sundahs an' they give ye hell all th' time,' he says. 'Tis a wonderful thing,' he says. 'I see a bar'l iv printer's ink goin' into a newspaper office an' it looks common enough. A bar'l iv printer's ink, a bar'l iv linseed ile an' lampblack, with a smell to it that's half stink an' half perfume. But I tell ye if all th' dinnymite, lyddite, cordite an' gun cotton in th' wurruld was hid behind thim hoops there wudden't be as much disturbance in that bar'l as there is in th' messy stuff that looks like so much tar,' he says. 'Printer's ink! A dhrop iv it on wan little wurrud in type,' he says, 'will blacken th' fairest name in Christen-

dom or,' he says, 'make a star to shine on th' lowliest brow,' he says. 'It will find its way into millions iv homes an' hearts an' memories, it will go through iron dures an' stone walls an' will carry some message that may turn th' current iv ivry life it meets, fr'm th' Imperor iv Chiny to th' baby in th' cradle in Hannigan's flat,' he says. 'It may undo a thousand prayers or start a millyon. It can't be escaped. It cud dhrag me out iv me parish house to-morra an' make me as well known in Pekin as I am in Halsted sthreet, an' not as fav'rably. To-day th' pope may give me no more thought thin he gives Kelly th' Rowlin' Mill Man. To-morra he may be readin' about how great or bad I am in th' Popylo Romano. It's got Death beat a mile in levellin' ranks. No man, be he king or potintate or milkman, is anny bigger or anny littler thin what he see iv him in th' papers. Ye say it invades our privacy. But so does th' polisman, on'y he carries a warrant an' th' press nabs us f'r crimes that are too intilligint f'r th' polis to understand. It rules be findin' out what th' people want an' if they don't want annything it tells thim what it wants thim to want it to tell thim. It's against all tyrants but itsilf an' it has th' boldest iv thim crookin' th' knee to it. A few years ago if th' iditor iv th' Saint Pethersburg "What-d'ye-call-it" wanted to print an item announcin' a picnic iv th' Epworth League he'd have to take it

around to th' Czar to have him look at it first. To-day if ye cud read Rooshyan ye'd see this :

" "Dear Sir :—Me attintion has been called (first be th' headlines an' thin be me wife) to an item in ye'er usually acc'rate an' fair-minded journal to th' effect that I had been assassynated. While I commind ye'er enterprise, I beg to say that th' ivint mintioned has, through an oversight, not yet occurred. I hope with ye'er customary fairness ye will insert this correction in a place as conspicuous in ye'er valyable columns as th' original statement, an' thus prevent an unintentional injury to a desarvin' man.

" "Yours corjally,

" "Alex. Romanoff."

" "Yes, sir,' says he, 'th' hand that rocks th' fountain pen is th' hand that rules th' wurruld. Th' press is f'r th' whole univarse what Mulligan was f'r his beat. He was th' best polisman an' th' worst I iver knew. He was a terror to evil doers whin he was sober an' a terror to ivrybody whin he was dh drunk. Martin, I dhrink to th' la-ads all over th' wurruld who use th' printer's ink. May they not put too much iv th' r-red stuff in it an' may it niver go to their heads.' "

"An' what did ye say to that?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"I said 'twud niver hurt annybody's head whose heart was in th' right place," said Mr. Dooley.

The New Route to Europe

BY J. C. ELLIOTT IN TECHNICAL WORLD

The possibilities of the Hudson Bay route from the Northwest to Europe have frequently been discussed. The difficulty has always been adduced, however, that the ice and fog will prevent the practical utilization of the route. Still there are writers with faith, and among them is Mr. Elliott, who believes in the future of the Hudson Bay route.

A LARGE share of the grain traffic of all Western Canada and the Northwestern United States will eventually it is probable, pass through Hudson Bay to Liverpool and Europe, instead of down the Great Lakes and thence by rail to New York or Boston or Montreal to be shipped across the ocean, for the reason that over the new route there will be a total saving in transportation cost of nearly fifty per cent. This saving will be brought about because the Hudson Bay route is from 700 to 1,300 miles shorter than the former route, and because the greater part of this distance is on the water, thus eliminating much of the rail haul necessary over the old line, with the consequent rehandling of freight. How great a saving may be made from the difference in rail haul alone, will be seen from the fact that the average rate per ton-mile on the Great Lakes is about one-tenth of the corresponding rate on the railroads of the United States. This tremendous reduction in the cost of getting grain to the consumer, means not only a complete overthrow of present shipping conditions, but cheaper grain for all Europe. The new route also traverses a latitude of much colder climate, and will therefore be better for the shipment of perishable goods.

But, strange as it may seem, Hudson Bay has been neglected and ignored ever since the stalwart Henry Hudson, having discovered it (1611), was turned adrift in an open boat by his mutinous crew, being

never afterward heard from. This great sea, six times as large as all the Great Lakes put together and stretching into the very heart of the North American continent, has been shunned for three centuries, as though the weird story and unknown fate of the wild and daring Hudson had cast a superstitious dread over the hearts of adventurous pioneers, and they dared not encamp on those shores where perchance the phantom skiff might pass and the unburied ghost frown upon their intrusion. A fort was built at Churchill, and in time a small hamlet, called York Factory, sprung up at the mouth of the Nelson River; but for the most part the country was given over to Eskimos, Indians, and fur-traders. While an enormous grain trade and freight traffic developed along that commercial midway of America, the Great Lakes and St. Lawrence, the shorter outlet to the Atlantic was left desolate and forsaken. Even now, it is said that not five thousand out of the five and a-half million Canadians have ever seen the waters of their great possession, Hudson Bay.

But there must be some reason why this route through Hudson Bay is not used. Yes, there is an apparent reason, at least. The possibilities of the route have been officially recognized since 1884, when the Dominion Government sent out an expedition to investigate its merits. This trip in the ship Neptune lasted for three seasons; and the party returned an adverse opinion of the new

route, because they said that the mouth of the bay was blocked with ice so as to be unnavigable except during about three or four months in Summer. In 1897, another ship was despatched by Sir Wilfrid Laurier, in compliance with many requests upon the part of his constituents, as they felt that political reasons had colored the report of the first expedition. But vested railroad interests again secured the decision, and the route through Hudson Bay was declared impracticable. But the length of the season was determined, the period of open water being placed between the first of July and the first of October. The people, however, were not satisfied with the results which had been obtained, and another expedition was despatched in 1902, with the twofold purpose of establishing Canadian supremacy on the waters of the bay and finding out how long the passage through Hudson Strait was open. They returned last Fall, and declared that the way was available for transportation during four or five months of the year; and the sending of another expedition to the same waters this Summer has given additional impetus to the movement for the establishing of a traffic route through Hudson Bay to Liverpool.

Many people to-day think of Northwestern Canada as a bleak, barren country, as cold as Alaska or Greenland. But in areas which are in the same latitude as Greenland, fine wheat crops have been raised. At Fort Providence, nearly 1,200 miles north of Montreal, they raised and harvested a large crop of wheat in ninety days. And the cost of transporting this crop to the Atlantic by way of Hudson Bay, would be only about one-half the cost by the present route through Montreal. And the same proportion of saving in

shipping cost holds westward, clear to Vancouver. From Vancouver to Liverpool, there is a saving of 1,300 miles by the Hudson Bay route. As the route has been found to be open until the first of October, ample time is given for the shipping of the season's wheat crop.

The tremendous amount of territory that will be affected by this new grain route makes Hudson Bay one of the greatest inland trade arteries of the world. Vast agricultural lands stretching as far west as the Canadian Rockies and a thousand miles north of Montreal, are included within the cost-saving reach of this New World Mediterranean. In the valley of the Saskatchewan is grown the finest hard wheat in the world, and this great river is navigable for 1,500 miles, giving direct water communication into the very heart of Canada from points of junction with the new route. The vast territory of the Peace River will, in future, produce millions of bushels of grain. The Red River valley, extending far into the United States, is already producing 50,000,000 bushels of cereals. The part of the Red River lying south of the international boundary, has been made navigable for hundreds of miles. A little work on the part of the Canadian Government will allow boats to navigate clear to Lake Winnipeg. From there to Hudson Bay is 700 miles, along which the Nelson River affords a possible waterway, which, with dredging, can be made safe for large river steamers. Thus, again, there is the possibility of direct water communication with Europe through the very centre of the American continent, and at a saving of a thousand miles over the route through the Great Lakes.

Here, then, is the opportunity, per-

haps the greatest opportunity of all times, to bring Northwestern Canada a thousand miles nearer to Europe, and place the farmers who cultivate 600 million acres of land in control of the grain markets of the world by making possible a fifty per cent. re-

duction in cost of transportation. To attract and control the future traffic of the Hudson Bay route, would be—it would seem—to control the destiny of all Western Canada and the commercial supremacy of the New World.

Charles E. Hughes—A Worker

SUN MAGAZINE

The lime-light has been thrown on both Hearst and Hughes but for some reason Hearst has attracted most attention. Possibly his connection with journalism and his sensational methods account for this. In a previous number of this magazine appeared a sketch of Hearst. We now give an account of his opponent.

CHARLES E. HUGHES was born at Glens Falls, N.Y., on April 11, 1862, the son of a Baptist minister, David Charles Hughes. His grandfather on his father's side was identified with the founding of the American Bible Society in London, and an uncle, Richard Hughes, was a popular preacher in North Wales. The nominee's father was born in Wales and came to this country in 1855.

Mr. Hughes' mother was Mary Catherine Connolly. She lived in Ulster County and was a school teacher before she was married. Her forte was mathematics. She is living now at the age of 76 years at the home of her son in West End avenue and while the insurance inquiry was on it used to delight her to remind the distinguished counsel for the committee that she had first drilled him in his three R's and was, therefore, no small factor in all the trouble that was being made by him for some of the highly respectable life insurance actuaries and other dabblers with figures. On his mother's side Mr. Hughes is of Scotch-Irish-English descent.

Soon after Mr. Hughes was born his father and mother moved from Glens Falls to Sandy Hill, a rural and restful place in the same county. Two years later the family moved to Oswego, where Charles Evans, at the age of 6 years, entered the public school.

He hadn't been there but a few months when he surprised his father one day by announcing that he considered a large part of the time in the public school wasted. There was too much line drawing and other blackboard work to suit him. He had prepared his case thoroughly, so when his father began to argue with him he produced the evidence, which consisted of a schedule he had drawn up showing how he could carry on his studies at home under the tutelage of his parents and not only save time but make greater progress.

Mr. Hughes has told his friends who have asked him about that story that he doesn't remember anything about the incident and that it doesn't sound very probable. He was no prodigy when a boy, and if he made any suggestions for saving time back in those days he probably had about

the same reasons for doing it that the average schoolboy would have.

At any rate he was taken out of school and remained under the tutelage of his father and mother until he was 10 years old. The family had in the meantime moved to Newark, N.J., and there he entered a public school, being graduated in 1873.

A year later his father was called to a church in this city and the boy entered the old high school No. 35, in West Thirteenth street. This was one of the city's most notable high schools back in those days.

Young Hughes began to blossom out as an essayist. Like most high school boys he chose the most ponderous and awe inspiring subjects that could be found. "The Limitation of the Human Mind" and "The Evils of Light Literature" are two examples. In the high school with Hughes was R. Floyd Clarke, now a well known lawyer. Clarke was the star orator of the school, and every time Hughes would come to the front with one of his essays Clarke was certain to break out with a declamation.

Mr. Hughes made his first appearance before a New York audience when he was thirteen years old. That was at the commencement exercises of old 35, which were held in the Academy of Music and were attended by several thousand persons. Hughes read an essay on "Self Help."

Hughes had planned to enter the College of the City of New York, for which most of the boys in the high school had prepared, but he was so young that they would not accept him. He would have to wait a year until he was fourteen. That year he spent under the tutelage of his father and decided before it was over that he would enter Madison College, now

Colgate University, rather than the New York institution.

At that time Madison had a five-year course, but Hughes conceived the notion that he would like to get through at the same time as his old high school chums who had entered the College of the City of New York. So he set to work at home, and in one year read Virgil, Homer, the *Anabasis* and studied up in Latin and Greek composition. Before he began to study he had had only one term of Greek and Latin, but he managed to knock a year off his course at Madison. Hughes entered Madison College when he was fourteen years old.

He was at that time a frail, sickly looking boy, with absolutely no indication that he would ever attain the physical development which he now enjoys.

Hughes took his freshman and sophomore years at Madison. While there he worked hard and had a good standing. At the end of his sophomore year, though, he decided that he would prefer to enter a larger institution. He selected Brown. He entered the sophomore year at Brown with the class of 1881. He could have entered the junior year, but he was looking for "college spirit" on the advice of his friends.

As a result he had scarcely any work to do in his first year at Providence, but he didn't waste his time. He read voraciously, chiefly fiction and history. His father's library had not been rich in fiction and young Hughes made up for lost time when he got the opportunity. He specialized in English and in the junior year took a prize in English literature.

Hughes when he entered Brown had not taken the examinations for rank. Not having passed these special tests he was not eligible for honors. One

day Prof. Lincoln of the university faculty came to him and said :

“Look here, Hughes, you are making a great mistake. If you pass those examinations for rank you will get your key.”

The young collegian protested that he didn't feel like taking the examinations. It was too much like conforming to a set rule. If he was good enough to pass the examinations for entrance into the sophomore class of Brown he didn't see why he should be obliged to undergo another test for rank merely because he had entered from an outside institution. There was a pleasure to him in being independent and a free lance.

But the professor pressed his argument, and Hughes finally consented to take the examinations after he had been excused from some of them. He passed high and got his Phi Beta Kappa key at the end of his junior year. In the senior year he pitched in harder than ever, specializing in philosophy and history. When the final examinations were over he was third in his class and delivered the classical oration at the commencement exercises. There were forty-eight in the class. One of Hughes' classmates was W. C. Baker, who was three times mayor of Providence.

Hughes became a member of the Delta Upsilon fraternity at Madison and when he went to Brown joined the chapter there.

Hughes was only 19 years old when he was graduated. He had no well formed plans for the future. Being an only son it was the ambition of his father that he go into the ministry. The lad himself leaned more toward teaching than anything else, but the great difficulty was that he was so youthful looking that he couldn't get a place. The Brown pro-

fessors who knew him well said that he was fully qualified to fill almost any ordinary academy chair, but they feared that he wouldn't be able to keep the boys in order. Besides being youthful in appearance he was small and by no means rugged. Finally, though, he got a place as teacher at Delhi, N.Y.

The idea of studying law first occurred to him when he was writing the prophecy for his class at Brown. A classmate suggested that that was the proper profession for him to follow, but Hughes did not have any idea at that time of practising. He thought a knowledge of the law might help him in his teaching. Besides, his family, he has told his friends, were of a non-litigious and Christian character and opposed the idea of his appearing at the bar.

He taught Greek and mathematics at Delhi and studied law in an office there. He decided after a year at Delhi that the only way to get a knowledge of the law was at law school and entered Columbia. He was there two years, being graduated in the class of 1884. In his senior year he won a fellowship, by which he was appointed to conduct a quiz for three years at \$500 a year. This was a big help to the young lawyer, who was just starting out and had to shift for himself. The quiz duties occupied about four nights a week. Later Hughes organized a private quiz of his own and carried both of them on at the same time, while he was getting started in a law office.

He had a desk first in the office of Gen. Stewart L. Woodford, who was then United States District Attorney. Mr. Hughes had no standing in the office but was simply allowed by the general to use the place to carry on his studies. Hughes knew no law-

yers in town and he was just about beginning to despair of getting started when a friend of his father suggested that he go down and talk with members of the firm of Chamberlain, Carter & Hornblower.

Armed with a letter of introduction, Hughes presented himself to Walter S. Carter, one of the well known lawyers of the city. Mr. Carter liked young men and it was his hobby to interest himself in them. He turned the applicant Hughes inside out in regard to his ambitions and qualifications and then suddenly branched off on the subject of German universities. He insisted that Hughes was foolish to think of going into the law then; that he ought to take a course abroad. Hughes listened for some time, thinking good and hard about those four nights a week which he was putting in in the quiz room, then he remarked to Mr. Carter:

"Well, Mr. Carter, if I had the good fortune to be your son I might think about a course at a German university, but inasmuch as a living is the principal thing which I want now I am obliged to remind you that I should like to enter your office."

Little did Hughes think at that time that he would in reality be a son of Mr. Carter within a few years. He married the lawyer's younger daughter, Antoinette.

Mr. Carter took Hughes in at first merely to give him an opportunity to study, but shortly afterward he made him a clerk in the office with a salary. Among the other lawyers in the office at that time were Lloyd W. Bowles, who is now general counsel for the Chicago & Northwestern Railroad; James Byrne, who is now a partner of William B. Hornblower; Robert Grier Monroe and Paul D.

Cravath. Henry W. Taft had left the office only a short time before Hughes entered.

The first case which Mr. Hughes had was not of the sort which he has cared to touch in recent years. There wasn't much money in it for the young lawyer, but there was a lot of practice. It involved a good deal of scandal and was fought in the courts for more than a year. Mr. Hughes was mightily interested and Mr. Carter and the other lawyers in the office sat back and laughed to see him working his head off, but they were ready to congratulate him when he got a favorable decision after more than twelve months of work.

In 1886 the firm was changed to Carter, Hornblower & Byrne, and Hughes still continued on salary. A year later Mr. Hornblower and Mr. Byrne withdrew and Hughes was admitted to the firm. It was then known as Carter, Hughes & Cravath. In 1890 Cravath left the firm. Mr. Hughes had by that time made a reputation for himself among lawyers of his acquaintance as a thoroughly capable man. His work was mostly confined to drawing briefs and passing on legal questions which arose in the office.

He had worked hard for several years and his health had run down. He had never given up the idea of teaching. The life appealed to him and he was interested in the professional side of the law more than in the practical. He happened to mention to a friend one night that he would be glad to accept a chair in law in any university. A little later he heard from the friend, offering him a place at Cornell University.

Mr. Carter tried to dissuade him from accepting the place. The older lawyer predicted a brilliant career for

Hughes at the bar, but the latter had made up his mind and left for Ithaca.

That was in 1891, Mr. Hughes then being 29 years old. He remained at Cornell two years. Mr. Carter kept urging him to return to New York. Finally he yielded to his father-in-law's wishes, but it was a very different Hughes that returned. In his two years stay at Ithaca he had exercised regularly and built up the substantial physical structure which he now has. Hughes re-entered the firm of his father-in-law, which was known then as Carter, Hughes & Dwight. The firm continued under that name until 1903, when Mr. Dwight retired and George Schurman, a brother of President Schurman of Cornell, succeeded him. Mr. Carter died in 1904, and Mr. Hughes became the head of the firm, which is now Hughes, Rounds & Schurman.

Long before Mr. Hughes was called upon to serve the public as a legislative investigator he was known to lawyers and judges as one of the ablest lawyers in this city. Mr. Carter, when asked several years ago to express his opinion as to who was the best lawyer in the country, answered without a moment's hesitation: "Charles E. Hughes."

Mr. Hughes was not known to the public prior to his appearance as an investigator because he did not deal with the sort of cases in which the public is generally interested. He devoted the most of his time to advocacy. He did not touch divorce cases or cases of negligence or assault. He was engaged altogether on difficult problems of law and fact — work which is very gratifying to a lawyer but does not appeal to the public.

There is little wonder, then, that Mr. Hughes refused at first to consider the offer of the legislative com-

mittee appointed to investigate gas in this city in 1904. He had absolutely no desire to appear before the public. He rather shrank from it. Besides, he had the same opinion as most other people in regard to legislative investigations. He told the investigators that he would have nothing to do with it. A message came back to him from Albany. It said:

"We are after the truth. We mean to find it. No one can call us off."

That message set Mr. Hughes to thinking. It was urged upon him that he owed it as a public duty to accept, and he consented. In that investigation he established a new standard for work of the kind. He amazed the specially trained men who represented the gas companies by his quickness in grasping the technical problems involved and by his lucidity in presenting them. It was only natural that the insurance investigating committee should have turned to him about a year later.

Mr. Hughes when his services were being sought as counsel to the Armstrong committee was in the Tyrol. What the negotiations were which passed between the committee and Mr. Hughes by cable have never been made known, but it is certain that he demanded and received an absolute pledge that he would be untrammelled in his work.

One of the many admirable qualities of the man which were impressed upon the public in the course of that inquiry was his enduring patience. No point was too trifling for his attention and no road too devious for him to travel in his search after the truth. It seemed to be only a question of time with him. If there had been no limit to the period of inquiry he might be there yet, re-

tracing his questions to unwilling witnesses over and over again.

Those who followed him through the inquiry are certain that no lack of patience on his part would have driven him off. There was only one occasion in the entire inquiry when Mr. Hughes' patience really left him and he showed his anger. That was when Richard A. McCurdy, then president of the Mutual Life, was on the stand.

Mr. McCurdy's lawyer had implied that Mr. Hughes was taking an unfair advantage of the witness; that he was leading him up to a point where the impression made against him was most unfavorable and then dropping the line of inquiry without giving him a chance to explain. In other words, Mr. McCurdy was left in a position which unfairly exposed him to the attacks of the newspapers.

That was the first time that Mr. Hughes' personal conduct of the inquiry had been questioned in any way. He was angry through and through. His face became very pale, his jaw set hard and his eyes flashed, but not for an instant did he lose his poise. He waited patiently until the Mutual lawyer had finished, then turning quickly to the committee he said:

"The record is more eloquent than anything I can possibly say of the extreme courtesy and fairness with which this examination has been conducted. If I have erred at all in my duty to the committee it has been in being more lenient than circumstances warrant. I have again and again subdued a very natural inclination to utter retorts which I think would have been entirely justifiable out of my desire that no one

should honestly discredit the fairness of the investigation. The witness who gets himself into a false position has himself only to blame. Candor and straightforwardness will ever be treated as they deserve to be treated and evasion will always be held up to the contempt which it deserves."

The crowd in the court room at the conclusion of Mr. Hughes' remarks broke out in applause, and persons who heard him on that occasion have no doubt of his ability to cope with any emergency that may arise on the stump. The effect of his speech on Mr. McCurdy was sufficient to cause him to rise from his seat and compliment Mr. Hughes on the fairness with which he was conducting the investigation. Mr. Hughes' perfect poise is the quality which his friends say he counts most highly. The most successful men, he believes, are they who keep cool and are able to pronounce calm, sober judgment under almost any conditions.

"It is not the man who reaches the corner first who wins," said he, "but the man who knows just what to do after he gets there."

Mr. Hughes has a keen sense of humor, but he doesn't allow it very free play in his trial of a case. When the opportunity demanded it, though, it was able usually to turn the tables on the witness in the insurance inquiry. For instance, Mr. McCurdy was protesting that the investigation had been turned into an inquisition; he believed that it ought to be raised to a higher level. Mr. Hughes listened attentively and then remarked:

"But you have now, Mr. McCurdy, an excellent opportunity to raise the investigation to a very high level by telling us frankly and candidly what

you, as an insurance man of forty years experience, think about those dividends, but you won't do it."

Mr. Hughes is an effective speaker, but he can hardly be called an ora-

tor. His voice is a little monotonous and his delivery forced. His speeches read better than they sound. He is, however, able to hold an audience well.

The New Cereal Rubber

BY B. WYAND IN WORLD'S WORK (ENGLISH)

A London inventor has tapped a new source of rubber supply, which promises to be inexhaustible. The new substance is obtained by treating wheat with an organic chemical known to chemists as pyralin. There are no impurities or adulterants in the new rubber and it looks as if it would prove a valuable substitute for the rapidly disappearing supply of natural rubber.

FOUR hundred years ago, it was noted by one of the companions of Columbus that the natives of Hayti played a game with balls made of the gum of a tree, and that the balls, although large, were lighter and bounced better than the wind-balls of Castile. It was not, however, until nearly two and a half centuries later that accurate information as to any of the numerous varieties of the rubber tree reached Europe, and Dr. Priestley, in the preface to his work on perspective, calls attention to india-rubber as a novelty for erasing pencil marks, and states that "it is sold in cubical pieces of half an inch for three shillings each." It was not until the beginning of the nineteenth century that the india-rubber industry may actually be said to have commenced, and it is an interesting fact that the quantity imported into England in 1830 was only 464 cwts.

For some years now there has been an uneasy idea in the mind of the public concerning the supply of rubber, and it is incontestable that the supply from the forests is continually diminishing everywhere. It is certain, too, having regard to the persistent increase in demand—an in-

crease, it has been said, which is accentuated year by year to a point where the market actually suffers from want of supplies—that in another five years the consumption will absorb a minimum of from eighty to a hundred thousand tons. Should the present industrial expansion continue—and there cannot be the least doubt that it will—future supplies will not be sufficient to satisfy the demands and a shortage will be inevitable. Unfortunately, the natural supply of rubber must always be of a more or less limited character.

In these circumstances, the only hope for the industrial world lies in a substitute, and the prospect is not alluring when one finds that in England alone some 315 patents have been taken out for "plastic compounds," intended to take the place of the real article. Of these, all may be said to have failed, and we are still—or were until a few weeks ago—face to face with a problem upon the solution of which the very existence of a certain section of the industrial world hangs. Even if the worst does not happen within, say, the next decade, prices are likely to advance very considerably, in which event the motor industry—to select

one from many—would receive a severe check.

Speaking at the recent meeting of the British Association held at York, Professor Dunstan, in his presidential address before the chemistry section, said: "Chemists may confidently predict that before the British Association again meets at York the synthetic production of rubber will be a fully accomplished fact," and no one would probably have been more surprised than the learned professor had he been informed that at that very moment this synthetic production of rubber was an accomplished fact. Certain elements had even then been united into a compound, in accordance with the chemical definition of synthesis, and a source of rubber had been tapped which promises to be inexhaustible.

The new substance is obtained by treating wheat with an organic chemical known to chemists as ptyalin, which (I quote from Dr. Sheridan Lea's work, "The Chemical Basis of the Animal Body"), "while occurring chiefly and characteristically in saliva, may be obtained in minute amount, but fairly constantly, from almost any tissue or fluid of the body, more particularly in the case of a pig." In solution, ptyalin acts as a ferment, and has the effect of turning the starchy matter in the grain into dextrose. After the grain has been thus treated, another element is added in order to stop any further fermentative action, the precise moment of the introduction of this chemical being regulated by the purpose for which the material is to be utilized.

So far, six grades of the rubber have been manufactured, No. 1 in the form of a thin solution for waterproofing, No. 2 in thicker solution for tubing and other flexible materi-

als, No. 3 for tyres, No. 4 as a loaded substitute for linoleum, No. 5 still further loaded and hardened for paving purposes, and No. 6 again still further hardened for golf balls. Other grades will, of course, be introduced as required, but here one has a wide range, from the waterproofing solution to a golf-ball material, the latter combining "the lightness of cork with the toughness of chilled steel." Expressed in popular parlance, the substance is chewed wheat, and every country-bred individual will be able to recall the time when he himself plucked corn in the ear and produced by chewing a glutinous substance having a decided resemblance to rubber.

The inventor, it is only proper to state before going further, objects in toto to the term "substitute." The substance is not, he says, a substitute for rubber; he has merely tapped a new source of supply, and the proof of his assertion lies in the fact that his "rubber"—I apologize for putting the word in quotation marks—will vulcanize. As is well known, most articles cut from sheet rubber would be of very limited utility were they not vulcanized by the action of sulphur or some compound of that element. After vulcanization rubber is no longer effected by moderate heat, up to say 160 deg. C., nor is it rendered rigid by cold. The ordinary solvents, too, fail to dissolve it. When a comparatively small quantity of sulphur is combined—mere admixtures is useless—with rubber the latter remains elastic, but is not so apt to dissolve or adhere to other substances when exposed to heat as the pure rubber. When a greater quantity of sulphur is introduced the rubber becomes hard and horny, and is then known by the name of vulcanite or ebonite.

Now rubber is the only substance—if we except gutta-percha, which has many of the attributes of rubber, although it must not be confounded with it—that has hitherto been found satisfactorily to vulcanize; but now we have this new substance which is affected precisely the same by the process of vulcanization as is the natural rubber. Combined with a small quantity of sulphur it remains elastic, combined with a greater quantity it becomes hard and horny, and so forth. It is, in consequence, capable of being worked and molded for all of the numberless purposes which have hitherto been monopolized by the article to which we have become accustomed, while there is, in addition, an extensive field open before it in other and perhaps unthought of directions.

In every invention the element of chance must enter, and the famous kettle of Watt and the historical apple of Newton have frequently been quoted as forcible illustrations of the theory; but there must ever exist the faculty of invention, and the mind of the inventor must be so constituted as to take full advantage of every fortuitous circumstance thrown in his way. It often happens, too, that an idea will lie apparently dormant in the mind for a considerable time, to appear suddenly, without apparent effort, in a finished and complete form. The mind has, however, not been idle. Slowly and imperceptibly the first confused idea has passed through its evolutionary stages; the mind has been unceasingly engaged in adding to its storehouse of facts; from the daily experience of the individual essentially important details have been absorbed; while trifles of no moment by themselves have been welcomed by

this struggling chaotic idea and embraced by it.

The question of cost is an important one in the case of every material, product, or manufacture which is to be placed upon the market in open competition with others. Cereal or, as it will be known, Threlfall Carr rubber, will cost considerably less than ordinary rubber, and will be utilizable in precisely the same proportions as is its rival. It is well known that tyres, for instance, contain only a small proportion of pure rubber, and in the future they need contain no more than a similar proportion of the Threlfall Carr article. In the industrial working of india-rubber, the first matter to receive attention is the removal of the various impurities present in the crude material. These impurities may be natural products which have originated with the rubber, or they may owe their presence to careless collection, or even to wilful adulteration. "Among the impurities of the former class," says a known authority on the subject, Mr. Thomas Bolas, "may be mentioned various gum-like or mucilaginous matters, and acid products arising from their decay or oxidation. The admixtures may range from fragments of bark or wood to stones or large lumps of clay, such as are sometimes introduced into negrohead rubber, hay, or a similar substance being also placed inside to make the mass about equal in specific gravity to the genuine article. Alum and sulphuric acid are often employed to effect the coagulation of the juice; and traces of the latter remaining in the rubber appear, in some instances, to work mischief." With the Threlfall Carr material neither fortuitous impurities nor added adulterants will be present,

and there will be a saving up to as much as from 25 to 30 per cent. of the material in consequence.

A small syndicate has already been formed, with merely a nominal working capital, for the purpose of developing the uses to which the new material can be adapted in its varying grades, and works in the metropolis have been opened to this end. There is no intention of dealing in manufactured articles. The patents are already perfected, and before the world-wide patents which have been

secured were taken out offers of a business-like nature were made by at least two Continental Governments. What preliminary business has been opened up at home has been entirely with private firms.

I have thought this fact worth mentioning as a striking testimony to the commercial instincts which dominate foreign Governments, while at home the exploitation of new materials and new processes is left entirely to the initiative of private individuals.

The Change in Sunday Reading

NEW YORK EVENING POST

Within the lifetime of many now living, a great change has come over the character of Sunday reading. The old division of literature into religious and secular seems to have vanished and now-a-days people read whatever comes to their hand. The writer seems to think that it would be a good thing to return to the old order and make a distinction between the two.

IN speaking of Bunyan a few weeks ago we ventured the opinion that the writings of the great allegorist are less read than they were a generation ago, partly because the old distinction between "Sunday" reading and that which is appropriate for week days is disappearing. "Pilgrim's Progress" used to be the nearest approach to a story of adventure that well-brought-up children were allowed to look at on Sunday afternoon. England, too, is falling away from the old tradition if we may believe a recent London critic, who joins us in lamenting the declining popularity of Bunyan. Moreover, Macmillan used to publish a "Sunday Library," containing such works as Mrs. Oliphant's "St. Francis of Assisi," and Charles Kingsley's "The Hermits"; but though many of the volumes are still in print, the special classification has been given up, probably as of no commercial value.

In Scotland, however, religion is still a serious business. The descendants of the Covenanters, who are not to be blown about by every wind of doctrine, eagerly buy books for Sunday.

The line between sacred and secular literature was often, of course, illogically drawn. No one can have any doubt about Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Living" and "Holy Dying." The worthy Mr. Tulliver himself used to fall asleep over them on Sunday. Baxter's "Saints' Everlasting Rest," Jay's "Mornings with Jesus," and Kitto's "Pictorial Sunday Book" likewise carry conviction in their titles. Todd's "Lectures to Children" would also pass the severest censor. But fiction offered difficult problems to judicious parents. Some fathers cut the knot by forbidding all works of imagination except "Pilgrim's Progress"; others temporized and admitted the churchly and impeccable Miss Yonge. From Miss

Yonge it was an easy step to Martha Finley's innumerable "Elsie Books," and thence to Louisa M. Alcott. The "Elsie Books," indeed, with their positively offensive piety, are far less wholesome for any day of the week than the stories of Miss Alcott.

The growth of the Sunday school library brought fresh complications. The books in these collections frequently bore the imprint of a denominational publishing house; they had passed the scrutiny of the pastor, the superintendent, and a committee of the primmest Sunday school teachers. Who, then, could object to the tales which Aaron, Simeon, and Enoch joyfully brought home from the "liberry"? Yet we have known Sunday school libraries to possess complete sets of "Oliver Optic" and "Harry Castlemon." If you make a place for these stories of adventure, you have practically ceased to discriminate.

The obstacles to consistent practice do not, however, explain our abandonment of Sunday reading. We follow the line of least resistance and read the first thing that comes to hand. Men who profess, to have outgrown any edification from sermons devote Sunday to an orgy of sensational and vulgar articles. At present our souls are refreshed and uplifted before church (or golf) by the antics of Buster Brown, the Katzenjammer Kids, and Foxy Grandpa. The rest of the week we batten on the newspapers and the cheap magazines. Our fathers' rule was good reading for the week and the best for Sunday; ours is bad reading for the week and the worst for Sunday. For most of us, then, nothing could be more wholesome than the revival of a valid distinction between Sunday

and other reading. There is no reason in the nature of things why we should demoralize ourselves with trashy books and periodicals from Monday to Saturday; but if we must indulge in such mental dissipation, and if we must skim the newspapers on the way to and from business, we may at least on Sunday allot a little time to books that are worth while. These books need not be religious, if we are superior to religion; they can at any rate have some permanent value. They can suggest to us something beyond the routine of our shop, something that does not furnish a shrieking headline, something that offers a vision of the ideal.

A famous New England divine—long since gone to his reward—used to tell of his boyhood in which his Sunday reading was strictly confined to the Bible and the Catechism. Now the Catechism, we grant, is not a book of positive charm; and yet much depends upon associations. This lad was wont to sit during warm June afternoons by an open window through which came the fragrance of roses from the yard below. In his memory that searching question as to the whole duty of man, and even the terrible threats against the unregenerate, who are "made liable to all miseries in this life, to death itself, and to the pains of hell forever"—these thunders from Sinai always recalled the soft airs of early Summer, its brilliant verdure, and the odor of the flowers. We doubt, however, whether the kindest air and the most brilliant blossoms can ever sanctify such reading as most of us now do on Sunday, or, on the other hand, can turn our minds from the shabby, sordid page to meditations on time and eternity.

Humor in the Magazines

A SCHOOL TEACHER one day, during the hour for drawing, suggested to her pupils that each draw what he or she would like to be when grown up.

At the end of the lesson, one little girl showed an empty slate.

"Why," said the teacher, "isn't there anything you would like to be when you grow up?"

"Yes," said the little girl, "I would like to be married, but I don't know how to draw it."



A Sunday school teacher persuaded a friend to take his place one Sunday, explaining to the substitute that all he had to do was to read the questions on the leaflet.

The lesson was the parable of putting new wine into old bottles, and, by aid of the questions, the substitute got on excellently, until, in an unguarded moment, he asked:

"Now, boys, what practical lesson may we learn from this parable?"

He hadn't the faintest notion himself, and as each youngster dubiously shook his head, the teacher began to grow nervous. But, to his relief, the last boy's face showed he had an answer.

"Please, sir, I think it means that if you put new religion into an old man, it will bust him."



A visiting clergyman was occupying a pulpit in St. Louis one Sunday when it was the turn of the bass to sing a solo, which he did very badly, to the annoyance of the preacher, a lover of music. When the singer fell back in his seat, red of face and exhausted, the clergy-

man arose, placed his hands on the unopened Bible, deliberately surveyed the faces of the congregation, and announced the text:

"And the wind ceased and there was a great calm."

It wasn't the text he had chosen, but it fitted his sermon as well as the occasion.



Two men, each driving a light team, were approaching each other from opposite directions when they suddenly and somewhat severely collided. One of the men, who was cross-eyed, exclaimed angrily: "Why don't you look where you're going?"

The other immediately retorted: "And why don't you go where you're looking?"



A trolley collided with a milk wagon and sent the milk splashing on the pavement. Soon a crowd gathered. "Goodness!" exclaimed a man. "What an awful waste!" A very stout lady turned and glared at him. "Just mind your own business," she snapped.



The minister's wife was busily engaged one afternoon in doing some mending, when a neighbor called for a friendly chat. After a few general remarks the visitor began to inspect a basket of miscellaneous buttons on the table.

"Well," she exclaimed, "you seem to be well supplied with buttons of all kinds. Why, there is one like my husband had on his last Winter's suit."

"Indeed," said the hostess, with a smile. "All these buttons were found in the collection bags, and I

thought I might as well make some use of them. Must you really go? Good-bye. Come again soon."



A certain nobleman, well known to society, while one day strolling round his stables, came across his coachman's little son on a seat playing with his toys. After talking to the youngster some time he said: "Well, my little man, do you know who I am?"

"Oh! yes," replied the youngster; "you're the man that rides in my father's carriage."



Andrew Carnegie enjoys telling how, until a comparatively recent date, the old-time Scotch prejudices were retained by the hard-headed professors at the University in Aberdeen.

There was a certain Prof. Cameron who had a weakness for the refinements and minor graces of life; so, just after "at home" cards became fashionable, one of the driest specimens of the old professional regime was the recipient of a missive from Cameron which read as follows:

"Professor and Mrs. Cameron present their compliments to Prof. Pirie, and hope that he is well. Prof. and Mrs. Cameron will be at home on Thursday evening, the 12th instant, at 7.30 o'clock."

The crusty old chap to whom this note was addressed replied in this wise:

"Prof. Pirie returns the compliments of Professor and Mrs. Cameron, and begs to inform them that he is very well. Prof. Pirie is glad to learn that Professor and Mrs. Cameron will be at home on Thursday evening, the 12th instant, at 7.30 o'clock. Prof. Pirie will also be at home."

Mary was in the pantry, when her mistress came in and found her in floods of tears.

"My good girl, what is the matter?" she asked kindly.

"I've just 'eard my sister Sally was in one of those dreadful hearth-quakes, ma'am."

"I'm very sorry," said her mistress consolingly. "Is she dead?"

"No; but everything she 'as got 'as been burnt to bits."

"Never mind. Don't take is so much to heart. She'll soon get another situation."

"It ain't that, ma'am," sobbed the irrepressible Mary. "She says she was carried down from the top floor by two beautiful policemen, and is going to marry one o' them. (Sob). If I'd only went out there when she wanted me, I—I—" (a perfect convulsion of sobs here)—"I might 'ave bin lyn' 'elpless in the same building."



The members of a certain fishing club were having a "social" and telling fishing stories.

"When I was fishing in the West Indies some years ago," said one of the men, "a whirlwind carried off my vest, that was hanging on a branch just over my head. The garment had a watch in it and a tailor's account. Well, the whole lot sailed out of sight in less than a minute.

"Seven years after a party of us were camped on the same river, only a hundred yards farther up. It was my turn to do the cooking, so I started out for some dry wood, stepped on a log which caved in, and there lay my watch with that same old tailor's account twisted through the ring. It was still running."

"Oh, dry up!" exclaimed one of

the listeners. "You want us to ask how such a thing could be, and then you'll explain that the whirlwind wound up your watch so tight that it ran for seven years."

"I didn't say the watch was still running," said the story-teller. "It had reference to the tailor's bill. It is running yet, in fact!"



Caruso, the great tenor, is a ventriloquist as well, and he recently told a story of his ventriloquial skill.

"I was one of a house-party at a millionaire's castle," he said. "Tea had been served in the garden, and after tea I sang. Then I consented to essay a little ventriloquism, and the fifty or sixty guests grew very still.

"Behind me rose a superb tree. Looking up into the thick foliage, I shouted in an angry voice :

"'Hello! What are you doing up there?'"

"To my amazement, a thin young voice replied :

"'I ain't doin' no harm, mister. I'm just a-watchin' the big bugs.'"

"The guests glanced at one another, smiling appreciatively. Pulling myself together, I went on :

"'Did anyone give you permission to climb up into that tree?'"

"'Yes, sir. The second groom, sir. He's my cousin.'"

"'Well,' said I, 'so far there's no harm done. But be careful not to fall, and don't let anyone see you.'"

"'All right, mister,' said the humble voice.

"I turned to my audience, and smiled and bowed triumphantly. They broke into thunderous applause. They said they had never listened to ventriloquism so superb. And they hadn't."

A newly betrothed lover commissioned an artist to paint a certain secluded nook in the rocks on the shore, because there he had declared his passion. The picture was painted, but before it was done the lover said to the artist :

"Of course, I will see you through on that picture, but my engagement is off, and, of course, it would be painfully suggestive to me. If you can sell it to somebody else, I will take another picture, and be extremely obliged besides."

The painter assented to the arrangement; but within a week his patron presented himself.

"It's all right," he announced, joyously; "I'll take that picture."

"Am I to congratulate you on the renewal of your engagement?" the artist asked.

The other seemed a little confused, but quickly recovered his self-possession, and grinned as he said :

"Well, not exactly. It was the same place; but the girl was different."



Young Lady (to chemist) : "Kindly make me up a dose of castor oil, and, if you please, make it as tasteless as possible."

Young Chemist : "Certainly, miss. This is such a busy day, please sit down and I shall have it directly. (Persuasively)—While you are waiting, allow me to offer you this glass of soda-water."

Young Lady : "Oh, thank you very much." (Drinks it).

Young Lady (after waiting ten minutes) : "Is the medicine ready yet?"

Young Chemist : "You have taken it, miss, in the soda-water."

Young Lady : "Oh, good gracious! It was for my little brother." (Tableaux).

Other Contents of Current Magazines.



In this department we draw attention to a few of the more important topics treated in the current magazines and list the leading contents. Readers of *The Busy Man's Magazine* can secure from their newsdealers the magazines in which they appear. :: :: :: :: ::

ACADIENSIS.

The October number has as a frontispiece an excellent reproduction in color of General Otter's arms. The other contents are as follows:

Major Ferguson's Riflemen. By Joseph Howe.

Union of Maritime Provinces. By Reginald V. Harris.

Major Thomas Hill. By David Russell Jack.

Judges of New Brunswick and Their Times. (Continued.)

AMERICAN.

Under its new publishers, great things are promised for the American Magazine. The November number is the first to show definitely the guiding hand of the new order. The names of its contributors are all familiar to magazine readers.

Hearst, the Man of Mystery. By Lincoln Steffens.

San Francisco Now. By Ray Stannard Baker.

The Hunt for the She-Wolf. By Philip R. Goodwin.

A Story of American Business and Politics. By Miss Tarbell.

Adventures in Contentment. New Serial. By David Grayson.

A Bird in the Hand. By Ellis Parker Butler.

AMERICAN HOMES AND GARDENS.

The October issue is a splendid production. Its wealth of fine illustrations are a delight to the eye. The contents include:

Notable American Homes. T. J. Coolidge's Seaside Home. By B. Ferree.

The Ornamental Value of Public Waters.

A Home in a Nutshell. By Janet Macdonald.

Transformation of an Artistic House Into an Italian Villa. By F. D. Nichols.

Three Houses of Distinctive Character. By Ellis Welch.

Wiscacre, the Residence of Charles L. Wise.

The Weed-Fields. By B. S. Bowditch.

How to Lay Out a Small Plot Successfully. By R. C. Erskine.

Bulbs: How to Plant and Grow Them. By Eben E. Rexford.

A Rival of the Stained-Glass Window. By Benjamin Coleham.

Mushroom-Culture in France. By Jacques Boyer.

AMERICAN INVENTOR.

In the October number, the reader is entertained with several short and entertaining articles, most of which are illustrated.

America's Greatest Naval Display.

An Electric Device for Preventing Sea Sickness. By F. C. Perkins.

Day and Night in High Latitudes. By Frederic R. Honey.

Sir Hiram Maxim's Magic Sphere. A Workshop Combination.

Retorts for Creosoting Railroad Timber.

APPLETON'S

A character sketch of Canada's premier, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, is a prominent feature of the November number of Appleton's Magazine. There are five stories in addition to **American Amateur Ballooning.** By Dr. Julian P. Thomas.

Reconstructing Skeletons. By Henry F. Osborn and D. A. Wiley.

The Riddle of Personality. Mesmerism. By H. A. Bruce.

Through a Factory for Explosives. By W. A. Rolker.

The Ruin of the Forests.

Fallacies of Municipal Ownership. By A. L. Benson.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier. By Wm. R. Stewart.

ARENA.

A number of valuable articles are announced for publication in the November Arena.

N. O. Nelson, Practical Co-operator. By G. W. Eads.

Concerning Those Who Work. By Maynard Butler.

Polygamy and the Constitution. By T. Schroeder.

Richard John Seddon. By B. O. Flower.

Unrecognized Insanity. By Henrik G. Petersen.

Consumption of Wealth, Individual and Collective. By C. C. Hitchcock.

Shall Educated Chinamen be Welcomed to Our Shores. By H. M. Gougar.

Present Status of the Referendum Movement in Maine. By A. W. Nichols.

The Zeit-Geist and Miraculous Conception. By Rev. W. R. Bushby.

ASIATIC QUARTERLY REVIEW

The issue for October presents the following interesting table of contents:

China's Attitude Towards Japan and Russia. By Sir R. K. Douglas.

Self-Government for India. By G. K. Gokhale.

India and Anglo-India: Some Unofficial Impressions. By Arthur Sawtell.

Congo Free State Administration.

The Congo Question: A Case of Humanity. By Major Leonard.

Morocco—the International Conference at Algeciras.

Abandonment of St. Helena. By A. G. Wise.

Taoism. By E. H. Parker.

Therapeutics of Climate. By Geo. Brown.

Proceedings of the East India Association.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

The first installment of "Some Unpublished Letters of David Garrick" appear in the November number of the Atlantic. There are

three short stories and the following articles:

The Fifty-Ninth Congress. By Hon. S. W. McCall.

Foreign Privileges in China. By Hosea B. Morse.

A Socialist Programme. By John G. Brooks.

The Reader's Friend. By Agnes Repplier.

The American Grub Street. By James H. Collins.

Joseph Conrad. By J. A. Macy.

BADMINTON.

The lover of sport will find much of interest in the October number of the Badminton. The many fine illustrations are always a source of delight.

Sportsmen of Mark. XII. Earl of Lonsdale. By Alfred E. T. Watson.

Partridge-Driving at "The Grange." By "Gamekeeper."

A Race and Some Chateaux. By H. B. Money-Coutts.

Newmarket Heath and Stands. By John Flatman.

Trout Fishing in New Zealand. By J. Turner-Turner.

The Past Cricket Season. By Home Gordon.

Tiger Shooting in China. By J. C. Grew.

BRITISH WORKMAN.

The contents of the October number are as follows:

Men Who are Working for Others. Rev. T. S. Hutchinson.

Some Noted Blacksmiths.

Mustard and Starch.

The World's Beautiful Industries. Romance of the Glove.

BROADWAY.

Eight lively stories appear in the November Broadway, all calculated

to afford enjoyment. The art features are also excellent as usual.

The Pink and White Rats of Broadway. By James L. Ford.

The Future Terminal Facilities of New York. III. By Charles H. Cochrane.

CANADIAN HORTICULTURIST.

Canada's national horticultural publication is a very deserving periodical and all things considered is quite a creditable production. The October number contains the following papers.:

Report on the Spencer Seedless Apple. By John Dryden.

Fruit Marks Act. By D. I. Fitch.

Handling Grapes for Market. By G. H. Carpenter.

The Bill-Board Nuisance. By F. C. Sears.

Lawn and Garden Notes for October.

The Amateur Greenhouse.

Why Not Co-operative Experiments with Vegetables?

Harvesting and Storing Vegetable Crops.

CASELL'S.

An excellent likeness of Lord Stratheona appears in the October issue of Cassell's in the department of "Biography by Anecdote." The stories in this number are particularly good.

The Uniforms of our Fighting Force. By R. Caton Woodville.

How London is Supplied with Water. By Walter T. Roberts.

The X-Rays. By Dr. Rutherford, M.P.

La Maison Paquin. By Mrs. Leonard Marshall.

CASSIER'S.

The October issue is a good all-round number, with several features

of general interest in addition to purely technical articles.

Engineering in Pike's Peak Region.

By John Birkinbine.

Reciprocating Steam Engines vs. Steam Turbines. By W. P. Hancock.

What Can America Learn from Great Britain in Transportation?

By A. S. Hurd.

Seeing by Electricity. By William Maver.

Advantages of Purchased Electric Power. By H. B. Gear.

Some Principles of Sound Engineering for Inventors. By Thorburn Reid.

Renewable Rail Heads. By William H. Booth.

Specialization in Manufacturing. By Alexander E. Outerbridge.

Some Economical Aspects of the Electric Drive. By F. M. Feiker.

The Compound Locomotive in the 20th Century. By J. F. Gairns.

CENTURY.

During the coming months, the Century has arranged for the publication of a number of important contributions. Serials by Frances Hodgson Burnett and Elizabeth Robins, will begin shortly and there will also appear:

How the Civil War was Financed. By Ellis P. Oberholtzer.

Reminiscences of General O. O. Howard.

Lincoln in the Telegraph Office. By D. H. Bates.

The Ancient Irish Sagas. By Theodore Roosevelt.

The German Emperor's Voice. By E. W. Scripture.

Whistler in Paris and Venice. By Otto Bacher.

French Cathedrals. By Elizabeth Robins Pennell.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL.

The October number is a particularly bright and entertaining issue with a long list of articles, interspersed with several pieces of fiction.

Literature and Politics.

The Master's Hand.

The New Chinese Railway.

Romance of a Great English Lake.

The Servant Question Again. By

Katharine Burrill.

The Medieval Republic of Andorra.

A Great Artist at Work.

An American in Germany.

Transvaal Treasure-Hunts.

In the Haunts of the Wolf of Badenoch.

The Story of Tokolme. By Louis Becke.

A King of Horsemen.

The Will to be Well.

Golf of Yesterday and To-day. By F. Kinloch.

The Australian Rabbit-Trapper.

The Year in a Deer Forest.

The Passing of the Duel. By Alfred Fellows.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY.

September 22.—“The Scavengers,” by Samuel Hopkins Adams; “Hearst and Hearstism,” by Frederick Palmer; “A Retrospect of Football,” by Edward S. Jordan; “The American Spectre in Cuba.”

September 29.—“Which Flag in Cuba?” by Samuel E. Moffett; “Hearst and Hearstism,” II. by Frederick Palmer; “Baltimore: a City Tried by Fire,” by Samuel E. Moffett; “The Lure of the Pirate's Gold,” by Josephine Fredea.

October 6.—“Hearst and Hearstism” III. by Frederick Palmer; “Cooling Cuba,” by Wallace Irwin; “Real Soldiers of Fortune:

William Walker," by Richard Harding Davis; "The Power Wagon," VI., by James E. Hohns.

October 13.—"Civil Strife at Home and Abroad," "What the World is Doing," "Hearst and Hearstism," by Frederick Palmer; "The South Americans and Mr. Root," by Arthur Ruhl.

October 20.—"The Peaceful Invasion of Cuba," "The Vanderbilt Cup Race," "Hurricane's Ravages on the Gulf Coast," "What's the Matter with America?" by William Allen White, "The New Football," by Walter Camp.

CONNOISSEUR.

The feature of the October number of the Connoisseur is the first of a series of articles on Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan's pictures, with reproductions of the more famous paintings.

Plate at the Cambridge Colleges. V. Emmanuel. By H. D. Catling.

Hengrave Hall and Its Art Treasures. By Leonard Willoughby.

The Engravings of Andrea Mantegna. By A. M. Hind.

New Leaves in Turner's Life. By F. Izant.

Lowestoft China. By W. W. R. Spelman.

A Great Cruickshank Collector. By G. S. Layard.

Moorish Remains in Spain. By A. F. Calvert.

CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

A lengthy article on the relationship of Canada and the United States by Edward Farrer is a feature of the October Contemporary. Other articles are:

England, Egypt and Turkey. By Harold Spender.

Literature and the Living Voice. By W. B. Yeats.

Resurrection of the Body. By W. S. Palmer.

Long Views and Short on Black and White. By Sydney Oliver.

Religious Education Before the Reformation. By G. G. Coulton.

Education and Mis-Education in Germany. By J. Ellis Barker.

Home-Industry and Peasant-Farming in Belgium. II. By Erik Givskov.

Polygamy and Christianity. By Maurice Gregory.

Local Finance. By Morgan Browne.

Foreign Affairs. By Dr. E. J. Dillon.

CORNHILL.

The October issue of the Cornhill is an excellent one, containing many features of more than passing interest. There are two serial stories by Stanley J. Weyman and the author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden" respectively.

The Ethics of Reviewing. By Arthur C. Benson.

News from Poitiers, 1356. By Henry Newbolt.

Pastels from Morocco. By L. J. B.

The Tides. By Frank T. Bullen.

The King and the Anarchist. By W. E. Norris.

How I Saw the Assassin. A Spanish School Girl's Story.

A Private of the Mutiny. By Walter Frith.

CRAFTSMAN.

With the October number the Craftsman entered upon its sixth year. The occasion was marked by an enlargement and a new cover, together with an increase in the number of illustrations. The craftsman now takes front rank among the publications of its class.

Ethics and "The Ring of the Niebelung." By Charles H. Meltzer.

Rembrandt and His Etchings. By Louis A. Holman.

Edward Carpenter. The Philosopher. By John Spargo.

The Artist's Colony in Macdougall Alley. By P. T. Farnsworth.

New York in the Making. By William Griffith.

Dresden Exposition of Craftsmanship. By Heinrich Pudor.

Craftsmanship in a Village School. By George Bicknell.

ECLECTIC.

The Eclectic reproduces essays from the leading English periodicals for the benefit of American readers. In the October number appear:

Goethe's Orientalism. By A. Yul-suf-Ali.

Political Powers of Labor. By W. H. Mallock.

The Dominion of Palm and Pine. By Moreton Frewen.

Church Restoration. By Thomas Hardy.

The Coming Hague Conference. By Harry Hodgson.

Silent Opinions.

The Valley of Briefny and its Romance. By F. C. Armstrong.

The Limits of Fire Insurance. By F. H. Kitchin.

EDUCATION.

The October number contains several valuable papers on educational subjects.

The College Versus the High School—Methods. By Robert J. Aley.

School Instruction in Religion. By Professor Hanus.

Phases of Modern Education. XII. Practical and Impractical Ways of Educating the Will. By Prof. Horne.

Special Classes in the Public Schools of New York. By J. Rosenfeld.

College English. By Clara F. Stevens.

EMPIRE REVIEW.

A number of questions of imperial interest are discussed by prominent writers in the October number.

Foreign Affairs. By Edward Dicey.

The Shifting of Authority. Danger of Parochialism.

The University of Johannesburg. By Hubert Reade.

Care of the Sick and Hurt in our Merchant Navy. By H. G. Langwill.

Suggested Transvaal Land Bank. By A. St. George Ryder.

The Federal Capital of Australia.

Cotton Growing in Egypt. By William C. Mackenzie.

Builders of the Empire. Sir Augustus C. Gregory. By Joshua Gregory.

Problem of the Sea-Dyak in Sarawak. By Rev. Edwin H. Gomes.

The Ideal Commerce Protector.

ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED.

The art section in the October number is devoted to a consideration of the work of Bernard F. Gribble.

The Rebellious Zulu at Home.

Stories of H. M. the King. X. Professor Cockletope. By Walter Nathan.

The London Stage. By Oscar Parker.

The Building of Canterbury Cathedral.

On the Moors. Illustrated.

The University of London. By George A. Wade.

EVERYBODY'S.

The November number contains a goodly number of stories, includ-

ing Jack London's serial "Before Adam," and the following articles:

Soldiers of the Common Good. By Charles Edward Russell.

Sporting Champions of the Year. By Ralph D. Paine.

A Mother of Americans. By John L. Mathews.

Bucket-Shop vs. Board of Trade. By C. C. Christie.

FORTNIGHTLY.

Fourteen articles on a wide range of subjects are to be found in the October Fortnightly. They are as follows:

The Problem of the Near East. (a) Sultan Abd-ul-Hamid. By Chedo Mijatovich. (b) Pan-Islamism. By Alfred Stead.

Papal Aggression in France. By Robt. Dell.

The President's English. By William Archer.

The Inner History of Tristan and Isolda. By H. A. Clay.

Is the Party System Honest? By Ian Malcolm.

The Present Condition of Poland. By B. C. Baskerville.

Giosuse Carducci. By Annie Vivanti.

Edward Burne-Jones. By Prof. William Knight.

Lafcadio Hearn. By Dr. George M. Gould.

Archaeology and Infallibility. By Rev. E. L. Taunton.

Women and War. By Gertrude Silver.

Chant Sung in Darkness. By Herbert Trench.

The Abuse of Sport. By Basil Tozer.

The Leakage of Population and Money in Ireland. By G. J. H. Berkeley.

FORUM.

The last number of this quarterly for the year contains the usual de-

partments and, in addition, four articles of special importance on timely subjects.

American Politics. By Henry Litchfield West.

Foreign Affairs. By A. Maurice Low.

Finance. By Alexander D. Noyes.

A Few French Books of To-Day. By Prof. W. P. Trent.

Educational Outlook. By Ossian H. Lang.

Applied Science. By H. H. Supplee.

Relation of Education to Good Government. By Baron S. von Sternburg.

The University President. By Wallace N. Stearns.

The Birth of the New Nippon. By Adachi Kinnasuke.

The New Manchuria. By K. K. Kawakami.

GARDEN MAGAZINE.

The November number is devoted to getting ready for the coming of Winter. There are several articles along this line, accompanied by useful illustrations.

Getting Ready for the Winter. By N. R. Graves.

Winter Work Against Insects. By E. D. Sanderson.

The Best Aquatic Plants. By Henry S. Conard.

Fresh Vegetables all Winter. By Effie M. Barron.

Two Best Tall Lilies for November Planting. By A. Herrington.

Bulbs and Perennials for November Planting. By Harold Clark.

Raising Your Own Tulips. By Luke J. Doogue.

GEOGRAPHICAL JOURNAL.

The October number keeps abreast of the most recent discoveries. Among its contents are:

The Indian Ocean. By J. Stanley Gardiner.

Recent Survey and Exploration in Seistan. By Colonel Sir H. McMahon.

Rivers of Chinese Turkestan. By Ellsworth Huntington.

Journeys in Northern Nigeria. By Hans Vischer.

Twenty-Five Years' Geographical Progress. By Sir George T. Goldie.

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING.

The November number is a special Thanksgiving issue, with appropriate stories and illustrations. The following articles of value appear in its pages:

Child Discipline. By Milicent W. Shinn.

A Peter Pan Party. II. By Mary Blackwell Stirling.

How to Buy a Piano. By Rupert Hughes.

Literary Menu for Thanksgiving. By Ellen Burns Sherman.

Troubles of Colonial Grandmothers. By Ella M. Kretschmar.

GUNTER'S.

Stories are numerous in the November number and of an exciting character. Another installment of Archibald Clavering Gunter's "The Shadow of a Vendetta," appears. Articles include:

Coaching Extraordinary. By Chas. Frederick Holder.

A Good Man in a Bad Place. By Hobarth Austin.

HARPER'S.

Four remarkable pictures illustrating Shakespeare's tragedy "Macbeth" appear in the November Harper's, reproduced in full color and tint. The number contains eight

short stories and a long installment of Sir Gilbert Parker's new serial.

A Lawyer's View of the Andrew Johnson Trial. By Frederick T. Hill.

Macbeth. By Theodore Watts Dunton.

How Science Robs the Flowers of their Perfume. By Robert Kennedy.

A Log of a Forty-Niner. By William Ives Morgan.

HIBBERT JOURNAL.

The fourth number of this splendidly printed quarterly for the year is replete with interesting matter on religious topics.

Church and World. By the Editor.
Union and Breadth. By Sir Oliver Lodge.

Reunion. By Rev. Dugal MacFadyen.

Christ in Education. By D. Ffrangcon-Davies.

Bishop of Birmingham and the Education Bill. By Prof. Muirhead.

Vital Value in the Hindu God-Idea. By William T. Seeger.

Pierre Gassendi and the Atoms. By John Masson.

Do We Need a Substitute for Christianity? By Henry Sturt.

Psychical Research as Bearing on Veracity in Religious Thought. By J. A. Hill.

A Dialogue of Eternal Punishment. By Rev. John Gerard.

Jesus the Prophet. By Rev. Canon Kennett.

The Zoroastrian Messiah. By Rev. A. S. Palmer.

Phases of Religious Reconstruction in France and Germany. By James Collier.

HOUSE AND GARDEN.

The October number is a rich treasury of articles and illustra-

trations, beginning with the story of the community of disciples of Ruskin and Morris at Rose Valley, Pennsylvania.

Italian Decorative Iron Work. By Marchese Medici.

German Model Houses for Workmen. II. By William Mayner.

Mediaeval Cookery.

Beaulien Abbey. By Dowager Countess De La Warr.

Garden Accessories. By Loring Underwood.

Some October Flowers. By Eben E. Rexford.

Groton—Past and Present. By Elizabeth Prescott Lawrence.

Frauds in Old China. By Reginald Jones.

Children's Playgrounds. By K. L. Smith.

Garden Work in October. By Ernest Hemming.

IDLER.

As usual fiction occupies the bulk of the space in the October number. A noticeable feature is the beginning of the serial publication of Robert W. Chambers' capital stories, "The Tracer of Lost Persons."

A Provençal Bull Fight. By Francis Miltoun.

The Idler in Arcady. By Tickner Edwardes.

Modern Homes. By T. Raffles Davison.

The Druce-Portland Case. By Kenneth Henderson.

The Idler's Club. By Robert Barr.

INTERNATIONAL STUDIO.

Eight color inserts appear in the October number of the Studio, all beautifully executed. These are in addition to the many half-tone illustrations interspersed throughout the text.

A Note on the Recent Work of Anders Zorn. By Henri Frantz.

Walter Tyndale: the Man and His Art. By Clive Holland.

Some Inn Signs at Lucerne. By Arthur Elliott.

Hungarian Art at the Milan Exhibition. By Alfredo Melain.

The National Competition of the Schools of Art, 1906. By Aymer Vallance.

Frederick Macmonnies, Portrait Painter. By Edith Pettit.

Technical Hints from the Drawings of Past Masters of Painting. IX. Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Animal Photographs of Charles Reid. By C. Lang Neil.

Personal Ornaments of the Austrian Peasant. By A. S. Levetus.

Recent Work in Objects D'Art and Artistic Jewellery. By Paulding Farnham.

Lace Collection at the Metropolitan Museum. By Eva Lovett.

Recent Work at the Art Institute, Chicago. By Maude Oliver.

IRISH MONTHLY.

The contents for October are as follows:

The Bit o' Blue. By Stephanie de Maistre.

A Dublin Firm of Long Standing.

The National Pilgrimage to Lourdes.

The Mountain. By Alice Furlong.

From a Cottage to a Flat.

LIPPINCOTT'S.

The title of the novelette in the November number of Lippincott's is "Young Love and Old Hate." It is written by Lewis B. Ely. There are also stories by George Carling, D. M. Henderson, Maarten Maartens, Captain Buchanan and E. F. Benson, and papers by Wolf von Schierbrand and Mary Moss.

McCLURE'S.

At present McClure's is running several strong serial features, not the least important of which is Rudyard Kipling's fantastic story, "Robin Goodfellow—His Friends." In the November issue are to be found in addition to a number of short stories,

Ben B. Lindsey: the Just Judge. II.
By Lincoln Steffens.

Carl Schurz Reminiscences. Part I.
of a new series.

The Story of Montana. IV. By C. P. Connolly.

The Story of Life Insurance. VII.
By Burton J. Hendrick.

METROPOLITAN.

The November Metropolitan is a bright and readable production with several first-rate stories and many illustrations.

Days of the Buccaneers. By Marvin Dana.

The Great Northwest. By Gerhardt Bradt.

Caricature and Max Beerbohm. By Benjamin de Cassere.

Our Salmon Fisheries. By K. L. Smith.

MONTHLY REVIEW.

The October number is a standard issue with a full complement of readable articles.

Reorganization of the Unionist Party. By Marcus R. P. Dorman.

Intellectual Conditions of the Labor Party. By W. H. Mallock.

The American Language. By Mrs. Campbell Dauncey.

Polar Problems and International Organization for Their Solution.

The House of Commons at Work.
By Michael Macdonagh.

A Ridiculous God. I. By Mona Caird.

Some Reflections Upon English and German Education.

Possibility of an Intelligence in the Plant. By S. L. Bastin.

Legends of the Abruzzi. By Janet Ross.

County Magistrates. By T. E. Kebbel.

Football of Yesterday and To-Day.
By Harold Macfarlane.

MOODY'S.

The special feature of the October number of Moody's is a symposium on "Municipal Ownership and Operation," participated in by a number of eminent writers.

The Money Market. By John P. Ryan.

The Eleventh Hour in Speculation.
By Thomas Gibson.

Waltham Watch Co. By H. E. Tuttle.

Depreciation of Telephone Plants.
By A. B. Kellogg.

The Witham Banks. By Day Allen Willey.

Growth of the Harriman Lines. By John Moody.

Our Stake in Cuba. By Franklin Wood.

MUNSEY'S.

Eight short stories and an installment of Leroy Scott's serial, "To Him that Hath," appear in the November Munsey, in addition to the following special articles.

Golden Story of California. By Newton Dent.

World's Race for Sea Power. By Richmond Pearson Hobson.

Jean Jacques Henner. By R. H. Titherington.

Brides of Essen. By Vance Thompson.

Ethel Barrymore. By Matthew White, jr.

Romance of Steel and Iron in Am-

erica. VIII. By Herbert N. Casson.

Should Women Propose? By Lyndon Orr.

OUT WEST.

The October number as usual contains a number of very fine illustrations of western scenery.

Problem of the Colorado River. By Sharlot M. Hall.

Past Sluggard Ranch. By Mary H. Coates.

The Stanford Man in Stanford Politics. By Karl A. Bickel.

Orleans Indian Legends. IV. By Melcena B. Denny.

OVERLAND MONTHLY.

The after-effects of the San Francisco earthquake are still felt in the October Overland.

Red Cross Work in San Francisco. By Harold French.

Night on Glacier Point. By E. J. Roorbach.

Nance O'Neil. By H. F. Sanders.

Overland Among the Slovenians of Istria. By F. J. Koch.

Earthquake Days at Stanford. By A. W. Kimball.

Doves of St. Mark's. By K. E. Thomas.

Jack London, Lecturer. By P. S. Williams.

Knights and Barons of our Western Empire. By John L. Cowan.

PACIFIC MONTHLY.

The October issue is up to the standard of this magazine. There are a good many stories and a large number of illustrations.

Queens of Fashion on the Reservation. By John L. Cowan.

Twentieth Century Soldiers of Fortune. By Arthur H. Dutton.

The Staff of Life. By Fred Lockley.

Needs of the Philippines. By Jewell H. Aubere.

PALL MALL.

Stories by the late "Fiona Macleod," Violet Jacob, Lawrence Mott, a new Indian writer, and several others appear in the November issue of Pall Mall. In addition there are the following:

Marksmanship and the New School of National Defence.

Whistler's Studio in Paris. Reminiscences by a Favorite Pupil.

The Goldfields of India. By Ian Malcolm.

Grey-Haired Boys. Personal Recollections. By Justin McCarthy.

A Socialist's Reply to Mr. Edison.

PEARSON'S (American).

An article on the transportation problem in New York by James Creelman, well illustrated, is a prominent feature of the November number.

The Romance of Aaron Burr. By Alfred Henry Lewis.

The Shackling of a Great City. By James Creelman.

Big Florrie's Red Light War. By Alfred Henry Lewis.

PEARSON'S (British).

In the opening article on "The Art of the Age," the various treatments by different artists of the "Rescue of Andromeda by Perseus" are illustrated. A new series, "The Adventures of Angela," by Mabel Ince, begins its course.

What is the Value of Beauty on the Stage.

The Butcheries of Peace.

The Long Story of a Roebuck. By S. L. Bensusan.

A Lending Library for the Blind. By Nora Alexander.

Masters of Black and White. V. F. H. Townsend. By Gordon Meggy.

POLITICAL SCIENCE QUARTERLY.

This valuable periodical presents an interesting table of contents in its latest issue.

Economic Wastes in Transportation.
By W. Z. Ripley.

The Eight-Hour Movement in New York. By G. G. Groat.

Municipal Codes in the Middle West.
By J. A. Fairlie.

Alsace-Lorraine. By Burt Estes Howard.

Procedure in the Chamber of Deputies. By A. P. Usher.

The Human Populus. By G. W. Botsford.

PUTNAM'S MONTHLY.

The November number continues the promise contained in the initial issue in October and is a worthy addition to the ranks of American magazines. The contents embrace the following:

Franklins' Social Life in France. II.
A Neighborly Emperor. By Willard Straight.

The Reading Habit in the United States. By Gustave Michand.

Captain Zebulon Pike, Expansionist.

The Early Victorians and Ourselves.
By George S. Street.

The Soliloquy. By Brander Matthews.

The Charm of Rural England. By W. Warde Fowler.

Lafcadio Hearn. By George M. Gould.

READER.

"The Port of Missing Men," a new serial by Meredith Nicholson begins in the November Reader. The cover is a particularly charming one, painted by E. M. Ashe.

Cummins—of Iowa. By Herbert Quick.

The South American Situation. II.
Brazil. By Albert Hale.

The Stage its Own Master. By James L. Ford.

Why Our Lives are Growing Shorter. By Dr. John V. Shoemaker.

RECREATION.

The publishers are to be complimented on the handsome cover of their October number. It is one of the prettiest of the Autumn designs.

Duck Shooting with Gun and Camera
By C. S. Cummings.

The Bird of the Hour. By Reginald Gourlay.

The Indians of Labrador. By Clifford H. Easton.

Mallard Shooting in the Timber. By Ernest McGaffey.

Cruising the Fjords of North Pacific. By D. W. Iddings.

Some Ducks of the Drylands. By Edwyn Sandys.

Days in the Rockies. By Everett Dufour.

The Art of Camping. By Charles A. Bramble.

REVIEW OF REVIEWS.

The October issue of this important periodical contains, among other articles an exhaustive illustrated article on recent railroad construction in America, which, of course, deals largely with Canada.

McIver of North Carolina. By Albert Shaw.

The Cuban Republic on Trial. By Atherton Brownell.

The Coal-Tar Industry and its Jubilee. By Charles Baskerville.

Chile and Peru: Rival Republics of the South. By G. M. L. Brown.

Our Greatest Year of Railroad Enterprise. By J. D. Latimer.

Are Prices Rising Abnormally? By George E. Roberts.

The Philippine Postal Savings Bank.
By E. W. Kemmerer.

ROD AND GUN.

Each issue witnesses an improvement in this excellent Canadian periodical. The November number contains many interesting contributions.

To Abbitibi with the Prospectors.
By H. R. Hyndman.

Fishing in Northern Quebec. By
W. H. Allison.

The Golden Eye. By Bonnycastle
Dale.

Some Common Mistakes of the Deer
Hunter. By Dr. Franklin Haw-
ley.

Our Hunting Trip on Georgian Bay.
By Tamarac.

Duck Hunting on Lake Champlain.
By J. S. Mandigo.

Salmon Fishing in New Brunswick.
Western Ontario Woods in 1830. By
Hopkins J. Moorhouse.

The Alpine Club of Canada. By A.
H. S.

A Fishing Experience in Vancouver
Island. By Oscar C. Bass.

Camping, Tramping and Fishing in
Nova Scotia. By W. D. Taunton.

Ontario Fish and Game Association.

ROYAL.

As usual the October Royal is well supplied with short stories, all of a bright character. The many illustrations make the pages interesting.

Strange Tasks of Modern Mercuries.
By W. B. Northrop.

Survivors' Tales of Great Events.
By Walter Wood.

Confessions of Little Celebrities. I.
Miss Iris Hawkins.

The Noble Art. By A. E. Johnson.

ST. NICHOLAS.

During the coming year several entertaining features will appear in

this popular juvenile. Frances Hodgson Burnett will contribute a set of fairy stories and Alice Hegan Rice will publish a new serial. Kate Douglas Wiggin has promised a story. Mrs. George Madden Martin will contribute "Abbie Ann" for the girls and Ralph Henry Barbour will contribute "The New Junior" for the boys. There will be a number of biographical articles and the usual departments.

SATURDAY REVIEW.

September 8.—"Shying at Liberalism," "England and Germany," "Chinese Reform," "The County Championship," "Wheat Harvest," "A Female Sandford and Merton," "Canada: Final Impressions."

September 15.—"The Transvaal Campaign," "The Agitation in India," "A General Army Staff," "The Question of Railway Fares," "Robert Southey," I., by Arthur Symons; "The Old Bowling Green," by Alexander Innes Shand; "The Call of the Soul," by Harold E. Gorst.

September 22.—"Cuba and American Expansion," "The Uses of Mimic Warfare," "The Murder of Sleep," "Actuarial Responsibility," "Robert Southey" II., by Arthur Symons; "Hammer and Anvil," "Hyperatic Advertisement," "Hesperides."

September 29.—"The Demand for Home Rule," "The New Boer Combine," "Railway Accidents and the Unknown," "The Battle of the Books," "The Nature of Undenominationalism," "A Note on the Genius of Thomas Hardy."

October 6.—"Socialism on the Railway," "The Church Among the Slags," "The Kaiser and His Navy," "The Indian Mohammedans," "The Transfer of Life

Policies," "Religious Education" II, "Lord Rosebery's Randolph."

October 13.—"Meddlers All," "The Revenge of Dr. Leyds," "The Newfoundland Modus Vivendi," "Sir Robert Finlay's Opinion," "Doctors and Life Assurance," "Adelaide Ristori," "Household Music," "The Palate for Novels," "The Conversation of Bridge."

SCRIBNER'S.

Stories by F. Hopkinson Smith, Kate Douglas Wiggin, John Fox, jr., and others appear in the November number of Scribner's, along with a number of excellent articles.

Russia's Greatest Painter. Repin. By Christian Brinton.

Washington in Jackson's Time. Glimpses of Henry Clay.

Ruskin and Girlhood. Reminiscences by L. Allan Harker.

London, a Municipal Democracy. By Frederic C. Howe.

In the Black Pines of Bohemia. By Mary King Waddington.

The Last of the Indian Treaties. By Duncan Campbell Scott.

SMITH'S.

A special colored section devoted to art studies of American actresses opens the November Smith's. There is also an art section reproducing some of the work of William Robinson Leigh.

Keep Young. A Sermon. By Charles Battell Loomis.

Worry: Its Consequences, Cure and Causation. By Dr. Salelby.

Childhood of the American Theatre. By C. Pollock.

The Out-of-Town Girl in New York. By Grace M. Gould.

A Painter of Personality. By Roxann White.

The Woman with a Youthful Figure. By Augusta Prescott.

SPECTATOR.

September 8.—"Naval Supremacy and National Safety," "Despondency and Violence in Russia," "Claim of Trade Unions to Stand Outside the Law," "The Limitation of Fortunes in America," "Journalism and its Ideals," "Christianity and Conversion," "Future of English Cricket," "Autumn Leaves."

September 15.—"The Spectator Experimental Company and What it has Accomplished," "Universal Training," "The Visit of the Amir to India," "The Black Pope," "Rival Memories," "The Charm of Accessibility," "The Spirit of September," "Hill Trout Streams."

September 22.—"General Trepoff: The Significance of his Career," "Our Difficulties in China," "Socialism and Labor," "The United States and Cuba," "Old Age Pensions in Australia," "Eve's Diary," "The Urban Sentiment," "Natural History in Earlier Ages."

September 29.—"National Training Centres—Why Should not Lancashire Lead?" "Cuba and the United States," "Latest Channel Tunnel Scheme," "Situation in Hungary," "Chinese Opium Edict," "Isolation of the East End," "Table-talk," "Sense of Locality in Animals."

October 6.—"Unrest in India," "The Outlook for Labor," "Lord Rosebery on Statesmanship," "Political Parties and the Group System," "The Russian Peasant and Politics," "The Spoilt Child of the Law," "The Significance of Lights," "A Century Old."

October 13.—"The Hohenlohe Revelation," "Liberals and Socialism," "Russia: the Revolutionaries and the Crisis," "Recruits and Veterans," "The Times and the Publishers," "Letters to a Daughter," "A Literary Disease

and its Results," "The Sheep-Shearing."

SUBURBAN LIFE.

The annual subscription price of *Suburban Life* became \$1.50 on October 1 and the periodical is certainly worth it. The October number is a finely illustrated issue containing the following articles:

- The Balance Sheet of a Country House.** By E. P. Powell.
Must a Man be Rich to Grow Orchids? By Robert Cameron.
In Other People's Houses. By E. H. Harriman.
Keeping Fancy Pigeons as a Hobby. By Clarence E. Twombly.
Ten-Acre Forestry. By F. A. Waugh.
A Winter Garden in the Cellar. By Richard S. Adams.
The Varied Uses of Cypress. By Arthur T. Bronson.

SUCCESS MAGAZINE.

Readers will find the November number of the *Success Magazine* one of the brightest and best ever issued by the publishers. It takes front rank among the November periodicals.

- The People's Lobby.** By Samuel Merwin.
Funniest Stories I've Heard. By George Ade.
Fools and Their Money. III. By Frank Fayant.
Children of Packingtown. By Upton Sinclair.
The Policy Holder's War. II. By Elliott Flower.
Economy that Costs too Much. By Orison S. Marden.

SUNSET.

The October number of the *Sunset Magazine* shows a full recovery

from the effects of the San Francisco disaster.

- San Francisco's Uprising.** By Charles S. Aiken.
Some Reconstruction Figures. By Barton W. Currie.
San Francisco at Play. By Edwin Emerson.
On the Road to Guadalajara. By Arthur North.
Young Mexico. By L. Tisdale.
Chaining the Sacramento. By G. K. Swingle.
Books that Go Traveling. By W. R. Watson.
Idyls of Mission Dolores. By C. W. Stoddard.

TECHNICAL WORLD.

At least two articles in the November number of the *Technical World* are of special interest to Canadians, while the general table of contents is full of first-class matter.

- Hudson Bay—New Way to Europe.** By J. C. Elliot.
How a Dream Came True. By Edith Neale Perrine.
New Island Rises from Ocean. By J. M. Baltimore.
Hurrying up the Coal Mines. By Aubrey Fullerton.
New Path into Gotham Harbor. By N. J. Quirk.
Making a World to Order. By Rene Bache.
New Marvels in Physics. By Ben Winslow.
World's New Treasure Box. By O. J. Stevenson.
Predicting Next Year's Weather. By J. E. Watkins.
Wonders of New Zealand. By W. G. Fitz-Gerald.
All-Steel Railway Coaches. By M. J. Butler.
A New Outdoor Profession. By Guy E. Mitchell.

Life Artificially Counterfeited. By
Dr. A. Gradenwitz.

WINDSOR.

The art feature in the October number consists of reproductions of the paintings in the Hotel de Villa, Paris. The serial, "Sophy of Krononia," by Anthony Hope, is concluded.

Chronicles in Cartoon. XI. By
B. Fletcher Robinson.

Direct Methods of Studying Nature.
By Lilian J. Clarke.

WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION.

The Thanksgiving number of the Woman's Home Companion has an extra supply of fiction, all of a good quality. The usual departments are full of interest.

Dr. Edward Everett Hale's First
Editorial Talk.

A Thanksgiving Retrospect. By
Kate Douglas Wiggin.

The Employment Certificate. By
Owen R. Lovejoy.

Davenport and His Farm. By R.
H. Davis.

WORLD TO-DAY.

Recent events of historical importance are strongly treated in the World To-Day for November. The illustrations are both timely and good.

Strategic Points of International
Commerce.

Henry Salem Hubbell. By L. F.
Perkins.

Playing at Governing the Philippines.
By Hamilton Wright.

Salvation of the Stage. By W. T.
Stead.

Kansas City—A City that is Find-
ing Itself. By Hugh O'Neill.

Dawn of the Concrete Age. By H.
S. Hanson.

Tragedy at Atlanta.

Agricultural Cuba. By F. S. Earle.

French Colonial Exposition at Mar-
seilles. By J. W. Pattison.

American Guardianship of Cuba.

Instruments of the Weather Service.
By C. R. Dodge.

WORLD'S WORK (American).

A striking article on Hearst is to be found in the October World's Work, which is particularly timely in view of the coming election in New York. Other articles are of the usual interest.

Is it Safe to Invest in Southern
Pacific Stock?

The Remaking of Our Cities. By
C. M. Robinson.

The Work of Three Great Archi-
tects. By Gurdon S. Parker.

The Hearst Myth. By "Q.P."

Raising Campaign Funds.

An English Mechanic in America.
By James Blount.

Vast Undeveloped Regions. By
Frederic Austin Ogg.

The Development of the Philippines.
By Hamilton W. Wright.

The Stages of Vesuvius' Eruption.
By Frank A. Perret.

Education in the New Japan. By
Mary Crawford Fraser.

The Russian Revolution in Process.
By J. A. Hourwich.

The Home-Culture Clubs. By Geo.
W. Cable.

Revolutionary Changes in China. By
Dr. W. A. P. Martin.

The Beginning of Reform in Pack-
ingtown. By Isaac F. Marcossou.

Labor and Politics. By M. G. Cun-
niff.

WORLD'S WORK (English.)

The October number is one of the best ever produced by the publishers. The contents are particularly valuable.

- Drawing Pretoria 3,000 Miles Near-
er. By Ambrose Talbot.
- An English Mechanic in America.
By James Blount.
- Reforms Wanted in Our Insurance
System. By F. H. Haines.
- New Cereal Rubber. By B. Wyand.
- Making Money: How it is Done. By
George Turnbull.
- Scent-Making as a Hobby. By B.
J. Hyde.
- The Ostrich Farm.
- Patent Medicine Fraud. By Bur-
nard Grae.
- Dainty Dishes Ignored by English-
men. By Percy Collins.
- Our Newest Battleships. By Fred
T. Jane.
- The Importance of Floating Docks.
By Frederick A. Talbot.
- Organized Self Help. By "Home
Counties."
- Beginning of Reform in Packing-
town. By Isaac F. Marcosson.
- Vast Undeveloped Regions. By
Frederic Austin Ogg.
- Cigar-Making in Holland. By B.
H. How.

YOUNG MAN.

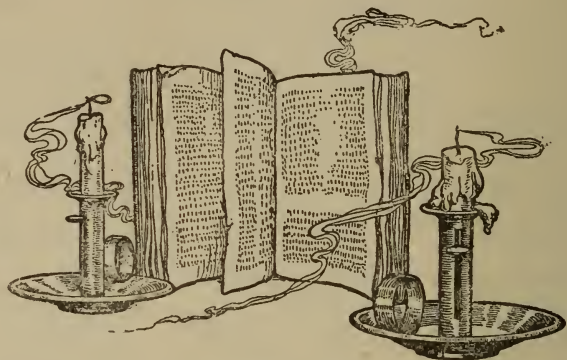
Helpful articles for young men on
a variety of themes are to be found
in the October issue.

- The New Bishops of Truro. Dr.
Stubbs. By the Editor.
- A Young Man's Point of View. By
L. S. Mangin.
- The Football Season. By John
Lewis.
- The Basal Qualities of Greatness. Il-
lustrated at Gladstone's Statue.
- At the Grave of Hartley Coleridge.
By Charles F. Aked.
- Everyday Life in Bengal. By Wil-
liam H. Hart.
- The Wisdom of Charity. By George
H. R. Dabbs.
- Business Success. Employer or Em-
ployee?

The work that is performed only for the sake of what
it will bring, not for what it will carry forth, is like
shoddy cloth, which may please the eye but will not
wear. It is cheap, flimsy stuff, woven with no nobler
purpose than to hold together long enough to be bought
and paid for.

The Busy Man's Book Shelf

Some Interesting Books of the Month Reviewed



RUDYARD KIPLING has won yet another triumph: this time with a glorious conglomeration of history, folk-lore, adventure and poetry, all worked together into a delightful child's book, "Puck of Pook's Hill." (Toronto: The Macmillan Co.) Two modern children, Una and Dan, living in the neighborhood of Pevensey, through fairy influences meet with a Roman soldier and other distinguished and extremely interesting people, who used to live thereabout in the early days of English history. Una and Dan were exceptionally favored children, for they accidentally enabled Puck to make his appearance once more before mortals. The aim of the writer, no doubt, has been to popularize ancient history and make it intelligible to children. And grown-ups, too, can be as much interested in these tales as the inmates of the nursery.

It is said, no doubt with considerable truth, that no work of fiction

written in recent years, has created such an impression on the English mind as William Le Queux's prophetic romance, "The Invasion of 1910," (Toronto: The Macmillan Co. of Canada), which first appeared under scare-line headings in the London Daily Mail. The book is written to illustrate what may happen to England in her present state of unpreparedness for war. It is recommended by Lord Roberts to any one who has the welfare of the British Empire at heart. The author spent four months on a motor tour over the whole of England from the Thames to the Tyne while working out the details of this invasion by a German army according to plans prepared by the general staff. All means of communication on the east coast were suddenly seized one Sunday afternoon. The invading flotilla, crossing under cover of night from Holland, landed on the shores of Norfolk and Suffolk. Terrible scenes of panic ensued in London, Liverpool and Manchester. After heroic

attempts to drive back the enemy by British forces inadequate in strength and inferior in artillery, London is bombarded and sacked. No one can lay down the book before reading how the citizens of London finally saved the Empire.



When Marian Keith introduced her first book, "Duncan Polite," to the Canadian public, it was in the nature of an experiment. She was a new writer, unknown to the reading world, and her chosen field was an untried one. The book succeeded almost to an unexpected degree and the name of its clever author immediately took its place along with the foremost writers on Canadian subjects of the day. Her second book has confirmed her position. "The Silver Maple" (Toronto: The Westminster Co.) is a fine story. It has depths to which few modern writers possess the ability to penetrate. It is intensely human, plumbing the recesses of the heart. The scene is laid in the Township of Oro, near Lake Simcoe, where Highlander and Lowlander, Englishman and Irishman, have settled in colonies, each maintaining the dialect and traditions of the old sod, but each unconsciously learning from the others and gradually coming to understand their outlook on life. The story centres around the boyhood and youth of Scotty Macdonald, a very interesting character.



A novel with just a suspicion of the burlesque about it, is "A Race for a Crown," by W. H. Williamson. (Toronto: Poole Publishing Co.) It is yet another imitation of the Zenda variety of romances. The succession to the throne of Tenemia was in

doubt, owing to the fact that there were two heirs, nephews of the Grand Duke, whose claims were exactly equal. In order to prevent quarrelling, the Grand Duke arranged a covenant, under the terms of which the two claimants were banished from the duchy to points designated, situated at equal distances from Runiek, the capital. Only on the event of the Grand Duke's death could they cross the border and then the first one to reach the crown would wear it. The story describes in detail the race for the crown between Rollo and Otto. This was no tame affair, blows being struck, plots laid and men imprisoned.



Professor Charles G. D. Roberts' latest romance, "The Heart that Knows," (Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.) deals with the strenuous and adventurous life of the sailors and fisher-folk of the region at the head of the Bay of Fundy. The winds and waves and the salt fragrance of the sea are in its pages; and the strength of the tides that fight the great dykes of Tantramar. The vehement passions of these simple people in whose hearts emotion runs riot, and their deep natures which partake of the richness and steadfastness characteristic of the exhaustless meadows, make it a land where romance walks by day. A young sailor of Westcock Village, near the mouth of the Tantramar, believing himself deceived by his betrothed, runs away on the eve of marriage. Presently a son is born, who grows up to hate his father. When he arrives at years of manhood he sails away to avenge his mother's wrongs: Fate throws him in with his father, unknown to both, and the two men come to love each

other. Finally their mutual identities are discovered, there is a reconciliation and the early misunderstandings are righted.

Any one who has read "The White Company," by Conan Doyle, and who remembers Sir Nigel Loring, the gallant knight of that tale, would naturally expect to find in the new novel from the same author's hand "Sir Nigel," (Toronto: William Briggs), more tales of daring and danger in which he would be the protagonist. The new book traces the youth of Nigel and sets forth in detail the brave deeds and fortunate events by which he became the friend

of Sir John Chandos and Sir Walter Manny and the favorite of the "Black Prince." England, in July, 1349, was a troubled country. Rain fell the whole month, and was followed by the "Black Plague." Edward III of England and Philip VI of France were ready to fly at each other's throat. The scene of the book is laid in England and France during and directly following this period. Paladian deeds crowd one on another in this story. The plot is highly colored, and concerns principally three deeds which Nigel swears to perform before he will return from Brittany to claim the Lady Mary Buttethorn.



Specimen illustration from "All the Year in the Garden."
(A Nature Calendar)
By Esther Matson

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Men's Attire

OCTOBER DRY GOODS REVIEW.

LINES of shirts for Spring have been shown the trade by manufacturers and jobbers. A new thing is the front with two large pleats. This is being offered for the Christmas trade, and is also included in the Spring samples. With people who have for the time dropped stiff fronts, and who are not very partial to negliges it should be found very acceptable. Then, many will prefer it to the small-pleated garment, which becomes badly crumpled after being worn for a very short time.



One of the smart Toronto stores had a window trim of soft flannel collars a few days ago. It is hard to determine from just what quarter sales were expected, unless from patrons of the golf links. Many of these collars were of heavy material. They were all of the style that is held erect by means of a fancy safety pin across the front. This was one of the novelties of the past Summer for outing wear, but was placed in some disrepute through indiscriminating persons adopting it for street use. Next Summer it is not likely to be very strong.



Of the colors in shirts for Spring, solid blues have been accorded leading place in the buying. A great many merchants have ordered right through the range. Pinks and helios are much in evidence, mainly in small, neat check effects. There is a slight showing of plain cambries. The shades are medium and light with

quite a variety to choose from. Tans are out again, but do not seem to be regarded as worthy of a position among the leaders. Of course, there is a full range of whites, solids, and also the old staples with hair-line stripe and polka dot.



The attached collar in self pattern is out stronger than during the past Summer. This is designed, of course, for outing wear entirely.



The range of neckwear being shown this Fall includes some of the richest shades that have ever been worn. Wine colors are decidedly the leaders, and associated with them in general favor are greens and purples, both in solids and fancy selfs, principally shadow effects. The four-inch hand holds the market almost entirely in two and a half inch widths.



Glove travelers are on the road with samples for Spring. The outstanding feature of the trade is the rise in prices, which averages up to fully 33 1-3 per cent. This is directly due to the scarcity of skins, caused by the drought in Australia, the rinderpest in South Africa and the famine in India. Millions of sheep, lambs and goats were victims. Over 100,000,000 animals succumbed to the Australian drought. Deliveries for Fall have been bad, and a very great improvement cannot be expected for Spring. Tans and oaks are, as usual, the colors to which trade takes most strongly. In dress gloves, small lots of colored chamois are being order-



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ed. The shades are biscuit, French grey and pearl grey. Suedes are looked upon as good stock. Silks are shown, and their growing popularity in New York during the past season quoted, but merchants are evincing little interest..



Some tailors are endeavoring to introduce braid-bound coats and waist-coats in sack suits. A black braid is used even with a medium shade of tweed. The fad will not in our opinion amount to very much.



Retailers anticipate an increased trade in knee-length and short sleeve and mesh underwear next Spring. Combinations are growing in favor.



Colors in Spring hosiery that are being found most acceptable are greys and navys in solids and shadow effects. A great deal of embroidery will be in evidence.



In mufflers the reefer style is a feature this season. It has been brought out chiefly in solid, subdued colors. Prominent among the shades are white, champagne, wines, pearl, and greys.



That there are now more conspicuously noticeable examples of smart dress among men than there have been in past years is not the case, but that more men dress well can hardly be disputed. The greater variety of materials, the marked improvement in manufacture, the closer relations between the styles of what may be called the exclusive makes and the ready-made trade, all tend to raise the general average and to lessen the distinction between classes. Fads are almost a thing of

the past. The dandy, or, as he was more latterly called, the dude, is so rare a sight that there has ceased to be any necessity for a slang word to describe him. Extravagancies, exaggerations and extremes are out of vogue. Fashions are broad to such an extent that smartness—this term has been much over-worked during the past few years, but there seems to be no other to take its place—is no longer dependent upon the exact cut of a coat or style of a waist-coat.



It would be futile to contend that money is not a tremendous aid to good dress, and in saying that extravagancies are out of date it is not by any means intended to imply that cost has been lessened—such a thing could not be in this day of luxury and rapid gathering of wealth—but merely that men are less apt to let their fancy roam, less likely to go to the extremes of fashion, to appear so ostensibly and often ridiculously, gotten up for the occasion.



Shall we have a season of conservatism in dress, or one of daring departures from established forms? Whatever the conclusion of others regarding the Winter of 1906-07, we are constrained to the belief that the ever augmenting element who follows at the heels of Fashion whithersoever her fickle majesty turneth will ere long have their desire for change gratified to the full. And this opinion we make bold to reduce to writing because the indications which heretofore have been infallible seem to swing the pendulum in that direction. The men who influence the mode, men of wealth and social position, are given more to the exercise

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of personal preferences than at any previous time within memory. Indeed, individuality is the outstanding characteristic of dress to-day, and rare indeed is the man with the means and the inclination to avoid beaten paths in matters sartorial who fails to discover—or invent, if need be—some distinctive habiliment. This tendency has been so pronounced during the Summer just ended that it would be truly remarkable if it did not endure through months to come. Furthermore, we are disposed to agree with those critics of men's dress who declare it is too sombre and lacks variety. Yet there should be a word of warning to those who would not exceed the limitations of good form, in the event of a period of notable innovations. Too frequently the distorted ideas of some faddist are linked in the public prints with the tendency of fashion, and the man who must

perforce leave it to others to blaze the way for him is misguided. As a flagrant example of this sort we noticed at a number of the watering places certain coteries of young men who wore half-hose of different colors, that is, one tan and one black, or other ludicrous combinations. A grain of sense should suggest its absurdity, yet while the case was an extreme one, and the more aggravated by reason of the fact that the trousers turnups accentuated the effect, we are accustomed to hear just such dress dissipation—that's the word—heralded far and wide as the essence of smartness. Reform in clothes is no less desirable than some other kinds, but in the name of all that is commendable in present standards, we must move with deliberation lest fashion be permitted to fall from a rational place to one of wild vagaries and bizarre forms.

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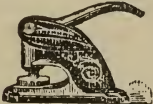


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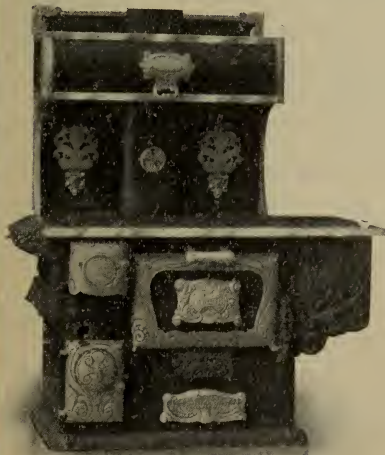
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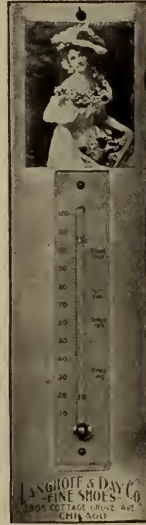
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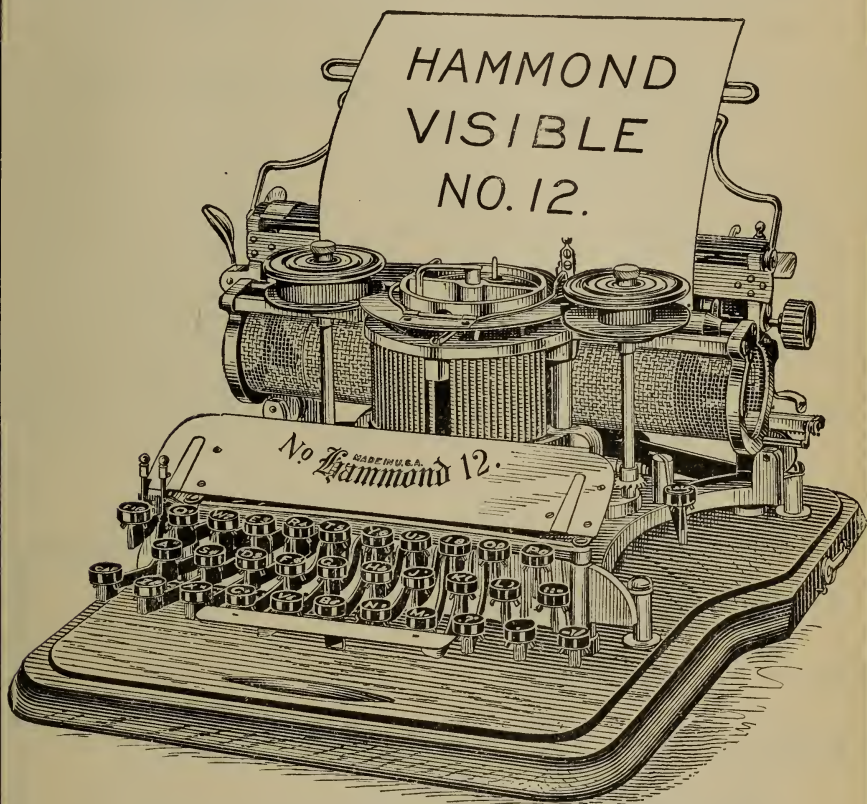
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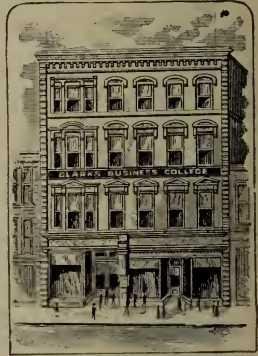


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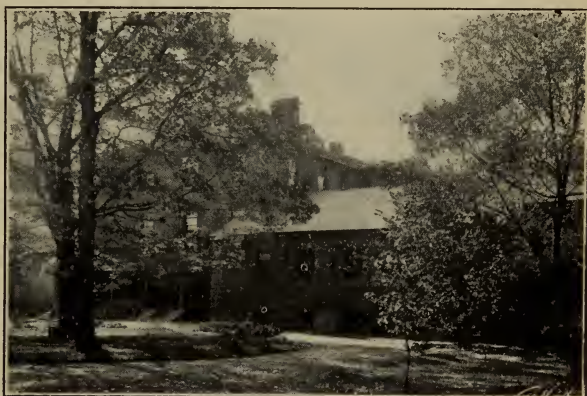
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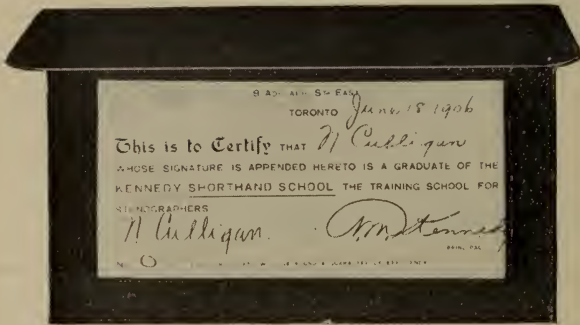


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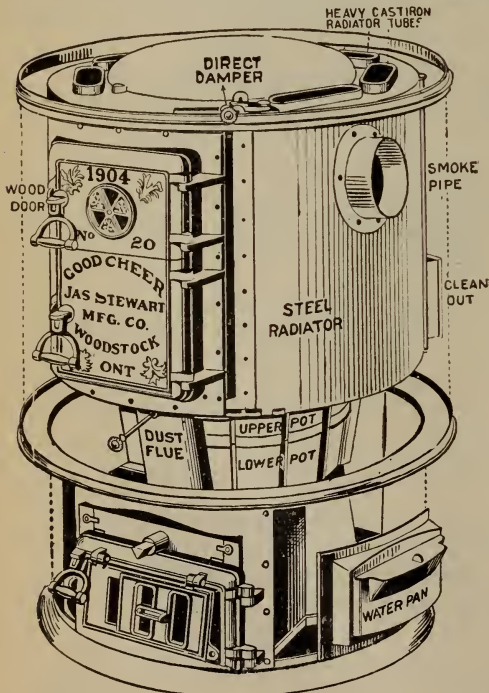
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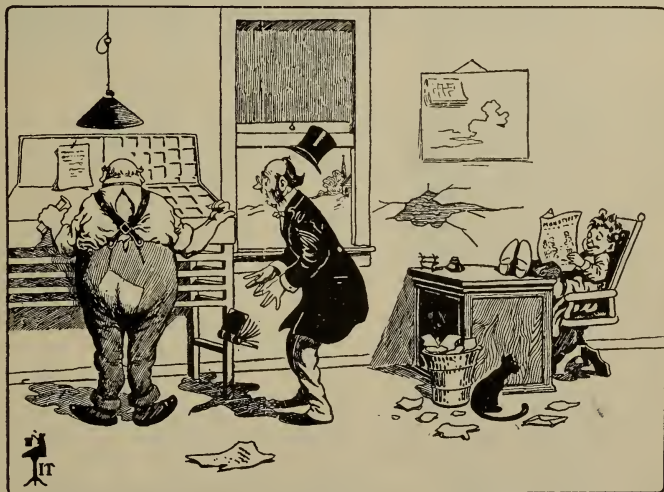
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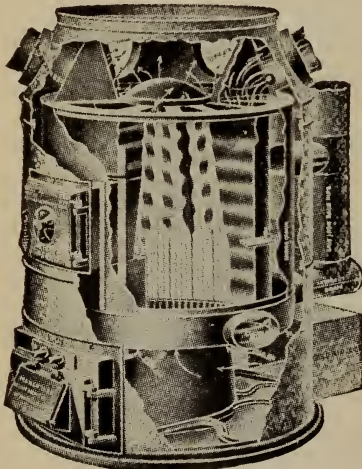
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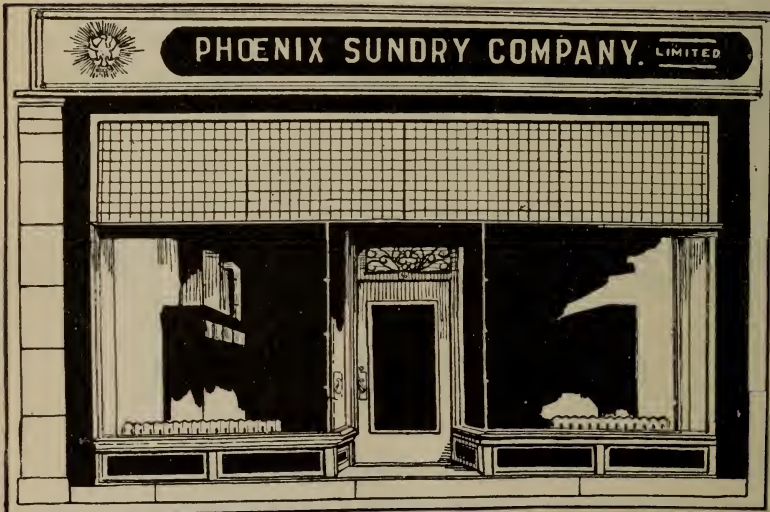
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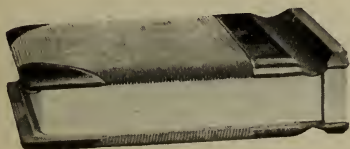
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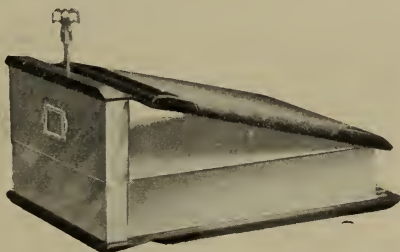
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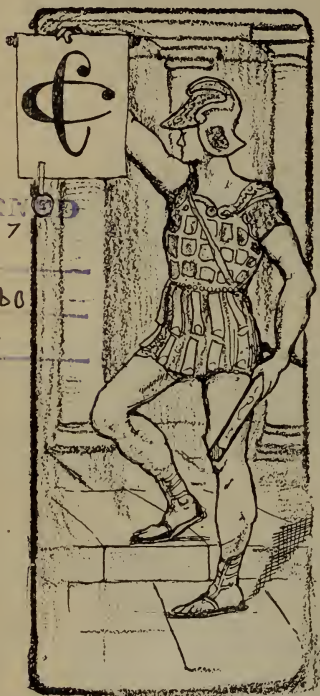
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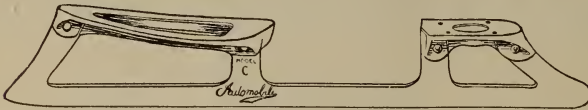
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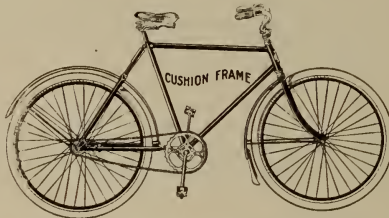
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## OFFICES :

## CANADA—

|                                  |           |                              |
|----------------------------------|-----------|------------------------------|
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# Inside With the Publishers

TO all our readers far and near we wish a merry and prosperous Christmastide. Our good wishes may apparently come early but now-a-days Christmas Day is merely the culmination of many pleasant weeks of planning and anticipation and from now until December 25, the influence of the season will be felt by everybody. Many of our readers are engaged actively in business and it would be an oversight on our part not to wish them a most prosperous holiday trade. This we do, with every confidence that our wishes will be abundantly fulfilled in fact.



The universal custom of gift-giving on Christmas Day has become a source of worry to many people, because, for various reasons, they experience difficulty in making a selection of articles for presents. It is comparatively easy to choose acceptable gifts for children, and, in the cases of many grown-ups, the difficulty is not serious. But time and time again is to be heard the complaint, "I don't know what to get for So-and-so; he seems to have everything." In this emergency, might we be permitted to whisper a suggestion? Would not a year's subscription to the Busy Man's Magazine often suit your purpose exactly? This is a suggestion that has previously commended itself to others. Why should it not be acceptable to you as well? A magazine has this advantage, that its significance as a gift is not entirely consumed on the day it is given. Its monthly visits remind the recipient

of the giver throughout the whole year. And it is so easy to purchase. All that is necessary, is to forward a letter to the publishers containing the subscription money and the name and address of the person to whom you wish to have the magazine sent.

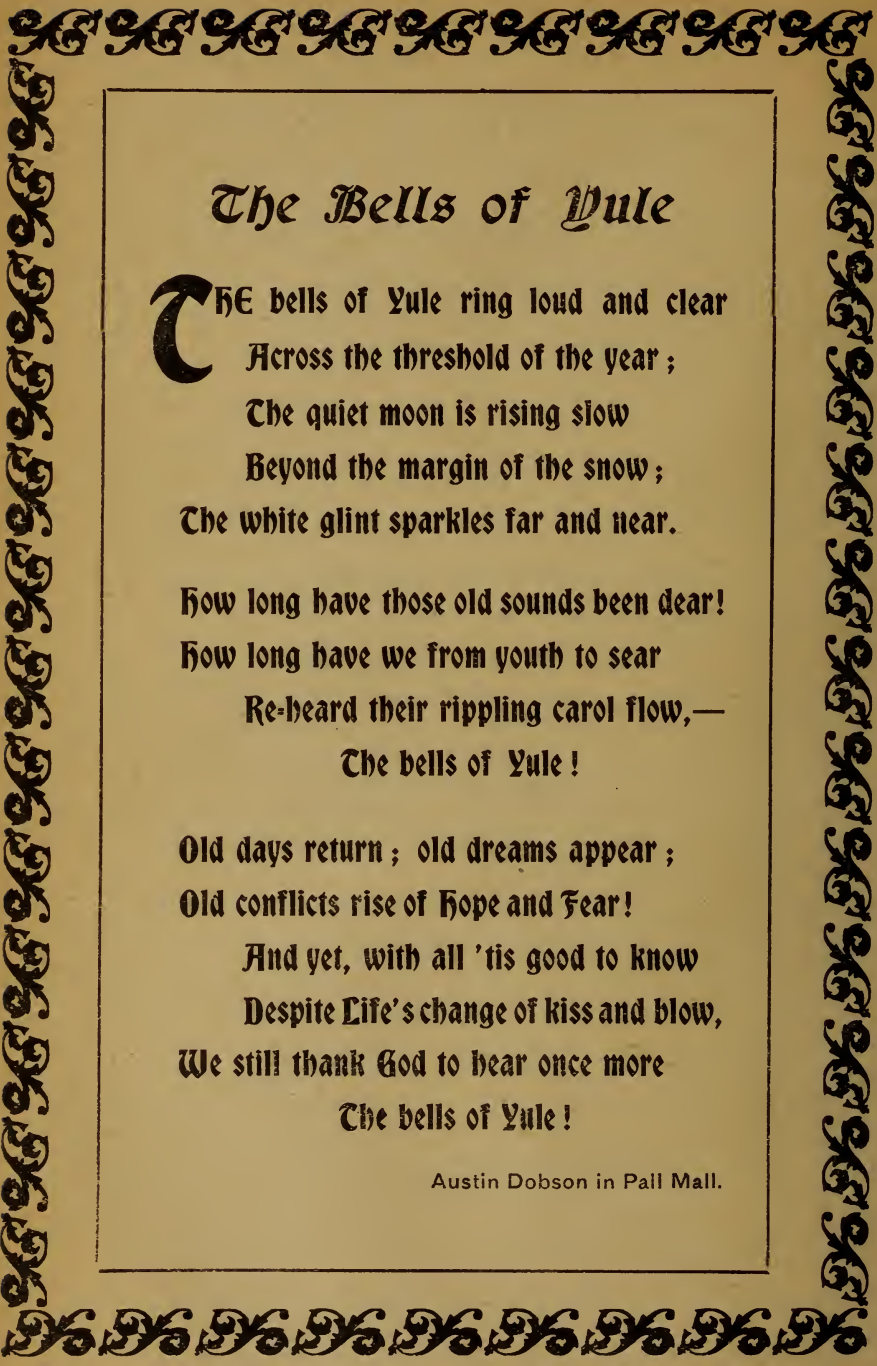


Allow us to repeat the request made on one or two previous occasions that readers would do us a favor to recommend articles for publication in this magazine. True, we have a corps of readers, not only in the office, but outside as well, but it is possible that some meritorious articles may escape their vigilance now and then. There is also a rapidly increasing number of new publications, with which it is difficult for us to keep in touch. Some of our readers may run across these and anything they can recommend will be gladly considered.



Looking back over the past year, we are especially pleased at the progress we have made in interesting advertisers in our magazine. In the present number our advertising pages make a highly creditable showing. And we feel sure that those who are making use of our advertising pages will find the medium a good one. We have a splendid class of readers,—in fact we reach the cream of the Canadian public,—for our magazine is such as to appeal to the thinking man. We do not hesitate to express the opinion that there is no more valuable monthly publication, from the advertiser's standpoint, than the Busy Man's Magazine.



A decorative border of repeating floral and scrollwork motifs surrounds the text.

## The Bells of Yule

**T**HE bells of Yule ring loud and clear  
Across the threshold of the year ;  
The quiet moon is rising slow  
Beyond the margin of the snow ;  
The white glint sparkles far and near.

How long have those old sounds been dear !  
How long have we from youth to sear  
Re-heard their rippling carol flow,—  
The bells of Yule !

Old days return ; old dreams appear ;  
Old conflicts rise of Hope and Fear !  
And yet, with all 'tis good to know  
Despite Life's change of kiss and blow,  
We still thank God to hear once more  
The bells of Yule !

Austin Dobson in Pall Mall.



# THE BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

Vol. XIII.

DECEMBER, 1906.

No. 2.

## Lord Strathcona, a Business Statesman

M. A. P.

The career of the High Commissioner from Canada is an inspiring one for young men. It is a bright example of what persistency and integrity can accomplish. Lord Strathcona's claim to the rank of statesman dates from the time of the Riel Rebellion, when thanks to his tact and discretion the difficulties of the day were happily surmounted.

**A** MISSTATEMENT, to use no stronger term, once started in regard to a celebrity is notoriously difficult to overtake, and Lord Strathcona, the hero of last week's great doings at Aberdeen, has suffered not a little at the pens of too-imaginative journalists. A very "hardy annual" in connection with Lord Strathcona's early days is that he began life as a herd-laddie, or something equally lowly, and that he went to Canada as a stowaway. Certainly "From Herd-Laddie to the House of Lords" makes an attractive headline, but there is not a word of truth in it. Donald Alexander Smith's parents were in no very great circumstances financially, but they came of good middle-class stock, and the future peer and millionaire received an excellent education at a school at Forres, Elgin, where he was born on August 6, 1820.

Of Lord Strathcona's boyhood there is not much to be said, for he has never been known to talk about himself, a fact which probably has given rise to the many fables circulated about him. But, according to old schoolfellows he was of a shy,

amiable disposition, though lacking nothing in determination or daring when occasion called for these manly qualities. And his generous instincts developed early, for it is related in Mr. Beckles Willson's book, "Lord Strathcona," that "when Donald was nine years old the Findhorn and the Spey broke their boundaries and flooded the country. Many of the peasant folk with their families came into Forres to seek relief, and amongst them the parents of one of Donald's childish playmates who was drowned. After school Donald called upon them, and with a gravity far beyond his years condoled with them, and on leaving begged they would accept a slight token in memory of his friend. He then handed over all his pocket-money, amounting to a shilling and some odd coppers."

Young Donald Smith's first idea of a profession was the Honourable East India Company's Service, and he studied with a view to entering it, but when he was eighteen he received two offers—one of a stool in the office of the Grant Brothers of Manchester (the delightful originals of the "Cheeryble Bros." in "Nicholas

las Nickleby'), the other through his uncle John Stewart, who had gone to Canada and become a noted fur-trader, of a clerkship in the great Hudson Bay Company. Canada called to him, as she has called to so many Scots, and after a voyage of between forty and fifty days the young adventurer landed in the country which was to give him fame and fortune far beyond even the almost boundless dreams of healthy youth.

The Company's latest recruit and future Governor-General was at once dispatched to the interior of Labrador, just then being opened up, and, to condense a very epic of wanderings, hardships, difficulties and escapes by flood and field, he remained there and on the shores of Hudson Bay for thirty years. It was a hard life, especially at first, and many a strong man broke under the strain of it; but the young Scot worried through, and devoted his leisure to supplementing his education by reading everything he could lay hands on. Soon he gained the reputation of a trader who, no matter how bad the season, might always be relied upon to show a balance on the right side of the ledger; and he advanced steadily from one post to another, until, in 1868, the greatest prize, save one, the Company could give him fell to his lot, and he was appointed Chief Executive Officer in Canada, becoming Governor-General of the Company in 1889.

That thirty years in the wilds did not deteriorate the furtrader's innate refinement and courtesy of manner may be gathered from the following extract from a letter written in '69 by a newly joined officer of the Company: "I called to-day to pay my respects to Donald A. Smith, our great Moghul of the service, and was surprised to find him so affable and

unassuming, with no trace of the ruggedness you would associate with the wilderness. You'd think he had spent all his life at the Court of St. James instead of Labrador, and I came away feeling I was going to be made a chief factor right away, instead of having to wait about fifteen years more for that promotion."

Nearly fifty years of age, already possessed of an ample fortune, Donald Smith after thirty years of unremitting toil might well have looked forward to spending the rest of his days in ease. But in reality his career was just beginning. For the successful man of business was ripe for development into the business statesman, such as Cecil Rhodes was. His first great work as such is perhaps not so well remembered in this country as it should be, for but for the tact, discretion, and firmness he displayed as Special Commissioner in dealing with the Riel Rebellion not only Manitoba but all Canada might have been lost to the British Empire. The qualities he displayed on this occasion marked him out as a man among men, and brought him the thanks of the Governor-General in Council. Of all Lord Strathcona has done for Canada since there is neither room nor need to speak, for surely there is none so ignorant but knows that it was thanks to his indomitable pluck and energy that the Canadian Pacific Railway and other great projects were carried through. Sufficient to say that if these schemes have brought their originator immense wealth, he has ever been actuated in them by the loftiest motives.

An enormous capacity for work is perhaps the chief characteristic of this tall, rather spare, markedly active gentleman with the bushy white hair, pent-house brows, bright hazel eyes, and snowy beard whom you may

see any morning darting, literally darting, into the offices of the Canadian Government in Victoria Street. Lord Stratheona's working day, which includes Saturday, begins at 9 a.m. and ends nominally at 7 p.m., but how often is it not prolonged into the next day? Then, despite his age, his phenomenal memory is absolutely unimpaired and is often a source of embarrassment to younger officials whose minds have not remained so retentive, and he is a profound master of detail. Once he was discussing some big business deal and the party dismissed some point with the remark, "Oh, that is only a matter of detail." "Pardon me, pardon me," said Lord Stratheona in his quiet, courteous way, "but to my mind it is precisely detail that often does matter." For the rest, his princely benevolence and noble, modest character are too well known to need comment; but no notice of this great and good man would be complete without reference to the part Lady Stratheona, a woman of great abilities, has played in his success, sharing and understanding his aims, upholding him in hours of trouble, and in every way proving herself a worthy helpmate.

Lord Stratheona, as already said, will not talk about himself, but he was induced to give some advice to young men, and here it is: "Be content with your lot, but always be fitting yourself for something better and something higher. Do not despise what you are. Be satisfied for the time, not grumbling and finding fault. If you want to get higher, to a better position, only cheerful perseverance will bring you there; grumbling will not help you an inch. Your future really depends almost entirely on yourself, and is what you like to make it; I would like to impress this fact upon you. Do the work yourself; don't wait for friends to use their influence on your behalf; don't depend on the help of others. Of course, opportunity is a great thing, and it comes to some men more frequently than others. But there are very few it does not visit at one time or another, and if you are not ready for it and have not prepared to welcome it that is your fault, and you are the loser. Apart from that which we call genius, I believe that one man is able to do as well as any other, provided the opportunity presents itself and he is blessed with good health."

No man is rich whose expenditures exceed his means ;  
and no man is poor whose incomings exceed his out-  
goings.—Haliburton.



# Compliments of the Season

BY O. HENRY IN AINSLEE'S MAGAZINE

Beneath the clever word-play in this Christmas story, there is a touch of pathos, which brings the tear to the eye, as we read how the spirit of a forgotten past came back for one brief moment to Fuzzy, the tramp. It proved his salvation from the snare laid for him by three ruffians.

THERE are no more Christmas stories to write. Fiction is exhausted; and newspaper items, the next best, are manufactured by clever young journalists who have married early and have an engaging pessimistic view of life. Therefore, for seasonable diversion, we are reduced to two very questionable sources—facts and philosophy. We will begin with—whichever you chose to call it.

Children are pestilential little animals with which we have to cope under a bewildering variety of conditions. Especially when childish sorrows overwhelm them are we put to our wits' end. We exhaust our paltry store of consolation; and then beat them, sobbing to sleep. Then we grovel in the dust of a million years, and ask God why. Thus we call out of the rat trap. As for the children, no one understands them except old maids, hunchbacks, and shepherd dogs.

Now comes the facts in the case of the Rag-Doll, the Tatterdemalion, and the Twenty-fifth of December.

On the tenth of that month the Child of the Millionaire lost her rag-doll. There were many servants in the Millionaire's palace on the Hudson, and these ransacked the house and grounds, but without finding the lost treasure. The child was a girl of five, and one of those perverse little beasts that often wound the sensibilities of wealthy parents by fixing their affections upon some vulgar, inexpensive toy instead of upon

diamond-studded automobiles and pony phaetons.

The Child grieved sorely and truly, a thing inexplicable to the Millionaire, to whom the rag-doll market was about as interesting as Bay State Gas; and to the Lady, the Child's mother, who was all for form—that is, nearly all, as you shall see.

The Child cried inconsolably, and grew hollow-eyed, knock-kneed, spindling, and corykilverty in many other respects. The Millionaire smiled and tapped his coffers confidently. The pick of the output of the French and German toymakers was rushed by special delivery to the mansion; but Rachel refused to be comforted. She was weeping for her rag child, and was for a high protective tariff against all foreign foolishness. Then doctors with the finest bedside manners and stopwatches were called in. One by one they chattered futilely about pepto-manganate of iron and sea voyages and hypophosphites until their stop-watches showed that Bill Rendered was under the wire for show or place. Then as men, they advised that the rag-doll be found as soon as possible and restored to its mourning parent. The Child sniffed at therapeutics, chewed a thumb, and wailed for her Betsy. And all this time cablegrams were coming from Santa Claus saying that he would soon be here and enjoining us to show a true Christian spirit and let up on the poolrooms and tontine policies and platoon sys-



tems long enough to give him a welcome. Everywhere the spirit of Christmas was diffusing itself. The banks were refusing loans, the pawn-brokers had doubled their gang of helpers, people bumped your shins on the street with red sleds, Thomas and Jeremiah bubbled before you on the bars while you waited on one foot, holly-wreaths of hospitality were hung in windows of the stores they who had 'em were getting out their furs. You hardly knew which was the best bet in balls—three, high, moth, or snow. It was no time at which to lose the rag-doll of your heart.

If Dr. Watson's investigating friend had been called in to solve this mysterious disappearance he might have observed on the Millionaire's wall a copy of "The Vampire." That would have quickly suggested, by induction, "A rag and a bone and a hank of hair." "Flip," a Scotch terrier, next to the rag-doll in the Child's heart, frisked through the halls. The hank of hair! Aha! X, the unfound quantity, represented the rag-doll. But, the bone? Well, when dogs find bones they—Done! It were an easy and a fruitful task to examine Flip's forefeet. Look, Watson! Earth—dried earth between the toes. Of course the dog—but Sherlock was not there. Therefore it devolves. But topography and architecture must intervene.

The Millionaire's palace occupied a lordly space. In front of it was a lawn close-mowed as a South Ireland man's face two days after a shave. At one side of it and fronting on another street was a pleasure-trimmed to a leaf, and the garage and stables. The Scotch pup had ravished the rag-doll from the nursery, dragged it to a corner of the lawn, dug a hole, and buried it

after the manner of careless undertakers. There you have the mystery solved, and no checks to write for the hypodermical wizard or fi'pun notes to toss to the sergeant. Then let's get down to the heart of the thing, tiresome readers—The Christmas heart of the thing.

Fuzzy was drunk. Not riotously or helplessly or loquaciously, as you or I might get, but decently, appropriately, and inoffensively, as becomes a gentleman down on his luck.

Fuzzy was a soldier of misfortune. The road, the haystack, the park bench, the kitchen door, the bitter round of eleemosynary beds-with-shower-bath-attachment, the petty pickings and ignobly garnered largesse of great cities—these formed the chapters of his history.

Fuzzy walked toward the river, down the street that bounded one side of the Millionaire's house and grounds. He saw a leg of Betsy, the lost rag-doll, protuding, like the clue to a Liliputian murder mystery, from its untimely grave in a corner of the fence. He dragged forth the maltreated infant, tucked it under his arm, and went on his way crooning a road song of his brethren that no doll that has been brought up to the sheltered life should hear. Well for Betsy that she had no ears. And well that she had no eyes save unseeing circles of black; for the faces of Fuzzy and the Scotch terrier were those of brothers, and the heart of no rag-doll could withstand twice to become the prey of such fearsome monsters.

Though you may not know it, Grogan's saloon stands near the river and near the foot of the street down which Fuzzy traveled. In Grogan's Christmas cheer was already rampant.

Fuzzy entered with his doll. He

fancied that as a mummer at the feast of Saturn he might earn a few drops from the wassail cup.

He set Betsy on the bar and addressed her loudly and humorously, seasoning his speech with exaggerated compliments and endearments, as one entertaining his lady friend. The loafers and bibbers around caught the farce of it, and roared. The bartender gave Fuzzy a drink. Oh, many of us carry rag-dolls.

"One for the lady?" suggested Fuzzy impudently, and tucked another contribution to Art beneath his waistcoat.

He began to see possibilities in Betsy. His first-night had been a success. Visions of a vaudeville circuit about town dawned upon him.

In a group near the stove sat "Pigeon" McCarthy, Black Riley, and One-ear" Mike, well and unfavorably known in the tough shoe-string district that blackened the left bank of the river. They passed a newspaper back and forth among themselves. The item that each solid and blunt forefinger pointed out was an advertisement headed "One hundred Dollars Reward," To earn it, one must return the rag-doll lost, strayed, or stolen from the Millionaire's mansion. It seemed that grief still ravaged, unchecked, in the bosom of the too faithful Child. Flip, the terrier, capered and shook his absurd whiskers before her, powerless to distract. She wailed for her Betsy in the faces of walking, talking, ma-ma-ing, and eye-closing French Mabelles and Violettes. The advertisement was a last resort.

Black Riley came from behind the stove and approached Fuzzy in his one-sided, parabolic way.

The Christmas mummer, flushed with success, had tucked Betsy under his arm, and was about to depart to

the filling of impromptu dates elsewhere.

"Say, 'Bo,'" said Black Riley to him, "where did you cop out dat doll?"

"This doll?" asked Fuzzy, touching Betsy with his forefinger to be sure that she was the one referred to. "Why, this doll was presented to me by the Emperor of Beloochistan. I have seven hundred others, in my country home in Newport. This doll \_\_\_\_\_"

"Cheese the funny business," said Riley. "You swiped it or picked it up at de house on de hill where—but never mind dat. You want to take fifty cents for de rags, and take it quick. Me brother's kid at home might be wantin' to play wid it. Hey—what?"

He produced the coin.

Fuzzy laughed a gurgling, insolent, alcoholic laugh in his face. Go to the office of Sarah Bernhardt's manager and propose to him that she be released from a night's performance to entertain the Tackytown Lyceum and Literary Coterie. You will hear the duplicate of Fuzzy's laugh.

Black Riley gauged Fuzzy quickly with his blueberry eye as a wrestler does. His hand was itching to play the Roman and wrest the rag Sabine from the extemporaneous merry-andrew who was entertaining an angel unaware. But he refrained. Fuzzy was fat and solid and big. Three inches of well-nourished corporeity, defended from the winter winds by dingy linen, intervened between his vest and trousers. Countless small, circular wrinkles running around his coat-sleeves and knees guaranteed the quality of his bone and muscle. His small, blue eyes, bathe in the moisture of altruism and wooziness, looked upon you kindly yet without

abashment. He was whiskerly, whiskily, fleshily formidable. So, Black Riley temporized.

"Wot'll you take for it, den?" he asked.

"Money," said Fuzzy, with husky firmness, "cannot buy her."

He was intoxicated with the artist's first sweet cup of attainment. To set a faded-blue, earth-stained rag-doll, on a bar, to hold mimic converse with it, and to find his heart leaping with the sense of plaudits earned and his throat scorching with free libations poured in his honor—could base coin buy him from such achievements? You will perceive that Fuzzy had the temperament.

Fuzzy walked out with the gait of a trained sea-lion in search of other cafes to conquer.

Though the dusk of twilight was hardly yet apparent, lights were beginning to spangle the city like popcorn bursting in a deep skillet. Christmas Eve, impatiently expected, was peeping over the brink of the hour. Millions had prepared for its celebration. Towns would be painted red. You, yourself, have heard the horns and dodged the capers of the Saturnalians.

"Pigeon" McCarthy, Black Riley, and "One-ear" Mike held a hasty converse outside Grogan's. They were narrow-chested, pallid striplings, not fighters in the open, but more dangerous in their ways of warfare than the most terrible of Turks. Fuzzy, in a pitched battle, could have eaten the three of them. In a go-as-you-please encounter he was already doomed.

They overtook him just as he and Betsy were entering Costigan's Casino. They deflected him, and shoved the newspaper under his nose. Fuzzy could read—and more.

"Boys," said he, "you are certain-

ly damn true friends. Give me a week to think it over."

The soul of a real artist is quenched with difficulty.

The boys carefully pointed out to him that advertisements were soulless, and that the deficiencies of the day might not be supplied by the morrow.

"A cool hundred," said Fuzzy thoughtfully and mushily.

"Boys," said he, "you are true friends. I'll go up and claim the reward. The show business is not what it used to be."

Night was falling more surely. The three tagged at his sides to the foot of the rise on which stood the millionaires house. There Fuzzy turned upon them acrimoniously.

"You are a pack of putty-faced beagle-hounds," he roared. "Go away."

They went away—a little way.

In "Pigeon" McCarthy's pocket was a section of two-inch gas-pipe eight inches long. In one end of it and in the middle of it was a lead plug. One-half of it was packed tight with solder. Black Riley carried a slung-shot, being a conventional thug. "One-ear" Mike relied upon a pair of brass knucks—an heirloom in the family.

"Why fetch and carry," said Black Riley, "when some one will do it for ye? Let him bring it out to us. Hey—what?"

"We can chuck him in the river," said "Pigeon" McCarthy, "with a stone tied to his feet."

"Youse guys make me tired," said "One-ear" Mike sadly. "Ain't congress ever appealed to none of yez? Sprinkle a little gasoline on 'im, and drop 'im on the Drive—well?'"

Fuzzy entered the millionaire's gate and zigzagged toward the softly



glowing entrance of the mansion. The three goblins came up to the gate and lingered—one on each side of it, one beyond the roadway. They fingered their cold metal and leather, confident.

Fuzzy rang the door-bell smiling foolishly and dreamily. An atavistic instinct prompted him to reach for the button of his right glove. But he wore no gloves; so his left hand dropped, embarrassed.

The particular menial whose duty it was to open doors to silks and places shied at first sight of Fuzzy. But a second glance took in his passport, his card of admission, his surety of welcome—the lost rag-doll of the daughter of the house dangling under his arm.

Fuzzy was admitted into a great hall, dim with the glow from unseen lights. The hireling went away and returned with a maid and the child. The doll was restored to the mourning one. She clasped her lost darling to her breast; and then, with the inordinate selfishness and candor of childhood, stamped her foot and whined hatred and fear of the odious being who had rescued her from the depths of sorrow and despair. Fuzzy wriggled himself into an ingratiatory attitude and essayed the idiotic smile and blattering small talk that is supposed to charm the budding intellect of the young. The child bawled, and was dragged away, hugging her Betsy close.

There came the secretary, pale, poised, polished, gliding in pumps, and worshiping pomp and ceremony. He counted out into Fuzzy's hand ten ten-dollar bills; then dropped his eye, upon the door, transferred it to James, its custodian, indicated the obnoxious earner of the reward with the

other, and allowed his pumps to waft him away to secretarial regions.

James gathered Fuzzy with his own commanding optic and swept him as far as the front door.

When the money touched Fuzzy's dingy palm his first instinct was to take to his heels; but a second thought restrained him from that blunder of etiquette. It was his; it had been given him. It—and, oh, what an elysium it opened to the gaze of his mind's eye! He had tumbled to the foot of the ladder; he was hungry, homeless, friendless, ragged, cold, drifting; and he held in his hand the key to a paradise of the mud-honey that he craved. The fairy doll had waved a wand with her rag-stuffed hand; and now whatever he might go the enchanted palaces with shining foot-rests and magic red fluids in gleaming glass-ware would be open to him.

He followed James to the door.

He paused there as the flunky drew open the great mahogany portal for him to pass into the vestibule.

Beyond the wrought-iron gates in the dark highway Black Riley and his two pals casually strolled, fingering under their coats the inevitably fatal weapons that were to make the reward of the rag-doll theirs.

Fuzzy stopped at the millionaire's door and bethought himself. Like little sprigs of mistletoe on a dead tree, certain living green thoughts and memories began to decorate his confused mind. He was quite drunk, mind you, and the present was beginning to fade. Those wreaths and festoons of holly with their scarlet berries making the great hall gay—where had he seen such things before? Somewhere he had known polished floors and odors of fresh flowers in winter, and—and some one was sing-



ing a song in the house that he thought he had heard before. Some-one singing and playing a harp. Of course it was Christmas—Fuzzy thought he must have been pretty drunk to have overlooked that.

And then he went out of the present, and there came back to him out of some impossible, vanished, and irrevocable past a little, pure-white transient, forgotten ghost—the spirit of noblesse oblige. Upon a gentleman certain things devolve.

James opened the outer door. A stream of light went down the graveled walk to the iron gate. Black Riley, McCarthy, and One-ear Mike saw, and carelessly drew their sinister cordon closer about the gate.

With a more imperious gesture than James' master had ever used or, could ever use, Fuzzy compelled the menial to close the door. Upon a gentleman certain things devolve. Especially at the Christmas season.

"It is cust—customary," he said to James, the flustered, "when a gentleman calls on Christmas Eve to pass the compliments of the season with the lady of the house. You und'stand? I shall not move shtep till I pass compl'ments season with lady the house. Und'stand?"

There was an argument. James lost. Fuzzy raised his voice and sent it through the house unpleasantly. I did not say he was a gentleman. He was simply a tramp being visited by a ghost.

A sterling silver bell rang. James went back to answer it, leaving Fuzzy in the hall. James explained somewhere to someone.

Then he came and conducted Fuzzy into the library.

The Lady entered a moment later. She was more beautiful and holy than any picture that Fuzzy had seen. She smiled, and said some-

thing about a doll. Fuzzy didn't understand that; he remembered nothing about a doll.

A footman brought in two small glasses of sparkling wine on a stamped sterling-silver waiter. The Lady took one. The other was handed to Fuzzy.

As his fingers closed on the slender glass stem his disabilities dropped from him for one brief moment. He straightened himself; and Time, so disobliging to most of us, turned backward to accomodate Fuzzy.

Forgotten Christmas ghosts whiter than the false beards of the most opulent Kriss Kringle were rising in the fumes of Grogan's whiskey. What had the Millionaire's mansion to do with a long, wainscoted Virginia hall, where the riders were grouped around a silver punch-bowl, drinking the ancient toast of the House? And why should the patter of the cab horses' hoofs on the frozen street be in any wise related to the sound of the saddled hunters stamping under the shelter of the west verandah? And what had Fuzzy to do with any of it?

The Lady, looking at him over her glass, let her condescending smile fade away like a false dawn. Her eyes turned serious. She saw something beneath the rags and Scotch terrier whiskers that she did not understand. But it did not matter.

Fuzzy lifted his glass and smiled vacantly.

"P-pardon, lady," he said, "but couldn't leave without exchangin' comp'ments sheason with lady th' house. 'Gainst princ'ples gen'leman do sho."

And then he began the ancient salutation that was a tradition in the House when men wore lace ruffles and powder.

"The blessings of another year—"

Fuzzy's memory failed him. The Lady prompted:

"—Be upon this hearth."

"—The guest—" stammered Fuzzy.

"—And upon her who—" continued the Lady, with a leading smile.

"Oh, cut it out," said Fuzzy, ill-manneredly. "I can't remember. Drink hearty."

Fuzzy had shot his arrow. They drank. The lady smiled again the smile of her caste. James enveloped Fuzzy and re-conducted him toward the front door. The harp music still softly drifted through the house.

Outside, Black Riley breathed on his cold hands and hugged the gate.

"I wonder," said the Lady to herself, musing, "who—but there were

so many who came. I wonder whether memory is a curse or a blessing to them after they have fallen so low."

Fuzzy and his escort were nearly at the door. The Lady called: "James!"

James stalked back obsequiously, leaving Fuzzy waiting unsteadily, with his brief spark of the divine fire gone.

Outside, Black Riley stamped his cold feet and got a firmer grip on his section of gas pipe.

"You will conduct this gentleman," said the Lady, "down-stairs. Then tell Louis to get out the Mercedes and take him to whatever place he wishes to go."

## Don't Lean

"I would not give a fig," says Andrew Carnegie, "for the young man in business who does not already see himself a partner or at the head of an important firm. Do not rest for a moment in your thoughts as a head clerk, a foreman, or general manager in any concern, no matter how extensive. Say to yourself, 'My place is at the top.' Be king in your dreams. Vow that you will reach that position with untarnished reputation, and make no other vows to distract your attention."

As a rule, men who have worked a long time for others shrink from great responsibility, because they have always had others to advise them and lean upon. They become so used to carrying out the plans of other men that they dare not trust their own powers to plan. Many of them, unless they are in responsible positions, sink into automatons.

Whatever you do, cultivate a spirit of manly independence in doing it. Do your own thinking, and carry out your own ideas, as far as possible, even though working for another.

# Mexico and Her Opportunities

BY WINTHROPE SCARRITT IN CASSIER'S MAGAZINE

Mexico is one of the most wonderful countries on the face of the earth. Its mineral wealth is immense and its agricultural possibilities great. Cecil Rhodes made a prophecy that "Mexico will one day furnish the gold, silver and copper of the world" and other great men have been equally enthused over its future.

WITH the inauguration of Porfirio Diaz, one of the world's greatest living statesmen, as President of Mexico in 1877, a new era dawned for the republic. The constructive ability of this man has few parallels in history. He found chaos and brigandage and poverty and ignorance. He has built a nation where life and liberty and property are protected, where law is respected and order maintained perhaps quite as well as under any other government in the world. He has builded better than most men know. After establishing order, he began to encourage active railway construction. Land grants and financial assistance were extended to various lines, the subsidies ranging from \$10,000 to \$20,000 per mile. At present a network of over 12,000 miles of railway connects all the leading towns and cities of the plateau and of the Gulf, extending also to the Pacific coast, while the mileage is being added to every day.

The government owns a controlling interest in the National Railway and other companies, and it is thought that ultimately all the railway lines in the Republic will be owned by the national government. A portion of these lines will be important links in the Pan-American railway system, which will finally connect all the South American republics with the United States.

In 1903, the first steel rails ever made south of Rio Grande River were rolled at Monterey. Structural

iron is being produced in enormous quantities, and within a few years Mexico will become great in her production of iron and steel. Within the last year, vast beds of high-grade coal have been discovered as well as oil. At Hondo, near the Esparanzas mines, one company is now mining more than 150,000 tons of coal per annum. The scarcity of fuel has hitherto been a handicap to Mexican development, and its discovery in enormous quantities marks an important epoch in her commercial history.

Next to railways, mining has attracted the greatest amount of capital. In approaching the discussion of this subject, it is difficult not to be carried away with enthusiasm. Here is a land richer than that of Ormus or of Ind, rich in mineral wealth beyond the untold dreams of avarice.

The late Cecil Rhodes expressed his opinion on Mexico, as follows:—"The richest mining countries in the world are Mexico, Peru and Bolivia—especially Mexico; and while providence has cast my lot in an opposite section of the globe, I am not blind to the unison of opinions as expressed by scientists and experts that Mexico will one day furnish the gold, silver and copper of the world; that from her hidden vaults, her subterranean treasure houses, will come the gold, silver and precious stones that will build the empires of to-morrow and make the future cities of the world veritable New Jerusalems. I



may not live to see the fulfillment of this prediction regarding Mexico, the land of 'manana,' but many of you will, and if you are wise you will avail yourselves of interests and positions in the rising tide of the world's wealth from the mines of that Aztec country in the western world."

A United States consular report says:—"The greater part of the Mexican peninsula has been rent by volcanic action. As a result the rocks have been impregnated with ore to a degree hardly equalled anywhere on the globe. For centuries Mexico has been known mainly as a land of untold mineral wealth. The wide distribution of volcanic phenomena suggests the presence of valuable minerals everywhere. A line drawn from the capital to Guanajuato and thence northward to the mining town of Guadalupe y Calvo of Chihuahua, and southward to Oaxaca, thus cutting the main axis of upheaval at an angle of 45 degrees, will intersect probably the richest known argentiferous region of the world."

The historian Campbell says that the total production of silver alone in Mexico since the opening of the mines, would reach \$4,000,000,000. These are figures beyond the comprehension of the human mind.

When we consider that the great mass of this wealth was mined by the most primitive methods, the results appear the more astounding. Take one illustration, the Santa Juliana mine at Ocampo. This is one of a group of 120 mines belonging to the Greene Gold-Silver Co. From this single mine have been taken, according to the government tax receipts, over \$100,000,000. It was worked to the depth of only 900 feet when its

Mexican owners were forced to suspend work owing to their inability to handle the water encountered without pumps. The ore was mined by hand and carried on the backs of men up chicken ladders (notched poles), then placed on the backs of mules and carried one hundred and fifty miles across the mountains. To-day American capital and enterprise have built roads to these properties, and are introducing modern mining machinery and scientific methods, cutting tunnels that will tap the richer lower veins at such a grade that the mines will be self-draining, and the loaded cars of ore go out by gravity to the waiting mills at the mouth of the tunnel. If the old-time methods produced such results as those stated, what must be the result of twentieth century methods?

While there are rich gold deposits in Mexico, yet copper ranks second in value; indeed, Mexico is the second copper-producing country on earth. One of the greatest copper properties in the world is located at Cananea, in the State of Sonora. It was originally prospected and worked by the house of Guam in 1580. The ore was taken out by hand, packed on the backs of mules to Monterey, thence shipped to Spain. But the commercial exploitation of these great ore deposits in a large way was left to Colonel W. C. Greene, the copper king, one of America's greatest captains of industry, who is developing a commercial empire in the southwest, and doing for northern Mexico what Cecil Rhodes did for South Africa. He has spent fifteen million dollars in developing the mines, erecting modern furnaces, concentrators, mills, etc., with rich returns.



# Trading His Mother

BY ANNE WARNER IN THE CENTURY.

Quite a touching story is this of the little four year old boy, who traded his mother for a pony, and then wanted to have her back again. The story is told from the child's standpoint, to whom the visits of the colonel in his motor-car and the subsequent wedding were matters of mystery.

REX and his mother lived together in a large house covered with ivy. The curate said that one end of the house was Early-English and that the other was distinctly James the First, a statement which Rex regarded as more than silly, since it was all alike of stone, and anyone could see the stone whenever and wherever the wind blew the ivy aside. There was a tower at one end, and the curate said that the foundation of this tower was undoubtedly Norman. Rex coaxed Magda to take him down the dark way to see what the curate meant by "undoubtedly Norman," and a lizard ran out, and Magda dropped the candle, and screamed and it was all dark and trying and awful. Rex never pardoned the curate for having been the one who led him to embark in an enterprise that had terminated in tears and cries for Clemens to bring a light "Wight off! wight off!" From that hour he transferred his partiality to Colonel Arkwright, who came out from the city twice a week in a "puff-puff," and always let the man who wore the leather eye-glasses take Rex and Magda to ride while he sat on the terrace and talked to Rex's mother. Rex was fond of riding in the "puff-puff," and after a while the colonel developed other charms which made him glad that he had given him the pass over the curate. These charms consisted in wonderful toys invariably hidden in the box under the back seat and invariably meant for

Rex. There are certainly very few men with such a delicate intuition as to the pressing need of new toys as this friend of Rex's mother possessed, and it was only after several weeks of mechanical monkeys, tin regiments, and puzzle-games that Rex's mother's son first discovered a wonder that the intuition was not omniscient.

"I should surely sink he would bring me a pony" he told Magda one morning, and then, as Magda continued tating and unresponsive, he waited until he saw his mother and then voiced his surprise to her.

She was dressing, and Nina was doing her hair, and a beautiful gown of muslin ruffles and pink-rose embroidery lay spread out on the bed.

"Come here on my lap," said Rex's mother, to Nina's great distress, and she kissed him and hid her face in his tumble of curls, to Nina's utter despair. "You are too little for a pony," she said after a minute or so. "Ponies come when men are five years old."

"But I am four," said Rex, "and four is dess back of five."

"Yes," said his mother, and then the "puff-puff" was heard in the avenue, and she put him from her quickly, and snatched up her rings from the dressing-table, and held her head straight for Nina, and was quite changed in all ways.

Rex stood and watched the muslin ruffles slipped into place and the black velvet tied round her little waist and then, when she was done

he put his hand in hers, and they went down the stairs and out on the terrace together. The colonel was waiting there and he smiled, as he always did, and came, and stopped, and shook hands with Rex, and then took Rex's mother's hand and raised it to his lips; and Rex's mother's cheeks grew quite pink, and she said nothing; and Rex, standing by and watching, felt sure that the colonel took a long time to accomplish a very small thing, and as soon as he was through, he went up to his mother, stood on tiptoe, pulled her down to his level and gave the big man with the brown mustache an object-lesson in how much better and more satisfactorily it may be done.

The mother laughed, and a curl which the caress had dislodged blew across her eyes as she did so. She put her pretty hands upon the curl, and started to tuck it back among the other curls; and, as she did so, she looked at the visitor and said; "He loves me so—don't you?" to Rex.

Rex felt that this was no moment to prevaricate.

"Well, I would wahver have a pony," he said frankly.

At that the colonel began to laugh and his mother began to laugh, and after a minute he thought he must be in a good joke, even if he didn't just grasp it, and so he laughed, too.

"Would you trade your mama for a pony?" the colonel asked him, picking him up and setting him on the edge of the great marble vase that held the flowers when they had dinner-parties on the terrace. "Do you mean what you say?"

"I want a pony worse of all," Rex confessed.

"And we have worried," said the colonel to the mother, "we have tormented our brains and vexed our

souls, over a problem of such simple solving!" And then he put the small boy down again and told him to go and see if there was a package from London in the motor. Rex departed in haste, rejoicing over the certainty of the present and the possibility of the future. He found a long box in the motor, and inside the box was a tower and twelve mice. When the mice were set on the top of the tower, they ran all the way down to the bottom through a little circular passage and then pitched into numbered holes. It was a game, and a very thrilling one, and Magda and the man in the leather spectacles, (which he took off occasionally) chose mice, and played it with zest for fifteen minutes.

Afterward they took a ride down the avenue and past the lodge and round by Dougan's farm, and, when they came back, Rex went to bid his mother goodnight. And although the wind had died away it had been so tempestuous first as to loosen three of her curls and drive her and her visitor into the library, where she was sitting in the corner of the big seat, and the colonel was standing in an aimless and unsettled manner, doing nothing in particular, by the window.

Rex climbed upon the seat and kissed his mother heartily. He threw back his head afterward and eyed the colonel proudly, because he felt somehow that he had been at a disadvantage there. And then he went to bed, and ever so much latter the "puff-puff" woke him as it "puff-puffed" back to London.

All that week the house was very quiet, and on Friday his mama and Nina went up to town and stayed two day. Then they came back, and Rex's aunt and his great-uncle and

some others came, too, and the next day his grandmama and her maid and her doctor and her funny, fuzzy black dog came, too, and the next day a great many more came too, and the house was full of flowers, and the bishop was there to luncheon, and the curate. Only the curate looked so badly that Rex wondered if he had been looking for something Norman and found a lizard.

The next morning Rex was awakened by music, and somewhere there was the most wonderful song being sung by voices that sounded just like birds. He went to the window to listen, and Magda was there listening, too. She was standing behind the curtains, because she was in her nightgown and the voices were filling the air—the air was soft and pink because the sun was not yet risen, and the day was not yet old enough to be sure how he would like her and treat her.

“Where is zat moosie?” Rex asked Magda.

“They are on the Tower,” said Magda, whispering—“they are singing because it is the story that they shall sing on the tower whenever there is a bride in the house”

“And is there a bwide in our house?” Rex asked, whispering also.

“Yes,” Magda told him, and kissed him.

After a little the song stopped, and they went back to bed, and slept later than usual—at least, Rex did. The next time that he awoke, his mother was kissing him. She had her big blue-velvet coat thrown around her, and underneath she was all white, with little, palegreen ribbons tying little knots of lace. She had on white slippers that had buckles with green stones in them, and her hair was wonderfully lovely.

She kissed Rex over and over, and put a big, lovely picture of herself in a frame made of white daisies and blue forget-me-nots on the chimney-piece. But she said hardly a word.

After she went away Magda brought out a white suit with a white belt and a big gold belt-buckle, and told him to be a good boy, for they were all going to church. It was not Sunday, but they were all going to church just the same, she explained, and then when he was dressed, his grandmama came in and looked him all over through her lorgnette, and made him feel really very uncomfortable.

There was a great deal of noise in the court and up and down the avenue, and Magda told him he could go out on the balcony and look over, but, for the love of Heaven, not to lean against anything in that suit. His grandmama was quite nervous, and told Magda that she would do better to hold him than to risk anything, so that Magda went out after him and held him.

There were ever so many carriages below, and his aunt in a black-lace dress, and all the other people in all sorts of dresses were down there, laughing and talking, and then getting in and driving away. All of a sudden Magda put him down, took his hand, and told him to hurry, and they almost ran through all the halls and out of the big door; and there was his grandmama and her doctor in a carriage waiting for him and Magda to go to church with them.

So they drove away down the avenue, and past the lodge, and between the hedges that smelt so sweet because the may was all in bloom, and then they came to the church, which was gray and covered with ivy, like their own house at home.



There was a great crowd around the church, and they all bowed and curtsied and hummed and buzzed when Rex's grandmama and her doctor and her grandson and Magda got out of the carriage and went in under the little stone-roofed porch.

The church was quite different from usual and most beautifully trimmed with flowers, and every seat was full, and the organ was playing softly. Rex's grandmother took the arm of a gentleman who had come in another carriage, and the doctor took Rex's hand, and they went to their own pew, with the carved door and the velvet cushions. Rex curled up in the corner and listened to the organ and smelled the flowers, and then suddenly he saw his grandmama begin to fan herself very fast, and the doctor took the fan and fanned her instead, and the organ swelled louder, and Rex suddenly saw that something very lovely indeed in a white-lace dress and a large hat with a pale-green plume was almost in front of him, and that the bishop and the curate (the curate looking as if a whole cellar of lizards were after him) and the colonel were all there, too, standing close together.

Then for a little while it was really church and every one but Rex's grandmama said their prayers, and the voices sang and the organ played.

When the prayers were done, and the bishop had said a little more, the beautiful creature with the pale-green plume turned around and Rex saw that it was his mother. She looked up at him and his grandmama and smiled sweetly. And then she put her hand upon the colonel's arm, seeming to prefer him to the bishop or the curate, and walked down the aisle with him.

Rex's grandmama rose at once,

and the doctor rose, too. Rex rose also, and the gentleman who had led his grandmama in stood there at the pew door ready to lead her out. No one else moved in their seats, and Rex could see all their faces smiling at him as he passed along between them.

When he came to the outside world he was quite startled and bewildered.

The bishop and the curate were both there, although how they had gotten there he could not see, and the crowd was ever so much bigger. They were very quiet, though, and he was not surprised at that, because his mother was standing before them looking so like an angel come straight out of a happy heaven down to a happy earth, that it was enough to make any one stare only to look at her eyes and lips.

They all seemed waiting for him, and his mother bent, putting her hand up to steady her great hat as she did so, and kissed him. Just as she straightened up again he saw, with a gasp, something that he had not noticed before.

Perhaps it was because the carriage with the bouquets in the lamp-sockets and the great white rosettes by the horses' ears had overshadowed it completely; perhaps it was because the bishop and the curate and the colonel and the doctor had been standing between it and him; perhaps it was because he, like the crowd, had been blinded to all else by the sight of the mother's joy and starry loveliness: but, at any rate, he saw now.

Before the carriage-step, taking precedence over that big carriage with its white bouquets and rosettes, were a pony and a cart—a black pony in a white leather harness, and



a red-straw cart with small lamps and with a robe folded on the seat! A man was at the pony's head, and Magda was standing behind the cart.

Rex was speechless.

The colonel took his hand and led him up close to the wondrous equipage.

"Rex," he said, "you remember telling me the other day that you would rather have a pony than your mother? I really think that you will regret trading her outright at that figure, but I am willing to pay a pony for a fortnight of her society. Shall we call it a bargain?"

"Oh, yes," said Rex, and took possession that instant. His mother and the bishop were smiling very much indeed, and the crowd were cheering under their breaths. Magda took the place beside him, and the man who had been guarding the pony's head gave him the reins and shook out the robe over their knees.

Then the people began to cheer loudly, and then the pony began to walk and then to trot, and Rex, turning his head for one beatific backward glance, saw the carriage moving up to the step, and people pouring out of the church, his grandmother fanning violently, and his mother, with one hand on the colonel's arm, waving the other at him.

"Where shall we go?" he said to Magda, when the turn had hidden all from them.

"Let us go to my mother's," suggested Magda.

So they drove there, and Magda's mother was overjoyed to see them. If she had been expecting them she could not have been gladder or more ready. There were buns and milk on the table, and a new calf and four kittens (just pleasantly playful) to be looked at after the luncheon.

Later they had a very nice dinner, and just as they were finishing, James came driving in and left some of the kind of cake that Rex had always been forbidden to eat, a piece for each member of the family and a piece for the pony. Magda went down to the gate to talk with James for a moment, and when she came back after many, many moments, she found a small boy sound asleep. He slept nearly the whole afternoon, and when he woke, there were more buns and more milk, and then they drove back home.

All the company was gone except Rex's grandmama, and she was in bed and was to have her dinner in her own room. The house was odd and still and very different. Rex went all over it, and wondered at the flowers, which were everywhere. Then he passed his mother's room; and the door was open, so he went in. It was all very odd and still, too, and his picture in the gold frame was gone. He remembered then that he had traded her for the pony, and an odd lump came up in his throat. It was a long while before he remembered that the colonel had said that it was only for a "forty"; he wondered what a "forty" was.

Just then Magda came in. She had been hunting for him everywhere, she said. He went for his bath and to be put to bed.

"What is a forty?" he asked, as he climbed in among his pillows half an hour later.

"You can count up to ten," said Magda; "well, four tens are forty."

He laid down to think it over, and the greatness of the proposition wearied him quickly to sleep.

The next morning the consolation of the pony was again on hand. Rex

went to the stable, and looked at it, and hugged its nose, and smoothed its mane. After all, a pony was not a bad substitute for a mother. He drove out with Magda again, and the triumph of the feat so elated him that when he came home and found his grandmother drying her eyes over a telegram from his mother in Paris, he pitied her contemptuously for her weakness. The fuzzy dog was sniffing his bare legs in an unpleasantly familiar way just then, so he left his grandmother and went back to the pony.

The next day his grandmother was in bed all day, and life was all pony and no family affection whatever.

The next day grandmother, maid, fuzzy dog, and doctor all departed together, and the curate came over with his little black trunk and settled himself in the room in the Early-English tower.

Rex was very depressed. He was courageous, but the lump in his throat was becoming a permanent fixture of nights. The pony looked so little and fat and sleepy always, and that white, slender mother with the starry eyes stood out in his dreams like a vision the reality of which seemed too good ever to have been true.

The curate was learning to play the flute. He played the flute in a most dismal and wailing manner, and although Rex was young, he had ears and, worse still, nerves. The days passed heavily by—days and days and days. Four tens made forty. Oh, what an awful sum!

Finally one morning Magda said, as she brushed out his curls with more than her usual vigor:

“To think that it’s only a fortnight to-day!”

“A fortnight?” Rex asked. “What’s that?”

“Two weeks,” said Magda, “it’s two weeks to-day since your mama went away. You are going to have a present to-day.”

Rex looked unhappy.

“I don’t want a present,” he said; “I want my mama.”

At the words, the big tears welled up in his eyes and rolled down his cheeks.

Magda snatched him up and hugged and kissed him.

“You darling!” she said. “I hear the wheels now!”

It was quite true. There were wheels sweeping up the avenue. Rex burst out of Magda’s arms and ran as fast as he could through the gallery, down the staircase, and out on the gravel. The carriage was just stopping, and his mother was leaning forward and looking out of the window. She had on a tiny blue hat and a blue veil, and she was putting the veil up, even as she looked out, quite as if she were making ready to be kissed again after her long absence from such pleasure.

The colonel alighted first, and the instant after Rex was hanging about his mother’s neck.

And then without a word he broke from her, and ran for dear life off around the corner by the sun-dial.

The mother looked a bit startled, and then she laughed and went into the house, and the colonel followed her.

It was quite fifteen minutes before Rex returned.

He came into the morning-room then, and saw his mother sitting there, still with her little blue hat on. She was drinking coffee and eating toast and strawberries. The colonel was sitting beside her, instead of where his place was laid opposite, and in his hand was a great package of unopened letters.

"I want you," said Rex, going straight up to him and seizing his hand—"I want you."

"It runs in the family, you see," Rex's mother cried, laughing; "it descends from generation to generation."

The colonel took Rex's little hand gently into his.

"What is it that you want with me, my boy?" he asked.

"I want you to come wiv me—wight now this minute," said Rex.

The colonel rose; the mother rose, too. Rex led his captive out upon the terrace; the mother followed. All three went to the rail of the balustrade together.

"There," said Rex, pointing.

Below was the pony, led by James.

"Yes," said the colonel; "I see."

"You can have him back," said Rex, his cheeks brightly scarlet, "I want you to have him back—an' I'll take my muvver back, too."

His eyes were fairly blazing with terrible anxiety and longing as he looked up into the face above him.

"She isn't your muvver," he said, in desperate pleading; "she's my muvver, an' I want her back."

The colonel was silent.

"People can't have but one muvver," said the boy. "When a man takes a muvver from somebody, a pony don't help somebody. A pony isn't ever there when it's dark. Please take the pony, and let me have my muvver."

The mother came step by step closer until her hand was on Rex's curls and her head was very near the colonel's bosom.

"Rex," said the colonel in a very curiously low voice, "don't you like having me about—as a—as a friend? Haven't I always behaved well and

lent you my motor whenever you cared to use it?"

"Yes," said Rex, and his countenance expressed a painful conflict; "I do sink you are nice."

"Then suppose," said the colonel, "that I wanted to stay and live here—"

"Oh," said the boy sharply, swallowing a sob.

The colonel looked earnestly at him.

"I'll be very good, Rex," he said appealingly; "there must be some one here to take care of you all. I won't ask to have your mother for my mother; in fact, I have a mother of my own whom I love very dearly and whom—as a mother—I really prefer to yours. Won't you allow the pony to stay in the stable as your's and allow me to stay in the house as—as your mother's?"

Rex looked up at his mother.

"Do you want him?" he asked her.

She nodded, smiling. Rex considered.

"If we didn't have him to take care of us would we have to have Mr. Beck, maybe?" he asked at last.

Mr. Beck was the curate.

"Certainly," said the colonel; "it has always been a choice between Mr. Beck or myself. Which do you choose?"

"I choose you," said Rex.

There was a minute of silence. The colonel looked at Rex's mother and Rex's mother smiled; then the colonel looked at Rex and Rex smiled too.

And then the latter turned and walked to the end of the terrace.

"James," he called loudly and clearly, "you may take the pony back to the stables. I have changed my mind."



# The Greatest Marvel of Edison's Genius

TIMES MAGAZINE

With the invention of a new storage battery of easy construction and wide utility, the electric wizard has won his greatest triumph. By means of it the congestion of street traffic will be reduced one-half, while it will place within the reach of almost every one a private conveyance. The success of the invention is claimed to be undoubted.

THOMAS A. EDISON has accomplished a surprise for the world. He has worked out successfully the problem of cheap power. He promises to put on the market within six months a new storage battery which will enable every man to travel in his own private carriage at about the cost of car fare.

Without danger, without breakdowns, without cost almost, a carriage, once supplied with the new power, for \$200, will travel without repairs for fifteen years, for a hundred thousand miles, if necessary, says the wizard. He reiterates the declaration that he has invented a storage battery which will solve the problem of congested traffic in the big cities of the world as soon as he can manufacture enough of them. He is erecting two large factory buildings, now nearly completed, and is installing in them new machinery especially for the manufacture of a motor battery that will be as common a factor in the business life of the world as the telephone is now.

The great inventor has moments of exceeding amiability, and he rarely has time to make contradictions, so that when it was announced last year that a vehicle could be driven from New York to Philadelphia and back at a speed of thirty-three miles an hour without recharging the storage batteries, he did not deny it till long after the public mind was satisfied that it was true. Then he quietly told some one

that a light vehicle might, under favorable circumstances, be made to run at twenty miles an hour, on one charge, for 150 miles. At that time vehicles of the Adams Express Company were using the storage batteries, and they have been doing so ever since. Any other inventor than Edison would have been quite satisfied with this solution, and would have put these batteries on the market, but his commercial genius is no less remarkable than his scientific intuition, for he has refused many applications to make these batteries for public use.

"A practical theory," says Edison, "is a good lead, but it is not a sure thing."

"Last year you were sure that you had solved this problem?" he was reminded.

"Yes, last year I was sure," replied Mr. Edison, "but now I am dead sure. There is a difference between the two. It's one thing, for instance, to be sure, and another thing to be—Wall Street sure!"

There is a gayety about The Wizard these days that is unmistakably indicative of a new discovery, for when he is in a "blind mood," when Nature refuses to reveal her secret, he is as tragic and silent as the Sphinx.

He says that he will be able to sell at the cost of \$10 a cell a storage battery that is almost indestructible. It will travel a hundred thousand miles before it is worn out. Twenty cells will be all that is needed for a



runabout or brougham, and sixty cells will be enough for the largest and heaviest truck used. For \$200 one will be equipped with motive power that will need no renewal for fifteen years.

"Now, it lies with the rubber tire manufacturers to meet this commercial reduction of motive power," said Mr. Edison, gayly.

"Can they do it?"

"They have been getting ready for it quite a while. A lot of them are working at it quietly. That will come, of course."

For three years 25,000 storage batteries have been constantly at work in the test shops of the Edison plant at Orange, N.J.

"I never believed that Nature, so prolific of resources, could provide only lead as a material ingredient of the battery," said Mr. Edison. "I have always found her ready for any emergency, and, based on this confidence that she has never betrayed, I communed diligently with her. One day I discovered that nickel-rust was as good as lead. Then I thought I had accomplished the task."

But he hadn't, to the satisfaction of his commercial instinct. The question of the weight of the battery was most important, as was that of its durability.

"You see, it takes about eleven months in experimenting with a battery to be prepared for surprises in the phenomena of Nature," he continued; "sometimes longer. So it has necessarily been slow work. A very promising battery would work all right that long, and then something would go wrong. The public doesn't understand these things, and they get impatient, as if it was only a matter of experiment, and I could hurry it."

Well, nickel-rust failed, other things failed, everything the ingenious Edison could, with his trained scientific mind, conceive, failed.

"Then I tried cobalt," he said, and punctuated the statement with a broad smile.

"And it worked?"

"It certainly did; but, cobalt being one of the rare metals, the problem was not solved. I scoured the country to find cobalt in sufficient quantities to warrant its use, and discovered lots of it in Canada, in Wisconsin, in Oregon, in Kentucky. Then I knew that I was all right."

"What are you working at now in connection with this phase of the discovery?"

"One of the most difficult problems in metallurgy is to separate cobalt from the ores with which it is associated. At present it is done only at great expense, and so, for the last few months, we have been devising a plan of getting cobalt out of the ore cheaply, within a ratio of cost already calculated for the price of each cell."

"And you have succeeded?"

"Completely. I can positively promise that the new battery will be on the market in the Spring. The factory buildings are ready and the machinery is being installed."

"But there may be some surprise that Nature is holding back, that will interfere."

"Absolutely none. I haven't kept 25,000 batteries working for three years without discounting all chances of failure."

Edison's assurance is not lightly given. He told how he had never before been certain, in spite of what the newspapers had said, and how at the present time it was absolutely accomplished. Edison is too old a scientist to make haphazard pro-

phacies. Even while he was telling with assurance what he had done, his mind was on memories of the unforeseen.

"When the electric light was first introduced, the wires were inclosed in iron pipes laid underground," said Mr. Edison in explanation of the devious and mysterious ways of Nature in the performance of unexpected deeds. "In every country in the world these iron pipes were efficient except in Italy, where some peculiar quality of the soil literally ate them up."

Unexpected surprises of this sort have delayed Edison's storage battery, and kept him working with single purpose at it for four years and a half; but all that is a small matter in the face of the probable fact that in another year the horseless vehicle will be the only street motive power.

"In fifteen years from now the horse will be a curiosity; we shall be paying 50 cents to look at him in side shows," says Edison to-day.

Much of the success of the new storage battery will depend upon the ability of the rubber tire manufacturers to reduce the cost and increase the durability of their product. Mr. Edison was pleasantly optimistic about this feature of the matter, but by no means explicit.

If the manufacturers can only induce Mr. Edison to look into this phase of the coming evolution of traffic the thing will be done, but the wizard is not interested at present. He intimated that there might be some undiscovered material as suitable as rubber for wagon wheels, just as he was sure that there was some solution of the lead battery—but that is another story.

In Edison's world of magic there

is no such thing as fail. When we consider the manner in which he has faced failure, again and again, in connection with every one of his big inventions, the personality of his genius points a moral to ambitious dreamers.

Once the thing is done, Edison busies himself no more with that. Within the inclosure of the Edison works at Orange, N.J., two new factory buildings have just been added to meet the increase of trade in the phonograph department, but these were not of any interest to him. His spirit and his eye, ever on the future, were on the buildings where the storage battery was going to be made—in thousands.

The actual cost of recharging the new battery is a matter of a few cents per cell, the greatest achievement being in making a motive power of light weight, in compact shape and above all, enduring. Speed is not the purpose that Edison had in mind.

"I am a commercial inventor, strictly commercial," he said.

The sometime offending but popular phonograph has shown that, in fact, nearly everything Edison has ever done shows it. Far more important, to Edison's mind, was an operative storage battery that would be within the reach of every business man, especially the little man, than to construct a demon motor that would kill and destroy. Thirty miles an hour is fast enough for any ordinary purpose, and if speed is desired, there are the fliers on the railroads.

The new storage battery is not designed to be of any use to the automobile. A friend of Mr. Edison's tried a few cells on a two-ton machine a while ago, and found that

as motive power it was reasonably successful, although in no competition with speed.

"But I am not an automobile manufacturer, and I have thought only of solving the problem of street traffic, which is serious in all the great cities of the world," says Edison.

The storage battery, disposing, as it does, of the horse, means that the congestion of street traffic will be reduced one-half. It places within the reach of almost every one a private conveyance. Its effect upon the public street traction companies will

be interesting. Allowing for the cleverness of the selling agents, once the storage battery is in course of manufacture, it will be cheaper to buy twenty cells and a runabout, that will last fifteen years, than to pay car fare. Their limited speed capacity (about thirty miles at most) will insure safety to pedestrians, and, as to the comfort and privacy that will accrue—there is no doubt as to which of the two ways of city traffic the public will prefer.

These are only some of the achievements Edison promises and expects by next Spring.

## Cultivate a New Memory

While a good memory is a gift sometimes bestowed outright, it is also a faculty that can be acquired. The secret is free to all.

The training necessary to acquire it is not an easy one, for it is one that must know no relaxation; that cannot be dropped and picked up again as fancy dictates.

The rules are simple. Their sole difficulty lies in the restlessness with which they may be pursued until the desired is attained. Here, in short, form, are the most important:—

Pay strict attention.

Listen attentively.

Observe keenly.

Cultivate alertness of all the senses.

Attention is the essence of memory. Nothing that has once thoroughly claimed the attention is ever forgotten, and it is always the inattentive person whose memory is poor.

After establishing better habits of attention, definite training for each special sense is the next step.

Impairment of memory frequently arises in some conditions of nervous exhaustion, such as physical illness, strain, overwork, grief, over-fatigue, emotional shock and monotony of life. Restore the physical and mental health in such cases, and you restore the memory.



# The Estate of Marshall Field

BY PHILIP PAYNE IN THE COMMERCIAL WEST

The following article is an attempt to defend the large estate and the complete control of its possessor over its disposition. By showing that it is far better for humanity in general that capital should be kept productive than that it should be tied up in endowments to charitable or educational institutions, the writer makes a strong point.

IF the nation were compelled to choose between two limitations upon its liberty, between the limitation proposed by Mr. Bryan and the limitation proposed by Mr. Roosevelt, between the substitution of government ownership for private ownership and the substitution of government regulation of private fortunes for their regulation by time and decay—if such a choice were compulsory, the nation might as well choose blindly as to choose consciously. Fortunately the nation need not choose either alternative, may reject both. Wisely the nation has already rejected Mr. Bryan's proposal, and gives no indication of being enthusiastically swept away by Mr. Roosevelt's proposal.

Why is it so exigent that the government immediately take steps to curb the great fortunes? Are the evils proceeding from "swollen" fortunes proven greater than the benefits proceeding from the same? Are the evils, even if excessive, beyond the cure of the ordinary common and existing statute laws, if the latter are intelligently and honestly applied? Are the evils, even if so excessive and so beyond the reach of legal remedy, enduring and continuous, or will they pass as other evils of other generations have passed? If the evils will probably become obsolete within a few years, is it statesmanship to create monstrous government weapons to suppress them.

These questions are not only perti-

nent to the issue raised by Mr. Roosevelt, but they are preliminary and should have been disposed of before the issue was formulated.

To put the argument concretely. The president is said to regret that no law existed to prevent the tying up of the Marshall Field estate in trust for a term of forty years. Also that quintessence of empirical wisdom, Joseph Medill Patterson, has employed the Field estate to illustrate the tyranny and absurdity of the capitalistic system. There can be no doubt but what some evil will be produced by the holding of the estate in trust for forty years, since in this life nothing can be done without injury in part. On the other hand the trust will operate to produce much of good.

The house of Marshall Field is such an institution in this town as that of A. T. Stewart was in New York many years ago. That the purchasers of Chicago choose to trade with the house tends to show that the purchasers have been benefited thereby for thirty years. The house has raised the material and aesthetic standards of living in Chicago. It has supplied good stuff at moderate prices. Its demand keeps hundreds of mills and factories all over the United States and Europe running constantly year after year. It pays or causes to be paid every year millions of dollars in wages. It has enriched many men besides its founder, and will always furnish opportunity to talent for commercial careers. It



has allowed many more men to achieve competencies. It furnishes thousands of employees with livelihoods, and if it does not pay higher rates of wages than it is compelled to, it pays them year after year continuously.

Mr. Field might not have made a will which insures the continuance of the house of Marshall Field in wholesale and retail business for forty years. He might have split the estate among beneficiaries. He might have left behind him mismanagement, discord, litigation. He might have done a dozen wiser or more foolish things than he did do. The point is that what he did do has also its sure benefits.

Mr. Patterson spoke of the increments piling up under the terms of the trust for the benefit of the two small grandsons. If the increments had all been given to charity or dissipated, if Mr. Field had not provided that the major portion be saved, yet the same tax, to speak socialistically, would be levied upon the tradesmen and clerks and salesmen who are employed by Marshall Field & Company.

Mr. Field some five years ago took out of the business in one year as his profits about \$3,600,000. That sum was earned, however, upon transactions amounting to \$60,000,000 or \$100,000,000. In other words his share equalled 4 to 7 per cent, whereas probably 80 per cent. went to operating expenses and to cost of goods, a very large proportion of each item being for wages and salaries.

Hence, if the two small grandsons are the nominal beneficiaries under Mr. Field's will, thousands of men and women will draw pay under its terms, while Chicago is assured the

continued operation of the commercial house upon its previous lines.

Moreover, if the grandsons benefit yearly to the extent of 4, 6 or 8 per cent. upon the gross sales, the actual operators secure for themselves 60 or 80 or a higher per cent. of the same. Is not 4 or 8 per cent. paid to secure the guaranty of continuance a fair insurance premium? Nay, would the actual distribution of the percentage of insurance, or of benefit to the two grandsons, great as the sums in themselves are, among the thousands of employees, better their individual conditions perceptibly. This is old political economy, but is there not need of its restatement?

The foregoing is not the whole argument. Much may be said upon the other side. But it is well, perhaps, to consider this side also at a time when the other side is alone heard. President Roosevelt is not the first statesman to be perplexed by the testamentary disposition of wealth—the matter occurred to the Romans and they failed to solve it overnight.

Wealth, even inherited wealth, supplies some factors to the culture and economy of a nation. President Roosevelt is an example of what inherited wealth for a few generations can do for a man. If young Mr. Patterson had not been raised upon the unearned increment, the world would not now be receiving the benefit of his profound reflections.

Seriously wealth means art, means manners, means amenity, means many things that a nation cannot afford to dispense with. Wealth may even mean that honor which is superior to corruption, which despises "graft." Chicago has to-day in young R. R. McCormick, president

of the Sanitary District, an illustration of the good which inherited wealth may do for a community.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie in the latest issue of "The North American Review" attempts a solution of the problem of the disposition of great wealth. His conclusion is, as he puts it himself, that "The man who dies thus rich, dies disgraced."

Yet if the very rich for a few generations were to leave the bulk of their wealth to found Cooper Unions, Universities of Chicago, and other good works, within a few generations much of the capital of the country would be locked up in endowed, unproductive institutions. Such a state of things is exactly what existed in the times when the monasteries flourished, when rich men dying left their acres to abbeys, when half the productive wealth of the English realm was absorbed by ecclesiastical establishments. Philanthropy took the form of monasteries in those days, as it does of universities and the like in these.

The rich man can, perhaps, perform no greater service to society if he leaves his wealth so that it will remain productive capital. Capital that is withdrawn from productivity, however large may be the benefits it confers upon a few, is not of that general use which distinguishes actively employed capital.

Mr. Field was not in the least a sentimentalist; but the employment of a great portion of his capital in business, which is assured for the next forty years, will, besides benefiting his heirs, result in the payment of millions in wages, in the operation of factories, in an immense activity.

He might have made a wiser testamentary disposition of his wealth according to some opinions. However, the burden of proof is upon the critics to show how he might have done better. The house of Marshall Field & Company in Chicago at any rate will not disintegrate as did that of A. T. Stewart in New York.

Your prosperity in life largely depends upon the goodwill and confidence and sympathy of those with whom you deal. Truth, honesty, fidelity, and purity win confidence. And this is capital for a young man.—H. W. Beecher.

# The Funniest Stories I've Heard

BY GEORGE ADE IN SUCCESS MAGAZINE

George Ade, himself a humorist of no mean ability, has here selected several anecdotes, which were related in his presence by other story-tellers and which he maintains are about the best he has ever heard. We leave it to the reader to decide whether or not they approve of his estimate of their merits.

ONE hears a lot of good stories in the course of a long and idle career, and it is pretty hard to select those that are the best. Perhaps the stories that seemed funniest to me when I heard them depended largely for their effect upon the personality and the skill of the story-teller. I shall repeat a few that went exceedingly well when they were told.

\* \* \*

Henry Guy Carleton was discussing the characteristics of the colored race. He told this anecdote by way of illustration:

"An Afro-American of limited means succeeded in getting hold of a quarter all at one time and decided to gratify a long cherished ambition. He went to have his fortune told. The fortune teller was a fat woman, who led him into a dim apartment, with a red lamp burning and a skeleton hanging on the wall. She looked at his palm, shuffled the cards, consulted the chart, and then said to him: 'You are very fond of music; you like chicken; you have lost money at gambling, and you have been accused of petit larceny.'

"The colored gentleman gazed at her with enlarging eyes, and then he gasped, in a frightened voice: 'Mah goodness, lady; you jes' read mah inmost thoughts.'"

\* \* \*

The late Maurice Barrymore told a capital story one evening. It has gone the rounds more or less since

then, but I have never seen it in print:

"A society bud goes to her first big party. It is a gorgeous social event, and she is all fluttering with excitement. The star of this big party is a young man recently returned from a long trip abroad after completing his course at Harvard. He is very handsome, very brilliant, very rich. All the young women are overwhelmingly interested. The brilliant young man meets the little debutante, and falls head over heels in love. He dances with her repeatedly, and then asks if he may call. The girl, very much agitated, says that she will ask her mamma. Mother, equally agitated, tells her daughter to say to the young man that they will be delighted to have him call; and he says that he will drop in on the following Thursday evening. The society bud goes home, her head whirling with the excitement of her first flirtation and the anticipation of a call from the real catch of the season. Next day she seeks out some of her girl friends.

"'Just think, he's coming to call next Thursday evening,' she says. 'Oh, my, what'll I say to him when he calls? He is so smart and intellectual; graduated at Harvard and travelled abroad and all that. I just know I won't be able to talk about the things that interest him. (What do you think he'll want to talk about?'

"'I daresay,' replied one of her thoughtful young friends, 'that he



will want to talk about literature, art, or history.'

"'But I don't know anything at all about those subjects.'

"'Why don't you read up? You have four days, and you can do a lot of reading in that time, and be prepared when he comes.'

"So the young woman read history for four days, so that she might be able to carry on a conversation with the intellectual giant from Harvard, who had travelled abroad. Thursday evening came. He arrived and was shown into the parlor. Presently she came down. He arose and took her by the hand and began to talk to her as follows:

"'Gee, but I'm glad to see you again, and say, you're lookin' fine to-night. That gown is a corker. how have you been since the dance? Didn't we have a great time? Say, I never enjoyed myself so much in my life. You're the greatest partner I ever danced with. When it comes to two-stepping you're the sure enough limit. Honestly, you are I'm not stringin' you. I have been thinkin' all week about comin' up here to-night, and you don't know how tickled I am to see you lookin' so well.'

"For ten minutes he gabbled on. She leaned back in her chair, calm and self-possessed, determined that this intellectual being should not be compelled to bring the conversation down to her level.

"Finally there was a lull, and she looked across at him and said, 'Wasn't that too bad about Mary, Queen of Scots?'

"The young man was startled. 'Why, what do you mean?' he asked.

"'Haven't you heard about it?' she exclaimed. 'Why, gracious me! She had her head cut off!''

James Whitcomb Riley is the best story-teller I have ever heard, because he tells his stories in character. It is impossible to transfer his quaint manner to the printed page, but perhaps I can quote one of his many Hoosier yarns to illustrate the odd bent of his humor:

When Mr. Riley was the town sign painter of Greenfield, Indiana, a member of the local brass band, "Wes" Burnett by name, caused a lot of talk by purchasing a slide trombone. It was the most valuable instrument ever seen in Greenfield, and he had sent all the way to Elkhart for it. When it arrived Mr. Burnett decided that he needed a case for it; otherwise he might get it all tarnished and dented, carrying it around in the band wagon to country fairs and reunions. So he had the town tinner make him a case for it, and when the case was finished he brought it to Riley to have it painted and then "grained" in imitation of rosewood. This tin case was of a fearful and wonderful shape. It had to be in order to fit a slide trombone. Riley decorated it with all the skill of a sign painter's art, and then put the owner's name, "Wes Burnett," along the side. Mr. Burnett called to inspect the job, and when he looked over it he said:

"That is sure one strange lookin' box, and every man I meet will want to know what's inside. I guess it'll save a lot of conversation on my part to put the name of the instrument right there under my name, and then they'll know what's inside without botherin' me."

So Riley took his brush and very carefully lettered under the name of Wes Burnett the word "Trombone."



Mr. Burnett looked over his shoulder, and when Riley had completed the "e," he said, "Well, as long as we have got this far I guess we might put on all of it."

"What do you mean?" asked Riley.

"Well, down below the 'Trombone,' just put Indiana."

\* \* \*

Somewhere or other, years ago, I read a little story which I remember as a jewel of unconscious humor. Two southern fire-eaters, of the soft hat and goatee variety, are tilted back in front of the town hotel. One of them reading a daily paper. The following dialogue ensues:

COLONEL:—(Looking up from his paper,) "Majah!"

MAJOR:—"Yes, colonel?"

COLONEL:—"I see that theah has been introduced in the legislah a bill to prohibit the killin' of niggahs."

MAJOR:—"In what months?"

Only a few days ago I heard one regarding the Englishman, who is always fair prey for the American story.

An Englishman was in New York for the first time. He was at dinner with an American friend, and expressed a desire to see a typical American music-hall performance. The American led down to a ten-cent theater on the Bowery. The first act on the bill was a Mexican knife-throwing specialty. A beautiful creature stood with her back against a wide board, and a gentleman with a black moustache threw gleaming

knives at her clear across the stage. The first knife came within an inch of her ear, and quivered as it stuck in the soft wood. Then he landed one at the other side of her head and one just above her. The Englishman picked up his overcoat and started up the aisle. The American followed him and asked: "What's the matter? Don't you like the show?"

"It's very stupid," replied the Englishman. "He missed her three times."

Several years ago I heard Wilton Lackaye tell another one on the Englishman. Doubtless this has been printed, but it is certainly worth repeating:

A Bostonian was showing a British visitor the sights of the Hub. They were driving past Bunker Hill Monument. Inasmuch as the Anglo-American alliance had lately come into being and the Boston gentleman did not wish to make any pointed reference to the fact that at one time we had been fighting with out cousins, he merely indicated the monument with his thumb and said: "Bunker Hill."

The Englishman looked at the hill intently and asked: "Who was Mr. Bunker, and what did he do to the hill?"

"You don't understand," said the Bostonian. "There is where Warren fell."

The Englishman screwed the monocle into his eye, leaned back and looked at the top of the towering shaft and remarked, inquiringly:

"Killed him, of course?"

# The Possibility of a Commercial Depression

BY A. D. NOYES IN ATLANTIC MONTHLY

In the course of a long article in which he studies the causes for financial depressions in the past, Mr. Noyes makes an examination of present conditions, with a view to discovering whether there is any possibility of a commercial panic within the next decade. On the whole he believes that the tendency is directly towards such a depression.

WHAT are we to say of the outlook for the future? Exactly where does America stand to-day in the "cycle of prosperity?" Must we look for the final extravagances in use of credit which have brought disaster in other "twenty-year periods," and for the commercial panic which ensues; and if so, when is that episode to be expected? These are highly practical considerations.

Numerous conditions and circumstances, peculiar to the present forward movement in finance and industry, and differing widely from the phenomena of former periods, have encouraged at times, notably during the excitement of 1901, belief that the precedent of other decades might not be repeated. Much has been made of the facts that, between 1897 and 1900, this country had redeemed its foreign debt on an unprecedented scale; that in the last-named year our money market was itself a creditor of Europe and an investor in European public securities; that our excess of merchandise exports has reached unheard-of figures—\$664,000,000 in 1901, and an average of \$513,000,000 per annum for the past nine years, as against a previous annual high record of \$286,000,000; that our interior communities have themselves become independently wealthy, lending money in the Eastern markets, instead of borrowing from them; that the currency is in a sound condition, as it certainly was not on the eve of 1837 or 1857 or 1873 or 1893. Finally, there is cited wholly

unprecedented annual gold production of the world as a whole, and of the United States alone, both of which reached a maximum last year.

These are facts with an important bearing on the country's power to withstand reaction from an over-exploited credit. That they can, however, alter permanently the law of financial inflation and depression is not reasonably to be supposed. Arguments very similar might have been used, and indeed were used, in the decades before 1893 and 1873, to prove that recurrence of the old-time commercial panic was impossible. Belief in a radically changed condition of American finance and industry was an important factor in the excited "booms," which preceded all our years of crisis and reaction. In the fifties our gold discoveries guaranteed the American situation; in the seventies we had suddenly become the grain-producer for the outside world. Yet neither event, though each was equivalent to an industrial revolution, delayed for a year the arrival of the commercial crises after the familiar interval.

The reason is simple. In the periods referred to, the greater the genuine basis of prosperity, the larger the balloon of inflated credit blown by the speculators and promoters. People who are inquiring whether another commercial crash, as a sequel to the present "boom," is or is not a probability of the future, ought to devote their investigation, not alone to the underlying elements of strength, but to the manner in which

those elements have been exploited. If it were to be discovered that credit had been employed prudently and conservatively, that fictitious values had been discouraged, and that the community as a whole had not been indulging in speculation, there would then exist reasonable ground for arguing that the experience of past commercial panics might be escaped.

It will hardly be alleged that the past five years have presented any such picture. Unparalleled as were the tokens of sound and real American prosperity, the fabric of paper credit built upon it even surpassed in magnitude and extravagance anything of the sort that the world had previously witnessed. Details are hardly necessary: to enumerate them would be to tell our financial history since 1898. Speaking generally, what has happened is that American industry as a whole has been recapitalized within this period, on a basis of immensely extended debt. The country has been speculating, sometimes with extraordinary rashness, in the shares of these and the older corporations; in this race for speculative profits some of the strongest private banking houses and some of the largest banks have, directly or indirectly, been engaged.

There have not recently been repeated all the excesses of 1899, when a great industrial company, inflating its capital from \$24,000,000 to \$90,000,000, disposed of \$26,000,000 in such ways that the courts could not afterward learn what had become of it; or those of 1901, when \$50,000,000 cash was paid to the Steel Trust "Underwriting Syndicate" merely for guaranteeing the sale of the company's new stock. But we have seen the Wall Street stock market, within a year, jacked up to extravagant

figures by the virtual cornering of properties with \$150,000,000 stock,—this being done mainly with borrowed money, at a time when supplies of available capital were visibly running short. With all the outpour of wealth in American industry, the country's capital has on at least three recent occasions shown itself inadequate to the home demand upon it. Wall Street has seen good commercial paper, at these times, selling at 8 per cent., short time loans at the equivalent of 12 per cent., and demand loans at 125 per cent.

A few years ago it was estimated in banking circles that the American market possessed a floating credit of not less than \$200,000,000 at the foreign money centres. We have very lately been in debt to these same markets, on our bankers' notes-of-hand, to a probably much larger sum. When railway companies in unquestioned credit were unable, this past year, to sell their bonds save at a heavy sacrifice, and were forced to borrow on their notes, at high rates and for short maturities, capital borrowed from European and American banks was used for concerted manipulation of Stock Exchange securities; the operation was continued at the very moment when some of the exorbitant money rates just cited were in vogue. No one familiar with the facts is likely to deny that for daring speculation, on a scale of enormous magnitude, and in merchandise as in securities, there have been few parallels to the decade in which we are living.

I do not state these facts with a view to moralizing or distributing the blame; nor have I any idea of predicting an early and serious commercial crisis. There are many reasons why no such event is considered imminent. But we are looking at



our financial history, past and future, at long range; and what one must admit, in the light of these quite undisputed facts, is that financial America has, in the past half-dozen years, simply repeated the general story of those preceding "booms" which ended in commercial crisis. That we shall some time—probably at a date sufficiently remote—witness another violent spasm of financial readjustment, such as 1893 or 1873, seems to me to be altogether probable.

Certainly, if our study of causes of commercial panics proves anything, it proves them to be a logical result of exactly such procedure as has distinguished the American markets for half a dozen years. We have no good reason for assuming that, in the end, a similar result will not follow the similar causes in the present

period. It has, indeed, been not a little impressive to see how, even with the new and portentous influences at work in the present cycle of prosperity, its successive stages, at the usual interval, have repeated the history of preceding epochs of the kind.

We have even had our "little panic," which traditionally comes midway between two larger commercial crises, and we have had it at the traditional interval. Such a year of Stock Exchange disorder, only partly accompanied by disordered trade, occurred in 1866 and 1884, and it occurred again in 1903. Whether the "twenty-year interval" between the first-class panics is to be as scrupulously observed—its exact observance would bring the next one in 1913—is a question for the prophets.

## The Quaker's Rules

The following three rules are said to have been given by an old quaker to Senator Scott, of West Virginia, when he was a young man. In following them the senator claims to have made his success in life:—

Not what thee eats, but what thee digests, will make thee healthy.

Not what thee earns, but what thee saves, will make thee wealthy.

Not what thee reads, but what thee remembers, will make thee wise.

These three rules leave out a good many things, but, as far as they go, they are full of wisdom and sense. The man who has a good stomach, a good memory, and a bank account, only needs a good conscience and a high purpose to make life worth the living.



# The Time When Extravagance Pays

SUN MAGAZINE

The old saw about saving your pennies and dimes is good under certain circumstances but there are times when it pays to be prodigal. Several instances are given in the following article when the decision to take the expensive course rather than the economical has brought about most far-reaching results.

“**S**AVE your pennies and dimes, young gentlemen,” the lecturer, a college professor, advised his audience. “Never spend a dollar if you can help it; forego the luxuries; live plainly, be economical and you will be successful.”

“That was not very intelligent advice,” remarked a bank president as he left the hall. “Without qualifying his directions, he was pointing those young men to a life of drudgery. Big affairs are not managed in that way nowadays.”

“But on a college professor’s salary they have to be.”

“Probably; but business is another thing. For instance, when I bought an automobile my friends said I was indulging in wild extravagance. They foresaw that I would land in the poorhouse and pitied my family. My family did not worry about it greatly, for the swift rides in the park did every member good, and I did not say much about the cost of the machine.

“One day there came to town the representative of the biggest contracting firm in the east, desirous of looking over the city with a view of placing investments. A dozen of us met him at the cafe and talked through a six course dinner. Then plans were discussed for the guest’s entertainment the following day.

“‘Harris has an auto,’ some one said, and of course it was arranged that I should take the visitor for a ride.

“I did so, spent the most of the day with him; we became well ac-

quainted; he seemed to like me, and before he started home he offered me the western management of his company’s financial affairs. I had no better chance than the others—save for the automobile. That brought the opportunity.

“I am \$200,000 ahead already through the connection, with more to come. I could have got along probably without a machine, but it was an investment that paid the largest return of any I ever made.”

One rainy evening a newspaper man walked along the line of railway coaches in a noisy union station. His ride home would take half the night. He debated with himself whether or not he should take a Pullman.

The fare in the Pullman was 75 cents. He could save that amount by riding in the ordinary car, but the ordinary car was crowded and he dreaded the crowd and the weary companions with whom he would associate in the coach. Still, 75 cents was not to be despised, and he pondered the problem for several minutes. At last the attractions of the Pullman in rest and preparation for the following day’s work won; he gave his grip to the porter, and sat back in the section assigned him in solid satisfaction.

After dinner in the dining car he went to the smoking room and found there the only other man on the sleeper, the agent for a manufacturing firm of the busy Northwest.

“Have a light?” was the opening of their acquaintance.

Then came the inevitable western

salutation, when the emblem in the coat lapel is observed. "Where do you belong?" Both were members of the same lodge.

Following that came a friendly talk, and the manufacturer told the newspaper man many interesting experiences, not noticing that the latter kept a very eager questioning in operation. The conductor of the train stopped to take part in the conversation, and finally the superintendent of the division, who was aboard, dropped in, and the peculiarities of modern machinery making methods was thoroughly gone over.

It was nearly midnight when the newspaper man reached home, but he sat down to his typewriter and rattled the keys for an hour before tumbling into bed. He simply put into readable form some of the things that had been told him that evening, and a check for \$75 was the payment that his story brought him.

He always rides in the Pullman car now when he travels and says that he shall continue so to do until the \$75 gives out. He has never made so good a speculation as on the occasion mentioned, but he has mingled with people who have helped him in many ways and will continue to help him for many years to come.

Here was a case where the expenditure of a few cents brought a rich return. It might not always prove possible and the lesson might fail to come true in many instances. But the fact remains that the man who is trying to get on in the world must meet the people who do things if he expects to accomplish his ends. It is good policy, as well as good comfort, to rub against the leaders in business affairs.

There was a young man of Kansas City who had the business intelligence necessary to success, but he

had little opportunity to exercise it. He hesitated one evening whether he should take dinner at a cheap restaurant or should eat at one of the cafes patronized by the best people of the city. He chose the latter, and this is what happened.

"Come over to our table," was the invitation that came from a friend, and he accepted.

He was introduced to a widow who owned a piece of ground lying close to the business part of the city but which had never been utilized for building purposes. He found in his conversation with her that she needed a steady income and finally told her he would take a lease on the ground for ninety-nine years at \$125 a month, and she made the bargain.

On this lease he borrowed \$25,000 and built an office building that rents to-day for enough to pay the interest and give him a profit of \$750 a month. He has nothing to do but collect his money, and the rental value of his property increases daily, as the city is growing in that section.

The dinner in the first-class cafe was the start; but, of course, it took business acumen and ability to carry on the enterprise after he had it started. The man dull of apprehension might eat in the cafe for months and make no headway financially.

The young man who seeks to get ahead must have something more than opportunity. He ought to see the best way to do things as well.

Sometimes the chance of the young man depends quite as much on others as on himself, and he has reason to thank the fates which throw him on his own resources. He finds that he must meet the conditions and does so, testing the fibre of his nature

and proving the stuff of which he is made.

A son of a New York lawyer became so worthless that the father to separate him from the girl he wanted to marry sent him west with only money enough to pay his fare and expenses, but armed with authority to draw on a western bank up to \$5,000.

The young man drew \$2,000, landed in eastern Colorado and sought work among the sheep ranches of the irrigated lands. In a week he sent for more money and later for all that he could have. Then a few months after came a message.

"Will be in city Saturday with ten cars of sheep. Meet me."

"Ten cars of sheep! What lunacy is the young man up to now?" exclaimed the father.

But the youth came, and he had ten cars of young sheep that had been fattened on alfalfa and cottonseed meal, ready for the top price in the market. He sold the bunch and showed a draft for \$12,000.

"I made some money out there and the rest is out of the sheep. I don't owe anything. Take out \$5,000, dad; I am going to call on Carrie."

He did and married the girl. They are now managing a big sheep ranch in New Mexico, with prospects of becoming far wealthier than the father.

Likewise little things give an index to the character of the young man. For instance, the editor of a country newspaper was called to the telephone and heard a message from a real estate man in a neighboring town.

"What will it cost to put an advertisement in red on the middle of your front page?"

Now the editor did not print a yellow journal and it meant a great

deal of work to run the paper through the press twice, so he named a price that he thought would be prohibitive.

"All right," was the response.

"But do you understand?" asked the editor, thinking the dealer did not get the right figures.

"Of course; do as I tell you." So the advertisement was placed in red and the bill was paid.

The farm advertised was sold; no one could help seeing the announcement. The young real estate man is now president of an oil and gas company that pays dividends on more than a million dollars of stock, and his wealth is estimated at \$100,000. This is not great as fortunes go; but it is a great deal in the west, where money comes in more slowly.

Likewise it is a good thing to build up a reputation that can be sustained.

"I have to be careful," said the bank president already quoted, discussing the various estimates of the young men of the town, because I began that way.

"I know one wealthy banker who never wears clothes that cost more than \$15 a suit; who is careless of his personal appearance, never pays his store debts until forced to do it and is reckless in his actions. Yet he makes money.

"If I were to fail to pay my bills on the first of the month, or should I take to wearing old clothes, or should I be seen in fast company, there would be a run on the bank the next day. People would think something was wrong.

"If the other banker should suddenly take to good dressing, his bank would be under suspicion. People around us are educated by our actions and learn what to expect of us.



When we vary from our usual course they suspect danger.

"I never loan freely to a young man who is educating the community to expect a poor performance from him. It may be that he will succeed, but the chances are against him, because he is nearer to the bottom than the man who has a proper pride in himself and in his own standing."

That is not, perhaps, a very profound philosophy, but it is laden with truth. The chance for the

young man is largely his own making.

"But there are not so many chances, and money goes faster than it used to in the old days," complains the youth.

Too quote the bank president again:

"I wish I were young once more. There are more chances for clean, bright young men who know how to use wisely what they earn than ever before."

He was a poor boy himself and has been through it all.

## Smooth Strangers Who "Beat" Hotels

HERALD MAGAZINE

The practice of "beating" the larger hotels out of board and lodgings is not so uncommon as one might suppose. In fact, as the writer of this article shows, a great deal of it is going on all the time. The operations of these "dead beats" are similar in nearly every case and consist in playing the roles of respectable boarders.

IT was the "Smooth Stranger" who a few days ago declared that of all the cities in which he had lived and plied his calling none was such a paradise for hotel "dead beats" as is New York. As a matter of fact, he spoke the truth, for with the thousands who come and go among the great caravansaries in the metropolis it is impossible to keep watch and ward over the honesty of every patron. Men there are who boast of living on the fat of the land from month to month at the expense of the city hotel man. One of the most impudent of this class wrote a letter recently to the president of the National Hotel Keeper's Protective Association, which has its headquarters in New York, and told him that in all his varied experience he had not found a place that was easier than this city.

That he was right about it no ex-

prienced caterer to the public is disposed to deny. The principal assets of an accomplished hotel "beat" are a certain quiet assurance self-control, good clothes and a seared conscience. After that there is little else necessary than the well formed resolution of never paying a cent.

One of the officers of an agency which is devoted to giving information concerning predatory visitors declares that it is possible for a "beat" to live unmolested in the hotels of this city for the greater part of a year before he would find the situation growing uncomfortable; he could do this, and, in fact he does, without a single cent of capital and by committing no greater offence against the State than the violation of the innkeepers' law.

Conditions of modern hotel life are peculiarly adapted to the growth of



that constantly increasing class, the "smooth strangers." It was not long ago, certainly less than two decades, that the average clerk knew every patron by sight who was in the house, and was able to call many of them his personal friends. The proprietor was constantly in touch with those who stopped at his hostelry and was able to detect almost at a glance if any undesirable persons were under his roof.

Hotel keeping in this present generation is ordered something after the manner of a factory. The public is carried about through the establishment by means of elevators like so much raw material. The patrons are thrown into one hopper and fed; they are committed to another department and moistened with cocktails and highballs; then they are taken on lifts to the dormitory department and laid away for the night.

Nobody pays much attention to them except the hotel detective. His position is much like that of a hopper boy at a colliery, he gets a rapid survey of the specimens of humanity, large and small, as they pass before him in the corridor, which is much like an endless belt, and occasionally he removes an exceptionally bad piece of slate. This sharp eyed person, however, is not likely to take any risks unless the man under suspicion has a Rogue's Gallery portrait or has been convicted of various crimes and misdemeanors. He cannot question the financial standing of every stranger, and if the hotel "dead beat" is not of striking appearance detection is well nigh impossible.

More than a hundred thousand strangers go every day through the great hotels of this city, and the

man on the floor, no matter how observant he may be, can only hope to protect the patrons of the place from the attention of pickpockets, thieves and confidence men. As far as insuring the proprietor of the hotel from being robbed by the "smooth stranger," the average hotel detective is helpless. Some of the shrewdest of them bear testimony to the ease with which it is possible for unassuming freebooters to ply their calling.

First of all the hotel "beat" must have a reckless disregard of consequences and a good digestion. He must not have a constitution which experiences symptoms of distress after being reinforced with food for which the man who furnished it will never be paid. Conscience, sense of shame or even a lurking shadow of self-respect would be fatal to him. Once he has the proper psychological attitude toward the business he can go to any lengths in following it.

Having discarded his conscience he must then acquire either a small satchel or a dress suit case. The expenditure of two or three dollars will fit him out in that regard. If he feels disposed to the niceties of dress he might also carry something of a wardrobe; but this is considered unnecessary; such things as shirts and collars may be purchased from time to time as they are required. It may be that circumstances will arise when it is necessary to leave the dress suit case with the hotel proprietor in order to make a quick exit.

It is also necessary that the hotel beat should be neatly attired, but he should avoid the use of flashy neckties, scarf pins of striking or unusual designs, fancy waistcoats or bright and shiny yellow shoes. It

would be fatal to him, almost, if he should be identified as a man with a bright red tie or as a man with a green beetle scarf pin. If he should be so unfortunate as to have a heavy scar or any marked facial blemish it would be well for him to adopt some other occupation.

Unobtrusiveness is the keynote of success when one deliberately seeks to defraud a hotel. The "smooth stranger" must glide in and out of the place, sit quietly in the writing room, talk to no one unless he is addressed, make few acquaintances and comport himself as one who is devoted to serious business.

As hotels are managed at present nearly any one can live in one for a week without receiving any communication from the cashier. The "dead beat" uses this fact to the best advantage, taking care, however, not to ring for ice water too often, or to have meals sent to his room, or to in any way impress his individuality upon the employes and attendants. High living is all very pleasant, but it is likely to result in disaster. The most successful of the profession do not order wine for dinner, neither do they have fifty cent cigars charged to them. They never splurge. There are at least fifty first class hotels in New York city where they are able to live under the best conditions. The 150 so-called family hotels are not as good a field on account of the comparatively small number of transient patrons. As long as the freebooter keeps his expenses down to fifty or sixty dollars a week he is likely not to attract undue notice. He can have a room and bath, provided that in the place where he happens to stop there are many suites of this character; but it is recommended

by the leaders of the profession that the engaging of two rooms and bath is hazardous unless confidence is first established by the cashing of a perfectly good check. Taken all in all, beating the hotels on a conservative basis of not more than \$10 a day is considered as the most practical and the easiest method of living without labor.

Nothing is said to the "smooth stranger" until he has begun to delay in the matter of the first week's board. After he has received his bill for seven days his further stay depends largely upon his own self-confidence and skill. He may ignore it for three or four days and then go to the cashier with some remark about his remittance not yet having arrived. It happens that many persons who are engaged in perfectly legitimate callings have had delays in receiving money, and there is nothing which the management can do about it except, perhaps, to tell the hotel detective of their suspicion, if they happen to have any. But in these cases, especially if they are taken to the police court, the intent to defraud must be made manifest. The detective hesitates to go to the extremes of causing the arrest of an unassuming person who has all the self-control and quiet assurance of a man following a legitimate calling. While this interesting question is being discussed the "smooth stranger" will take his dress suit case and quietly disappear. He might pass several attendants with his baggage in a hotel where three or four thousand persons are quartered without attracting the slightest suspicion to himself, every hour of the day in that establishment seeing the arrival or departure of scores of persons

with dress suit cases and handbags. But even if the baggage is abandoned in the room what difference does it make? Dress suit cases are cheap, and second hand satchels may be purchased in pawnbrokers' shops at a ridiculously low figure.

Some ready money is necessary for the complete happiness of the modern hotel beat, and before he leaves a hotel he has usually obtained a supply. Where hundreds of persons come and go through the corridor of a hotel, what is easier for him than to stroll up to the counter and ask for five dollars—"cash" to be charged to his room? If one clerk should decline to give it another probably will. There are so many patrons of a hotel that the office force rarely has time to exchange suspicions, especially those of the verified kind. Many of the wandering gentry pass worthless checks in the hotel, but this practice is discouraged by the more skilful ones.

"I have made it a practice," said a representative hotel beat recently, "not to lay down checks, for by so doing one leaves a trail of documentary evidence which is likely to follow him around the country and eventually result in his doing time. A man of ordinary address, however, can get sufficient money for incidental expenses by making a swift touch at the desk. Of course, I do not pretend to say that there is a fortune in beating hotels, but a man who attends to business can always make a comfortable living and escape hard work."

It cannot be denied, however, that the majority of hotel beats also combine forgery and check kiting with their profession, a fact which is greatly deplored by the adept.

"It seems to me that there's noth-

ing easier," said a well known hotel detective, recently, "than living for nothing at the leading houses in New York city, provided that one does not lay down bad checks too often and constantly changes his name and modifies his clothing or personal appearance as much as he can.

"After finishing an engagement at one hotel it is easy for the operator to transfer himself to another. If he should have been put to the extraordinary expedient of leaving his baggage as a hostage he can soon acquire the necessary impedimenta. It is considered an unwritten law in the profession not to play more than four hotels in a large city in succession. Even in New York it is customary for the hotel beat to run out of town for a few days and return under another alias; by that time, if his presence had caused any little ripple of excitement or curiosity, the incident is likely to have been entirely forgotten. He begins all over again and frequently ends up at some quiet family hotel uptown for his final engagement. Here he is the conservative business man. He dictates letters to some well known house, outlining vast business projects.

"The public stenographer tells the second assistant day clerk about him possibly, and the impression gets abroad that he has heavy responsibilities which he is bearing in silence and reserve. Having established his credit, by delicate processes of suggestion, the 'smooth stranger' concludes his New York engagement by inducing the management to cash a check for fifty or a hundred dollars, and is thus supplied with the amount needful for making a long jump. He has his 'get away money,' and again he is out in the open,



visiting the smaller cities of the United States, preparing for his return in the course of months under a slightly different guise and in a new specialty to Broadway."

One of the most remarkable documents illustrating the trickery of the human mind is contained in the confessions of a dead beat recently sent to the president of the National Hotel Keepers' Protective Association. He tells the names of the persons and the hotels which he has defrauded and a careful inquiry reveals that in every respect he told the truth. The operations cover the month of last August, during which time he had accumulated board, lodging and loose change to the sum of \$439.90.

These operations began in North Carolina on August 1, and by gradual stages and at the expense of the persons whom he defrauded the adept made his way north, arriving in New York city on the 15th, and after spending from two to three days at the hotels mentioned he made a jump to Buffalo, travelled to Detroit by boat at the expense of the navigation company, and started in to acquire board, lodging and cash at the hotels of Detroit. It was in this city that he writes he was overwhelmed with remorse. He wrote a letter confessing his misdeeds, and with it sent the foregoing itemized account of his operations in the month of August. He said that he was about to board a steamboat at the Queen City of the

Straits and to throw himself overboard.

It is not generally believed by hotel men than this "prince of dead beats" has come to a tragic end, for under some other alias, and upheld by his confidence in being counted as dead, he may have begun his depredations anew. His methods of obtaining accommodations were along the traditional line. He acquired considerable cash at Broadway hotels for his petty expenses by hiring automobiles. It was his custom to cash small checks and after paying the chauffeur appropriate the few dollars remaining for pocket money. In several places he posed as an expert in automobiles and in others as the travelling agent of a well known paper house in Cincinnati.

One of the reasons given for the comparative freedom with which hotel beats operate is that they are as a general thing not reported by the bonifaces through the agents established for that purpose. They seldom notify the police, as they wish to avoid any notoriety, and many of them neglect to inform each other of circular letters or otherwise. One of the largest hotels in Pittsburg charges its losses from hotel beats to the advertising account and other hotels cheerfully put down the amounts to profit and loss—three or four hotels in this city caused to be written across the face of the account of the repentant Warren the inscription in red ink, "Committed suicide."



# The Butcheries of Peace

BY THE EDITOR OF PEARSON'S (ENGLISH)

Civilization, while it has done much to increase the pleasures of life, has done even more to increase its terrors. Its railways, its mines, its motor-cars, its factories and workshops, are death-dealing agencies which bring death every year to thousands and injuries to tens of thousands of people.

PEACE has her butcheries no less than war: Pestilence and famine are the recognized weapons with which she thins out the army of mankind; but her armoury is well stocked with divers weapons of fire and water, winds and storms, earthquakes, lightnings, thunderbolts and volcanic upheavals. These, her natural weapons, man has supplemented by weapons of his own forging—such as his Cars of Juggernaut, his motors, his railways, his underground burrows, his paraffin lamps, his cycles, or his perambulators.

Man's wars upon mankind are puny affairs beside the wars waged by Peace; when we consider the chances of meeting death in life, each minute of life must seem a lucky escape from death.

And that life is so dangerous is more largely man's own fault than most men understand. Our authority in the matter of violent deaths is the Registrar-General. If his reports are terribly hard to read as a whole, here and there one finds most curious and suggestive facts. Thus our Registrar-General informs us that in a year, of 1,000,000 living people, 463 die deaths from violence or negligence; in other words, Peace, using only her violent weapons, without touching those set aside for pestilence and famine, succeeds in killing some 16,000 of us in a single year.

Perhaps because men give more assistance to Peace than the women in the forging of her artificial weapons,

men suffer most from them; it is far more dangerous to be of the strong than of the weak sex. To more than 10,000 violent deaths among males there are less than 5,000 among females. A large proportion of the total violent deaths is incurred by man's desire to travel fast. The first man who bestrode a prehistoric beast, or went sliding down a hill, set an example to his fellows which was as good as signing the death-warrant of millions of his successors.

With her two weapons labelled "Vehicles and Horses," Peace in one year is capable of killing 2,500 Englishmen. In a lucky year for Englishmen, ships and boats will kill only two or three hundred. But the common cart is a most deadly implement, killing in a year about as many people as there are days.

The motor-car is called the modern Car of Juggernaut, but in reality it does small execution. In the last year for which we have comparative figures, motors killed only fifty-six of us; but, of course, the numbers killed must increase steadily as motors steadily supersede the deadly horse and cart. All vehicles are more or less dangerous. Bicycles and tricycles will kill 186 people in a year, while even the innocent-looking perambulator will account for thirteen deaths—whether of the babies therein, or of the maids who push them, or of the people they run over, official figures do not deign to say; but presumably the babies run the greatest risk. On the whole, however,

the "pram" is the safest vehicle in which one could travel.

One would imagine that the train was the most dangerous; but, as a matter of fact, the dangers of railway travelling have been reduced to a low point. Your chance of being killed in a train accident in the course of a given journey is no more than 1 in 200,000,000. This is a fact that should comfort many nervous people, condemned to travel on certain southern lines, whereon the slightest attempt at speed causes such a rocking that travellers habitually clutch their seats in fear and trembling. If a two-hundred-million to one chance were offered in a lottery, who would think it worth consideration ?

And what is life but a lottery ?

It is quite common to hear of accidents from burns, scalds, and ordinary explosions—outside mines, more than 2,300 have died from such causes in a year. It is easy to die from poison. A year's toll of the poisoned amounts to more than 500. One may be one of the 2,000 odd who are suffocated in this country in a year; or of the 2,300 who die by drowning; or of the sixty-three people whom lamp accidents kill; or of the nineteen who died in a year from drinking hot liquids.

Do you slide or skate ? In one year thirteen people met their deaths at home in these sports. Do you play football ? Football has killed eleven in a year, while cricket balls have killed two. Do you take country walks through fields where cows and bulls are encountered ? Bulls and cows are guilty of killing thirteen people in a year, while even insects caused four deaths.

By what strange causes death sometimes comes is shown by entries of fatal accidents under such heads

as "Wounds by gamecock," "bursting of soda-water bottle," "pencil penetrating head," "needle in pharynx," and "bead in ear."

"In the midst of Life we are in Death"—the familiar words have a new force in the light of the Registrar-General's reports.

To be one of the 4,700,000 persons employed in our British factories and workshops is to run fearful risks from the deadly weapons in the hands of Peace. This is well shown by the fact that they inflict nearly 93,000 casualties in a year; but it becomes clearer when one considers how dangerous are some of the non-fatal accidents.

Thus, in the year 1903, Peace cut off no fewer than 151 hands and arms; while her frustrated attempts in this direction caused the loss of more than 3,000 parts of hands, and in another direction of about 150 parts of legs and feet. She deprived fifty-nine work-people of their sight; broke the bones of more than 1,500; injured the heads and faces of more than 3,300, and caused sufferings by burns and scalds to more than 3,000 cases.

Apart from accidents, our work-people run the risk of dying from diseases caused by their occupations. Under the headings of poisoning and anthrax alone, the year 1904 produced 883 cases, of which seventy-six were fatal. The majority of cases arose from lead-poisoning, but ten fatal cases were due to the terrible disease of anthrax, which continues to hold its own. The bacillus lurks in wool, hair, hides, and skins imported from many countries, for many different industries, and may remain active for years.

Of the lead-poisoning cases, china and earthenware account for 106—and it must be remembered that

these cases occur chiefly among women and young girls, whose lives probably are ruined thereby, if not sacrificed. How proper precautions can lessen evils of this sort is proved by the recent great reduction in figures for this form of poisoning—an improvement due to, stringent rules for monthly medical examinations. More than 100 cases in a year, however, is still a large total, remembering that only about 6,000 pottery workers are employed in the lead processes.

One of the chief dangers that threaten working people in factories and workshops is the dust atom, dust being a prolific cause of phthisis and other diseases of the sort.

There are more than a score of industries in each phthisis and respiratory diseases together is more than double that of agricultural workers. Thus, 453 potters die from phthisis to every 100 agriculturists.

One must consider not only dangerous trades, but conditions of labor that are dangerous where the trade is comparatively safe; as when the operatives work in foul air. The difference between the outdoor life of the farmer and the sedentary life of the tailor, the shoemaker, the bookbinder and so on, is enormous in its effect on health. Thus, for 100 agriculturists who die of phthisis and diseases of the respiratory system, between 250 and 200 bookbinders die, and the same proportion of printers, musicians, hatters, hairdressers, tailors and drapers. It is a startling fact that the workers

in four of these occupations die from lung troubles alone more rapidly than farmers die from all causes put together.

But it is not until the butchereries of Peace are compared with the butchereries of War that their true extent is realized. A round figure of 40,000 would cover the total British losses in the Boer War. Yet this is not half the number of the casualties recorded in a year of industrial campaign in British workshops and factories alone—taking no account whatever, save for cases of metallic poisoning and anthrax, of the havoc wrought by diseases of occupation.

At the battle of Waterloo the Duke of Wellington lost 15,000 men in a single day. "At such fearful price," wrote the historian Creasy, "was the deliverance of Europe purchased." The Iron Duke himself wrote: "My heart is broken by the terrible loss I have sustained in my old friends and companions and my poor soldiers. Believe me, nothing, except a battle lost, can be half so melancholy as a battle won." But the price paid for the deliverance of Europe was not one-sixth of the price we now pay for the good we get from our factories and workshops.

The deliverance of Europe from Napoleon was worth Wellington's 15,000 casualties. But is a year's industrial campaign worth 93,000 killed and wounded?

At any rate, we are forced to the conclusion that the butchereries of Peace are more melancholy by far than the butchereries of War.



# How Alexander J. Cassatt Began his Career

BY ARTHUR E. MCFARLANE IN SYSTEM.

In this encouraging article the young Canadian journalist traces out the course of action adopted by the President of the Pennsylvania Railroad in his young days, showing on what foundation he has built his career. He points out that Cassatt early learned the lesson of making others attend to details, while he studied out the big problems.

**I**N 1864 there was living at Renovo, Pennsylvania, a young man of twenty-five who had for a year been resident engineer in charge of the middle division of the Philadelphia & Erie. Now a division superintendency in the early sixties was no tremendous matter. But it was a position of considerable importance; and the young man had shown himself entirely capable of making good in it.

Yet it was not exactly ability which distinguished him. It was rather what an automobilist would describe as ease in gearing and smoothness of running and control. Doubled work did not appear to have the power to tire him nor any unexpected stress to get him excited. In upbringing he was thoroughbred; but he had seemingly all the phlegm of the back-county Pennsylvania Dutch.

It puzzled his fellows as greatly as it attracted the admiration of his business superiors. And one night the resident engineer in charge of the neighboring division asked him about it.

The young fellow had nothing to make a mystery of. In fact he rather wanted to talk about it.

For he believed he had arrived at what many men do not arrive at in fifty years of blinking and pottering—an underlying philosophy of work.

It was no matter of putting in twelve, or fourteen, or sixteen hours a day. He had red blood in him, and he counted that day lost when he did

not get time for a little out-of-door sport. Nor was it any matter of "toiling upward in the night." He believed in spending his evenings in the company of people worth talking to, or of a book worth reading. Like all of us he had no desire to be a mill horse, or a human tread mill. He wanted to do big things in life, yet to get some natural pleasure out of existence as he went along. His business "work-philosophy" had an originality all its own. It was, briefly, to let the other fellow do the work!

"Why, it's like this," he said: "It struck me a long time ago that most men allow their time to be eaten up by details and routine labor that they might better have turned over to their assistants after the first six months. Well, for the last year or two, I've been trying the experiment of confining myself to learning how a thing ought to be done—and then seeing that somebody else does it that way. I'm beginning to believe that by spending about one hour a week looking for the right sort of men, I'll soon be able to cut my routine grind down to nothing at all"

His friend laughed. "That certainly looks very pleasant. But how do you put in your time?"

"Why, I feel that it's a lot more profitable for all concerned for me to put it in learning new things, and trying to get the machinery running more smoothly, and keeping myself ready for all emergencies. And there's always enough of them?"



"Well, but about this learning part of it," the other still argued. "How does anybody know what he ought to learn?"

"Oh, once you want to know, you can generally find out. And then you can always get your lessons by watching the big fellows. I've been thinking, too," he went on, "that if a man did make up his mind to manage his work according to some kind of system, he ought to be able to stop a lot earlier than most people do now—instead of at sixty-five or seventy, why not at forty or forty-five, say? Of course though," he added modestly, "you might call this all theorizing of mine."

It was all theorizing—but it is theory that builds bridges. And for 1864, it was a sort of theorizing which was sufficiently uncommon. "Not allowing one's time to be eaten up by details,"—"learning new things,"—"trying to get the machinery running more smoothly,"—"keeping oneself ready for emergencies,"—and "watching the big fellows,"—those are matters which promise to be worth looking into more fully.

We have of late fallen into the habit of dividing successful men into those who are educated and those who are self made. But no strong man was ever anything but self made. And if education were limited to the kind of thing given to the individual for four years of life in college, Lord help modern progress!

Alexander Johnston Cassatt was "educated" inasmuch as he spent three years in the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, of Pittsburg, and then left for Germany and five years more at Heidelberg and Darmstadt. He was twenty years old when he returned in 1859; and having thus

been "educated," he entered upon the infinitely more important business of making himself.

At a time, too, when in the general opinion few occupations on earth presented possibilities less large and alluring, he began quietly to make himself a railroad man.

More than that, although he had been born with the traditional silver spoon in his mouth,—his father was a Pittsburg banker who never let his son worry about money,—he carefully avoided all chances to "get a soft sit on the inside." The outside alone was big enough for him. And it was altogether out of doors that he made his start. He went down into Georgia with a rod and transit gang, and began to study railroading from the very blocking out and surveying of the right of way.

Four years later we find him holding his superintendency. He had climbed fast. He had also had occasion to form his "work theories." But we all form "work theories"—very good ones, too,—which lead us nowhere, because we do not follow them. Young Cassatt now had the opportunity of putting his into practice. It is the business of this paper to see just how he put them into practice,—and what things grew out of a young man's beginning at twenty-five to manage his life "with some kind of system."

The present president of the Pennsylvania Railroad said years afterwards that in the first part of your life you should make it your business to get under the best men; and in the second part, you should do everything to have the best men under you. This is, manifestly, only an amplification of his more youthful remark as to the wisdom of watching the 'big fellows.'

Details, though they might be despised when they had become routine, were, he saw, the small broken stone and building sand which can alone put great constructive enterprises upon a solid foundation of concrete. And the young man at Renovo began to take a post-graduate, out-of-door course of education which sought ravenously for details of all sorts, and in every direction. For a great deal, indeed, he had to go outside of his own division.

He learned to build rolling stock, and new ways to build tracks to run it on. He went into the laying of stations and freight sheds, and shops. He made a study of the whole theory and practice of traffic-drawing. He absorbed the million petty things which go to make a popular passenger service. He watched the effect of opening up new spur lines. He learned how best to manage the smooth man of the office and the rough man of outside; furthermore, he noted the astonishing differences between men as individuals and men in gangs.

When you know only as much as your rivals, you must, other things being equal, keep their level. It is through those things which have been discovered by you alone that you get the upper grip. And if in the railroad there were all the potentialities of "something wholly new," only by new ideas could one hope to arrive thereat. Young Cassatt made it his business to be the most approachable division engineer and superintendent on earth. No man was ever more sought after by the genus crank,—long haired inventors of collision buffers, and automatic stokers, and couplers, and sleeping cars and cooking cars, and tanking and signalling systems. He was willing to go

through the bushel of chaff in the chance of getting the handful of wheat.

And, make a note of it, repeatedly he got the biggest kind of handful. When, later, he accepted a certain proposal to have locomotives try to pick up their water en route, like steamboats, the thing was a railway joke for months; it was about the funniest crank idea of all. We know now whether the track tank is a joke or not.

When Westinghouse proposed to stop entire twenty-five-car trains by the use of mere compressed air, this was another joke. Under Cassatt the Pennsylvania was developing the invention for years before any other line had begun to take it seriously. It was the same with the germ idea of the block signal.

Again, he made it a rule to be even more accessible to his own petty employes than he was to the outside world. The door of his inside office was always open to braided cap and gingham jumper and out of the mouths of brakemen and switch tenders there again and again came those practical, working suggestions which allowed this or that innovation to reach its highest value.

The young fellow did not stop with experimenting with wood and iron. He made a study of the availability of ignorant foreign labor for construction work. If, too, he was systematically giving his hour or two a week to getting the best under him, he was also trying to devise new methods by which those men who seemed to be only "half-way good," could show forth what was best in them.

That all this must work together to make the machinery run always more smoothly one need hardly say.

But the Renovo engineer's machinery was not merely of the figurative kind. There was one thing the European had got away ahead in, and that was good road-bed making. Cassatt began to go to school again in that. He soon realized, moreover, that good road-beds were basic. You couldn't hope to run anything smoothly without them. He confesses that he had not then conceived of any four-track system; but it did seem to him that a railway ought to have a road-bed which no traffic manager should ever need to think about.

And out of Mr. Cassatt's first youthful desire to attain the smoothly running grew that idea with which his name must always be connected in the history of railroading, the through car. When hourly we now behold the same engine hauling the loaded "freights" of a dozen different lines from north, south, east and west, we feel that this belongs to the natural and created order of things. To unload and reload a freight car at the terminus of every system is something out of conceivable reason. It was not so in 1864. No one had even thought of doing anything else. Nor, at that time, were there any systems that could boast of even a thousand miles of track between their terminals. In Pennsylvania there were sixty-seven different lines, with an average mileage of fifty-five and a half! Many of them had been built to feed to one another, but separating them were these doubly built stone walls.

"Now," thought young Cassatt, "where is the sense in that? With

Pittsburg as a centre, why shouldn't the 'X & Y' haul our cars on to Cleveland, and we haul theirs on to Philadelphia? It would make both our lines twice as long, and nobody would be the loser."

It did make both lines twice as long, and it did much more than that. It was the first step toward the modern railway system; before that there was no system in any sense of the word. It showed what lines were built to be useful and what were not. There was another example of the survival of the fittest. Those lines by nature meant to unify, were unified.

It was said of our man before he reached thirty that it appeared to be his ambition to make his railroad run itself as smoothly as he ran himself. Of the latter there is one standing illustration which we may very well accept as final. In 1864 he had expressed the belief that if a man chose to manage his work with some kind of system, he ought to be able to stop at forty or forty-five. When he retired in 1882, he was just forty-two and a half! He had accomplished infinitely more than the average, hard-working man accomplishes in a lifetime, and he still had all the health of early middle age. He was wealthy and he had attained the highest possible position then open to him in the service, that of first vice-president. It is true that, seventeen years later, upon the death of his chief, George B. Roberts, he once more put on the harness, this time as president. But he had made his point.



# Why Physical Culture Fails

BY ALEXANDER BRYCE, M.D., IN GRAND MAGAZINE

In spite of the vastly increased attention given nowadays to physical culture, the modern civilized man often exhibits marked signs of physical deterioration. Here is a very interesting explanation by a member of the Faculty, of the apparent paradox.

THE immense value of physical culture is to-day not disputed; its beneficial results are utilized to the full by the medical profession in the treatment of consumption, obesity, heart disease, dyspepia, deformities, and many other departures from the healthy state. Such a craze, indeed, for exercise has arisen that its devotees are now more in danger from over-exertion than the reverse. In Norway tuberculosis is rife; in Sweden—the foremost gymnastic country in the world—one-third of the population dies before the age of twenty-one, and of the males who are left one-quarter are rejected for military service. In Germany only fifty-four per cent. of the males are accepted for the Army, while England, the land of sport and open-air exercise, with a voluntary military service, is some degrees worse.

Now, the object of physical culture is to fit a man for the duties of daily life, so that he will be a better workman, a better citizen, a healthy man in the highest sense of that term. During exercise, seven times more air passes through the lungs than when at rest, and this has an enormous reflex influence on the whole body, stimulating the vital functions, burning up the waste matter, and expelling the poisons manufactured by the living tissues. The seeds of insomnia, nervous disease, and Bright's disease are sown by inaction, and sooner or later a sedentary man must become dyspeptic. Old age is kept at bay by rational exer-

cise. All centenarians have been active men.

What can possibly account, then, in the presence of such a wave of enthusiasm for physical exercise, for the existence of so much physical deterioration?

The first reason is the absence of system. Haphazard exercise is of very little use. Physical culture is exercise, but exercise with a systematized purpose to guide it good results are not likely to be obtained without the recognition of this fact. To be positively useful a system of physical culture must be comprehensive, easy of application, and must not absorb much time. There can, however, be no universal system—none applicable to the needs of everybody. The nearest approach to such a system is that originally introduced by Ling, and now much extended and developed under the name of "The Swedish System of Physical Education." Its design is to train, not to strain, the body, to teach us how to make the best use of each muscle, and how to develop each organ to its full physiological limit.

The objection is often advanced that a man gets a sufficient amount of exercise in his daily occupation, and has neither time, inclination, nor energy for any more. But, it cannot be sufficiently emphasized, work is not exercise. In work a man does all he can to save exertion, and is seldom called upon to contract to the full any one of his muscles. His aim, indeed, is to save this contractile effort and to depend on the auto-



matic action of the muscle, his brain being in the object of his work, not in the conscious use of the muscles themselves. To effectively exercise a muscle, all the attention of the brain is required to contract it to the full.

Even where a man is engaged in an open-air occupation, such as gardening, it is wise to practice some form of physical culture to obviate the tendency to deformity which in these days of specialism is peculiar to each occupation, and to give gracefulness to the movements and agility and quickness to the body. Of all occupations gardening is the most healthful, yet it is very rare to see a well-formed, agile, perfectly healthy gardener. Most suffer from rheumatic pains, and there is an unnatural hardness in many of the muscles of the back—due to a development of connective tissue—a condition termed “muscle-bound,” defects which could easily be prevented by appropriate exercises. A modified form of compulsory military service is, in my opinion, a most admirable means of counteracting the tendency to physical deterioration in youth.

The second reason for the existence of physical deterioration is the adoption of a wrong system. This is very much worse than having no system at all, as much actual damage may easily be done to the internal organs. A wrong system often leads to a complete breakdown!

Broadly speaking, a community may be divided into two classes, the weak and the strong, and it is absolutely certain that not every weak man can become a strong man, no matter how much exercise he may indulge in. Strong men are born, not made. Physical culture may make a weak man strong, but only if he belongs to the strong type. Strength is a gift which increases

with use, and the legitimate object of physical culture is to develop the bodily powers to their full physiological limit, beyond which it is dangerous to proceed.

On the other hand, a weak man may nearly always become a healthy man, though it is folly to attempt to emulate the professional strong man and expect, by even the most diligent use of certain exercises and apparatus, to approach him in strength. This, unfortunately, frequently does not become patent, however, until much damage has been wrought to the physical powers, and especially to the heart and nervous system.

The man whom I have designated the weak man may, like the race-horse, perform in his particular sphere as much, and possibly even more work, than the so-called strong man, who in turn is only useful as a beast of burden, and comparable to the cart-horse. The principle adopted in training is that of Milo and the calf—the addition of a little each day but, however true in theory, such a system is most difficult in practice, on account of the impossibility of knowing precisely how much should be added each day, or of recognizing when the proper limit has been reached. Violent exertion can never be useful, and almost always ends in irreparable strains, such as the rupture of a blood-vessel, or stretching the heart, examples of which are constantly coming before medical men. We must not for a single moment confuse physical culture for health with such systems, or even with needless and injurious forms of athleticism. Far more nervous systems are wrecked and exhausted by ill-directed over-exertion than can be cured by intelligent culture of the physique.

A third reason is the adoption of a wrong diet. A great deal of erroneous teaching, which, because it is announced with impertinent emphasis, passes for gospel, has been lately promulgated on this subject. I have never subscribed to the doctrine that we are all given to over-eating, and yet this is the text which lately has occasioned more sermons than any other. My observation has convinced me, as it has many another man in my profession, that a very large proportion of people eat too little, and are much under-nourished. If there be any fault at all, it lies in taking too much proteid—i.e., the part of the food usually considered to contain the nourishment. If the well-to-do are in the habit of eating too much animal food, the same indictment can certainly not be made against the ordinary working-man.

It has been clearly shown by Professor Chittenden, working under the auspices of the United States Agricultural Bureau, that perfect health may be maintained on one ounce of animal food per day. But no amount of experimentation will ever carry conviction, because in this, as in most other things, every man is a law unto himself, and serious objection must always be taken to the theory of the ardent apostle that what suits him must of necessity suit every other man.

The old-fashioned method of training on great quantities of lean meat was based on a fallacy, was eminently risky, and was responsible for many cases of staleness and actual breakdown. Animal food is stimulating, and its strength-giving properties are more rapidly transferred to the tissues of the body but it fails to give the same amount of endurance as vegetable proteid, so that, in a contest where staying power is

required, a well-fed vegetarian is likely to lower the colors of the meat-eater. The athlete, however, should carefully study the pros and cons of the dietetic problem so far as they refer to his own case.

Whatever may be said of the merits of the two-meal-a-day and even the one-meal-a-day plan, three meals a day have stood the test of experience, and are much more likely to be generally useful to the average man. The additional afternoon-tea, with its two or three cups of stewed tea and unlimited supplies of cake and bread and butter, is certainly the cause of more indigestion and other maladies than all the others together. Were this meal alone omitted, many persons afflicted with obesity would soon lose their excess of adipose tissue. The hot saccharine fluid, with starch and fatty accompaniments, is replete with fat-producing elements, and if only half an ounce per day be added to the weight in this way, it means almost a stone by the end of the year! The Japanese drinks a great deal of tea; but, besides preparing it in such a way as to extract the volatile oil, which gives the flavor, without dissolving out the theine, the active principle to which are due the intoxicating properties of tea, he adds neither milk nor sugar. His tea-drinking, therefore, is simply a means of imbibing agreeably flavored, sterilised water.

A fourth reason for physical deterioration is to be found in the many erroneous ideas still extant regarding bathing. The remedial agencies supplied by nature are by no means to be despised but it appears to me that we have misunderstood the true function of the bath, which is, after all, primarily to cleanse. No doubt a morning plunge in cold water has

a bracing or tonic effect on most strong young men; but, in principle, a tonic is quite wrong, especially in the morning—the time when, on account of our long night's rest, we stand least in need of it. A tonic is in the nature of a stimulant, and he who indulges in this luxury must be prepared to pay the penalty, which, sooner or later, is demanded of all. We are everlastingly hearing of the reaction which it is necessary to obtain after a cold bath, and the explanation is given that we must have a healthy glow all over our skin just after the plunge. But this is a most fallacious test. There are very few who do not experience this feeling of delight and pleasurable glow as a sequence of a cold plunge bath. The true test of the suitability of the bath is to feel this healthy glow all through the day. Now, for one who fails to get this so-called reaction immediately after the bath there are dozens who do, and yet feel tired, depressed, cold, and irritable three or four hours after. They never associate these very pleasant feelings with their morning cold bath, though they are decided indications for dispensing with such a dangerous stimulant. It is no uncommon experience to find many who, relying on the pleasurable after-glow and ignoring the subsequent drowsiness and discomfort, continue to bath when it has begun to do their bodies serious damage. As in many other things, the Japanese is here again in the right. The well-trained athlete of Japan would scout the notion of taking a cold bath, whereas he absolutely revels in the excessively hot bath, taking one at least every day, and staying in for one or more hours on each occasion. For the great majority of people, especially in the morning and

after exercise, a tepid soap-and-water bath, followed by friction with a good Turkish towel, is the best form of introduction to the duties of the day.

A fifth reason is to be found in the tendency to adopt a wrong position in standing, sitting, and walking. We stand chiefly on one foot, and one shoulder becomes higher than the other; we sit in the same position as the "scorcher" on his bicycle, often with our legs crossed, and thus the spine gets twisted, the pelvis distorted, and the sciatic nerves damaged by pressure. We pursue our occupations with one hand or one arm, and so become lop-sided and unequally developed. We walk with protruding abdomen, and head shot forward between the shoulders, instead of being thoroughly braced up with the back of the neck touching the upper edge of the collar. Many deformities are produced, and even much indigestion brought on, by the slovenly position adopted at table; indolence is not the only reason for reclining on a couch at meal-times, as is the general custom in the East. Eupepsia is encouraged, and the most lively sense of bien-etre induced, by half an hour's rest after meals flat on the back, with the hips elevated on a cushion, the neck supported by the same means.

A sixth reason is the lack of open-air life, the common lot of all city-dwellers. The greatest surgical discovery of the nineteenth century was dirt, matter in the wrong place which attacks every solution of continuity of the human skin; the greatest medical discovery that will be made in this century will be dust. It takes at least two hours in fresh open-air each day to counteract the effects of the dust we inhale in dining-room,



drawing-room, bedroom, workshop, city street, and country road alike, without estimating the wear and tear of the tissues due to nature's excretory effort to intercept this terrible enemy. If we would evade this death-dealing dust, the cause alike of consumption, sore throat, cold in the head, and pneumonia, it is essential to betake ourselves to parks and open-air spaces, green fields, and country lanes.

Many diseases of the alimentary canal, especially acute diarrhoea, are directly brought about by the contamination of food which has been exposed in a dust-polluted atmosphere, and, in these days of motor-cars, far more elaborate precautions ought to be taken to protect milk, meat, fruit and vegetables, from dust and flies, which, after feeding on garbage of all kinds, bestow their attention on milk and other foods displayed at shop-doors and in other equally unprotected places.

An important factor in this connexion is the length of ladies' dresses. When the wearers enter and leave public conveyances, cross streets, and even sometimes while walking, skirts are allowed to trail in the dust, from which they catch up innumerable colonies of microbes, and transfer them alike to public meeting-places and private dwelling-houses.

A seventh reason is closely bound up with the last—viz., the question of recreation. "Recreation" and exercise for physical culture are not by any means the same thing. The former term should be applied only to such exercises or sports as do not require any close application of the mind, and, indeed, are usually undertaken more as a relief to the mind than as a development of the body.

For the latter purpose, the most careful concentration of the mind on the movements performed is necessary, and, without in any way exhausting or overstraining the organs of the body, fifteen or twenty minutes daily will keep the body in the highest state of physical perfection, though the too ardent pursuit of such exercise is apt to degenerate into mere muscle-culture, far in excess of the requirements of the body, and making great demands on the organs of circulation and respiration. It is often associated with ready exhaustion and a feeling of listlessness or staleness overtaking both body and mind, caused by the muscular and nervous system being filled with the acid waste products of fatigue. In such a condition the body demands rest and the return to that normal amount of exercise which experience has taught to be sufficient.

When, however, on account of a sedentary occupation, or of the too limited use of the muscles in the daily occupation, a feeling of exhaustion is brought about, then it is an indication to indulge in some form of exertion which demands no waste of nervous energy by mental concentration. Games such as golf, billiards, and bowls are excellent examples of exercise for recreative purposes. It is even conceivable that in such circumstances justification may be found for occasionally watching a football or cricket match, though this is no vindication for those who thus spend all their leisure time indulging in no form of exercise whatever, and deluding themselves with the belief that they are athletes.

The last reason worthy of mention is an inordinate love of pleasure and ease which seems to be the special



peculiarity of people in our days. It has been said that it is better to wear out than to rust out; but pleasure is far more exhausting than work. Sensations of pleasure and pain are both conveyed by the same nerves, and a too frequent repetition of the pleasurable sensation is speedily followed by a diminution of the power to please and the substitution of pain.

“All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy;” but our pleasures should be sought for in the ordinary course of our everyday occupation, or in the recreations we indulge in as a relief to our minds and bodies. The pursuit of pleasure as an end in itself is always to be depreciated, and usually ends in an exhausted mind and an exhausted body.

## The Richest Women in the World

M. A. P.

The marriage of Miss Bertha Krupp last month directed attention to the heiress and her sister, who are said to be the richest women in the world. After giving some particulars about them, the article proceeds to enumerate other wealthy women and to tell about their foibles.

WHEN the Kaiser gave his cachet to, and promised his attendance at, the wedding of Miss Bertha Krupp on October 15, that event became an occasion of international interest. Both Miss Bertha and her sister, Barbara, the richest girls in the world, are romantically marrying impecunious but aristocratic young Prussian officials. Fraulein Bertha's fiance is a poor man of noble descent, holding the insignificant post of secretary of legation at the Prussian Legation to the Vatican; Fraulein Barbara's is a moneyless baron occupying a subordinate position in the civil service. Barbara will bring her husband a fortune of two millions sterling; Bertha owns the whole of the vast Krupp business, which comprises the famous gun manufactory at Essen, worth over fifteen million pounds, extensive coal and iron mines in Spain, no fewer than five hundred and sixty mines in Germany, a score of stone quarries, and a fleet of large steamships constant-

ly engaged in bringing the products of the Spanish mines to Hamburg.

Practically, Miss Bertha owns the entire city of Essen, with its million inhabitants. Her great factory employs 25,000 work people, and these, with their families and dependants constitute the population of the city. Her total wealth is capitalized at £45,000,000, and her annual income is set down at £225,000. She resides in a palace which occupied five hundred men four years in building. Every day she spends several hours at the works attending to business, and studying the intricate system which controls to a large extent the world's destinies for peace and war. The works are fed by fifteen hundred giant ovens, consuming 2,500 tons of coal per day. Every country in Europe relies for its armament on the energy and enterprise of this twenty-year-old girl.

Miss Bertha is a good-looking, fair-haired girl with the face of an Eleanor Duse—the countenance frank and open, the expression of the

mouth sweet and kindly, the eyes large and bright, eyebrows arched, forehead high and broad, hair parted at the middle and waving at the sides. Her manners are modest and retiring. Brought up in the simplest way, she makes no display of her wealth, which, however, she handles generously; Essen alone has received from her more than £200,000 for charity and education. She has robust health, and takes delight in riding, bicycling and golfing. A clever painter, she is deeply interested in all artistic works. But in spite of all her goodness, she lives in constant danger of assassination, in consequence of which she has to be continually guarded, much against her will, by a corps of special detectives.

Another of the world's wealthiest women, Mrs. Hetty Green, has just delighted America by pleading poverty, while protesting against an increase in the assessment of her country residence by £400. Mrs. Green is really the richest woman in America, but she is economical withal—in fact, the feminine counterpart of the late Russell Sage. The incident reminds one of the story told by this shrewd millionairess after winning a ten-thousand-dollar lawsuit which had been brought against her. "I had a case in Chicago," she said, "where, as administratrix of an estate, I sued a Presbyterian church to foreclose a mortgage. They tried to freeze me out, and even the ministers preached against me, but before I got through with them I managed to get sixteen hundred dollars more than I asked for in the first place."

Although a septuagenarian, Mrs. Green continues actively in business, and is now known as the Grand Old Woman of Wall street. Her wealth

flows in from octopus-like mortgages on properties in nearly every city in the States. Railroads and steamboats, mines of copper in Michigan, of gold in Nevada, and of iron in Missouri and Pennsylvania, telegraph and telephone securities, her riches cover all sorts and conditions of gilt-edged dividend-paying investments. Mrs. Green has taken forty years of strenuous and often litigious business life to amass, single-handed, the stupendous fortune which has made her the Rockefeller of her sex.

Miss Helen Gould should be ranked with Miss Krupp and Mrs. Green at the head of the world's richest women. Miss Gould is worth fifteen millions sterling, the interest on which she devotes to good works. Still on the sunny side of forty, she has the appearance and air of a hospital nurse. With her gentle speech, winning smile, and ever open purse, she is welcomed as a good fairy wherever she goes. For her charitable work alone she employs two secretaries and a typist, besides representatives who make daily visits to hospitals and charitable institutions. Yet, in spite of her tender nature, Miss Gould has a caustic wit. One day she was showing some children visitors the treasures of her home. "Here," she said, is a beautiful statue—a statue of Minerva." "Was she married?" asked a little girl. "Oh, no, my child," said Miss Gould, smiling, "she was the goddess of wisdom."

Also chief among the wealthiest women in the world are the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, Mrs. Phoebe Hearst, Mrs. Potter, Mrs. Ogden Goelet, and Mrs. Annie Weightman Walker. Baroness Burdett-Coutts has expended in charity more than a million of the £1,800,000 she inherited

as a girl. Mrs. Potter, wife of the Bishop of New York, is a generous dispenser of the £4,000,000 she possesses in her own right. Mrs. Goelet, mother of the Duchess of Roxburghe, is in a position to fritter £700 on the fee of a single singer at one of her receptions. Mrs. Hearst reaps untold wealth from her railways and mines, one of the latter being the richest in existence. Mrs. Walker inherited a fortune of £12,000,000 from her father, the "Quinine King," who made his "nestegg" by the timely manufacture of quinine during the American Civil War.

Most of the world's richest women come from America, and the majority of them seem to marry British peers, bringing with them enormous dowries. Some five hundred wealthy American girls have married titled foreigners, and their total dowry amounts to £41,600,-

000. The most heavily dowered bride was the Duchess of Roxburghe (nee May Goelet), with a fortune of £8,000,000. Others are: Duchess of Marlborough (nee Vanderbilt), £2,000,000; the late Lady Curzon (nee Leiter), £1,000,000; Countess Castellane (nee Gould), £3,000,000; Mrs. Vivian, £2,400,000; Baroness Halyett, £2,000,000; Mrs. Michael Herbert, £1,000,000; Lady William Beresford, £600,000; Princess Colonna (nee Mackay), £500,000; Countess von Larisch, £800,000; Mrs. Paget, £400,000. To what extent the British nobility has benefitted financially from unions with wealthy American women may be gauged from the fact that since 1840, thirty British peers or eldest sons of peers have married in the United States, while of Americans who are the wives of Englishmen with courtesy titles or baronetcies there are forty-four.

## Be Cheerful.

The cheerful man is pre-eminently a useful man.

The cheerful man sees that everywhere the good out-balances the bad, and that every evil has its compensating balm.

The habit of cheerfulness enables one to transmute apparent misfortunes into real blessings.

The cheerful man's thought sculptures his face into beauty, and touches his manner with grace.

If we are cheerful and contented, all nature smiles with us; the air is softer, the sky clearer, the earth has a brighter green, the trees have a richer foliage, the flowers are more fragrant, the birds sing more sweetly, and the sunshine is more beautiful.

All good thought and good action claim a natural alliance with good cheer.

Grief, anxiety, and fear are the great enemies of human life. Cheerfulness is their antidote.



# What is a Cold ?

BY ROBERT BELL, M.D., IN GRAND MAGAZINE

In this instructive article an eminent London physician explains in ordinary parlance, just what a "cold" is and how we "catch cold." He shows what a small part actual "cold" plays in the matter, pointing out that there are other factors in addition to the mere exposure of the body to a draught of cold air.

IS it because Nature is so lavish in her gifts and the blessings she loads us with so numerous that, as a rule, so little thought is directed to the consideration of the many—nay, the innumerable—benefits she freely confers? Do we, for example, ever pause, even for a moment to contemplate the wonderful provision she has made and is ever making to fortify our bodies against the entrance of disease? Do we ever give thought to the trustworthy and efficient sentinels she has stationed within our bodies, not only to warn us of danger, but to subdue the enemy when, perchance, he may have succeeded in asserting his presence? Again, are we not prone to overlook the fact, even when disease has established a footing, that Nature speedily comes to the rescue and rarely fails to re-establish the equilibrium, temporarily upset. To take an example of this beneficent power of Nature, let us consider that departure from the healthy standard somewhat flippantly designated a "common cold."

Perhaps there is no ailment of more frequent occurrence, and probably none treated with so much indifference, and this notwithstanding the fact that the most evil consequences not only may, but frequently do, supervene. How many really understand the train of circumstances tending to provoke an attack.

The popular theory is that a "cold" is due solely to the effect of cold playing for a longer or shorter

period upon a portion of the body exposed to a draught. It is to this cause that a "cold" is generally attributed. This, however, is anything but a satisfactory explanation, as I shall amply demonstrate.

There must need be other factors involved, besides the mere exposure to a draught of cold air, before the catarrhal symptom of a "cold in the head," can be established. No doubt if we are so placed that a cold draught continues to play for a time upon any portion of the body, the exposed surface will become chilled, and the chilling process may extend far beyond the area actually exposed. The primary effect of this depletion of caloric is to depress the vitality of the individual for the time being, and this is the only direct effect a draught of pure cold air will produce. The secondary effects will be indirect—shivering and sneezing—accompanied in all probability by hypersecretion of mucus by the nasal muco-membrane. These are termed reflex results, the first two constituting Nature's method of overcoming the disturbance of the circulation which exposure to cold has caused.

The effects of the chill have been conveyed by means of the cutaneous nerves of the exposed surface to those nervous centres from which the sympathetic nerve emanate, and upon which they are dependent for their functional energy. Now, it is these sympathetic nerves which control the calibre of the blood vessels, and thus regulate the supply of



blood to the various tissues of the body. If, then, these nervous centres have had conveyed to them the depressing effects of the cold upon the cutaneous nerves, the effect will be to reflect this depression upon the sympathetic—or, as they are termed, the vaso-motor-nerves, which have their origin in these centres or ganglia. Their controlling influence over the arteries normally under their domination will, therefore, cease for the time being; the blood-vessels will expand under the blood pressure, and an undue amount of blood will be temporarily pumped into the highly vascular muco-membrane. The natural sequence is congestion of the part, during the continuance of which there will be observed an excessive secretion of mucus, giving rise to what is popularly termed a cold or catarrh in the head. So soon, however, as the effects of the cold draught have passed off and the nerves have recovered from their temporary disablement, the normal circulation in the muco-membrane becomes re-established, and this will be the end of that cold in the head.

It must be borne in mind that whenever the secretion of any membrane becomes excessive in quantity, its quality is pro rata bound to suffer. It loses its healthy character, and its usefulness is thereby impaired. In consequence of this impairment in the character of the secretion the effected membrane is rendered vulnerable to evil influences that may be hovering around, and herein lies the crux of the whole question. This will be apparent when we are made acquainted with certain properties the secretion of the muco-membrane of the air passages possesses.

It is hardly necessary to explain, what everyone is conscious of, that the muco-membranes are dependent

upon their secretion of mucus to enable them to retain their healthy character and perform their normal functions. The secretion answers the double purpose of keeping the muco-membrane moist and comfortable, and also of protecting its delicate surface from being irritated by gaseous or solid matter suspended in the atmosphere, which may find an entrance into the air passages in the process of breathing. It possesses the faculty of arresting impurities suspended in the inspired air, thus purifying it before it reaches the lungs. This property can readily be demonstrated during the prevalence of fog.

If the foreign matter is irritating in its nature, sneezing or coughing will be excited, and at the same time mucus will be secreted more freely, and will continue in excess until the foreign matter is expelled, after which the muco-membrane will tend to resume its normal condition.

When the mucus is normal in quantity and character it differs very materially in one of its most important features from the secretion when in excess. A perfectly normal secretion contains an active and potent constituent named mucin, a most powerful antiseptic. It is to the presence of mucin that we suffer so little from the myriads of germs ever present in our environment. They gain admittance to the air passages, but there are immediately arrested by the secretion and altogether destroyed by the mucin. Afterwards they, as well as other extraneous matter, are ejected by the mucus which has entangled them and is constantly being discharged outwards, the current propelled in that direction by the sweeping movements of the innumerable minute hairs, or cilia, with which the air passages are provided. It would appear, however, that

when the secretion is increased in quantity, as it always is when there is a cold in the head, its character is so altered that the antiseptic property of the mucus disappears, or rather ceases to be produced. Now is the opportunity for the germ, which, when ventilation is deficient, is always at hand ready to take advantage of the vulnerable condition of the usually impervious armour. Once a footing has been gained, the germ speedily establishes itself and succeeds in maintaining sufficient irritation to perpetuate hypersecretion, which otherwise would speedily have subsided.

It will be readily understood, then, how important a thing—nay, how paramount from a hygienic point of view—is efficient ventilation; disease germs are invariably present in an active condition in a vitiated atmosphere. Sitting in a draught in a crowded room is not only liable to give origin to a cold, but also to diseases of more serious import. On the other hand, exposure to a similar draught in an uncontaminated atmosphere would produce no such effect. That is why railway carriages, superheated by the insanitary

method at present in vogue, are so dangerous, and prove such frequent foci of disease. This also accounts for the fact that "colds" are so frequently contracted in overheated and badly-ventilated places of public resort, where we run the risk of being exposed to a draught, and superadded to this are breathing an impure atmosphere laden with disease germs. Thus simultaneously all the vital energies of the individual are depressed. Disease is thus courted and every encouragement given to its advances, whereas prolonged exposure to cold in a pure atmosphere will produce no such disastrous effects, not even if the chill appears to have gripped the very bones!

What we designate a "cold" is only in a very small degree due to the effect of cold; the real cause of ailment is rather to be sought in the presence and activity of microbes. This will be apparent to any one who has been successful in aborting a cold by the employment of suitable antiseptics in the form of sprays or inhalations, these only proving effective owing to their power of destroying the disease-producing organisms.

There are some people who ride all through the journey of life with their backs to the horses' heads. They are always looking into the past. All the worth of things is there. They are forever talking about the good old times, and how different things were when they were young. There is no romance in the world now, and no heroism. The very winters and summers are nothing to what they used to be; in fact, life is altogether on a small commonplace scale. Now, that is a miserable sort of thing; it brings a kind of paralyzing chill over the life, and petrifies the natural spring of joy that should be ever leaping up to meet the fresh new mercies that the days keep bringing.—Brooke Herford.

# Sir William Treloar, Lord Mayor of London

BY E. J. IN THE YOUNG MAN

The Lord Mayor-elect of London is head of a great business house, located on Ludgate Hill, which was established by his father before him. He is thus one of the merchant princes of the British metropolis. His early attention to the needs of the children of the great city, while he was an alderman, won for him the title of "the children's Alderman."

LONDON'S Mansion House has never had a more generally popular occupant than Sir William Treloar, Lord Mayor-elect of London, will be. It is sometimes the case that people whose interests are not very closely identified with the City of London are obliged to admit, "We never heard of him," when the name of the new Lord Mayor is told to them. That will rarely be said of Sir William Treloar, for he has found time to concern himself with movements and to take active interest in affairs which cover an area far beyond that over which his business and his municipal work extend; and for a variety of reasons, of which any man might be justly proud, his name is known far and near.

The country cousin who walks up Ludgate Hill may be too much interested in the great dome of St. Paul's Cathedral before him to notice the name of Treloar, prominently displayed as it is. He will probably have time to see it, however, on his return, near the railway bridge at the foot of the hill, and on either side of the road. Although by no means of patriarchal age, and even young as Lord Mayors go, Sir William Treloar can claim to be one of the "oldest inhabitants," of the City of London, and probably the oldest inhabitant of the Ludgate Hill part of it. For he was born sixty-three years ago in a house at the bottom of the Hill, which was afterwards demolished for the building of the railway bridge, and his life and interests

have centered chiefly within a few yards of that spot ever since. He was the younger son of Thomas Treloar, a Cornishman, as his name suggests, a native of Helston. That was in the old days, when the merchant lived with his business, and in this case the business was concerned with carpets and mats. And it is over windows containing carpet squares and linoleum and other floor-covering materials that the passer along Ludgate Hill sees the name Treloar; for after a schooling at Greenwich and King's College, ending at the early age of fifteen, and not without distinction and reward, the boy came to work in his father's warehouse, and has continued to work there until to-day.

Sir William Treloar, who until 1886 was associated with his brother Robert in the business on Ludgate Hill, and since that time has been alone in its control, has not only kept it up to the standard at which it was when he took charge, but has made it a constantly-growing success. That speaks something, it may reasonably be claimed, for the business ability and strength of character of the Lord Mayor-elect; for whatever views one may hold on the subject of the possession and use of wealth, it would surely be difficult to find anyone ready to deny that the qualities which go to the making of a commercial success by straight dealing and fair treatment are admirable. "It's dogged as does it" is Sir William's prescription for business suc-



cess, speaking from his own experience in fact, it is a precept which he applies to whatever he takes in hand, and without which nowadays, he believes, little good work is accomplished.

Sir William Treloar's connection with Ludgate Hill is made by other ties than birth and business. The thoroughfare as it now exists is a monument to the man to whose energy and "dogged" personality was due the overcoming of hesitation and prejudice on the part of the Corporation of London a quarter of a century ago, resulting in the widening from 47 feet to 60 feet of the short but ancient highway into the City of London from the west. It was principally with this reform in view that Sir William stood for election as a Common Councillor for the ward of Farrington Without in 1881, and that the electors were with him in his wishes for a wider Ludgate Hill is pretty evident from the fact that he received 1,232 votes, the record poll in a city election up to that time. Sir William is the type of man who would prefer a good street improvement as his monument to a marble effigy of himself at a meeting of thoroughfares. There is this to be said for it; the widened street is by a great deal the more useful, and people appreciate it most, whilst the only use to them of the statute in the middle of the road is as a temporary refuge from the passing traffic. The one is a boon to the Londoner, who has no eye for statutory the other is a curiosity inspected only by a tiny minority of strangers to London.

I have referred to Sir William's election to the Common Council and to the reform whose urgency took him there. Some word should be

added concerning his other work at the Guildhall, apart from the routine duties which - conscientious Corporator and an Alderman find to be done from week to week. He it was who in 1886 introduced the reform of voting by ballot in place of the system of open voting then in vogue. His "dogged" qualities were here again brought into play, for one can introduce many things into city government more easily than new methods. In 1891 he was elected to the important position of Chairman of the Commissioners of Sewers, a body with which he had had much to do in his fight for the addition of those 13 feet to the width of Ludgate Hill—for the Commissioners of Sewers control not only practically all the streets of the city, but the complicated arrangement of pipes and wires beneath them. During his chairmanship the Committee earned a reputation for work which astonished all who knew its previous record of lection being unopposed; and with his derman of his ward in 1892, his election being unopposed; and with his election as Sheriff in 1899 the Lord Mayoralty became only a matter of waiting. A knighthood was conferred upon him in 1900, a recognition of his shrieval office and of his activity with Sir Alfred Newton, the Lord Mayor of that year, and his brother Sheriff, Sir Alfred Bevan, in organizing the C.I.V. regiment.

Indeed, Sir William Treloar has himself had the experience which he commends in writing many years ago to another Lord Mayor (Mr. David Evans), to whom he dedicated the second edition of his book on Ludgate Hall: "Instead of contriving to secure the high office of Lord Mayor of London by relying only on wealth and influence to enter at once upon



the preliminary dignities of Sheriff and Alderman, without the education and experience acquired by the humbler work of an ordinary member of the Common Council, you honourably 'won your spurs' on the 'floor of the Court' by undertaking, at the solicitation of your neighbors, to represent your ward, and by heartily devoting your efforts to the work of adequately accomplishing the duties of the successive offices which in the course of time devolved upon you. Permit me to say, Lord Mayor, that the course which you have followed has gained for you the regard and esteem of all those who place the claims of public duty before the advantages of public office."

A well-known fact is that national policies do not affect the work of the City of London, and the division lobbies at the Guildhall invariably contain men rubbing shoulders whom one could hardly imagine under any circumstances meeting in either lobby at the House of Commons. In stating that Sir William Treloar's sympathies are definitely on the Conservative side in politics, therefore, it is hardly necessary to give any assurance that the Mansion House during the new Lord Mayoral year will not become a centre of Primrose League or Tariff Reform or any other kind of activity associated with the Conservative view of politics. Indeed, in his work on the Common Council Sir William Treloar has been particularly successful in keeping his Conservatism out of reckoning. His energies have been devoted rather to reforms to which the word radical may be applied in fair description.

I will venture the opinion that those privileged guests who see Sir William Treloar presiding at the

Lord Mayor's Banquet in the Guildhall on November 9, will not see him really at his best. Interesting and important as that occasion will be, there will take place in the same Guildhall during the first week of next January a feast for which he who would see the new Lord Mayor at his best should set his wits to work in order to obtain an invitation. Sir William has won the enviable title of "the Children's Alderman." It has been well earned by his very lively sympathy with the poor children of London, especially the six or seven thousand of them who are crippled. Every New Year the courtyard of the Guildhall presents a busy spectacle of the loading of carrier's vans with hampers, which are despatched, full of good things, to the homes of London's cripple children, whose addresses have been collected through the organization of the Ragged School Union. In the evening of the day on which these hampers are despatched a great feast is given in the Guildhall to 1,500 of London's poorest children. It is on this day of the year that Sir William Treloar is at his best and enjoys himself the most; and the children will soon be looking forward to the day when 'the Children's Lord Mayor' will act once more as host.

When I asked Sir William Treloar, a few days ago how he hoped to make his year at the Mansion House a notable one, I was in no way surprised when the answer came quickly that he meant to set on foot some scheme for the permanent benefit of London's crippled children. For some time he has been making inquiries in every direction from which useful information can be obtained, upon which to base his scheme, and by the ninth of this month he hopes to

be ready to announce the details of his plans.

While Sir William Treloar has been aptly titled "the Children's Alderman," he well deserves the further name of a man's Alderman, for he is a man's man if ever there was one. Among city men, in Fleet Street (he is a member of the Press Club and the Whitefriars Club), with his colleagues at the Guildhall, with the lawyers at the Old Bailey, where his duties take him frequently, and at any dinner-table gathering (he has a fame as a witty and entertaining after-dinner speaker) he is one of the most popular of men. He was trained in a school where "side" was not allowed. In fact, while he has a good opinion of the young man of to-day, believing him to be smart and capable and to take greater care of himself than young men used to do, drinking less and exercising himself more (though he probably smokes too much), he is inclined to think that he has a good deal more side than the young man of his own time. Sir William's father took care that his son did not assume airs unbefitting his station. As a youth, Sir William Treloar was bent on soldiering, and even went so far as to go with a friend to enlist among the English supporters of Garibaldi. One day he invited his father to buy him a commission in a crack regiment. His father's reply was crushing, and sufficed to keep his son at business: "No, I will not buy you a commission; but you may enlist in the ranks, if you like, and I will promise not to buy you out!" It was a knockdown blow to a young man's tendency to swagger, and Sir William Treloar has never been accused of swagger from that time forward. He is one of the most approachable of men, and a-

mong the offices of city merchants his is probably the easiest of access when business is the subject.

The Lord Mayor-elect has not much belief in the young man who seeks a place in municipal life or in Parliament, especially one who still has his own way to make in the business or professional world. There is a suspicion that the leading motive may be the "advantages of public office" rather than "the claims of public duty"; and his opinion is that, even if a struggling young business or professional man should enter on public life with the highest of motives, there is a very vital danger of his discovering that personal gain and advancement are facilitated by the position in which he has been placed for the performance of public duty. That is a danger which affects both the man and the people whose interests are entrusted to him, and few are strong enough to resist it. To the older man, with more leisure and a wider experience of life, the peril is not so great; and Sir William Treloar followed his own opinion regarding public life by waiting until he was approaching forty years of age before taking municipal duties upon himself. The Lord Mayoralty was not an ambition of his youth, unless the age of forty comes within that period—and, indeed, Sir William's youthful bearing at sixty-three years leads one to wonder whether in his case even two-score years may not come under that description.

Sir William's recreation of yachting has taken him much abroad, especially into the near East. He has travelled considerably in Turkey, Palestine, and Asia Minor, and knows as much as any man of the life and habits of the picturesque peoples of

those romantic lands. His house at Norwood is full of curios and valuable art treasures gathered in his journeyings, and his warehouse on Ludgate Hill contains an amount of the merchandise of the East in valuable rugs and carpets. As a director of Messrs. T. Cook & Son (Egypt), Ltd., it was Sir William

Treloar's interesting duty to accompany the tour of the Emperor of Germany in Palestine a few years ago, to control the arrangements made for the comfort and happiness of one of the most distinguished of "Cook's tourists" whom the great firm of travel organizers have taken under their 'personal conduct.'

## Lusol, the New Illuminant

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

In Paris they are to-day experimenting with a new illuminant, which produces better results for less money than anything yet invented. It is the discovery of the French engineer, M. Denayrouze, who did as much to launch the electric light, twenty-five years ago. He has not only discovered a new lighting-factor but has invented a special lamp for its use.

"**L**USOL," as its maker explains, is merely a commercial name, for it cannot claim a chemical individuality. It is specially rich in carbon, and boasts the advantage over petroleum, motorcarline, etc., in having only a weak tension of vapor.

Without going into the processes of its extraction from coal, lusol may be briefly said to resemble acetylene, and can be called its twin—an acetylene, indeed, in liquid form and minus its explosions. Remembering that the great inconvenience of acetylene is the deposit of black smoke which it leaves, M. Denayrouze has preferred to renounce the incandescent carbon body, and to make use only of the calorific power by placing it in a lamp with an Auer mantle.

It was a matter of some consideration how best to use the ten thousand available calories. A special lamp was devised which deserves description. It is not only a lamp but a small distillery, very carefully made, and so closed as to prevent leakage. This is highly necessary, for

lusol being very fluid, very volatile, and highly inflammable, every precaution must be taken that not the slightest ooze takes place or the faintest breath of vapour escapes; nor must the most trifling effusion occur even should the lamp be overturned. For this reason it is furnished with a conical opening closed with a screw. When the burner is unscrewed, a central tube is found which reaches to the bottom of the receiver, and in this a tightly packed wick is fixed on a metallic axis. But a special characteristic is that the tube is closed at the top, so that the wick cannot emerge, and has thus no direct communication with the flame. The reason for this will be at once apparent when it is understood that all that is required of the wick is to pump by capillary attraction the liquid lusol from below, and to transport it to the little distilling compartment above. In a few words, it is not the lusol which burns, but the vapor.

By capillary attraction liquids rise in a higher or lower degree. Petrol-



um will rise at seven degrees centigrade, alcohol at ten, and lusol at twenty-four. But in order to secure a vaporisation of any consequence heat is necessary, and to obtain this the inventor has utilized the flame of the lamp itself by means of a contrivance thought out for one of his previous notions. The support of the Auer mantle is usually of wire; but in this case the mantle-frame has been made solid, and soldered to the distilling chamber, being thus a good conductor of heat. When the lamp is working the mantle-frame becomes very hot, and communicates this heat to the liquid conveyed by the wick, which it distilled as vapor as long as the warmth continues. Simply expressed, the heat from the flame of the vapor causes more vapor to feed the flame.

The orifice which allows this vapor to rise is so minute that a fine needle can scarcely enter, and this is the only communication between the exterior of the lamp and the interior. It is, therefore, an impossibility that an effusion should take place. So nicely has the size of this orifice been regulated that it only allows just enough vapor to escape to ensure a sufficiency of air for rendering the flame not only illuminating but heating. It is, indeed, the well-known principle of the Bunsen burner. The little injector is also covered by a wire gauze enclosing a small space sufficient to complete the mixture of air and vapour, and to prevent the recoil of the flame and the danger of its reaching the spirit.

It was a little difficult to arrange for heating the top of the wick without burning it, a heat of one hundred and twenty-five degrees being required. This, however, must be continuous, for should a draught make this

flame flicker the lamp ceases its work of distillation. A small cupel in fusible metal gets over this difficulty by bringing into play the latent heat of the melting alloy.

The weak point in the lamp—and in this it is only similar to petroleum lamps with mantles—is its lighting. As long as the lamp burns, the circle, so to express it, of the flame creating the vapor to be transformed into flame works admirably; but when the lamp is extinguished its relighting causes a little delay, and seems an inconvenience to those accustomed to call up a gas-flame by merely striking a match, or to summon the electric light by simply turning a button. The lusol lamp can be lighted by alcohol in different ways; but an ingenious model has a second small burner which is easily lighted and which is self-extinguishing when the principal burner is in going order. Liquid alcohol has been replaced in this lamp by alcohol in tabloid form, and a recent improvement which prevents its evaporation allows the alcohol to be placed in the lamp when it is being cleaned in the morning, ready for lighting at night. The delay, slight though it may be, in lighting this lamp may perhaps deprive it of the favor of the impatient; but for the drawing-room or the study it is an ideal lamp, for it is quite silent, clean, does not leak, does not smoke, its wick does not require attention, it has no smell, and produces a steady flame of equable strength and having a brilliant white light.

As a test of its power, it should be stated that the incandescent electric lamps are usually made of ten, sixteen, and thirty-eight candle-power; the strongest petroleum lamp without incandescence is of fifty-



three, the corresponding Auer burner of fifty, and the acetylene of eleven candle-power. The lusol model lamp as now presented is of one hundred candle-power.

It will, of course, be objected that lusol is highly dangerous; but what illuminant is not unless proper precautions are taken? Electricity electrocutes and short-currents cause fires, gas asphyxiates, and acetylene explodes. Petroleum's dangers are too well-known to need mention. With care, lusol is not more dangerous. In its properly closed can it is absolutely innocuous, but must of course be kept away from the fire.

Inside the lamp it is equally safe, since it cannot escape in the form of vapor, while the flame has no free exit such as is the case with petroleum lamps, where it can recoil. The lusol lamp, it is claimed, can be turned upside-down without any danger. It does not heat, and after burning several hours remains normal. This is due to the ventilation of the central tube, which is double. This tube is made of an alloy that is a bad conductor of heat, and it is one of the particular points of the invention. Should the tube become too warm the capillary attraction is impeded. A thermometer plunged into the interior of a lamp which had been burning for several hours only registered one degree above that of the room.

The lamp is extinguished by closing the capillary orifice and this, unlike the extinction of the petroleum lamp, is prompt and radical. As long as the mantle-frame remains warm the lamp can be relighted without alcohol. Very great care is required in filling the lamp, which should be done away from fire or any light, and of course only when its light is

extinguished. The filling-cans are fitted with interior ventilation that prevents gurgling or splashing.

M. Denayrouze is more ambitious for his lusol lamp than to be satisfied merely to see it light interiors; he asserts that it is most valuable for outdoor illumination, especially where neither gas nor electricity is to be had. But it will be at once recognized that no mere wick could supply capillary attraction for a large flame, and it has been found necessary to help the lusol to rise in the wick by means of a pressure of air. Owing to the excellent way in which the lamp is closed very little air and a weak pressure secures the desired result, and the street-lamps are fitted with two small receptacles united by a rubber tube. One is filled with glycerine, and hangs about four feet and a half above the other, which is filled with air. The glycerine slowly runs into the lower can, and so sends the air into the upper, where it drives the lusol quicker through the wick. This arrangement need only be renewed once in twenty-four hours, when the glycerine is restored to its original position and everything starts again. There are other adaptations of this principle.

The advantage of the lusol lamp would appear to be its extreme illuminating power, and next its cheapness. In a domestic lamp fifty grammes of spirit are burnt in an hour, and it can be left burning a whole day at a cost slightly under three-pence. In a three hundred and seventy-eight candle-power lamp, with the extra air-pressure, one hundred and ninety-two grammes only are consumed, with a pressure of a little over four feet of glycerine; while by increasing this four hundred and seventy-five candle-power can be

obtained. For outlying villages, isolated factories, or solitary houses the outdoor form of lamp seems particularly valuable while for interior use,

too, it seems to be exactly what is wanted. It will be interesting to watch the results of the Paris experiment.

## Why Our Lives are Growing Shorter

BY DR. JOHN V. SHOEMAKER IN READER

After propounding and proving from statistics the statement that people's lives are growing shorter, the writer endeavors to explain why this is so, coming to the conclusion that lives are being shortened owing to the very complexity of our modern civilization. Of all the evils that are most destructive, hurry and worry are the worst.

**I**N view of all that has been said about the fall in the death rate, it seems strange to realize that we are not living so long as our grandfathers and grandmothers did. More babies live to grow up now-a-days than formerly, but people in later life die faster than they used. Once arrived at adult age, the average man or woman has fewer years of survival to expect, since their physical vigor and vitality are less able to throw off disease than would have been the case half a century ago.

This seems, on the face of it, so surprising a statement that, in order to be accepted, it should be backed up by data authentic and indisputable. Such data are furnished by the figures of the insurance companies (which all agree on the point), but it is easier to refer to the government census reports, which tell the tale in simple and convincing fashion. Not only are people living less long than they did half a century ago, but the decrease in longevity is progressive. Even during the last fifteen years the death rate among all persons over fifty-five years of age, of both sexes, has risen very considerably.

In Part I of the third volume of

the United States Census for 1900 will be found a tabulated statement which shows in a very striking way the rise in the death rate during the decade from 1890 to 1900 for all ages from sixty up. The figures given are now six years old, and so I have brought them up to date, with the help of fresh information from Washington—a matter of no little importance, inasmuch as the increase has been marked ever since 1900. Thus corrected for accuracy, the reckoning shows that since 1890 there has been this increase in the death rate for the entire United States:

For people of ages from sixty to sixty-four, seven per cent.

For people of ages from sixty-five to sixty-nine, six and one-half per cent.

For people of ages from seventy to seventy-four, sixteen and one-half per cent.

For people of ages from seventy-five to seventy-nine, seven per cent.

For people of ages from eighty to eighty-four, fifteen per cent.

For people of ages from eighty-five to eighty-nine, twelve per cent.

For people of ages from ninety to ninety-four, thirty and one-half per cent.

For people of ages from ninety-five and up, twenty and one-half per cent.

These figures tell the story more clearly than the most eloquent discourse on the subject. They show that, notwithstanding improved medical knowledge and the benefits of modern sanitation, we are dying earlier than our grandparents did. The reason why offers a topic for a considerable discussion, and is not to be summed up in a word, but one may discover it without much difficulty in the more complex and luxurious life that we lead. The lives of our forebears were comparatively simple, and their constitutions, unweakened by the luxury and intense nervous strain of an existence like that of to-day, were stronger than ours and better able to withstand the approaches of disease.

Plenty of proof of this fact may be found in the vital statistics of our population, especially in the cities, the figures showing that, while the death rate from diseases common to children has enormously diminished within the last few years, the mortality from maladies more properly belonging to later life, such as heart disease, apoplexy, cancer, and ailments of the liver and kidneys, has risen to an alarming extent. Nay, more, it is still going up, and seems likely to continue to increase.

The average baby born to-day has a chance of reaching five years of age better by fifty per cent. than would have been the case half a century ago. Its prospect of escaping the diseases of childhood and growing up is vastly improved, as compared with earlier days.

Now, it is very desirable to save the babies, and one of the greatest triumphs of our newer civilization is

the successful rearing of three human infants for every two that survived half a century ago. But it is undeniable that the race as a whole suffers by the change, inasmuch as the weaklings, instead of being weeded out, are thus enabled to grow up. These weaklings not only propagate other weaklings, but, by reason of their inferior vigor of constitution, commonly fail to reach old age. In this fact, doubtless, is found one cause of the rise in the death rate in later life.

Nothing surely could well be more strange than the spectacle presented to our view, of a great and increasing acceleration of the sweep of the dread scythe among people beyond middle age, while multitudes of children are constantly escaping who must formerly have succumbed. In both cases, too, it is our advanced and perfected civilization that furnishes the cause, rescuing the young but mowing down the old. So far, indeed, does the harm neutralize the good that, notwithstanding all the achievements of modern hygiene and medical discovery, it is doubtful whether the average prospective lifetime of all is much greater than was the case for those living fifty years ago.

Most of us do not realize, perhaps, how much more complicated life is than it used to be. The typical successful business man of to-day crowds the work of twenty hours into ten hours, and only leaves his office to plunge into social dissipation of one kind or another, eating too much, drinking too much, smoking too much, going to bed too late, and keeping his nervous system continually on the rack until, all at once, it breaks down. Incidentally, his digestion becomes impaired, his vital



organs suffer irritation, which is often the beginning of disease, and his circulation is clogged, threatening apoplexy. No wonder, then, that in many an instance he dies suddenly, while yet in the prime of life.

Sudden deaths are much more common than they used to be. The high pressure of modern life, with its keen competition and intense strain, is the chief cause. The busy merchant drives his body machine beyond its capacity, and suddenly it collapses. Heart disease or apoplexy the attack may be, according to the physician's diagnosis, but it is really over-driving that is accountable for the mischief. The strenuous life is all very well, but it is liable in these days to be carried too far. I have known several tragic incidents of the kind within the last few years—one of them the case of a gentleman whom I had earnestly advised to lead a more simple life. "Nature," I said to him, "did not provide you with a machine capable of enduring such use. You have so many hours for sleep, so many hours for work, and so many for recreation; you must arrange them accordingly." But he kept on at the same gait, and, not long ago, while speaking at a dinner on board a steamship that was entering the harbor of New York, he dropped dead. A blood-vessel had given way.

When the body machine is weakened by over-driving, it is rendered more liable to disease. It can not withstand the hostile germ life which it is obliged to encounter. In other words, its power of resistance is diminished. And, when the hours that should be devoted to healthful recreation are given up to the enervating dissipations of club and social life, there is a double drain upon the

vitality. Many business men nowadays are kept under such continual nervous strain that they resort to stimulants in working hours, and it is this sort of abuse, combined with constant and racking excitement, that has earned for paresis recognition as a brain disease to which stockholders are peculiarly liable—so much so, indeed, that it might be called brokers' insanity.

The conditions of luxury under which most of us live—for these days when even the poor man enjoys comforts such as were obtainable by the rich half a century ago—have a tendency to weaken our constitutions and impair vitality. Our houses are overheated, and even the vehicles in which we ride are often warmed almost to suffocation. Thus we have become like hothouse plants, and, if by chance exposed to a current of cool air, we catch cold, or perhaps contract bronchitis or pneumonia, a trifling change of temperature cutting our lives short in a twinkling. Or, again, it may be that a like cause will bring congestion of the kidneys, leading to disease of those organs proving eventually fatal.

Not long ago, while traveling, I chanced to stop at a village on the river Rhine, where I found an astonishing number of old people. There were a dozen over one hundred years of age, and many from eighty years old up to the century mark; yet straight and vigorous. One woman nearly a hundred years old was earning her living by picking hops; her grandchildren were middle-aged. It was quite wonderful. But there was no mystery about it; it was merely the effect of a simple life spent largely in the fields, with plain diet, consisting of a few vegetables and



fruits, little meat, and native beer and wine for beverages.

Nothing can be more obvious than that the very complexity of our modern civilization is shortening our lives. But of all the evils that afflict us the worst and most destructive are hurry and worry. Hurry drives the body machine beyond its capacity, while worry racks it inwardly. Of the two worry is probably the worse. This might, indeed, be called the age of worry. Because of the intense nervous strain to which we are subjected, we do vastly more worrying than did our forebears. The average man of to-day is continually surrounded and pursued by phantom troubles, which, though few of them ever materialize into realities, haunt him continually, ruining his peace of mind and injuring his health.

Worry is not only distressing, but positively dangerous. It is the fruitful cause of many brain diseases, and is often the beginning of disorders of the nervous system. Men worry about money matters, about business, and about family affairs. It becomes a habit, growing by what it feeds on, so that the victim, with nothing on earth that ought to bother him per-

haps, looks around to discover something to worry about. If there is nothing else to be found, he will worry about his own health or about his salvation in the next world. Worry is one of the most important factors in the development of kidney troubles. Worry fills the asylums.

It may be said in conclusion that the fact, shown by the census figures of 1900, that people in rural districts live longer than residents of the cities affords rather a striking illustration of the influence of the complex existence upon longevity. If we are "dying at the top," as seems to be the case, the misfortune is unquestionably attributable to inherent defects in the civilization of which we are so proud. We have more amusements, travel faster, are more daintily fed, wear finer clothes, and are surrounded by more comfort and luxury than any generation that has preceded us; but we pay for all these things literally with our lives, which, as if by the working out of some inexorable law of compensation, have been considerably shortened already, and seemingly show a tendency to become progressively shorter and shorter still.

The discipline of failure develops qualities which command success. No one can be regarded as really capable who has not coolly faced disaster without flinching. The man born with a silver spoon in his mouth, who has always enjoyed ease, comfort, prosperity and freedom from care, does not inspire enthusiasm. It is he who conquers difficulty and snatches victory out of defeat who is universally admired.

# Bulls in the Westminster China Shop

BY HENRY W. LUCY IN CORNHILL.

This veteran Parliamentarian has a store of amusing anecdotes about M.P.'s which he relates in an interesting way. In the following article he gathers together a number of the "bulls," which he has heard let slip during his thirty-two years experience of Parliamentary life.

**D**URING a prolonged opportunity extending over thirty-two years I have varied the more severe study of Parliamentary life by taking note of those verbal lapses known by the generic term 'bull.' There is something about the atmosphere of the House of Commons that insensibly but irresistibly causes the oratorical foot to stumble. Few men, after whatsoever prolonged acquaintances with the place, overcome a certain feeling threatening the Speaker. In his 'Life of Gladstone' Mr. Morley tells how that heaven-born orator, most fluent of men, in his early Parliamentary days always offered up a silent prayer before he rose to address the House. That is not a custom convenient for general adoption. The preceding speaker might have resumed his seat whilst the prayer was in progress. That is the Speaker's eye was to be caught, the Amen must be abruptly postponed.

Mr. Morley's own maiden speech, by the way, delivered in the Session of 1884, was painful to his friends by reason of the extreme embarrassment of its delivery. They saw the new-comer, sustained by high reputation gained in other fields outside the House, full of well-digested information, with trained intellect and acute mind, struggling piteously with parched tongue, nervously facing an audience in which there were not a dozen men intellectually his equal. The oddest token of nervousness preliminary to addressing the House

that has come under my personal observation was betrayed by the late Mr. Whalley, long time member for Peterborough. When he rose to speak furtively rapped the back of the bench before him with his knuckles.

The progress of the General Election last January supplies pleasing promise of new hands in the bull stockyard. A Liberal candidate in one of the Yorkshire divisions sought to secure the Labor vote by the uncompromising declaration that 'the law relating to Labor combinations must be made watertight, so that no Judge can drive his coach and four through it.' That is at least as good as the late Mr. Hopwood's appeal to the House in discussion in Committee on the question of compulsory vaccination. 'Don't,' he implored members, 'drive the steam-engine of the law over people's consciences.'

Captain Craig, addressing the Eastdown electors at Lisbourne, said, 'The naked sword is drawn for the fight and, gentlemen, never again will the black smoke of Nationalists' tar barrels drift on the Home Rule wind to darken the hearts of Englishmen.' Mr. Shard, the Unionist candidate for Walthamstow, asked what religion he professed, was at pains to give particulars. 'My great grandfather,' he said, 'was baptized in the Church of England, married in the Church of England, and buried in a Church of England graveyard. And so was I.'

An Ulster delegate visiting Scotland in the interests of a Unionist

candidate could not conceal his distrust of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's Home Rule tendencies. 'Whenever the Prime Minister mentions Home Rule,' he said, 'he puts his foot in it up to the knee.' This recalls a bull of contemporary date trotted out by the Rev. Forbes Phillips, Vicar of Gorleston. Defending the attitude and manner of the episcopal Bench he said, 'Bishops are not really so stiff and starchy as some people make them out to be. There is a good heart beating below their gaiters.'

In similarly lofty spirit during debate on an early Eastern question the late Mr. Alderman Cotton, ex-Lord Mayor of London, finally Remembrancer, warned a hushed House that 'the state of negotiation is so critical that it only requires a spark to let slip the dogs of war.'

Mr. William Shaw, leader of the Nationalists' party in the House of Commons, whom Parnell dispossessed, addressing a meeting gathered on a Sunday to demonstrate against the Land Act, said, 'They tell us we violate the Sabbath by being here to-day. Yet if the ox or the ass falls into a pit on a Sunday we may take him out. Our brother is in the pit to-day—the farmer and the landlord are both in it—and we are come here to-day to try if we can lift them out. Which was the ox and which the ass. Mr. Shaw refrained from particularizing.

Mr. A. M. Sullivan, 'the eloquent member for Louth,' as Mr. Gladstone once called him, had a story about an Irish barrister he used to tell with keen relish. 'Gentlemen of the jury,' the learned gentleman said, with a tremor of genuine emotion in his voice, 'it will be for you to say whether this defendant shall be al-

lowed to come into court with unblushing footsteps, with the cloak of hypocrisy in his mouth, and draw three bullocks out of my client's pocket with impunity.' The nearest parallel I know to this is in the written word, where bulls are less frequently found. Criticising Linau's 'Lyrics,' Professor Johannes Scherr writes, 'Out of the dark region of philosophical problems the poet suddenly lets swarms of song dive up, carrying far flashing pearls of thought in their beaks.'

It was Mr. O'Connor Power, one of the most eloquent of the Irish Nationalists mustered under Parnell's command, who avowed the conclusion that 'since the Government have let the cat out of the bag there is nothing to be done but to take the bull by the horns.

Mr. Spurgeon was a keen collector of mixed metaphors, finding a rich field in the correspondence that daily overwhelmed him. I made a note of two or three he delightedly communicated to a kindred connoisseur. A lady enclosing a small contribution for his schools wrote. 'I hope this widow's mite may take root and spread its branches until it becomes a Hercules in your hands.' The pulpit prayers of ambitious probationers added something to the great preacher's store. One prayed that 'God's rod and staff may be ours while tossed on the sea of life, so that we may fight the good fight of faith and in the end soar to rest.' 'We thank thee for this spark of grace; water it, Lord,' was the sententious, almost imperious entreaty of another promising young man. Still another prayer, 'Gird up the loins of our minds that we may receive the latter rain.' 'As if we were



barrels whose hoops were loose,' was Mr. Spurgeon's laughing comment.

I happened upon rare occasion to be present at a half-yearly meeting of an industrial company. Notice was given by a dissatisfied shareholder of an amendment challenging the policy of the Board. The chairman met the attack in advance, defending the action of himself and his colleagues and hinting that the objector was no better than he should be. A loyal shareholder following said, 'A gentleman has attempted to throw a bombshell at the Board. But the chairman has knocked it into a cocked hat long before it was brought forward.'

It was during inquiry into an alleged case of sending diseased meat to Smithfield Market that a veterinary surgeon testified to many cases coming under his knowledge where 'cattle were slaughtered in order to save their lives.' During the contest at Stroud at the General Election, the Unionist condidate, addressing a packed meeting, said, 'If you give these people (the Liberals) rope enough, they will certainly hang themselves, and after they have done that it will be our turn.' Even this did not win the seat for him. The latest House of Commons bull I remember was born in the first Session of the new Parliament. The credit of it belongs to Mr. Charles Craig, not the captain already quoted, but another Irish member of the same surname representing South Antrim. The question before the House was the second reading of the Irish Laborers Bill. 'If this Bill passes,' said Mr. Craig, the spirit of prophecy upon him adding solemnity to his voice, 'I see before the Irish laborers a future from which they have been for too many years past kept out.'

Mr. Swift MacNeill's passion for supplementary question led him in the last Session of the Balfourian Parliament into a delightful quandary. Having addressed to the Attorney-General for Ireland a question duly appearing on the Paper, and receiving what, as usual, he regarded as an evasive reply, he rose and, impartially wagging his forefinger at the Speaker and the Minister, shouted, 'I will now put to the Attorney-General another question, which distinctly arises, Mr. Speaker, out of the answer the right hon. gentleman has not given.'

After all nothing can beat Sir William Hart-Dyke's lapse into mixed metaphor, an experience the House of Commons delighted in the more by reason of the ex-Vice-President of the Council's habitual gravity of manner. On the penultimate occasion when the Right Hon. 'Jemmy' Lowther called attention to the futility of the Sessional Order which prohibits Peers from taking part in Parliamentary elections, he instanced cases where it had been openly flouted. Amongst others he cited that of Lord Halsbury, at the time Lord High Chancellor, who had delivered a speech in favor of a Ministerial candidate on the very eve of the election. This made a considerable impression on the House. If these things were done in the green tree as represented by the head of the law, the fount of justice, what would be done in the dry whose branches typified titled landlords accustomed to dictate to their tenants? Sir William Hart-Dyke, rising to oppose the motion for repealing the Sessional Order, said he shared the pained surprise created by this disclosure. 'The right hon. gentleman,' he said, turning to regard Jemmy in the



familiar corner seat below the gangway now, alas! vocated, 'has certainly gone to the top of the tree and has caught a very large fish.'

The picture here suggested, of Jemmy Lowther, fishing-rod in hand, climbing to the stop of a stately oak or ash and there hooking the bulky Lord Chancellor, evoked a prolonged burst of laughter that momentarily disconcerted Sir William, obviously unconscious of the joke.

That is hard to beat. But as becomes a literary stylist, historian of the Roman Empire and other classics,

Mr. Bryce comes very near it. In the closing days of the first Session of the new Parliament, the House being in Committee on the Irish Vote, the Nationalists in the course of discussion made a dead set against the Irish Local Government Board. 'Oh, yes,' said the Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant, 'the Irish Local Government Board is a malignant fairy which steps in off its own bat.'

The outburst of sarcasm taking this turn was recognized by a delighted House as, in the circumstances, appropriately *sui generis*.

## The American Grub Street

BY JAMES H. COLLINS IN ATLANTIC MONTHLY

This is a condensation of a most readable article in the November Atlantic, describing the lives and work of the army of people, who keep the newspaper and magazine presses of New York supplied with reading matter, advertising matter and illustrations. The American Grub Street has no parallel elsewhere in the world.

NEW YORK'S theatres, cafes and hotels, with many of her industries, are supported by a floating population. The provinces know this, and it pleases them mightily. But how many of the actual inhabitants of New York know of the large floating population that is associated with her magazines, newspapers, and publishing interests?—a floating population of the arts, mercenaries of pen and typewriter, brush and camera, living for the most part in the town and its suburbs, yet leading an unattached existence, that, to the provincial accustomed to dealing with life on a salary, seems not only curious but extremely precarious—as it often is.

The free-lance writer and artist abound in the metropolis, and with them is associated a motley free-lance crew that has no counterpart

elsewhere on this continent. New York's "Grub Street," is one of the truest indications of her metropolitan character. In other American cities the newspaper is written, illustrated, and edited by men and women on salaries, as are the comparatively few magazines and the technical press covering our country's material activities. But in New York, while hundreds of editors, writers and artists also rely upon a stated, definite stipend, several times as many more live without salaried connections, sometimes by necessity, but as often by choice. These are the dwellers in Grub Street.

This thoroughfare has no geographical definition. Many of the natives of Manhattan Island know as little of it as do the truck loads of visitors "seeing New York," who cross and recross it unwittingly. Grub

Street begins nowhere; yet between these vague terminals it runs to all points of the compass, turns sharp corners, penetrates narrow passages, takes its pedestrians up dark old stairways one moment and through sumptuous halls of steel and marble the next, touching along the way more diverse interests than any of the actual streets of Manhattan, and embracing ideals, tendencies, influences and life currents that permeate the nation's whole material and spiritual existence. Greater Grub Street is so unobtrusive that a person with no affair to transact therein might dwell a quarter-century in New York and never discover it; yet it is likewise so palpable and vast to its denizens that by no ordinary circumstances would any of them be likely to explore all its infinite arteries, veins and ganglia.

Who but a Balzac will take a census of Greater Grub Street, enumerating its aristocrats, its well-to-do obscure bourgeois, its Bohemians, its rakes and evil-doers, its artisans and struggling lower classes? Among its citizens are the materials of a newer *Comedie Humaine*. The two personalities outlined above merely set a vague intellectual boundary to this world. In its many kinds and stations of workers, Grub Street is as irreducible as nebulae. Its aristocracy is to be found any time in that "Peerage" of Grub Street, the contents pages of the better magazines where are arrayed the names of successful novelists, essayists and short story writers, of men and women who deal with specialties such as travel, historical studies, war correspondence, nature interpretation, sociology, politics, and every other side of life and thought; and here, too, are enlisted their morganatic relatives

the poets and versifiers, and their showy, prosperous kindred, the illustrators, who may be summoned from Grub Street to paint a portrait at Newport. This peerage is real, for no matter upon what stratum of Grub Street each newcomer may ultimately find his level of ability, this is the beginning. This is the dream.

Staid, careful burghers of the arts, producing their good, dull, staple necessities in screed and picture, live about the lesser magazines, the women's periodicals, the trade and technical press, the syndicates that supply "Sunday stuff" to newspapers all over the land, the nameless, mediocre publications that are consumed by our rural population in million editions. The Bohemian element is found writing "on space" for newspapers this month, furnishing the press articles of a theatre or an actress the next, running the gamut of the lesser magazines feverishly, flitting hither and thither, exhausting its energies with wasteful rapidity, and never learning the business tact and regularity that keeps the burgher in comfort and gives his name a standing at the savings bank. The criminal class of Grub Street includes the peddler of false news, the adapter of other men's ideas, and the swindler who copies published articles and pictures outright, trusting to luck to elude the editorial police. The individual in this stratum has a short career and not a merry one; but the class persists with the persistence of the parasite. Grub Street's artisans are massed about the advertising agencies, producing the plausible arguments put forth for the world of merchandise, and the many varieties of illustration that go with them; while the nameless driftwood which floats about the whole

thoroughfare includes no one knows how many hundreds of aspirants whose talents do not suffice for any of these classes, together with the peddler of other men's wares on commission, who perhaps ekes out a life by entering as a super at the theatres, the artists' models, both men and women, who pose in summer and are away with a theatrical company in winter, the dullard, the drone, the ne'er-do-well, the palpable failure. At one end, art's chosen sons and daughters; at the other, her content, misguided dupes.

The free-lance is bred naturally in New York, and thrives in its atmosphere, because the market for his wares is stable and infinitely varied. The demand he satisfies could be appeased by no other system. The very life of metropolitan publishing lies in the search for new men and variety. Publishers spend great sums upon the winnowing machinery that threshes over what comes to their editors' desks, and no other editor in the metropolis grudges the time necessary to talk with those who call in person and have ideas good enough to carry them past his assistants. Publicly, the editorial tribe may lament the many hours spent yearly in this winnowing process. Yet every experienced editor in New York has his own story of the stranger, uncouth, unpromising, unready of speech, who stole in late one afternoon and seemed to have almost nothing in him, yet who afterwards became the prolific Scribbler or the great D'Auber. Not an editor of consequence but who, if he knew that tomorrow this ceaseless throng of free-lances, good, bad and impossible, had declared a Chinese boycott upon him and would visit his office no more,

would regard it as the gravest of crises.

New York provides a market so wide for the wares of the free-lance, that almost anything in the way of writing or picture can eventually be sold, if it is up to a certain standard of mediocrity. A trained salesman familiar with values in the world of merchandise would consider this market one of the least exacting, most constant, and remunerative. And it is a market to be regarded, on the whole, in terms of merchandise. Not genius or talent sets the standards, but ordinary good workmanship. Magazines are simply the apex of the demand—that corner of the mart where payment is perhaps highest and the by-product of reputation greatest. For each of the fortunate workers whose names figure in the magazine peerage, there are virtually hundreds who produce for purchasers and publications quite unknown to the general public, and often their incomes are equal to those of the established fiction writer or popular illustrator.

New York has eight Sunday newspapers that buy matter for their own editions and supply it in duplicate to other Sunday newspapers throughout the country under a syndicate arrangement. Perhaps an average of five hundred columns of articles, stories, interviews, children's stuff, household and feminine gossip, humor, verse and miscellany, with illustrations, are produced every week for this demand alone; and at least fifty per cent of the yearly \$150,000 that represents its lowest value to the producers is paid to free-lance workers. The rest goes to men on salary who write Sunday matter at space rates. This item is wholly distinct from the equally great mass of Sun-



day stuff written for the same papers by salaried men. Several independent syndicates also supply a similar class of matter to papers throughout the United States, both for Sunday and daily use. This syndicate practice has, within the past ten years, made New York a veritable journalistic provider for the rest of the nation. The metropolis supplies the Sunday reading of the American people, largely because it has the resources of Grub Street to draw upon. Syndicate matter is cheaper than the provincial product; it is true; but not price alone is accountable for this supremacy of the syndicate. By the side of the workmanlike stories, articles, skits and pictures supplied by Greater Grubb Street, the productions of a provincial newspaper staff on salary grow monotonous in their sameness, and reveal themselves by their less skilful handling.

The Sunday-reading industry provides a market not only for writers and artists, but also for photographers, caricaturists, cartoonists, makers of squibs and jokes, experts in fashions, devisors of puzzles, men and women who sell ideas for novel Sunday supplements, such as those printed in sympathetic inks, and the like. It is a peculiarity of our country worth noting, that all our published humor finds its outlet through the newspapers. Though England, Germany, France and other countries have a humorous press distinctly apart, the United States has only one humorous journal that may be called national in tone. An overwhelming tide of caricature and humor sweeps through our daily papers, but the larger proportion is found in the illustrated comic sheets of the leading New York dailies; and these are syndicated in a way that gives them

a tremendous national circulation. The Sunday comic sheet, whatever one wishes to say of its quality, was built in Greater Grub Street, and there, to-day, its foundations rest.

In Grub Street, too, dwells the army of workers who furnish what might be called the cellulose of our monthly and weekly publications—interviews, literary gossip, articles of current news interest, matter interesting to women, to children, to every class and occupation. As there are magazines for the servant girl and clerk, so there are magazines for the millionaire with a country estate, the business man studying system and methods, the woman with social or literary aspirations, the family planning travel or a vacation. To-day it is a sort of axiom in the publishing world that a new magazine, to succeed, must have a new specialty. Usually this will be a material one, for our current literature deals with things rather than thought; it is healthy but never top-heavy. Each new magazine interest discovered is turned over to Greater Grub Street for development, and here it is furnished with matter to fit the new point of view, drawings and photographs to make it plain, editors to guide, and sometimes a publisher to send it to market.

Then come, rank on rank, the trade and technical periodicals, of which hundreds are issued weekly and monthly in New York. These touch the whole range of industry and commerce. They deal with banking, law, medicine, insurance, manufacturing, and the progress of merchandise of every kind through the wholesale, jobbing and retailing trades, with invention and mechanical science, with crude staples and finished commodities, with the great main channels of



production and distribution and the little by-corners of the mart. Some of them are valuable publishing properties, more are insignificant; yet each has to go to press regularly, and all must be filled with their own particular kinds of news, comment, technical articles and pictures. There is a difficult point of view for the free-lance, and on this account much of their contents is written by salaried editors and assistants. Contributions come, too, from engineers, scientists, bankers, attorneys, physicians and specialists in every part of the country. Foremen and superintendents and mechanics in some trades send in roughly outlined diagrams and descriptions that enable the quick-witted editors to see "how the blamed thing works" and write the finished article. The American trade press is still in an early stage of development on its literary side. It has grown up largely within the past two decades, and still lacks literary workmanship. To hundreds of free-lance workers this field is now either unknown or underestimated. Yet year after year men disappear from Park Row and the round of magazinedom, to be found, if any one would take the trouble to look them up, among the trade journals. Some of the great properties in this class belong to journalists who saw an opportunity a decade ago, and grasped it.

The trade journals lead directly into the field of advertising, which has grown into a phenomenal outlet for the past ten years, and is still growing at a rate that promises to make it the dominant market of Grub Street. A glance through the advertising sections of the seventy-five or more monthly and weekly magazines published in New York reveals only

a fraction of this demand, for a mass of writing and illustration many times greater is produced for catalogues, booklets, folders, circulars, advertising in the religious, agricultural and trade press, and other purposes. Much of it is the work of men on salary, yet advertising takes so many ingenious forms and is so constantly striving for the novel and excellent, that hardly any writer or illustrator of prominence but receives in the course of the year commissions for special advertising work, and fat commissions, too. Often the fine drawing one sees as the centre of attraction in a magazine advertisement is the work of a man or woman of reputation among the readers of magazines, delivered with the understanding that it is to be published unsigned.

While its opportunities are without conceivable limitation, Grub Street is not a thoroughfare littered with currency, but paved with cobblestones as hard as any along the other main avenues of New York's life and energy. The Great Man of the Provinces, landing at Cortlandt or Twenty-third Street after an apprenticeship at newspaper work in a minor city, steps into a world strangely different from the one he has known. For, just to be a police reporter elsewhere is to be a journalist, and journalism is the same as literature, and literature is honorable, and a little mysterious, and altogether different from the management of a stove foundry, or the proprietorship of a grocery house, or any other of the overwhelming material things that make up American life. Times have not greatly changed since Lucien de Rubempre was the lion of Madame de Bargeton's salon at Angouleme, and this is a matter they seem to have

ordered no better in provincial France. To be a writer or artist of any calibre elsewhere breeds a form of homage and curiosity and a certain sure social standing. But New York strikes a chill over the Great Man of the Provinces, because it is nothing at all curious or extraordinary for one to write or draw in a community where thousands live by these pursuits. They carry no homage or social standing on their face, and the editorial world is even studied in its uncongeniality toward the newcomer, because he is so fearfully likely to prove one of the ninety-nine in every hundred aspirants who cannot draw or write well enough. The ratio that holds in the mass of impossible manuscript and sketches that pours into every editorial office is also the ratio of the living denizens of Grub Street. The Great Man of the Provinces is received on the assumption that he is unavailable, with thanks, and the hope that he will not consider this a reflection upon his literary or artistic merit.

So he finds himself altogether at sea for a while. No Latin Quarter welcomes him, for this community has no centre. His estimates of magazine values, formed at a distance, are quickly altered. Many lines of work he had never dreamed of, and channels for selling it, come to light day by day. To pass the building where even *Munsey's* is published gives him a thrill the first time, yet after a few months in New York he finds that the great magazines, instead of being nearer, are really farther away than they were in the provinces. Of the other workers he meets, few aspire to them, while of this few only a fraction get into their pages. He calls on editors, perhaps, and finds them a

strange, non-committal caste, talking very much like their own rejection slips. No editor will definitely give him a commission, even if he submits an idea that seems good, but can at most be brought to admit under pressure that if the Great Man were to find himself in that neighborhood with the idea all worked up, the editor might be interested in seeing it, perhaps even reading it—yet he must not understand this as in any way binding . . . the magazine is very full just at present . . . hadn't he better try the newspapers, now? For there are more blanks than prizes walking the Grub Street paving, and persons of unsound minds have been known to take to literature as a last resort, and the most dangerous person to the editor is not a rejected contributor at all, but one who has been accepted once and sees a gleam of a chance that he may be again.

If the Great Man really has "stuff" in him he stops calling on editors and submits his offerings by mail. Even if he attains print in a worthy magazine, he may work a year without seeing its notable contributors, or its minor ones, or its handmaidens, or even its office-boy. Two men jostled one another on Park Row one morning as they were about to enter the same newspaper building, apologized, and got into the elevator together. There a third introduced them, when it turned out that one had been illustrating the work of the other for two years, and each had wished to know the other, but never got around to it. An individual circle of friends is easily formed in Grub Street, but the community as a whole lives far and wide and has no coherence.

Women make up a large proportion of the dwellers in Grub Street, and its open market, holding to no distinctions of sex in payment for acceptable work, is in their favor. Any of the individual markets offers a fair field for their work, and in most of them the feminine product is sought as a foil to the staple masculine.

What is the average Grub Street income? That would be difficult to know, for the free-lance, as a rule, keeps no cash book. Many workers exist on earnings no larger than those of a country clergyman, viewed comparatively from the standpoint of expenses, and among them are men and women of real ability. Given the magic of business tact, they might soon double their earnings. Business ability is the secret of monetary success in Greater Grub Street. One must know where to sell, and also what to produce. It pays to aim high and get into the currents of the best demand, where prices are better, terms fairer, and competition an absolute nullity. Even the cheapest magazines and newspapers pay well when the free-lance knows how to produce for them. Hundreds of work-

ers are ill paid because they have not the instinct of the compiler. Scissors are mightier than the pen in this material market; with them the skillful ones write original articles and books — various information brought together in a new focus. While untold thousands of impossible articles drift about the editorial offices, these same editors are looking for what they cannot often describe. A successful worker in Grub Street divines this need and submits the thing itself. Often the need is most tangible. For two weeks after the Martinique disaster the newspapers and syndicates were hunting articles about volcanoes—not profound treatises, but ordinary workmanlike accounts such as could be tried out of any encyclopedia. Yet hundreds of workers, any of whom might have compiled the needed articles, continued to send in compositions dealing with abstract subjects, things far from life and events, and were turned down in the regular routine. Only a small proportion of free-lances ever become successful, but those who do, achieve success by attention to demand, with the consequence that most of their work is sold before it is written.

The sun, through the hothouse glass, calls upon the plant to give out its glory, to unfold its beauty, to yield up its potencies which have been locked up within it, just as the sun of encouragement and opportunity awakens us to the possibilities lying dormant within us



# Shortening the Industrial Working Day

BY ROBERT SCHULTZE IN THE NATION, BERLIN

Considerable light is thrown in this article upon the much agitated social-economic question of the proper number of laboring hours. The data produced are drawn from actual, substantial experiment and all are distinctly favorable to the eight-hour limit.

TWO questions are generally prominent in discussions as to the expediency of shorter working hours: To what extent can a diminution of time be equalized by a more intense activity, and this greater exertion involve a more rapid waste of human working power? Usually in judging of the significance of the various movements in question, feeling rather than experience plays the leading role. Among the few who have exerted themselves to bring these important problems nearer to a satisfactory solution, Ernst Abbe, the manager of Carl Zeiss' optical factory at Jena, who died last year, deserves foremost mention. Two addresses regarding the importance of shorter-working hours which he delivered in that city in 1901, were based upon the results of his methodical investigations. Zeiss' optical factory,—thanks to Abbe's social-political insight,—was the pioneer establishment where a diminution of working time, and a considerable diminution, was introduced. In 1891 the working-day was reduced to nine hours, and this was continued until 1900. That year the management, after putting the question to a vote among the workmen, reduced it still further,—to eight hours. The wages were to continue the same as for nine hours, as it was expected that collectively as much work would be done in eight as had been done in nine hours. Before the expiration of the first year it could be verified that neither a diminution of performance nor overexertion of the laborers, not even of the older ones, was to be

noted. In order to facilitate investigation, it was confined to laborers who were at least 21, a year before the eight-hour rule was introduced and had been working in the factory at least three years,—the total being 233. The facts thus gleaned are very instructive. The writer gives tables which indicate that the hourly earning-capacity had increased in the proportion of 100:116.2. If the increase had been in the proportion of 100:112.5, it would signify that the workmen had earned exactly as much in eight as they had in nine hours. As it was, the day's performance even increased 3.3 per cent., or one-thirtieth of the former day's work.

In this increase the various ages are pretty evenly included. In spite of the great diversity in the character of the occupations, the accession maintained a comparatively uniform level. The added working intensity was not due to any passing or extraordinary conditions. If, then, the reduction of time led not to a diminution but an increase of production, the result, according to Abbe's detailed observations may be traced to the fact that workmen after a short period of transition, become accustomed,—even against their will,—to work somewhat more rapidly,—the adaptation to the new conditions taking place automatically.

The experiences at Woolwich Arsenal, in England, recounted by Abbe, are likewise instructive. There, too, it was shown that the decrease of working-time from nine to eight hours involved no diminution of accomplishment, although the laborers



were under the influence of the trade-unions, which sought to obtain work for the unemployed by means of reduced hours.

Into the reasons which lead to this seemingly paradoxical development, Abbe likewise instituted a thorough research. The fact that in entirely different forms of occupation and among different people, a reduction of working hours exhibits a like favorable effect, naturally gives rise to the presumption that it must be due to certain general causes. The division of labor, supposedly accountable for the tremendous technical advance of the last decades, has given almost all industrial labor a peculiar stamp in as much as the uniform daily activity results in a continuous fatigue of the same organs. Such recurring, uniform fatigue of the human body may, however, be endured only if it can be exactly counterbalanced by the resting-time and by nutrition, before next day's work. The least deficit in recuperative strength must necessarily lead to a gradual destruction of the organism.

The fatigue of the workman is caused by three concurrent factors: 1. The amount of daily product. 2. The rapidity with which he works, whereby it must be taken into account that an increase of energy is really perceptible only with materially accelerated intensity. 3. The expenditure of energy depending solely upon the time consumed at the place of work; the workman must remain in the same bodily position, standing or sitting, eight or ten hours, working under the same strain of attention and so on. In consideration of these circumstances, Abbe reached the conclusion that there must be an optimum for every workman, that is, a minimum time of labor resulting in the largest output.

He was convinced that at least three-fourths of all industrial workers did not attain this optimum with nine hours' labor, nor overstep it with eight, and that it was, therefore, possible in almost every domain of industry to change not only to nine but to eight hours, working at a reasonable tempo, without any diminution or deterioration of the work. Naturally he meant a gradual, not a sudden change to eight hours. The point is to gradually accustom people who have been used to dawdling, to acquire the degree of normal fatigue, as it were, which may be balanced, by next day, through rest and nourishment.

Abbe's chief ground for repeating the demand over and over: "Eight hours' work, eight hours' sleep, eight hours' to be a man," was that he regarded the intellectual development of the laborer as the decisive element of his proficiency. Long hours result in having the natural intelligence of the lower strata in great part lie fallow. The industrial division of labor involves beyond doubt intellectual desolation through its uniformity. The point, therefore, is to give the workmen a chance by shorter hours to use their native intelligence; to enable them, in spite of the monotony of their work, to employ their understanding, to regard with interest things outside their task. The fact that in England shorter hours have been more widely adopted than in Germany, constitutes a danger that the latter may be left behind her in the economic race.

Abbe entertained little hope of having the working-day shortened in Germany by legislative means. In the present condition of social-politics in that country, a radical measure such as a legally authorized day of even nine hours, is unthinkable

He believed further progress possible only through powerful organizations, and that such labor organizations should not stand isolated, but combine with the advanced as against the backward entrepreneurs. While in England an insight of the need of diminished hours and a higher standard of life for the workingman has spread, particularly in the circle of the entrepreneurs, in Germany these, and the educated class generally, in discussing this whole question are influenced by fear of the "reds." It is all the more grateful to find a great undertaker like Abbe perfectly free from prejudice as regards social-democracy.

The article concludes with an extract from one of Abbe's addresses where he asks and finds the question: "What social demands should the Liberal party adopt in its program?"—wherein he says that it is a part of the inborn pride of the Junker or the acquired notion of the insolent, not to recognize that the thousands working in rusty garb are not beings of an inferior race but members of

the same people, who, for want of means, lacked educational opportunity. Those who recognize this truth meet the call for subjection and obedience in two ways,—the strong, with bitterness and hatred; the weak, with hypocrisy and servility. It is a piece of good fortune for the German nation that there is a sufficient number of the former in the lower classes, for worse than this acute poison for the soul of the people is the insidious poison of growing accustomed to hypocrisy and servility. No people has ever maintained an honorable place among the nations, whose organization led to the cultivation of the servile virtues,—obedience and submissiveness.

A people whose regulations make the free development of the individual an impossibility, will not be able to maintain itself in the industrial contest of the nations. The shortening of the industrial working-day appears from this point of view of eminent significance, not only economically but politically.

Idleness is one of the greatest enemies of character. As someone has said, "The devil tempts other men, but idle men tempt the devil." Do not envy the idle man, whoever you may envy. You may have too much to do, and too many things to think about; still, do not envy the man who has not enough to think about, and has to fall back upon himself. The passions of human nature break loose in idle men, and wander over forbidden places seeking what they can devour.—Dr. James Stalker.

# The Salvation of the Stage

BY W. T. STEAD IN WORLD TO-DAY

Mr. Stead was fifty-four years old when he first entered a theatre. The impression made by the plays he witnessed was one of mingled disgust and hope. His present paper embodies his conclusions as to the possibility and the need of a properly conducted theatre.

THERE were no newspapers in Shakespeare's time. The theatre was the newspaper of the Elizabethans. In London at the close of the sixteenth century, there lived one hundred and eighty thousand human beings, and for their use there were licensed two hundred theatres. To-day London has only fifty theatres and music halls for a population of four million five hundred thousand. Under Elizabeth our ancestors found they needed one theatre for every nine hundred of the population. Under Edward we are content with one per ninety thousand. Even when all allowance is made for the greater size of the modern theatre, the contrast is very striking. What is the explanation? In "Notre Dame," Victor Hugo makes one of his characters lay his finger on the printed book, and then point to the towers of the Cathedral, exclaiming, "This will destroy that." His prophecy has not been fulfilled. The printing press has not destroyed the Church. Neither has the press superseded the theatre. But it has thrust it from its pride of place and reduced it to its present abominably neglected position.

The theatre has not been without its revenge. The press of to-day is infected with the vices of the theatre to an extent which we do not adequately realize. The chief complaints which the Puritans brought against the stage in the seventeenth century may be levelled to-day with not less justice against the press. There are exceptions, but the major-

ity of printed sheets issued from the press to be read to-day, and tomorrow to be used to light the fire, are as frivolous and as inconsequent, as much wasters of time and destroyers of the serious view of life as any plays ever put upon the stage.

I have often thought that it would be most interesting and suggestive if some experienced actor who had lived for fifty-five years in this world without ever having cast his eye upon a daily or weekly or monthly journal, were suddenly to break loose from his lifelong abstinence, and to begin reading the newspapers. The first impressions would, I venture to believe, prove most instructive. The desultory reading of inane newspapers is quite as deplorable as the casual witnessing of idiotic plays. The object of both is to kill time, and as time is life meted out to us on the installment plan, the aim and end of both is suicide in fractions. And as the newspaper is much cheaper than the theatre, the temptation from journalism is more dangerous than that from the drama. And there is one other tribute which I will pay to the theatre. The stage may sometimes minister to adultery and lasciviousness, but it can at least boast that, unlike its rival and successor the press, it never incites the public to rush in headlong fury into the immeasurable crime of unnecessary war.

This illusion suggests the reflection that one of the vices which the newspaper has taken over from the theatre is that, if I may coin a



word of mere spectatorism. The newspaper reader is apt to consider himself a non-concerned spectator in the boxes, watching a spectacle that is being exhibited solely for the titillation of his nervous centres. This is natural enough in a theatre, where the audience has no direct responsibility for the incidents of the drama. But it is deadly in the newspaper reader, who is continually apt to forget his own direct responsibility for the performance which he idly watches and maybe criticizes as a mere spectator. It is this mental attitude, in which the interest of the spectacle excludes the exercise of the moral sense of responsibility for the conduct of the actors and the plot of the play, which has long been one of the evil characteristics of our people in relation to war.

Nor is this evil confined to the press. Spectatorism is the curse of sport. Our national devotion to football and cricket does not mean that we play football or cricket; only that we like other people to play while we look on. And spectatorism seems to me to be the chief malady from which the theatre suffers in our time.

It is because the theatre has been left absolutely to the tender mercies of spectatorism and because there has never grown up among its supporters any bodies of disciples corresponding to the fellowship of the faithful in the Church, that the theatre seems to me to fall so lamentably far short of being as useful as it might be and as it ought to be in the modern state.

If we compare the Church and the theatre, the weak point in the latter becomes at once apparent. People go to the play to amuse themselves, as people go to a fashionable

church to hear the preacher or to enjoy the singing. But the people who go to church to amuse themselves are not the people by whose aid the Church fulfills its divine mission. They are merely so much human material upon which the Church has to work. Their contributions to the offertory may help, as a buttress helps to keep the spire standing, but it is outside.

Now in the theatre nobody goes to the play, or takes any part in the play, excepting to amuse himself, or to do himself good. For him the theatre is simply and solely a means of selfish enjoyment or of selfish culture. It seems to me that the theatre will never be raised to its proper status until, out of this miscellaneous congregation, it can recruit the elect souls who will form the inner fellowship of the drama, men and women who will work and give and think and pray for the welfare of the theatre as men and women work and give and think and pray for the welfare of the Church.

When I imagine what the theatre can do, and might do, as an agency of culture and civilization, and then when I see this miserable derelict vessel which might have been as a veritable ark in which religion and morality and art might have found refuge, converted into a mere haunt of selfish folk intent solely upon passing the time, I confess my heart burns hot within me, and I could almost weep over such abominable sacrilege.

At Maintz-on-the-Rhine I once came upon an ancient church converted into a modern beer cellar, but the spectacle did not oppress me so much with a sense of the abomination that maketh desolate, standing where it ought not, as does the theatre as it



is, occupying the position of the theatre as it might be.

I hope none of my readers will mistake me to mean that I found the theatre an abominable thing. It was the good side of the theatre that made me so sad, and, even so exceeding mad. Because the better the play the more monstrously wicked is it to confine the use of it, the enjoyment of it, to the handful of well-to-do people who alone can afford to pay for it at its present prices. The theatre is at present one of the perquisites of the middle class. It ought to be the common inheritance of the whole people. The sixpenny gallery and the shilling pit have disappeared. In Shakespeare's time the common people could see a play for a penny. If one of the proofs of the coming of the kingdom was that the poor had the gospel preached to them, one of the signs of the advent of a new era will be that the poor have the theatre opened unto them.

I once said that in the days which are to come prayers would be said in the churches for any section of the population which was so far cut off from the means of grace as not to have an opportunity of seeing a good stage play at least once a month. It is no use wringing our hands over the barbarity of our Hooligans and the lack of civilization among the masses of our people, while we bar them out by prohibitive prices from what might be a popular university of morals and manners.

In the way of this democratization of the stage stands the increasing tendency to make the play a mere excuse for displaying the triumphs of the scene-shifter, or for advertising the costumes of the actresses. The tendency to subordinate drama to spectacle was one of the most familiar features of the decadence of the

Roman drama in the latter days of the empire. A modern Savonarola, who believed in the drama as the great Florentine believed in the gospel, would make havoc of all these extravagances of the upholsterer and the dressmaker. No doubt the rich and comfortable classes enjoy the sensuous splendors of the setting. But why should we on their account make theatrical representation so costly as to necessitate prices which the mass of the people can not pay?

I am concerned about the immense majority of my fellow citizens who are living at this moment in a most deplorable state of theatrical destitution. To overcome that evil we must do either one or other of two things. We must either put the theatre on the rates and taxes—as we have put our elementary schools—or we must appeal to the voluntary principle, and endeavor by the foolishness of preaching to raise up out of the multitude of theatre-goers a nucleus of true believers, corresponding to the members of a Christian Church, who will spend and be spent in the service of the theatre. As I am a Nonconformist my sympathies naturally lie in the latter direction. But even if I were a strong advocate for state and municipal theatres, I should be still disposed to make a first direct appeal to the faith, the zeal and the devotion of the theatre-goer for the purpose of creating in every community what I may describe as a fellowship of the theatre, every member of which would be personally pledged to devote a certain proportion of his income and a certain modicum of his time and energy to realize his ideal of what the theatre ought to be.

In other words, true to my habitual role of a revivalist preacher, I would address the unconverted thea-

tre-goer who goes to the theatre merely for his own amusement, and endeavor by every argument and appeal to bring him to the penitent form, from which he might arise anxious to join the fellowship of the faithful and to work out with them the salvation of the stage. And to those penitents I should answer, the way of salvation for the theatre, as for the Church, is the way of sacrifice. The amount of time and money you are willing to sacrifice in order to bring the blessings of an ideal drama home to the hearts of the multitude is the measure of your faith in the stage. No works, no faith. It is no use prating about zeal for the theatre unless you are willing to come out of the merely miscellaneous audience of playgoers and band yourselves together with those few earnest workers who are not content to see the most potent instrument of moral appeal, the most stimulating agent of intellectual activity, given over to the manufacture of mere froth and soap bubble, the display of millinery, or the tinkling melody that predisposes to digestion the well-filled paunch of the overfed citizen.

The mere quickening of intellectual life by the dramatic presentation of human problems on the stage is a thing in itself so helpful to progress and civilization as to supply an adequate object for enthusiastic effort. People can be enthusiastic enough about teaching children to read, altogether irrespective of the use to which they will put their acquirement. And there can be as much enthusiasm about the stage as about a spelling book.

Again the theatre, with such a fellowship as I have outlined, would establish, would really teach a body of doctrine which, though not theo-

logically formulated, is nevertheless a real creed, capable of exciting the highest degree of enthusiasm. That creed briefly stated is, that life is a serious thing, that the problems of life ought to be seriously considered, and that there is no method by which they can be so vividly brought home to the mind, the heart and the imagination of man as by the stage play.

Theatre-goers of the kind I have in my mind's eye would differ and agree to differ as to the solutions of all the problems, but they would agree in desiring that the case for each solution should be fully and effectively set forth in dramatic fashion on the stage.

Is it to be believed that out of our rich, refined play-loving population there are not to be found those with sufficient enthusiasm or self-sacrifice to raise whatever money is necessary to establish at least one ideal experimental theatre, with a sixpenny gallery and a shilling pit, all places to be reserved, and with free performances at least once a week, where the best works of the best dramatists of the world could be played by a company whose primary object was not to serve as advertisements for the dressmaker, or be mere incidents in the scenic splendors of the carpenter's art? What is wanted is faith, and after faith organization. Even in this day of doubt and unbelief the churches can find faith enough to create organizations which raise any amount of cash. I am loath to believe that the theatre-going public is such a godless, reckless, worthless set of selfish loons that it is impossible to raise out of their midst a fellowship of stalwart workers and liberal givers who will begin the democratic regeneration of the theatre.

# Salmon-Fishing in Newfoundland

BY LORD HOWICK IN BADMINTON

The sporting peer, who, in the following pages, describes a fishing trip to Newfoundland, is most enthusiastic about the Island as a paradise for fishermen. The island, he says, is as hospitable as it is beautiful, and the free waters of its rivers contain innumerable fish. He gives a graphic story of his experiences.

THE fisherman who dislikes fighting for his place, and is not too much in love with the comforts of civilization, has only to take a little trouble and he may rely on finding some waters yet unknown to fame which will give him all that he wants. In our case, however, this was not necessary. The rush was over, and we had practically our pick of all the pools on the west coast. We were also more than fortunate in that we were treated by the Messrs. Reid, who built and own the Reid-Newfoundland Railway Company, as their guests, a train being placed at our disposal with every luxury, including an excellent cook.

After some discussion with Mr. Cobb, a Scotsman who left his native land seventeen years ago to be Mr. Reid's most trusty lieutenant, and who very kindly directed operations during our stay, our choice fell on the Grand River at the junction of its north and south branches. This is one of the largest of Newfoundland salmon rivers, and has some fine pools. There are no real rapids as Canadians understand the term. The course lies down a winding valley thickly wooded the whole way, with blue hills in the near distance. Occasionally the banks become precipitous, with smooth black water gliding under them; but more often it is a bright, shallow river. And very bright and very shallow we found it. The salmon could easily be counted as they swung in the stream, and our hopes, which had never been high—

for every one we had met had told us the season was over—sank still lower. The first morning found us at the famous Forks Pool. It was at this pool that a former governor of Newfoundland spent a long morning displaying his choicest wares to what looked like a monster as it moved in succession to half-a-dozen flies. Eventually he had to retire defeated, promising himself revenge in the evening. Evening came, and with it a beautiful south-west breeze which was just breaking the surface as he reached the bank. But the surface was also being broken by something else—no less than the last rolls of a dying salmon, his salmon, and the governor turned with black envy in his heart to survey the fisherman who had robbed him of his promised revenge. Then did envy give place to admiration. His supplanter was the unconsidered scrubby urchin whose fascinated attention from the bank had caught his notice in the morning. His rod had been cut on the banks, his reel had been commandeered from an old coil of telegraph wire, his line had come from England tied outside brown paper parcels, and who shall say what his fly had been! A less good sportsman than the governor would have been mortified. He only asked the boy what use he would make of a real rod. "Catch every fish in the river!" was the confident reply, and very soon afterwards the wherewithal to make good his boast reached the happy lad.



But my experience was more like the governor's. I watched many a salmon in the Forks Pool, and that was the extent of our acquaintance. The first day's fishing yielded seven grilse, averaging a little over three pounds each. The next day we migrated to the north branch. Surely when the railway was built the needs of fishers were remembered. The Grand River, and also Harry's Brook which we visited later, both run parallel and close to the track for many miles, and the traffic is not so heavy but that it permits of an engine moving up and down the line from pool to pool. This morning half an hour in our train and a ten-minutes' scramble along a rough trail landed me at the Siding Pool, a small, deep pool, twenty-five yards long, with a steep bank on one side and a shelving beach on the other. I should say that throughout our trip my sister used a ten-foot trout rod, or "pole," to use the local term, and I used a nine-foot split cane Hardy rod with steel centre weighing eight ounces. We both used strong trout tackle. I do not pretend that this was the way to catch the greatest number of fish, and there were certainly some pools, such as the Dump Pool on Harry's Brook, where something stronger was absolutely necessary. But on the whole, unless a record catch is aimed at, most fun is to be got in Newfoundland with light tackle. Many people, however, seem to prefer a fourteen-foot rod, and they have this argument in their favor, that a longer rod makes easier wading.

During the earlier part of the season the general run of salmon seem to be from ten to fifteen pounds, and in the absence of heavy water the odds should not be on their side

when well hooked on a small rod. A fish of over twenty pounds is rare. Were I to go to Newfoundland again I should take a nine-foot and a fourteen-foot rod, and also a landing net for grilse. We had no such net with us, and a gaff does not give very satisfactory results with three and four pound fish.

To return to the Siding Pool. It was 8.30 when my No. 7 Jock Scott first lit on the water. Two hours later my guide left that strip of water twenty-five yards long with fourteen grilse hanging over his back. They averaged three and a half pounds each, and most of them took about four minutes to land. They fought very hard, and it was not at all unusual for a fish to jump right out of the water seven or eight times. Had I killed every one I hooked, the death roll would have been increased to twenty-one. My sister fished this pool again a few days later and killed a salmon there and four or five grilse. She was also treated to a splendid view of a bull caribou with a fine head still in velvet. It came down to the river to drink not twenty yards from where she was standing. The fresh tracks, too, in a patch of sand of a small black bear showed that she might have seen one of these animals as well, had she been there earlier in the morning.

The third day of our stay saw a welcome break in the weather, and a good rain gave promise of better fishing at an early date. The river rose very rapidly in the afternoon, and by the evening was quite a foot higher. On a microscopic scale the conformation of the country resembles that of South Africa, in that a narrow belt of country along the seaboard sees a quick rise on to a comparatively high and level plateau.



Hence the rapid response of the river to the change of weather. Next morning the psychological moment had arrived, for the water was beginning to go down, and we talked glibly over our breakfast of broken records. After this confession the reader will be quite prepared to hear that I returned to luncheon with one grilse only, having seen absolutely nothing else. My sister, however, whose beat for the day included the Seven Mile and Five Mile Pools, was luckier. She brought back two salmon of 10 lb. each. In the evening we each added one salmon to the bag and my sister lost another one, making the day's catch four salmon and nine grilse, weight 67 lb. So ended the week.

The last half of our stay in Newfoundland was spent at the Log Cabin, which had a great advantage over our otherwise most comfortable train quarters. From here we fished Harry's Brook, and I most strongly recommend anyone going to Newfoundland and knowing nothing of the country to put himself into Mr. Dodds's hands. Mr. Dodds is an Englishman, and he makes it his business to know all that there is to know about all the rivers—what rods are on what water, when the last run of fish came up from the sea, and everything that a fisherman wishes to hear to help him to decide where he shall go. He also provides camping outfits and guides, etc., at the moderate charge of six dollars a day, which includes board and residence in a most comfortable house, and a free pass to some large strawberry beds in the garden. His address is Log Cabin, Spruce Brook, Bay of Islands, Newfoundland.

The sport we had here does not call for a detailed account. It was

very much the same as on the Grand River, with the difference that Harry's Brook being a later river we caught more salmon. This distinction, however, would not apply earlier in the season, when I should much prefer the Grand River owing to the larger size of the pools and the easier wading, Harry's Brook having a very slippery and rocky bottom. The rain of the previous week had been general all over the island, and for the first two days there was rather too much water. We started well; for, as I called to my sister from the train to come up to breakfast, she stuck fast in a fish which proved to be a sulker. Her light trout rod was incapable of moving it, and after twenty minutes' wait we decided to see what effect a few well-directed stones would have. The result was magical, and five seconds later we were bundling down some rapids, through nearly two feet of water, and the line was getting perilously near its end. The going was awful, and the guide did his best to hold up my sister on one side while I did the same on the other. More than half the backing was out before the salmon dwelt for a moment, and when at last we got on terms with him again, half a mile from the start, my sister's condition made it far more probable that the salmon would pull her into the water than vice versa, and I could certainly not have lifted a finger to save her. Luckily for us he determined to sulk again, and so, throwing away his best chance, paid the penalty after a fight of eighty-four minutes. This fish was unlucky in being killed, for the rapids continued for two miles, and had he gone on much further we should never have lived with

him. He turned the scale at 11 lb. That day I killed a fish a trifle smaller in the same pool. He too sulked, but nothing would have induced me again to try the experiment of stoning, and we stayed in the pool for sixty-five minutes. In the evening I had a very lively twenty minutes' fight in the Dump Pool with a beauty fresh from the sea, but my tackle

was too weak to prevent him from coiling the line round a big rock in water; too deep for me to wade after him, and I came home minus the fly.

Altogether in Harry's Brook I killed three salmon and hooked and lost six or seven others. My sister did not get so many chances, and, I think, killed the only other one that rose to her fly.

## Is Plant Intelligence a Possibility

BY S. LEONARD BASTIN IN MONTHLY REVIEW

Within the last few years revolutionary changes have taken place in the sphere of human knowledge. Startling as have been the discoveries of the past, still more so will be those of the future. At this intermediate stage in the elucidation of nature's problems, it were well to cultivate the habit of the open mind.

THERE are few more fascinating propositions than those which have been advanced in connection with the possibility of an intelligence in the plant. To most people the suggestion may seem to be scarcely worthy of consideration: the point having been settled long ago, to their way of thinking—so fondly do we cling to the traditions of our forefathers. Yet when one comes to approach the matter unhampered by any prejudices, it must be admitted that, far from being settled, the question of plant intelligence, until very recently, has never been the object of any serious inquiry at all. It is now an established fact that plants can feel, in so far as the phenomenon of sensation is understood to be a response to external influence; this being so, there is nothing unreasonable should we go still farther and seek for evidence of something approximating to a discerning power in the vegetable world.

It is always wise to keep before

one the near relations of the great living kingdoms. As is well known, the exact line of demarcation between the two worlds has not been, and probably never will be, definitely fixed; in a sphere of life of which we should be quite unconscious were it not for our microscopes, plants and animals appear to blend imperceptibly together. Higher up the scale it is sufficiently obvious that the organisms have developed on very different lines, although one can never forget the extremely close connections at the start. To animals we freely grant a limited amount of intelligence, and it does not appear that there should be any vital objection to making a similar concession to plants, if due allowance is made for the difference of structure. It is the purpose in the present paper to gather together a few instances which seem to point to the presence of a limited intelligence in the vegetable kingdom; each one of these is either the outcome of personal observation, or else gathered from the record of

an indisputable authority. In all cases they are selected as being examples which it is not easy to explain as direct response to any special stimuli, and cannot therefore be referred to as plant sensation.

The interesting group of plants, almost world-wide in distribution, which have developed carnivorous habits, has always attracted a good deal of attention. Each one of the many species offers an infinity of fascinating problems, but for the present purpose it will be sufficient to confine our observations to the Sun Dew group—*Droseraceae*. Our indigenous Sun Dews are attractive little plants, found commonly in bog districts. The leaves of all the members of the family are densely covered with clubbed hairs, and a fly settling amongst the tentacles is immediately enclosed by these organs; meantime, a peptic fluid is exuded from the glands of the leaf. An interesting experiment may be conducted with the Sun Dew, proving that the little plant has a certain discriminating power. Place a tiny pebble amongst the tentacles; these at once close in, it is true, but not the least attempt is made to put out the digestive liquid. How does the Sun Dew know the difference between the fly and the pebble? Still more remarkable were some investigations conducted a few years ago by an American lady, a Mrs. Treat. She proved conclusively that the leaves of the American Sun Dew were actually conscious of the proximity of flies even when there was no direct contact. Pinning a living insect at a distance of half an inch from a healthy leaf, we are told that in about a couple of hours the organ had moved sufficiently near to enable it to secure the prey by means of its tentacles. A member of the

same natural order as the Sun Dews—the Venus Fly Trap (*Dionaea muscipula*)—is quite one of the strangest plants in the world. The species, a native of Southern Carolina, is sometimes grown in glass-houses in this country, and the general form of its leaves must be fairly familiar. Designed in two bristle-fringed lobes, both hinged together, the leaf, when fully expanded bears a striking resemblance to a set spring trap. On the upper surface of each side of the leaf are arranged three sensitive hairs, and should any object touch one of these, no matter how lightly, the lobes snap up together, the bristles interlock, and the catch, should there be any, is a prisoner beyond any hope of escape. It is not surprising to find that such a highly specialised plant will give us an incontrovertible instance in support of the theory of plant intelligence. The leaf of the *Dionaea* will enclose anything which irritates its sensitive hairs, and to induce the plant to accept a small piece of cinder, for instance, is a simple matter. But it does not take very long for the plant to find out—how, it is not easy to suggest—that its capture is inedible, and, acting upon this impression, it slowly opens its leaf and allows the substance to roll away. Now try the same leaf with a fly, or even a morsel of raw beef; so tightly clenched are the two lobes that nothing short of actual force will separate them until after the interval of several days, when the plant has drained the fragment of the desired nitrogenous elements. Unless one admits the presence of some kind of discerning power on the part of the *Dionaea*, it is not easy to explain its behaviour.

The whole subject of the relation between plants and insects is one which is full of mysteries: it is not



always easy to see just how these relations have been established, even though one admits that they must have been developed side by side. In hundreds of cases plants have specially adapted their floral organs for the reception of one kind of insect, often so arranging the processes that others are excluded.

Even more remarkable are those instances in which a definite compact seems to have been arrived at between the plant and the insect; the former tolerating, and at times even making some provision for the latter. The case of a species of fern is a typical one. This plant provides little holes down the sides of its rhizomes for the accomodation of small colonies of ants; the exact services which these insects render to their host is not very clear. The following instance of a Central American acacia is quite romantic in its way, but it is vouched for by good authorities. This tree (*A. spherocphala*) grows in districts where leaf-cutter ants abound, and where the ravages of these insects are so dreadful that whole areas of country are at times denuded of foliage in a few hours. The acacia has, however, hit upon a unique way of protecting itself against the assaults of these enemies. At the end of some of its leaves it produces "small yellowish sausage-shaped masses, known as 'food bodies.'" Now these seem to be prepared especially for the benefit of certain black ants which eat the material greedily, and on this account it is no matter for surprise that these insects (which are very warlike in habit) should make their homes in the acacia, boring out holes in the thorns of the tree to live in. It is not very difficult to see how this arrangement works out. At the approach of an army of leaf-cutting

ants, the hordes of black ants emerge, fired with the enthusiasm which the defence of a home is bound to inspire, with the result that the attacking enemy is repulsed, and the tree escapes unscathed. Explain it how one will, it is impossible to deny that it is very clever of the acacia to hire soldiers to fight its battles in the manner described above.

When plants find themselves in extraordinary positions they often do things which seem to be something more than just cases of cause and effect. There really appears to be such a thing as vegetable foresight, and by way of illustration reference may be made to the manner in which plants in dry situations strive to come to maturity as soon as possible. Specimens growing on walls are most instructive in this connection. It is almost always noticeable that plants in such positions run into flower and produce seed much in advance of their fellows living under more normal conditions; by so doing they have made certain the reproduction of their kind long before the hot summer has arrived, at which time any active growth on a wall becomes an impossibility. It is willingly conceded that shortage of water discourages a luxuriance of growth, and tends to induce an early maturity, but to any one who has watched the habits of plants under these circumstances there seems to be something more than this. Some thing which enables the plants to grasp the fact that their life can only be a very short one, and that it is their duty at the earliest possible time to flower and produce seed ere they perish.

Generally speaking plants are most desirous to obtain as perfect an illumination as is possible of their foliage. Of course, light is so neces-



sary to bring about the formation of perfect green tissue, that it is not surprising to find that it is a sufficient stimulus to cause vegetables to move their organs to the direction from which the illumination is coming. But there are parts of the world in which plants find that the direct rays of the sun, where this orb is nearly vertical as in Australia, are more than they can stand. The Blue Gum trees, for instance, find that the solar heat is too great for their leaves, and accordingly adopt an ingenious way out of the difficulty. As young plants growing under shelter, the eucalypti develop their leaves in lateral fashion, fully exposing their upper surface skywards. Later on, however, as the plants grow into trees and rise above any screening shade, the Blue Gums turn their leaves edge-way fashion, so that no broad expanse is exposed to the scorching sun. Some plants direct certain organs away from the light, as in seen in the case of the vine where the tendrils always seek dark corners. The value of this tendency is very apparent, for it must be seen at once these organs, whose sole object it to obtain a hold somewhere, would be much more likely to do so

in some cranny, than if they took their chance by growing out into the open. This habit is exceedingly interesting when we remember that the tendrils are modified shoots, parts of the plant which certainly do not shun the light. Indeed, these tendrils seem to be working against their inherent tendency.

The instances which have been detailed above might be multiplied indefinitely. They have only been selected out of an immense mass of evidence which is at the disposal of any student who will take the trouble to watch the members of the great vegetable kingdom. To say that plants think, as has been suggested by an enthusiast, is probably carrying the matter too far; the word used in its accepted sense scarcely conveys a right impression of the mysterious power. Rather one would refer to the phenomenon as a kind of consciousness of being, which gives to each plant an individuality of its own. It is likely, and indeed highly probable, that it is impossible for the human mind to grasp just how much a plant does not know, but in the face of proved fact the existence of some kind of discriminating power in the vegetable kingdom will scarcely be denied.

He who respects his work so highly and does it so reverently, that he cares little what the world thinks of it, is the man about whom the world comes at last to think a great deal.

# Concerning the Savings Bank Depositor

BY JOHN A. HOWLAND IN WORKER'S MAGAZINE

Statistics show that in the United States, the per capita deposits of the people in savings banks amount to \$36.52, while the per capita circulation is only \$30.80. The importance of sound management in the banking affairs of the country is thus evident. A continued sense of insecurity in the savings banks makes against the principle of saving on the part of thousands.

WHEN any financial institution of any kind becomes guilty of disestablishing the confidence of the small public in the philosophy of saving a portion of that small public's hard earnings a national crime has been committed for which there is no adequate punishment.

It is nothing that after a long process in the courts the principals to the fraud finally are brought to the prescribed punishments of the statutes. It is no compensation for the shattered public confidence that may be months, or even years, in recovering.

Considering only the savings banks and those other institutions carrying strictly saving deposits the sum total of the depositors in the United States is placed at 7,696,229, having a total of \$3,261,236,119, a per capita deposit for depositors of \$423.74. This total of deposits, distributed according to the estimated population at this time gives a per capita of deposits for all the people of \$36.52, as against the per capita of circulation of \$30.80 per capita. Thus, while the circulating media of the country gives only \$30.80 per capita, the savings banks show \$36.52 each to every man, woman, and child in the United States.

Considering these savings banks' depositors, numbering nearly 8,000,000 and carrying savings of \$423.74 each, one may consider the far reaching effects of criminal mismanagement of a single great savings institution anywhere in this country.

No one better than the banker realizes the enormous number of savings depositors of all classes who at the first news of the closing of such a great institution because of criminal mismanagement are open to the expression of a sudden lack of confidence.

It generally is accepted that the ignorant foreigner is entitled to a scare and a run for his money at the moment his confidence in the savings bank has weakened. But the intelligent layman who has not studied his own unconscious self-interest when as a depositor his attention is drawn to such a failure is likely to suspect the wide class of intelligent persons who in one way and another make plain to the banker the extent of their uneasiness.

"Print a story of a bank failure anywhere in America," said an old established banker in Chicago, "and between the receiving and the paying tellers we'll feel the effect of it before 11 o'clock that morning.

"A bright paying teller with his eyes open recognizes in a line of fifty depositors drawing money almost every individual in that line who is drawing a portion or all of his deposits because of fright. If there is one thing over another which embarrasses the timid depositor always it is the unquestioned grace and good will with which the paying teller meets his check. This embarrassment of the depositor is hard to hide. Un-

consciously he has given it expression before it occurs to him that he has something to conceal. He has been so intent upon getting his money that the look of satisfaction in his face has betrayed it; or else he has been so laboriously intent upon affecting nonchalance that he exposes his fears.

"To the receiving teller who is a judge of men and things, too, the receipts of his window as easily are indicative of bank fright. In the case of a depositor whose balance has run along for a few years, growing out of a business that holds to its normal, the lessened amount of the deposits, even less than the depositor's actions at the window, show this fright.

"In the first place, the teller who has had long experience with a man's running account, or the average of a family's savings month after month, knows about what its normal deposits are. The depositor who may have regard for the bank's feelings in any of these variations of deposits brings that apprehension for more strongly in his face than in the curtailed amount of his deposits. An unusually pleasant smile or spoken word at the window may be additional evidence given by the depositor against his will. A chance remark, to the extent that it is uncalled for, may be taken as the same evidence.

"And quite as frequently as in the case of the man withdrawing his money, or withholding his deposits, the bank officials generally find evidences of uneasiness in the calls that are made in more friendly nonchalance of manner by depositors. The customer who is not uneasy enough to withdraw his money or to hold back his deposits is quite likely to make a personal call and exchange

a few words with a bank acquaintance. He feels better when he has come and gone, too."

In these figures and these personal attitudes toward the bank in times of suspicion and doubt the possibilities of the per capita savings bank depositors are almost limitless. Money that is in the savings bank accounts throughout the country largely is money which the holders, cannot put to working purpose. It is left in the savings banks to earn the 3 per cent. annually which the depositor feels he is getting with the least risk and the minimum of supervision. It is the element of security which induces him to keep his money in circulation through the medium of the savings bank. At the moment this sense of security is menaced to the extent of bringing about the withdrawal of deposits, this money for the most part seeks its hiding places. It goes to the safety deposit vaults—to the holes in the walls—to the proverbial "stocking."

So much for the money that has been saved. On the other hand the continued sense of insecurity in the savings banks makes against the principle of saving on the part of thousands. The person who has saved to some extent indifferently and half heartedly is easily won to indifference on the point. He is led to argue that money which he has earned and spent according to his wishes is money that is past questioning. He has had his value received for it. It has gone for something on which he has realized, even if unwisely, under influence of his after-thoughts.

As between the man with his savings in hiding and the man who from his sense of insecurity scatters his money as it comes to him the spendthrift becomes the anomalous better citizen. And in this indisputable



fact lies the almost irreparable evil which the criminal conduct of the banking institution brings about.

Considering the per capita savings of the people in comparison with the per capita of circulating media in the United States the fact presents itself that the savings of the people hidden would wipe out the per capita circulation by almost \$6. It is through the savings banks in conservative administration that the "good times" of the country become possible.

While the interest measure of much money in the savings banks is overdrawn in the popular imagination, it remains that a conservative, systematic saving which leaves an undisturbed account year after year will show a remarkable accretion. Only \$1 a month, put away on the first of each month for only five years shows an aggregate of \$64.72; \$10 a month in the same time shows \$647.70, while \$20 a month aggregates \$1,295.50. It is the money placed in the savings bank and never checked against in the period of saving which counts for the depositor.

In recognition of this fact, the first consideration of the person starting an account is to consider the standing of the bank which he has chosen as a place of deposit. Too often the prospective depositor takes the position of submitting to the bank his own eligibility as a depositor. He takes the second place in the contract. He answers questions in writing, some of which he doesn't understand. For example, he is asked the name of his mother before her marriage and wonders why. It is a question for his own protection; as in case of a spurious signature attempted on the finding of a bank book the stranger crook scarcely can hope to guess the name of the mother before her marriage.

At the same time the greatest of all protections for the depositor in a savings institution lies in the conservative, honest administration of the institution itself, and until the depositor has regarded the makeup of of this institution in the light of a possible panicky condition and has exercised his judgment accordingly, he has not made a wise choice in his selection.

Let this and every dawn of morning be to you as the beginning of life, and let every setting sun be to you as its close. Let every one of these short lives leave its sure record of some kindly thing done for others—some goodly strength or knowledge gained for yourselves.



# On Learning to do Useless Things

SMITH'S WEEKLY

Here is a forceful little sermon, about the man who devotes all his energies to learning to do useless things. Life ought not to be a continuous playtime, a devoting of time and talent to acquiring skill in feats that are of no benefit to oneself or others. The real championship to aim at is that of the brain.

MANY young men and women put their minds on learning to do things that are of no permanent use. There are tens of thousands of boys and girls working at tennis, golf, football, or skipping-rope harder than they will ever work at anything else in this life.

If you go at a thing it is well to go at it thoroughly. You can form a habit of thoroughness as you can form any other habit. But we ask our young readers to remember that in each of us there is only a certain amount of vitality, a certain amount of physical and mental energy. Don't put too much of your power, of your vital force, into things that are going to be useless to you hereafter.

Be warned by those who devote their lives to playing chess. The game is fascinating. Many a wise man has found rest and consolation in it; many a foolish man has wasted a lifetime and landed in the insane asylum through it. Chess is a good amusement, a dangerous, foolish occupation. Within recent years three of the greatest chess players in the world have died insane. The great chess player has never achieved greatness in any other direction. You may find a man like Buckle, author of that splendid book, "History of Civilization in England," to be a very good, ordinary chess player. But such a player will be beaten with the greatest ease by men infinitely inferior to him in general knowledge.

Young men and young women,

never forget that nature wants us to do work that is actually productive. If you must strive for any championship, let it be a championship of the brain. It is better to be a real live chess player like Napoleon, or Washington, or any of those that faced defeat and overcame great problems, than to play the chess game with wooden men, arbitrary rules, false little mathematical problems that have nothing to do with life.

Wherever you see a concentrated mind bent low over a chess board, forgetting everything else, you see, nine times out of ten, a human being going to waste. The effort that might be productive is used in a criminally non-productive way.

You realize that fact. Young people, do you realize that in your own sports and games you may be doing just what the chess player does that wastes on the foolish, dull squares the power that might produce real results among men?

Play tennis or football or golf well enough to develop your bodies, well enough to supply the brain with good blood filled with oxygen and electric force. But don't allow the body and its exercises to draw upon the brain's reserve power.

Remember that the man who is a champion with his muscles is never a champion with his mind. There are no exceptions to this rule.

Mr. Jeffries, who could fight and defeat with his muscles probably any man in the entire world would be

easily overcome mentally by any one of thousands of narrow-chested little students.

Both Jeffries, and the narrow-chested little thinkers are in the wrong. The one has developed the body too much; the others have thought of the body too little. The brain should dominate the body, but it must be fed by the body. Keep at your games, keep in the open air. Cultivate physical skill, achieve good equilibrium of the material body through which your mind attacks and conquers the material world. But remember what old Herbert Spencer said to a young man at his club. The old philosopher was playing billiards with the young gentleman, and he was defeated most ridiculously. While the aged thinker was trying to make one or two feeble points his young opponent would run out the game. Spencer said to him:

"Not to be able to play billiards at all shows a deficiency in the physical equipment. But to play billiards as well as you do, young man, proves that the player has wasted the best hours of his life and a great deal of vitality."

Young men, young women, you are only going to do one thing really well in this world: That one thing you must do with your brain, with a well-equipped mind.

The character of the children de-

pends upon the mind of the mother. The character of a man's work depends upon his brain.

Young women should take good care of their muscles and of their bodies without over-exercising them. They should give their best energies to the mind that they are going to hand on to the next generation.

And young men, while their work is far inferior to that of the mothers who supply the future race, must remember that the cultivation of the mind is the real thing.

They should make everything else subordinate to that. They should not exercise so hard as to get themselves too tired to think. They should not become so interested in childish physical competition as to lose interest in good books and good thoughts.

The young man who comes in from a day's exercise, fills his stomach with food, and then goes to sleep without any desire for intellectual activity, is simply a good imitation of a colt kicking up its heels out in the pasture.

Man or woman can only prove a right to the title by a good and active mind. The animal side of life—the physical side—must not be allowed to dominate and control the real side. Try for the only real championship—that of the brain.

# Machines That Save Centuries

PEARSON'S WEEKLY

Wonderful indeed are the results accomplished by machinery. Production has been tremendously increased and what took hours to make in years gone by, can now be manufactured in as many minutes. Nor has the increased use of machinery reduced wages. On the contrary wages have advanced considerably.

**I**F society were properly constituted, wars and standing armies abolished, and everyone did his share, eleven minutes work per day for each person would be enough to supply the world with all necessities.

So says the French socialist leader, M. Jules Guesde, and he bases his assertion on the fact that modern machinery has reached such a pitch of perfection that seven men can now grow enough corn, grind it to flour, and bake it into bread to feed 1,000 people all the year round.

M. Guesde may be guilty of some slight exaggeration, but the fact of the matter is that very few of us have the least idea what machinery is doing for industry. Already hand-work hardly counts, and new labor-saving inventions come along every day of the year. In the factory, the counting-house, the farm, the road, or the home, the story is the same.

Take this matter of harvesting which M. Guesde refers to. In the wheat-growing West they now use a machine which has a cutting bar 35 feet wide, and is drawn by a 50 h.p. "tractor." Behind the cutter, and part of the same machine is a thresher, and other automatic machinery, which separates the grain from the chaff and sacks it. It also drops the straw in bundles at regular intervals.

This machine will cut 70 to 100 acres a day, thresh and clean 1,000 to 1,500 sacks of grain in the same time, and do the whole thing at a cost of about 1s. 10d. the acre.

Yet the old cry that machinery brings down wages is absurd. Thirty years ago a roller in a steel works was paid 7 1-2d. per ton for rolling steel rails. To-day by the aid of improved machinery, one man does the work of a score. He is paid only a halfpenny a ton, yet his wages are 40 per cent. better than they were in the old days.

In large bakeries the bread is now made by machinery. Forty years ago it took fifty-four hours of one man's work to prepare, roll, and cut 1,000 pounds of dough. To-day, by the aid of machinery, the same work is done in fifty-four minutes. The Quick Bread Company has lately cut even this time considerably. By a new process in the manipulation of the material, they do in six hours what took eight, and—what is more—produce 101 loaves from a sack of flour against ninety-two in the ordinary bakery.

The cotton trade has seen many startling evolutions within the past twenty years. Spinning machinery seems almost beyond improvement. But one part of the process which leads to sheets and shirts has up to the present been necessarily done by hand work at enormous cost.

That is the picking, and it costs, it is estimated, £20,000,000 yearly to pick the American cotton crop alone. Now comes an invention of Mr. George A. Lowry of Boston, which is designed not only to pick the bolls by machinery, but at the same time to cleanse them from sticks and dirt.



It effects a clear saving of 75 per cent. in labor and in cost.

Mr. Lowry's invention is a petrol engine. So is the new motor street-cleaning machine which was put on the market a few months back. It has four separate sets of road-cleaning instruments, raises no dust, goes along at seven or eight miles an hour, and without any fuss at all does the work of a battalion of 500 able-bodied men.

Most hotels—large ones at least—have already dispensed with the armies of scullery maids once a necessity. The dishes are washed by machinery in a quarter the time at one-eighth the cost, and without anything like the human risk of breakage.

Just the same sort of thing is happening in laundries. A machine is at work which will wash and finish collars or cuffs at the rate of fifteen a minute. Or it will wash 200 shirts an hour, and iron and gloss one a minute. Old-fashioned methods of washing by hand will soon be as obsolete as the dodo.

Everywhere you see the triumph of machinery. Enter a tobacco factory. Not so long ago nearly all the processes of rendering the raw leaf into smoking tobacco or cigarettes were done by hand. Now it is all machine work. One machine, which seems to possess all the dexterity and a hundred times the quickness of human hands, makes 200,000 perfect cigarettes in a ten-hour day, consuming 600 pounds weight of tobacco in its task.

The brush is becoming obsolete for painting. Paint mixed in a steel tank is sprayed under pressure upon the surface to be colored. That is how our big war ships are painted now-a-days and by the aid of this compressed-air device one man can

easily do the work of a dozen armed with brushes.

Even bricklaying is no longer a handicraft. A Farnham man has patented a bricklaying machine which only weighs 600 pounds, and does the work of seven men at much less than half the cost. The bricks are fed by hand, a lever presses them into place, side rollers keep a face on the work, and other rollers press the brick down on the mortar, which latter is run out by a hopper. One man can lay some 3,000 bricks a day with one of these machines.

How many coins could you count in an hour? If you worked steadily at the rate of two a second, only 7,200. An automatic cashier, a small machine of aluminum and steel, can do the work of three men by counting 21,600 coins an hour, and into the bargain place them by sixties in bags. And it never makes a mistake, not even between florins and half-crowns. What is more, this machine is only a beginning. It is prophesied that in future even banking will be carried on largely by machinery.

Wherever you turn you find machinery doing the work of hundreds of men at much smaller cost and with a startling saving of time. For instance, to bore six 2-inch holes each 12 feet deep in rock takes 180 hours of hand work; a small pneumatic drill does it in eight hours.

The bill for manual labor for making 100 pairs of boots used to be £82. By the aid of machinery the price of the labor is now reduced to £7, and the boots are made in one-tenth of the time formerly necessary.

Forty years ago the making of 10,000 envelopes took 217 hours of a man's time. Now-a-days the time is reduced by machinery to sixteen hours.



Fishing nets are now being made by machinery. Three or four rapid movements of levers, and a whole row of stitches are cast on. A few years ago a woman would have spent half an hour in doing the same work. The machine, though driven only by manual power, does the work of, roughly speaking, sixty women with needle and mesh.

As marvellous perhaps as any other saving is that effected in the printing, binding, and allied trades. Less than forty years ago it took two men more than a week to turn out a couple of thousand copies of an ordinary magazine. To-day ma-

chinery enables the same work, folding, stitching, and covering, to be done in forty-eight hours.

It seems more than likely to anyone who saw the recent electrical exhibition in London that, before many years have passed, harassed housewives will dispense with domestic servants.

Not only will houses be warmed and lighted by this agent, but cooking, dusting, cleaning, even to the washing of windows, will be accomplished by electrical devices worked by an agent sitting in a chair and pressing buttons.

## A Workmen's College at Oxford

BY HUGH B. PHILPOTT IN BRITISH WORKMAN

In Ruskin College, Oxford, the workmen of England have a college peculiarly their own. It has been endowed and sustained largely by the pence of laboring men, large sums having been raised by penny levies. Among its graduates to-day are one member of Parliament and many trade union officials.

THE idea of a college education for working men would until a few years ago have struck most people as the height of absurdity, and even to-day those who know nothing of the work of Ruskin College at Oxford will very likely regard the idea as fanciful and unpractical. But the experience of the last seven years has shown that a resident college for working men is not merely a possibility but that it meets a real need, and is greatly appreciated by the most enlightened members of the working class.

Though there are still, no doubt, many thousands of workmen who are content to regard their education as finished when they have passed the

sixth or seventh standard of the elementary school, there is an increasing number, and among them the finest spirits in the ranks of the workmen, who realize the advantages of a liberal education, and will make considerable sacrifices to secure it. The workmen's organizations, too, are coming to see that the men they want for leaders and for representatives in Parliament and on local governing bodies are not men of glib tongue merely, but men of disciplined and well-stored minds. Not very long ago workmen who wanted the services of an educated representative had to seek him outside their own class. Ruskin College has shown them a better way. They now

send their own most promising young men to be trained for the service of their fellows at the labor college.

Nothing is more striking in the story of Ruskin College than the extent to which it has been sustained by the pence of the working men. The Amalgamated Engineers have contributed no less than £1,350, which has been raised by four levies of a penny each on their entire membership. With the amount of their last levy they are maintaining nine of their members at the college for a year. The Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants have given £300 to the fund now being raised for the purpose of building larger and more convenient college premises, and, in addition, have established three scholarships. The report for 1905 records subscriptions or donations from no fewer than ninety-seven trade unions and other workmen's organizations, including co-operative societies. Seeing that many of these societies contain many thousands of members, it is evident that a great army of working men throughout the country are contributing in a larger or smaller degree to this unique educational work. And the students are genuine working men, as may be seen from the following list of occupations of those in residence this year: Engineers, nine; miners, nine; weavers, four; railway servants, three; and bricklayer, chainmaker, brassworker, boiler plater, carpenter, clothlooker, docker, clerk and blacksmith, one each.

What, it will be asked, do these workmen study, and what is the purpose of it all? The curriculum is confined for the most part to the subjects which constitute what might be called a citizen's education. Political economy, political and social

problems, industrial history, constitutional history, local government, sociology, evolution, English grammar: these are the principal subjects taught, chiefly by means of lectures delivered by the Principal, Mr. Dennis Hird, M.A.; the Vice-Principal, Mr. H. B. Lees-Smith, M.A.; and the Secretary, Mr. Bertram Wilson. The work of the lecture hall is supplemented by classes, and every student produces an essay once a week.

Such a curriculum is obviously of little service in helping a workman to become a foreman or a manager. But that is not its object. Ruskin College has nothing to do with technical education—an excellent thing in its way. It has a higher ideal even than that of self-help. It seeks to help men develop to the utmost those powers which will be of most service to their fellow men. "Knowledge for the sake of our fellow men" is the motto of the college, and the students give up their time, and expend in some cases the savings of many years, in order that they may fit themselves to be leaders and counsellors among their fellows.

To what extent have these aims been fulfilled? It must be remembered that the college is yet in its infancy, but already it numbers among former students one Member of Parliament and many trade union officials and members of local governing bodies. Of the developing, unlifting influence of the college life there is abundant evidence. "Already," wrote one of the students recently, "the training we have received seems to have broadened our views. As a main result there has been a revelation of the things we do not know. It has come something in the nature of a shock to most of us that there are two sides to every question—even

to the fiscal controversy." And here is the testimony of a Welsh miner who is devoting his evenings to lecturing on economics under the Education Committee of the Glamorganshire County Council: "My two and a half years' residence at Ruskin College taught me to realize that education is nothing more nor less than the power to see things in their right light. It is the lesson above all others which my studies implanted deeply upon my mind. The social life of the college gave me a truer social instinct; the high enthusiasm of my fellow students, a nobler faith in my fellow men; and the thorough instruction received from the tutors, a broader and keener grasp of the industrial problems of our time."

Let no one suppose that life at Ruskin College is one of luxurious ease, tending to make the students into sham gentlemen, dissatisfied with their social state and unfitted for manual labor. Ruskin College students work a good deal harder than the average mechanic; their fare is plain, though good and abundant, and they do not despise the humble domestic work which usually falls to the women of a household. The only servant kept at the college is the cook, consequently the men have to be their own housemaids and charwomen, and some of them are to be seen every day weilding brooms and scrubbing-brushes with good-humored energy. When the college course is ended the majority of them go back quite cheerfully to the mine, the factory, or the railway—workmen still, but of a larger intellectual and moral stature than they had hitherto attained to, and ready now to fulfil any demand for public service that may be made upon them.

Although Ruskin College is at Ox-

ford, it has no official connection with the University. At no time, however, has it lacked the sympathy and personal help of some of the most eminent members of the University, and at the present day the University is strongly represented on its Council. For the rest of the Council, which is the governing body of the college, consists of such representative labor leaders as Mr. Richard Bell, M.P., Mr. George Barnes, M.P., and Mr. C. W. Bowerman, M. P., and a few others like Dean Kitchen, Dr. J. B. Paton, and Mr. Bruce Wallace, M.A., who have identified themselves with movements for the elevation of the working classes.

There are thirty-four students at the college this year, but when the new premises have been erected there will be accommodation for fifty students at a time. The influence of the college, however, is not to be measured merely by the number of students who enter its gates. These men go from the college to take their places as the guiding spirits in labor organizations and as members of governing bodies. Thus by indirect, even more than by direct means, the college already becomes a real force in the nation's life. Nor is this all. Besides the collegiate life of which we have spoken, there is another, and perhaps an equally influential side to the work of Ruskin College. By means of a carefully organized Corresponding Department hundreds of men and women, who have never been to Oxford, are imbibing something of the spirit and the culture of the college. They study in their own homes many of the subjects taught in the college, read certain specific books, and write essays on subjects arising out of their reading. The essays are cor-



rected at the college, and returned to the writers with hints and suggestions. Many of these scattered students have formed correspondence classes for the associated study of the topics suggested, and to them, as to the residents at the college itself, the study in which they have engaged has meant in many instances the opening of closed doors, the widening of mental horizons, the stirring of noble ambitions. "I can't say how it came about," wrote one student, "but since I joined the

Ruskin College class reading has become more interesting, and so have men and the world in general." And here is another testimony: "I have been, so to speak, walking round myself. I am only just beginning to feel that life is real, life is earnest, and what I do I want to do in the broadest Christian spirit."

It costs a shilling a month to be a member of the Correspondence School. Anyone may join, and the Secretary of Ruskin College is always pleased to give information.

## From Switchman to President

TIMES MAGAZINE

This is the story of James Harahan, who has succeeded Stuyvesant Fish as head of the Illinois Central. He began his career in 1861 in the yard at Alexandria, Va., and steadily climbed upward, through the grades of switchman, section boss, clerk, roadmaster, superintendent and general manager. His is an inspiring story.

**B**ITTER conflict between two powerful men—powerful in the sense in which the world of finance understands the word—has resulted in the replacing by a man named James T. Harahan of a man named Stuyvesant Fish as head of one of the big railroads of this country—the Illinois Central. The struggle which brought about this change aroused and held for weeks the interest of the whole country, and its ultimate outcome in the conduct and control of railway traffic, east, west, south, and north, is still a subject of general speculation. Yet the man Harahan, who, on the face of it seems to be entitled to the limelight, has figured in the public mind only as a secondary character.

That is characteristic of the man—he is not spectacular. During the forty-three years he has devoted to

learning the railway business he has been too busy to do anything but learn the business. He never managed any deal pertaining to the railway world that wasn't concerned specifically with engines and cars and rails and fuel and employes. He has made a success of this sort of thing, and it is the only kind of endeavor that spells success to Harahan. This viewpoint, adhered to steadily, is what has made him the president of a big railroad.

To begin with, James Harahan had different antecedents than Stuyvesant Fish, the man he succeeded as president. He was "raised" differently. He got his education in a different way. And he started his career in the railway business differently. The names of the two men would indicate that such was the case; without knowing the facts, one might deduce that the man Stuy-



vescent Fish had started pretty near the top of the heap, and that the man, James Harahan, had begun not far from the bottom and pushed his way upward. And that's the truth of the matter.

The biographical directory of railway officials dismisses the early life of Harahan with scant consideration. According to the directory Harahan "entered railway service" in 1861 at Alexandria, Va. It does not state that Harahan entered railway service wearing overalls, and that his first job was that of switchman in the yards at Alexandria.

During the six years that followed Harahan worked for three railroads—the Orange & Alexandria, the Nashville & Decatur, and the Louisville & Nashville—as a switchman, as section boss, as a clerk. At the end of the six years he was a railway executive. He entered the employ of the Shelby railroad, and for two years thereafter was in charge of its operation.

The history of Harahan thereafter is a history of steady advances. For seven years he was roadmaster of the Nashville & Decatur; for two years Superintendent of the Memphis line of the Louisville & Nashville; for the next two years Superintendent of the New Orleans Division, and by the end of the next three years General Manager of the entire road. For three months thereafter he served as Superintendent of a division of the Baltimore & Ohio; then assistant General Manager and General Manager of the Louisville & Ohio. That brings the history of Harahan up to 1888. Between Oct. 1 of that year and Nov. 1, 1890, he was successively Assistant General Manager of the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern,

General Manager of the Chesapeake & Ohio, and General Manager of the Louisville, New Orleans & Texas.

The history is a dull one if it is considered only as a tabulation of railways, but it is important in that it reveals the diversity of experience that went to make Harahan one of the best-informed and best-equipped railway officials in the country when, on Nov. 1, 1890, he became the Second Vice-President of the Illinois Central, in charge of operation and traffic.

During the six years that followed, ending in his elevation the other day to the position of president of the railroad, Harahan learned the railroad as no one else knew it or was in a position to know it. There was no detail of its management or operation that was too small to escape thorough understanding on his part. He was and is a stickler for details. It is the Harahan "hobby." It is axiomatic with every man in his employ. It has enabled Harahan to accomplish things—big things—that other railway officials pronounced "perfect."

One of these things—the one oftenest referred to—was his management of the Illinois Central suburban system at Chicago during the World's Columbian Exposition. To attempt to provide adequately for the millions who traveled on the Central between the city and the exposition grounds, with due consideration for the varying attendance at the fair from day to day, was a stupendous undertaking. Harahan laid his plans far in advance. He supervised operation of the traffic personally throughout the exposition. As a result there was never a day when a shortage of cars was reported.

Another instance of Harahan's style of doing things was the re-tracking of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad in a single day. In the early eighties half of this line was of a gauge narrower than the standard, causing no end of inconvenience and expense. By methods which at that time were novel and astounding to old-fashioned, slow-moving railroad men. Harahan standardized the gauge within twenty-four hours without missing a single train.

Still other examples of his pushing methods are to be found in his securing at a ridiculously low figure the Illinois Central terminals in Louisville and in his securing and holding for the Illinois Central its line between Louisville and Memphis against the strenuous efforts of the Louisville & Nashville.

Mr. Harahan spent many years in Louisville, and many stories are told there of his energy and his popularity. As General Manager of the Louisville & Nashville it is said that he knew every janitor and office boy in the company's big building. Farmers who used to know him as a section boss used to come to see him.

It was Harahan who, as General Manager of the Louisville & Nashville, issued an order that the news of all wrecks and other accidents on the road be given to the public.

Harahan knows all the people with whom and for whom he conducts the affairs of the Illinois Central. When he is not in his office in the big railway station in Park Row, in Chicago, he is traveling over the Central, conferring with his subordinates from division manager down to station agent, engineer, conductor, and switchman, and keeping in touch with shippers.

When Harahan got back from New York after his election as President, he went direct to his old office on the sixth floor of the railroad building in Park Row and began looking over his mail and hearing reports from officers, some of them by telephone. He wouldn't stay in New York and manage the Illinois Central by long distance—not Harahan! He had to be on the scene of action—where he could look out of his office window and see the Illinois Central trains pulling in and out of the station; where he could have constant, visible, tangible evidence that the Illinois Central was really in existence.

"I wouldn't live in New York under any circumstances," he said to callers. "You couldn't hire me to live there. That was one of the first things I enquired about when the question of my being a candidate for president came up. I would not consent to the headquarters of the railroad being anywhere else. You have to be on the spot. I remember I was called up to my house at 10 o'clock at night when the big fire at New Orleans occurred, on Feb. 26, 1905. In seven minutes I had started men and material for New Orleans from the nearest point, not to put out the fire, but to rebuild. The work of rebuilding was in progress at 10 o'clock the next morning."

As he appears at work in his office Harahan more resembles a prosperous, middle-aged farmer, who has called concerning a shipment of wheat, than the President of the Illinois Central. He is of medium height and build, having lost his corpulent appearance within the last few years. His head is large and so are all of his features; his forehead the higher because of steadily encroach-

ing baldness; his eyes betoken shrewdness and geniality; his nose prominent, the upper lip covered with a stringy mustache, and the lower jaw cleft and resolute. His attire is extremely simple, smacking of the "old school," with the collar open at the throat and flaring. He is a well-preserved man, but his age—63—is apparent.

He is slow to speak on any subject; his manner of speech betrays excess of caution, born, perhaps, of experience. It is told that one day years ago a newspaper reporter unknown to Harahan called him up on the telephone, representing himself as the reporter for another newspaper, in whom Harahan had great confidence, thus obtaining from the railway man a valuable bit of information under pledge of secrecy. The next day Harahan discovered how he had been tricked. Since then Harahan talks with no one concerning business over the telephone. If the business is urgent he has his secretary talk for him.

Instances are on record when, in

personal interviews, he has considered too strict adherence to veracity inadvisable. Such an instance was his assurance, given the press on his return to Chicago, Nov. 2, that he had been away on an inspection trip, and knew nothing of a special meeting of the Illinois Central to take place in New York City, when, as it afterward transpired, he had just returned from Gotham and there had affixed his signature to a call for the special meeting.

It can be said safely that Harahan, while executive head of the Central, will be a faithful subordinate of the man who put him in his present position—Harriman. There will be no discord, because Harahan is discreet—his ambition has meets and bounds. Charles M. Hayes, President of the Southern Pacific, who refused to execute the orders of Harriman after the latter had acquired control of that road, and whom Harriman forthwith induced to resign by the payment of a money consideration, is an object lesson that will not be ignored by Harahan.

Anger is the most impotent passion that influences the mind of man; it effects nothing it undertakes, hurts the man who is possessed of it more than the object against which it is directed.—Clarendon.



# Five Years of the Steel Trust

BY HERBERT N. CASSON IN MUNSEY'S

This is the eighth of Mr. Casson's important series of articles on the history of steel in America. In this article he gives an impartial summary of the United States Steel Corporation's record, of its present situation and its prospects. He outlines what this organization has done for the iron and steel trade.

THE first annual report of the United States Steel Corporation was the most remarkable financial document that had ever been known in the long history of commerce.

It looked more like a magazine than an annual report, with its sixty-four pages and sixty-three illustrations of furnaces and steel mills. And it was sent to nearly sixty thousand stockholders—a larger circulation than many a magazine possesses. Its figures were those of an empire, rather than that of a private company of American business men. Its revenue of five hundred and sixty million dollars was equal to that of the ten kingdoms of Spain, Portugal, Holland, Rumania, Sweden, Norway, Greece, Denmark, Siam, and Turkey. The receipts of the United States itself, for 1902, exclusive of the postal business, amounted to only two millions more than those of the United States Steel Corporation.

This wonderful corporation was not a bank, yet it had more than fifty million in its vaults—a greater sum than the deposits in any of the New York savings banks, except five, or any of the national or State banks except seven.

It was not a railroad, yet it operated five large railway systems, with nearly five hundred locomotives and more than twenty-six thousand cars. And these were not freight roads merely, as eighty-three of the cars were for passengers.

It was not a marine corporation,

yet it possessed a fleet of more than a hundred vessels, many of them the best of their kind, whose earnings for the year furnished a nine-million dollar item to the report.

Without counting its sixteen docks, its seventeen thousand coke-ovens, its two hundred square miles of gas land, its hundred thousand acres of coal land, and its sixty ore mines in the Lake Superior region, this corporation reported itself as being the owner of nearly sixteen hundred manufacturing plants.

The grand total of assets—no human mind can transform this line of figures into an idea—was \$1,546,44,234.65.

Roughly speaking, labor got one hundred and twenty million dollars for the year's work; the stockholders, fifty-six millions; the machinery for improvements and depreciation, forty-five millions; and Andrew Carnegie, the grand old pensioner, got eighteen millions, including the three millions set apart as a sinking fund for the payment of his bonds in the year 1952.

The 168,127 workmen received an average of \$717 apiece; the stockholders averaged about a thousand dollars. So far as profits were concerned, the little Scot, in spite of his abdication, still towered above all the newcomers.

The net profits of the corporation for the year were more than a hundred and thirty-three million dollars. Out of this twenty-five millions were taken for special improvements which were thought to be advisable though



not strictly necessary. Because of the use of this generic word "improvements," it is impossible to tell the exact percentage of profits. Just how much of the forty-five millions that come under this head was spent for the actual enrichment of the property, and how much of it went for political purposes, or to cover up mistakes and losses, no one outside of the corporation can tell. There is no cause for suspicion in the report itself; but recent revelations concerning the methods of "high finance" have made the American public more sophisticated than it was.

The corporation began well, as a money-maker. For twenty-seven months it moved along as steadily as a clock, ticking out fourteen millions in dividends every quarter of a year. Then, in the middle of 1903, came trouble. It was a feast-and-famine year. The market had become surfeited with the stock of over-capitalized corporations. In two years the total capitalization of new companies had scared up to nearly eight billion dollars. There was an over-production of stock, and, when prices fell, the good suffered with the bad. The wreck of Schwab's ship-building enterprise, and the governmental veto put upon the Northern Securities merger, made matters worse. "Steel preferred" went below fifty, and the common stock plunged to ten.

On New Year's Day, 1904, the stockholders regarded the wish for a happy New Year as a cynicism. They had received a message notifying them that the profits for the preceding three months had dropped to the beggarly sum of two million dollars. Only by drawing upon the company's surplus could the quarterly dividend be paid on the pre-

ferred stock; holders of the common stock, who had had their revenue halved three months before, were now cut off altogether. Down and down went the price of the corporation's securities. "Steel common" was recommended as cheap wall-paper, and the comic papers reported that grocers were giving away a share with every purchase of a pound of tea.

There was a general outcry from those who saw their dollars cut in half. "The Steel Trust has robbed the people of five hundred millions in a single year," said a Boston broker. "With its common stock at ten, it can pay its debts at the rate of twenty-five cents on the dollar," declared a Chicago professor. Twelve thousand stockholders jumped overboard and swam ashore with heavy losses. If they had remained on board for a year longer, they would have lost nothing. But it was a time of panic, when men jumped first and thought afterward.

Capital lost thirty millions which it has been led to expect; but labor lost more. Twenty thousand workmen were discharged. Twenty thousand homes, into which twenty million dollars had flowed in the previous year, were left without resources. Twenty thousand workmen stood idle in the market, offering their skill for sale, and endangering the price of labor all along the line. It was a harsh step, but necessary from the standpoint of dividends.

It was a hard-luck year, and everybody grumbled—everybody except the Wall Street brokers. They did a merry business, pulling down what they had built up three years before. In fact, the stock exchange end of the steel business has grown until it is larger than the manufacturing end. It is a point of great significance, for better or for worse, that the buy-

ing and selling of steel stocks is today a business of greater volume than the buying and selling of steel.

In 1905 the horn of plenty was once more emptied on the heads of the steel men. It was a year of jubilee. Before it was half over, the preferred stock had climbed above par and the common to nearly forty. The twenty thousand workmen came back, and others with them. At the annual meeting the stockholders effervesced with delight, and passed a vote of thanks to Mr. Morgan, as the meeting happened to be on his sixty-eighth birthday.

Those who regarded the United States Steel Corporation as a finished product said, in the dark days of 1904, "Morgan has failed." The wiser ones, who regarded it as a continuous process, said, "Wait." Morgan's supreme aim was to give stability to the iron and steel trade. He had against him not only natural forces, but artificial ones as well. He had to fight against a depression caused by bad crops, or a panic caused by some speculative buccaneer.

Now, if there is one thing that Morgan's strong nature hates more than another, it is something that is small, flimsy and uncertain. He abhors makeshifts. His lasting honor will be that he has been the first American who deliberately made it his life-work to co-ordinate the various functions of industry and finance on a national scale. With a masterfulness which has never been surpassed, he linked together railroads, banks, steamship lines, industrial corporations, and two-thirds of the iron and steel trade. He had to use refractory materials. Neither his friends nor the public understood his purposes. He was compelled to work with many men who lied to him and betrayed him. His so-called partners

were, comparatively speaking, no more than clerks. He stood alone, a Gulliver among the Lilliputians of Wall Street.

In 1901 many critics pointed out that the demands for dividends by a mob of stockholders would be likely to take too much money out of the business and allow the plants to depreciate. There was good reason for this warning. Hundreds of iron and steel men had wrecked their fortunes on the big-dividend rock. Even the late Russell Sage, clever financial pilot as he was, could not steer past this peril. Sage was in the iron business in 1866—as early as Carnegie. He had a large share in Captain Ward's Milwaukee rolling-mill; but he made the usual mistake of demanding enormous profits at once.

"Sage made my life miserable because we did not pay higher dividends, although we paid from fifteen to twenty per cent. for several years," said J. J. Hagerman, who was then an official of the company. Those who remained in that Milwaukee enterprise made millions; but Russell Sage lacked the far-sightedness to be a steel-maker. Like hundreds of others, he had his chance and lost it.

Every successful steel-maker knows that improvements must be made continually, whether any money is left for dividends or not. To look at the figures given out by the corporation was not convincing. In annual reports things are not always what they seem. Such has come to be the public opinion. When fifty millions of preferred stock was changed into bonds in 1902, it was stated that thirty millions of it went for improvements. Ten millions a year were appropriated for "special" work of this sort, and in each annual report there were several pages of

"improvements and extraordinary replacements" mentioned by name

"Improving our own plants is the key-note of the United States Steel Corporation," said its first vice-president, James Gayley.

But the only way to know whether the property of the corporation is rising in value, or falling, is to go and see it. Consequently, in gathering the information for this series of articles, I was careful to ask at every stopping-place, "Show me what improvements have been made since 1901." After nearly six thousand miles of travel, I have not found a single instance in which a property has been allowed to depreciate, or in which improvements have been made in a parsimonious way.

"Everything the United States Steel constructs is first class," said one of Duluth's leading business men.

"I want you to build that store for all time—no makeshifts," said the vice-president of the Union Supply Company to a contractor.

The corporation operates fifty stores under this name in its coal and coke region, and the order given by the vice-president was not a mere phrase for effect, as I overheard it accidentally.

In regard to labor, the Morgan policy has been to secure stability by first destroying the trade unions and afterward permitting the employees to become stockholders. Several months after the corporation was organized, the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers—or what was left of it after the decisive defeat of Homestead—picked a quarrel over a small issue, and declared war on the big company. Probably not more than ten per cent of the workmen belonged to the union, but it issued manifestoes ordering a hundred thousand to quit work.

"We must fight or give up forever our personal liberties," said one of the leaders. "The United States Steel Corporation thinks you were sold to them just as the mills were; but when you strike, Wall Street will tremble!"

On the contrary, Wall Street paid little or no attention to the strike. Stocks fell three per cent and rose again. The labor leaders found that going to Morgan was a different proposition from going to John Fritz or Captain "Bill" Jones. "Schwab treated us well—Morgan did not," said one of the labor leaders as he came down the steps of the Morgan office. The probability is that Morgan knew the truth—knew that the Amalgamated Association was a lath painted to look like iron, and treated the leaders accordingly. After an ineffective strike of two months or more, all the workmen returned to work.

In three ways, at least, the strike had been a positive benefit to the corporation. It had demolished the Amalgamated Association, raised the prices of steel, and enabled Schwab to dismantle the out-of-date mills and concentrate the plants. Since then the corporation has been strictly non-union. Schwab went so far as to make antiunion speeches. There was to be none of the old mutualism between capital and labor under the new regime. The corporation was not a democracy in which the authority came from below. It was a feudalism of capital, in which power moved from Morgan downward, through a series of distinct gradations.

But it was to be a "benevolent feudalism." There was no intention of turning the wage system into a wage slavery. To keep the workmen



loyal and content, a method of profit-sharing was worked out. It is said that Perkins was its originator, having tried a similiar plan with his life insurance agents. He proposed to offer a certain quantity of preferred stock every year to the employees. To prevent speculative purchases, no one would be allowed to buy more stock at one time than one-fifth of his yearly wages. Those who lacked the cash could pay in instalments, and special inducements were offered to those who remained in the employ of the corporation for five years. In this way the company forged another weapon against unionism and strikes.

As soon as this plan was seen to be a success—for more than twenty-seven thousand employees subscribed for stock in 1903 alone—another step was taken. The wages of the men were "equalized." The highly paid men were cut down from ten to fifty per cent, while the laborers were raised to \$1.60 and \$2.00 a day. In some of the works the hours of labor were increased. "I used to be able to make six dollars a day, working seven hours," said a Pittsburgh rougher. "Now I can only make three seventy a day, working twelve hours."

In the American steel-mills the machine does more work than the man, and draws higher wages. Naturally the man feels that he and his machine are one, and not two. He wants the machine's wages paid to him; and so, no matter how high his pay may be, he feels that there has been a maldistribution of profits when he thinks of what he and his machine produced.

On the whole, a larger sum is paid to iron and steel workers to-day than they ever received before. There have

been several voluntary raises of wages. Last year the Frick Ccke Company put seven per cent more in the pay-envelopes of its laborers. Thirty thousand men in the Pittsburgh region are drawing nine millions more this year than last. Pittsburgh remains the place of the heaviest work and the highest wages of any manufacturing region in the world.

"We have rollers and heaters at Homestead who are still making from ten to fifteen dollars a day," said President Dinkey.

The United States Steel Corporation has made no attempt to build "model towns" for its workmen, after the fashion of the Krapps. Vandergrift, the only "model town" of steel-workers in the United States, is now a part of the corporation's dominions, but it was built previous to 1901 by George G. McMurtry. This really picturesque spot lies thirty-eight miles east of Pittsburgh. It has been christened a "working-man's paradise," and overpraised by many writers; but it remains the most attractive town among the iron and steel communities. Frederick Law Olmsted, the late eminent landscape-gardener, planned it. His hand can be seen in the curving streets and decorative grass-plots.

Apparently, the corporation has solved the problem of stability, so far as labor is concerned. The workmen have neither union nor leader. They have not even a spokesman who is well known and respected. All their former leaders have been swallowed up by politics. Compared with the members of a well-organized trade live the bricklayers, for example, they are not highly paid for such work as they do and such risk as they run. The ten-dollar-a-day



men are few and far between. Strictly speaking, they are foremen rather than ordinary wage-workers. But the majority of the steel-workers are content for two reasons—they are making more money than they could earn in the average outside occupation, and their work is steadier than it used to be. If the "era of good feeling" has not been reached among the rank and file of the corporation, there has at least come the era of loyalty and obedience.

The danger, if there be any danger, in the labor situation will come not from the discontented, but from the servile. I have found it to be the general opinion of practical steel-makers that the trade was being pulled down by the employment of such large numbers of unskilled immigrants, who can never be trained beyond a certain point. The sudden dearth of skilled steel-workers last year shows this to be a present danger, not a future one. In the great school of steel-making, the lower grades are filled entirely with pupils who can never be promoted. The Huns, Slavs, Finns and Italians who form the main body of the workers never rise above the position of common laborers, except in the most unusual instances. They have hands but no heads. Among them are no embryonic Schwabs or Coreys.

"Perhaps the reason why we have so little machinery in the coke business is because we have employed the non-inventive Huns and Slavs," ad-

mitted a high official of the corporation. Most of the improvements have been originated by men like Jones and Fritz, who began at the bottom and worked their way up, improving as they went. It has also been found that cheap men and costly machinery make a dangerous combination. It is apt to kill the men and injure the machinery.

In the "good old days" of the puddlers, the labor force was unruly, but intelligent and teachable. To-day it is obedient, but stolid. The coke-making squad is wholly Hun and Slav. The ambitious Welsh have long since been driven out. The ore-mining squad is almost wholly Finn and Italian. Of these two, there is more hope of the Finn. In my whole investigation, I found no class of laborers lower than the Italians of the Lake Superior ore region. At a Mesaba mine I found four Italian miners living in a log shanty. When I opened the door, three were in the one bed, with no clothing removed except their boots. The fourth was squatting on the floor, eating his breakfast. For a table he had the sawed-off end of a log. In one hand he held half a loaf of bread, and with the other he helped himself from a tin dish of macaroni. No knife—no fork—no spoon! It is not the work of such as these that has made the industry great and put American steel into all the markets of the world.

# The Advantages of Frugality

BY CHARLES S. GIVEN IN WORKER'S MAGAZINE

The modern young man, while a money maker, is not usually a money saver. His merit lies in his power to create; his shortcoming in his inability to conserve. Frugality is the rational ground between spendthrift philosophy and parsimony.

**C**OVETOUSNESS is an attribute of human nature. The burning question with which the twentieth century young man is concerned is the acquisition of wealth. In spite of the fact that ethics so liberally is diffused into the affairs of men to-day, materialism none the less is supreme. There is nothing more certain than that men more enthusiastically are engaged in money making to-day than at any previous time. The vast army of 8,000,000 young men throughout this land are converting our cities, villages and farms into beehives of industry. The spirit of the fabled Midas is instilled into our generation. We covet the magic touch that will convert things into gold. It is this same greed for gain that makes man industrious, awakening ambition and spurring him on to greater achievement.

But ever since money was coined by Phidon, King of Argos, in the eighth century, B.C., there have existed the two factions—the one arguing that coin is round, therefore designed to roll; the other arguing that, being flat, it was meant to be piled up.

It is a lamentable fact that an overwhelming proportion of the young men of to-day have affiliated themselves with the former class. While the modern young man is a money maker he is not a money saver. His merit lies in his power to create; his shortcoming in his inability to conserve. A single glance into any of our great cities

is convincing proof of this fact. In our own great Chicago there are thousands of energetic, ambitious young men whose week's wages last about as long as an icicle in a red hot crucible. They scatter their money like autumn leaves driven by a November blast. Genuine frugality—in the ranks of the young element, at least—is as scarce as strawberries in winter time. Loosened purse strings are not the exception but the rule. Money is spent with as much zest as it is earned.

It is argued by some that, for the common weal, the universal spending of money should be encouraged. Saving money, however, does not imply burying it from circulation but sending it along into circulation in one's own name. What the young men of the country need is not encouragement to spend their money but to spend it judiciously and wisely.

There is another extreme as unsavory as that of prodigality. It is the doctrine championed by Mr. "Holdfast" and his contemporaries. Penuriousness is as disgusting as lavishness is disastrous. The spendthrift is to be pitied; the miser to be detested. The latter is a menace to society. The former, while being a benefit materially, is not of the highest value ethically. So that neither class is desirable.

There is a happy medium. Frugality is the rational ground between spendthrift philosophy and parsimony. It is a virtue of the grandest sort—as much a virtue as

prodigality is a vice. The judicious expenditure of money is the *sum-mum bonum*. This splendid quality sometimes is innate, but more frequently has to be cultivated. It is one of the most commendable in all the catalogue of qualities; it weighs and adjusts, conserves and equalizes. It is an investment which pays the largest dividends on a small outlay of capital—a little careful thought and self-denial. Common sense is the greatest guarantee of economy, since it corrals the ideas, keeping them well within the limit of one's resources.

There is a great demand to-day for the prudent young man. He is placed at a high premium by society. He stands higher in the esteem of his employer than the imprudent employe. The discipline received in the careful management of his personal affairs augments his value in the conduct of the affairs of others. The man who exercises good judgment in dealing with himself is likely to use the same discretion in dealing with his employer's interests. If you doubt the correctness of the assertion go to a dozen of the best business men and employers and consult their opinions.

The old proverb which says that "economy is too late at the bottom of the purse," should be framed in gold and hung before the eyes of every young man entering upon his career. The decision to economize should be made now, and a definite system adopted that will enable him to save a certain percentage of his income. Every young man should hearken to the counsel of Russell Sage, who contended that it is possible and expedient for every wage earner to lay aside 25 per cent. of

his salary. Prof. Clark goes farther and claims that the unskilled American workman can keep a family in comfort and save money on \$300 a year. Be that as it may, if men were as careful in spending their money as they are active in getting it, there would be more bank accounts and fewer bankrupts—greater assets and less liabilities.

There is something more than the materialistic idea to be considered in dealing with this question. The mental and moral as well as the mercenary side must be regarded as potent in the national well being. In our country, as already stated, there are about 8,000,000 young men. Upon these the government rests. They constitute the timber out of which is to be built the future structure of society. One of the greatest safeguards to society is the self-restraint of the individual. The true spirit of thrift engenders self-control. Lavishness in the use of money begets carelessness in the general conduct. It works in both a positive and a negative way in its effect upon character; it may injure by the self-indulgence which it incurs; or it may injure by perverting the means which should be used for self-improvement. This restraint must be encouraged; it cannot be enforced. It must come about by education. Practical economy should be taught in every schoolroom throughout the land. Few of our boys and girls know the full meaning of self-denial. Therefore, let us teach our children their great obligation in the wise use of money, thus securing for them the largest measure of happiness and true worth, and bequeathing to posterity the same, priceless heritage.



# The First Step Towards Independence

SMITH'S WEEKLY

Here are a few dictums and examples how to save money so that you can secure an independence. Prudence and self-denial are needed above all things. The man who saves a little each week is bound in the end to make a comfortable income for himself.

THE late P. T. Barnum, who, by his own exertions, raised himself from poverty to a position of wealth, and who had extraordinary opportunities for observation, said that the way to get rich is quite simple; all you have to do is to spend less than you earn.

There was a foundation of wisdom underlying Mr. Micawber's dictum, that if a man has an income of twenty pounds a year, and spends nineteen pounds nineteen shillings and sixpence, he will be happy; whereas, if his expenses amount to twenty-one pounds, he will be miserable. It does not take much in the way of arithmetic to tell us that, if we spend more than we earn, we are on the high road to ruin.

That clever man, Professor Wayland, who wrote "Moral Philosophy," has told us that "Wealth is not acquired, as many suppose, by fortunate speculations and prosperous enterprises, but by the daily practice of industry, frugality and economy. He who relies upon these means will rarely be found destitute, and he who relies upon any other will generally become bankrupt."

Mr. Joseph Baxendale, the man who re-organized and made such a splendid success of Pickford & Co., tells the story of an old servant who began life in the employment of the great carrying firm upon very low wages, but who, by the steady practice of frugality and industry, eventually gained independence, and he achieved this solely by adhering to a fixed rule of never spending more than ninepence out of every shilling, and although this may at first appear

to you as a very trifling sum, yet, if you take the trouble to work it out, you will find that it amounts to five shillings in twenty and ten pounds in forty.

To live within your means calls for prudence and often self-denial, but when you realize what these qualities will gain for you afterwards, you will find it is no difficult task to exercise them. Unfortunately, this is where many young men stumble. They launch out unthinkingly into a host of small expenses which seem to swallow up every penny they draw, and then they console themselves with the thought that it is impossible for them to save.

An instance of this occurred in the family of a worthy Scotch couple, who had gained a competency by sheer thrift and diligence, but whose son had proved a failure. When asked why this was so they explained: "When we began life together we worked hard and lived upon porridge and such like, gradually adding to our comforts as our means improved, until we were able to dine off a bit of roast meat, and sometimes a 'boilt chickie'; but Jock our son, he worked backwards, and began with the 'chickie' first.

And this is why we desire to guard you against beginning with the "chickie" first. Wait for it! You will be certain of it at the end of the road we are taking you. Get yourself ready for it. Equip yourself with this Thrift we have been telling you about. We have shown you where to look for it, and have given you instances of how others have found it.



# Other Contents of Current Magazines.



In this department we draw attention to a few of the more important topics treated in the current magazines and list the leading contents. Readers of The Busy Man's Magazine can secure from their newsdealers the magazines in which they appear. :: :: :: :: ::

## AMERICAN.

The American Magazine, under its new management, is progressing splendidly and during the coming year there will be a large number of excellent features.

**The Tariff in our Times I.** By Ida M. Tarbell.

**The Christmas Spirit.** By F. P. Dunne (Mr. Dooley.)

**The Diary of a Mayor.** By Brand Whitlock.

**Adventures in Contentment.** By David Grayson.

**New Wonders in Submarine Boats.** By A. W. Rolker.

**Emporia and New York.** By William Allen White.

**The Servant Question.** By Josephine D. Bacon.

**Common Colds: What Are They?** By Dr. Hirshberg.

## ARENA.

Several articles of special interest to thoughtful men and women appear in the December number of the Arena. The leading contents are:—

**Nationalization of the Railways of Switzerland.** By Frank Parsons.

**Governor Joseph W. Folk of Missouri.** By T. S. Mosby.

**Child Labor.** By Elinor H. Stoy.

**Our Vanishing Liberty of the Press.** By Theodore Schroeder.

**Broad Aspects of Race-Suicide.** By Frank T. Carlton.

**William Wheelwright: Yankee Pioneer in South America.** By F. M. Noa.

**Is Railroad-Rate Regulation a Step to Government Ownership?** By E. F. Gruhl.

**President Diaz: Builder of Modern Mexico.** By the Editor.

## BADMINTON.

The November number can be specially commended for the all-round excellence of its contents. The illustrations in this magazine are always interesting.

**Sportsmen of Mark.** Captain Percy Bewicke.

**Salmon Fishing in Newfoundland.** By Lord Howick.

**Jumping Greyhounds.** By P. T. Oyler.

Financial Aspect of Racing. By G. H. Verrall.

Otter-Hunting in Co. Wicklow. By E. W. West.

Chicken-Shooting in British Columbia. By R. Leckie-Ewing.

Rugby or Association for Public Schools? By Allan R. Haig-Brown.

A Lady's Tramp Across Montenegro. By Mrs. Frank Savile.

Lawyers and Sportsmen.

#### CANADIAN HORTICULTURIST.

The November number is most creditable to the publishers and takes rank high up among the out-door magazines.

How Canadian Fruit is Sold in Great Britain.

Fertilize Peach Soils When Trees Are Dormant.

The Seedless Apple From Another View Point.

Decorating the Dining Table.

A Civic Enemy: The Tussock Moth.

Lawn and Garden Notes for November.

Growing Rhubarb Indoors.

Value of Selection in Horticulture.

How to Grow Good Celery.

#### CASSIER'S.

The December number of Cassell's, is notable as containing the opening chapters of Conan Doyle's series of reminiscences, "Through the Magic Door." A new serial by A. W. Marchmont, "The Man who was Dead," begins.

An Interview with Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bouchier.

Card Tricks for Christmas Parties.

The Art of Fred Roe.

#### CENTURY.

Four fine color pages appear in the Christmas Century, including

"Maude Adams as Peter Pan,"

"The Belle of the Christmas Ball,"

"The Death of Eve," and "Ave Maria." There are many good stories and the following articles:—

The Panama Canal. By Secretary Taft.

Government Model Farms. By James J. Hill.

Jay Cooke and the Financing of the Civil War. By E. P. Oberholstzer.

Whistler in Venice. By Otto H. Bacher.

#### CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL.

Several articles in the November number of Chambers's Journal are well worth reading. In fact this worthy periodical is always readable.

Sheep-Shearing, a Pastoral Sketch. By Major-General Tweedie.

The Foods That Feed Us.

Reminiscences of Dr. John Brown.

A New Illuminant.

The Awakening of Hudson Bay.

Eighteenth Century French Furniture and its Imitations.

Advance of the Telephone.

Reminiscences of a Bachelor.

New Century Frictionless Motor.

American Railway Accidents.

Notable Australians.

White Labour for South Africa.

The Sovereign and the Foreign Office.

#### COLLIER'S WEEKLY.

October 27. "What the World is Doing," "What Hearst Would do to the Other Fellow," "Disarming Cuba's Rebel Army," "Cuba's Suicide," by R. H. Davis, "Gibboney," by Louis Seaber, "Found in the Incubator," by Wallace Irwin.

November 3. "Typhoon at Hong Kong," "What the World is Doing," "The Day of Big Guns,"

"The New Roosevelt Cabinet,"  
 "The Army of Pacification," by R.  
 H. Davis.

November 10. "The President's Visit  
 to Panama," "What the World is  
 Doing," "Amenities of the Race-  
 Track," "What's the Matter With  
 America?" II., by W. A. White,  
 "Clearing up Chicago," "Plays  
 of the Month."

November 17. "Whose Lake is the  
 Pacific?" by Frederick Palmer;  
 "Strictly Confidential," "The  
 Great Unthankful," by Wallace  
 Irwin; "The New Cloud in the  
 West," "The Other Americans,"  
 by Arthur Ruhl.

#### CONNOISSEUR.

The November number contains  
 the usual number of handsome color  
 inserts, reproducing famous pictures.  
**J. Pierpont Morgan's Pictures, II.**  
 By W. Roberts.

**Plate Used on Admiral's Ship in 17th  
 Century.** By Mabel Ormonde.

**English Lace, I. Needlepoint.** By  
 M. Jourdain.

**A Great Cruikshank Collector, II.**  
 By G. S. Layard.

**The Guilds of Florence.** By Edg-  
 cumbe Staley.

**Glance Round Hanley Museum.** By  
 Frank Freeth.

**Hengrave Hall, Its Art Treasures.**  
 II. By Leonard Willoughby.

#### CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

The November number contains  
 the following list of timely articles:  
**End of the Bismark Dynasty.**

**Naval Scares.** By Lord Eversley.  
**Reform of Parliamentary Procedure.**  
 By Sir C. Ilbert.

**Henrick Ibsen.** By Edward Dowden.  
**Poor Relief in Berlin.** By E. Muns-  
 terberg.

**M. Clemenceau.** By Lawrence Jer-  
 rold.

**Religious Movement in France.** By  
 Paul Sabatier.

**Letters of Business.** By Canon Hen-  
 son.

**Foreign Affairs.** By Dr. E. J. Dillon.

#### CORNHILL.

An interesting number is that of  
 the Cornhill for November, combin-  
 ing instruction with entertainment  
 in pleasing proportions.

**Bulls in the Westminster China Shop.**  
 By Henry W. Lucy.

**Shakespeare I.** By Canon Beeching.  
**Truth About Tyrtaeus.** By A. D.  
 Godley.

**Fourth Gun.** By C. F. Marsh.

**A Stay in the Island of Venus.** By W.  
 A. T. Allen.

**The Library of John Stuart Mill.** By  
 Rose Sidgwick.

**Oxford and Cambridge—A Study in  
 Types.** By E. S. P. Haynes

**York: Its Place in English Insti-  
 tutions.** By Lawrence Gonime.

#### CRAFTSMAN.

The November number marks the  
 continuance of the improvement ac-  
 ceived in the October number. The il-  
 lustrations are particularly to be  
 commended.

**With Maxim Gorky in the Adiron-  
 dacks.** By John Spargs.

**The Art Museum as an Historian.**  
 By Sir Charles Purdon Clarke.

**New Orleans, the City of Iron Lace.**  
 By Harriet Joor.

**Rebuilding of Philadelphia.** By C.  
 R. Woodruffe.

**Use and Abuse of Machinery.**

**A California House Modelled on the  
 Old Mission Dwelling.**

**Germany's Practical Charity for  
 Children.**

#### ECLECTIC.

A good selection of articles from  
 the British periodicals of the month  
 appears in the November Eclectic.



- The Negro Problem. By Stanhope Sams.  
 Alphonse Daudet. By M. F. Sandars.  
 Triumph of Russian Autocracy. By Angelo S. Rappoport.  
 A Scotchman at Mars-la-Tour. By Baron von Laurentz.  
 A Religion of Ruth. By E. M. Cesaresco.  
 The Laird and His Tenants. By Charles Edwardes.  
 The Cry of the Children.

#### EDUCATION.

In the November number appear the following articles on educational and kindred subjects.

- The Modern College Library. By James H. Canfield.  
 Beowulf, the Epic of the Saxons. By Rea McCain.  
 Causes Contributing to the Failure of Students in College Mathematics.  
 Content of Religious Instruction in German Protestant Schools.  
 Present Decline in Study of Greek.  
 Industrial Education in Secondary Schools.  
 Professional Work in State Normal Schools.

#### EMPIRE REVIEW.

An illuminating article by the editor on the Newfoundland fishing question, is the opening feature of the November number. Other articles are:—

- Foreign Affairs. By Edward Dicey.  
 New Hebrides Convention. By the Editor.  
 Navy and the Colonies. By Charles Stuart-Linton.  
 Great Britain in North China. By Kenneth Beaton.  
 Australia and the Empire. By Richard Arthur.  
 Memories of Maoriland. By E. J. Massy.

- Indian and Colonial Investments.  
 By Trustee.

#### ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED.

Some reproductions of the work of H. J. Thaddens, R.H.A., appear in the November number of the English Illustrated.

- Art of H. J. Thaddeus.  
 The Amber Drop. By Duke of Argyll.  
 Interview With the Sage of Chobham. By T. W. H. Crosland.  
 London Stage. By Oscar Parker.  
 Chichester Cathedral. .  
 Dumas in Caricature. By Sidney Hunt.  
 An Eastern Eutopia.

#### EVERYBODY'S.

The Christmas number of Everybody's is a regular volume of good cheer, with stories by Thomas W. Lawson, Rupert Hughes, Jack London, Charles G. D. Roberts and others, all well illustrated.

- Soldiers of the Common Good. Continued. By Charles Edward Russell.  
 A King in Business. Continued. By Robert E. Park.  
 A Christmas Thought. By Eugene Wood.

#### FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

A long list of contents appears in the November Fortnightly, which is one of the best of the current reviews.

- Is Government by Duma Impossible? By E. J. Dillon.  
 Measure of the Hours. By Maurice Maeterlinck.  
 Socialism and the Middle Classes. By H. G. Wells.  
 The British Army. By Sir George Arthur.  
 Picturesque India. By Flora Annie Steel.  
 Some Thoughts on the Technique of Poetry. By C. F. Keary.



- The Hundred Days.** By W. Lawler Wilson.
- Bernini and the Baroque Style.** By E. M. Phillips.
- Richmond, Virginia.** By Henry James.
- Early Victorians and Ourselves.** By G. S. Street.
- Lafcadio Hearn, II.** By Dr. G. M. Gould.
- Mr. Churchill's Father.** By Herbert Vivian.
- Englishmen in Foreign Service.** By Minto F. Johnston.
- The Labor Party.** By H. Morgan-Browne.
- Trade Union Crisis.** By Herman Cohen.

#### GARDEN.

- The December number appears with a charming cover design. Its contents are, as usual, highly interesting.
- Record-breaking Experiences in Gardening.**
- All the Hollies Worth Growing.**
- A Place Planted for Winter Comfort.**
- An Outdoor Winter Garden.**
- Red Berries that Last Two Years.**

#### GEOGRAPHICAL JOURNAL.

- As usual, we find quite a number of articles in the November issue, descriptive of interesting corners of the earth.
- A Fifth Journey in Persia.** By Major Sykes.
- The Indian Ocean.** By J. Stanley Gardiner.
- Notes on the Geography and People of the Barings District.**
- Ruwenzori and the Frontiers of Uganda.** By D. W. Freshfield.
- Coast Erosion.** By Clement Reid.

#### GOOD HOUSEKEEPING.

The Christmas number is a charming production. It is largely printed

- in colors, and has many suggestions for the holiday season.
- Christmas Service for the Home.**
- Tea Rooms in New York.**
- Mystery of Sleep.** By Dr. Gulick.
- Art of the Silversmith.**
- Christmas Decorations.**

#### GRAND.

The November number has many readable features, not the least interesting of which are the following:—

- Revelations of Society Marriage-Broking.**
- The Secret of Success.** No. 10. Success in Literature.
- What is a Cold?** By Robert Bell, M.D.
- Irish Pleasantries.**
- How Phycis is Faked.** By Herbert Snow, M.D.
- The Moloch of the Rates.** By George R. Sims.
- My Method of Work.** By Frank Bramley.
- Black Rod's Knock.** By Michael MacDonagh.

#### HOUSE AND GARDEN.

- Several charming country residences are described and illustrated in the November number.
- Fairacres: Residence of J. W. Pepper.**
- Houses With a History.** Broughton Castle. By P. H. Ditchfield.
- German Model Houses for Workmen.** By William Mayner.
- Mediaeval Cookery.**
- Garden Work in November.** By Ernest Hemming.
- First County Park System in America.** By F. W. Kelsey.
- A Residence of Joseph Bonaparte's.** By E. B. Morris.

**IDLER.**

Several good stories appear in the November Idler, of which fiction is always the leading feature.

**A Provencal Pilgrimage.** By Francis Miltoun.

**Bruges.** By E. G. Day.

**The Idler in Arcady.** By Tickner Edwardes.

**A Life on the Ocean Wave.** By George Ade.

**Fifth Duke of Portland.**

**INTERNATIONAL STUDIO.**

Nine inserts in color are to be found in the November issue, which is particularly large and inspiring. The literary contents are as follows:—

**Collection of Mr. Alexander Young.**

**I. The Corots.** By E. G. Halton.

**Pencil Drawing From Nature.** By Alfred East.

**Modern Decorative Art at Glasgow.** By J. Taylor.

**Recent Etchings by Albert Baertsoen.** By Henri Frantz.

**Art of Henri Teixeira.** By Haldane MacFall.

**Recent Designs in Domestic Architecture.**

**Individual Treatment of the Picture Frame.** By F. W. Coburn.

**IRISH MONTHLY.**

Among the contents of the November number are the following:—

**Dr. Johnson at His Prayers.**

**The Unfinished Symphony.** By S. de Maistre.

**A Corner of Kerry.** By Meta Brown.

**Slavery in its Mildest Form.** By M. A.C.

**McCLURE'S.**

The Christmas number of McClure's is an excellent production. Despite the change in its management, McClure's seems to have be-

come rejuvenated and is as strong as ever. There are many stories as befits a Christmas number.

**Reminiscences of a Long Life.** Second Series. By Carl Schurz.

**The Story of Montana.** By C. P. Connolly.

**METROPOLITAN.**

The Christmas Metropolitan is rich in stories and illustrations. Among them are "Fanch," by Henry C. Rowland, "The Return of Col. Clawson, B.M.," by Birdsall Briscoe, "The Call From the Past," by Leonard Merriek, "The Fulfillment of Prophecy," by Cecil G. Pangman, "La Chaser Gallerie," by Ethel Watts Mumford, "The Vavasour Ball," by Francis Livingston, and "Hunker Bill's Dog," by Arthur Stringer.

**MODERN METHODS.**

This readable little publication contains several readable features in its November number.

**Army of Hunters in the North Woods**

**Figuring Profits.**

**Financing New Enterprise.**

**First-Class Salesmanship.**

**Good Way to Make a Market for Goods.**

**Weighing the Evidence.**

**Intuition in the Credit Department.**

**MONTHLY REVIEW.**

In the November issue of this handsome publication appears the following articles.

**Before Socialism.** By Hugh W. Strong.

**Intellectual Condition of the Labor Party.** By W. H. Mallock.

**A Ridiculous God, II.** By Mona Caird.

**On Riding to Hounds.** By Basil Tozer.

**Ghosts of Piccadilly.** By G. S. Street.

**Beauty and Uses of Our National Art Songs.** By A. E. Keeton.

**Sporting Terms in Common Speech.** Justice Phillimore.

**The Wayside in Sweden.**

**The New Gold and the New Era.** By Moreton Frewen.

**The Nun before the Christ-Child.** By L. S. McChesney.

### MOODY'S.

The symposium on "Municipal Ownership and Operation," begun in the October number, is continued in the November number of Moody's, in which the following articles also appear.

**World's Gold Production.** By A. Selwyn-Brown.

**Water Powers of Georgia.** By W. H. Hillyer.

**Trunk Lines of the Future.** By Earl D. Berry.

**Rise of the Tobacco Combine.** By John Moody.

**The Stock Company as a Swindle.** By Charles H. Cochrane.

**Our Autocratic Secretary.** By Charles F. Speare.

**Farm Mortgages vs. Railroad Bonds.** By H. L. Taft.

**A Prosperity Symphony in Figures.** By John P. Ryan.

### NAUTICAL MAGAZINE.

The contents of the November issue are of considerable interest to seafaring men.

**Stability of Ships, III.**

**Towards the South Pole, III.** By Lieutenant Armitage.

**From Hong Kong to Shanghai.** By I. Chalmers.

**Training of Officers in the Mercantile Marine.** By George Leslie.

**Modern Merchantmen, Their Design and Construction, VII.**

**Sea Lore of the Bible.**

**Desertion from British Ships.**

**New Fishguard Route to Ireland.**

**United Opinions upon Signalling.**

### NEW ENGLAND.

The Christmas number will be stronger than usual and will contain the following articles of interest:—

**Famous New England Madonnas.** By F. W. Coburn.

**Nineteenth Century Boston Journalism.** By E. H. Clement.

**Bench and Bar of Massachusetts.** By S. O. Sherman.

**Ballads of Old Boston.** By M. A. DeWolfe Howe.

**Concerning Home and School.** By Sarah L. Arnold.

**Japanese Music and Musical Instruments.** By R. I. Geare.

**Japanese in New England.**

### OUT WEST.

The November number contains a long illustrated description of the great Tonto Storage Reservoir as its main feature. Also:—

**The Land of Shalam.** By G. B. Anderson.

**An Archaeological Wedding Journey.** By Theresa Russell.

### OVERLAND MONTHLY.

The November number is a standard issue of this Western publication, containing several readable features.

**Plumed Weeds.** By Virginia Garland.

**Two Representative Men of California.** Wheeler and Tilden.

**Question of the Unemployed.** By Austin Lewis.

**Butte—The Heart of the Copper Industry.** By H. F. Sanders.

**City of Mexico.** By N. J. Manson.



**PEARSON'S (ENGLISH).**

For November, the publishers of this magazine provide several good stories and the following articles:

- The Art of the Age.** Illustrated.
- When London Holds Carnival.** By Lieut.-Colonel N. Davis.
- Life Story of a Foxhound.** By S. L. Haviland.
- Life Story of a Foxhound.** B. S. L. Bensusan.
- Profitable Pursuits for Girls.** By Marcus Woodward.
- Masters of Black and White, II.** By Gordon Meggy.
- Dethronement of Nicholas II.** By A. V.

**PACIFIC MONTHLY.**

A charming frontispiece in color appears in the November number, which is well up to the standard set by this magazine.

- Professor Thomas Congdon.** By Edmond S. Meany.
- True Northwest Passage.** By Frank I. Clark.
- The Youngest Republic.** By L. W. Bates.
- Connecting Link of the World's Railroads.** By George Sherman.
- Country Sets in America.** By Joseph M. LeRoy.
- Why Seattle Grows.** By C. B. Yandell.

**PALL MALL.**

The December or Christmas number is a seasonable production, nearly double the usual size of the magazine and is devoted largely to stories of all sorts. Others features, include:—

- Ghosts and the Spirit World.** By Professor Richet.
- A Born Philanthropist.** By the Duke of Argyll.
- The Harlequinade.** By D. C. Calthrop.

- Christmas in the Alps.** By Mrs. Le Blond.
- The Christmas Tree..** By William Hyde.

**PUTNAM'S MONTHLY.**

This new periodical has made an excellent beginning and now takes rank among the more thoughtful of the American magazines. The December number has the following features:—

- Madame Recamier and Her Friends.** By Charlotte Harwood.
- "Old Q.," the Presiding Genius of Piccadilly.**
- Camille Carot.** By M. G. Chardin.
- The Author of Cranford.** By Mrs. Richmond Ritchie.
- The Late Carl Schurz.** By Professor H. L. Nelson.
- New Light on Thomas Hood.** By H. C. Shelley.
- The Kingdom of Light.** By George R. Peck.

**QUARTERLY REVIEW.**

The last issue of this famous quarterly for the year is as usual well-stocked with thoughtful articles on a variety of themes.

- The Naval Situation.**
- Recent Antarctic Exploration.**
- Romantic Element in Music.**
- Henrik Ibsen.** By Arthur Symons.
- Ethics of Henry Sidgwick.** By J. E. McTaggart.
- Municipal Socialism.**
- Art-Work of Lady Dilke.**
- The Cheap Cottage.**
- The British Museum.**
- Regulation of Motor Cars.**
- County Families.**
- Real Needs of Ireland.**
- Russian Government and the Mas-sacres.**



**READER.**

The Christmas number is an extremely handsome production with its cover design by Castaigne and its Christmas frontispiece by E. M. Ashe. There are five short stories in addition to Meredith Nicholson's serial.

"Ik Marvell." An appreciation. By Emerson G. Taylor.

Little Germany. By Albert Hale.

The House Unbeautiful. By Agnes Repplier.

Contemporary Fiction. By G. K. Chesterton.

On Getting Started. By O. L. Shepard.

True American Culture. By L. W. Smith.

True American Humor. By Frank Crane.

**RECREATION.**

A very attractive design renders the November Recreation a pleasing number. The contents are interesting as usual.

Sons of the Settlers. By Ernest Russell.

Afield with the Dog. By C. M. Morton.

Hunting Red Deer. By W. A. Babson.

Some Alaskan Big Game. By R. W. Stone.

His Woodland Highness, the Moose. By J. L. Pequignot.

Columbian Blacktail. By James E. Sawyers.

Art of Camping. By Charles A. Bramble.

Cruising the Fjords of the North Pacific. By D. W. Iddings.

Moose of Minnesota. By C. L. Canfield.

Hunting Big Game in Wyoming. By A. W. Bitting.

**RED FUNNEL.**

Among the newest arrivals at our office is the Red Funnel, published at Dunedin, New Zealand. It is a bright monthly magazine with the following table of contents for November:—

Inter-Relation of the Finances of the Commonwealth and the States.

Royal Sydney Golf Club.

Westminster Abbey.

Snow Land in N.S.W.

Development of Western Canada.

By Sea and Land to the Front.

Australian Painters.

**REVIEW OF REVIEWS.**

Timely articles appear in the November number of the Review of Reviews. The department "Progress of the World" is well handled.

A Visit From British Teachers. By President Butler.

Dr. Schumacher and the Kaiser Wilhelm Lectureship.

Charles Evans Hughes. By Irwin Wardman.

Cuba's American Governor. By Richard C. Weightman.

Story of Copper. By C. F. Speare.

Mexico's Fighting Equipment. By A. C. Brady.

Secretary Root and South America. By A. W. Duncan.

The House of Lords. By W. T. Stead.

**ROYAL.**

The November Royal is a bright number, with many interesting pictures and several very good short stories.

Brothers and Sisters on the Stage.

A Day in the Life of a North Sea Missionary.

Confessions of Little Celebrities, II. Max Darewski.

Survivors' Tales of Great Events  
XXII. With Livingstone in  
Darkest Africa.

### ST. NICHOLAS.

With the November number St. Nicholas enters on a new year, and a new arrangement of the pages marks the event. There is a new story in the number by Frances Hodgson Burnett and a new serial by George Madden Martin.

On the Bridge of an Ocean Liner.  
By Francis Arnold Collins.

How to Teach a Bird Tricks. By  
Mary Dawson.

### SATURDAY REVIEW.

October 20. "The Hohenlohe Memoirs," "The Indiscretion of Sir Wilfrid Laurier," "Attitude of Conservatives to Socialism," "O Tempora O Murrays," "Fishguard Experiment," "A Memorable Decade," "Rembrandt."

October 27. "Autumn Opening," "Turn of M. Clemenceau," "Goluchowski and the Magyars," "Conservatives and the London Borough Council Elections," "Affairs of the Law," "Clergy Mutual Society," "Musical Disappointments."

November 3. "Black and White," "Lords and Commons," "Wireless Telegraph Conference," "Public School Girlhood," "The Burden of Books," "The effective Exit," "Ronsard in English."

### SCRIBNER'S.

The Christmas Scribner is rich in the interests of its literary contents and the beauty of its illustrations. Among the latter are reproductions in colors of paintings dealing with early Irish history, by Henry McCarter.

The State o' Maine Girl. By Kate  
D. Wiggin.

The Veiled Lady of Stamboul. By  
F. H. Smith.

The Pickwick Ladle. By W. S.  
Moody.

Addolorata's Intervention. By Hen-  
ry B. Fuller.

Passing. By W. L. Alden.

### SMITH'S.

The December number of Smith's contains a pretty series of art pictures and many stories.

A Sea in the Making. By Stanley  
Dubois.

Proper Time for Ill Temper. By C.  
B. Loomis.

Worry and Disease. By C. W. Salee-  
by.

Youth of the American Theatre. By  
Channing Pollock.

### SPECTATOR.

October 20. "Rumoured Reduction of Ships in Commission," "Prince Hohenlohe's Danger-Board," "Lord Lansdowne and the Mac-Donnell Mystery," "Hungary at the Parting of the Ways," "Proposed Income-Tax in France," "Silanus the Christian," "Liddell-and-Scott," "Caged Birds."

October 27. "Admiralty Statement," "M. Clemenceau," "Do we Want a New Political Party?" "Moral Training and the Making of Patriots," "Trust System in England," "Adonis, Attis, Osiris," "Shopping," "Sabine Farms," "Letters to the Editor."

November 3. "A 'Practically Ready' Fleet," "Establishment of Fundamental Christianity in State Schools," "Outlook in Russia," "Rule of Tooth and Claw," "Revolt of the Children in Poland," "Religio Laici," "Rifle-Shooting and Physical Training," "Hunting in Surrey."

### SUBURBAN LIFE.

The November number maintains the interest so well created by the

summer numbers. Illustrations are particularly good.

**A Study in Contrasts.** By Arthur I. Raymond.

**Buying the Supplies of a Suburban Home.** By Helen M. Winslow.

**A Glimpse Into Interesting Halls.** By Frank R. Johnson.

**Horseback Riding for Suburban Women.** By Mildred Walker.

**Window Gardens Worth While.** By Thomas Roby.

**The Unique in Architecture.** By Arthur L. Stearns.

**Chickens at Fifty Dollars Each.** By A. D. Burhans.

**Back to the Loom.** By Inez Gardner.

### SUNSET.

Several excellent features appear in the November *Sunset*, not the least interesting of which are the articles on football in California.

**Trying out Rugby.** By Oscar N. Taylor.

**Rugby vs. Intercollegiate.** By James Lanagan.

**Oregon's Outlook.** By G. A. White.

**Oregon's Dairying.** By G. L. McKay.

**White Sands of New Mexico.** By Bertha C. Crowell.

**Mother of California.** By Arthur North.

**Phillippine Prospects.** By Hamilton Wright.

**California Country House.** By H. D. Croly.

### SYSTEM.

System for November is rich in good things for the business man aiming at economies of administration.

**Bottom Rounds of the Ladder.** By Arthur E. McFarlane.

**Life of Marshall Field, V.** By H. J. Cleveland.

**Between Employer and Employee.**

By J. C. Comerford.

**Taking Care of One Million People.**

By O. N. Manners.

**Building a Factory.** By O. M. Becker and W. J. Lees.

**Opportunities for American Trade in Japan.** By H. H. Lewis.

**Keeping Track of Office Supplies.** By F. R. Atwood.

**Advertising a Bank.** By D. V. Casey.

**General Accounts of a Retail Business.** By Gustav Wenberg.

### TECHNICAL WORLD.

The December issue has a Christmas flavor, expressed by a special holiday cover and a number of special illustrations.

**Pipe Line Across Panama.** By William Bassett.

**Creek Does Farm Work.** By W. E. Phillips.

**World's Christmas Mail.** By Fritz Morris.

**Thirty-Million-Dollar Waste-Pile.** By William Hard.

**Making the Ohio Navigable.** By J. R. Schmidt.

**Ships that Make no Port.** By P. T. McGrath.

**From Peat to Paper in Two Hours.** By J. C. Mills.

**A Spool of Wire Speaks.** By E. F. Stearns.

**Motoring Opportunities.** By David Beereroft.

**Secret Wireless Telegraphy.** By Dr. Alfred Gradenwitz.

**Trackless Trains go Everywhere.** By Donald Burns.

**Steady-Floating Marine Structures.** By Waldon Fawcett.

**Largest Concrete Bridge.** By G. E. Mitchell.

### TRAVEL MAGAZINE.

This publication is a continuation of the *Four-Track News* on a broad-

er basis. It appears with a large page and is profusely illustrated.

**Four Months in Italy on \$500.** By Mabel McGinnis.

**Climbing the Pyramids.** By A. H. Ford.

**Florida Vacations.** By F. M. Chapman.

**In the Lotus Land of Nassau.** By M. D. MacLennan.

**A Calendar of Travel.**

**By Rowboat Through the Grand Canyon.** By G. W. James.

**Real November Summerland.** By F. F. Kelly.

**Fishing Surprises of Florida.** By L. F. Brown.

#### WINDSOR.

The December issue is a fine double number containing stories by Anthony Hope, Max Pemberton, Ian Maclaren, Gilbert Parker, etc., and the following among other articles: **Cartoons of Celebrities.**

**Art of W. Q. Orchardson.**

**Life at a Great School.** By H. A. Vachell.

**New Music for an Old World.**

**Trinity House.**

**Day's Work of the German Imperial Chancellor.**

#### WORLD'S WORK (ENGLISH).

The November issue is brimful of good things and we have seldom had the pleasure of reading a better number.

**Cuba, Its Condition and Outlook.** By Frederick U. Adams.

**Master of the Diamond Mines.** By M. G. Cunniff.

**Education in New Japan.** By M. C. Fraser.

**Natural History in the Schoolroom.** By Percy Collins.

**Criminal Secret Commission.** By Herbert E. Binstead.

**Cape to Cairo Telegraph.** By F. A. Talbot.

**Lavender Industry in England.** By M. Adeline Cooke.

**A Week in Paris for 50s.** By E. M. Bunting.

**Balooning: the New Hobby.** By Aero.

**One Fowl per Acre.** By Edward Brown.

**Greatest Power House.**

**A Native Iron Foundry in Africa.** By Ambrose Talbot.

**The March of Events.** By Henry Norman, M.P.

**Railway Accident Panic.** By H. G. Archer.

**The Clyde Strike.** By Benjamin Taylor.

#### WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION.

The Christmas number is notable for its short stories, of which there is an excellent supply by good writers.

**Fresh Air.** By Alice Brown.

**Jerry Junior.** By Jean Webster.

**Mrs. Casey, Middleman.** By Julia T. Bishop.

**A Daniel Come to Judgment.** By Grace S. Richmond.

**Gift of Love.** By Mary E. Wilkins. Chancellor.

#### YOUNG MAN.

A sketch of the new Lord Mayor of London is the leading article in the November number of the Young Man. Other contents are quite up to the standard of this publication.

**The Knight of Ludgate Hill.** By Ernest Jenkins.

**A Young Man's Point of View.** By L. H. Yates.

**The Corpse of the Past.** By Rev. Trevor H. Davies.

**Monte Carlo: Its Witcheries and Iniquities.** By Rev. H. M. Neild.

**The Eye as a Photographic Camera.** By Dr. S. Wilkinson.

**What Jesus did in the Present Year of Grace.** By Charles F. Aked.

**A West Country Festival.**





I.

**BROWN**—" You see, I'm sick and tired of getting all dressed up ready to go to the office, and then have my wife spring on me that there's a bunch of ashes to be lugged out every ash-day. So I'm going to dump them here and build a terrace."

**WIFE**—" The idea ! I'll just go up to mother's and I won't come back for a month. I'll see if he's going to make me a laughing-stock for the neighbors."

## Humor in the Magazine

While idling in the club smoking room some gentlemen agreed to give a prize of a box of cigars to the one who could tell the most remarkable story.

Story after story was told, and at length a man began with : "Once upon a time I went into a shop and bought an umbrella—"

"That's enough," cried several members. "Give him the cigars!"

❖ ❖

"Margaret, my dear," said old Jones, when Mr. Wilkins called for about the hundredth time, "I think you had better go up to the drawing room. Mr. Wilkins wants to talk to me about a Stock Exchange deal we have on—just a little matter of business."

"Can't I stay, papa?" asked Mar-

garet. "I should so much like to hear Mr. Wilkins talking business—for once?"

It is understood that Mr. Wilkins took the hint that night.

❖ ❖

"Well, what do you want?" said the master of the house sternly to Dreary Samuel, the tattered tramp, as he stood outside the door, shivering with the most accomplished art.

"I'm looking for work," replied he of the unemployed brigade. "Ain't you got no scrubbin' or washin' or cleanin' or nothink that an honest body could do?"

This earnest appeal for work made the householder think that he had misjudged a real, honest British laborer out of work.

"Ah," he said, "now you speak



II.

MUGSEY—"Say, Mister I dey's a new ash-dump up to Brown's. He wants to build a terrace."

ASH-MAN—"Gee I If dat's a straight tip it will be a cinch. Glad you told me."

like a man! I like to hear of anyone willing to make an effort. I never thought you wanted work of that kind."

"No more I do," whined Samuel shuddering at the bare idea; it's work for my wife that I'm a lookin' for!"

Eugene Cowles saved two women bathers from drowning last summer in Lake Memphremagog. In making this rescue Mr. Cowles bruised his arm—it struck a rock as he dived in. Pointing to the scar the actor said :

"When I got that bruise I felt like a young Chicagoan named Little-dale, who played with me in amateur theatricals in my early youth.

"Little-dale in one of our shows, had to leap into a river in order to escape from a wild beast.

"The stage was so arranged that the river was invisible. Little-dale

was to leap and disappear, striking a soft mattress in the wings, and at the same time a rock was to be dropped in a tub of water to create a splash.

"But though the leap worked all right in rehearsal, on the night of actual performance it went wrong. There was neither mattress nor tub there. When poor Little-dale jumped he fell eight feet and landed on an oaken floor with a crash loud enough to wake the dead, and there was no splashing water to drown the crash, by Jove.

"The audience, expecting to hear a splash, and hearing instead the thunderous impact of Little-dale's bones on the oak, set up a titter. But the heroic Little-dale, equal to the occasion, silenced them.

"Heavens!" he shouted from below, 'the water's frozen!'"—Home Magazine.



III.

BROWN—"Jiminey! Juniper Jerusalem! What the dyker does this mean? Heavens! it's a plot sure. Police!"—Lippincott's Magazine.

The man of this story is a very light sleeper, one who is easily wakened and is a long time getting to sleep. In a Leeds hotel he had at last got sound asleep when a loud rap, repeated, awoke him.

"What's wanted?"

"Package downstairs for you."

"Well, it can wait till morning, I suppose?"

The boy departed, and after a long time the man was sound asleep again, when there came another resounding knock at the door.

"Well, what is it now?" he inquired.

"Tain't for you, that package!"

• •

A lawyer had his portrait taken in his favorite attitude—standing with his hands in his pockets. His friends and clients who went to see all exclaimed:

"Oh, how like the original!"

"'Tain't like him," said an old farmer; "don't you see he's got his hands in his own pockets?"

It was a ramshackle little branch railway; but it was the best they had in the neighborhood, so they had to put up with it, and hoped in time it would grow into something better.

It so happened a little while ago an old farmer was expecting a ready-made fowl-house by rail, and so he set out for the—to him—hitherto unknown station to fetch it. Arriving there and finding his purchase, he quickly loaded it on to his wagon and started for home.

He had not got far on his way when he heard hurried footsteps, and, looking round, found the station-master in pursuit.

"What the Flving Dutchman do you mean by it?" exclaimed the official, when he overtook the wagon.

"Mean by what?" asked the farmer.

"Why, by running off with our station!" was the justly-indignant response.

# The Busy Man's Book Shelf

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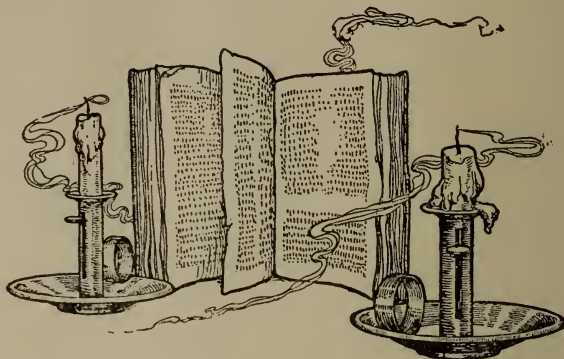
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## Some Interesting Books of the Month Reviewed

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FROM the long list of books, which have been published during the past few months, the following selection of the more important titles has been made. In each case a short note has been appended giving in a few words a resume of the contents of the book. If any readers desire further information about any work mentioned, the editor of the Busy Man's Magazine will be very glad to furnish full particulars on application.

❧ ❧

### Sociology, etc.

**POWER TO REGULATE CORPORATIONS and Commerce.** By Frank Hendrick, (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons).

**LABOR MOVEMENT IN AUSTRALASIA.** By Victor S. Clark. (New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$1.50 net). A competent, temperate and judicial treatment of an important subject.

**BETTERMENT, INDIVIDUAL, SOCIAL and Industrial.** By E. Wake

Cook. (New York: F. A. Stokes, \$1.20). The object of the book is to give in convenient form the latest discoveries on the subject of efficiency.

**INDUSTRIAL EFFICIENCY.** By Arthur Shadwell. (New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 2 volumes, \$1.00 net). A comparative study of industrial life in England, Germany and America.

**NATURE OF CAPITAL AND INCOME.** By Professor Irving Fisher. (Toronto: Macmillan Co.) An attempt to place on a rational foundation the concepts and fundamental theories of capital and income.

**INDUSTRIAL AMERICA.** By J. Lawrence Loughlin. (New York: Scribner's \$1.25). An able and illuminating account of the industrial problems at present occupying public attention in the United States.

**GERMAN WORKMAN, THE.** A Study in National Efficiency. By



William Harbutt Dawson. (New York: Scribner's. \$1.50 net).

**GREAT RICHES.** By Charles W. Eliot. (New York: Thomas Y. Crowell, 75c.). A practical essay on the present money conditions and the massing of individual wealth, by the president of Harvard University.



### Sport and Travel.

**BOOK OF CAMPING AND WOOD-CRAFT.** By Horace Kephart. (New York: Outing Co., \$1.50). A practical book, well illustrated, written by a man of vast experience.

**FISHING AND SHOOTING SKETCHES.** By Grover Cleveland. (New York: Outing Co., \$1.25). A handsome volume giving personal experiences of the ex-president.

**HUNTING BIG GAME WITH GUN and Kodak.** (By William S. Thomas. (New York: Putnam's). How wild animals look and live in their haunts. Personal experiences in Canada, United States and Mexico.

**SALMON FISHING.** By W. Earl Hogson. (New York: Macmillan Co., \$3.50).

**CAMPFIRES IN THE CANADIAN Rockies.** By William T. Hornaday. (New York: Scribner's, \$3.00). A narrative of an expedition among the mountains of British Columbia. Illustrated from photographs.

**SPORT AND TRAVEL: ABYSSINIA and British East Africa.** By Lord Hindlip. (New York: Wessels Co., \$6.30).

**RUSSIA, TRAVELS AND STUDIES.** By Annette M. B. Meakin. (Philadelphia: Lippincott Co., \$4.00). A book for those who are

anxious to gain a clear idea of the social and geographical conditions of Russia.

**A WOMAN ALONE IN THE Heart of Japan.** By Mrs. Adams-Fisher. (Boston: Page & Co., \$2.50). The writer's experiences in the remotest districts of Japan.



### Biography.

**LINCOLN, THE LAWYER.** By Frederick Trevor Hill. (New York: Century Co., \$2.00 net). Rich in anecdote and incident and well illustrated from photographs and documents.

**COBDEN AS A CITIZEN.** By William A. Axon. (New York: A. Wessels Co., \$6.30).

**LIFE OF CHARLES DICKENS.** By Gilbert K. Chesterton. (New York: Dodd, Mead, \$1.50).

**A MAKER OF MODERN MEXICO.** By Mrs. Alex. Tweedie. (New York: John Lane, \$5.00).

**DAVID GARRICK AND HIS CIRCLE.** By Mrs. Clement Parsons. (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, \$2.75 net).

**AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF GENERAL Lew Wallace.** (New York: Harper's). The life story of the author of "Ben Hur."

**REMINISCENCES OF HENRY IRVING.** By Bram Stoker. (Toronto: Macmillan Co., 2 volumes, \$6.00 net). Sir Henry Irving's life written by his long-time counsellor, friend and close companion.



### Fiction.

**BENITA.** By H. Rider Haggard. (Toronto: Coppick Clark, \$1.25). An African romance, involving the fortunes of an English girl and her

- lover, who meet on shipboard and are subsequently wrecked.
- CALL OF THE BLOOD.** By Robert Hichens. (Toronto: William Briggs, \$1.25). A Sicilian tragedy. An Englishwoman marries a man of southern ancestry, younger than herself. During the honeymoon, this southern nature awakes and he falls in love with a peasant girl, with tragic results.
- KNIGHT OF THE CUMBERLAND.** By John Fox, jr. (Toronto: McLeod & Allen, \$1.25). The love story of a wild, uncouth son of the mountains and a beautiful northern girl, introducing the primitive life of the mountains.
- THE UNDERTOW.** By Robert E. Knowles. (Toronto: Fleming H. Revell, \$1.25). The story of a young Canadian college graduate, dedicated to the ministry, who encounters serious temptations in London and Edinburgh.
- A LADY OF ROME.** By F. Marion Crawford. (Toronto: Macmillan Co., \$1.50). The heroine marries a man she does not love and separates from him. After seven years she returns, though meanwhile another man wins her heart. Complications arise, a duel is imminent, but unexpected happenings occur.
- IN TREATY WITH HONOR.** By Mary Catherine Crowley. (Toronto: iMusson Book Co., \$1.50). A tale of the Patroit War of 1837 in Quebec, involving the fortunes of a young American citizen and a European aristocrat.
- SLAVE OF SILENCE.** By Jack London. (Toronto: Copp, Clark, \$1.25). Detailing mysterious events in high society occurring at the Royal Palace Hotel, London, with puzzling contrivances to deceive the reader to the very end.
- WHITE FANG.** By Jack London. (Toronto: Macmillan Co., \$1.50). Deals with the life of animals and men in the bitter cold of the north, and the constant warfare between civilization and the forces of the brute world.
- DON-A-DREAMS.** By H. J. O'Higgins. (New York: Century Co., \$1.50). A delightful story of an imaginative, impulsive young Canadian who, after spending a year at college, comes to New York to seek his fortune. His loves and struggles are described.
- CATTLE-BARON'S DAUGHTER.** By H. Bindloss. (Toronto: McLeod & Allen, \$1.25). Life in the western cattle country in the early '70's when the "Homesteaders" were beginning to appropriate the government lands so long used as grazing country by the rich cattle raisers.
- VIPER OF MILAN.** By Marjorie Bowen. (New York: McClure, Phillips, \$1.50). A sparkling Italian romance of 500 years ago. The figure of Visconti, Duke of Milan, occupies the centre of the stage and dominates the book. His portrayal is masterly.
- MAN WHO ROSE AGAIN.** By Joseph Hocking. (Toronto: Copp, Clark, \$1.50). The hero, cynic and drunkard, wins the love of the heroine as the result of a wager. His motives and character being exposed, he is rejected. Henceforth he lives only for revenge but in the end love conquers.

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# Men's Attire

NOVEMBER DRY GOODS REVIEW.

The modern system of dress allows of very little individuality. Growing body of intelligent opinion behind the protests which have been made against it. Comments on current fashions, and some predictions as well.

THE coat shirt has a good deal to recommend it, and the merchant who is not keeping track of its progress, generally, besides introducing it into his own stock, is not as progressive as he should be. So logical is it that a shirt should be put on and taken off like a coat, we naturally wonder how the idea was ever overlooked, and the pull-over-the-head style adopted. It must be evident that this is the garment that will eventually hold the market. It is reasonable that it should. At the present time sales of the old style, both in Canada and the United States, are greatly in the majority, but the coat shirt has installed itself solidly in the best class of trade, and will soon break into the popular ranks.

The front with two large pleats may be expected to command a good sale, both in the Christmas trade and for Spring. The public will welcome it as a change from the plain negligee and smaller pleated front.

In Spring lines the colors most favored are solid blues and pinks and helios in small neat check effects.

The shirt with collar attached for outing wear will be strong next summer, according to the best indications.

A new thing on the New York market is a dress shirt with the studs set very close together in the centre of the bosom. Besides preventing the front from bulging, this arrangement of the studs harmonizes with the buttons on the vest.

If shirt manufacturers designed a cuff for the Summer shirt that would permit of the sleeves being rolled up much more easily than at present it would certainly be in great demand. A narrow cuff might answer.

The popular collar next Summer will be the low fold, with the V-shaped opening, although the ordinary fold may be looked upon as a good seller. In wings the medium tab will be the thing, in accordance with smaller widths in neckwear. With the advent of loud colors in the latter very quiet effects in shirtings are in order.

There is a growing tendency towards the wing collar for evening wear. It may be pointed out that a dress tie fits better over the poke.

The neckwear situation just now is very interesting. There are changes in the air, and the general feeling seems to be that they will come to earth before long. Spring lines are under discussion, although it will be January at least before any certainty can be expressed as to just what new features they will embrace. We are guided by some strong indications when we assert that changes of a decided nature will appear.

Some bright colors and small shapes are, in our opinion, due, and it is a good guess that they will be out for the coming season. We do not say that they will be in the majority, but it is safe to predict an extensive range, and when the time comes merchants need not hesitate to stock them. The public are becoming tired of the sombre shades,



# The Man and His Clothes

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Modern conditions demand that men be well dressed. The high cost of living compels careful spending of money. This business was organized to meet these circumstances. Our

## METHODS ARE ENTIRELY DIFFERENT

From those of ordinary tailors. We buy direct from the mills. We cut out wholesalers' and jobbers' profits, and thus place rare advantages before our patrons.

We guarantee absolute satisfaction in the making. We are "Tailors of Taste." We make to measure only.

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## Toronto

**Canada's Best Tailors and Owners of the largest  
Tailoring premises in the Dominion.**

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and will readily take to something with more life to it.

A year ago the three inch four-in-hand in extremely quiet tones was the leader. For this Fall and Winter wine and berry shades are most popular. They are very pretty, and the range is such that a very pleasing variety may be secured. They will last the season, and still be well liked by a great many people in the Spring. However, bright colors are bound to have an inning, and it is possible that they may jump into great popularity at once. A carefully studied estimate, however, is that mediums will remain in the majority, but that livelier shades will be in active demand.

Last year the favored width of the four-in-hand was three inches. This season some of these still linger on the market, and sell in very limited numbers. Two and a half inches is the prevailing width, and in conformity to the change the size of collar wings have been reduced considerably. Harmony is a great consideration always with the well dressed man, and any decided style movement along one line must be accompanied by a general readjustment.

Some neckwear manufacturers go so far as to say that widths of one and three-quarters and two inches may be seen next season in the new lines. Of course with louder colors it must be expected that the size will be reduced. Imagine a bright red four-in-hand three inches wide. It would give one an eye ache.

"Five years ago," said a manufacturer, "we exhausted all the 'hot' colors on the market, and the hotter they were the better they sold. It will be the same again soon. Even now there is some call upon retailers for this class of neckwear. Numbers of men have a strong pre-

judice against bright colors, but just persuade them to break through that prejudice once, and nine out of ten of them may easily be converted. I have seen actual instances of this a great many times.

In some quarters we have heard brown mentioned as a likely color, but we do not believe it would find the consumer in a receptive frame of mind regarding it just now. Possibly it may be put out later or in just sufficient range to sound the public feeling.

A Toronto store which bids for a good class of trade recently showed a lot of English goods in rather daring color combinations. One contained gold, green and red. When we say that loud colors are on the way to general favor we do not refer to anything like this.

Ascots are to come back, and next Fall should see a good range on the market. Some have been shown this season, but principally by exclusive stores, which may generally avoid, to a marked extent, the course of popularity, and do a good business.

Purchases of neckwear specially designed for the Christmas trade have been better than usual. Single ties in fancy boxes are reported to have sold well.

There was talk some time ago of a sailor straw with wider brim and lower crown for next season. Trade, however, will centre upon about the same style as was worn last Summer, the outlines of which are without exaggeration in any way, and, consequently, appeal to the greatest number of people. The average man is very conservative as to his head-gear, even though he may allow himself considerable latitude in some other matters of dress.

The flexible brim straw is expected to have a big run. Similar prophe-

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Please fill in the coupon below and mail to us TO-DAY and you will receive by return, a complete set of patterns, together with our simple HOME measurement form and **The Latest New York Fashion Plates.**

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sies heralded its advent on the market a year ago, but despite reports to the contrary, it was confined to the "sporty" trade almost entirely. That is admittedly a considerable factor in most businesses, and, of course, this hat must be stocked with some liberality. The point is that the best class of trade does not buy it, and the merchants should bear this in mind. He knows pretty well the tastes of his customers, and can buy accordingly.

The telescope felt hat occupies the same field as the flexible brimmed straw.

There will be some demand for Panamas, as usual, but it is not likely to be very marked. A big season for them was predicted a year ago, but did not materialize. On the other side of the line it is said they will be stronger than ever.

The public has paid quite readily the advanced prices on gloves, and trade has been very brisk. Tans and oaks are the leading colors. Suedes have come to be a staple line. We have mentioned the buying of colored chamois by numbers of retailers, though only in small lots.

A feature of the coming season will be colored bands. Last summer plain black predominated.

A wholesaler informed *The Review* that he had received an order for light grey fedoras that was one of the largest he had ever taken on a single hat.

In black stiff hats a wider band has been introduced. We believe that it will meet with quite a little favor.

Grey worsteds were picked some time ago as the leaders for Spring, and they doubtless will be. All shades will be offered, but the greatest favor is likely to be accorded the fancy overchecks.

There is a tendency toward Sax-onies. Across the line there has been quite a run on this cloth, which is known there as velour finish.

While London is favoring browns with soft overchecks and stripes, New York is running strong on fancy blues. The latter may be regarded as very desirable for Spring. Canadian wholesalers place a great deal of confidence in it. Some pretty effects are shown in this line, among them sombre overchecks and stripes, and fancy woven stripes.

In Spring overcoat materials Oxford greys hold the most attention, and up to the present no rival is forthcoming.

Prices hold very firm and it is not to be expected that there will be any decline on Spring goods. The best opinion does not look for any break before the business for Fall, 1907, opens up at any rate.

Some good tailors have retained the centre vent and pressed seams in their sack suits for Fall. This may, to a considerable degree, be due to a reluctance to drop the long coat, which most regard as a very sightly garment. We have seen cases where it has been made even longer than the coat of last Spring and Summer. Extreme length, form fit, centre vent and pressed seams are on the wane. The Spring styles will discountenance nearly all, and perhaps all, of these features. Any one that may be retained will be greatly moderated.

The boxy coat is coming back, and it will surely be well received. Another change due before long is the moderately high-cut waistcoat.

The new evening waistcoat is cut with a V shaped opening. It has been countenanced by the best dressers.



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# Canada's First Business Show

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TWENTIETH CENTURY ADVANCEMENT.

The height of a nation's civilization is measured according to the standard of its business progress.

We of Canada therefore, cannot fail to be interested in the coming Business Show which is to be held in MONTREAL, DECEMBER 10-15.

The number of spaces already sold, and the names of exhibitors assures the success of the enterprise.

Almost every device for the rapid execution of office, store, and factory work, will be shown and explained. Adding machines which are many times more rapid than any living man and more honest than many, will surprise those who are not posted on the latest inventions of the day. Time recorders, which mark with absolute correctness the exact time of arrival of every employe, puts the old time human time-keeper out of business. Calculating machines, which in a twinkling give answers to any calculating problem, and addressing machines which turn out their work with a rapidity that shames even a printing press, will be on exhibition. Duplicators, that turn out sheets of manuscript like the falling of autumn leaves, and book-keeping systems that make the book-keeper realize how much tedious and useless labor he used to do, will have an important place.

Coin Counters that seem more than human, filing cabinets and hundreds of time and labor saving devices will be presented to the eyes of the busy business man who has come to know that time means money.

Among the typewriter exhibits will be seen the newest and latest im-

provements in this office necessity, and in this connection the show will be the scene of typewriting speed contests for the successful winners of which will be money prizes and medals. The contests are first, an International contest, and in this Miss Rose Fritz, the champion of the world, will take part. This young woman, still in her teens, operates the famous Underwood Typewriter, and wherever she has appeared she has won from all competitors, and surprised onlookers by her more than human rapidity. In the "Canadian Championship" and "The French Contest" many bright young operators will enter, and the rivalry is already strong in offices, schools and factories.

No business man can afford to miss this Exhibition. There will be much to learn from it, book-keepers stenographers, clerks, everybody in any way connected with business life will find much to help them to better work and higher wages at this show.

Every manufacturer of office appliances or Business helps in Canada who does not exhibit at this Show is as the gambler would say, overlooking "The best bet of his life." With such a chance to show his wares to thousands of interested people, the man who does not buy a space is indeed blind to his own interest.

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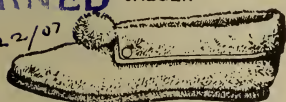
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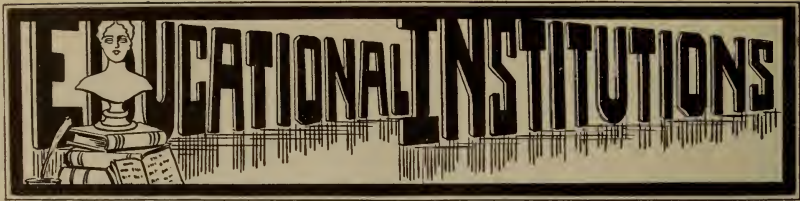
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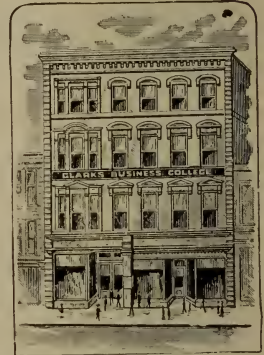
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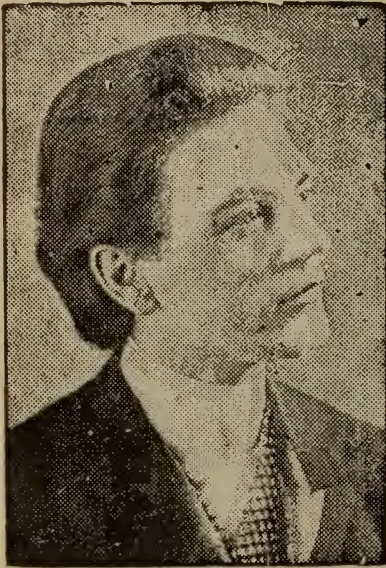
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Three shorthand writers and four typewriter operators performed this work.

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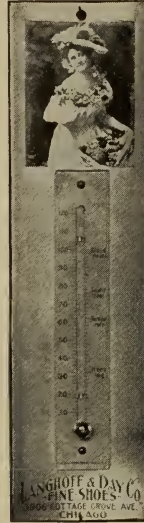
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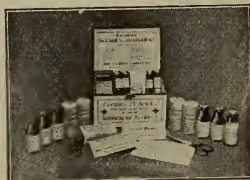
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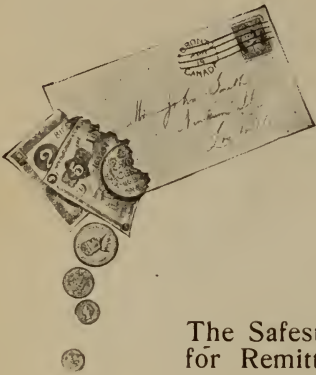
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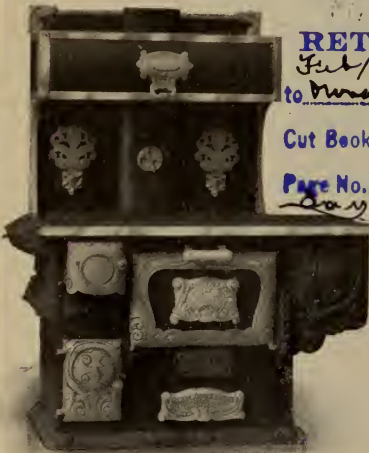
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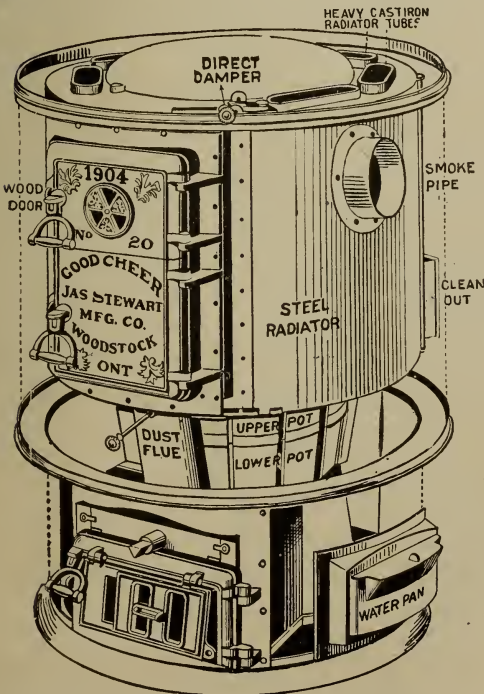
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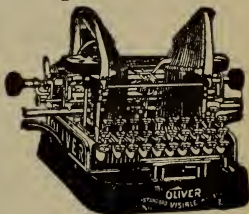
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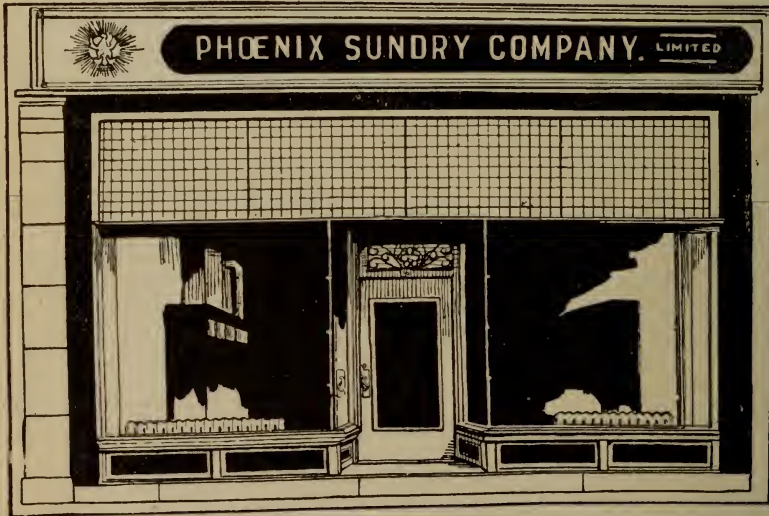
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Closing-up Time with The Copeland-Chatterson System

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A Copeland-Chatterson System will adjust the hands of the office clock ; will make closing-up time right, and will enable you to say just how your business is progressing or to find quickly the record you require and despatch promptly your customers' accounts

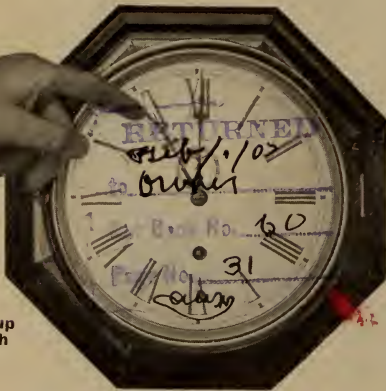
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