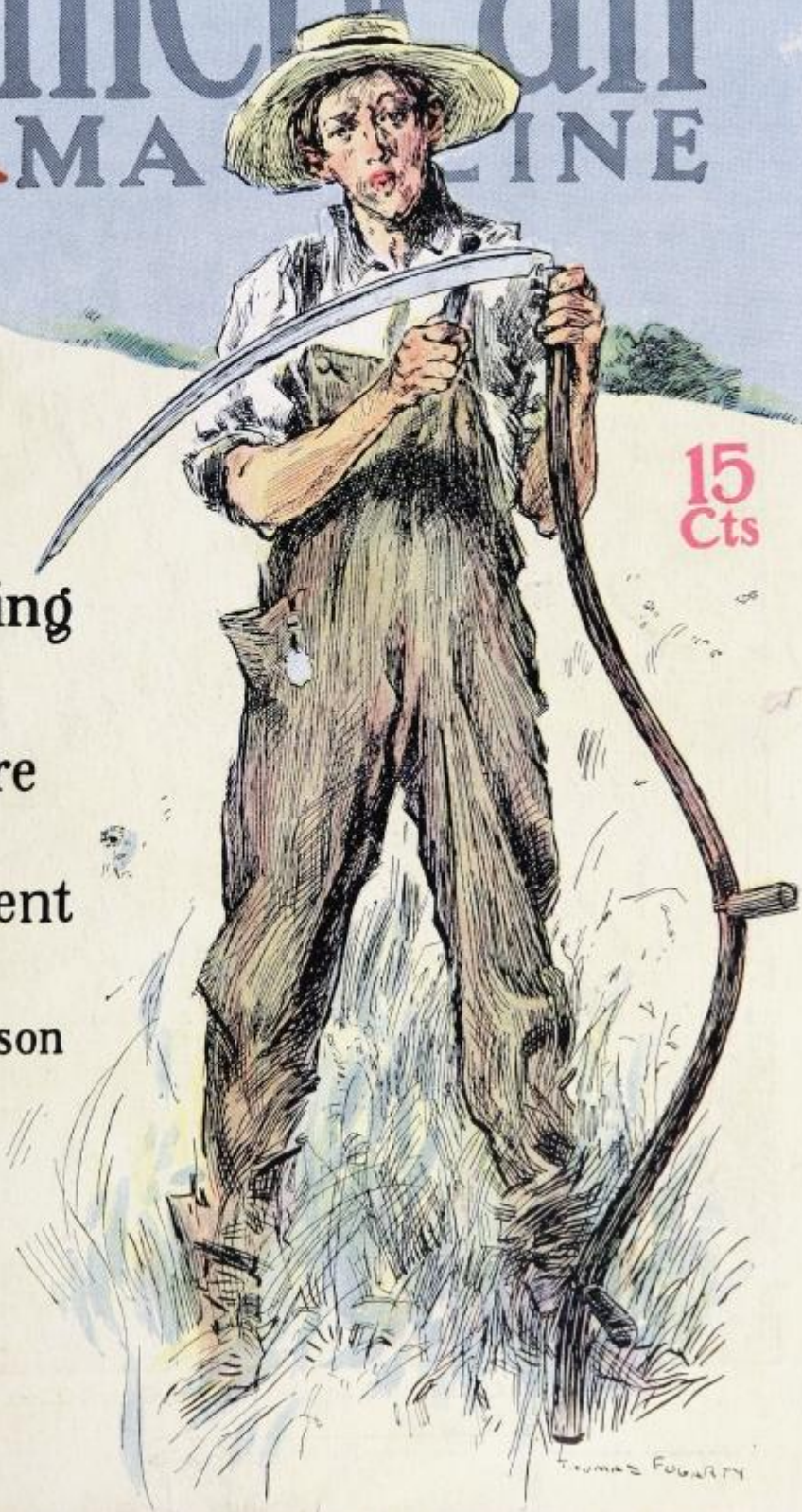


The **October**  
**American**  
MAGAZINE

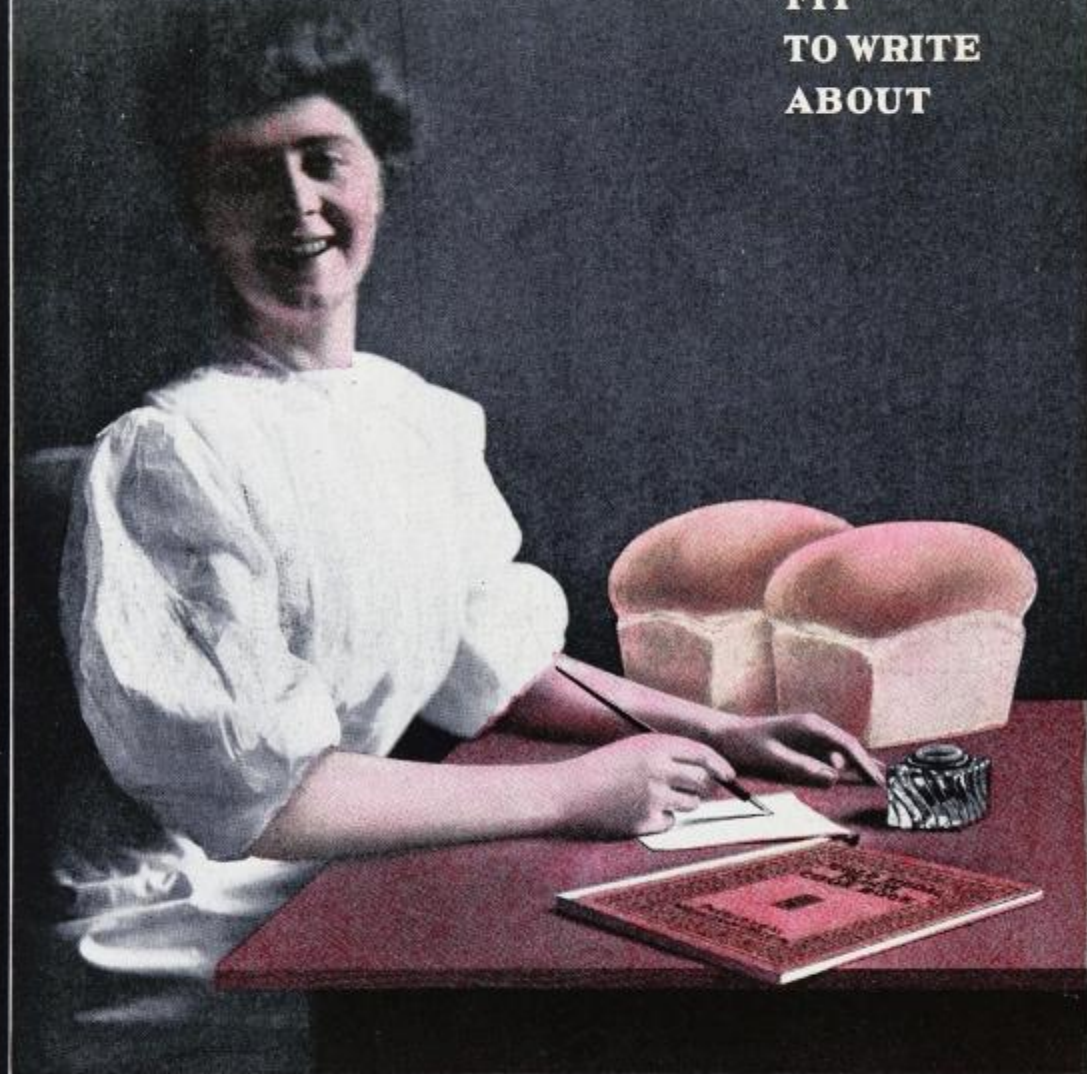
15  
Cts

**The Mowing**  
A New  
Adventure  
in  
Contentment  
*by*  
David Grayson



THOMAS FOURTY

**BAKING  
FIT  
TO WRITE  
ABOUT**



Write to your friends of your success in baking with **GOLD MEDAL FLOUR**. Every home in the land requires good bread, biscuits, rolls and pastry. **GOLD MEDAL FLOUR** is the sure way to secure them. Always advise the use of—

**GOLD MEDAL FLOUR**  
**WASHBURN-CROSBY CO.**

COPYRIGHT 1918 WASHBURN-CROSBY CO. MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Washburn-Crosby Co., Largest Millers in the World, General Offices, Minneapolis, Minn.

Table of Contents of this Number on Third Advertising Page

# TIFFANY & Co.

## Directory for Holiday Shoppers

### *First Floor*

Diamonds, precious stones, lavallieres, diamond and pearl collars, new platinum cobweb jewelry with diamonds and calibre-cut onyx, plaque brooches, rings, bracelets, Tiffany art jewelry and enamels, carved gems, semi-precious stones, watches, silver and gold table ware, French, English, Russian, and Dutch silverware; toilet articles in silver, gold, ivory, shell, and ebony; manicure sets, leather goods, canes, umbrellas, opera, field and marine glasses; stationery, library requisites, smokers' articles, traveling and shopping bags, thermos bottles  
 Watch and Jewelry Repair Departments

### *Second Floor*

Marble and bronze statuettes and groups by leading Italian and French sculptors, animals by Barye, Rosa Bonheur, Edward Kemys, Frederic Remington, and others; busts of musicians, authors, and statesmen; historical and allegorical statuettes, pedestals, andirons, hall, mantel, yacht, automobile, and carriage clocks; bronze, marble, and onyx mantel sets in period designs; Tiffany lamps and hanging shades

### *Third Floor*

Open stock china dinner sets in Royal Copenhagen, Minton, Royal Doulton, Cauldon, Copeland, Royal Worcester, and Lenox; vases and other ornamental pieces in Crown Derby, Delft, Lancastrian Lustre, Rookwood, and other famous wares; Tiffany Favrite glass, Webb sculptured glass, and cut glass in complete wine sets; glass in rock-crystal effects; also vases, bowls, ice cream sets, jardinières, umbrella stands, mahogany afternoon tea tables, solitaire breakfast sets

### *Fourth Floor*

Heraldic, Mail Order, and Insignia Departments. Medals, badges, buttons, pins, and other insignia for colleges, schools, fraternities, etc.; also for military, municipal, and social organizations

### *Basement*

Silverware in cases

### *Sub-Basement*

Safe Deposit Vaults

The Correspondence Department enables distant patrons to make purchases with as much facility and satisfaction as would be afforded by personal selection

The Tiffany Blue Book containing descriptions and prices will be sent upon request

## Fifth Avenue & 37th Street New York

# Locomobile

THE "48" SIX CYLINDER



The 30" Shaft Drive-Four Cylinder - Price \$3500  
 The 48" Shaft Drive-Six Cylinder - Price \$4800

High Tension Dual Ignition System

Standard equipment includes top and demountable rims. A wide range of the latest body styles either with or without front doors, can be supplied Touring, Baby Tonneau, Runabout, Torpedo, Limousine and Landaulet. Finished in any color scheme desired.

COMPLETE INFORMATION FURNISHED ON REQUEST

The Locomobile Co. of America

New York  
 Philadelphia

Bridgeport, Conn.  
 San Francisco

Boston  
 Chicago

LICENSED UNDER THE SELDEN PATENT



When writing to advertisers please mention THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

# The American Magazine

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE PHILLIPS PUBLISHING CO.,  
UNION SQUARE NORTH, NEW YORK CITY

President, John S. Phillips

Secretary, Albert A. Boyden

Treasurer, D. A. McKinlay

## CONTENTS FOR OCTOBER, 1910

A Prayer for All True Lovers . . . . .	WALTER RAUSCHENBUSCH	<i>Back of Frontispiece</i>
The Latest Portrait of Porfirio Diaz . . . . .		<i>Frontispiece</i>
If— . . . . .	RUDYARD KIPLING . . . . .	715
Barbarous Mexico . . . . .		716
The Betrayal of a Nation . . . . .	E. ALEXANDER POWELL . . . . .	717
<i>Illustrated with Portraits and Photographs</i>		
The Mowing. <i>A Story</i> . . . . .	DAVID GRAYSON . . . . .	720
<i>Illustrations by Thomas Fogarty</i>		
Sleep . . . . .	PAUL KESTER . . . . .	724
The Mysteries and Cruelties of the Tariff . . . . .	IDA M. TARBELL . . . . .	725
<i>The Passing of Wool</i>		
June in the Saddle . . . . .	H. H. . . . .	741
Interesting People . . . . .		744
Joseph Fels . . . . .	Lincoln Steffens . . . . .	744
George J. Kindel . . . . .	William MacLeod Raine . . . . .	746
Frances Hodgson Burnett . . . . .		749
Thomas A. Daly . . . . .	Franklin P. Adams . . . . .	751
Dean West of Princeton . . . . .	Jesse Lynch Williams . . . . .	751
Dan Donahue. <i>A Story</i> . . . . .	EDWARD HUNGERFORD . . . . .	754
<i>Illustrations by Charles S. Chapman</i>		
The Final Score. <i>A Story</i> . . . . .	LINCOLN COLCORD . . . . .	761
<i>Illustrations by Arthur Covey</i>		
The Song of the Great Lakes . . . . .	HARRY KEMP . . . . .	772
The New Mind Cure Based on Science . . . . .	H. ADDINGTON BRUCE . . . . .	773
Tombstones. <i>A Story</i> . . . . .	WILLIAM JOHNSTON . . . . .	779
<i>Illustrations by Walter Jack Duncan</i>		
The Codes of Phoebe and Ernest. <i>A Story</i> . . . . .	INEZ HAYNES GILLMORE . . . . .	785
<i>Illustrations by R. F. Schabelitz</i>		
Livery in America . . . . .	JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS . . . . .	794
<i>Illustrations by R. M. Crosby</i>		
Danny O'Shane . . . . .	HELEN LANYON . . . . .	802
The Field of His Fame. <i>A Story</i> . . . . .	GEORGE MADDEN MARTIN . . . . .	805
<i>Illustrations by J. Scott Williams</i>		
What a Few Men Did in Pittsburg . . . . .	ALBERT JAY NOCK . . . . .	808
<i>Illustrated with Photographs</i>		
More Sayings of Abe Martin . . . . .	KIN HUBBARD . . . . .	818
Justice. <i>A Drama</i> . . . . .	JOHN GALSWORTHY . . . . .	819
<i>Illustrations by J. Scott Williams</i>		
The Theatre . . . . .	WALTER PRICHARD EATON . . . . .	842
<i>The Rise and Fall of the Theatrical Syndicate</i>		
<i>Illustrated with Photographs</i>		
The Fatal Hash. <i>A Story</i> . . . . .	MARY HEATON VORSE . . . . .	843
<i>Illustrations by May Wilson Preston</i>		
Listen, My Sister . . . . .	MRS. SCHUYLER VAN RENSSELAER . . . . .	851
The Pilgrim's Scrip . . . . .		852
<i>Letters, Comments and Confessions</i>		
In the Interpreter's House . . . . .		874

Western Advertising Offices  
150 Mich. Bld., Chicago, Ill.

15 CENTS A COPY; \$1.50 A YEAR

London Office: 5 Henrietta St.  
Covent Garden, London, W. C.

Copyright, 1910, by The Phillips Publishing Co. All rights reserved.

Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York Post Office, N. Y. Entered as Second-class Matter at the Post Office Dept., Canada.



Is **PETER'S** Milk Chocolate  
in *your* school basket?  
Digestible food and dessert combined

When writing to advertisers please mention THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

# WHY THEY ADVERTISE

"I have often wondered why people advertise so much in the magazine," writes a reader in Centerville, Oregon. "They cannot know that I buy the things that are advertised in it. But it's a fact. I always buy everything that I need that is advertised in the magazine when I can get them, because I know they are the best. Here in Centerville there is no drug store. I was in Goldendale some time ago and I went into a drug store and asked for a shaving brush. Mr. E., the proprietor, waited on me. I said I wanted the Rubberset. 'Rubberset, I haven't any of them, but I will send for some if you want that kind,' he said. I told him I did.

"You know there are a great many things advertised that a person has to get at a drug store. The druggist knows that I read THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE and that I want just what I ask for. It's the same at the dry-goods store. When I want socks I ask for Hole-proof or Shawknit, and so on with everything that I buy."

Why do *they* advertise? Because *they* know THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE is read by hundreds of thousands of just such people as this Centerville, Oregon, reader—*people who know* that the magazine is read and relied upon from cover to cover. And *they*, the leading advertisers of the country, keep faith by dealing honestly and fairly by these readers.

*They* deserve your patronage.

## INDEX TO ADVERTISEMENTS

No objectionable advertisements of any kind are admitted for publication in The American Magazine. We believe that every advertisement in The American Magazine is trustworthy. In dealing with advertisers our readers may be confident that they will be fairly and squarely treated in every case. We shall be glad to have readers report any experience to the contrary.

Architecture	Building & Construction	Educational
Craftsman, The . . . . . 81-104	Hitchings & Co. . . . . 80	Martha Washington Seminary . . . . . 30
<b>Automobiles, Accessories, etc.</b>	National Fire Proofing Co. . . . . 125	Miss Keller's School . . . . . 30
Columbia Motor Car Co. . . . . 93	Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co. . . . . 127	Mrs. Hazen's School . . . . . 30
Detroit Electric . . . . . 92	Yale Door Checks . . . . . 57	Nat'l Salesmen's Training Ass'n . . . . . 28
Hartford Suspension Co. . . . . 87	<b>Cameras and Optical Goods</b>	Page Davis School . . . . . 28
Klaxon Horn . . . . . 8	Eastman Kodak . . . . . 84	Ransom, C. W. . . . . 30
Leather Tire Goods Co. . . . . 94	<b>Cutlery</b>	Sprague Corres. School of Law . . . . . 30
Locomobile Co. . . . . 2	Auto Strop Safety Razor . . . . . 100	Standard Corres. School of Law . . . . . 30
Rausch & Lang Electric . . . . . 91	Gillette Safety Razor . . . . . 132-133	<b>Food Products</b>
Reo Motor . . . . . 88	Griffin Cutlery Co. . . . . 102	Armour's Extract of Beef . . . . . 13
Stevens Duryea . . . . . 89	<b>Educational</b>	Baker's Breakfast Cocoa . . . . . 7
Winton Motor Car Co. . . . . 90	American Academy of Dramatic Arts . . . . . 30	Barrington Hall Coffee . . . . . 118
<b>Banking, Financial &amp; Insurance</b>	Bissell College of Photo-Engraving . . . . . 30	Blue Label Ketchup . . . . . 115
Bankers' Trust Co. . . . . 85	Bureau of Navigation . . . . . 72	Cream of Wheat . . . . . 3d cover
Equitable Life Assurance Society . . . . . 124	Centenary Collegiate Institute . . . . . 30	Cresca Delicacies . . . . . 114
Fort Stockton Irrigated Land Co. . . . . 84	Chicago School of Elocution . . . . . 30	Cresco Grits & Barley Crystals . . . . . 114
Hanauer Graves . . . . . 103	Columbian Correspondence College . . . . . 30	Davis Fish Co., F. E. . . . . 112
Hartford Insurance Co. . . . . 121	Cosmopolitan Educational Club . . . . . 30	Gold Medal Flour . . . . . 2d cover
International Realty Corp. . . . . 28	Educational Aid Society . . . . . 30	Grape Nuts . . . . . 33
<b>Building &amp; Construction</b>	Faelten Pianoforte School . . . . . 30	Horlick's Malted Milk . . . . . 114
Craftsman Houses . . . . . 103	Hamilton Institute for Girls . . . . . 30	Jones Dairy Farm Sausages . . . . . 113
Dahlstrom Metallic Door Co. . . . . 50	Illinois College of Photography . . . . . 73	Karo Corn Syrup . . . . . 114
Genasco Ready Roofing . . . . . 38	International Correspondence School . . . . . 73	Kingsford Corn Starch . . . . . 116
Grand Rapids Plaster . . . . . 81	Language Phone Method . . . . . 28	Liebig's Extract of Beef . . . . . 75
		Malt-Nutrine . . . . . 122
		Nabisco Sugar Wafers . . . . . 129
		Necco Sweets . . . . . 115

<b>Food Products</b>		<b>Miscellaneous</b>		<b>Stationery</b>	
Pabst Extract	42	Miller Treeling Machine, O. A.	66	Old Hampshire Bond	98
Peter's Chocolate	4	Morley Co.	110	Whiting Paper Co.	29
Postum	4th cover	National Casket Co.	120	Wiggins Co., John B.	104
Whitman's Chocolates	116	Oppenheimer Institute	109	<b>Toilet Articles</b>	
<b>Heating and Lighting Systems</b>		Redding & Co.	68	Blue Jay Corn Plasters	110
American Radiator Co.	39	Thompson, J. Edmund	109	Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream	118
Best Light Co.	108	Tyrrell Hygienic Institute	108	Cuticura Soap	112
Crawford Ranges	43	United Shoe Machinery Co.	64	Dioxogen	115
Jewel Stoves	85	Utility Import & Export Co.	114	Ivory Soap	136
Jewell Heat Controller	80	Williams, Brown & Earle, Inc.	104	Johnson's Shaving Cream Soap	117
Kalamazoo Stoves	78	<b>Office Equipments</b>		Louisenbad Reduction Salt	110
Lindsay Light Co.	100	Esterbrook Steel Pens	85	Mennen's Nangalia Talcum Powder	70
<b>House Furnishings</b>		Globe-Wernicke Elastic Bookcases	105	Packer's Tar Soap	32
Berkey & Gay Furniture Co.	55	Lundstrom Sectional Bookcases	79	Pompeian Massage Cream	119
Bigelow Carpet Co.	52	Neostyle	105	Pro-phy-lactic Tooth Brush	113
Burrowes Billiard Tables	83	Rapid Computer Co.	108	<b>Travel</b>	
Come-Pack Furniture	99	Stafford Cabinet	112	Atlantic City Information Bureau	110
Cowan & Co., W. K.	50	Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen	102	Berkshire Hills Sanatorium	78
Crex Grass Carpets	78	<b>Paints and Varnishes</b>		Clark's Orient Cruise	84
Globe-Wernicke Elastic Bookcases	105	National Lead Co.	81	Hamburg-American Line	97
Hartshorn Shade Rollers	78	New Jersey Zinc Co.	40	Hotel La Salle	94
Lundstrom Sectional Bookcases	79	Pratt & Lambert Varnishes	79	Monon Route	96
Macbeth Lamp Chimneys	77	Sherwin & Williams	54	Southern Pacific	86
Mitchell Furniture	77	<b>Pianos, Musical Instruments and Talking Machines</b>		Travelers' Cheques	85
Ostermoor Mattresses	77	Aeolian Co.	36-37	Where-To-Go Bureau	96
Piedmont Red Cedar Chest	88	Apollo Player Piano	48	<b>Typewriters</b>	
Vantine & Co., A. A.	73	National Phonograph	134-135	Bennett Typewriter	120
<b>Household Supplies</b>		Steinway & Son	46	Smith Premier Typewriter	99
Automatic Vacuum Cleaner	74	Victor Talking Machines	34-35	Typewriter Emporium	112
Bon Ami	126	<b>Publishers</b>		Underwood Typewriter	82
Carborundum Co.	117	American Magazine	3-5-6-9	<b>Wearing Apparel</b>	
Collette Mfg. Co. (Mendets)	108	10-11-12-14-16-18-19-26		Adler-Rochester Clothes	47
Conning-Bowman Coffee Percolator	76	Business Men's Pub. Co.	31	Arrow Collars	59
New Home Vacuum Cleaner	104	Chautauqua Institute	31	Best & Co.	69
Pearline	40	Copley Prints	31	Cheney Silks	68
Sani-Tissue	111	Cosmopolitan Magazine	27	Copper's Underwear	70
Sapallo	15	Curtis Pub. Co.	23	Crosby Frislan Fur	83
Scott Tissue Towels	76	Dutton & Co., E. P.	17	Diamond Fast Color Eyelets	106
Self-Heating Flat Iron	114	Funk & Wagnalls	72-106	Douglas Shoes	68
Star Asbestos Pad, The	102	Hampton's Magazine	30	Duofold Health Underwear	60
Sturtevant Vacuum Cleaner	41	Nautilus, The	28	Duo Lastic Interlock Rib	62
<b>Jewelry and Silverware</b>		Philo, E. R.	107	Endless Necktie Co.	95
Community Silver	53	Recreation	24	Everwear Hosiery	70
Harris Goar Co.	84	Scientific American	25	Faultless Pajamas	63
Howard Watch Works	45	Scribner's Magazine	22	Fownes Gloves	71
Loftis Bros. & Co.	83	Sprague Pub. Co.	28	Gokey Shoes	71
Lyon & Co., J. M.	80	Stokes Co., Frederick A.	20-21	Hart, Schaffner & Marx	128
Meriden Britannia Co.	74	Western Newspaper Ass'n	29	House of Kuppenheimer	130-131
Tiffany & Co.	1	<b>Sporting Goods</b>		Iron-Clad Hosiery	69
<b>Miscellaneous</b>		Dupont Powder	82	Kahn Tailored Clothes	61
American Telephone & Telegraph Co.	44	Gray Motors	80	Onyx Hosiery	103
Apenta	114	Ithaca Guns	83	Porosknit Underwear	68
Chicago Projecting Co.	84	Marlin Fire Arms	86	Presto Co.	101
Congress Playing Cards	83	Mead Cycle	112	Rogers, Peet & Co.	58
Davey Tree Expert Co.	82	Remington Shotguns	51	Royal Tailors	137
Evans, Victor J.	114	Smith & Wesson Revolvers	95	Shachamaxton	62
Hallowe'en Favors	76	Union Metallic Cartridge	51	Silver Brand Collars	65
Ideal Co.	108	Winchester Repeating Arms	49	Triangle 5-Ply Collars	63
Ketcham & McDougall	95			Wanamaker, John	113
Makaroff	106				

"You are fortunate in advertisers. We love them all from the sad-eyed lassie of 'Fairy Soap' fame to the smiling mammy who urges us to use 'Bon Ami.'"  
M. M., Rangoon, Burma.

"Advertisements that are absolutely dependable."  
C. N. N., Norfolk, Va.

"Your advertising patronage I have found (through dealing with several of your advertisers) to be honest, fair dealing and truthful."  
I. C. McW., Pasadena, Cal.

"My way of looking at advertising may be original, but I know a number of others who have similar views, that if a manufacturer advertises, it is to a certain extent our duty to use his goods in preference to his imitators."  
F. H. B., New York City.

"I must say a word about what is to me one of the real tests of a magazine—its advertising. Every advertisement should be exactly what it represents itself to be, and this is the case in THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE. The advertising pages are to me a purchasing directory in which each advertisement is so scrutinized that a purchaser can, without a second's hesitation, make his order, knowing that the management of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE stands back of every line."

A. S., Philadelphia, Pa.



# Baker's Breakfast Cocoa

Has a Delicious Flavor  
and High Food Value



Registered U. S. Patent Office

Apart from its delicious flavor, which alone would make it a popular beverage, Baker's Cocoa possesses in a marked degree many other good qualities which contribute to its enormous value as a perfect food drink;—it is absolutely pure and wholesome and it is easily digested; made in accordance with our recipe it furnishes the body, as no other drink does, with some of the purest elements of nutrition combined in proper proportion, and it has all the strength and natural rich, red-brown color of the best cocoa beans, carefully selected and scientifically blended.

The success of Baker's Cocoa has been so great that many unscrupulous imitations have been put upon the market, and consumers should see that they are furnished with the genuine article with the trade-mark of "La Belle Chocolatiere" on the package.

A handsomely illustrated booklet of Choice Recipes sent free.

*52 Highest Awards in Europe and America*

**WALTER BAKER & CO. Ltd.**

*Established 1780*

**DORCHESTER, MASS.**



## THE TRAFFIC OFFICER SAYS:-

"THE KLAXON IS MY BEST FRIEND—  
I can depend upon it to keep people out of harm's way—no other auto signal fills the bill—I see the Klaxon prevent accidents and save lives every day—the law ought to compel every auto to carry a Klaxon."

The traffic squad—everywhere; accident insurance adjusts the country over 30,000 motorists (thousands more each month) who will trust no other signal—all, to a unit, pronounce the Klaxon the only warning signal that positively protects.

You know the danger of the auto; but do you realize the protection the Klaxon affords you; that it always warns, in time, before you are confused; that it is your guarantee of safety; that the auto must have such a signal; that you have a right to demand its use?



KLAXONET

LOVELL-McCONNELL MFG. CO.  
MANUFACTURERS  
NEWARK, N. J.

THE KLAXON COMPANY  
Sole Distributor for U. S. A.  
1 Madison Avenue, New York

# KLAXON

*"The Public Safety Signal"*



KLAXON

BIRCH-FIELD

# THE EDITOR'S TABLE

**I**N the July and August "Editor's Table" we announced, in type of this size, and very simply, that we would pay \$250 for the best 250-word letter about THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE received on or before

*The Decision  
of the  
Judges is  
Ready*

August 10, and \$25 each for the ten next best letters. No other announcement of the offer was made than

that contained in the few inconspicuous paragraphs referred to.

The judges we selected were: Norman Hapgood, editor of *Collier's Weekly*; Erman J. Ridgway, proprietor of *Everybody's Magazine*; and William Allen White, the Kansas author and editor.

We are ready to announce the decision of the judges, but before doing so we shall relate a few facts about the contest which, we think, make interesting reading.

**I**N the first place the total number of letters received up to 5 o'clock on August 10, when the contest closed, was 2,578. This tremendous outpouring of letters not only surprised and pleased

*2,578 Letters  
Were  
Received*

us: it amazed those who, through long experience in such

matters, are in a position

to judge of the success of such

a venture. A number of experts

whom we interviewed made guesses

as to the number of replies we should

receive from the kind of announce-

ment we had made, and the highest

expert guess was 800. All say that the results were extraordinary, and that they prove that THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE has a wonderful and singularly lively following.

The moment the announcement of the prize offer was made, letters began to flow in from every part of the United States, and, indeed, from all parts of the world. Toward the end the number of letters received mounted to 100 a day, and, in the last three days, more than 900 letters came in. The biggest day was Monday, August 8. On that day 403 letters were received. On the 9th and 10th of August special delivery letters came in by the dozen, and two hours before the contest closed a 200-word letter came by telegraph.

**B**UT more than anything in the world we here in this office appreciate and value these letters because they indicate with wonderful

*What  
People Like  
in This  
Magazine*

clearness that an immense and ever-increasing body of good people find in THE AMERICAN MAGA-

ZINE an expression of something that they have longed for in the way of journalism. This is not the place to attempt in detail a description of the general characteristics which these our readers hold in common with each other and with THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE. Something, however, is drawing us all together, and is attracting fresh recruits by the hundred. And, in general, these char-

acteristics seem to be: idealism, tempered by great good humor; sentiment, of the finest grade; the acquisitive sense, not for money, but for new facts and ideas; curiosity, not about that which is unprofitable, but about that which is genuinely interesting; courage, not alone to fight, but to change your mind if the facts so direct; reverence, not alone for God, but also for the rights and feelings of your fellow-men. This is not a complete composite portrait of the average reader of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE. Certainly there would be added touches to that imaginary portrait which would emphasize, very strongly, love of life and love of fun. No, this does not pretend to be even a sketch for a portrait. It is nothing but a few impressions gathered by one who read the whole 2,578 letters, and felt a thrill because so many hundreds of scattered people should be writing with such fervor of David Grayson, "The Interpreter's House," Jane Addams, Ray Stannard Baker, "Phoebe and Ernest," Hugh Fullerton, "Interesting People," "The Pilgrim's Scrip," Ida M.

Tarbell, W. J. Locke, Stewart Edward White, "Barbarous Mexico," Dr. Rauschenbusch's Prayers, and such other things as set THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE apart from all others.

OF the 2,578 friends who have written us these splendid letters, 11 win cash prizes, and 2,567 do not. That is frequently the case in this world, but we will venture a guess that all of the 2,567 have been through more than one battle before, sometimes coming out victorious and sometimes disappointed. We can not imagine that anybody will feel a pang of regret after he gets into the \$250 prize letter, and senses its genuine quality. Indeed, we think that on the day when this news reaches the world, all of the 2,567, as well as tens upon thousands of others, will smile with perfect satisfaction at the very thought of the "Oregon lady," as we here in the office have come with friendly feeling to refer to the winner.

*The Oregon  
Lady is  
Congratulated  
By All*

body will feel a pang of regret after he gets into the \$250 prize letter, and senses its genuine quality. Indeed, we think that on the day when this news reaches the world, all of the 2,567, as well as tens upon thousands of others, will smile with perfect satisfaction at the very thought of the "Oregon lady," as we here in the office have come with friendly feeling to refer to the winner.

## WINNER OF THE FIRST PRIZE— \$250

FOLLOWING is the letter selected by the judges as the winner of the first prize—\$250.

"To me you are a living, breathing personality. Through you I am recompensed for lack of early educational advantages.

"Through you I am transformed from a commonplace farmer's wife into a woman thinking the great thoughts of such women as Miss Tarbell and Jane Addams.

"Could I ever look upon farm life as dull and monotonous after reading dear David Grayson? What is more beautiful and peaceful than to take you of a stormy winter

evening and, sitting before the great old-fashioned fireplace, commune with the great minds and hearts that put life, heart, soul and individuality into your pages? Farm life is idealized and ennobled for me through such influences.

"Of the thousands who will write brilliant appreciations of your dear magazine, can one have more cause for tender feelings than the little farm wife in the far West, who, while raising her poultry, milking her pet

Jersey cows and attending the many duties of life on a farm, is enabled to become one in mind and heart with the great minds of the day?

"Who that is the mother of boys would part with the memory of Stewart Edward White's stories of little Bobby Orde and his sweetheart, or the Ernest and Phoebe stories?

The Interpreter, Mr. Baker, and a host of others educate me religiously and politically. Time and space forbid my mentioning all, but this appreciation is straight from the heart. To paraphrase a Great Teacher: 'To whom much is given, the same loveth much.'"

MRS. J. T. MILLER,  
Yoncalla, Oregon.

## WINNERS OF THE TEN SECOND PRIZES—\$25 EACH

**F**OLLOWING are the ten letters each of which wins a \$25 prize. These letters are of equal rank; that is, no one of them is elevated above another. They are arranged in alphabetical order, according to the name of the author:

### "Honor and Clean Mirth"

"Do you remember Kipling's tribute to Wolcott Balestier, in which he spoke of his dead brother-in-law as walking among the 'gentlemen unafraid' in 'honor and clean mirth'?"

"I hope you do, because that phrase—perhaps not exactly quoted, for I haven't the poem by me—characterizes your magazine, I think. There is personality behind it, in it, and that personality is one of 'honor and clean mirth.'"

"Each of us in this world has his trade and he should work well and faithfully at it. But that does not mean that he must talk forever of nothing but his trade, and live no life aside from it. Your 'trade', it seems to me, is working for true democracy, and your labors in that way are useful and wise. But you are not so obsessed with that 'mission,' or so saturated with your 'trade' that you forget the duty of a man or a magazine to be friendly, social, companionable at the club and in the home."

"I know of 'uplift' magazines that are all 'shop'—and they are as wearisome as the man who is all 'business.'"

"THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE is, I believe, doing its work well and seriously, but not neglecting the social graces, which, in a magazine, mean good fiction, verse and pure 'literature'—as distinguished from 'special articles' and news."

HOWARD ARDSLEY,  
New York City.

### Literature Put to Work for the Many

"There is always an agreeable sensation of surprise, on opening a new number of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, to find scholarship and style expended upon matters of present importance. Although every bit of literature that survives was inspired by the age that produced it, the schools have exalted the past. The more general education, and greater economic pressure of to-day, have conspired to make possible the rise of a group of virile periodicals devoted to present-day ideals. Cheerfully willing to let literature 'go hang' for braver things, these have become the logical market for such current writings as are likely to survive. THE AMERICAN is especially alive to this opportunity. Its contents are marked by culture and taste no less than by vision and courage."

"For instance, David Grayson voices our reaction from commercialism, but his viewpoint and style are distinguished. He diagnoses a public ill, and charms us with his remedy. Indeed, the basal idea of the vital writings of to-day appears to be immediate social serviceableness. This idea underlies Mr. Baker's facts, Mr. White's studies of conditions and tendencies, Miss Addams' message. Although unique in her scope, Miss Tarbell's purpose is typical. When our literary achievements come to be summed up, the most remarkable finding may well be that contemporaneous history got itself written authoritatively, secured wide publicity, and shaped events. Hitherto literature has

embellished life for the few. Here, without loss of beauty, it is put to work for the many."

MRS. FRANCIS BLAKE ATKINSON,  
Chicago, Ill.

### Cultured Taste More Valuable than Riches

"The name AMERICAN was a happy inspiration—each successive number seeming to feel the stimulus. Had we begun like the Hebrew Bible at the far end and worked backward, we would have landed logically and naturally in the title. The atmosphere is American; the aura is American.

"And, correspondingly, the breadth of view and the breeziness—fountains of information and vales of restfulness—the stretch of mountains and prairie—the cool shade and no malaria—provocatives to thought and wholesome sentiment—and, pervading all, that subtle, mighty thing, taste. And all this, homelike and—American.

"This characteristic of good taste in book or periodical is a delicate factor but a thing of supreme moment and of power. I have an only daughter. I would rather leave her the dower of cultured taste than a gold mine or a Carnegie library. Whatever the other values in a magazine, I would no sooner put in her hand one with unrefined tendencies, the blemish of the untasteful, than I would put slow poison in her lemonade.

"When you had solved that problem, real elevated and elevating taste, and embodied it like a gracious enthusiasm, you and your magazine deserve an immortality.

"Before writing this tribute, I jealously examined your advertising columns. I was thinking of my child again. Attractive philosophy and the belles-lettres must not have adulterated taste trailing in their wake for boodle.

"Your achievement has the ozone of two oceans blowing across it."

L. P. BOWEN,  
Pocomoke City, Md.

### "This Feast of Fact and Fiction"

"Five years ago, my pulse was slow,  
My eyes were dim, my skin was yellow,  
And friends remarked, who saw me so,  
'He's breaking up, poor fellow!'  
I had no appetite for food,  
A cocktail I could scarcely swallow,

My wad of gum I sadly chewed,  
Existence seemed so hollow,  
Till, in October, I began  
Perusing the AMERICAN.

"At once my troubles fled away,  
The cloud of gloom dispersed before  
me,  
I ate three hearty meals a day,  
And cocktails ceased to bore me,  
As, with recovered appetite,  
My voice grew musical and bell-like;  
My eye shone bright, my tread was light,  
My gait grew quite gazelle-like;  
I felt as young as Peter Pan,  
Through reading the AMERICAN.

"Now, month by month, I take my fill  
(With no exception whatsoever)  
Of articles composed with skill,  
Of stories crisp and clever,  
Of phrases writ with *verve* and wit,  
On glossy paper clearly printed,  
Embellished in a fashion fit  
With pictures, plain or tinted;  
With fresh delight I monthly scan  
Each page of THE AMERICAN.

"To all whom cruel Fate condemns  
To taste the waters of affliction,  
I recommend these verbal gems,  
This feast of fact and fiction;  
That each may find some anodyne  
To pain, some fruitful source of  
pleasure,  
Within this boundless monthly mine  
Of literary treasure,  
And grow, like me, 'a different man,'  
By reading THE AMERICAN."

HARRY GRAHAM,  
London, England.

### "Diffuses Optimism Instead of Preaching It"

"I like your magazine. It always has something in it. It is substantial and clean and well-flavored, like sound wheat, clear spring water, and ripe apples.

"After reading it, things seem worth while—everyday things. It diffuses optimism, instead of preaching it; and leaves the conviction that this ought to be a pretty good world for the other fellow as well as for myself.

"It has bravery and force; speaks plainly and hits hard—but from love of justice, not

Continued on page 14

# LEFT-OVER MEATS MADE APPETIZING

*Cookery Hints That Enable You to Serve a Satisfying Hot Dinner Instead of a Cold Lunch.*

By MARY JANE McCLURE

**M**ANY housekeepers look helplessly at the cold roast beef, lamb, etc., left after the first meal. They know that the family will not relish a dinner made from its cold slices, but don't know what else can be done with it.

Take a lesson from the skillful and thrifty German cook and provide yourself with a jar of Armour's Extract of Beef. Then rejoice when your roast is large enough to provide for a second dinner, for without labor you may serve a savory meat dish more delicious than the original.

Rub a teaspoonful of butter and a tablespoon of flour together in a saucepan, adding a cup of hot water and finally a *quarter of a teaspoonful* of the Beef Extract. Use a light hand, for Armour's Extract is the strongest made, and it is easy to

get in too much. Chop or slice your meat and drop it into this rich sauce and let it get thoroughly hot. Serve with French fried potatoes and see if your family don't vote you a veritable chef.

Any left-over meat is delicious served in this way. Roast beef, mutton, lamb or veal, even chicken or game.

Foreign cooks know the virtue of Armour's Extract of Beef and would not dream of trying to do without it. It is one of the secrets of setting an economical table while appearing lavish.

It gives richness and flavor to the cheaper cuts of meat—saves boiling meat for soup stock—is the basis of rich gravies and sauces. Remember that a little goes a long way—it is the *concentrated* beef essence—the strength and flavor that you cook out.



## Armour's Extract of Beef

Four times as strong as the ordinary —the touch that gives sauces, gravies and soups an inimitable flavor. Send for "Popular Recipes," a cook book that teaches you the secrets of appetizing cookery. Save the metal cap, or the paper certificate under the cap from every jar you buy, and send either to us with ten cents to pay the cost of carriage and pack- ing and get a handsome silver tea, bouillon



or after-dinner coffee spoon or butter spreader free—Wm. Rogers & Sons' AA, the highest grade of extra plate. You can't buy anything like them, and each will bear any initial you wish. Our usual limit is six, but for a time we will allow each family to get one dozen. Remember to send ten cents with every certificate or cap. This offer is made only to those living in the United States.

DEPARTMENT 45.

CHICAGO **ARMOUR AND COMPANY** CHICAGO



(82)

When writing to advertisers please mention THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

spite. It is fair to the shams and frauds and greeds that it hates most. And it never 'starts something' for mere circulation fireworks.

"Of all the magazines it seems to me to come nearest being an expression in literature of the real American consciousness—the life of the best and most typical American people—those who work and study and play and appreciate, who love fair play, say their prayers, are true to their homes, and try to vote right.

"Of course it is intensely interesting, and is real literature, written and printed with intelligence and taste.

"Best of all, it has visions. It sees and is endeavoring to interpret the spiritual meaning of this hurricane of activity, this welter of things. It sees the light on the hill; it hears the Still Small Voice. It dreams dreams that may come true when we come individually to love for ourselves justice more than unlawful power, and our brother more than ten per cent. dividends."

WILLIAM H. HAMBY,  
Meadville, Mo.

### The Difference

"I have watched many magazines for many years. All, in fact, for the last forty. They have come recently to look much alike, though each has its own name and its Different but always Desirable Damsel on the cover.

"Magazines nowadays generally are as like as one pound of wood pulp to another pound similarly mitigated. Some require more postage; some more patience. But you can count on the ads., anyhow—uniformly provided by a symposium of great authors, artists, and other manufacturers, and uniformly resistless.

"Difference begins when you get past the Outer Ladies, the name, the ads., and the wood pulp. It begins in the stories, climbs in the articles, towers in the Policy. For the brains and soul are within—if anywhere.

"Here THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE begins to show its heels.

"It's a name not to be taken in vain. It must live up to its meaning before the world—its meaning of youth, hope, courage, fair-play, initiative, high ideals, ingenuity, never-let-up; the fighting quality which, with sanity and magnetism, spells Leadership.

"Cooperation is the keynote of to-day and the Morrow. No other magazine was ever led by such a Rally of Leaders already

breveted for conspicuous courage, conscience and skill, and unanimous in the campaign. A big part of Americanism is Getting Together for Good. Such leaders never fail of a Following—and the best."

CHARLES F. LUMMIS,  
Los Angeles, Cal.

### Making People Better and Happier

"One day about four years ago a fellow newspaper man said to me: 'All the muck-rakers have quit McClure and are going to have a magazine of their own. And then he added enthusiastically: 'And I understand they're going to raise hell.'

"But the best thing about THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE is that all the time it has been raising hell it has also been raising corn. And among the choicest ears are David Grayson, Dr. Rast, and Bobby Orde. As for the other things besides corn, well, there is 'Barbarous Mexico.'

"For the raising of this corn and for the raising of this hell there are thousands of better men and women in the country today—better Christians and better citizens.

"I believe that the more copies of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE there are sold and read the fewer insurance scandals there will be, fewer Pittsburg grafters and fewer Payne-Aldrich tariffs.

"I wouldn't want anyone to get the idea that I think THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE is a sequel to either the Old or the New Testament. It isn't, that is, any more than any publication that is honest, intelligent and militant, but it is a magazine that every man and woman who wants to make something of their lives should read."

EDWARD A. MUSCHAMP,  
Narberth, Pa.

### A Family Talk

"Last evening, after the dinner dishes were cleared away, I picked up the July AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

"'Margaret,' said I, 'why is it that we like the AMERICAN best?'

"'Well,' she said, 'there's William Locke and David—'

"I shouted with glee.

"'Why did you ask me, then,' she said, indignantly. 'I suppose you think there is nothing in the whole magazine but Ray Stannard Baker and that old "Interpreter's House."'

**Concluded on page 16**



When you  
**"Feel like  
 Flying"**

from the load of  
 housework



Be Calm ~  
 and use

# SAPOLIO

**WORKS  
 WITHOUT  
 WASTE**

**CLEANS  
 SCOURS  
 POLISHES**

When writing to advertisers please mention THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

"I hastened to mollify her. 'Don't misunderstand me. It was simply that your reply was so obviously what I ought to have expected, and yet, as you say, so different from what was running through my own mind, that it struck my funny bone. But I wonder if between us we haven't hit upon the very reason for the AMERICAN? Here is Baker, touching the life of the Nation at so many points. Surely no one in any branch of public life is doing more to make the Nation know itself, to guide it to a saner, juster civilization. As for the "Interpreter," he might have died with work well done when he wrote "Religion in the Church and Out," or any one of half a dozen others I could name. Humanity—that is the keynote of their work; it sets the tone for the whole magazine."

"Yes, and David Grayson——"

"But there, the two hundred fifty words are up, so with man's conceit woman's word must be left unsaid."

H. W. OLNEY,  
Spokane, Wash.

### The One Indispensable Voice

"Were I an exile in some far corner of the seven seas and could get only one voice to tell me what my people at home were thinking, I should choose THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE. From cover to cover—including the advertisements—its name stands justified.

"Choose any feature: the short stories—vignettes of our life; 'Interesting People'—snapshots of vital Americans of all sorts and conditions; 'In the Interpreter's House'—pregnant comment on the passing show; the outdoor articles—compact of appeal to any red-blooded man. In the better sense its editors have their ear to the ground. Countless phases of our life, with its extravagances, its sentiment, its buoyancy, are reflected as in a mirror.

"But THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE does much more than reflect. It vitalizes. Without cant or solemnity, with much of the saving grace of humor that is ours, it strikes

vibrantly and aggressively the note of the new Americanism, which is, after all, only a variation of the old. More than any other periodical it has helped to formulate a constructive progress—not a rigid or partisan platform, but a sort of working creed growing out of the causes and effects it has correlated. Many are groping for the truth that lies at the bottom of the present crisis. New moral aspirations, a new sense of justice, the feeling of responsibility, are upon the people. Just as Roosevelt the man individualized the awakening, so THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE personifies the hopeful determination to find the way out."

W. M. RAINE,  
Denver, Colo.

### The Soul of a Magazine

"Personality is substance and soul. Substance is the bridge on which soul crosses to other souls. Men are personalities. So are magazines. Men are potent for weal or ill. So are magazines.

"The substance of a magazine is paper and type. The soul of a magazine is the literature and art which its editors permit. The sum or the two—plus the character of the advertising—makes the magazine's personality.

"THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE is a publication of personality—a personality distinct, unusual, pleasant, rememberable, and potent for weal. Those who read it are lifted to higher levels, not by didacticism but by wholesomeness. Its substance is well wrought and its soul clean. It lives and grows because it is intensely human and vitalized by an ideal. Its flavor is its own and those who taste and get the tang of it bite deeper.

"I have advertised in THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE and made money; I have written for it, occasionally, and made friends—good friends. Is it any wonder I like it and cheer a bit when the chance comes?"

RICHARD WIGHTMAN,  
Saybrook, Conn.

## A WORD ABOUT THE 2,567

HUNDREDS of remarkable characterizations of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE are to be found in the 2,567 letters which did not win prizes. Brilliant phrases, sentences and paragraphs abound. Some of these will be reproduced in next month's magazine.

## Books Worth Reading That You Can Buy Anywhere, and Carry Everywhere

The next time you want something to read, try *just once* to combine pleasant reading with profitable reading. Step into a book store and select a volume from



# EVERYMAN'S LIBRARY

Leather  
**70c.**  
Cloth  
**35c.**

Everyman's Library is under the editorship of Professor Ernest Rhys, assisted by such eminent scholars as Sir Hon. James Bryce, Sir Oliver Lodge, Andrew Lang, A. C. Swinburne, G. E. Clarendon, T. Wainwright, Prof. Santsbury, Hilaire Belloc, Arthur Symonds, Canon Bocking, Lord Alcock, and Augustine Birrell.

### A Few of the Books in Everyman's Library:

Cervantes' "Don Quixote"  
Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress"  
Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield"  
Scott's "Waverley Novels"  
Austen's "Sense and Sensibility"  
Cooper's "Last of the Mohicans"  
Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter"  
Poe's "Tales of Mystery and Imagination"  
Thackeray's "Vanity Fair"  
George Eliot's "Adam Bede"  
Dumas' "Three Musketeers"  
Balzac's "Old Goriot"  
Brontë's "Jane Eyre"  
Reade's "Cloister and Hearth"  
Mulock's "John Halifax"  
Blackmore's "Lorna Doone"  
Kingsley's "Westward Ho!"  
Lytton's "Last Days of Pompeii"  
Dickens' Complete Works  
Thackeray's "Pendennis"  
George Eliot's "Mill on the Floss"  
De Quincey's "Confessions of an English Opium Eater"  
Reade's "Peg Woffington"  
Dante's "Divine Comedy"  
Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales"  
Tennyson's Poems  
Browning's Poems  
Boswell's "Life of Johnson"  
Franklin's "Autobiography"  
Marcus Aurelius' "Meditations"  
Ruskin's "Crown of Wild Olive"  
Smith's "Wealth of Nations"  
Carlyle's "Heroes and Hero Worship"  
Plato's "Republic"  
St. Augustine's "Confessions"  
Walton's "Complete Angler"

Everyman's Library is exactly what its name implies, a library for everybody. It contains 500 books that fit the hand, the mood, the mind and purse of every man.

You are sure to find the "best selling" standard books in Everyman's Library, whether you prefer Fiction, Poetry, History, Theology, Travel, Biography, Essays or Children's Stories. It contains books that date from the very dawn of Literature to the close of the Victorian Era—books which mirror the Civilization of the Past, and mould that of the Present.

The books are superbly edited, uniformly bound and printed in large, clear type on specially made paper. Some of them are illustrated. They are large enough for comfortable reading and small enough to be carried in your coat pocket or hand bag.

### Sold by Dealers—Sold by Mail When no dealer can supply

All booksellers and book departments should sell Everyman's Library. Ask where you usually buy books to see a list of titles of Everyman's Library, and then ask to be shown a volume. The book value given for the money will astonish you. Glance over the small selection of titles shown on this page. They will give you an idea of the kind of books to be bought in Everyman's Library. Doubtless you'll find some particular book or books you have long wanted.

### Write for Our Handsome Descriptive Booklet

which tells all about Everyman's Library—with it we send the name of a bookstore that can supply you. We will also send our book of selected groups to start a library for you or your children.

In ordering books direct by mail inclose 8 cents postage for each volume.

### E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY

31-33 West 23d St., New York City

E. P. Dutton & Co. are also publishers of The Temple Shakespeare. Descriptive lists mailed on request.

- |                                   |                                    |
|-----------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Fiction  | <input type="checkbox"/> Biography |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Travel   | <input type="checkbox"/> Poetry    |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Theology | <input type="checkbox"/> Essays    |

Name.....

Address.....

I buy books from.....  
No agent or canvasser will call on the sender of this coupon.

Amer.  
Oct. '10

New York  
E. P. Dutton & Co.  
31-33 W. 23d St.

Please send me your descriptive booklet of Everyman's Library and complete list of titles. I am especially interested in

# A Big New Serial

By Frances Hodgson Burnett

Author of

Little Lord Fauntleroy



## The Secret Garden

Be sure to begin *The Secret Garden* in the November *American Magazine*. It is a romance of youth as unique and absorbing as *Little Lord Fauntleroy*. It is difficult to describe this wonderful story. It is a story of mystery. There are in it three wonderful children and a great woman. It shows the magic of nature working under strange and romantic circumstances. It narrates the reformation and upbuilding of a life. It is a buoyant, joyous, thrilling story of youth—youth idealized as we would like to have it.

*The Secret Garden* is one of those universal romances unplaced and unplaceable, a delight for all that read, of any age.

**Begins in the November Number of the  
American Magazine**

When writing to advertisers please mention THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

# Begins in

The November

# American Magazine



By  
**Frances Hodgson Burnett**

The author of *Little Lord Fauntleroy* and *The Shuttles* is one of the greatest living story-tellers. Each of her big stories and plays has brought her a fortune—vivid testimony to her world-wide popularity. When you begin *The Secret Garden* in the November American you will agree with us that this new romance is more delightful even than *Little Lord Fauntleroy* or *The Shuttles*.

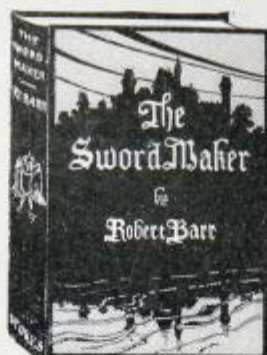
The American Magazine is singularly rich in beautiful fiction this year. There are "The Joyous Adventures of Aristide Pujol," by William J. Locke; there are Inez Haynes Gillmore's *Phoebe and Ernest Stories*; there are James Oppenheim's dramatic and sympathetic tales, besides all the other writers of short stories who will enrich each issue.

When writing to advertisers please mention THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

# THE SWORD MAKER

ROBERT BARR

*Author of "Tekla,"  
"Cardillac," etc.*



Prince Roland of Mediaeval Germany stirs laggard blood in his fight against the old robber barons, and in his precipitous love affair. Clever, commanding, as keen and well-tempered as a sword, he outwits the mighty barons in a rapid interplay of personality and love, a diplomatic fencing of plot and counterplot, which thrill the reader as much as if the very human hero was dueling with modern plutocrats or storming the castles of Wall Street.

The scene is the same as that of Mr. Barr's great success, "Tekla."

*Cloth, 12mo, \$1.25 net; \$1.37 postpaid.*

# TOO MANY WOMEN

A Bachelor's Story

ANONYMOUS

A London Bachelor, Member of Parliament, well-known in exclusive society, writes a narrative which, like Shaw's "Man and Superman," begins with the pursuit of man by woman. In the course of the story the author gives a humorous and intimate view of the world's social capital, from the nobility to brilliant Bohemians and actors, and from Mayfair to Piccadilly.

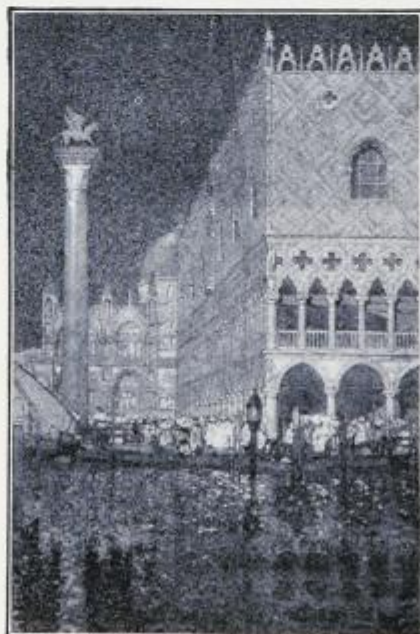
*Cloth, 12mo, \$1.25 net; \$1.37 postpaid.*

*"A distinctly amusing book, very light, very vivacious, and eminently readable. . . . A novel which is likely to be a huge success."—The Tatler.*

## FOSTER'S AUCTION BRIDGE UP-TO-DATE

*By the Author of "Foster's  
Complete Hoyle," etc.*

A thorough and helpful book on Auction Bridge as now played under the new official laws adopted this summer by the Whist Club, which are given in full. In explaining the latest developments in tactics Mr. Foster gives instruction and advice by which every player can benefit. *Cloth, large 16mo, \$1.00 net; postpaid, \$1.08.*



## JULES GUÉRIN'S VENETIAN PICTURES

Two splendid new color pictures of Venice by Mr. Guérin—of the Santa Maria della Salute, and of the Doge's Palace. They are 20 x 26½ in. in size, and are tastefully mounted and matted. These excellent reproductions are offered at a lower price than any previous large prints from Mr. Guérin's paintings. *Each \$2.50 postpaid.*

*Write for small  
sample in colors*

Publishers - FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY - New York

# THE NORTH POLE

Its Discovery in 1909

By ROBERT E. PEARY

Cloth  
6 $\frac{3}{4}$  x 9 $\frac{5}{8}$   
**\$4.80 net**  
\$5.05  
express  
paid



COPIED, 1910, BY F. A. STOKES CO.

110  
illustrations,  
including  
8  
in  
full  
colors

¶ Suppose Columbus, or John Cabot, or Henry Hudson, or any of the great discoverers of the earth had written a book about his journey, illustrated with photographs, what would you not give to own a copy of the first edition? Here is the nearest thing to that we can have now-a-days—a book of lasting value.

¶ It is a tale of hardship, rigor and energy, about a determined band of Americans conquering the great frozen North. The account of the nicely calculated plans, their relentless execution, the strange country, people and animals, and the final triumph, makes a story of iron that is wonderfully good reading.

*The volume is not a mere reprint of the serial; it was prepared specially and contains much new material.*

#### The Illustrations

One hundred and ten illustrations chosen from over fifteen hundred photographs. Eight are in full colors. A thick book, 6 $\frac{3}{4}$  x 9 $\frac{5}{8}$  inches in size, bound solidly in dark blue cloth.

#### Bindings and Prices

Ornate cloth, **\$4.80 net**; \$5.05 express paid.  
Extra cloth, Library binding, \$5.00 net; \$5.20 express paid.  
"General Hubbard Edition" with Peary's autograph, limited to 500 numbered copies in U. S. A., 4 crushed levant, \$15.00 net.

## A FLESHLESS DIET—Vegetarianism as a Rational Dietary

By J. L. BUTTNER, M.D.

A book considering vegetarianism, not on moral or religious grounds, but showing the results of an exhaustive scientific investigation into the subject. It will interest both laymen and physicians and is a decided contribution to the important subject of man's nutrition.

*Cloth, 12mo, \$1.35 net; postpaid \$1.47.*

Am. 10-10  
For 2c  
stamp enc  
closed send il  
lustrated circular  
of Peary book.

Publishers **FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY** New York

In the OCTOBER  
**SCRIBNER**

*Cascorra, The First Cuban Siege* General Frederick Funston describes his first experiences with the Cuban Insurgent troops under fire. These articles are a remarkable and fascinating contribution to the literature of adventure.

*An Impression of the King's Funeral by Madame Waddington.* The author, who was for years a friend of the late King Edward, had very special opportunities of witnessing all the ceremonies attending the funeral.

A charming and most interesting contribution to American literary history is the *Correspondence of Washington Irving and John Howard Payne*, edited by Thatcher T. Payne Luquer. The first letters, written mostly by Irving from London and Paris to his friend Payne, show how generous, thoughtful, and helpful Irving was in aiding Payne in his work.

*The Real African by Herbert Ward*, one of Stanley's Lieutenants. Impressions of the Congo black people by one who has lived among them and learned to like them. Illustrated with a very remarkable series of sculptures by the author.

*On the Trail of the Lonesome Pine by John Fox, Jr.* A visit by the author to the scenes of one of his most delightful stories.

*Who Follow the Flag. — A Poem — by Henry van Dyke.*

\$3.00 a year; 25 cents a number  
 CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK

When writing to advertisers please mention THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.



# 650,000 Women Get a Bargain

Over 650,000 women were on the subscription lists of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL when it was decided to publish the magazine twice a month instead of once a month. The subscription price of \$1.50 per year remained the same, giving 24 magazines for the same money as for 12.

The other 700,000 women who buy the magazine each issue pay 10 cents instead of 15 cents.

Every woman can get the same bargain now—

## \$1.50 a Year

Will Bring You 24 Complete Magazines Now

**The Curtis Publishing Company**  
Philadelphia

## Are you Bill Smith?

**Get your old hat and  
come along; I want  
to talk to you outdoors**

Yes, light your pipe and sit down here on this log.

Seems like I can't breathe indoors.

Do you ever read yourself into a state of intoxication about outdoor life?

Real life, you know—no fixed-up sham.

Do you want something to feed your appetite for hunting, fishing, camping, canoeing, rowing, living?

Want a practical guide of the sports that never pall?

Want to have something bring you the air of the mountains when you can't be out in them?—a twelve-time touch of the woods, the streams, the marshes?

Want to? Do you?

Then you want RECREATION.

Come along with the October number to Pamlico Sound, N. C., turkey hunting. Then out to Oregon for black-tailed deer. And being most there, let's get after Chinese pheasants in Puget Sound. By this time ducks in the Iowa lakes.

And that's the way the year 'round.

RECREATION is out for individual sport that develops the man. Now come in and get your money or write your check.

Because you are a reader of this particular magazine we have decided to make you a special offer of October, November and December numbers of 1910 and all of 1911 for only \$2.00. The regular subscription price is \$3.00 a year. If you don't know RECREATION, send 25 cents for the October number and, then, if you like it, you can accept this offer by sending \$1.75 additional. You see how we are beguiling you into the blessed woods by a blessed bargain.

---

RECREATION      J 24 West 39th Street      NEW YORK

# Our 120-Page Book FREE

England has her Britannica, France her Larousse, Germany her Meyer and Brockhaus. Each of these National works are built upon the old style plan and are not suited to the needs of the American student or the seeker after knowledge.

It remained for the United States, the youngest of the great nations, to produce a National Reference Work—

# The "Americana"

BUILT UPON A MODERN AND ENTIRELY ORIGINAL PLAN

## This is the Age of the Specialist

The old style plan was to have an office editor compile from other books an exhaustive treatise upon each important subject. The New Plan—The Scientific American Plan—is to prepare a *Series of Articles*, written by Specialists—men of authority, constituting a *complete development* of the subject. Thus you get the information you desire in brief and concise form, quickly and easily, and without wading through hundreds of pages for what you wish to know *at once*.

The old style plan was to have an office editor compile from other books an

## Which?

WHICH would you rather have? One article on Japan compiled from other books by an office editor, or 20 articles written by 20 Japanese men of affairs, giving such a development of Japan as does not exist even in Japan itself.



## Which?

WHICH would you rather have? One treatise on electricity, 500 to 1000 pages, written by one man from other books, or 30 articles on electricity written by 30 specialists, each writer a *master* of his special department.

## Write Today for Big Advertising Offer

Let us send you our big 120-page book, setting forth more fully the great plan upon which this, the first and only American National Reference Work, has been constructed. The 1919 edition gives the latest word in all departments of the world's progress. The fact that *The Americana* is issued under the editorial supervision of *Frederick Converse Beach*, editor of *Scientific American*, whose picture appears above, gives the work the stamp of highest authority. Over 2000 of the world's great scholars and experts have assisted Dr. Beach in this great undertaking.

### President Triesdale of Lackawanna R. R. says:

"Chances for advancement to the top of the ladder were never so plentiful for young men as they are today. There is a greater demand for men who can 'do things' than ever before in the history of our country. Practical men and not theorists are the men who succeed."

## YOUR Chance is NOW Send this FREE Coupon

The man who is *best prepared* can DO THINGS and do them better. The knowledge of the world is offered you in *The Americana* on this stupendous advertising opportunity. Don't fail to send this free coupon.

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN COMPILING DEPT. 1057  
225 Fifth Ave., New York City

## FREE Request Blank

Scientific American Compiling Dept.  
225 Fifth Ave.  
Dept. 1057, New York City

Send me your 120-page book with full particulars of your special advertising offer.

Name .....

Occupation .....

Street .....

Town and State .....



At the Sign  
of the  
\$

# Three Big Boosts

For our readers who are making  
money getting subscriptions for

## The American Magazine

With the American Magazine going steadily ahead our representatives in the field are going to do bigger business this year than they ever did before and they are going to get more money for every bit of business they do than they ever did before. There isn't room to tell you about it here, but I will just mention three big boosts over last year's money.

### 1. A Weekly Salary for Every Representative

There will be no more working on a straight commission basis for the American Magazine—from now on it is going to be commission and salary and that salary will be a liberal one paid weekly. In the past you received your money once a month and gambled on what you'd make.

You can make \$18.00 or \$26.00 or \$40.00 a week, just according to your energy and ability. Send the coupon today and you will get the exact figures.

### 2. Big Increase in Commission

In addition to the weekly salary the commission on each subscription you get has been increased so that with the commission alone you get splendidly paid for the work. Send the coupon today and get the exact figures.

### 3. \$2000.00 to be Given Away

For those of you who like the spice of a fight there are going to be two big contests. \$2000.00 will be given away. Send the coupon today and find out all about it.

### You Who Are Not Yet Making Money With the American Magazine

Send the coupon at once if you want a dignified profession well paid, or if you have a few spare hours that you want to turn into money. This is the time of the year to begin, as this is the beginning of the big money-making season on the American Magazine. Send the coupon today and it will bring you the whole story. Don't wait. Every day of this season of the year is precious. *Send the coupon and send it at once.*

**J. N. TRAINER**

The American Magazine, 31 E. 17th Street, New York

**J. N. TRAINER**

31 East 17th St., New York

Please tell me all about your new weekly salary, your increase in commission, and \$2000.00 prize money and your other good things for your readers who are making money with the help of the American Magazine.

Name .....

Address .....



# A Brilliant New Novel

By

**ROBERT W. CHAMBERS**

Mr. Chambers' latest and greatest novel will begin in the November *Cosmopolitan*. It is a story of vivid interest, dealing with a big, vital theme. It lays bare one of the greatest problems of our complex modern civilization. Robert W. Chambers is unquestionably America's most popular novelist. Nearly two million copies of his recent productions have been sold. In "The Common Law"

## COSMOPOLITAN

has secured what will universally be regarded as his masterpiece. Everybody will read this absorbing romance—*must* read it or argue himself out of date. Do not miss it under any circumstances.

*Illustrated by*

**CHARLES DANA GIBSON**

Gibson is pre-eminently America's greatest illustrator. He is the creator of the world-famous "Gibson Girl." He is the artist who recently got \$50,000 for a series of fifty drawings.

Nearly every home possesses reproductions of his work.



A  
SPECIAL  
OFFER

Send 25  
cents (plaster  
or coin) and get  
COSMOPOLITAN for  
the next three months.  
If you buy three issues  
on the way, they will  
cost you nearly twice as much.  
This offer is good only until Nov. 1st.  
Act Now! Use the coupon opposite.

Name.....  
Address.....  
Cosmopolitan Magazine, 301 Fourth Ave.,  
New York. I want to take advantage  
of your Special Trial Offer for the  
next three months for which  
I enclose.....  
Am. 110.

When writing to advertisers please mention THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

SOMETHING NEW BY  
**ELLA WHEELER WILCOX**



ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

are **ELLA WHEELER WILCOX**, **EDWIN MARKHAM**, **FLORENCE MOUSE KINGSLEY**, **PROF. EDGAR L. LARKIN**, **W. R. C. LATSON**, **M. D.**, and many others. **ELIZABETH TOWNE's** editorials are a part of the magazine each month, and are said to have the largest number of readers of any woman's writings in America.

Some of the good things of the October **NAUTILUS**: Another of Edwin Markham's beautiful poems: "All Is Good," by Rose Woodallen Chapman; "Faith And Means," by Walter DeVoe; crisp personality sketches about big people who are doing things. The "Dr-matic" and "Christmas" Numbers are coming soon. This **BIG OFFER** is the way to get all!

Send 10c for both Mrs. Wilcox's booklet and **NAUTILUS** trial subscription three months; or better still, send \$1.00 for **NAUTILUS** one year in advance, with 12 back Numbers and the booklet **FREE**.

**ELIZABETH TOWNE**, Dept. 42, HOLYOKE, MASS.

**ELBERT HUBBARD** says New Thought is not canned thought.

**ELIZABETH TOWNE** says New Thought is old thought Furboni-ed.

**ELLA WHEELER WILCOX** gives her views in a dainty booklet, "WHAT I KNOW ABOUT NEW THOUGHT." You can get this booklet and a three months' trial subscription to **NAUTILUS**

**BOTH FOR 10 CENTS**

*The Nautilus* is the leading magazine of the new thought and mental healing movement. Helpful articles each month on health, success, and personal development.

Regular contributors

Some of the good things of the October **NAUTILUS**: Another of Edwin Markham's beautiful poems: "All Is Good," by Rose Woodallen Chapman; "Faith And Means," by Walter DeVoe; crisp personality sketches about big people who are doing things. The "Dr-matic" and "Christmas" Numbers are coming soon. This **BIG OFFER** is the way to get all!

Send 10c for both Mrs. Wilcox's booklet and **NAUTILUS** trial subscription three months; or better still, send \$1.00 for **NAUTILUS** one year in advance, with 12 back Numbers and the booklet **FREE**.

**ELIZABETH TOWNE**, Dept. 42, HOLYOKE, MASS.

**FRENCH—GERMAN  
SPANISH—ITALIAN**

Is Easily and Quickly Mastered by the

**LANGUAGE  
PHONE  
METHOD**

Combined with  
**The Rosenthal Common Sense  
Method of Practical Linguistry**



You hear the living voice of a native professor pronounce each word and phrase. A few minutes' daily practice, at spare moments, gives thorough conversational mastery of a foreign language.

Send for Interesting Booklet and Testimonials  
**THE LANGUAGE-PHONE METHOD**

516 Metropolis Building Broadway and 16th St., New York

**LEARN TO WRITE  
ADVERTISEMENTS**

Do You Want  
to Earn  
More

Earn  
**\$25 to  
\$100 a Week**

Study advertising by mail with this school and you can positively increase your earning power. Ad-writers receive from \$25 to \$100 a week.

If you want to **KNOW** more—if your desire is to **EARN** more—if you want to improve your worldly and financial position, either as employee or employer, write us today and you will receive our beautiful prospectus—it is Free.

**Page-Davis School** 1808 Page Bldg., Chicago  
180 Nassau St., New York City



**I Can Increase  
Your Earnings**

If you want an independent business of your own requiring no capital, mail your name and address and let me send you our **Big Free 62-Page Book** showing how you may earn \$5,000 to \$10,000 a year in the

**Real Estate, Brokerage  
and Insurance Business**

Our system is a positive success. It equips you to conduct these money making branches, and gives you a valuable Commercial Law Course Free. Clerks, Book Keepers, Salesmen, Agents, Solicitors and others should investigate this. Send no money, simply your name and address and I will mail you our **Big 62-Page Book**, absolutely free. Write today.

**International Realty Corp.**, 4301 Manhattan Bldg., Chicago

Successors to The Cross Co. and H. W. Cross & Co.

**Your Boy Will Read**

He is just at the age where he's ravenous for all kinds of information. And what he reads now will stick. Choose his reading for him! Give him the boys' magazine that is safe, fascinating, instructive and real—that develops manly boys—that is endorsed by a half million careful parents—

**The  
American Boy**

Sane, inspiring stories of real life. Expert talks on electricity, manual training, photography, everyday science and current events. Latest news of clean sports and games. Regular department of stamp, coin and curio collecting. Full of fine pictures.

Send it to him for a year, \$1.00.

**10 cents a copy at all news-stands.**

**THE SPRAGUE PUBLISHING CO.**  
114 Majestic Building, Detroit, Mich.



**Do You Want a Good Position as a  
Traveling Salesman or Saleswoman,  
Paying From \$1,000 to \$5,000  
a Year and Expenses?**

We reproduce herewith an actual photograph which shows several thousand letters we now have on file at our **Chicago office alone**, from the biggest and best business houses in America, which offer good positions to graduates of our Correspondence Course in Scientific Salesmanship.

These firms each ask us to supply them with from one to 500 Traveling Salesmen and Saleswomen—which is positive proof that we have more calls for our graduates than we can begin to fill. No other Correspondence School in the world can make such a showing. There will be thousands of new positions open during the fall and winter rush.

**We Will Teach You to be  
An Expert Salesman or  
Saleswoman by Mail, and**

**Our Free Employment Bureau will Assist You to Secure a Good Position Where You Can Pay for Your Tuition Out of Your Earnings—**

and in which you can earn from two to ten times as much as you can in any other profession. No former experience required. If you can read and write and think, our Course of Instruction in Scientific Salesmanship will make you successful from the start.

We have assisted thousands of men and women who had no former experience in Salesmanship and who formerly earned from \$25 to \$75 a month, to secure good positions in which they have since earned from \$100 to as high as \$1,000 a month and their expenses, and we can do the same for you.

**Write to-day for our handsome Free Catalog, "A Knight of the Grip,"** which contains testimonials from graduates who have placed in positions; also list of good positions now open.

Address Our Nearest Office, Dept. 100

**National Salesmen's Training Association**  
New York Chicago Kansas City Minneapolis Atlanta San Francisco

When writing to advertisers please mention THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

For Fine Correspondence or  
for General Business Uses  
**WHITING  
PAPERS**  
ARE STANDARD



When you think of writing  
think of

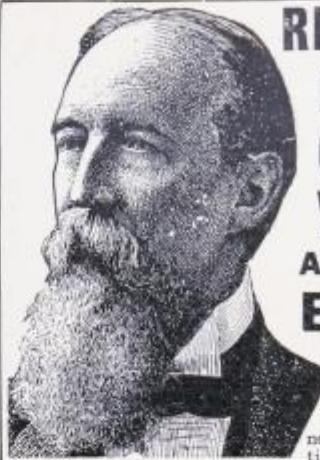
**WHITING**

because the Whiting Papers have the qualities in tints, textures and finishes that make business and social correspondence easy and satisfying. The Whiting Papers have been the standard for nearly half a century.



REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

**WHITING PAPER COMPANY**  
New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston



**RIDPATH'S  
HISTORY  
OF THE  
WORLD  
AT A GREAT  
Bargain!**

The Publishers' Failure placed in our hands the entire unsold edition of this monumental work. Brand new, down to date, beautifully bound in Half-Morocco, which we must sell immediately.

We will name our price only in direct letters to those sending the coupon below. Tear off the coupon, write name and address plainly and mail now before you forget it.

**DR. JOHN CLARK RIDPATH** is universally recognized as America's Greatest Historian. More than 200,000 sets of his History of the World have been sold and every purchaser is a staunch friend. This means that practically as many Americans have bought Ridpath's History as have bought the great Encyclopedia Britannica and the Century Dictionary combined. It is endorsed by the scholarship of the world and by the American people as the only History of the World worth having.

**THE REASON** for Dr. Ridpath's enviable position as an historian is his wonderfully beautiful style, a style no other historian has ever equaled. To read his history from the dawn of civilization down to the present time is a liberal education in itself. Dr. Vincent, President, Chautauqua, pronounces Ridpath's work a permanent college chair of general history in one's own home. Reading this fascinating work widens your mental horizon, arouses your ambition, adds greatly to your fund of knowledge and increases your ability to succeed. Ridpath carries you with him down the long highway of time, through the rise and fall of empires, leaving mankind today harnessing the powers of earth and air to be his servants, whispering messages across continents and oceans, crowning all with the glorious achievements of the nineteenth century. He covers every race, every nation, every time, and holds you spellbound by his wonderful eloquence. Nothing more interesting, absorbing and inspiring was ever written.



**FREE**

We will mail free a beautiful 46-page booklet of Ridpath pages to all who mail the coupon.

10  
10  
**FREE  
COUPON**

Western  
News-*paper* Ass'n  
204 Dearborn St.  
Chicago, Ill.

Please mail, without cost to me, 46 page booklet of "Ridpath's History" containing famous "Race Chart" in colors, diagram of Panama Canal, and full particulars of special offer to AMERICAN readers.

Name.....  
Address.....

When writing to advertisers please mention THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.



## Learn Photography, Photo-Engraving or 3-Color Work

Engravers and 3-Color Operators Earn \$20 to \$50 Per Week  
Only college in the world where these paying professions are  
taught successfully. *Established 17 years.* Endorsed by International  
Association of Photo-Engravers and Photographers' Association  
of Illinois. Terms easy; living inexpensive. Graduates  
assisted in securing good positions. Write for catalog,  
and specify course in which you are interested.  
Illinois College of Photography or 780 Wabash Av.  
Bissell College of Photo-Engraving | Effingham, Ill.  
L. H. BISSELL, Pres.

## School & College Information Free

There are over 500 schools and colleges advertised. No  
wonder you are confused. Would you not therefore welcome  
expert assistance in choosing a residential school or college?  
Our Complete Information is at your disposal. We can put you in  
touch with the educational institutions best suited to your purposes and  
needs. We are specialists in this, keeping constantly posted on over  
1500 schools and colleges offering residential courses, ranging in price  
all the way from \$200 to \$1500 yearly, including:

Girls' Preparatory	Physical Education	Foreign	Technical Schools
Boys' Preparatory	Dramatic Art	Medical	Domestic Science
Co-Educational	Kindergarten	Travel	Conservatories
Universities	Agriculture	Dental	Business
Elementary	Law	Forestry, etc.	

We have no information on Scholarships, Free Schools or those  
offering advantages to work one's way thru.

This service is entirely free from expense, now or later. As we  
receive no fees from the schools, you may count on our judgment  
being unbiased. The only requisite is your agreement to  
advise the name of the school selected.

In order that our knowledge may be of the greatest real service to you, please  
be careful to state the kind of school you have in mind and for which sex; also  
the approximate location and the yearly tuition rate you desire to pay.  
Cosmopolitan Educational Club, O A, Box 45, New York

## Martha Washington Seminary



For Young Women. Washington, D. C.  
Located in the finest residential section of the National  
Capital overlooking Dupont Circle. Delightful  
school life combined with Washington advantages.  
Two-years' course for High School Graduates. General  
and special courses. Department of Domestic Science,  
Music, Elocution, Arts and Crafts, Modern Languages,  
Outdoor Sports. Slight-seeing each week. \$3.00-\$5.00  
a year.

EDWARD W. THOMPSON, Principal, 1601 Connecticut Ave.

## STUDY LAW AT HOME

The oldest and best school. Instruction by mail  
adapted to everyone. Recognized by courts and  
educators. Experienced and competent instructors.  
Takes spare time only. Three courses—  
Preparatory, Business, College. Prepares for  
practice. Will better your condition and prospects in business.  
Students and graduates everywhere. Full particulars and  
Easy Payment Plan Free.

The Sprague  
Correspondence School  
of Law,  
806 Majestic Bldg., Detroit, Mich.



## A PRACTICAL SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

Our aim is to provide a thorough preparation  
for college for those who choose it, and also a  
strong course for those who do not wish to enter college.  
Stenography, typewriting, domestic science, elocution, music  
and art are transferred to a high accomplishment to a pro-  
fession for the student confronted with the necessity of  
earning her living. JONATHAN M. MEEKER, Ph.D., D.D.,  
Hackensack, New Jersey.

## CENTENARY COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE for GIRLS



## AMERICAN ACADEMY OF DRAMATIC ARTS FOUNDED IN 1884

Connected with  
Mr. Charles  
Frohman's  
Empire Theatre  
and Companies  
Franklin H. Sargent,  
President.

For catalogue and information, apply to the  
Secretary, Room 142, Carnegie Hall, New York.

## Government Positions

43,970 Appointments were made to Civil Service positions during the past year. Excellent opportunities for young people. Each year we instruct by mail thousands of persons who pass these examinations and a large share of them receive appointments to life positions at \$840 to \$1,500 a year. If you desire a position of this kind, write for our Civil Service Announcement, containing full information about all government examinations and questions recently used by the Civil Service Commission.

COLUMBIAN CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

## I TEACH Penmanship BY MAIL

I won the World's First Prize for best course in Penmanship. Under my guidance you can become an expert penman. Am plain to many of my students as instructors in commercial colleges at high salaries. If you wish to become a better penman, write me. I will send you free one of my favorite pens and a copy of the Ransomian Journal. C. W. Ransom, 701 Reliance Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

## BE AN ACTOR

Actress or Orator  
Earn \$25 to \$200 Weekly

Our course in Elocution and Dramatic Art is complete, thorough and comprehensive. It enables you in a short time to qualify for a good paying position on the stage or speaker's platform. Learn by correspondence the most fascinating and best paying profession in the world. Illustrated Book on Dramatic Art, free. CHICAGO SCHOOL OF ELOCUTION, 949 Grand Opera House, Chicago

## AGENTS! HERE'S YOUR CHANCE

to make more money and easier money than ever before on a live, quick-selling subscription proposition. Irresistible Premium Offer. Ask for "Salary Plan." Address "Von," Sales Mgr. HAMPTON'S MAGAZINE, 74 W. 35th St., NEW YORK

## LAW TAUGHT BY MAIL

Theory and Practice combined. Three courses: College, Business and Banking law. Prepares for bar of any State. Indorsed by bench and bar. Books free. Easy tuition terms. Catalog free. Standard Correspondence School of Law, 810 First Nat'l Bank Bldg., Chicago

## WHAT SCHOOL

There is only one best school for each boy or girl. Write fully what kind of school you seek, location preferred, expense limit for school year, etc., and you will receive, free of charge, catalogues of schools meeting the requirements indicated. Complete 252 page Directory of all schools and colleges in the United States, mailed for 10c to cover postage. INTERNATIONAL ADVERTISING & BOOK INFORMATION BUREAU, 162-16 First Nat'l Bank Bldg., Chicago

NEW YORK, New York City, 37 E. 62d St.

## Miss Keller's School

Small resident department and fully graded day school in new fireproof building. Tennis, Basket Ball on Roof Garden Gymnasium. Advanced courses in Literature, Art, French, Music, etc. Building open for inspection. Address MISS ELEANOR I. KELLER, Ph.M.

NEW YORK, 3 West 81st Street, Central Park West.

Hamilton Institute for Girls will receive four resident pupils. College certificates. Graduate instructors, men and women. Practical domestic science. Post-graduate work in literature, music and art. School limited to seventy-five pupils.  
MRS. N. ARCHIBALD SHAW, Jr., Principal.

## Mrs. Hazen's Suburban School

for Girls, Pelham Manor, N. Y.

Mrs. John Cunningham Hazen, Principal.  
Miss Sara Louise Tracy, Associate.

MASSACHUSETTS, Boston, 330 Huntington Chambers  
Faelten Pianoforte School (concentrated attention,  
positive knowledge, intelligent ear, reliable memory,  
fluency in sight reading, artistic pianoforte playing are  
developed simultaneously. Circular on request.  
Address CARL FAELTEN, Director.



## Get the Chautauqua Idea

Don't read at random. Read a definite course. Train your attention upon a group of related topics. Learn about "Democratic England" this year. A reading set of Magazine-teacher and four books, complete in itself. Four such courses of the Chautauqua cycle, read in spare minutes, will give the college outlook, renew the early vision of liberal culture, bring that comprehensive understanding of world movements which makes for personal efficiency. Course neither difficult nor expensive. Begin NOW.

For particulars address Box 113

**CHAUTAUQUA INSTITUTION**  
Chautauqua, New York

## Learn About England



### The Gopley Prints

rank with the art museums themselves in their influence for good taste in pictures. Gold medal from the French Government. Unsurpassed for gifts. Over 1000 subjects to choose from in

#### AMERICAN ART

**Illustrated Catalogue, 320 cuts** (practically a handbook of American art) sent for **25 cents**; stamps accepted. This cost deducted from purchase of the Prints themselves. 50 cents to \$20.00. At art stores, or sent on approval.

**Exhibitions** for schools, clubs, churches, etc.  
**Family Portraits** done on private order, from daguerreotypes, tintypes, photographs, ivory, etc.

"NANETTE," above, copyright, 1900, by W. F. East; 1900 by

**CURTIS & CAMERON** 31 Pierce Building **BOSTON**  
Opp. Public Library

# 3 BIG OFFERS

## BUSINESS

and

### The Book-Keeper

**15 Months for \$1.00.** Read the Magazine three months, if not satisfactory, we will return your \$1.00. Remember the regular subscription price is \$1.00 for 12 months.

Two volume set of **Clever Business Sketches** and a **Year's Subscription** to

## BUSINESS

and

### The Book-Keeper

for \$1.10

Substantially Bound.  
Containing over 50 Interesting Stories.

**American Business Methods** and a **Year's Subscription** to

## BUSINESS

and

### The Book-Keeper

for \$1.20

American Business Methods contains 284 pages of live, practical and up-to-the-minute advice and assistance for the conduct of your business. Silk cloth bound; titles in gold.

## BUSINESS

The Bookkeeper

OCTOBER  
1910

## THE BUSINESS MAN'S PUBLISHING CO., Ltd.

The Business Man's Publishing Co. Ltd.

130 West Fort St.,

Detroit, Mich.

Gentlemen.—I hand you herewith \$..... for which you may send me **BUSINESS and The Book-Keeper** for ..... months also the books to which I am entitled without extra charge. (American Business Methods or Clever Business Sketches.)

Name.....Address.....

City and State.....Occupation.....

When writing to advertisers please mention THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.



## Packer's Tar Soap

A constant protection to  
those with healthy skin—  
priceless to those less  
fortunate; unequalled for

### Bathing and Shampooing

Delightfully refreshing,  
thoroughly cleansing,  
emollient and antiseptic.

## Pure as the Pines

The Packer Mfg. Co., New York.

## A Prayer For All True Lovers

BY WALTER RAUSCHENBUSCH

**W**E INVOKE *thy gentlest blessings, our Father, on all true lovers. We praise thee for the great longing that draws the soul of man and maid together and bids them leave father and mother and all the dear bonds of the past to cleave to each other. We thank thee for the revealing power of love which divines in the one beloved the mystic beauty and glory of humanity. We thank thee for the transfiguring power of love which ripens and ennobles our nature, calling forth the hidden stores of tenderness and strength in the young and overcoming the selfishness of childhood by the passion of self-surrender.*

*We pray thee to make their love strong, holy, and deathless, that no misunderstandings may fray the bond, and no gray disenchantment of the years may have power to quench the heavenly light that now glows in them. May they early gain wisdom to discern the true value of life, and may no tyranny of fashion and no glamour of cheaper joys filch from them the peace and satisfaction which only loyal love can give.*

*Grant them with sober eyes to look beyond these sweet days of friendship to the generations yet to come, and to realize that the home for which they long will be part of the sacred tissue of the body of humanity in which thou art to dwell, that so they may reverence themselves and drink the cup of joy with awe.*



*Photograph by F. L. Clark*

#### THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF PORFIRIO DIAZ

Diaz is old and failing; and yet he conceals it. You would not know from this picture that his memory is uncertain and that the iron will is relaxing.

Mexico is quiet now; it is the calm before the storm

---

# THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

---

VOL. LXX

OCTOBER, 1910

No. 6

---



BY RUDYARD KIPLING

If you can keep your head when all about you  
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;  
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,  
But make allowance for their doubting too;  
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,  
Or being lied about don't deal in lies,  
Or being hated don't give way to hating,  
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise;

If you can dream—and not make dreams your master;  
If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim,  
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster  
And treat those two impostors just the same,  
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken  
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,  
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,  
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools;

If you can make one heap of all your winnings  
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,  
And lose, and start again at your beginnings  
And never breathe a word about your loss;  
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew  
To serve your turn long after they are gone,  
And so hold on when there is nothing in you  
Except the Will which says to them: 'Hold on!'

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,  
 Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common touch,  
 If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,  
 If all men count with you, but none too much;  
 If you can fill the unforgiving minute  
 With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,  
 Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,  
 And—which is more—you'll be a Man, my son!

---

## Barbarous Mexico

---

**A**S this magazine appears the "Republic" of Mexico is celebrating its Centennial of Independence. All the nations with which Mexico entertains diplomatic relations have been invited to send official representatives; many newspaper men, especially from this country, have been invited to attend, and to visit the principal cities of Mexico.

Real palaces furnished most sumptuously have been acquired for the accommodation of the guests. Marvelous balls will be given, for one of which an appropriation of four hundred thousand dollars has been made. It is estimated that in the City of Mexico alone, four million pesos will be spent for the festivities. Thus the guests will obtain an idea of the wealth of the country, of its progress, of the peace it enjoys, of the happy harmony that reigns among its inhabitants.

Everything will be covered with curtains, tapestries, carpets, so that the guests will see only what it is desirable they be shown. All the visiting commissions will be taken in charge by Mexican attachés who will never let them out of sight, lest they should look under the carpets or behind the curtains. Everything will be "disinfected" for the occasion, everything will be bluff, lies, tinsel and extravagance, the more heartrending to behold as the people are hungry for freedom, and hungry for bread.

The *Diario* of Mexico, in its issue for July 7th, reproduces the exact words of Señor de Landa y Escandon, Governor of the Federal District.

*"I order that on the occasion of the Centennial Festivities all the beggars and vagrants that infest the streets of the city be rounded up and locked up in various institutions, in order to avoid the disagreeable sight they would present to the strangers that will visit us during the celebration of our patriotic fêtes."*

That order elicited from *El Dictamen*, a Vera Cruz paper, the following comment:

*"The beautiful words of the Governor of the Federal District have filled us with disgust and stupefaction. The sad truth is that it will all be a lie. They are going to exclude the people from popular festivities; they will deprive a certain class of people from the enjoyment of a national celebration, because, instead of being wealthy, these people are poverty stricken, because, instead of*

wearing clothes tailored in Paris, they go about almost naked, their soiled tattered rags proclaiming their suffering and their misery."

This celebration is to be made a glorification of President Diaz and the arrangements for this purpose have been made by President Diaz himself, not by the people of Mexico. By "Independence" we usually mean the beginnings of a free and democratic state, but fairly stable republican government was not achieved until the time of Juarez in the late sixties. Then, and for ten years thereafter, there were liberty, political tolerance and a fair degree of peace—*except for the disturbances made by Porfirio Diaz.*

When by military ability he made a successful revolution, that ended the period of personal and political liberty. This celebration, with its hymns of praise for Diaz, becomes therefore a gorgeous but tragic farce. Cuba in 1898, when still under Spain, had more liberty and a greater measure of self-government than Mexico has at this moment. Cuba, before we went to war with Spain, was not so wantonly mistreated and preyed upon by its governors as Mexico is to-day by Diaz and the "Cientificos"—the oligarchy that controls the business and politics of Mexico.

The following article explains some of the methods by which Mexico has been stripped by its rulers. The author was in Mexico just before the recent elections. He did not go to Mexico as a writer, but as an inveterate traveler who has been in many strange countries. Remembering a previous visit, he felt favorably inclined to the powers that be and received many courtesies from persons of high office, including Diaz himself. But Mr. Powell penetrated the wall of pretense and got at some notable facts and truths, especially in relation to politics and business.

## THE BETRAYAL OF A NATION

BY

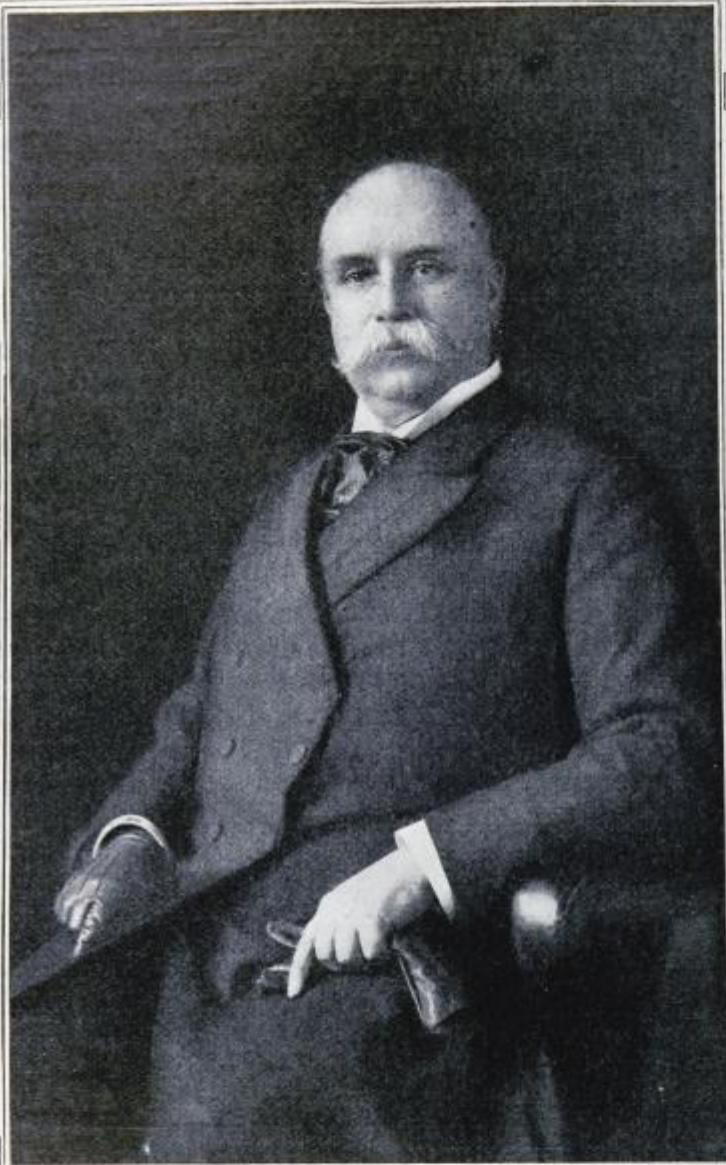
E. ALEXANDER POWELL, F. R. G. S.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS AND PHOTOGRAPHS

**S**CARCE twenty men hold in their hands the finances and the future of Mexico. The local name for them is *Cientificos*, not, as a diplomatist assured me cynically, because they rob the people scientifically, but rather because they are the intellectuals of the Mexican body politic, for science, if you will consult your Webster, is synonymous with knowledge. The all-powerful faction known as the *Cientificos* is composed, then, of a group of wealthy and educated men—some in office and some out—who surround the President, hold his confidence, and, by the enormous influence thus

gained, control the affairs of the nation. All great financial deals in which the government is interested pass through their hands and are molded by them, their friends as well as themselves sharing in the profits of these transactions.

It was their brains that established the banks and a national banking system, that financed the railways and have placed Mexico in the unique position of having a surplus instead of a deficit. The absolutism of their power, since the virtual overthrow of the Russian grand dukes, is paralleled in no country in the world. Among them are num-



*Photograph by F. L. Clarke*

#### ENRIQUE C. CREEL

A naturalized citizen, who, in spite of law and custom, became Governor of Chihuahua. Many who commented on the illegality of his election suffered for their freedom of speech

governors, judges and other office-holders, the collection of taxes and the disposal of the national revenue. In what country, pray, be it autocracy, constitutional monarchy or republic, can you find an unofficial body holding such power as this?

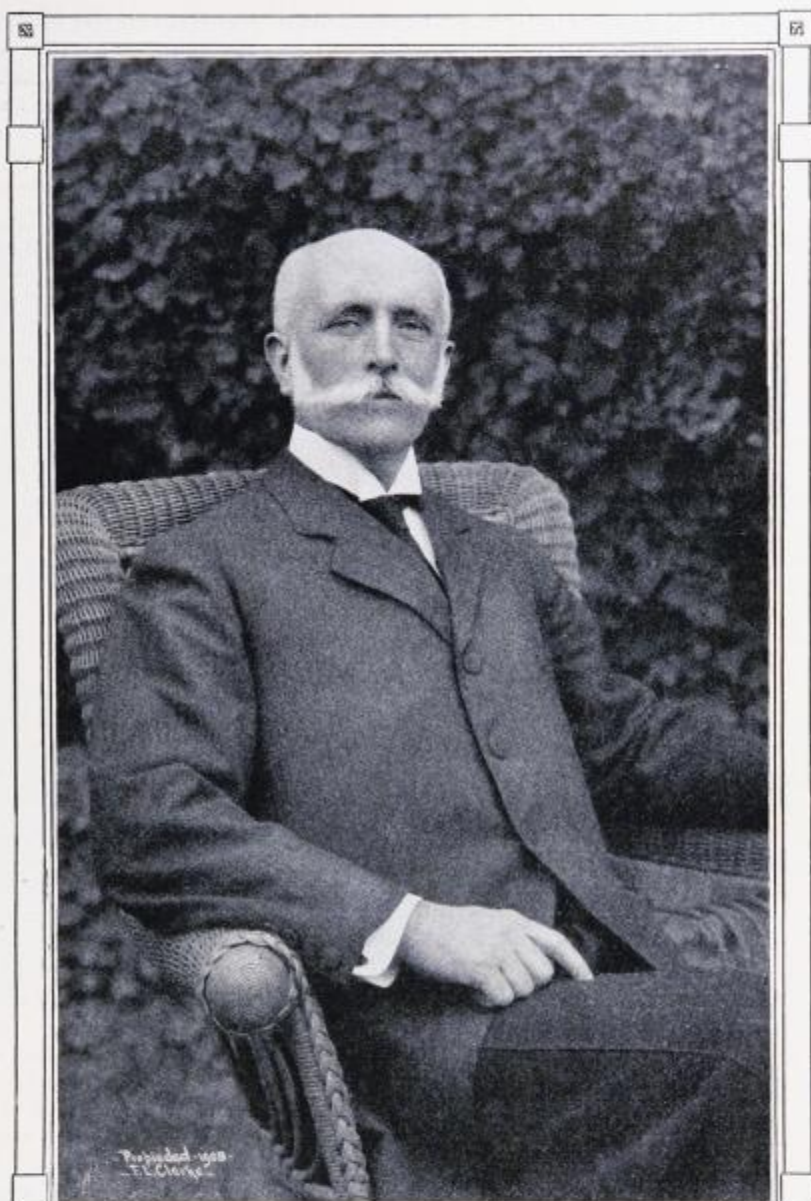
The *Científico* party, remember, is in no sense of the word an organization or even a political body, the term being popularly applied to the somewhat vaguely defined clique of financiers who surround the President and direct, if they do not dictate, his actions and policies. The leading spirit is admittedly José Yves Limantour, Minister of Finance and the Morgan-Harriman-Rockefeller of Mexico. Others generally credited with wielding great influence in the councils of the party are Ramon Corral, Vice-President of the Republic; Enrique C. Creel, Minister of Foreign Affairs; Guillerimo de Landa y Escandon, Governor of the Federal District; Joaquin D. Casasus, lawyer, banker and one-time Mexican Ambassador at Washington; Pimentel y Fagoaga, President of the Banco Central;

bered the presidents of the leading banks of the republic and the foremost corporation lawyers; between them they control the national finances and the avenues of trade; the Minister of Finance is himself their recognized leader; they hold in their hands the granting of all franchises and concessions, the making of municipal, state and national loans, the appointment of cabinet ministers,

Pablo Macedo, President of the Banco Nacional; Rosendo Pineda, a director of the Banco Nacional and a member of the Chamber of Deputies, and lastly a German banker, Hugo Scherrer by name, the representative of several great European banking houses. There is one other, an English baronet and a contractor, of whose exact relations to the ring I am not quite certain; his name is Sir Weetman Pearson.



The operations of the *Científico* group are carried on through the medium of the *Compania Bancaria de Obras y Bienes Raices*, popularly known as the "*Bancaria*," and related to the great *Banco Nacional*, which, with its fifty-seven branches, has been called "the Bank of England of Mexico." The "*Bancaria*" has provided a very convenient cloak for the government grafters, for by its means they are enabled to conceal their identity and to take government contracts or obtain government concessions without scandal and without undesirable publicity. Let me make it clear—and this I am saying only after due consideration—that today, so wholly is the control of Mexican affairs in the hands of the *Científicos*, it is impossible for an outsider, particularly an American, to obtain a government contract or concession without paying tribute to them or their agents. So well is this fact known to foreign concession-hunters that no one of them dreams of going to the National Palace unless he is accompanied either by Señor Limantour, Corral, Casaus, Pimentel or Pineda to help him urge his suit. It is said in Mexico that if a concession seeker, having a sound and business-like proposition to offer, will disregard the ring and go straight to President Diaz, he is very likely to have his petition granted. This was truer ten years ago, however, than it is today. The President is an old man now and neither his mind nor his memory—remarkable



Photograph by F. L. Clarke

### JOSÉ YVES LIMANTOUR

Minister of Finance, the most powerful individual, next to Diaz, in Mexico. His power in Mexico may be conceived by imagining Morgan and Aldrich (on a smaller scale) rolled into one

as they are still—is as active as it was once. Each day he leans a little more upon those who surround him.

Here is the fashion in which a concession, obtained through the usual *Científico* channels, works out. Let us suppose that you wish to build a railway from Iguala, the present end of railway communications in Guerrero, through to the Pacific. Such a conces-

sion, it is obvious, would serve to open up a rich but almost unknown state and would do much to further the commercial prosperity of the entire region. Is it, then, promptly granted to you on those grounds? Not at all. You go either to Señor Casaus or Señor Pimentel or Señor Pineda, lay your proposition before him and retain his services for drafting the concession and taking it up with the President. Money is not even mentioned—graft in Mexico is not as crude as that. The President is approached and the concession duly granted. Then there ensues a long and aggravating delay in the making out of the necessary papers. You call on Señor Casaus, or Señor Pimentel, or Señor Pineda—which ever one you have chosen to “assist” you—and inquire the reason for this delay. “The Governor of the state through which your railway is to pass,” you are told, “has been so much occupied and worried in trying to take care of a mortgage which is about to be foreclosed on his hacienda that he, poor man, has not been able to find time to give attention to your matter.” That is your cue to come forward. “What is the amount of this mortgage which is so troubling the Governor that he cannot attend to my concession?” you ask. “Ten thousand dollars” is the answer. “That is soon settled,” you reply, if you know your business. “I will pay the mortgage and take it over. It need give the Governor no further concern. He will then be at liberty, I presume, to settle the formalities of my concession.” So you pay down the ten thousand dollars in bank-notes—no cheques here—to your adviser, and promptly the papers consummating your concession are forthcoming. Later on, the interest on the mortgage becoming overdue, you find that the “hacienda” on which you hold a claim consists of an acre or so of mountainside or arid desert. Later on you will get a bill from your legal adviser for “services rendered” that will stagger you, and, as though that and the “hacienda” were not enough, you will receive an intimation that if your railway is to run smoothly it would be well to grease the rails by presenting a few blocks of stock to certain gentlemen whose names are given you. Thus works the System in the dominions of our southern neighbor.

Perhaps the most audacious, as it was the most ambitious, of the many deals put through by the *Científicos* under the guidance of Limantour was the great railway merger of 1908, this shrewd scheme professing to place the extensive railway systems of the Republic under government control, the Mexican

Central and the Mexican National lines being consolidated under the title of *Los Ferrocarriles Nacionales de Mexico*.

Limantour, in his speech before the Congress presenting this plan, exulted over the fact that it cost the government nothing. The fact is that Limantour paid for the stock in bonds guaranteed by the government. The transaction meant that stock which paid little or nothing was secured in exchange for bonds bearing a fixed and inexorable interest.

For an undeveloped and tax-burdened country this is an astounding transaction. It added a yearly burden of over \$16,000,000 upon Mexico, more than she spends upon schools or courts or any department except the army.

You must know that Mexico is already loaded with debt. In twenty years her bond issues have increased from forty to four hundred millions. And this in spite of an alleged yearly surplus for many years. Even at this writing (midsummer 1910) Limantour is in Europe, ostensibly for his health but really to arrange for the conversion and renewal of part of the national debt.

And it was this man Limantour, the great financial genius of Mexico, who arranged with Harriman the combination of Mexican railways and their purchase by the government. Through their knowledge of what was going on and control of blocks of stock the *Científicos* and their American associates are said to have made between ten and twenty millions by this transaction.

At the time of the conception of this plan Harriman already owned a considerable amount of Mexican Central stock, but he wanted more, for the Mexican lines figured largely in his dream of a system reaching not only from ocean to ocean, but from the Great Lakes to the Isthmus. If you will glance at the map of Mexico you will see that the Harriman interests have already pushed their West Coast route nine hundred miles into the heart of Mexico, this line, which is a branch of Harriman's Southern Pacific System, being, when linked up with the Mexican Central at Guadalajara, the shortest route between California and the Mexican southlands. With this line and the two merged roads in their hands, the Harriman interests will have absolute control of all railway transportation in the Republic.

Harriman's opportunity to secure control of the Mexican Central came with the panic of 1907, when H. Clay Pierce, of Standard Oil notoriety, being hard hit financially, was forced into transferring a part of Mexican

Central stock which he held to Harriman, thus giving the latter a large interest in that line. With this substantial foundation laid, Harriman sent one of his most plausible agents, Samuel Morse Felton, to talk Diaz over to the merger plan. In time Felton succeeded. With Felton advancing arguments on one side, and Limantour, in whose financial judgment he trusted implicitly, urging on the other, and the great Harriman pounding away by post and wire, it is no wonder that Diaz gave in and consented to the merger, and in due time the world was informed that the Mexican Government had accomplished a great financial feat by securing the ownership of its own railway lines. The fact is, however,

that in addition to distributing several millions of loot among associates of the *Científico* camarilla, the merger only resulted in placing Harriman in a position to seize the roads at some time in the not far distant future. For if the Mexican Government had obtained control of the railway stock, Harriman and his Wall Street associates held what is infinitely more important, the railway bonds.

Here are the obligations (in gold) with which the Mexican Government—at the suggestion of Mr. Harriman and with the assent of Minister Limantour—has burdened itself as a result of this astounding operation:

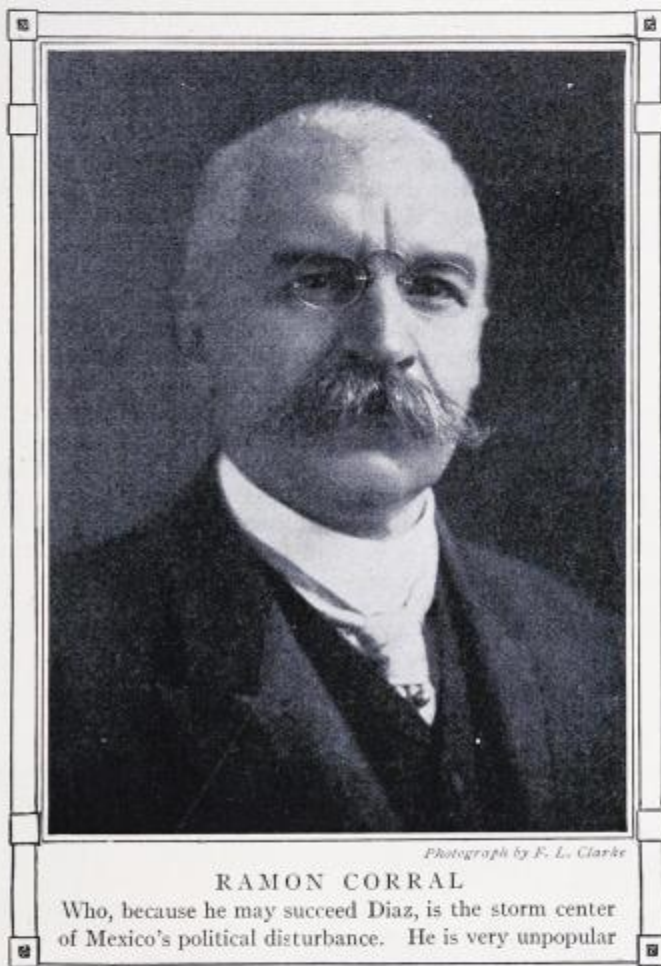
\$160,000,000 in guaranteed general mortgage 4% redeemable gold bonds.

\$30,000,000 in non-cumulative 4% first preferred shares.

\$125,000,000 in non-cumulative 5% second preferred shares.

\$75,000,000 in common shares.

If the government does not pay, the bondholders can, and will, foreclose. And just how the government is going to pay I, for one, do not clearly see. The Mexican Central and the Mexican National are cheaply built roads and their rolling stock is of inferior quality. Their entire mileage totals under 5,400 miles, yet under the government merger they have been capitalized at \$615,000,000 gold, or some \$112,000 per mile, a state of



Photograph by F. L. Clarke

RAMON CORRAL

Who, because he may succeed Diaz, is the storm center of Mexico's political disturbance. He is very unpopular

affairs which looks suspiciously as though they had been "watered." The Mexican Central is thirty years old, and yet it has never paid a penny in dividends. The Mexican National is only five years younger, yet it has paid less than two per cent. It is no secret that when Limantour and his associates effected the merger the Mexican Central was in such a precarious condition financially that in another twelvemonth it would have been reorganized. Now if the railways comprising the merger have been unable to pay dividends in the past, how under the heavens are they going to meet their enormously increased obligations in the future? Where is the \$16,525,000 coming from each year with which to pay the interest on those bonds?

The government can, and probably will, take it from the national treasury until such time as the roads have been placed upon a paying basis—or until such time as there is trouble. *When there is trouble!* That is where the bondholders come into their own. That is the very contingency which the shrewd Harriman foresaw. Every revolution Mexico has had has seen a repudiation of part or all of Mexican obligations. When Diaz dies the trouble will come—and when the trouble comes the government will refuse to pay—and when the government refuses to pay the bondholders will attempt to foreclose—and if foreclosure is resisted an American army, at the instigation of the great captains of finance, will promptly cross the Rio Grande for the protection of American financial interests, which, in this single instance, amount to close on four hundred million dollars. And that is precisely what Harriman foresaw and what the bondholders are waiting and praying for, for under the assured stability of an American government or protectorate Mexican railway securities would rise like Orville Wright's flying machine.

The *Científicos* had their hands in the railroad amalgamation, and when they withdrew them a considerable amount was sticking to their palms. The same is true of many government operations, buildings of all kinds, and

great government undertakings, harbors, breakwaters, terminals. They insist upon a share in these undertakings—and even play with dubious scrupulousness with friends. The Pearsons, for example, had a profitable contract for the terminal works at Vera Cruz. When this was realized the *Bancaria* compelled Pearson to give up the general contract which promised profits, and persuaded him to take some subcontracts which turned out unprofitably. In Mexico City those who know laugh cynically over this episode.

The *Bancaria* and at least some of the *Científicos* are in everything. They are officers or directors in every great undertaking. Take the big oil company of Sir Weetman Pearson. It has paid no dividends so far as I can discover. Yet there are ten members of the government group who were given stock in it with a guaranty of ten per cent. and this special dividend is paid weekly though it is never earned.

The other *Científicos* should look into this.

This oligarchy not only has its hands on railroads and public works and the financing of the public debt, but they and their immediate dependents and partisans (said to include many Americans) own nearly half of all the land in the republic.

The great territory of Quintana Roo, larger than the States of New York, New Jersey, and



Photograph by Sumner W. Mattison

#### THE RURALES

The national mounted police—loyal and effective



*Photograph by F. L. Clark*

**GENERAL FRANCESCO RAMEREZ**

Chief of the Rurales, which are Diaz's most useful tool in carrying out his policy of suppression

Pennsylvania put together, and the most promising land in the republic, is owned outright by eight of them. Governor Olegario Molina of Yucatan owns 15,000,000 acres of Mexican soil and ex-Governor Terrazas of Chihuahua 15,000,000 more, the holdings of these two men alone being equal to the area of all our New England States. Madame Diaz and other heirs of the late Romero Rubio, Vice President Corral, Governor Torres of Sonora, Governor Emilio Pimentel of Oaxaca, Governor Eduardo Pimentel of Chiapas, Governor Cardenas of Coahuila, Governor Ahumada of Jalisco, Governor Cosio of Queretaro, Governor Landa y Escandon of the Federal Dis-

trict, and the heirs of the late Governor Cañedo of Sinaloa are all the owners of millions of acres of Mexican land.

How did the Mexican politicians get the land away from the Mexican people? By countless methods, chief among them a land law which President Diaz fathered. *This law permitted any person to go out and claim any lands to which the possessor could not prove a perfect title, at the same time so strictly defining a "perfect title" that it became practically impossible for a small landowner, of limited resources and in a country of lax laws, to obtain one.* Now in Mexico possession had always been regarded as nine points of the law and

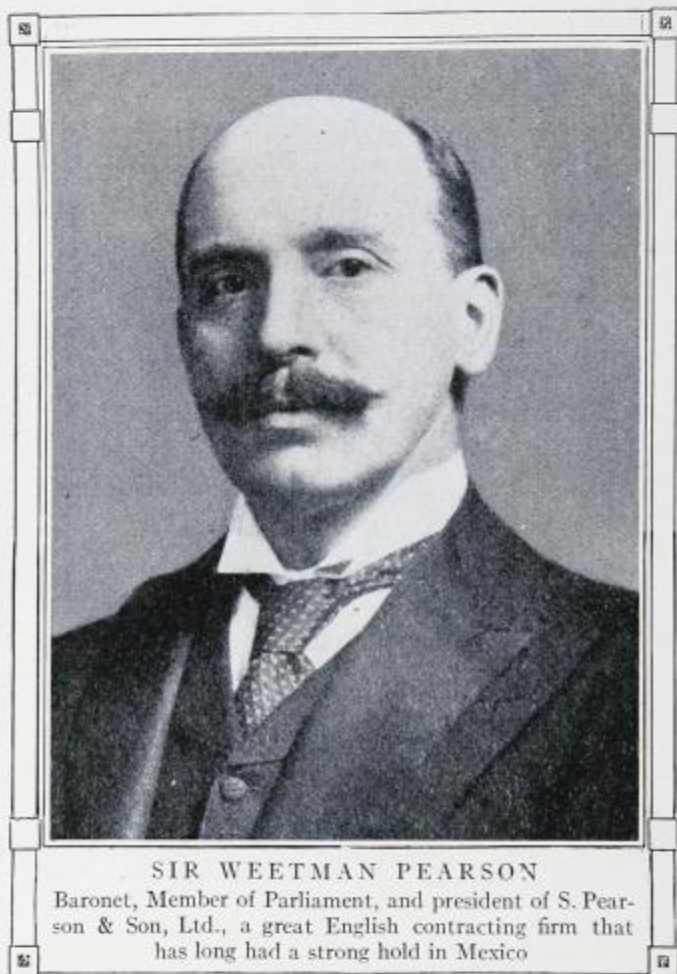
possession of land through many generations as ten points. Even the most meager education being the exception rather than the rule, the people had never been accustomed to resort to legal forms in their property transfers.

When a man possessed a home which his father held before him, and his grandfather and great-grandfather before that, and which had been in the family as far back as they had any knowledge, then he considered that he owned that land, and all his neighbors considered that he owned it, and all the governments of Mexico up to the time of Diaz tacitly recognized such ownership.

Then came the Diaz land laws, which I count among the cruellest and harshest measures that any government has forced upon its people. For sheer injustice they take rank with the Russian laws which delimited the Jewish Pale. It is quite conceivable that with the economic progress of the country a stricter land law might have become necessary, but in such a case it would seem that the natural thing for an honest government to have done would have been to send its agents through the country to instruct the people in the provisions and workings of the new law and to help them, by registration of their property, to keep their homes. But this was not done, and the conclusion is inevitable that the law was enacted solely for purposes of plunder. No sooner had it been passed than a number of prominent citizens, among them Romero

Rubio, the President's father-in-law, formed land companies and sent out agents. These agents selected the most desirable lands in the republic—and they were not modest about it either—ascertained that the holders of them

were unable to furnish titles which would hold under the new law, "denounced" and duly registered them in the names of their principals and then proceeded to evict the occupants, in whose families they had been held for generations. Soldiers frequently had to be called in when it came to eviction, for after a man has been born on a little farm, and has grown up on it, and has put the labor of his own, and his wife's, and his children's hands into it for a generation, he is likely to make trouble for the stranger who,



SIR WEETMAN PEARSON

Baronet, Member of Parliament, and president of S. Pearson & Son, Ltd., a great English contracting firm that has long had a strong hold in Mexico

happening to take a fancy to his land, attempts to take it away from him by the authority of an outrageous law. Thus hundreds of thousands of small farmers have lost their property. Thus small farmers are losing their property to-day. Perhaps you doubt the truth of this assertion? I do not blame you, for in this twentieth century and under the rule of a president whom his biographers have called "the greatest man in the Western hemisphere" it seems too monstrous a violation of the most elementary rights of mankind to be true. Read, however, the following dispatch from Merida, Yucatan, published on April 12, 1908, in the Mexican *Herald*, a newspaper which was at that time receiving a subsidy from the government:

"Merida, April 11.—Minister Olegario Molina of the Department of Fomento, Colonization and Industry, has made a denouncement before the agency here of extensive territory lying adjacent to his lands in Tizimin *partido*.

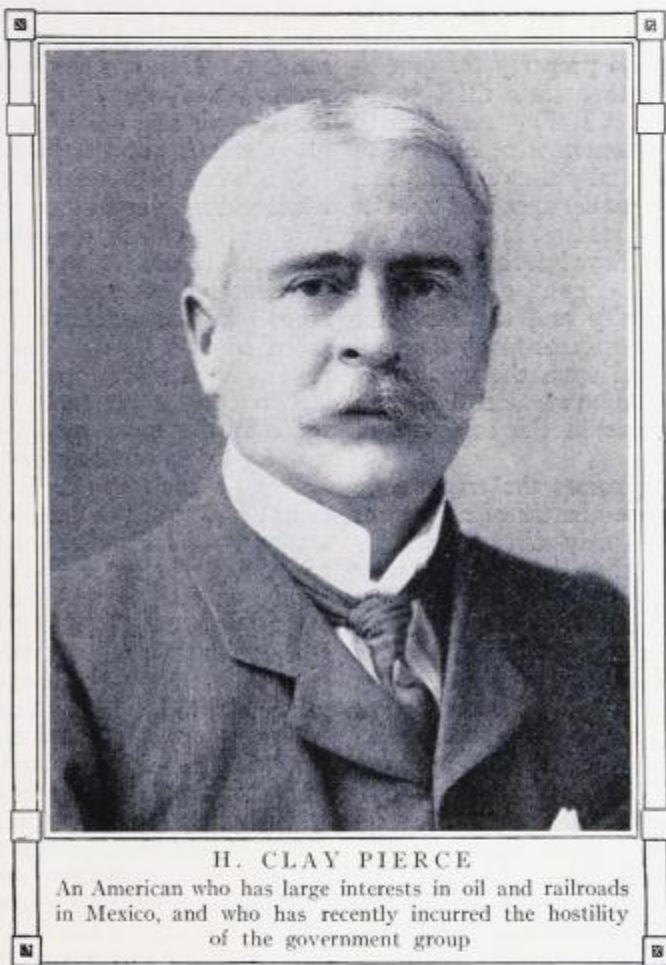
The denouncement was made through Esteban Rejon Garcia, his *administrador* at that place. The action was taken on the ground that those now occupying them have no documents or titles of ownership. They measure 2,700 hectares (about 6,000 acres, or over nine square miles) and include perfectly organized towns, some fine ranches, including those of Laureano Briseno and Rafael Aguilar, and other properties. The *jefe politico* of Tizimin has notified the population of the town,

the owners and laborers on the ranches, and others on the lands, that they will be obliged to vacate in two months or become subject to the new owner. The present occupants have lived for years upon the land and have cultivated and improved much of it. Some have lived there from generation to generation, and have thought themselves the rightful owners, having inherited it from the original "squatters." Mr. Rejon Garcia has also denounced other similar public lands in the Espita *partido*."

Still another means whereby thousands of homes have passed from the hands of small owners into those of politicians is in the pernicious system of state taxes. In Mexico there is no such thing as uniformity in state

tax rates, nor is there any court, board, or commission to which to appeal unjust assessments. The taxes of a district are arbitrarily fixed, and whenever it is deemed advisable raised, by a board consisting of the *jefe politico*, the *alcalde* (or mayor), and a local merchant.

This board may charge one farmer five times as much per hectare as it charges his next-door neighbor, yet he has no redress whatsoever, unless he is rich and powerful, in which case he will probably take a train for the capital and tell the whole story to Don Porfirio himself. Always the small landowner must pay, pay, pay, and if he can't pay, by a little juggling his farm is listed among the properties belonging to the *jefe politico* or the governor.



H. CLAY PIERCE

An American who has large interests in oil and railroads in Mexico, and who has recently incurred the hostility of the government group

I have heard of case after case of landowners receiving absolutely no notice of assessments, the first intimation of their ruin coming like a thunder clap from a clear sky in the form of a notification that their land has already been sold for nonpayment of taxes, it having been transferred, it is needless to say, to one of the board of assessors.

Of course such bandit methods as these were bound to meet with resistance even from so thoroughly cowed and terrorized a people as the Mexicans, and so we find numerous instances in which whole regiments of troops have been called out to enforce the collection of unjust taxes or the eviction of protesting landowners. The secret history of Mexico for the past twenty years is red with the

stories of massacres which had their causes in this condition. Here is a case in point: Almost in the center of the state of Vera Cruz lies the little village of Papatla. Manuel Romero Rubio, father-in-law of President Diaz, discovered hereabouts a rich tract of land which was being worked as small farms by several thousand Mexicans, nearly every family having held its property for generations. Ascertaining that their titles would not hold under the law, Rubio "denounced" the lands and the owners were ordered to move off. Quite naturally they refused, and when a squadron of *rurales* appeared to evict them they armed themselves and drove the troopers away. Two days later a battalion of infantry, with machine guns, descended on the luckless community and the slaughter began. Four hundred seems to be the estimate generally placed upon the number of men, women, and children who lost their lives defending their homes in the massacre of Papatla.

Scarcely a month passes that reports do not come in from one quarter of Mexico or another telling of bloody disturbances resulting from the confiscation of homes by state or local authorities through the "denunciation" method, on the excuse of nonpayment of taxes or through one or another of the schemes which have been devised by the ruthless strong to rob the defenseless weak. As late as April of last year the Mexican papers reported the wholesale confiscation by the authorities of the State of Chihuahua of the lands of several score farmers living near the town of San Andres on the usual excuse of nonpayment of taxes. The farmers resisted eviction and, true to the usual procedure, two car-loads of troops were hurried to the scene and promptly cleaned out the district, shooting some of the landowners and chasing the others into the mountains. Though the government carefully concealed the truth as to the number killed, it is supposed to have been in the neighborhood of twenty. The fugitives stayed in the mountains until their scanty store of provisions was exhausted and then, half-starved, returned to the farms that had once been theirs, begging for mercy. Every man in that community and some of the women were thrown into jail, where a portion of them still remain.

It is no exaggeration to say that by such methods as I have mentioned hundreds of thousands of industrious and peace-loving Mexicans have been deprived of their homes and their means of livelihood. By such means

has the small farmer been destroyed and the sullen, hopeless, apathetic peon class increased. Thus has an Indian population of six millions—whom no less an authority than E. H. Harriman once said would make, if properly fed and treated, among the best workers in the world—been driven to a condition of appalling poverty, hopelessness and serfdom. Thus has the Mexican nation been systematically degraded, debauched, shorn of its strength and ambition and transformed into a starving and tattered people.

Much has been written of the increase of education in Mexico under the Diaz régime. As a matter of fact, the educational standard could not be much lower. The flatterers and defenders of Diaz prate unceasingly of the schools he has established, but I, for one, failed to find them. They are mostly on paper. In the Mexican rural districts there are practically no such things as schools, while in the more remote portions of the country towns of many hundred inhabitants have no schools at all. The schools in the rural districts of the State of Mexico, for example, have been closed for three years or more, the Governor having withheld the money on the ground that he needed it for other purposes. The fact that there is no adequate public school system in Mexico is best attested by the most recent census, *which shows that but sixteen per cent. of the population are able to read or write.* Compare this with Japan, an overpopulated country where the people are very poor and where the opportunities for education seemingly ought not to be so good. Ninety-eight per cent. of Japanese men and ninety-three per cent. of Japanese women can, nevertheless, read and write. In Cuba, which has been freed from the stifling rule of Spain little more than a decade, fifty-seven per cent. of the whole population can read and write, while in the cities it rises to eighty-two per cent. In the Argentine Republic there is one school to every 952 inhabitants; in Cuba a school to every 1,024 inhabitants; in Chile a school to every 1,200 inhabitants, but in the enlightened Mexico of Porfirio Diaz there is a school to every 1,631 inhabitants. This disposes pretty effectually of the myth that education under Diaz has progressed by leaps and bounds. Figures speak louder than words.

After Diaz, what? is the question that the *Científicos* are now asking themselves. Can they—this little group of able but rapacious men—maintain themselves? They have great wealth, great holdings of lands and stocks. They control the financial institutions of the



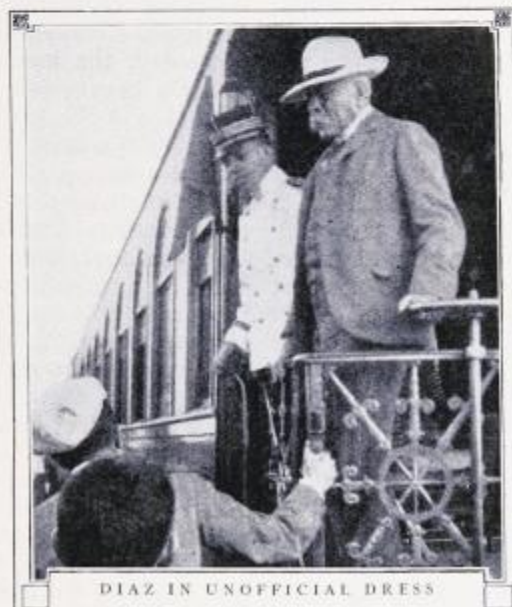
country. Yet they live only by and through the power of Diaz to hold the country and the people in check. No, there is one other source of security for this band—their alliance with foreign investors and foreign interests in Mexico. They regard this as their insurance and security. And quite rightly, the great debt of the country, nearly half a billion, is held chiefly in the United States and Germany. Besides this, citizens of Great Britain, Germany, and the United States have investments in Mexico amounting to over a billion and a half, and sixty-five per cent. of this is American.

How long, think you, would the governments of England, France, and Germany permit a disturbance in Mexico which threatened their interests or the lives of their subjects? German investments alone exceed a billion marks—and how William the Ambitious would jump at such an excuse for obtaining that long-coveted foothold in the Western world, which only the firmness of an American President kept him from getting in Venezuela. How long, think you, would American national sentiment permit such a defiance of the Monroe Doctrine as would be brought about, say, by a German intervention in Mexico?

But it is the United States, after all, which is most vitally concerned in the solution of the Mexican problem, and it is American financiers who will bring about, sooner or later, an American intervention. You have only to be in Mexico a day or two to realize how irresistibly the country is sinking into the power of the American investor. If the Mexican Government owns the railways, the American financiers own what is far more important, the railway bonds; large agricultural, commercial, and mining concessions in the republic are held by Americans; it is Americans who have given Mexico light and power and heat and means of urban communication; it is American engineers who drive the trains and American managers who operate

them; American artesian wells are irrigating the dry country and American steam plows are tilling it and American harvesters are gathering the resultant crops; American managers are found in charge of the banks and mines and mills and haciendas; it is American prospectors and pioneers who are opening up the waste places of the republic to commerce and civilization.

And still American capital comes rolling in, rolling in, like an inexorable wave of fate. In the history of the world there has never been so complete and successful a commercial invasion of a nation. This invasion has come from the North, quietly, silently, without blare of bugle or rattle of drum, but it is proving far more inimical to Mexican independence than did ever the march of the *Conquistadores* from the South four hundred years ago.



It is the bondholders, when all is said and done, who really order the future of a nation, and the bondholders in this particular case are to be found for the most part in Wall Street and Capel Court. Just at present Mexican securities stand reasonably high, but they are fluttering, and every day that adds to the age of Diaz makes them flutter more. Should an insurrection or civil war follow the death of Diaz, with a consequent undermining of the public credit and the enforced cessation of industry, there would be a slump in Mexican securities. And it is just such a slump that their holders—chief among them the Standard Oil and Morgan-Guggenheim interests—are determined to avoid. It requires no unusual amount of perspicuity to see that if Mexico could be assured of a sane and stable government after Diaz's death there would be no slump in Mexican securities. What, then, if the bondholders and concession owners could be assured of a government as stable as that of the United States, and, above all else, a government friendly to American interests? Why, in such an event, Mexican securities of every name and nature

would go higher than an aeroplane. And that is precisely what those bondholders and concessionaires intend shall happen. They intend not that the government of Mexico shall be as stable as that of the United States, but that it shall be the government of the United States—and therein you have the long and the short of it.

President Diaz will pass away in the fullness of his years; Corral will claim the presidency; the *Anti-relectionistas* or the *Reyistas* or some other faction will try to oust him; uprisings will start in the discontented North; the unsubdued Yaquis and Mayas will take advantage of the general confusion to pay their Mexican masters some of the debts they owe; the anti-American feeling which exists from one end of the republic to the other will manifest itself by the stoning of American houses, the destruction of American property, perhaps by the shooting of American citizens. And in all this the secret agents of the foreign financial interests will take good pains to whoop the Mexicans on to their own undoing. An American "Army of Pacification" will enter the country to protect American interests and to forestall any attempt at European intervention; an American protectorate or political dependency or sphere of influence—call it by what name you wish—will be established, and a puppet will be installed with all due ceremony in the presidential chair, with an American political resident beside him to pull the strings and an American army of occupation to back his orders up.

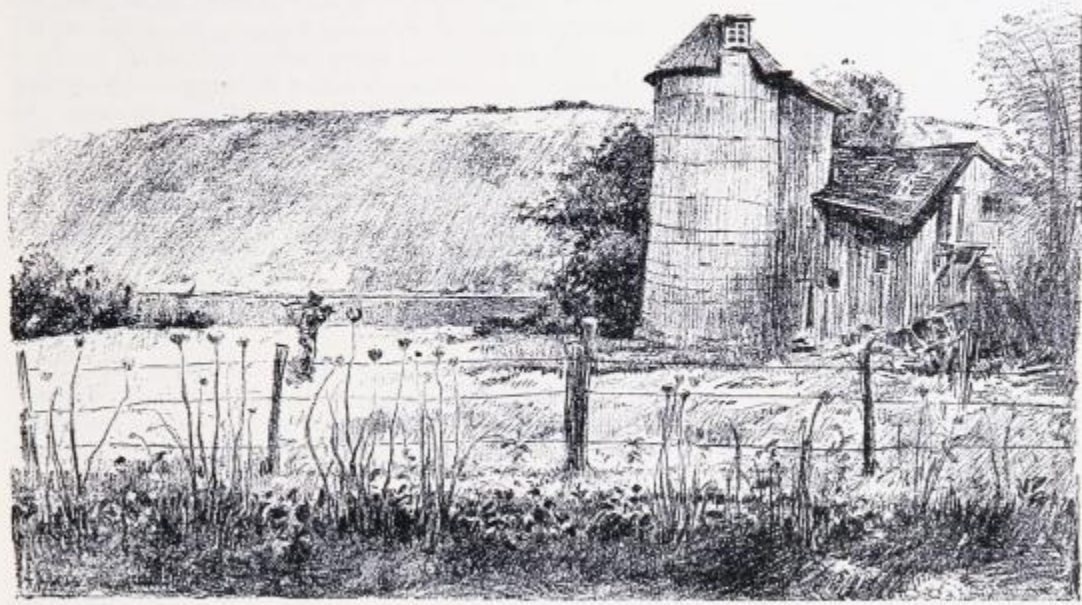
That is about what will eventually happen

in Mexico, and most intelligent Mexicans know it and dread it, from the President down. *In April last, during the course of a private conversation, General Diaz expressed the fear that upon his death exactly such a state of affairs as I have outlined would come to pass.*

From the hints I have given in this article you may easily conceive the appalling conditions which obtain in Mexico to-day: the murdered thousands, the outraged women, the stolen farmsteads, the starving, homeless peasantry, the men and women and little children imprisoned in loathsome jails; all the indescribable hopelessness and misery and suffering of a nation. To offset this the subsidized writers prate of the lawlessness which has been changed to law, of policemen made from bandits; of railways and street-car systems and asphalted streets and an eight-million-dollar opera house. Of the two sides of the medal—the one held up to the glare of the calcium, the other kept carefully concealed in the shadow—you can take your choice. Let it be plain, I am no "detractor of Mexico," but I am an accuser of those who have betrayed her and of those others (Americans, I regret to say, among them) who, from wholly selfish motives, seek to uphold, palliate, or excuse their wrong-doing. I cannot help but feel that, as surely as there is a hereafter, then just so surely will the cruel *jefe politicos* and the rapacious governors, the corrupt judges, and the degraded politicians, and, above all, that sinister old man who has permitted such things to be, have a terrible indictment to answer to at God's great judgment seat.



DIAZ—A MAN OF SHORT STATURE



"IT WAS A PERFECT JUNE MORNING"

---

## The Mowing

BY

DAVID GRAYSON

---

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THOMAS FOGARTY

---

*"Now I see the secret of the making of the best persons.  
It is to grow in the open air and to eat and sleep with the earth."*

---

June the 30th.  
**T**HIS is a well-earned Sunday morning. My chores were all done long ago, and I am sitting down here after a late and leisurely breakfast with that luxurious feeling of irresponsible restfulness and comfort which comes only upon a clean, still Sunday morning like this—after a week of hard work—a clean Sunday morning, with clean clothes, and a clean chin, and clean thoughts, and the June airs stirring the clean white curtains at my windows. From across the hills I can hear very faintly the drowsy sounds of early church bells, never indeed to be heard here except on a morning of surpassing

tranquillity. And in the barnyard back of the house Harriet's hens are cackling triumphantly, they are impiously unobservant of the Sabbath day.

I turned out my mare for a run in the pasture. She has rolled herself again and again in the warm earth and shaken herself after each roll with an equine delight most pleasant to see. From time to time, I can hear her gossipy whickerings as she calls across the fields to my neighbor Horace's young bay colts.

When I first woke up this morning I said to myself:

"Well, nothing happened yesterday."

Then I lay quiet for some time—it being

Sunday morning—and I turned over in my mind all that I had heard or seen or felt or thought about in that one day. And presently I said aloud to myself:

"Why, nearly everything happened yesterday."

And the more I thought of it the more interesting, the more wonderful, the more explanatory of high things, appeared the common doings of that June Saturday. I had walked among unusual events—and had not known the wonder of them! I had eyes, but I did not see—and ears, but I heard not. It may be, it *may* be, that the Future Life of which we have had such confusing but wistful prophecies is only the reliving, *with a full understanding*, of this marvelous life that we now know. To a full understanding this day, this moment even—here in this quiet room—would contain enough to crowd an eternity. Oh, we are children yet—playing with things much too large for us—much too full of meaning!

Yesterday I cut my field of early clover. I should have been at it a full week earlier if it had not been for the frequent and sousing spring showers. Already half the blossoms of the clover had turned brown and were shriveling away into inconspicuous seediness. The leaves underneath on the lower parts of the stems were curling up and fading; many of them had already dropped away. There is a current also in the affairs of clover, and if a farmer would profit by his crop, it must be taken at its flood.

I began to watch the skies with some anxiety and on Thursday I was delighted to see the weather become clearer and a warm dry wind spring up from the southwest. On Friday there was not so much as a cloud of the size of a man's hand to be seen anywhere in the sky, not one, and the sun with lively diligence had begun to make up for the listlessness of the past week. It was hot and dry enough to suit the most exacting haymaker.

Encouraged by these favorable symptoms I sent word to Dick Sheridan (by one of Horace's men) to come over bright and early on Saturday morning. My field is only a small one—about two acres—and so rough and uneven that I had concluded with Dick's help to cut it by hand. I thought that on a pinch it could all be done in one day.

"Harriet," I said, "we'll cut the clover to-morrow."

"That's fortunate," said Harriet. "I'd already arranged to have Ann Spencer in to help me."

Yesterday morning, then, I got out earlier than usual. It was a perfect June morning,

one of the brightest and clearest I think I ever saw. The mists had not yet risen from the hollows of my lower fields, and a'! the earth was fresh with dew and sweet with the mingled odors of growing things. No hour of the whole day is more perfect than this.

I walked out along the edge of the orchard and climbed the fence of the field beyond. As I stooped over I could smell the heavy sweet odor of the clover blossoms. I could see the billowy green sweep of the glistening leaves. I lifted up a mass of the tangled stems and laid the palm of my hand on the earth underneath. It was neither too wet nor too dry.

"We shall have good cutting to-day," I said to myself.

So I stood up and looked with a satisfaction impossible to describe across the acres of my small domain, marking where in the low spots the crop seemed heaviest, where it was lodged and tangled by the wind and the rain, and where in the higher spaces it grew scarce thick enough to cover the sad baldness of the knolls. How much more we get out of life than we deserve!

So I walked along the edge of the field to the orchard gate, which I opened wide.

"Here," I said, "is where we will begin."

And so I turned back to the barn. I had not reached the other side of the orchard when who should I see but Dick Sheridan himself coming in out of the lane gate. He had an old, coarse-woven straw hat stuck resplendently on the back of his head. He was carrying his scythe jauntily over his shoulder and whistling "Good-bye, Susan" at the top of his capacity.

Dick Sheridan is a cheerful young fellow with a thin brown face and (milky) blue eyes. He has an enormous Adam's apple which has an odd way of moving up and down when he talks—and one large tooth out in front. His body is like a bundle of wires, as thin and muscular and enduring as that of a broncho pony. He can work all day long and then go down to the lodge hall at the Crossing and dance half the night. And you should really see him when he dances! He can jump straight up and click his heels twice together before he comes down again! On such occasions he is marvelously clad, as befits the gallant that he really is, but this morning he wore a faded shirt and one of his suspender cords behind was fastened by a nail instead of a button. His socks are sometimes pale blue and sometimes lavender and commonly, therefore, he turns up his trousers legs so that these vanities may not be wholly lost upon a dull world. His full name is Richard Tecumseh Sheridan, but everyone

calls him Dick. A good, cheerful fellow, Dick, and a hard worker. I like him.

"Hello, Dick!" I shouted.

"Hello yourself, Mr. Grayson," he replied.

He hung his scythe in the branches of a pear tree and we both turned into the barnyard to get the chores out of the way. I wanted to delay the cutting as long as I could—until the dew on the clover should begin, at least, to disappear.

By half past seven we were ready for work. We rolled back our sleeves, stood our scythes on end and gave them a final lively stoning. You could hear the brisk sound of the ringing metal pealing through the still morning air.

"It's a great day for haying," I said.

"A dang good one," responded the laconic Dick, heartily, wetting his thumb to feel the edge of his scythe.

I cannot convey with any mere pen upon any mere paper the feeling of jauntiness I had at that moment, as of conquest and fresh adventure, as of great things to be done in a great world! You may say if you like that this exhilaration was due to good health and the exuberance of youth.

But it was more than that—far more. I cannot well express it, but it seemed as though at that moment Dick and I were stepping out into some vast current of human activity: as though we had the universe itself behind us, and the warm regard and approval of all men.

I stuck my whetstone in my hip-pocket, bent forward and cut the first short sharp swath in the clover. I swept the mass of tangled green stems into the open space just outside the gate.

Three or four more strokes and Dick stopped whistling suddenly, spat on his hands and with a lively "Here she goes!" came swinging in behind me. The clover-cutting had begun.

At first I thought the heat would be utterly unendurable, and then, with dripping face and wet shoulders, I forgot all about it. Oh, there is something incomparable about such work

—the long, steady pull of willing and healthy muscles, the still mind undisturbed by any disquieting thought, the feeling of attainment through vigorous effort! It was a steady swing and swish, swish and swing! When Dick led I have a picture of him in my mind's eye—his wiry thin legs, one heel lifted at each step and held rigid for a single instant, a glimpse of pale blue socks above his rusty shoes and three inches of whetstone sticking from his tight hip-pocket. It was good to have him there whether he led or followed.

At each return to the orchard end of the field we looked for and found a gray stone jug in the grass. I had brought it up with me filled with cool water from the pump. Dick had a way of swinging it

up with one hand, resting it on his shoulder, turning his head just so and letting the water gurgle into his throat. I have never been able myself to reach this refinement in the art of drinking from a jug.

And oh! the good feel of a straightened back after two long swathes in the broiling sun! We would stand a moment in the shade, whetting our scythes, not saying much, but glad to be there together. Then we would go at it again with renewed energy. It is a great thing to



"DICK"



"IT WAS A STEADY SWING AND SWISH, SWISH AND SWING!"

have a working companion. Many times that day Dick and I looked aside at each other with a curious sense of friendliness—that sense of friendliness which grows out of common rivalries, common difficulties and a common weariness. We did not talk much, and that little of trivial matters.

"Jim Brewster's mare had a colt on Wednesday."

"This'll go three tons to the acre, or I'll eat my shirt."

Dick was always about to eat his shirt if some particular prophecy of his did not materialize.

"Dang it all," says Dick, "the moon's drawin' water."

"Something is undoubtedly drawing it," said I, wiping my dripping face.

A meadow lark sprang up with a song in the adjoining field, a few heavy old bumble bees droned in the clover as we cut it, and once a frightened rabbit ran out, darting swiftly under the orchard fence.

So the long forenoon slipped away. At times it seemed endless, and yet we were surprised when we heard the bell from the house (what a sound it was!) and we left our cutting in the middle of the field, nor waited for another stroke.

"Hungry, Dick?" I asked.

"Hungry!" exclaimed Dick with all the eloquence of a lengthy oration crowded into one word.

So we drifted through the orchard, and it was good to see the house with smoke in the kitchen chimney, and the shade of the big maple which almost hides the porch. And not far from the maple stood the friendly pump with the moist boards of the well-cover in front of it. I cannot tell you how good it looked as we came in across the hot yard.

"After you," said Dick.

I gave my sleeves another roll upward and unbuttoned and turned in the moist collar of my shirt. Then I stooped over and put my head under the pump spout.

"Pump, Dick," said I.

And Dick pumped.

"Harder, Dick," said I in a strangled voice.

And Dick pumped still harder, and presently I came up, gasping, with my head and hair dripping with the cool water. Then I pumped for Dick.

"Gee, but that's good," said Dick.

And Harriet came out with clean towels, and we dried ourselves, and talked together in low voices. And feeling a delicious sense of coolness we sat down for a moment in the shade of the maple and rested our arms on our knees. From the kitchen, as we sat there, we could hear the engaging sounds of preparation, and busy voices, and the tinkling of dishes, and agreeable odors! Ah, friend and brother, there may not be better moments in life than these!

So we sat resting, thinking of nothing; and

presently we heard the screen door click and Ann Spencer's motherly voice:

"Come in now, Mr. Grayson, and get your dinner."

Harriet had set the table on the east porch, where it was cool and shady. Dick and I sat down opposite each other, and between us there was a great brown bowl of moist brown beans with crispy strips of pork on top, and a good steam rising from its depths; and a small mountain of baked potatoes, each a little broken to show the snowy white interior; and two towers of such new bread as no one on this earth (or in any other planet so far as I know) but Harriet can make. And before we had even begun to eat our dinner in came the ample Ann Spencer, quaking with hospitality, and bearing a platter—let me here speak of it with the bated breath of a proper respect, for I cannot even now think of it without a sort of inner thrill—bearing a platter of her most famous fried chicken. I may say in passing that Ann Spencer is more celebrated in our neighborhood by virtue of her genius in this regard than Aristotle or Solomon or Socrates, or indeed all the old bigwigs of the past rolled into one. Harriet had sacrificed the promising careers of two young roosters upon the altar of this important occasion.

So we fell to with a silent but none the less fervid enthusiasm. Harriet hovered about us, in and out of the kitchen, and poured the tea and the buttermilk, and Ann Spencer passed the chicken upon every possible occasion.

"More chicken, Mr. Grayson?" she would inquire in a tone of voice that would make your mouth water.

"More chicken, Dick?" I'd ask.

"More chicken, Mr. Grayson," he would respond—and thus we kept up a tenuous but pleasant little joke between us.

Just outside the porch in a thicket of lilacs a catbird sang to us while we ate, and my dog lay in the shade with his nose on his paws and one eye open just enough to show any stray flies that he was not to be trifled with—and far away to the north and east one could catch glimpses—if he had eyes for such things—of the wide-stretching pleasantness of our countryside.

I soon saw that something mysterious was going on in the kitchen. Harriet would look significantly at Ann Spencer and Ann Spencer, who could scarcely contain her overflowing smiles, would look significantly at Harriet. As for me, I sat there with a perfect aplomb of confidence in myself—in my ultimate capacity. Whatever happened, there I sat ready for it!

And the great surprise came at last: a **SHORTCAKE**—a great, big, red, juicy, but-

tery, sugary shortcake, with berries heaped up all over it. When It came in—and I am speaking of it in that personal way because it radiated such an effluence that I cannot now remember whether it was Harriet or Ann Spencer who brought it in—when It came in, Dick, who pretends to be abashed upon such occasions, gave one swift glance upward and then emitted a long, low, expressive whistle. When Beethoven found himself throbbing with inexpressible emotions he composed a sonata; when Keats felt odd things stirring within him he wrote an ode to an urn; but my friend Dick, quite as evidently on fire with his emotions, merely whistled—and then looked around evidently embarrassed lest he should have infringed upon the proprieties.

"Harriet," I said, "you and Ann Spencer are benefactors of the human race."

"Go 'way now," said Ann Spencer, shaking all over with pleasure, "and eat your shortcake."

And after dinner how pleasant it was to stretch at full length for a few minutes on the grass in the shade of the maple tree and look up through the dusky thick shadows of the leaves. If ever a man feels the blissfulness of complete content it is at such a moment—every muscle in the body deliciously resting, and a peculiar exhilaration animating the mind to quiet thoughts. I have heard talk of the hard work of the harvest fields, but I never yet knew a healthy man who did not remember many moments of exquisite pleasure connected with the hardest and the hottest work.

I think sometimes that the nearer a man can place himself in the full current of natural things the happier he is. If he can become a part of the Universal Process and know that he is a part, that is happiness. All day yesterday I was filled with a deep quiet feeling that I was somehow not working for myself, not for money, not for fear, not surely for fame, but somehow that I was a necessary element in the processes of the earth. I was a primal force! I was the necessary Harvester. Without me the earth could not revolve!

Oh, friend, there are spiritual values here, too. For how can a man know God without yielding himself fully to the processes of God?

I *lived* yesterday. I played my part. I took my place. And all hard things grew simple, and all crooked things seemed straight, and all roads were open and clear before me. And many times that day I paused and looked up from my work knowing that I had something to be happy for.

At one o'clock Dick and I lagged our way unwilling out to work again—rusty of muscles,

with a feeling that the heat would now surely be unendurable and the work impossibly hard. The scythes were oddly heavy and hot to the touch, and the stones seemed hardly to make a sound in the heavy noon air. The cows had sought the shady pasture edges, the birds were still, all the air shook with heat—and only man must toil!

"It's danged hot," said Dick conclusively.

How reluctantly we began the work and how difficult it seemed compared with the task of the morning! In half an hour, however, the reluctance passed away and we were swinging as steadily as we did at any time in the forenoon. But we said less—if that were possible—and made every ounce of energy count. I shall not here attempt to chronicle all the events of the afternoon, how we finished the mowing of the field and how we went over it swiftly and raked the long windrows into cocks, or how, as the evening began to fall, we turned at last wearily toward the house. The day's work was done.

Dick had stopped whistling long before the middle of the afternoon, but now as he shouldered his scythe he struck up "My Fairy Fay" with some marks of his earlier enthusiasm.

"Well, Dick," said I, "we've had a good day's work together."



"THE DAY'S WORK WAS DONE"

"You bet," said Dick.

And I watched him as he went down the lane with a pleasant friendly feeling of companionship. We had done great things together.

I wonder if you ever felt the joy of utter physical weariness, not exhaustion, but weariness. I wonder if you ever sat down, as I did last night, and felt as though you would like to remain just there always—without stirring a single muscle, without speaking, without thinking even!

Such a moment is not painful, but quite the reverse—it is supremely pleasant. So I sat for a time last evening on my porch. The cool, still night had fallen sweetly after the burning heat of the day. I heard all the familiar sounds of the night. A whip-poor-will began to whistle in the distant thicket. Harriet came out quietly—I could see the white of her gown—and sat near me. I heard the occasional sleepy tinkle of a cow-bell, and the crickets were calling. A star or two came out in the perfect dark blue of the sky. The deep, sweet, restful night was on. I don't know that I said it aloud—such things need not be said aloud—but as I turned almost numbly into the house, stumbling on my way to bed, my whole being seemed to cry out: "Thank God, thank God."

---

## SLEEP

---

BY PAUL KESTER

---

*I pass between thy shadowy portals  
Fearlessly;*

*I go, where, for a little space  
No echo of the world's tumult  
Shall awake*

*The inward strife,  
The mantle of my trouble  
Is forgotten  
Though it wraps me still,*

*The day's dissatisfaction  
Spends itself*

*In one long sigh,  
Though I repeat no prayers,  
Childlike, I claim*

*My portion of the sacrament;  
I seek  
The universal benediction  
Of repose.*



# THE MYSTERIES AND CRUELITIES OF THE TARIFF

## THE PASSING OF WOOL

Farcical tariff duties which are making all  
wool exclusively a rich man's fabric—  
Congress and the President refuse  
to correct the injustice

BY

IDA M. TARBELL

AUTHOR OF "THE LIFE OF LINCOLN," "THE AMERICAN WOMAN," ETC.

**I**S there no way to force the Congress of the United States to see and to *feel* that the great mass of the people of this country are poor? To feel it so poignantly that the fact will become the controlling thought in every vote it casts?

I know that, in the minds of the most of us, "the poor" in the United States are a negligible quantity. We think of them as the frayed and falling fringe on our great fabric of "comfortable off" population—largely what they are by their own indolence or inefficiency. But is this true? Is it not true, on the contrary, that the great majority of the inhabitants of the country, the great mass of hard-working, industrious men and women are poor? The statistics of the distribution of wealth should be often set before those hopeful souls who, prosperous themselves, love to insist that, in this country at least, "all is for the best in the best possible of worlds."

We have 90,000,000 people in the United States. Perhaps there are a few thousand millionaires among us, perhaps a few hundred thousand having an income of ten thousand dollars or more. But in contrast to them there are millions of individuals whose wage is *under* a thousand. Look over the average yearly wages in our best-paid industries. Take the one which boasts of paying the highest wage—the United States Steel Trust. According to its

own last report its 195,500 employees, *including* its foremen and clerks and managers, whose salaries in some cases are \$10,000, even \$25,000 a year, was but \$775. In 1905 the average yearly earnings of the men in the cotton industry was but \$416. In 1907 the mule spinners in the Massachusetts woolen factories averaged \$13.16 a week, the dyers averaged \$8.58, the weavers \$11.60. When one comes to examine industries generally the surprise is not how *much* but how *little* the great body of wage-earners receive.

People must live on small earnings in this country, as everywhere. In order to accumulate enough to provide against sickness and old age they are obliged to practise a thrift which frequently is hateful it is so cruel. Moreover genuine thrift requires so much training, intelligence and self-denial that comparatively few are prepared to practise it, even with the best of intentions.

### *Humanizing the "Ultimate Consumer"*

This is the hard fact, and yet the Congress of the United States, year after year, fixes taxes on the food and clothing and shelter of these people with no apparent consciousness of their condition. They are the "ultimate consumers"—terms in a problem—not suffering, struggling men and women. Is there no way to

humanize the "ultimate consumer," to make him as real a person in the mind of a Congressman as the manufacturer who employs him or the campaign manager who milks the manufacturer for the sake of the Congressman? If the Congressman could but once see all the "ultimate consumers" whose daily lives are made easier or harder by the taxes he plays so carelessly with, might he not continue forever to see them as he legislates?

What a mighty procession they would make! From the factories of New England and the Middle States, from the mines of Pennsylvania and the Rockies, from the cotton fields of the South and the farms of the Mississippi Valley, from the tenements of New York and the stockyards of Chicago, from hundreds upon hundreds of towns, from rivers and lakes and seaside ports, they would swarm—*millions* of souls. Six million women, many of them with babies in their arms; thousands upon thousands of children under twelve years of age, pale, narrow-chested, old in face; tens of thousands of young girls, their eyes on the future; twelve million fathers, wives and children clinging to them, would be in line—a mighty host of brave and patient hearts, the host that takes the earth's treasures into its strong and willing hands and from them makes the country's wealth, the host without whose labor this land would turn into a wilderness, and men starve or become as the beasts.

Might it not be that if Congress was forced to look at intervals on such a procession it would finally be able to humanize the word "consumer." One would like to think so. One would like to think, for instance, that such an object lesson would prevent the tariff taxation which is taking pure woolen garments from a great body of the American people, which has already placed them practically out of the reach of those who may be called "poor"—a startling fact which the last Congress refused even to consider.

### *The "All Wool Farce"*

Wool, the world over, has always been accepted as the poor man's special friend. It protects against cold and damp. It wears well; it looks well. The tradition of woolen garments as a lasting household possession, one of the things which belongs to the outfit of even the humblest, is very strong in every country. "All wool" is the housewife's boast of her blankets and shawl, the young girl of her winter coat and gown, the laborer of his shirt. It is the assurance on which salesmen depend for winning customers. It is a standard material

of clothing as general and as necessary in our climate as wheat is as an article of food.

But for twenty years this valuable standard material has been every day receding farther from the reach of the great mass of Americans. Many housewives the country over have ceased buying woolen blankets, substituting the cotton-filled puff or "comfort." A member of the Nurses' Settlement in New York told me last winter that in only one of 400 families in the East Side which she had visited in three months had she seen a pair of woolen blankets, and in this case there was a daughter ill of tuberculosis and the family had united in trying to give her what protection they could.

Knit cotton under-garments are generally substituted for wool, as are heavy knit cotton stockings for woolen. Many thousands know they cannot think of wool, and dismiss the idea. A friend of mine who meets weekly with a group of housewives from one of the tenement districts of New York asked them for me how much wool they bought. "They laughed at me as if I had asked them how many diamonds they bought," she said. "Why, we can't have woolen clothes," they replied. And it is true; but so strong is the tradition of wool among the people of cool climates, among Russians, Germans, etc., that a salesman in the shops of the tenement house district declares his slimsiest imitations "all wool."

Not long ago I bought a variety of these "all wool" garments and submitted them to the test of boiling in caustic alkali. The experiment is very simple and quite conclusive of the amount of wool in an article. If it is "all wool" the alkali makes short work of it, no residue is left after the boiling. Silk will also disappear. Cotton is untouched.

Among my purchases was a baby's shirt for which I had paid 50 cents, with the solemn assurance that it was "every stitch wool." It was well-shaped, finished with a neat shell edge apparently of silk, a ribbon down the front for the buttons, three rows of "silk" stitching around the sleeves. I cut the garment into two pieces and boiled one for twenty minutes in a strong solution of the alkali. The piece treated compares now very favorably, fleecy lining, shell edge and all, with the piece untouched. The ribbon alone has disappeared. There was not a thread of wool in it.

Another experiment was made with a girl's sleeveless vest for wearing over the gown under the coat. I paid \$1.25 for this garment in an East Side shop. It felt like wool and was sold me for wool, but it came out of the pot intact, a strong, durable *cotton yarn* vest which could have had but a small fraction of wool in it in

the first place if, indeed, it had any. Its real worth was not over 25 cents.

This same experiment will show similar adulteration in many of the blankets and much of the dress goods and suitings sold to the unknowing as all wool. Vast quantities of so-called "cotton worsteds" are manufactured annually. The amount of wool in these goods has been steadily decreasing in the last few years, falling from 50 per cent. to 25 per cent., and from there to practically all cotton, immense quantities of the last being manufactured for boys' and men's wear. It is from cotton worsteds and cheap shoddies that the \$8 and \$10 suits for women, the \$10 and \$12 suits for men are generally made. The goods may be sold by the manufacturer for what they are, but at the counter the purchaser receives the express or implied assurance that they are all wool. To such lengths has the adulteration gone that it may be laid down as a fact that people on small incomes to-day rarely if ever wear anything but cotton and shoddy mixtures.

### *Do We Need Woolen Garments?*

Now, that things have changed is not proof that they are worse. Because a great number of us in the United States cannot get the woolen blankets, shawls and clothes which we once had and which are still accessible at low prices to the European laborer and peasant is not proof that we have not a better substitute. May it not be that woolen garments, blankets and suits are a superstition? Are we not just as well off clothed in cotton substitutes?

There is no doubt cotton knit goods are admirably cheap underclothing, most of them are well fitting and some of them are durable. Where light clothing is sufficient—and with the general heating of houses, factories and shops and cars, there is no longer the same need for many people of heavy clothing as in the old days—they are adequate. There is no doubt the young girl's cotton worsted gown looks well at the start. The cotton warp "all wool" suit of the laboring man has a correct finish, color and style, better perhaps than of old, for finish and cut are demanded by the poorest and are achieved remarkably by the cheapest clothiers. But in two particulars the cotton substitute fails. It has not the warmth and it does not keep its appearance. True, if a man puts on enough cotton garments he can get the same warmth. But he cannot get from cotton the same protection against storm and wet, the same safeguard where his labor subjects him to excessive perspiration. He cannot get the same comfort at night. Moreover, his gar-

ment becomes shabby, loses its shape, in much shorter time. Women can no longer make over with satisfaction the gowns they once wore a series of winters. The man's suit is no longer respectable as "long as it holds together." Those of us who must buy cheap clothes can find them at the long established popular prices, but we no longer get the warmth or the satisfaction from them.

The proof of this statement is not based alone on personal investigation and experience. During the discussion of the Payne-Aldrich Tariff Bill, evidence enough of it was laid before Congress. Mr. Nicholas Longworth, for instance, read to the committee on Ways and Means a letter from a clothier in his congressional bailiwick in which the man declared: "*I never handled cloth of so inferior a quality as I do now. Laborers, mechanics, and farmers who use ready-made clothing are receiving practically no value for their money.*" The National Association of Clothiers were strong in their protest to Congress. "Standard winter worsteds," their committee said, "which twelve years ago ranged from twenty-one to twenty-four ounces in weight per yard, have gradually been decreased in weight, so that they now range from fourteen to sixteen ounces per yard; standard spring worsteds which ranged from fourteen to sixteen ounces in weight per yard have gradually been decreased, so that they now range from nine to twelve ounces per yard. In consequence, a deterioration of fully thirty-three and one-third per cent. in weight has taken place, in addition to the establishment of a much higher range of prices for the same qualities of goods. The clothing manufacturer, therefore, through the inability of the cloth to stand ordinary wear, is largely deprived of the opportunity to produce garments upon which a good reputation can be based."

### *Why is Wool Passing?*

But why should the materials which are used in our cheap clothing be unsatisfactory—why can we not get durable cheap goods as it is certain we once could? The answer is not contained in a word. There is always more than one reason for sweeping changes in standard articles like woolen goods. However, the chief reason in the present case, the one which is more powerful than all the rest, is the tax which the government levies on wool and woolen products.

But why tax wool? We tax it to protect it from foreign competition. The argument of the wool-growers and manufacturers who persuaded Congress to lay the tax in the first

place was, to put it in a primary way, something like this:

"We cannot grow wool in the United States as cheaply as they can in other parts of the world. We cannot manufacture woolen goods as cheaply. People are going to buy goods where they are cheapest. But we want to grow wool and we want to manufacture woolen goods. Protect us for a time from the foreigners. Put a duty on all the wool and all the woolens which come into the country—a duty which covers the difference in the cost of production. That will make goods cost more, but that will give us a chance to get a start. We will soon grow all the wool suitable for production here. We will soon make all the wool products we can consume. As time goes on we believe we can produce more cheaply than the foreigner. Thus, in the long run, the people will be rewarded for the higher prices they must pay because of this protective duty."

Now, a tax laid on a whole people for the avowed purpose of making them pay more for goods than they would otherwise should certainly be simple, direct and easily understood. The tax on wool is anything but this. On the contrary, it is tied up in an intricate technical jargon called a wool schedule which very few people pretend to understand, and which in all probability was never intended to be understood. Even so experienced a congressman as Senator Dolliver—twenty-one years in the body and a member of the Ways and Means Committee which prepared the Dingley bill—had to confess last year when a certain cunningly concealed duty in this schedule was shown to him that he never had had a suspicion of it. "I had to read it four or five times before I could see the point where the proposition emerged," Senator Dolliver said. "I handed it to intelligent men and asked them if they saw any distinction in that language between clothing wools and combing wools, and, one after another, bright men said, 'I cannot see any distinction.' If you will get the paragraph and read it yourself, you will notice with what delicacy of phrase, worthy of poets and artists, this distinction has been wrought into the very foundation of the wool tariff."

### *A Swindling Duty*

It is not the business of this article to attempt to penetrate this jungle. All that it is necessary for us to understand in the present connection are the duties which affect those grades of wool which the man of limited means would like to buy, the duties which explain why so much wool is now made principally of cotton.

The first of these mischievous and deceiving duties is that on wool "in the grease," as wool is called when it is sheared from the sheep. To prepare this wool for manufacturing it is first scoured until clean, an operation which causes a shrinkage of from twenty to eighty per cent. in the weight of the wool. In turning this clean wool into cloth there is a still further shrinkage. Indeed the total shrinkage from wool to cloth is such that it sometimes requires as much as five or six pounds to make a pound of cloth; and again it requires as little as two pounds. Of course the value of the wool varies according to the shrinkage, *i. e.*, according to the amount of cloth a manufacturer can get from a given lot. It also varies according to the *kind* of cloth the wool will make, *i. e.*, whether it will make a fine or coarse cloth. Now all imported "grease wool," suited for clothing regardless of its value, of the amount of dirt and grease there is in it, the amount it shrinks, the amount and quality of cloth you can get from it, has to pay a duty of eleven or twelve cents a pound.

If the American wool-growers who secured this duty to begin with on the supposition that they would soon be able to produce enough wool to supply the home demand had been able to keep their promises it would not have been necessary to import wool, and competition might keep the home prices down. But the wool-growers have not for many years, if ever, produced even half of what we use. I know that it is customary to figure the amount as much larger. "Seventy per cent. of the wool we use is produced at home," the wool boomers cry, but they do their figuring on grease wool and omit altogether the wool which comes in manufactured! There is only one fair way to estimate the amount we grow, and that it to find out what we get from it after it is cleaned of grease and dirt and compare it with the clean wool, raw and manufactured, we import. Do this and we find that we really produce nearer 40 per cent. than 70 per cent. of what we use. In 1890—in 1895—in 1900—this was the approximate proportion by my figuring. One of the leading wool authorities of the country makes the relative proportion the same in 1906, *i. e.*, 40 per cent. domestic to 60 per cent. foreign. For 1909, he figures it 37 per cent. domestic to 63 per cent. foreign.

Now, as said above, all of the wool imported must pay a duty of eleven or twelve cents a pound when it is "in the grease." The American wool-grower in normal and prosperous times can charge more for his wool because of this duty. He may not be able to add the full amount to his price—in fact it is probable that

he rarely does, but he certainly gets from us considerably more than he could if he were not protected.

### *An Experience in Wool-Buying*

The way the duty works is clearly illustrated by a personal experience in wool-buying related by Robert Bleakie, of Boston, a manufacturer who has been making woolen goods in this country *continuously* since 1848. Mr. Bleakie's account is of a purchase of wool he made in 1897 just before the Dingley bill went into effect, that is, when we had free wool. He had bought in Africa 223,684 pounds of wool at 9 $\frac{1}{10}$  cents a pound. By the time he got it to Boston it cost him 13 $\frac{1}{10}$  cents a pound (\$29,565.83 for the lot). Now, let us suppose Mr. Bleakie's wool had not reached Boston until *after* the Dingley bill had gone into effect, that is, until after the eleven cents a pound had been placed on grease wool. To get his wool out of the customhouse Mr. Bleakie would have had to pay the tidy sum of \$24,605.22; *i. e.*, eleven cents on each pound. This would have made the wool cost him, instead of twenty-nine thousand dollars, over fifty-four thousand dollars. But it was fine wool, shrinking heavily in cleaning. As a matter of fact he got out of the 223,684 pounds he imported only 85,000 pounds which he could use. But note that he would have had to pay duty on the *entire* lot, that is, to pay it on 138,684 pounds of grease and dirt as well as on the 85,000 pounds of clean wool! Of course the duty simply shut him off from importing heavy-shrinking wool, and at the same time made domestic wool of this kind too dear to buy.

Now, there are two classes of wool manufacturers, known as carded woolen and worsted. The former, to which class Mr. Bleakie belongs, finds a large proportion of the wool they need to be heavy-shrinking—the latter use mainly the light-shrinking wool. It is the carded woolen manufacturer who makes our heavy woolen clothes—flannels and blankets, the warm and durable “all wool” goods of the poor man. Mr. Bleakie's experience just quoted shows what the eleven cent duty on grease wool does to his business. It takes the raw material away from it—“starves” it, as the manufacturers say. At the same time it gives his competitor—the worsted maker—a decisive advantage for he uses mainly light-shrinking wool. It is obvious that if two manufacturers each import one hundred pounds of wool in the grease and each pay \$11 duty on his lot, the one which gets the larger number of pounds of clean wool will have the other at a

disadvantage. Yet each will pay the same duty, \$11 on a hundred-pound lot.

What this discrimination against those who use the heavy-shrinking wool amounts to is making wool too dear to be put into the common grades of flannels, blankets and clothing materials. The manufacturer is forced to find substitutes. Forty-three years ago, when the duties on the coarse grades of wool were first made prohibitive, and the manufacturers were forced to find substitutes in order to make cloths that the average man could afford to buy, wool rags, wool waste, and carpet wools were resorted to. They were wool, at least, and warm.

Between 1867 and 1890 the annual importation of shoddy rose from about 500,000 to 9,000,000 pounds. Then the cry went up that it was displacing wool. Prohibitive duties were placed upon all kinds of wool substitutes. By 1890 duties so high were put on all the wool substitutes that they could not be imported; that is, after taxing wool off our backs—the wool substitutes were taken away. Deprived of the advantages which the inventions for using waste gave, there was nothing left but cotton for the bulk of the substitutes used in inexpensive goods, and cotton it has been ever since.

The rapid absorption by cotton of the wool field has indeed been one of the most significant changes in American industry since the McKinley bill of 1890. The latest tables, those of 1905, show that while from 1890 to 1905 cotton increased in the manufacturing of clothing materials about 100 per cent., wool increased only about 25 per cent. One whole department of manufacturing formerly classed under wool is now placed with cotton-hosiery and knit underwear. The decrease in per capita consumption of wool shows still more strikingly the passing of wool. In 1890 we were consuming 8.75 pounds apiece; in 1904, 6.22 pounds, —less than we used in 1860!\*

I do not mean to assert that this astonishing change in the relative use of the two materials is all due to the tariff on raw wool. It is not; cotton is gaining the world over. The general tendency to lighter clothing, the demand for a larger number of garments and so cheaper prices, the failure of the world's wool production to increase and consequently its higher price—all have encouraged the change, but it is certain that the great determining factor in the United States had been this duty combined with a second mischief-maker—the compound duties on all products of wool imported.

\* See WRIGHT'S WOOL-GROWING AND THE TARIFF, pages 294-295.

*A Second Legalized Swindle*

If the maker of woollens had a sufficient supply of free wool—that is, if the price of his raw material was not raised by a duty—all the protection he could rightfully ask against his foreign rival would be the difference in the cost of production here and abroad. But his wool costs him more than his foreign rival's. If he is to meet him on a level he must be protected against wool as well as production. The way this is done is to put two duties on cloth which is imported—one a duty to make up for the higher price he has had to pay for his raw material, the other for the higher price of manufacturing.

These two duties vary with different grades of woollens. The schedule is highly complex—a matter for experts only. Its results, however, are simple—and hard—enough, for what they amount to is that the cheaper the blanket or the dress goods, the HIGHER the duty! On many materials and articles suitable for the slender purse these duties are prohibitory, *i. e.*, so high that none of the goods can be imported. On cloth, for instance, worth not more than forty cents a pound the duty averages over 140 per cent.; on cloth worth more than seventy cents a pound it averages about 95 per cent.

We shall notice here but one item of the taxes which bring about this unjust discrimination, and that is the duty allowed to make up for the higher cost of the raw wool. This duty—a compensatory duty it is called—is reckoned on the number of pounds of wool in the grease supposed to be used in making a pound of cloth. Where the goods are worth less than forty cents a pound three pounds are allowed; where they are worth more, four pounds. As the duty on this wool is eleven cents, the compensatory duty on a pound of cloth is thirty-three or forty-four cents. Take the latter as an illustration, it applying to the only grades imported in any quantity. This is an out and out swindle, for the simple reason that few of them contain this amount of grease wool.

A year ago last January, when the discussion of the wool schedule was going on in Congress, the *Textile World Record*, a remarkably able and fair-minded Boston trade journal, published the result of a series of analyses of cloth which its editor, Samuel S. Dale, had made personally, in order to discover the actual protection each was getting under the Dingley law. The estimate in each case was based on a large quantity, 10,000 yards. Here are samples of the results. The first fabric was a worsted serge, weighing 11,500 pounds. Mr. Dale found that 21,941 pounds of grease wool had

been used in this piece of cloth. Now, according to a rational and honest application of the protective principle, one would expect the compensatory duty in case such a piece of cloth was presented for import to be eleven cents on each 21,941 pounds, or \$2,413.51; but as a matter of fact it would be \$5,060! That is, forty-four cents would be charged on each pound of cloth; as if four pounds of wool had been required to make it, while as a matter of fact less than two pounds had gone into it.

A cotton-warp dress goods was analyzed in which but a trifle over one pound of grease wool had been used for each pound of cloth. Mr. Dale calculated the compensatory duty on the 10,000 yards should be \$496.65. But that cloth actually receives \$2,595.63! In the case of a piece of cotton warp basket cloth made of cotton, wool and shoddy, the compensatory duty under the law is reckoned at \$4,262.72, while actually it should be \$2,238.15, and so it went. But two of the eleven fabrics contained over half of the four pounds on which the duty would be reckoned.

In addition to the compensatory duty of forty-four cents is the duty to protect from difference in the cost of production, which is 50 or 55 per cent. of the value of the cloth. There is probably no doubt but this duty is all out of proportion to the actual difference. Forty-three years ago, when practically the same duties now in force on wool were wrested from an unwilling Congress by a combination of wool-growers and woolen manufacturers, all that the latter asked was 25 per cent. to cover difference in the cost of production. American labor has advanced, but so has European labor—and still more has machinery increased the output.

*\$1.50 in New York; 75 cents in London*

Of course these high duties make imported cloth very expensive, and enable American manufacturers to hold up their prices. As a matter of fact the duty makes the American consumer of woolen goods pay just about double what his English cousin pays. Not long ago I was shown by a gentleman who has for years been at the head of one of the best of the wholesale cloth houses of New York a bundle of matched samples of woolen goods—American and English—with carefully worked out statements of cost here and abroad. The goods had been matched by one of the leading woolen experts of England. I was unable to detect any difference in quality, and only the slightest in finish. There was practically no choice, so slight was the difference. But note

the price. For an American serge costing \$1.37½ a yard the price of the matched English goods in Bradford was 67 cents. The English equivalent of an American fabric costing \$1.50 was 78.05 cents. Beautiful blue light-weight serges, such as are used for men's summer suits, cost in America \$1.80, in Bradford 81.2 cents. The mohair which is used so much in this country for women's summer traveling suits can be bought in Bradford for 27½ cents; here it is wholesaled at 70 cents and costs at retail \$1. This was the showing over a large range of goods. It amounted to this, that the English price was only about half the American.

An example of the difference in cost of woolen goods was given at a recent hearing in Boston, where the cost of living was being investigated. Mr. Dale, of the *Textile World Record*, was being questioned on the comparative costs of American and European goods. "You can make comparisons in two ways," Mr. Dale answered. "First by comparing prices at which the same grades are sold, and, second, by comparing the grades that are sold at the same price. For example, here are two fabrics, one made and sold in this country and the other made and sold in England. The English fabric is sold at 3s. 6d. (84 cents) a yard, 55 inches wide. The American cloth is sold for 77½ cents per yard, 55 inches wide. So that the two are sold at approximately the same price. The difference is represented by the difference in the two fabrics. The English cloth is a fine worsted weighing 10½ ounces per yard, 55 inches wide, the American fabric is made with a cotton warp and a mixed cotton and wool filling. The cloth consists of 30 per cent. wool, 70 per cent. cotton. It weighs 9.6 ounces per yard, 55 inches wide."

The manager of a leading New York selling house told a representative of this magazine last spring that he paid the manufacturers in America 45 cents for the serge he bought in Holland for 26½ cents. The serge costing 34 cents here he gets there for 11, and he declares that in each case the Holland goods are vastly better in quality. "It is notorious that the cost of all clothing has steadily advanced under conditions made possible by the tariff," this gentleman said, "while the quality has been steadily debased. See how it works out. To-day there are numberless places where a man can buy ready-made suits at from \$18 to \$30. The cloth in these suits is the same which used to be offered in the cheapest places at \$8 to \$10 a suit. A very few days wear will reveal what these suits are made of. That is why so many of the young clerks who

have paid enough money out to get a good suit of clothes look threadbare, and walk around with their collars turned up."

### *Fighting for an Industry*

Of course it is not supposed that duties which for over forty years have been making the American people pay nearly or quite twice as much for woolen goods as they could get them for abroad, which has made them so dear that the great mass of people have had to give them up and take cotton and shoddy substitutes; duties which have favored one class of manufacturers and one class of wool-growers at the expense of another—it is not to be supposed that these duties have never been contested. Last year before the passing of the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill there was a hot fight made against the particular duties we have been talking of. The leaders in this fight were not the consumers who suffer most—they are too busy earning the great American wage of a dollar or two a day—it was made by the carded woolen manufacturers principally, those gentlemen whose business has been literally starved by the discrimination shown to the worsted makers. Incidentally, they were supported by the growers of light-shrinking wool and by the National Association of Clothiers, whose slogan is: "You cannot do a satisfactory business with unsatisfactory materials."

The carded woolen manufacturers, like many other innocent Americans, took the results of the presidential election of 1908 as evidence that the tariff was to be thoroughly revised. "At last," said they, "we shall get relief." Soon after the election one of these gentlemen, Mr. Edward Moir, of Marcellus, New York, learning that there was to be a meeting of the National Association of Wool Manufacturers and supposing that the revision of the wool schedule was to be discussed, presented himself at the gathering. To his surprise he found that some weeks before the election, about the time, indeed, that Mr. Taft's promises of downward revision were most definite and vigorous, representatives of this association had met representatives of the wool-growers of the far West and the two had made what they called a "solemn compact" to resist all changes in the wool schedule! The inequalities were to stand. The carded woolen mills were to be fed carpet wool and cotton if they could get them, the man on small income was to continue to wear cotton worsteds and sleep under cotton blankets, the well-to-do were to continue to pay \$1.50 for cloth they could buy in England for seventy-five cents. When Mr. Moir protested, he found he

stood alone; *i. e.*, he found that the *National Association of Wool Manufacturers apparently represented the worsted industry.* A little later, when the Ways and Means Committee began its hearings, Mr. Moir found that this same association was giving information on what the wool schedule needed and that it did not include help for him. Outraged, he went to work to organize the carded woolen men. Over one hundred were soon in line, and this body carried its grievance to the Ways and Means Committee. No attention was paid to it. At the same time Mr. William M. Wood, of the National Association (Mr. Wood is the president of the American Woolen Company, the combination popularly called the "Wool Trust") took the carded wool men to task for objecting to the duties. The new organization was not slow in declaring war.

"The carded woolen manufacturers have appealed to the Ways and Means Committee for fair play in vain," Mr. Dobson, the president of the Maine Wool Manufacturers' Association, wrote in a public answer to Mr. Wood. "If the House of Representatives denies it to them they will appeal to the Senate. If justice is refused there they will appeal to the President of the United States, who has proclaimed his belief in the theory of cost differences as the true principle of protection, who has announced his devotion to the square deal, and who, since his election, has declared that tariff revision must be honest and thorough, and intimated that a veto awaits a dishonest bill.

"If he fails to give us the justice he can give if he will, then the carded woolen manufacturers will carry their case to the court that makes and unmakes Presidents, Senates, and Houses of Representatives, the American people, confident that they sooner or later will strip from the tariff law the special privileges that are now giving the worsted spinners such great advantages at the expense of the wool-growers, the carded woolen manufacturers and the consumers of the country."

### *Congress Turns a Deaf Ear*

And this is literally what they have done in the months which have passed since they first took their case of obvious injustice to the Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives. They have gone from tribunal to tribunal, from committee to House, from House to Senate, from Senate to President, and the *unjust rates are still legal.*

Take their experience with Senator Hale of Maine. In Senator Hale's state there are some fifty-five carded woolen manufacturers, who for years have seen their business starved of raw material. They decided to appeal to the Finance Committee and asked the Senator to fix a date. This was done; but a few days before they were to have their hearing they received a message from him saying that it was useless for them to visit

Washington, that the wool tariff "*had been fully presented.*"

They telegraphed back that they were on the way. Arriving, they insisted, as was their right, on a hearing. "Their reception would have been a joke," one of them has written of the interview, "if the issue at stake had not been so important. As the case was presented . . . the members of the committee, with one exception, sat silent and unresponsive. The one exception was Senator Smoot of Utah, who subjected the petitioners to a fusillade of interruptions, indicating plainly a determination to discredit them before the committee and the Senate. The impassive demeanor of the other members indicated as plainly a willingness that the carded woolen petitioners should be discredited in order that nothing might interfere with the execution of the settled purpose to leave Schedule K unchanged. This farcical hearing had a fitting sequel in the interview by appointment next day between the carded woolen manufacturers and Senator Smoot, who appeared to have special charge of the wool and wool goods tariff. The manufacturers found it impossible to make a statement of their case to a Senator who insisted on talking and refused to listen. Later in the day, Mr. Hamill, incensed by the action of the Senator, exclaimed:

"Well, Mr. Smoot, if you Senators don't revise the tariff in the interests of the people the country will go Democratic."

"To which Senator Smoot replied:

"Let the country go Democratic! What the hell do I care if it does?"

They had no better luck with another Senator whom they approached—Penrose of Pennsylvania. "You better get into some other business," he told them.

### *Mr. Taft "Too Busy"*

The appeal to the President was all that was left them and the time was short. But here they expected help. Had he not put his foot down for free hides? Were they not asking much less, from the protectionist standpoint, since it was merely an equalization of duties—not taking one off entirely? Moreover, was not the discrimination of which they complained really doing the people of the country far greater harm than the hide duty? Surely Mr. Taft would heed them. They saw to it that their case was put before him, that he had their printed statements. A trusted go-between brought them encouragement, assurances that the President would see them; but when they presented themselves word



was brought back that the President was "too busy," that he had important official engagements for the day and could not consider their complaints. There was nothing more to be done. It was literally the last day for intervention.

Discouraged, a number of the carded woolen men left Washington at once. Two of the committee, however, remained and, to drown their disappointment, went over to Fort Myer to see the Wrights fly. They had not been there long before a stir in the crowd attracted their attention. It was President Taft, whose pressing official engagements had prevented him from giving them a hearing. He, too, was forgetting his troubles in watching the Wrights fly!

It would be wrong to leave the impression that their cause found no spokesman. Probably the most telling speech made in the whole course of the debate on the Payne-Aldrich bill was that of Senator Dolliver, dealing largely with the absurdities of the wool schedule. But all that speech brought from the Master of the Situation, Senator Aldrich, was the taunt that it was "Democratic talk"! All of the wrongs of which they complained remained undisturbed in the Payne-Aldrich bill. The

wool schedule of the Dingley bill was re-enacted practically as it stood.

All that was left for the gentlemen was to carry their case to the American people, which they are now doing. But why are they forced to do this? How can it be that the members of the most influential committee in Congress will listen to a plain case of injustice "silent and unresponsive"? How can it be that a President who has a few months before aroused a people generally indifferent to him, to something like hopeful interest by his promises to put an end to exactly such wrongs will turn the wronged from his door with the message of "too busy"? How can it be that a large body of serious men, with abundant evidence of a real injustice in their hands, should be rebuffed at every point in our governmental machine? And, most serious of all, how can it be that the relation of this wrong to the health and comfort of the laboring people of the United States should be entirely ignored? This is nothing less than a failure of the devices of democratic government. Repeated often it means the end of democracy. A machine which must be repaired too often is certain to be discarded. How did it happen then? This must be our next inquiry.

*The next paper in this series will deal with "The Bulwark of the Wool Farce"*

## JUNE IN THE SADDLE

BY H. H.

**W**ATCHFUL eye alert for shying at the silent shadows lying  
 Checkered on the turf beneath his eager hoofs that beat in tune,  
 Loping on to take the fences, where the meadow-stretch commences  
 Just beyond the lower pasture, daisy-pied and sweet with June.

*Fly the rustic bars, and quiet with the curb that threatened riot;  
 And excited rush that follows checked to canter slower still,  
 Fretting at the bit he passes, knee high in the scented grasses,  
 Over sun-warmed fields before us to the distant-looming hill.*

*Gone are blossomed pear and cherry: but the tasseled elderberry,  
 White with still unfading flower, hedges the ascending lane;  
 Faint the creak and smell of leather in the humid summer weather,  
 Turning loosely in the saddle, empty stirrup, idle rein.*

*Under satin skin the veining shows with his ambitious straining,  
 Sweating to a higher summit, breasting now a cooler breeze,  
 Strive who will for gain and power, since each man must have his hour;  
 Grant me, gods, the open country—and a horse between my knees.*

## INTERESTING PEOPLE

*Joseph Fels*

**F**IVE minutes after meeting Joseph Fels you know him; in an hour you have the illusion that you have always known him; and then, next, you feel the certainty that you always will know him. And the reason for this is that he is all there all the time. There isn't much of him physically. He is just about five feet tall.

"This city will be bigger some day," said a St. Louis judge who was answering a speech by Fels. "You yourself are bigger than you were when you were born, aren't you?"

"Not much," said Fels.

But this tiny body hasn't anything to do with his being. Quick, nervous, eager, glad, his horse-power, so to speak, is that of Theodore Roosevelt. He flies at his work, like an insect; he is gay about it. "It's so easy," he says.

And he has humor and wit. His wit has been sharpened by the heckling he gets while campaigning in England, but it is founded on humor, and his humor is founded on his success in making money; soap, too, but principally money; very much money.

"It is so easy," he laughs. "You get a monopoly. Then you get a lot of people to work for you, and you give them as little as you please of all they make. It's easy, as easy as stealing."

In his speech at the Chicago City Club (March 11, 1910) he said it was robbery. Addressing "the Armours" and other rich men he said:

"We can't get rich under present conditions without robbing somebody. I've done it; you are doing it now and I still am doing it. But I am proposing to spend the damnable money to wipe out the system by which I made it." And he invited all men to match him dollar for dollar in the fund he has established (to "the extent of his swag," as he put it) to "abolish poverty."

And he laughs; not maliciously, but with amusement; and some wonder.

"Isn't it strange?" he says. "They don't see that. They don't think it is robbery; they don't believe I mean what I say. And yet,

the fact that I have money gives me a certain authority, and so my statement has the sensation of news. The truth I utter is old, but it's news because a rich man says it."

And poking you in the ribs, he puts you in the crowd and laughs at you. For he knows that you also think a little more of what he says because he is a rich man. He can see it.

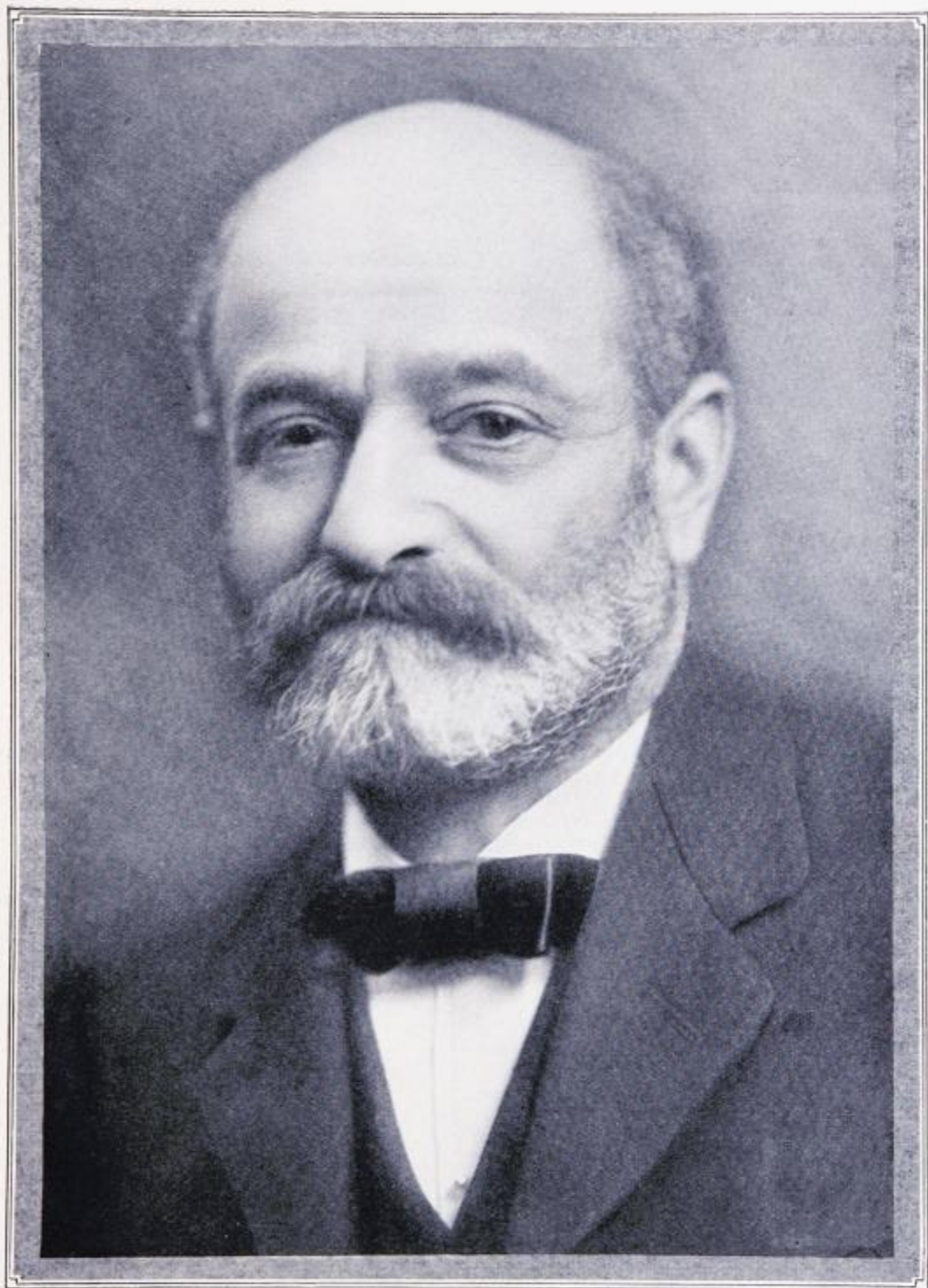
And that's the point about Fels. He sees. He has imagination: he sees the machinery of life as vividly as a mathematician sees a geometric figure, or an astronomer a constellation. Most men see stars. "Or bread," said Fels, helping out the expression, "or soap." Fels sees the economics of soap-making, bread-making and human exploitation.

"Most Jews do," he says. "That's why we succeed so well in business. We see it as a system, as a diagram. And that's why we hate so to work for wages. We can see that that's no way to make money. That is the way to make soap all right, and bread. But the way to make money is to get hold of land or a franchise; water, gas, transportation; or, a food monopoly; any privilege that men must have the use of, and then—then hold 'em up to get the use of it. And most men don't see it; they won't see it; they won't see it when you tell them. Well, we see it, we Jews, and—some others."

It's because Fels' friends see what Fels sees that they know him so well. And they know him so quickly, because with his quick, sharp, explosive sentences he has learned to present his point of view, his philosophy, his vivid picture of the world completely and instantly. Also his feelings about it all.

For Fels cares. He is deeply concerned about the facts he laughs at.

"I didn't use to be," he said once. "I've been a Single Taxer ever since I read George's books. I've seen the cat for years. But I didn't do much till I was converted. And, strange to say, I was converted by a Socialist. Single Taxers and Socialists don't agree; too often they fight. But it was Kier Hardie who converted me to the Single Tax or, as I prefer to call it, Christianity. I came home on a ship



JOSEPH FELS

*Photograph by A. D. Cook*

A restless little man of fifty-five who devotes most of his time to furthering liberal causes in England and America. After making a fortune he took time to think and decided he had no right to so much money. Now he is trying to spend it in the wisest way for the general good

with him once and I noticed that he never thought of himself. We were together all the time, all those long days at sea, and we talked about England, America, politics, business—everything; and I talked and I thought of myself. But Hardie didn't talk of himself, and I could see that he never thought of Kier Hardie. He was for men."

Fels paused, recalling those days evidently. Then he resumed:

"Well, that did for me. I saw that I was nothing, and that I was doing nothing, compared with a man like that. He saw and I saw, but he worked. He did things, and I saw that that made him a man, a happy man and a servant of mankind. So I decided to go to work, forget myself and get things done. And," he laughed again, "that's easy too. Not so easy as making money; giving it away is harder than getting it. But by careful management I believe it can be given back without doing much harm."

And that is where Joseph Fels may achieve his distinction among rich men. He may prove to be the most successful of the givers of "tainted money." It's a business. Rockefeller has found that out; and Carnegie—they all have discovered that it is harder to redistribute than to collect money. And most of them really fail at it. Naturally. They don't know how they take money. They think they make it. Fels knows that he doesn't make it, that it is made for him. He gets it, and he knows how he gets it, and he sees that the system which makes the rich rich makes the poor poor. Seeing that, therefore, he does not attempt to alleviate the misery he helps to cause. He gives not a penny for relief, either of individuals or classes. He poured out thousands in London to put the unemployed on vacant lands held for the rise, but his mind was not on the destitute; it was on the land. He saw no use in feeding empty stomachs; he was trying to fill the vacant heads of the poor and the overcrowded heads of the rich with the sight of what men could do for themselves if they could but get access to wasted land; land that was owned but not used. And he succeeded in part.

The land is an issue in English politics now, and Fels financed the agitation which made the land tax in the Budget the question of the day. Which is what he is up to in all countries. He is giving in England \$25,000 a year; in Denmark, \$5,000; in Canada, \$5,000, and so on—altogether \$100,000 a year. And he is offering to give \$25,000 (or more) a year for 5 years (or longer) in the United States on condition that Americans who see the "land cat" will match

him dollar for dollar. The money is to go into a fund which is to be spent to finance movements which seem to be making most directly toward the cure of the causes of poverty.

"I want to make me impossible," he says. "I want to spend my fortune to make such fortunes as mine impossible. And that's a serious, worthy, happy occupation for a man of executive ability."

Once when Fels had been stating his proposition at length a listener who was impressed by the genial humor, the profound kindness and the serene wisdom of this little Jew turned to him quietly and said:

"Fels, the Jews call themselves the Chosen People; the world has acknowledged the title, and I, for example, am willing now, in your presence, to admit that they are indeed the chosen. But what are they chosen for?"

"The Jews?" said Fels, with a careless wave of his arm. "The Jews were chosen to introduce Christianity."

LINCOLN STEFFENS.

### *George J. Kindel*

**A**LL through the Rocky Mountain region George J. Kindel is known as "the rate-buster." He has earned the title by twenty years of implacable fighting against unjust freight discrimination. The mention of his name to the traffic manager of any road west of the Missouri is like shaking a red rag at a bull. For Kindel has made the rate-fixers more trouble than any twenty men in the country. He has sacrificed his time, his money, and his business to carry on a single-handed fight against transportation companies for equitable rates.

Kindel is distinctively of the Western type. A big, profane, fearless man of one idea, his manners would never be popular at a pink tea. He is a born fighter. He hits like the kick of a mule, and he never quits. In his face there is something grim, something of the look of a bulldog that has been through the wars. In a recent pamphlet, showing that Denver had lost more than twenty manufactories by means of unjust transportation rates that had put them out of business, he paid his compliments to the Chamber of Commerce and referred to it as "a feeble-minded, cowardly, grafting jelly-fish" because that body has shown itself so flabby in the matter of dealing with the railroads.

To call him fearless does not quite express the quality of his courage. There is an energy and virility about it that make him unique. Committed to jail half a dozen times for con-



GEORGE J. KINDEL

An untiring fighter against unjust railway freight discriminations. At the recent city election in Denver, in which both of the party machines were swamped by the Citizens' party, Kindel was elected Supervisor on a reform ticket.

tempt of court or because he refused to give bond, newspaper men would find him in his cell surrounded by charts and pamphlets, score of which have been issued by him, cheerfully planning a new attack before the railroad commission. Yet he is no hater of railroads. When strikers on one occasion took to dynamiting the property of the Denver & Rio Grande system Kindel was chairman of the citizens' vigilance committee that stopped it. He went out with his shotgun and patrolled

the yards to protect the property of the road, whose rates he afterward attacked. Injustice sets him off like a torpedo. At the drop of the hat he is ready to fight for his own rights or those of others.

Nor do the odds matter at all. Appointed by the Supreme Court a watcher to prevent election frauds, he went down alone into the worst precinct in the city and stayed there all day in spite of the threats of a score of thugs. So effectual was his work that the notorious



FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

A great example of the born story-teller. Each new story seems to come from a fresh, untouched reservoir of invention and vivid human sense. "The Secret Garden," Mrs. Burnett's new serial, will begin next month in this magazine

Billy Green and two others went to prison for six months on his testimony as to the frauds committed. The same spirit animated him when he appeared alone before the Interstate Commerce Commission at Washington and fought his case to a victorious finish against the best lawyers and traffic experts of the roads involved. On one occasion he made more than fifty railroads a party to his suit. At the Trans-Mississippi Congress he forced a hearing for himself after Harriman had finished speaking and demanded an explanation of why Colorado was discriminated against in rates.

Wherever he goes, picturesque anecdotes are strewn in his wake. The Jesse James circular and its results illustrate the temper of the man as well as any other incident. Believing that the Equitable Life had cheated him in the settlement of a tontine policy, he got out a circular with a cut of Hyde between those of the notorious outlaws Jesse James and Soapy Smith. This was before the insurance exposures, and the circulation of seventy thousand copies of such a sheet was then held to be almost lese-majesty. Suit was brought against Kindel for criminal libel. He insisted on defending his own case against the advice of the judge.

"You umpire the game and see fair play. That's all I ask, Judge," he said.

The jury box was filled with veniremen. He glanced them over and refused to challenge. "I guess you're all square. You look good to me," was his only comment. After the evidence was all in, he spoke in his big, brusque way and advised them to send him to jail if he had not told the truth. The jury was out seven minutes. When the foreman gave the verdict of "Not guilty" the judge had to rap for order several times.

A manufacturer of mattresses by business, it is characteristic of him that while serving on a grand jury he once tried to have himself indicted for making shoddy mattresses. It was his hope to have the subject investigated that he might show the freight conditions against which a dealer in this section must contend. With Kindel all questions come back ultimately to the one of freight rates.

WILLIAM MACLEOD RAINE.

### *Frances Hodgson Burnett*

**F**EW names of authors are so consistently associated with success throughout a long career as that of Frances Hodgson Burnett, whose new serial story, "The Secret Garden," will begin in the November AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

Mrs. Burnett laughingly relates how, when she sent her first manuscripts to a magazine publisher at the tender age of twelve, she slipped a bit of paper into the envelope bearing the stern young warning: "My object is remuneration!"

The manuscript was accepted (nothing that Mrs. Burnett has ever written has *not* been accepted! Mark this, thou poor struggling scribbler!), and if her object at twelve was remuneration, she certainly has achieved it all along the line, in recognition among the elect, in popularity among the masses, as well as in good gold coin.

In the seventies her first great novel, "That Lass o' Lowrie's," placed her in the front rank among novelists; "Esmeralda," first played in 1880, won her immediate success as a playwright; and her dramatization alone of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," in 1886, netted her no less than \$150,000—a fortune in itself—the greater part of which was spent in the heart-breaking battle with the last illness of her eldest son, Lionel.

Her dramatization of "The Dawn of a Tomorrow," which has already run for two seasons and bids fair to run as many more, brought her in royalties of between one and two thousand dollars a week.

The royalties on the first three months' sale of the American edition alone of "The Shuttle" were \$38,000. Without counting its sale serially, she has already received more than \$50,000 from "The Shuttle," before dramatizing it, which she intends to do.

The splendid place which Mrs. Burnett has lately acquired on Long Island was bought solely with the proceeds from "The Shuttle"—a beautiful bit of land sloping by terraces and stairways to the shore of Manhasset Bay, on which she has built a large stucco house in the Italian style of architecture.

Although Mrs. Burnett is an amazing worker, as one must readily realize in glancing over the long list of her works, yet she by no means confines her activities to writing. She is interested in a multitude of things. She is an omnivorous reader; is fond of the social amenities of life; is an enthusiastic gardener, a devout lover of every bulb and shrub and tree that grows. She is the most feminine of her sex. A misguided lady once commenced an appeal to her on some question with the words "Now, Mrs. Burnett! You who are a sensible woman," etc. Mrs. Burnett refuses to answer to such a definition. Mrs. Burnett refuses to be classed among *sensible* women.

She has the head and forehead of a phi-



*Photograph by H. B. Francis*

THOMAS A. DALY AND FAMILY  
AN EPIC IN NINE CANTOS

A genuine poet who conducts the business affairs of an able and prosperous journal.  
Also a successful father

losopher and a philanthropist, or whatever is most masculinely wise and good—but these she painstakingly conceals under a halo of fluffy, wavy hair. All the qualities of mind and character which make her the writer of genius that she is she smuggles out of sight under an enchanting display of very sincere interest in frocks and frills. In these her taste is anything but severe. She loves soft, clinging, trailing chiffon things, “with *miles* of lace on them.”

She has a great gift in household decoration. Turn her into a dungeon deep and she would make shift to transform it into some-

thing more than inhabitable,—luxurious. Her taste expresses itself in everything that makes for downy coziness and cheer.

She is a most tender mother, a most faithful and loyal friend, the kindest and most generous of women. Still, the same may be said of other women of one’s acquaintance; but how many, may one ask, are capable of holding the public attention and interest for more than thirty years, and of earning, single-handed and by sheer power of brain, far over a hundred thousand dollars, as Mrs. Burnett has lately done, in less than two years?



*Thomas A. Daly*

**J**OHNSON had his Boswell, Samuel L. Clemens his Albert Bigelow Paine, and Thomas Augustine Daly [cries of "Treason! Treason!"] was born in Philadelphia in 1871. If this be treason, make the least of it.

Tom Daly is what the sporting page would call Some Poet. For over ten years he has been writing a weekly department of verse and jokes for the *Catholic Standard and Times*, and in this column have appeared nearly all those verses that every exchange editor and most newspaper readers are so familiar with. It was in the *Standard and Times*, of which Doctor—Fordham College conferred a Litt.D. on him last June—Daly is general manager, that his Italian dialect verses first appeared. And whatever else he writes, he will always be known as the man who does "those Dago things."

But never think that it is Tom's Litt.D or his verses that give him a month's card to the Interesting People Club. No. Hundreds of persons have honorary degrees—even William Allen White hasn't escaped—and thousands write verse. But there is only one poet's family in the world like that of Daly the Troubadour, and if you will glance a moment at the contiguous half-tone you will see nine Interesting People, all members of this club.

Tom is the mustached one, the one with the hideous tie. Mrs. Daly, Nannie Barrett that was, is sitting beside him. She is far better-looking than the photographer would have you think, which makes the per capita pulchritude about even, as Doctor Daly is not nearly so handsome as appears. Little Tom, the one down in the S. E. corner, likes to tell inquiring visitors to the Daly home in Germantown, Pa., that "we've got seven in the family and we're waiting for a ball team." This, according to the manager, is the line-up:

C.—Leonard Barrett Daly,	at bat	Mar. 30, 1897.
P.—John Anthony	" "	Sept. 11, 1899.
1 B.—Thos. Augustine	" "	July 8, 1901.
2 B.—Anne Elizabeth	" "	Apr. 13, 1903.
SS.—Stephen Barrett	" "	Dec. 19, 1904.
3 B.—Brenda Rutledge	" "	May 12, 1907.
L. F.—Frederic Rutledge	" "	Nov. 5, 1908.

GAME CALLED.

As has been said, everybody has read the Daly verses. But unless you have heard this strong, sweet man recite them you haven't extracted their full meaning. It is a fine thing to hear the author recite:

CARLOTTA MIA

Giuseppe, da Barber, ees greata for "mash,"  
He gotta da bigga, da blacka mustache,  
Good clo'es an' good styla an' playnta good cash.

W'enevra Giuseppe ees walk on da street,  
Da peopla dey talka "how nobby! how neat!  
How softa da handa, how smalla da feet."

He raisa hees hat an' he shaka hees curls,  
An' smila weeth teetha so shiny like pearls;  
O! many da heart of da seelly young girls

He gotta,  
Yes, playnta he gotta—  
But notta  
Carlotta!

Giuseppe, da Barber, he maka da eye,  
An' lika da steam-engine puffa an' sigh  
For catcha Carlotta w'en she ees go by.

Carlotta she walka weeth nose in da air,  
An' look through Giuseppe weeth far-away stare  
As cef she no see dere ces som'body dere.

Giuseppe, da Barber, he gotta da cash,  
He gotta da clo'es an' da bigga mustache,  
He gotta da seelly young girls for da "mash,"

But notta—  
You bat my life, notta—  
Carlotta.  
I gotta!

But the Daly verses are not all in Italian dialect, as you may know. His Irish dialect lyrics are remarkably fine and his "straight stuff" is poetry. This, for instance:

TO A TENANT

You found this house, dear lady, overrun  
With noisome things that wait upon decay,  
All pent within it moldering in the gray,  
Sick gloom of long disuse whose webs were spun  
Through all its halls. You entered, and, the sun  
And God's air coming with you, swept away  
All ugliness and squalor, on that day  
When first your life-long leasehold was begun.

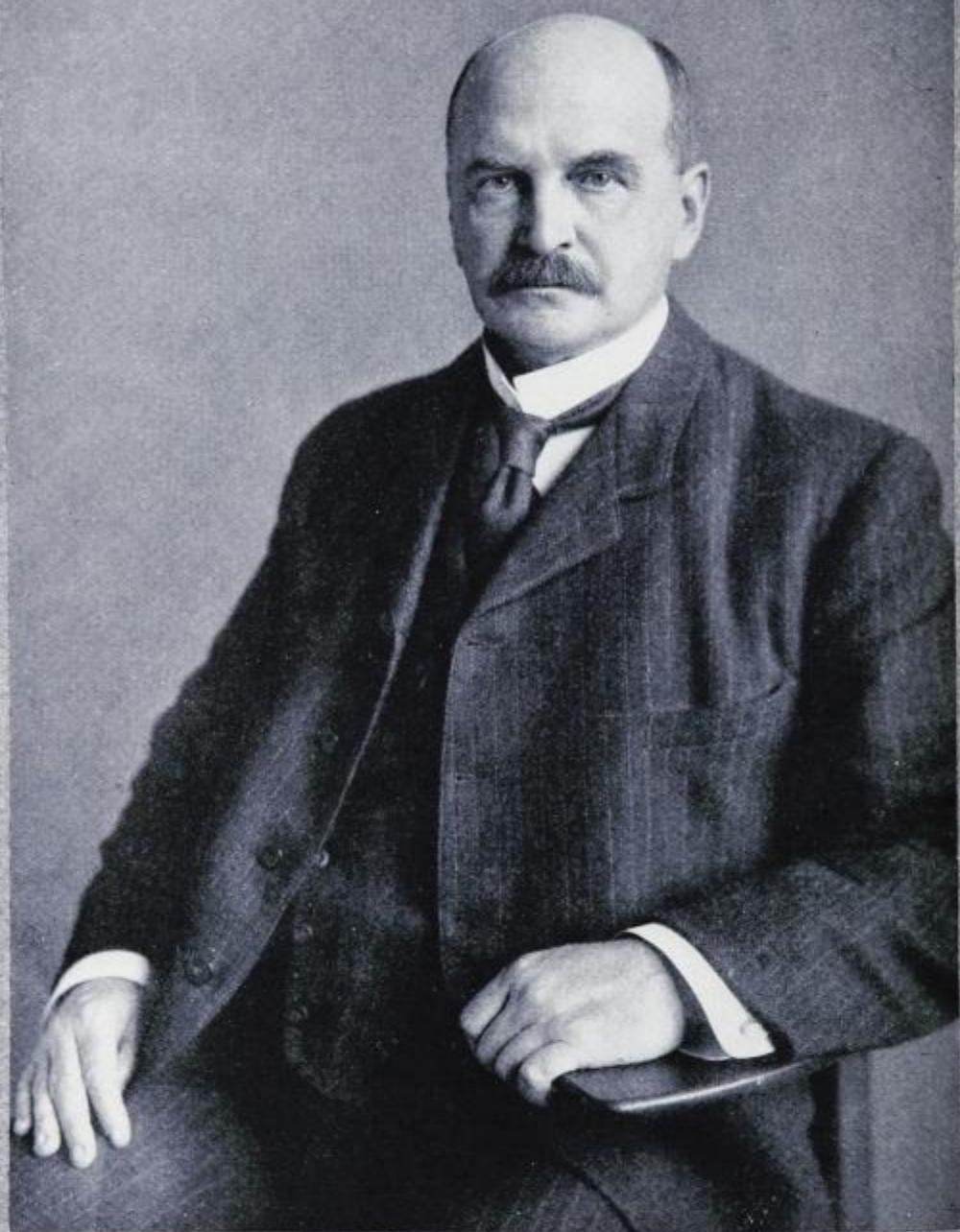
You tell me now your house, this heart of mine,  
Is warm and ever-beautiful and fair,  
And call me benefactor, nor divine  
How little debt you owe, how much I bear  
To you who made this shabby place a shrine  
On that sweet day when first you entered there.

Tom Daly is a true poet, a fine husband and father, a real friend, a great story-teller, one of the best of all dinner-speakers, a first-class working humorist, a star second-base-man, and an excellent business man. And perhaps he has other faults.

FRANKLIN P. ADAMS.

*Dean West of Princeton*

**O**RDINARILY the big outside world knows little and cares less about the questions which agitate the small and (supposedly) peaceful world of learning. During the past year,



*Copyright by Bassler*

ANDREW F. WEST  
DEAN OF THE PRINCETON GRADUATE SCHOOL

A scholar, a fighter, a financier—and a humorist

however, the controversy which inflamed Princeton after the offer and withdrawal of half a million dollars for endowing the graduate school became so hot that it boiled over the academic walls. During the excitement all who had anything to say—and many who had not—were heard from, except the man about whose head the battle waged, the Dean of the graduate school himself, Professor Andrew Fleming West.

And so, although a great deal has been told about Dean West's graduate college idea, which after fourteen years' patient effort he is to realize at last, very little is known about this interesting figure himself, except that he is a distinguished scholar, a devoted alumnus, and has raised more money for his alma mater than all the other alumni combined—barring Mr. M. Taylor Pyne.

Professor West, a large jovial person with simple manners and a sense of humor, is a many-sided man. It has been said at other universities that he has done more than any other educator in this country for championing the cause of classical studies; and it is well known at Princeton that he has an incurable habit of writing nonsense verse. His famous debate with President Eliot over the elective system will be handed down in the annals of American education; and a series of his Limericks will be handed down in the columns of *Life*—one of his younger friends having surreptitiously submitted them. He has been pronounced "one of the few born teachers in America"; and he is as fond of horseplay as an Oxford don. He is the most indulgent of companions, but the most cutting of satirists. He considers it a duty to haze superdignified young professors just back from Germany, suffering from ingrowing scholarship and wearing their brand new doctors' degrees like halos; but when they fall ill he considers it a pleasure to turn his house into a hospital and nurse them with his own hands. He is loved by those who understand him; detested by those who don't.

He smokes too much, is given to sleeping late in the morning, and is prone to procrastination. But he is apt to work all night, and can stand a strain—he has recently done so—which would drive most men to a sanitarium. He is addicted to slang in his conversation, but his formal presentations of candidates for honorary degrees are cameos of beautiful English. He is beloved by the poor of his town, but loses his patience with stupidity in the faculty. He is perplexing to those who yearn for culture—and who blandly

devour culture. To those whose ideal of a college professor is derived from books he is a sad disappointment; and yet his passion is medieval Latin, and his edition of Richard de Bury's *Philobiblon* made a sensation throughout the scholarly world; and in recognition of his erudition and in acknowledgement of his constructive ideas in education, Oxford gave him a coveted D. Litt.—one of the few men in all America.

The dream of his life has been a residential graduate college for Princeton. When the Massachusetts Institute of Technology urged him to accept its presidency the president and board of trustees of Princeton begged him to remain and "put into operation the graduate college which he conceived and for which it [the board] has planned." That was four years ago. He is at last in a position to accede to this request.

It has taken fifteen harassing years to make this dream come true, and then only after a nightmare. It has been attacked in public by some of those who had vouched for it in private and commissioned him to put it through. In the heat of controversy the public was led to believe that something undemocratic inhered in this plan for providing a habitation for graduate students, a provision which seems not unreasonable in Princeton, where boarding-houses are inadequate.

To be sure, Mr. Procter's offer, which raised the row, was chiefly to endow a teaching staff; three years previously a fund had been left for the building, and accepted without question. Moreover, if it were democratic to repel the Procter gift when offered on its original terms, it is hard for the cynical public to see how it is more democratic to accept the same alumnus' gift when offered again upon precisely the same terms so far as they affect the plans, site and ideals of the graduate college. Perhaps it seems a little less so, for in the meanwhile the Wyman fund of no one knows how many millions had been accepted with universal rejoicing for the same long-deferred project.

Time alone can prove whether or not the late Grover Cleveland, who knew an undemocratic proposition when he saw one, was right in stating his "absolute certainty that such an establishment as our graduate school will conserve the advance scholarship which our nation needs in every branch of useful activity. I have never been enlisted in a cause which has given me more satisfaction or a better feeling of usefulness."

JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS.

# Dan Donahue

BY

EDWARD HUNGERFORD

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES S. CHAPMAN

YOU can measure the entire railroad history of the city of Tremont by Dan Donahue. When he arrived there, more than half a century ago, a clear-hearted, blue-eyed Irish boy seeking his fortune in a strange land, there were no street railroads. He took a deliberate choice between going to work as a stone mason's helper or driving on the stagecoach line that ran the entire length of State Street. He took the stagecoach job and he stuck to it for many years.

After all those years had come to pass, Dan Donahue was still at the forward platform of a cable car that ran through Washington Avenue. His hair was silvered, but his eye was clear and his grasp of his handles as steady as it had been when first he stepped upon a car platform. Forty years of hard work and plain life, life in the sunshine and storms of the open, do not age a man.

They had tests now for the men—they were getting quite new-fangled and systematic—and old Dan Donahue met those tests like a farmer's boy who has yet to vote. They would make him breathe and put their wise medical heads against his chest and then wonder what it did. They would make him read fine print and big, try to catch his loyal old ears napping, and he would only laugh back at them when they were done. It is a fine thing to be sixty years young, thought Dan Donahue, and that thought he confided to Martin Maloney one day in the car barn.

"There ain't any use of worryin' 'bout gettin' old, Martin, boy," said Dan, "not till you get kind of shoulderin' up against the century mark, anyway."

Martin Maloney did not agree with the gripman. He was a sepulchral young man, painfully thin and with deep-sunk eyes.

"I ain't thirty yet, an' sometimes I feel so

old that I think an' get thinking for a long time that I'm ready to die—fact is I'd like to die."

Dan showed small sympathy with such sentiments.

"Well, you'd think so if you had my job," was Maloney's defense.

Maloney's job lay within the red brick powerhouse. For eight long hours he sat in a greasy pit at the edge of the engine room and kept his eye fixed upon the slimy, sliding cable as it left the place for its long course under the streets. The push button of an electric bell was beneath his finger tip, and it was Martin Maloney's business to watch the cable in search of loose strands. If he saw a break in the monotonous thing he pressed the bell and the big engine stopped before the damaged part could be out of the room. It would be repaired there and the substitute cable set in motion.

"You'd hate life, Mr. Donahue," began Martin again, "ef you had to stay perched in that hot hole and not take your eyes off that old cable. Every thirty-seven minutes and a half we get the splice, and it's as much as my life is worth to let that run by without my seeing that those ends ain't featherin' out."

Dan Donahue, as had been his way always, comforted him.

"Yours is a big job, me bye," he said, the kindness glowing in his blue old eyes, "yer what they call a responsible man. Let them loose strands get tangled up in one of the grips an' then where'd we be?"

Maloney's dull eyes glowed.

"There was an accident of that sort on the Broadway cable road up in New York last month," he said. "Gripman got snarled in the cable an' smashed right an' lef' for about four miles. Some folks was killed an' a lot more hurt."

"They use a different kind of grip up there," Donahue said, "but you keep your eye peeled on that cable just the same."

"I've been on this job now four years come November," said young Maloney proudly, "an' I never once missed the splice."

His eye caught the time on the clock over the car barn and he stopped himself to go to his task.

"I'm sick o' the job, sick as death o' it," was his final thrust as he moved away from the veteran gripman.

Dan said nothing. He just looked at the

boy under his shaggy eyebrows and shook his head after he was gone.

Martin Maloney remained at his job in the inspection pit. He made several unsuccessful attempts to get away from it. The job was hard to fill. No one wanted it. But they did not tell him that.

"You're a responsible man and we can't afford to let you go," was what they told him, with a slap on his back.

Martin Maloney shook his head dubiously.



"YOURS IS A BIG JOB. ME BYE. . . . YER WHAT THEY CALL A RESPONSIBLE MAN!"

That was not quite his idea of a responsible job, just watching a tireless, endless, slimy cable.

But one night when he sat in the little brick pit, watching the monotonous black strand sweep under the powerful scrutiny of a shaded incandescent and off to the street and its great work, he began thinking of what would be the big accident in Tremont some day. Would one of the grips smash into one of those new trolleys that Mr. Connaughton was just then putting into State Street? What a smash that would be! Martin Maloney shuddered at the very thought of the thing. . . . He put his hands over his eyes for an instant and cold thrills ran up and down his back. . . . His hands dropped from his face. He gave a little cry. . . . The splice!

One of the oilers heard him and came over to him, smelling an accident. Martin Maloney only smiled weakly at the oiler to show that all was well. He could not talk. He could not think to make speech. His thoughts were far away from the powerhouse, traveling with the splice through the streets of Tremont. Once he thought that he would signal to the engineer to stop the cable and bring the splice back into the house. . . . Then he dismissed the idea.

Thirty-seven and a half minutes Martin Maloney sat there in the greasy pit, his soul in hell, his heart with that slender weave of steel cable that madly rushed through the streets of Tremont, up over the hill, past the pleasant houses of the Heights, around the turn at the ball park, back downtown and over the hill again, through the shopping districts, over the sheaves at the sharp curves at the South Union and the foot of Dock Street and back again into the great engines of the powerhouse. Thirty-seven and a half minutes it took to make that trip, and that might have been thirty-seven and a half hours to the soul of Martin Maloney. . . . He gave another little cry, of relief this time, as the splice came under his eye, prompt on its schedule, and the oiler came again and stood close to the pit for a moment.

After the first time it is never so hard the second. After the second time the third was still easier and more like a matter of routine. After that it was time for Martin Maloney to pray that he should shake his habit of missing the splice.

. . . . .

\* Dan Donahue dropped his evening paper and looked across at his wife.

"I'm the oldest man now, mother," he said, with a little tone of pride in his voice.

"How is that, Dan'l?" she asked.

"Old Sholter is dead," he said quietly. "I think he died of a broken heart. He couldn't stand the tests. He knew he couldn't an' he staved them off as long as he could. The rest of us went through near a year ago; he dodged them till las' week. Then they told the old fellow that he wasn't safe no longer to make his run. That's what killed Sholter, mother."

Mrs. Donahue said nothing more. She was thinking how different it was with her Dan. Why, he was nearly as old as Mr. Sholter—there was only a week's difference in their service record—and he had stood all their tests that time like a boy of twenty. . . . She was proud of Dan. He was all she had. There had been other little Donahues, but they seemed so hazy and so far back now that it seemed as if she had read of them in a story-book, had never had the pangs and joys of motherhood for her very own.

. . . . .

Dan Donahue thought of Sholter the next day as he took his car out on his morning run. It gave him little thrills of pride as he handled his grip levers to think that he was the senior member of the platform force. His hair was snow white, but no person passing on the street and seeing the ruddy color, the clear blue eyes and the erect stature of the gripman might even imagine that he had piloted street cars on the highways of Tremont since the very beginning of the things.

He handled his levers with the skill of years, rang his gong with the joy of the summer morning in his heart, piloted his car round those downtown curves with the art that had come to him of long practice. Once, when he had rounded the foot of Dock Street and was headed straight uptown again, a small insect flew straight into his eye. It smarted badly for an instant, and Dan let his hand go to the relief of the injured member. He was blinded for the moment, and he stamped furiously upon his gong as he let loose of the cable.

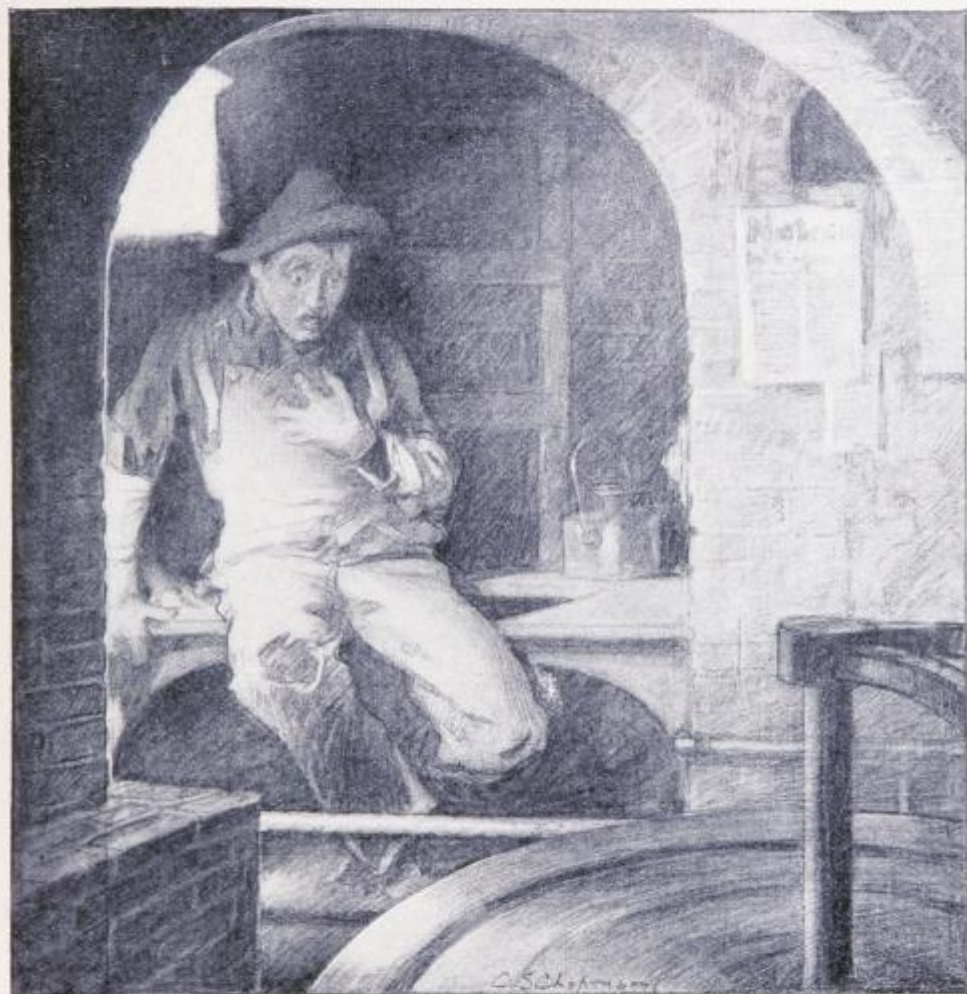
. . . . .

Dan Donahue stuck manfully to his levers, but through his heart and soul and brain there swept the torments of the damned. In that single brief instant that the insect had swept into his left eye he discovered a fact new to him—his other eye was almost blind. In the few moments that it took to get his left

eye back he was virtually a blind man—a blind man bringing a carload of precious human lives through the crowded center of a great city.

He caught his breath slowly, closed his left eye again and again and again. The other eye told him the same story—the vista of a city street in cloudy outlines, people crossing

An hour before he had been thinking of Sholter and how he had failed on the tests. What show would Dan Donahue stand on the tests with a cataract forming on his eye? Mr. Connaughton could not afford to have half-blind men bringing his cars through the streets. Dan Donahue knew that. He could



"HIS HANDS DROPPED FROM HIS FACE. HE GAVE A LITTLE CRY. . . . THE SPLICE!"

in front of his car as moving, blurred, indistinct things.

He saw dimly from that eye, but he saw the future instantly with the cleared vision of a young child. He knew what the trouble was, his father had suffered with a cataract when he was sixty—that seemed to be one of the penalties of old age in the clan Donahue.

not keep his mind from it. He missed passengers who hailed his car—irate old ladies who waved their parasols at it as it passed without slowing, and puffy old gentlemen who made up their minds that instant to write to James Connaughton and complain of the carelessness of his gripman—he neglected the signals from his own car until the conductor

came to him and asked him to pay attention. They were carrying their passengers past their destinations. Dan took his scolding with a nod of his head and afterwards paid better attention. . . . When they ended that trip he told the depot master that he was not feeling quite himself, and he asked to be relieved. A young skit of a gripman took his place at the levers of 419.

He found his way to a quiet place in a corner of the car yard and managed to avoid Martin Maloney, who was coming to him to tell him of his troubles. . . . He did not want to talk of other troubles now. He had a plenty of his own. . . . He wanted to be alone.

He wanted to be alone, for he had to fight a battle, a battle with himself. . . . It was going to be a hard fight. . . .

The tests were all over, it might be many months, even years, before they were repeated. He had passed. There had been a big "O. K." stamped on his record and Dan knew it. He needed the money, too. He had been compelled for years to take his weekly dole, and it had hardly more than kept his wife and himself in a degree of comfort. Now, with a closer way of living, he was beginning to see his way out. Ten years more was not too much of an opportunity to be granted to a man to stand at his levers. In ten years he would be so fixed that Mollie and he would be out of worry for the rest time.

Then, on the other side, the problem ranged itself as a matter of right. He had no right to run a car any longer. The tests that they made for the men were proper. If there was any place that demanded a man of stout body, seeing eyes and hearing ears, that place was the front platform of a car that daily threaded crowded streets. Dan Donahue saw the right of that.

If he yielded to the right and wrote to the superintendent asking for another test he did not doubt what would become of him. The Washington Avenue road was no charitable institution. Its officers were just men, but they were hard men. All street railroad officers were. He might have thrown himself upon his old acquaintance with Connaughton, but that was not his way.

Dan knew that when the test was made he would be dropped. He expected nothing more. . . . From that he turned back to Mollie, Mollie who was growing old and who needed protection and comfort.

It was a hard question. He sat there for hours in the quiet corner of the car yard and fought it out with himself.

When the battle was over he went into the depot master's office and asked for pen and paper.

In the morning when he reported at the car barn for his run, in the same regular manner that he had reported year in and year out, he glanced furtively at the mail rack, half thinking that his order to take the fatal test might have come. Then he realized that it was far too soon for it, and he was quite himself again until a summons came to him to report at the depot master's office. That troubled him once again. Perhaps there were complaints of that run of yesterday coming in. He made his way uneasily toward the depot master.

Mortimer, who was day depot master, greeted Dan with a sharp glance.

"Feeling better?" he snorted. "They said you were a little under the weather yesterday."

"I'm ready for my run to-day," Dan said in a low voice.

"I'm not going to put you on it," said Mortimer, and Dan began to be alarmed. This looked like the beginning of the end. But his fears were removed.

"I want you to make a special run to-day," explained the depot master, and he led Dan through the long and shadowy sheds to the shops where a bright new car, of a distinctly different type stood over a track pit.

"Get under there, Dan, and look at her grips," said Mortimer.

When the old gripman came out from under the car, Mortimer demanded his opinion of it, explaining that the new catch was a device that had come down from New York.

"I ain't much for it meself, ef ye want me honest with ye, Mr. Mortimer," said Dan. He never dissembled for anyone. "I should say meself, without perhaps knowin' much about it that it fitted the cable a little too close."

"That's just the point, Dan," beamed Mortimer. "Mr. Connaughton has come to the conclusion that that old grip of ours isn't all that it might be. We've had several reports lately about cars slipping on their clutches on the hill and the big boss began to worry. Said he didn't want to drop a train into Ferriss's drug store some night about supper time. . . . We're going to give this fellow a run and you're to take her out now. You're our senior man, you know, our star performer."

Dan winced at that but said nothing. . . . He stepped upon the front platform, an extra



conductor hopped on the rear, the little dummy locomotive that carried them out to the street and the cable gave them a sharp push. . . . Mortimer said that he would wait for Connaughton and they would make the next run with Dan.

The gripman fumbled with the levers. They were only a little different from the rest of the equipment, and he caught the cable without difficulty. The grip seemed to be all that its promoters had promised. Dan had little trouble up over the hill and back all the way downtown again, dropping the cable and catching it at will and under signals from the conductor and the traffic policemen.

He caught the "rope" before they swung upon the sharp curve that led to the terminal loop in front of the South Union station and made that curve easily. In front of the big station there was a starter, and the cars laid there for a moment waiting for his whistle signal before starting uptown again. That was the rule that Connaughton had made for the proper spacing of his cars.

Dan Donahue, the rule always in his mind, pulled his lever back to release the cable in his grip. It caught for a moment, and he reversed it once and tried again. It caught again and Dan Donahue began to think things about that new style grip that had come down from New York. He put new energy into his levers—still the grip stuck fast to the cable. It was evident to the gripman that *they* were not going to stop at the terminal loop.

He leaned out from his platform to catch sight of the starter and yell the word of danger to him. But the starter had chosen that particular time to go within the railroad station and he was not in sight. The car rounded off the terminal loop without his authority, he saw it as it was far beyond him and made a note of its number so that Mortimer could give that gripman just what was coming to him.

They made the second curve, the third and turned into Dock Street, then Dan Donahue made frantic attempts once again to loosen the grip. No use. The New York grip was certainly going to hold fast from the beginning. The color went out of Dan's face, the beat out of his heart for a moment.

"Now we're in for it," he said to himself. "It's a gamble that we're snarled in the splice."

For a single instant he thought of Martin Maloney, for the next instant he meditated flight—then—well he knew that it was his business to guide that car up through the

heart of the town. When they got to the barns where the cable sunk deep into the earth to enter the powerhouse it would drag the grip out from the heart of the car—that would be the end of it. Between the station and the barns lay a long stretch through the busiest street in all busy Tremont, and Dan Donahue knew that it was his duty to stick by the big new car, onrushing and resistless through that tangle of traffic. He gritted his teeth and stamped furiously upon his gong.

The newsboy who all day made his headquarters around the steps of the Continental Hotel saw old Dan in trouble on the front platform of his car. Dan in front was stamping briskly on his gong, the conductor on the rear was idling on the platform, deaf to it, taking in the warmth and brisk beauty of an early summer morning in the city, rejoicing that there were neither passengers nor fares to trouble him on this special trip.

The newsboy divined trouble, but did not go to Dan's aid, at least not until he had seen the corner of the car catch an Italian peddler's cart that crossed its path too quickly. The cart went over on its side and dozens of oranges poured out upon the street. The Italian swore in two languages and the newsboy ran to profit by the accident.

But the cable car never slowed, and if the boy had not been so intent on making way with an armful of the oranges he might have seen that there was a deal of trouble. He might have looked long enough to see the mad car rip the tailboard and step off a big ice-wagon, nearly turning it, too, upon its side.

The folk along the streets began to notice. They yelled at the car and ran streaming after it, but the motorman only stamped his gong. The conductor woke from his reverie on the back platform. He became conscious that something was wrong—they were leaving wreck and ruin in their track—and he ran forward toward Dan.

Dan knew that the whole history of that run would be finished in eight minutes. Within that time the splice would be back in the powerhouse if no one stopped the engines. In eight minutes the story would be told. . . . He looked ahead around the base of the tall monument that raises its head in Battle Square, and saw the usual press of traffic there, trucks, cross-town trolley lines, carriages, wagons. He knew that he would never get that car through Battle Square.

A policeman came running out from the curb and Dan shouted to him to telephone the powerhouse to stop the engines, but the policeman was one of the sort that has to hear a thing three times to have it penetrate, and he only joined the yelling rabble at the rear of the car. . . . Just ahead of them was another car, one of the open-bench sort, and its passengers were standing in the seats, wondering what all this commotion behind them was about. The open car was poking its way up the street, making many halts and stops, and Dan saw that they were going to carry it before them.

"Clear out!" he shouted at the top of his voice; "I'm running away!"

The passengers in that car needed no second hint. They piled out over the running boards on either side in mad confusion, shrieking and yelling, sprawling upon the dirty pavement. The crew took no risk, and it jumped too.

Dan Donahue saw it all.

"Blamed fools—cowards," he muttered.

But the conductor of the open car was not so much of a fool after all. When he had picked himself up from the paving stones he began to run toward the sidewalk. The thick-headed policeman thought he was trying to escape arrest because of the accident and sought to stop him. The conductor sent the policeman sprawling with a blow in the face, and before the outraged Law could recover his balance was at a telephone, gasping at Central to give him the Washington Avenue power station in two seconds.

"What number?" asked Central.

"None of your business!" shrieked the conductor. "There's a runaway car bound up Washington Avenue and there'll be the deuce to pay in less than two minutes."

"I don't know the number," said Central sweetly. "I'll give you Information."

And the man at the telephone receiver was speechless in his rage.

They were close enough now to the monument (which, as everybody knows, is the focal point of Tremont traffic) for Dan to see that it was as closely congested as ever about it. His conductor made one move as if he would jump from that platform.

"There isn't any use," he moaned. "What can we do? Jump, Donahue."

"Get on to the front platform of that car," said Dan quickly—they were carrying the abandoned open ahead of them now—"and get that gong going."

The conductor winced.

"I was jus' married las' week," he began.

"Do you want to be fired next?" snapped Dan. "See if they've got a drawbar there and get it back to me."

The conductor was a lithe fellow, and he made the platform of the front car in a jump. He bent over and drew forth a long six-foot drawbar—used for coupling a single-truck grip to a single-truck trailer. Dan took it and started for the center of his car. . . . He knelt on the floor of the car and pulled up the trapdoors there. He could hear the cries of the crowd about him. It was pressing as close to the sides of the runaway as it dared. Some boys were throwing things at the car.

It was one chance in a hundred—one in a thousand, perhaps—but it was a chance. The man at the grip handles had been praying throughout all of the runaway ride, and a definite plan had come to him because of his praying. . . . The cable grip consisted of three plates of Bessemer steel, placed end to end—very thin plates, each of them, so as to pass through the narrow slot. It had come to Dan in all his misery that thin Bessemer steel was powerful but very brittle. If he only had a sledge-hammer.

Then he thought of the heavy drawbar. . . . He raised himself above the grip and threw it over his shoulder hammer fashion; it broke a window as he swung it and sent a rain of broken glass over him. . . . He did not notice. He was calculating. There was a narrow space of five inches between the truck castings and the grip plates. It was like that new-fangled game—golf—that they were playing out by the ball park.

Dan Donahue shut his eyes and prayed for a superhuman strength in his stout old arms. It must have come, for when the drawbar descended it came clean, there was a crackling sound, a little crash and the snarled splice no longer held Dan's car in its power. He went reeling with the recoil of his blow upon the floor of the car, lay there for an instant. But only for an instant. Then he was upon his feet again, watching the open car pull away from the runaway. . . .

"That broken grip will foul her," was his next thought. He grabbed up his heavy drawbar and started after it. The crowd pressed closely about him. It was beginning to realize that Dan Donahue was the savior of the situation. It tried to grab his hands.

"For God's sake give me room!" yelled Dan; "the trick isn't done yet."

The crowd fell back a little, and Dan, running like a slip of a boy—sixty years is as



"THE CROWD FELL BACK A LITTLE, AND DAN, RUNNING LIKE A SLIP OF A BOY, - - OVERTOOK THE OPEN CAR, HALF LEAPED  
"WAS HALF PUSHED ABOARD IT"

nothing to a man who has kept his health—overtook the open car, half leaped, was half pushed aboard it. Some one shoved the drawbar after him. Dan's feverish hands tore away the trap in its floor. The crowd kept shouting encouragement to him all the while. He did not hear it. He was not hearing. He was seeing. Battle Monument was less than half a block away. There was the regular congestion about its base, teams and cars gathered in their path. Once more he raised his drawbar over his shoulder, more of an effort this time, for he was vastly wearied by that other blow. Once more he prayed, once more that hammer paid its tribute to sixty years of honest living, once more the grip plates split asunder and Dan Donahue, reeling, fell to the floor, only conscious that his conductor was setting the brakes and that the danger was over.

A month later Jim Connaughton's superintendent came to the big boss with a puzzled look on his brow. He held a report in his hand.

"Dan Donahue," he said. "We can't afford to have him on a car any longer. He's gone blind in one eye. He isn't safe."

Connaughton frowned angrily.

"You've a quick forgettery, Jasper," he said.

"If you think that we can afford—" the superintendent began. Then he halted, for he saw that the general manager was in no mind for long-winded explanations. "You know we decided that the tests would rule absolutely. The tests—"

Connaughton interrupted him with a bang upon his desk.

"Don't be a fool, Jasper," he snapped. "Dan Donahue's had his test. He's

passed it, passed it with a blue ribbon. He stays with this property as long as he lives. Do you hear me?"

All that was fourteen years ago, and Dan Donahue now handles the little dummy engine that pushes the cars out upon the tracks and pulls them in again into the barn. Jim Connaughton says that he is going to rip out the cables on the eight-per-cents and put his new four-motor electrics up the hills. So Dan Donahue will have to have a new job. He will have it. Jim Connaughton says, by thunder, he will have it if Consolidated Traction has to build a line to give Dan Donahue a job. Jim Connaughton does not forget in fourteen years.

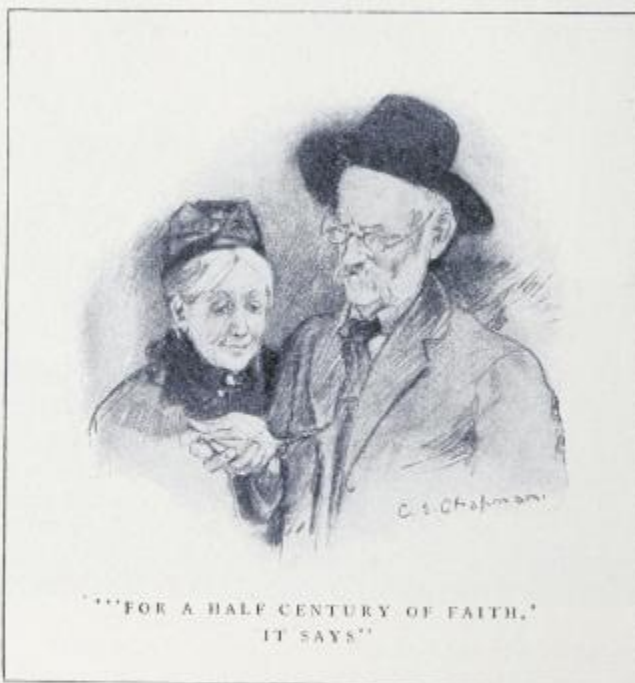
One thing more. When Dan finished his fiftieth year in the service Jim Connaughton took Mollie and him on a little pleasure jaunt up to New York. Neither had ever been there before, and, for the time, Jim Connaughton was not the boss, just his big-hearted old-time friend. They stopped in a showy hotel, so swell and so big that it took away their appetites, and at the end of a week both agreed that there was nothing in New York that they had not seen.

Nor was that all. Dan came to his wife the last day that they were in New York,

extended his closed hand, then opened it and showed a gold watch resting there. His wife gave a little gasp of pleasure.

"'For a half century of faith,' it says, mother, 'for a half century of loyalty.'"

Mrs. Donahue said nothing. She knew that to every hard day there must come a sunset full of warmth and love and happiness.





## THE FINAL SCORE

A STORY OF TERRIBLE RETRIBUTION

BY LINCOLN COLCORD

AUTHOR OF "SAVING FACE," "ANJER," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHUR COVEY

**T**HE sea is a primitive place, and following the sea is a man's business. Power rules on shipboard, through the medium of fear; as it was in the beginning and always shall be. The failure of this natural law brings death to many, and works ill until the final score is paid. Witness the story of Captain Bray.

### I

THE moment that Captain Bray set eyes on him, he decided that Gilfoy was a rascal. Evil was marked across the man's face like a scar. But the *Pathfinder* was ready for sea, her second mate had disappeared, and time was money. So he was shipped without

question, on the strength of several second mate's discharges from English vessels.

And for the first month Gilfoy put his best foot forward. He knew his work, and was not afraid of it. Captain Bray watched him with approval, and congratulated himself on having secured a valuable officer. But in spite of this, he could not help disliking the man. Something in his voice, in the way he used his eyes, betrayed the bad blood that lay beneath. One day Captain Bray discovered that Gilfoy was becoming familiar with the crew. He had seen him forward at the fore-castle door during his watch below.

It is difficult to explain to anyone who has never followed the sea the heinousness of this offense. An officer who hobnobs with his

men commits an outrageous breach of discipline. The whole sentiment and experience of the quarter-deck is against it. The line between the cabin and the fore-castle must be tightly drawn. Rather than cross this line, it is better to err in the other direction. This is the law of the sea.

Some men breed trouble as if they carried with them the germs of a pestilence; and Gilfoxy was one of these. Insubordination was his creed and aim. When he shipped on a vessel, he instinctively turned against the captain and toward the crew. He was a heavy, raw-boned Scotchman, some six feet tall, young, active, and powerful. Small, glittering eyes looked out from under black eyebrows, and lent a sinister cast to his square-jawed face. He had the reputation of being a brutal fighter. Strength, to him, was as a red flag to a bull; and at the beginning of the voyage he had recognized in Captain Bray a strong man.

That evening Captain Bray resolved to have it out with Gilfoxy alone. He was waiting aft for the close of the dog-watch. The *Pathfinder* was across the line and well into the southeast trades, sliding down the coast of South America at a ten-knot clip. As he paced his private corner of the quarter-deck he went over the case from start to finish. A hard life had robbed him of humanitarian illusions; he knew the man of old—the type was a familiar one on the sea. Well, it had to be settled, that was all. He had fought his way up through much adversity, and stood on his own feet too long to consider in advance such a thing as personal safety. He feared nothing human, and hesitated at nothing that came to him in the line of duty. Men called him severe but just; he was a typical sea captain of the palmy days.

He glanced forward as he turned by the after house, and his eye fell on the first mate standing in the port alleyway. Thank God, he could be sure of one officer! Dick Ames had grown up on the *Pathfinder* under his instruction. They came from the same town in New England, and Captain Bray had always known the Ames family. He remembered the day that he took the boy away; the Widow Ames had been glad to place Dick in such good hands. "If he's got to follow the sea, Captain," she had said, "it's a comfort to have him with some one I know." "Madam, I'll do my best for him," Captain Bray had answered, thinking of all that this woman had seen and suffered. "That's what I have tried to do," she had told him. He never forgot

that view of her, sitting quietly with folded hands in the little parlor. "Oh, take care of him, Captain, for my sake!" she had cried suddenly. "I've lost four boys already—at sea."

Eight strokes sounded from the wheel-house, and were taken up by the big bell forward. The watch was set, the wheel relieved, and the two officers stood for some minutes talking in the weather alleyway. Presently the mate went below. Gilfoxy seemed to have disappeared forward. Captain Bray stopped his methodical pacing, and went down the alleyway to the end of the house, his clenched hands hanging behind his back. The *Pathfinder's* poop broke flush with the after house, and a pair of steps at the end of each alleyway dropped to a long main deck running fore and aft the ship.

"Mr. Gilfoxy!" said the captain sharply.

There was no answer.

"Mr. Gilfoxy, are you forward?"

"Yes, sir," came a voice from the direction of the main hatch.

"Come aft here!" snapped Captain Bray. "I want to speak to you."

As he waited at the head of the steps, he imagined that he heard a smothered laugh along the deck. Suddenly the second mate appeared out of the darkness below him, leaped up the steps, and jostled against him, with a pretense of surprise. Captain Bray was not a large man; but he stood his ground, and forced Gilfoxy to halt at the break of the poop.

"What were you doing forward there?" he asked in a low tone.

Gilfoxy hesitated for the fraction of a second. "Talking to the carpenter," he answered boldly.

"Your place is on the quarter-deck at night," said Captain Bray through closed teeth. "You can leave your conversations with the carpenter till morning."

"I know my place as well as you do," retorted Gilfoxy. "I can look after the ship all right from the main deck."

Their voices had risen. "We won't have any words about it, Mr. Gilfoxy," Captain Bray rapped out, keeping his eye alert for any movement on the part of the second mate. "You stay aft in the future, and mind your own business. Is that plain enough?"

Gilfoxy took a step aft, trying to reach the open alleyway, but found himself blocked by the captain's body. Their shoulders brushed together. "I'll go where I d— please!" he snarled, in a sudden flash of insolence.

For answer, he received a blow full in the

face, which sent him flying over the break of the poop. His head collided with the pin-rail as he fell; he rolled into the scuppers, and lay still.

Men came running aft at the sound of the scuffle. "What is it? What is it?" cried half a dozen voices.

Captain Bray did not move from the top of the steps. "Go forward!" he shouted. "Vamoose, or you'll get hurt!"

"What's the trouble, Cap'n?" asked Mr. Ames from the main deck. He had run out in his underclothes.

"Nothing! Nothing!" answered the imperturbable figure on the break of the poop. "See that those men stay forward. Bring Mr. Gilfoy up here in the alleyway, and tell the steward to throw some water on him."

Gilfoy came to slowly, and attempted to sit up. He was alone in the weather alleyway. Aft he could make out the captain pacing in his old beat. The sound of voices came to him from the main deck, and he heard the mate give a sharp command. He rose dizzily to his knees, and crawled along the deck toward the steps. Before he had traveled a dozen feet, a form blocked his way.

"Can you get up?" asked Captain Bray.

"Yes."

"What!" The word came like a rifle-shot.

"Yes, sir!"

"Get up, then." The Captain was breathing hard. "Get up! And don't leave this deck till eight bells, whether you d— please or not. You'll do what I d— please, or I'll break every bone in your body! Now, look out for yourself! I give you fair warning."

He turned and went aft without another glance at the man kneeling on the deck. Gilfoy pulled himself up, and hung to the mizzen rigging.

"D— your soul!" he muttered. "This ain't the end, by a long shot!"

Captain Bray, pacing silently back and forth beside the wheel-house, knew that it was not the end.

## II

THE *Pathfinder* had run across the Indian Ocean in the Westerlies, swung north at about 90 degrees east longitude, and entered the last stretch of the voyage. The night was brilliant with stars; the ship sailed steadily, heeling at a slight angle. Captain Bray expected to sight Christmas Island the following day and verify his chronometer.

When he went below that evening he did not turn in. Lately he had found it impos-

sible to sleep during the second mate's watch on deck. The voyage had been a trying one, and he was growing very nervous under the strain. He wandered about the cabin hunting for something to take up his mind, bent over the chart for a while, filled a pipe, and fell to cleaning his revolver. He left it lying on the desk beside his bunk. The hours dragged on: eight bells struck at midnight; he heard the mate come aft and the second mate go forward. Then he went to bed.

Some time after he woke up suddenly with the echo of a cry in his ears. He listened, but heard nothing. The very silence of the ship must have disturbed him, he thought. The mate had evidently gone forward—he knew that Mr. Ames never sat down when he was keeping watch. Perhaps they had sighted something. The responsibility that hung over him day and night prompted him to go on deck. Turning out in his pajamas, as he frequently did in warm weather, he pattered up the companion-way in a pair of Chinese slippers. The night had grown darker, and the after part of the ship seemed strangely quiet. He stepped to the wheel-house door. The next instant he leaped back and looked behind him. The man at the wheel was gone!

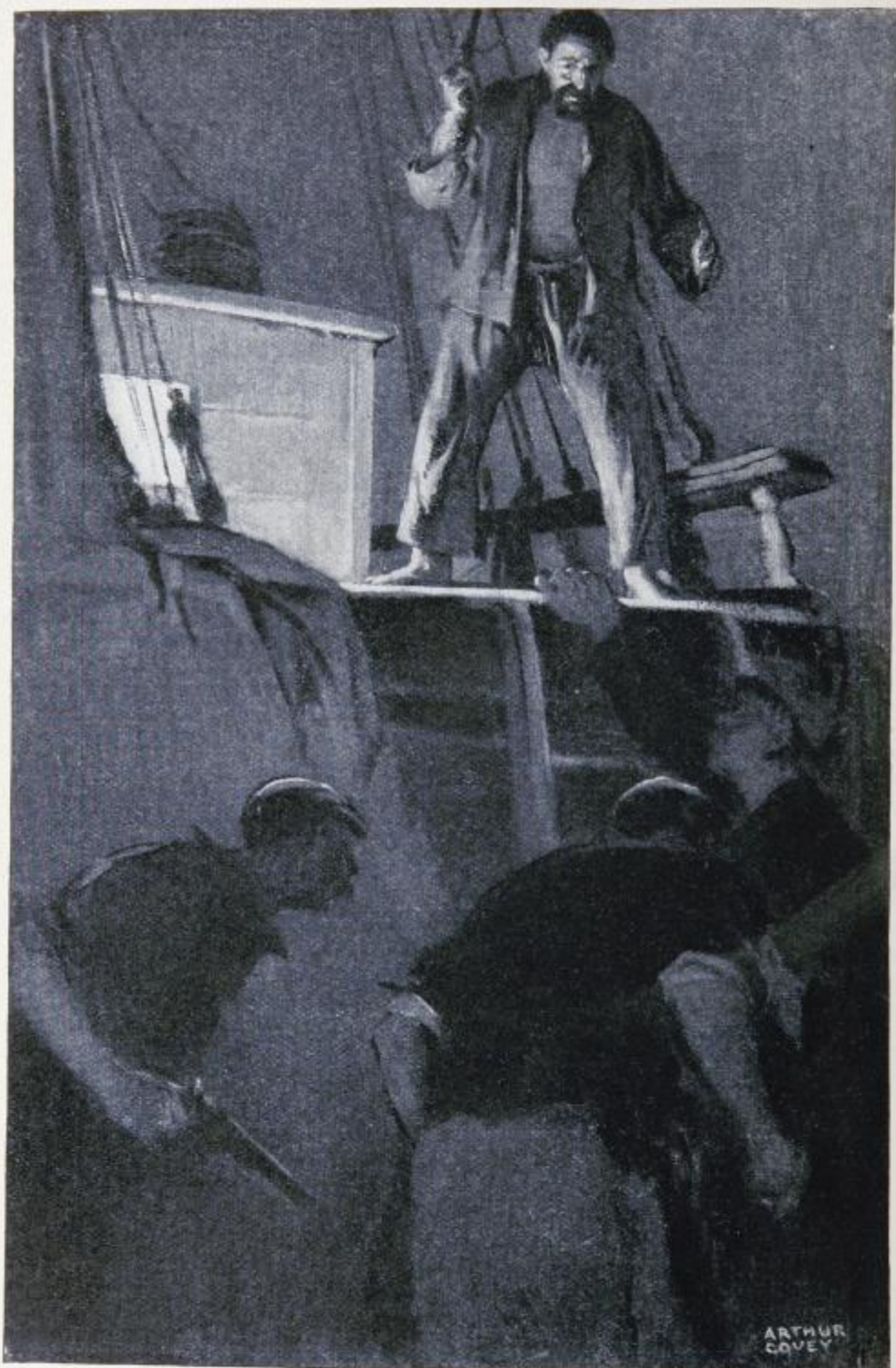
In a flash he knew what was in the wind. Mutiny! His first thought was of his defenseless condition. In a dozen steps he was down the companion-way and back again with his revolver. His feet were bare now, his pajama jacket unfastened as he had thrown it open in the heat of the night. Vaulting to the top of the house, he ran forward past the boat on the port side.

The after house of the *Pathfinder* rose a clean eight feet above the main deck and faced it like a wall. From his elevated position he made out a confused mass of men struggling toward him, with one or two figures in the lead. A great uproar suddenly broke out. He halted an instant, trying to get his bearings; and at the same moment a form detached itself from the crowd and fought its way aft. They were directly beneath him now.

"Head him off! Down him!" yelled a voice. "Don't let him get into the cabin!"

"Back up against the house, Mr. Ames!" shouted Captain Bray. "I'm coming!"

He chose his ground as well as he could in the darkness, leaped out from the after house, and struck among a group of men who were closing in on the mate. The onslaught threw them off their feet. In the confusion the two officers cleared themselves and gained the protection of the house, where they stood at bay.



"BACK UP AGAINST THE HOUSE, MR. AMES!" SHOUTED CAPTAIN BRAY.  
"I'M COMING!"



While they were waiting for the attack, the mate spoke close to the captain's ear.

"They got me forward to look at a light," he said. "I'm stabbed!"

"Where's the second mate?"

"God only knows!"

There was no more time for words. Men rolled aft on them like a wave—a crew of twenty-five ruffians in open mutiny. Captain Bray fired at the solid front of them, and a yell told that his shot had gone home. He fired again, and was startled to hear another revolver answer from somewhere to windward. A bullet hit the woodwork near his head. He glanced at the mate, and saw that he had no gun. Gilfoyl! By the next flash he tried to locate the man, but darkness closed too suddenly.

In the face of the overwhelming onset they were forced to change their position. Captain Bray dashed through an opening, felling a man as he went, and reached the weather bulwarks. He had two shots left, but held his fire until he could locate the mate. By a sudden piling up of the men at his right, he knew that Mr. Ames had gained the corner made by the bulwarks and the poop. Then he emptied his revolver straight ahead. Simultaneously with his last shot a gun spoke again across the ship, and the men seemed falling back in confusion near the mate's corner. Captain Bray threw away his gun, and commenced fighting with his bare hands.

After that he lost track of time. Men pressed upon him, and he fought. He was naked now. He fought like an animal, hitting for their heads; he felt jaws crack before his blows; he threw off men like feathers, two and three at a time; he answered their cries with wild, meaningless shouts, and leaped among them when they drew away. A man slashed him across the breast with a sheath-knife; he took the knife, and sunk it in the man's body. It was kill or be killed on that deck. A third time some one fired from the crowd, and a man who had closed with him grew limp in his arms. Whoever it was meant for, the bullet had found its mark. He picked up the lifeless figure and threw it bodily among them. It cleared a path across the deck amid fearful cries.

Then, as suddenly as it had started, the mutiny was over. He woke up as if from a dream, and there were no more men to fight. They were gone. He had conquered! His foot touched the discarded revolver, and he snatched it from the deck. A man approached him, and in the dim light of the dawn that

had come on them unawares, he made it out to be Gilfoyl.

"Drop your gun!" he cried, covering the second mate. "I've got you now! So they left you in the lurch——"

"It's empty," said Gilfoyl calmly, tossing the gun overboard, and playing his last card.

"What do you want to fight me for, Cap'n?" Captain Bray looked at him. It was no time for parley, but he knew that the chambers of his own gun were empty. "Fight you?" he cried. "This is pretty work for one night! I'll string you up to the yardarm, that's what I'll do!"

"You're out of your mind, Cap'n," said Gilfoyl. "Don't do anything you'll be sorry for. You've killed the mate already!"

"Me? . . . Mr. Ames . . . dead? You lie!"

"Look there." Gilfoyl pointed to a figure lying in the scuppers. Other men lay on deck—seven of them—but they were all clear of the bulwarks, fallen on the attacking side. A quick glance told Captain Bray that this was indeed the mate. The body lay face downward in a pool of its own blood, unmistakably dead. Before he had time to think the second mate spoke again.

"You shot him the first time you fired from the bulwarks," he said. "I saw the whole thing."

"I fired toward the hatch——"

"He crossed the deck behind you. I was fighting over there, and you took me for him. When you hit him, he pitched ahead the way he was going."

"Stand where you are, and let me think," said Captain Bray. It was impossible! He kept his eyes on Gilfoyl, still on his guard. Impossible? Anything might happen in such a time. What if it were true? He tried to collect his wits, but his brain was numb. He began to feel very sick.

"What was it all about, sir?" asked Gilfoyl. "I came on deck——"

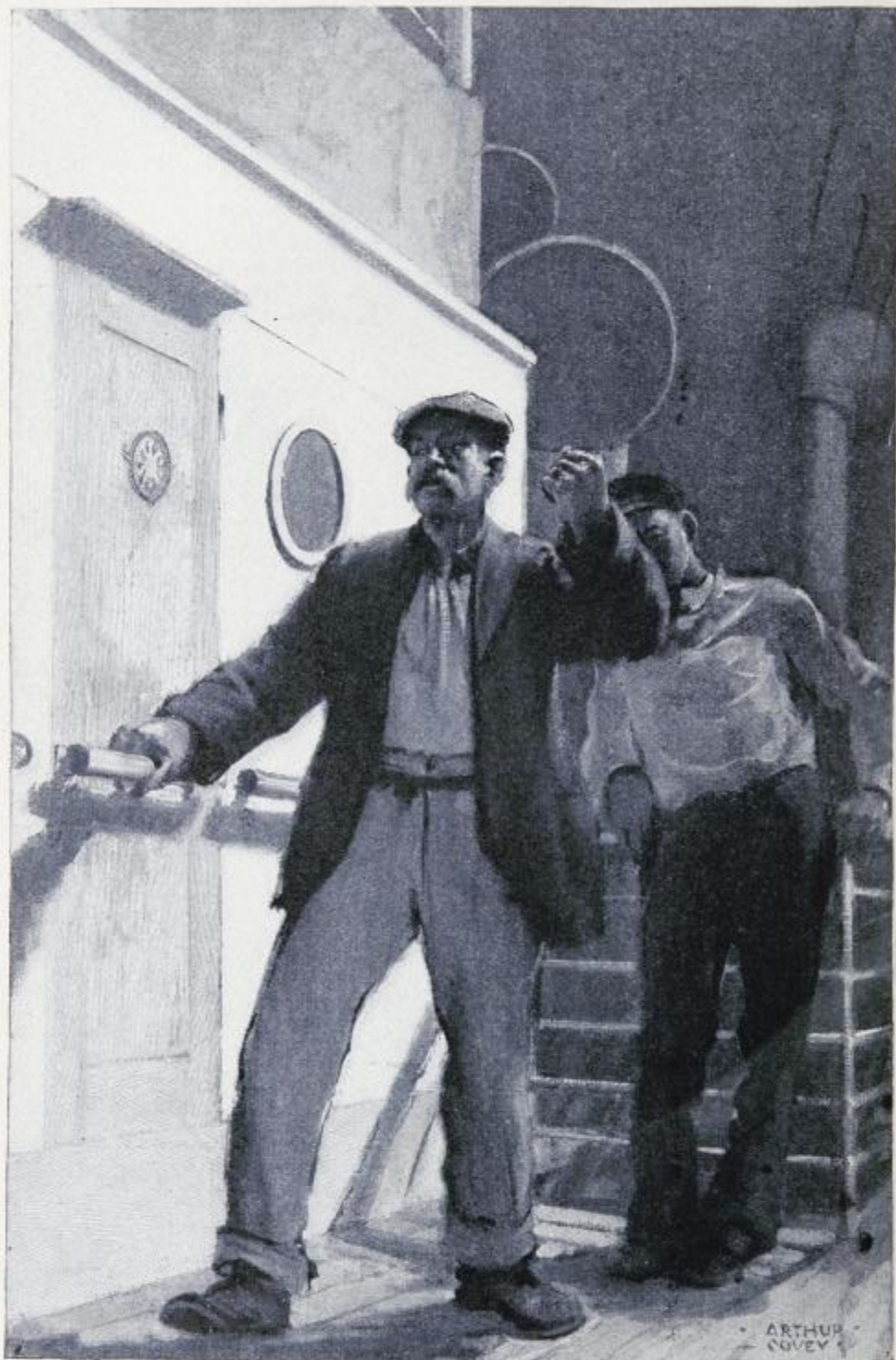
"Yes, where were you? What were you doing? What have you got to say for yourself?" Captain Bray spoke with a rush, as the fixed idea came back to him.

"I was fighting, sir, I tell you. I grabbed my gun and ran out when I heard the racket, and you jumped from the house——"

"You shot at me, you liar!"

"No, sir! I came near hitting you, but I didn't see where you were. I thought you were on the other side o' that gang. And then you hit Mr. Ames!"

The captain's eye wandered, and he found himself muttering incoherently. "You shot at me again!" he cried suddenly.



“TURN OUT, YOU DUTCH RINGER. AN’ TAKE IT LIKE A MAN!”

"I killed a man you were fighting with, Cap'n," answered Gilfoy. "For God's sake, give the devil his due! Hadn't you better go below, sir, and get some clothes on—and think this over?"

Captain Bray hesitated. He wanted to see the men before Gilfoy had a chance to get at them; but more than all he wanted to load his revolver. Whatever transpired, he must keep the whip hand now.

"Yes, I'll go below," he said at last. "Wait here for me."

Left alone, the second mate darted forward. The remnant of the crew sat huddled in the port forecabin, their courage utterly gone. When he broke in among them they started up in terror.

"Sit still!" he cried. "The Old Man thinks he killed the mate. I've got him just where I want him. He'll call you aft and make you tell your story. You stick to it that the mate started a row in his watch, and *leave me out of it!* I'll clear you all. I ought to let you go, for a gang o' chicken-hearted cowards, but I'm not that kind of a man. I've got to get aft now before he comes out. Remember! *Stick to your yarn!*"

An hour later, Captain Bray entered the after cabin. He had learned nothing from the crew. The body of Mr. Ames lay on the starboard couch, where the light from the window struck across it. He went in softly, and stood looking down at the quiet face of the young man. Tears came into the captain's eyes. Lying there dead, Dick seemed only a boy. "*Take care of him, Captain, for my sake—I've lost four boys already at sea!*" . . . He could see her sitting in the same chair, still and silent, when the news came. Suddenly his own affection gripped him, for until now he had not realized how much he thought of the lad.

"Dick, Dick, my boy, I didn't do it! I didn't do it!" he cried, kneeling beside the body and clutching the lifeless hand.

The act loosened the mate's coat, and something fell on the floor. It was a .32 caliber bullet, slightly flattened where it had touched a bone. Captain Bray's revolver was a .32! He picked the bullet up, and gazed at it a long while without moving. The shock stunned him. Then he rose irresolutely, and put it in his pocket as if to hide it from his soul.

"I wish it was in my own heart!" he groaned.

All at once he thought of the gun that Gilfoy had thrown overboard. If he only knew the caliber of that gun! Sitting down in the

big chair beside the body, he reviewed the fight. Why had Gilfoy thrown it away? The impulse of the moment? A very convenient impulse, on the face of it. His mind jumped unerringly to the conclusion. If the second mate's gun was a .32, he had admitted his guilt by throwing it overboard—and that meant the whole mutiny. If it was a different caliber— Captain Bray got up. It was his duty to find out the truth, at any cost. He looked into the forward cabin. The steward was gone; Gilfoy was on deck. Without hesitation he went to the second mate's room and lifted up the cover of his desk. A few scattered cartridges lay at the bottom beneath a pile of books. They were all .32's.

He regained the after cabin, saw that his revolver was loaded, laid it on the forward cabin table beside a pair of handcuffs, and went to the main deck door. The second mate was standing just outside.

"Mr. Gilfoy," said the captain, "I want to see you. Sing out for the steward, and come in."

When Gilfoy entered the forward cabin he found himself looking into the barrel of the captain's gun.

"Mr. Gilfoy, you're going to be put in irons," said Captain Bray. "If you move, I'll let daylight through you; so keep still. I'd kill you anyway, if I was dead sure."

"What do you mean by this?" demanded the second mate.

"Just what I say. I mean that you shot Mr. Ames, and you know it. I mean that you're responsible for this mutiny. I'll iron you now, and later I'll have you put where you can't get in any of your dirty work for a long time."

"You'll suffer for this! You ain't got any proof—"

"Proof enough for me. Save that talk for the consul. Steward, put the irons on that man."

### III

"MR. WINGATE, look at the facts of the case!"

"I have looked at the facts of the case, Captain Bray. As it appears to me, the facts are very much against *you*."

Wingate, the American consul at Batavia, leaned back in his chair and returned the captain's gaze. He had always desired a chance to score a sailing-ship captain. Ever since reading a book called "Two Years Before the Mast" he had deplored the atrocities of the merchant marine. He hailed from the depths of Nebraska, where he had edited a

newspaper previous to his appointment to the consulship at Batavia, Java.

"Yes, Captain," he went on with evident satisfaction, "everything is against you. By your own admission, you're in the habit of mistreating your men cruelly. You provoked this trouble yourself; and for purposes of your own you choose to elevate it to the dignity of a mutiny. As for Mr. Gilfoy, your second mate, you have no case against him at all. He seems to be a good sort—tells me that you've hounded him all the passage. I've been inquiring among your men, too, and find that you have a reputation for brutality on the sea."

Captain Bray clutched the edge of the desk in an effort to control his temper, and his voice shook with passion. "You forget that I'm the captain," he said slowly. "I'm supposed to be a man of honor, or I wouldn't have the job. I tell you that they executed a planned mutiny; the man had deserted the wheel, and Mr. Ames told me during the fight that they had drawn him forward by means of a ruse and stabbed him. I tell you that this man Gilfoy shot at me twice, and killed Mr. Ames, the mate. It's preposterous to say that I did it; I wasn't firing in the right direction. Why did he throw his gun overboard? I've shown you that it was a .32, like mine. You don't understand the situation, Mr. Wingate."

"I understand it perfectly," answered the consul. "It's the same old story, and it won't help you to bluster about it. I've already made up my mind. Captain or sailor, you are all *men* before the bar of justice; and, speaking frankly, the crew tell a better yarn than you do."

"Of course!" cried Captain Bray hotly. "I'm telling the truth, and they're telling lies. A sailor will swear to anything, Mr. Wingate. You don't know the breed."

"You're a curious man, Captain," said Wingate, examining him critically. "You've murdered half a dozen sailors in the last few days, and, by heavens, you aren't satisfied yet! I suppose you'd like nothing better than to take a revolver and shoot the rest of them down!"

Captain Bray looked at him for some seconds, absolutely speechless. Suddenly he struck the desk a blow with his clenched fist.

"Yes, and you too!" he said savagely. "Where in hell did they find you, anyway?"

The consul flushed and sprang to his feet. "Don't you dare to insult me!" he cried. "Don't you dare to threaten me!"

"Threaten you? You aren't worth touch-

ing! Do you mean to tell me that you're going to let those men go free?" The captain pointed with a shaking finger to the line of sailors in the back of the room.

"Yes! And what's more, I have a good mind to bring you to an account. If anyone deserves punishment for this affair, it's you. You're a disgrace to your country, sir!"

"Stop! Not another word! I won't stand it!" Captain Bray was beside himself with anger now. "This will be your finish in the consular service, young man. I'll take it to the President of the United States before I drop it! And if you dare to institute any proceedings against me, I'll look you up some time and *hurt* you, *badly*. You look like a soft specimen. You ought to get out and buck up against *men* awhile! You wouldn't take so much stock in brotherly love after that. Good day, sir!"

When he reached the street, he halted to collect himself. What was the world coming to? he asked aloud. No justice—and the same old single-handed fight stretching ahead. It was time to quit the sea.

A man came up behind him, and a familiar voice spoke over his shoulder.

"What do you think of it now?" asked Gilfoy sneeringly.

Captain Bray wheeled on him—but his hands fell to his sides. What was the use? A street brawl, a scene in court, perhaps the jail. He had indeed learned a lesson.

"You're safe—for a while," he said, thrusting his face so close to Gilfoy's that the man shrank away. "Now clear out! And if you ever cross my path again, I'll kill you, so help me God!"

Later the true story came out. Drink loosened a man's tongue, and he boasted of the mutiny to some companions along the beach. In a week it was common talk in the shipping circles of the East. Captain Bray heard of it when he arrived in Hong Kong. But by that time Gilfoy had vanished, and the crew had scattered. Mr. Wingate remained at Batavia in his official capacity, owing to the influence of the Congressman from his district in Nebraska.

#### IV

YEARS passed, the day of sailing-ships went by, and captain Bray left the sea. He might have stepped from the quarter-deck to the bridge, but steam did not appeal to him. At the age of fifty, however, he was still too active a man to think of retiring. He obtained a

position as port captain for a line of steamers in New York, and settled down to learn a new order of things.

About four o'clock one summer afternoon he found himself crossing North River on the 129th Street Ferry. His firm had chartered the English tramp *Antiope* for a trip to Cuba, and he was bound for Edgewater, where she was lying, to hustle her down river into a loading berth the following morning.

At supper he and the captain of the steamer were alone in the saloon. "Where's your mate?" asked Captain Bray, toward the close of the meal.

Captain Holstein, an old and broken-spirited German, laid down his knife and fork with an expression of despair. "Ach, my mate!" he exclaimed. "Where is he? I don't know. Ask me what is he, and I will tell you: drunk! Since noon with the second mate he goes to New York. By and by he comes back—you shall see."

"What do you mean? Why don't you get rid of him?"

"Captain, you ain't go to sea now. I keep him—because I am afraid! He and the second mate take charge of this ship, not I. With these English laws, I can do nothing. The word of a sailor is above the word of a captain. All the passage they bully me. They call me damned Dutchman, and say I take the bread out of English mouths. I am poor, and old—I must hold my job. The mate struck me once. You shall see."

"Have things got as bad as that?" marveled Captain Bray. "It reminds me of a time I had," and he told the story of the mutiny on the *Pathfinder*.

The best the *Antiope* could offer a visitor in the way of accommodation was a lounge in the captain's room. They went to bed at midnight; Captain Bray stripped to his underclothes, and prepared to pass an uncomfortable night. Captain Holstein had hardly turned down the light, when they heard sounds at the end of the corridor outside.

"Come on," said a thick voice. "Let's haul the ol' beggar out o' bed an' give 'im 'is medicine!"

A second voice answered with loud laughter. "We'll give 'im all that's comin' to 'im!"

"Turn out, you Dutch ringer, an' take it like a man!" The panels of the door rattled under a succession of heavy blows.

Captain Holstein jumped out of bed, and stood trembling in the middle of the room. At last he screwed up his courage to the point of answering through the door. "Go away,"

he said in a conciliatory tone. "Go to bed. You're drunk."

"Drunk nothing! We'll show you how drunk we are!" The heavy voice launched a stream of oaths and insults at the shrinking captain, to an increasing accompaniment of blows.

Captain Bray sat up and listened. With the man's voice in his ears he harked back into a past of many battles, and wondered where he had heard it before. Then, more an intuition than a memory, the answer came to him. Gilfoy!

He leaped to his feet with a smothered cry. Yes, it was like Gilfoy, this persecution of a helpless captain. Suddenly the years fell away, and all the hatred that had lain half-forgotten in his heart revived as if they stood again on the deck of the *Pathfinder*.

"Have you got a gun?" he whispered, touching the old captain on the arm.

"No! I ain't dare—I might use it!"

"You fool! Your mate's a bad man! I know him well."

Blows rained on the thin panels; the bolt sagged as they hurled their bodies against the door outside. While he waited for it to fall, a thousand thoughts went through Captain Bray's mind. He recalled the day of his return from that voyage, when he told Dick Ames's mother the story of her son's death. She, too, was dead now—and this man still lived! Surely God had not intended it that way! Then, with a sort of fierce delight, he thought of the fight that was coming, and his muscles stiffened as he crouched behind the weakening door.

He planned to strike the other man first—Gilfoy would be the toughest proposition. As luck would have it, when the door fell the second mate of the *Antiope* sprang through the opening in the lead. Captain Bray gathered all his immense strength into one swinging blow, and struck him on the point of the jaw. He felt the bone slip sideways, dislocated. Quickly he followed with a left that crushed the man's face shapeless. The second mate fell like a stone. Captain Bray barely had time to recover himself, when Gilfoy was upon him.

Then commenced a fight that South Street will remember many years. At the first blow Gilfoy realized the power of his adversary, and knew it could not be the old, decrepit captain. The drink left him, to be succeeded by the lust of battle. They fought blindly, in grim silence; the gloom precluded any science in their method. Captain Bray hugged the deck, and felt for Gilfoy's body

beneath his guard. He had never been more confident. He was fighting for an idea, for a memory. Gradually his attack grew stronger; he began to break through the tall man's guard. The blows that he himself received passed unnoticed. Nothing could touch him—nothing could have stood before him. Gilfoyl suddenly weakened; a terrific blow struck him full in the face; he staggered, and before he could recover another followed. He felt the room slipping away, and struck out madly into empty air. Blow upon blow beat against his face like the strokes of a battering-ram. He fell with a wild cry, and a form leaped upon him out of the darkness and held him to the deck.

"Do you know who I am?" The voice seemed to come from an immense distance.

"Let me up! Oh, God! I've had enough!"

"Do you know who I am?"

"No!"

"Do you remember the mutiny on the *Pathfinder*?"

The word struck fear into Gilfoyl's heart and galvanized his beaten body into action. He knew now who he had been fighting with. His struggle was useless; Captain Bray's arms encircled him like bands of steel.

"I said I'd kill you, and now you're going to die!" went on the relentless voice in his ear. "You've done enough. It's time you were dead!"

Two policemen bent above the body in the captain's room. While they were making a hasty examination they spoke wonderingly.

"One man against two—and him the smallest!"

"Lord, what a sight!"

"And he did it with his bare hands!"

Captain Holstein tapped one of the officers on the shoulder. "What will the law say?" he asked. "Will he go clear? They would have killed me! He saved my life!"

"Clear? Of course he'll get clear! He's got a straight case of self-defense. He says this man had a bad record, anyway. If he can prove that, it's enough." The officer paused and pursed up his mouth in a silent whistle. . . . "With his bare hands!" he repeated.

Captain Bray had gone on deck for air. Standing by the bulwarks, he gazed off across North River with unseeing eyes. The night was still and clear; far out on the river a few lights traveled silently, green and red and white; a faint breeze fanned down from the land, bringing the odor of flowers. His glance fell, and he found that he was naked to the waist. Blood covered his chest and dripped from his arms as they hung by his sides. He flung out his hands with a sudden motion, as if invoking the powers of the air.

"Dick, my boy, I've paid your score!"

## THE SONG OF THE GREAT LAKES

BY HARRY KEMP

**F**IVE-BOSOMED and immense are we and our far shore and line  
 Goes on and on, begirt with trees, or cities great that shine  
 In sudden glimpses of the sun, and thronged with ships are we,  
 And we'll neither vail nor yield a rood to any sailed sea;  
 Our isles are fair, our bays are white with leaning yachts that go  
 Along the mirrory water with a phantom fleet below;  
 Our passengers are strong and huge and whip us into snow.  
 Men think we sleep and then we wake;  
 They think we wake, we sleep. . . .  
 We'll treat you to as black a blow as ever plowed the deep,  
 And when we hurl in lifting heights and long green hollow form,  
 Why, you can't hold to your steering-gear and weather out the storm;  
 For here is land and there is land and lights are all about,  
 And you've got to be a sailor if you live our tempests out. . . .  
 In the winter we push gray and vast, our miles of moving ice,  
 And we'll toss your daring steamers as a gambler tosses dice;  
 'Tis then we would commune alone with God and Night and Dawn—  
 So you'd better keep your ships in port until the thaw is on.  
 This is the Song the Five Lakes sing, the fairest lakes that be,  
 Which neither vail nor yield a rood to any salted sea.

---

# THE NEW MIND CURE BASED ON SCIENCE

---

INCLUDING STORIES OF  
WONDERFUL CASES WHERE RELIEF HAS BEEN  
SUPPLIED WITHOUT THE AID OF  
SURGERY OR MEDICINE

BY

H. ADDINGTON BRUCE

AUTHOR OF "BENDING THE TWIG"

---

I AM not going to write about Christian Science, the New Thought, or the Emmanuel Movement. I am not going to write about any "faith-healing" movement whatsoever. I am going to write about something like all of these, but something, it seems to me, of far greater significance—a mental healing system that the doctors themselves are taking up and that is bound to play an increasingly larger and larger part in the treatment of disease until at last it revolutionizes the practice of medicine.

For the past quarter of a century a little group of scientists, including some of the most eminent psychologists and physicians of America and Europe, have been hard at work trying to ascertain to just what extent mental healing, or psychotherapy, is actually advisable in the treatment of disease; and they have proved, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that there are many diseases which can be cured by mental means alone, and some which can be cured by no other means.

As a result of their investigations there has come into existence a new science—called psychopathology—whose purpose is the establishing of a scientific system of psychotherapy based on thorough knowledge of the part played by the human mind in relation to the health of the body.

Already such progress has been made that scientific psychotherapy is being daily practiced by reputable physicians, here in our own country as well as abroad, with results that outmatch the most marvelous cures reported by faith healers. Scientific psychotherapy is an unailing instrument of cure in many maladies that have hitherto baffled medical skill, and it is especially adapted to the treatment of mental and nervous diseases.

## *Insanity Rapidly Increasing*

When you realize the appalling rapidity with which mental and nervous diseases are increasing throughout the civilized world, and perhaps nowhere more rapidly than in the United States, this new system of curing is particularly significant.

Thirty years ago the insane asylums of this country had only forty thousand inmates. To-day this number has increased to two hundred and fifty thousand. Here are some figures, compiled by the Census Bureau:

Population of asylums, 40,492 in 1880; 74,028 in 1890; 150,151 in 1903, the time when the latest census of institutions for the insane was taken. Or, an increase by 85 per cent. from 1880 to 1890, and by more than 100 per cent. from 1890 to 1903, as against an increase by less than 30 per cent. in the total population of the United States during the same thirteen years.

Moreover, the census of 1890 enumerated no fewer than 32,457 insane who were not inmates of asylums, but were cared for at home by relatives and friends. No attempt was made in 1903 to ascertain the number of non-asylum insane, but the ratio of increase in this class cannot be much less than among the asylum insane.

Consequently it would not be at all surprising were the census of 1910 to reveal the presence in the United States of close upon half a million insane persons!

Now the psychopathologist frankly admits that his methods cannot cure true organic insanity—that is to say, mental disease that has involved destruction of the brain cells, for the restitution of which medical science as yet

possesses absolutely no remedy. But whenever, as is now known to be frequently the case, the supposed lunatic is in reality merely the victim of a functional mental disturbance, psychopathology offers a certain cure. This, too, for all functional disturbances of the nervous system, such as hysteria, neurasthenia, etc.

Psychopathology is the outgrowth of three discoveries, all made within recent years. First, that through "suggestion" it is possible to exercise a tremendous influence over the whole bodily organism; second, that many maladies, physical as well as mental, take their rise in mental states; third, that the mental states which most seriously influence health belong not to the ordinary conscious life of the individual but to a deeper, hidden "subconscious" life of which he usually knows nothing.

These discoveries have all resulted from scientific study of the much-abused, much-dispised phenomena of hypnotism, which, after a century of neglect and misunderstanding, was for the first time made the subject of serious investigation by certain French scientists about forty years ago.

Their experiments left no doubt of the genuineness of the hypnotic trance and of hypnotic cures of disease.

### *The Mind Under Hypnotism*

In the experiments it was found, among other things, that during the hypnotic state there was an almost incredible quickening of the whole memory, the subject readily recalling, in most vivid detail, events that had completely disappeared from his waking memory, events sometimes connected not with his recent past but with his early childhood. This pointed unmistakably to the existence of an amazing "underground" mental life—a strange "subconscious" realm with powers transcending those of the ordinary consciousness.

It seemed possible, therefore, that in everyday life mental experiences might at times similarly acquire an irresistible suggestive force resulting in the appearance of all manner of unpleasant mental and physical conditions, which might in turn be overcome by suggestion.

To-day it is known that a multitude of maladies are caused in precisely this way—that grief, worry, anxiety, a sudden fright, any emotional disturbance of a profoundly distressing character, occurring sometimes years before the appearance of any specific disorder, may be productive of disease through the

subtle influence of subconscious mental action; and that when this is the case, unless the resultant malady has reached the stage of cellular destruction, it is invariably curable without drugs, without the surgeon's knife, with nothing but the use of skillfully applied suggestion.

### *How Epilepsy is Cured*

There was brought to the office of an American psychopathologist, Dr. Boris Sidis—the father of that remarkable eleven-year-old Harvard student, William James Sidis, whose intellectual achievements were described by me in a recent number of this magazine\*—a young man suffering from what were supposed to be attacks of that dread disease, epilepsy. He was a typical product of the slums, gaunt, hungry-looking, undersized. Born of parents of the lowest social strata, he had been treated from infancy with harshness and brutality. He had had no schooling, and could neither read nor write. Except for the names of the President and a few ward politicians, he knew nothing of the history of his country. All his life he had known only poverty and hard work.

And now it seemed that even the chance of earning a meager living by hard work was about to be taken away from him.

"I have such fearful shaking spells," he told the doctor. "They come on me day and night. I shake all over, my teeth chatter, I feel cold. Then I fall to the floor and lose my senses. Sometimes my fits last three hours."

"Have you had them long?"

"Yes, almost since my boyhood. But they are getting worse all the time."

After a careful examination and the application of the most rigid tests had revealed no sign of organic trouble, Dr. Sidis suspected that the convulsive attacks might be nothing more than the outward, physical manifestation of some deep-seated psychical disturbance. He questioned the young man closely:

"Can you remember just when these attacks began?"

"No."

"Did you have them when you were a child?"

"I don't think so."

"Was there anything that occurred during your childhood likely to leave a particularly disagreeable impression on you?"

"Why," he replied, "I have been unhappy all my life. As a boy I was beaten and kicked

\* "Bending the Twig," March, 1910.



and cursed. But I don't think of anything special."

"Will you let me hypnotize you?"

"You can do anything you like to me, doctor, so long as it will help me get well."

But it was found impossible to hypnotize him—he was in too agitated, too excited a state.

Now, psychopathologists long ago discovered that not everybody was hypnotizable; and, moreover, that many persons would not permit themselves to be hypnotized. So they have been obliged to devise other means of "tapping the subconscious."

Among these is a method known as hypnoidization. It results in putting the patient into a half-dozing, half-wakeful condition, in which long-forgotten memories crop up in the mind.

Making use of this method, Dr. Sidis soon had his patient in a quiescent state—in fact, to all appearances asleep.

"Now," said he, in a low tone, "tell me what you are thinking about."

At first there was no response, but presently the young man began to talk. It was evident that he was recalling memories of his childhood—sordid, pathetic, almost tragic scenes.

He spoke of a "dark, damp cellar" in which, when a very little boy, he had been forced to sleep, and where it was bitterly cold. He spoke of the terror it had inspired in him, and how he had been afraid to go to sleep, lest he should be gnawed by rats.

Then, with startling suddenness, he leaped out of his chair, shaking in every limb, teeth chattering, speech paralyzed. He was in the throes of one of his attacks.

The doctor nodded his head understandingly.

It was not an epileptic case. It was a typical instance of a seemingly purely physical malady having its origin in a psychic shock.

Consciously the sufferer had forgotten all about the nights passed in the cellar so many years before. They had utterly vanished from his waking memory. But subconsciously he remembered them as distinctly as though they were not past but present experiences—subconsciously he was continually living them over again, to the gradual breaking down of his nervous system, of which the convulsive attacks were symptomatic.

In fact, it was found that they could be brought on simply by uttering in his hearing the words "dark" and "damp," which seemed to act as psychic triggers exploding the mine of horror memories in the depths of his subconscious being.

A few weeks of suggestive treatment directed to the complete blotting out of the disease-producing memories, and he was permanently freed from his terrible affliction.

### *Afraid of the Dark*

More frequently, in "dissociational" cases, as these are technically termed, the symptoms are wholly mental. Here is a characteristic example, likewise taken from the experience of Dr. Sidis, who, it may incidentally be said, shares with Dr. Morton Prince, of Boston, unquestioned preëminence among the few psychopathologists whom America has as yet produced.

A middle-aged gentleman resident in a New England town, highly educated, successful in business, and generally regarded as a man of great intellectual keenness and strength of will, called at his office one day and announced:

"Doctor, I have come to see you about a matter which may seem absurd, but which is making life a perfect hell to me. Put briefly, the trouble is that I am afraid to go out nights."

"By that you mean——?"

"I mean that as soon as darkness sets in, I become a coward. I dare not stir from the house. No matter what imperative demands my business may make, no matter what social engagements I should keep, I simply do not dare to go outdoors.

"I do not know what it is that I am afraid of. It is just a vague, haunting, overpowering dread that seizes me as soon as night comes. My relatives have argued with me, I have argued with myself. I know it is absurd, but I simply cannot shake it off. And, doctor, I tell you it is killing me."

Putting him in the hypnoidal state, Dr. Sidis, note-book in hand, jotted down every word that fell from his lips.

Mere fragments of ideas they were, like the swiftly changing fancies of a dreamer. All at once he muttered:

"They will kill me! What a blow that was! I can never get home."

The psychopathologist bent forward, listening eagerly.

"How dark it is! How my head hurts! Yes, they got all my money."

And now, piecemeal but in graphic detail, he rehearsed an experience of his youth—an attack made upon him one night by two highwaymen, who had beaten him into unconsciousness.

In that attack lay the clue to his seemingly irrational fear.

He had apparently recovered from its ef-

fects, no physical harm had resulted. He had long since dismissed it from his mind. Yet subconsciously he had never forgotten it; subconsciously he was haunted by the idea that if he went out at night he would again be attacked by footpads!

He was like a man tormented by a perpetual nightmare, and, like the victim of a nightmare, he awoke to a full realization of the folly of his terror and was able to overcome it as soon as it was presented in its true light to his waking consciousness.

### *Hallucinations That Are Curable*

Precisely the reverse was the case of a woman who feared to leave her house not at night but in the daytime.

In the normal, waking state she could give no explanation for this obsessing fear, but put into the hypnoidal state its explanation was soon forthcoming.

Years before there had come into her life one of those domestic tragedies of all too common occurrence. She had discovered that her husband was unfaithful to her, and that he had become infatuated with another woman.

Like many another wife she had kept her sorrow to herself. But the shock had so unnerved her that she began to imagine that everybody she met in the street knew of her troubles and was talking about them. Soon she could not bear to go outdoors, and became almost a recluse, appearing in public as little as possible.

After a time, however, there had been a reconciliation, and she became, to all outward seeming, happy and light-hearted as before, going everywhere, entering freely into social amusements, and apparently being in perfect health. Nevertheless, the bitter experience through which she had passed had left a deep psychic wound that never completely healed.

Without realizing it, she was constantly tormented subconsciously by the old idea that everybody she met was talking about her. From this, years afterwards, developed the seemingly inexplicable fear of going outdoors in the daytime.

Asked, while in the hypnoidal state, why she was not afraid to go out after dark, she promptly replied:

"Because in the dark no one can recognize me."

Subconsciously, in other words, the sorrow and the dread and the bitter thoughts of the period of alienation from her husband were still present experiences to her—were still as real and painful as at the time of their actual occurrence.

All this was revealed through hypnoidization, and a complete cure speedily effected, the baneful memory-images being rooted out of her subconsciousness, or, to speak more accurately, being "reassociated" with her upper consciousness.

### *The Result of Fright on a Child*

Sometimes "dissociational" disorders result not from a single emotional disturbance but from a succession of psychic shocks, giving rise to the most complicated symptoms. I have in mind a recent striking case of this sort, in which, after years of indescribable suffering, a woman of sixty was by psychopathological treatment cured of lung, stomach, and kidney trouble, to say nothing of an extreme nervousness and an insistent fear that she was becoming insane.

When she applied for treatment she presented a pathetic appearance. She was haggard, emaciated, and weak, her skin dry and crackling, her heart action irregular. She had a racking cough, and occasionally, she said, suffered from convulsive attacks during which she became unconscious. But most of all she complained of sensitiveness of the stomach, of kidney trouble, and of nervousness.

"When the nervous spells are on me," she declared, "I suffer death agonies. I cannot sleep, I cannot eat, my head feels as though it would burst. Time and again I have been on the verge of committing suicide.

"Then, too, I feel as though I must be going crazy. Though I can read and study and take up any intellectual pursuit without the slightest ill effect, if I attempt, for instance, to buy a dress for myself, my brain gets on fire and I walk the floor in a frenzy of excitement, quite unable to decide what choice I should make. Yet I experience no difficulty in making purchases for other people, and my judgment is considered so good that my friends often ask me to help them in their shopping. And I cough, day and night, sometimes for hours together."

A thorough examination, however, failed to disclose any indication of organic lung disease, nor of kidney or stomach disease. Besides which, unlike the young man with the "epileptic" seizures, the patient was found to have an excellent family history, from the medical point of view. Both her father and her mother had been of rugged constitution and had lived to a good old age. "Dissociation" was at once suspected, and she was hypnoidized.

Almost the first statement she made in the

hypnotic state related to a long-forgotten incident of childhood that had been the starting-point of all her troubles.

At the age of five—fifty-five years before she sought psychopathological aid—she had been frightened into an hysterical attack by the sight of an insane woman in a maniacal state. For months afterwards the image of that woman never left her mind, and she kept asking herself, "Do little girls go insane?"

And even after the image faded from her waking memory it remained as vividly as ever in her subconsciousness—as was shown by the fact that, although before being hypnotized she had stated that she never dreamed, in the hypnotic state she remembered that she frequently dreamed an insane woman was standing near her bed, bending over her.

To this subconscious memory-image, persisting all unknown to her for more than half a century, was due her unconquerable fear that she would herself some day become insane.

### *A Combination of Nervous Shocks*

Another horror memory that had affected her whole after-life was connected with an occurrence of her early girlhood. At the age of eleven she had been frightened into insensibility by the action of a girl friend in dressing up as a "ghost" and darting out upon her in a dark room. In her waking state she remembered nothing of this; hypnotized, she recalled it vividly.

When eighteen, having become a school teacher, she had worried greatly because of failure to secure promotion. From this period dated her headaches, as well as her first serious nervous attack.

But the culminating shock—the experience to which her physical ills were chiefly due—was sustained in middle life, when her only daughter, after growing up to womanhood, fell a victim to consumption. Throughout the weary weeks of her daughter's illness she watched in anguish at her bedside. The distressing cough, the gastric disturbances, the loss of appetite, the nausea, the inability to retain food—every symptom scared itself into the mother's subconsciousness, never to be forgotten and eventually to be reproduced, by the strange power of subconscious mental action, in the mother herself.

Caused by the mind they were curable by the mind. One by one the psychopathologist attacked and eradicated these deadly subconscious memories, and with their blotting out the patient's health constantly improved, until

at last the entire complex of symptoms had disappeared.

Here, then, we find subconscious mental action responsible for the production of seeming insanities, delusions, irrational fears, and, in the case of this unhappy woman of sixty, even causing the appearance of symptoms resembling those of true organic disease.

### *Seeming Miracles*

The early investigators of the phenomena of hypnotism found that it was possible through suggestion to cause burns, blisters, swellings, paralyses, and other amazing modifications of the physical organism.

In large part their experiments were made on inmates of the Salpêtrière, that great house of refuge for the sick and destitute of Paris.

It was observed that the subjects most readily responding to suggestions affecting the bodily processes were hysterical patients. It seemed possible, therefore, that hystericals were naturally more suggestible than other people, and that suggestion was itself at the bottom of their troubles.

It was found that hysteria, which had hitherto been one of the most baffling diseases known to the medical profession and had usually been regarded as due to some organic disorder, was emphatically a disorder of the mind; and that, no matter how varied and complex its symptoms might be, they were one and all rooted in disquieting mental states.

Positive proof was obtained that by subconscious self-suggestion an hysterical patient could cause the appearance of the symptoms of almost any disease—could make himself blind, deaf, or dumb, could cause his legs or arms to become paralyzed, could cause swellings resembling tumors to appear in any part of his body, could simulate the symptoms of the most dread organic diseases.

### *Unnecessary Operations*

Dr. Pierre Janet, the world's foremost authority on hysteria, in an address delivered by him to the students of the Harvard Medical School, made this statement:

"Hysterical affections are uncommonly similar to all kinds of medical or surgical affections, for which they are easily mistaken. Contractures, paralyses, anesthetics, various pains, especially when they are seated in the viscera, may simulate anything; and then you have the legion of false tubercles of the lungs, of false tumors of the stomach, of false

intestinal obstructions, and, above all, of false uterine and ovarian tumors.

"What happens as to the viscera also exists as to the limbs and the organs of the senses. Some hysterical disturbances are mistaken for lesions of the bones, of the rachis, for muscular or tendinous lesions. Then the physician interferes, frightens the family, agitates the patient to the utmost, and prescribes extraordinary diets, perturbing the life and exhausting the strength of the sick person. Finally the surgeon is called in.

"Do not try to count the number of arms cut off, of muscles of the neck incised for cricks, of bones broken for mere cramps, of bellies cut open for phantom tumors, and especially of women made barren for pretended ovarian tumors. Humanity ought indeed to do homage to Charcot for having prevented a greater depopulation.

"These things no doubt have decreased, but they are still being done every day."

They are still being done every day!

#### *A Case of Imagined Hydrophobia*

Only the other day a case came to my knowledge in which a painful and wholly unnecessary and useless operation was narrowly escaped owing to the lucky chance that took the sufferer, a young woman of Providence, R. I., to a neurologist, Dr. John E. Donley, who had made a special study of psychopathology and psychopathological methods.

She had been sent to him by her physician to determine what particular nerve in her hand ought to be "resected" to relieve a semi-paralysis from which she had been suffering for some time.

A year or so before she had been bitten in the hand by a pet cat. At first she had felt no ill consequences, the wound healing nicely. But after a time a pain had set in, gradually extending up the arm, which had become almost helpless. It was her physician's opinion that some nerve had been caught in the scar of the wound, and that an operation, which she greatly dreaded, would be necessary to restore the arm to usefulness.

Before examining her hand Dr. Donley de-

cid to make a psychopathological examination as to her general nervous condition. The discovery immediately followed that the paralysis of her arm was nothing more than an hysterical disturbance.

Hypnotizing her, he found that the attack made on her by the cat had caused a profound psychic shock. She had been almost panic-stricken with fear, insisting that blood poisoning would surely result; and, although the wound had healed as her physician predicted it would, she still subconsciously clung to this idea.

What she required was not the surgeon's knife but treatment by suggestion. Only a few such treatments were needed to work a complete cure.

#### *"True Mental Healing"*

But—and this is a point that cannot be emphasized too strongly—even suggestion would in all probability have failed had not the neurologist been able, by the methods of psychopathological diagnosis, to get at the exact cause of the trouble and apply precisely the suggestions needed to meet the situation.

This it is that most sharply differentiates scientific psychotherapy from the psychotherapy of the faith healer.

Both the scientific psychotherapist and the faith healer make use of suggestion to attain their ends. Both get results, for the reason that suggestion, even when utilized by an untrained practitioner, is frequently powerful enough to bring about seemingly miraculous restorations to health.

But whereas the non-scientific psychotherapist, with few exceptions, uses suggestion in hit-or-miss fashion, applying it indiscriminately to all manner of diseases, the scientific psychotherapist recognizes that it is by no means a cure-all, and that even in cases where it is beneficial a thorough, accurate diagnosis is often indispensable to a perfect cure.

As between these two types of psychotherapy can there be any doubt which is the "true mental healing"—that which takes its stand on blind faith, or that which depends on the proven facts of scientific experiment and observation?



# Tombstones

BY

WILLIAM JOHNSTON

---

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER JACK DUNCAN

---

FIFTEEN thousand profit the first year, starting on a shoestring, isn't bad, is it?"

He and I were the only occupants of the sleeping-car smoker. For an hour we had sat at the opposite ends of the leather sofa, he with pencil and paper apparently making calculations of some sort, I ostensibly reading a book, but in reality studying the face of my companion, curiously wondering what manner of man he was.

There was nothing distinctive in his garb to betoken his calling. His clothing showed only that he had means enough and taste enough to employ a good tailor. He wore no jewelry save a scarab in his carefully arranged tie, and a fine gold chain across his waistcoat. His hands—big forceful hands they were—tapered into the long graceful fingers of the artist type, and yet there was a bigness of knuckle and a suggestion of toil scars, accentuated perhaps by the carefully manicured nails, that bespoke an intimacy with labor more arduous than paint and canvas.

His face—it was that which had first attracted me to him—thrust itself at you from beneath a thatch of prematurely whitening hair, from behind a carefully trimmed military mustache, as the countenance of a man who had accomplished—what? The eyes—honest Irish gray—twinkled intelligently in their deep-set sockets. The nostrils were those of a big-lunged, powerful animal, a man who could do much and endure much. In the lips was just a suggestion of—hardly sensuality—call it rather a sternly repressed inclination toward pleasure and ease.

It was his chin, though, that dominated the whole face, the whole man. A square, clean-cut, fighting chin, thrust forward in all its aggressive strength, marked its owner as a man of power, of determination, of dogged grit—a fighter of destiny.

Right gladly I welcomed his inclination to talk, and quickly responded:

"Such success the first year is remarkable, and ought to satisfy any man. Tell me about it."

And this is the story John Ryan told me that night in the smoker, the story of his fighting life, a true story. I have his card before me as I write. It has the name of his company and the number of their office on Fifth Avenue, and in one corner are the words: "John Ryan, President."

"To begin at the beginning, I never had much education," he explained, though until he got well on in his story and lapsed into the homely phrases of his youth there was nothing in his speech or manner to deny him a university diploma or a chair in the club window. "My father died when I was nine years old. We were tenement people, and that means that there was nothing put by beyond what the funeral cost. A week later I went to work. I had to.

"I got a job in a stone-yard where a friend of my father worked. They paid me three dollars a week at the start. I was big for my age, but I never had been to school much. I could read a little and I could write my own name, and that was about all. I stayed in that stone-yard until I was nineteen, working nine hours a day, six days a week. Half-holidays had not been invented yet. When I quit I was getting three and a half dollars a day and could cut stone with the best of them.

"I quit for a better job, five dollars a day as an expert stone-cutter. I remember when I first got that job how self-satisfied I felt. *Five Dollars a Day!* What more could any man want than that? I thought I had just about reached the limit.

"When I was twenty I married—a good, sensible, educated, religious girl. By the time I was twenty-four I had three children. Five

dollars a day didn't look as big as it used to. About that time work in the stone-yard got a little slack and two of the stone-cutters were laid off. They both had been good men in their day, but now they were too old. It came to me all of a sudden that some day I would be too old and would be laid off just as they had been. I could earn my five dollars a day now easily enough in any stone-yard, but what about the future?

"The more I thought about it the more it seemed to me that if I was going to better myself in life the one thing I needed most was education. I had lived long enough without it to feel the lack of it. What kind of education would be most useful to me? It did not take me long to decide. The one thing I especially needed in my business was drawing—architectural drawing. I went home that night and said to my wife:

"Mary, I'm going to start to night school."

"She laughed at me.

"John Ryan," said she, "you're crazy. The idea of a grown man with a family going to school. What would the neighbors think of you?"

"I've not a word to say against my wife. She has been a good, loving wife to me for nineteen years and has stood by me through thick and thin, and there have been many times when the troubles came thick and the purse got thin. She has been a good mother to my children, too, and a man can ask for no more than that. But women have a different way of looking at things from men. There never was a time that I proposed anything new or made any kind of a change but what she was against it.

"She tried her best to ridicule me out of going to school. What was I thinking of studying? Was it French or dancing? She wasn't going to have me away from home every evening, either. And the idea of a father disgracing his children by going to school.

"Her talk made no difference. I went to school—to night school. Five nights a week for three years I studied architectural drawing. The teacher of the class didn't want to let me in at first. I hadn't graduated from any school. I hadn't enough education. The teacher sent me to the principal. The principal sent me to the superintendent. They none of them wanted to let me in, but I kept at them till I made them take me.

"Then trouble began. Gossiping neighbors got to talking to my Mary. They pooh-poohed the idea that I was going to school nights. They tried to persuade her that I was running around with other women all the evenings I was away from home. She wouldn't

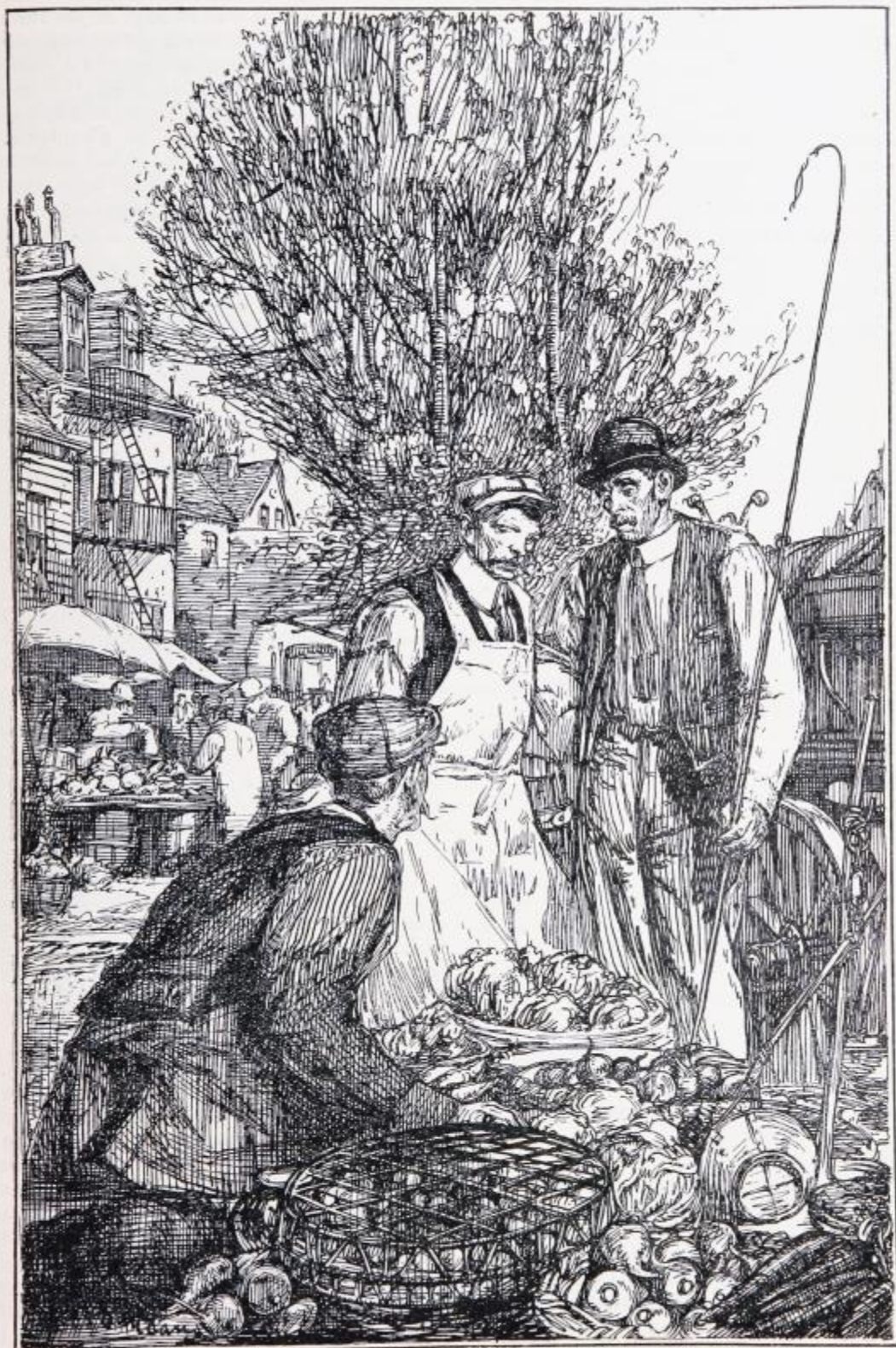
listen to them at first, but they kept at her till she almost got to believing it, for that's one thing a good woman who really loves her husband can't stand for. Naturally she taxed me with it, not once, but often, nearly every night. It did not make it any easier, working all day in the stone-yard and all evening in the school, to have this to contend with, but I kept on just the same. In spite of my denials I could see that the talk of the neighbors kept up the mistrust in her mind. It went so far that a few evenings she followed me and saw that I really went to school and a couple of times she posted her brother to see when I came out and if I came straight home.

"It wasn't till the second year, when I got a prize of a book for a drawing I'd made, that she was really convinced that I had been going to school all the time. That book—I was as proud of it as a child with a new toy. I, the father of a family, rewarded with a pretty book at school—think of it! The third year I finished the course. My wife went with me to the closing exercises and a proud woman she was to see the drawings I'd made hanging on the wall before all the visitors. And still I was working in the stone-yard at five a day and seeing no chance of bettering myself.

"There was one winter I didn't work in the yard. Without notice every yard in the city shut down and there wasn't a stone-cutter's job to be had anywhere and no prospect of one for months. I remember walking home that night wondering what I was going to do. There were four little ones at home now and all I had put by was less than a hundred and fifty dollars. I was still thinking about it, wondering what was going to become of us, wondering how I was going to break the news to my wife, when I turned up my own street. There was a man going through it with a horse and wagon, selling vegetables from house to house. I stopped and watched him a while.

"If he can make a living that way, I can," I said to myself.

"That very night I went out and arranged to buy a horse and wagon with what little money I had. My wife was against it, of course, but the next morning I got up and went down to the market and bought a load of vegetables. I took with me the man on the corner from whom I had been buying my vegetables for the house. He showed me what to buy and where to buy it. I was that ignorant at first that I didn't know the difference between a half-peck and a small measure, but the first week I made forty dollars clear. It was hard work. I had to get up at four o'clock in the morning and I rarely got home before nine or



“HE SHOWED ME WHAT TO BUY AND WHERE TO BUY IT”

ten o'clock at night, but all that winter I kept thirty to forty dollars coming in each week. In the spring when the stone-yards opened I sold my outfit for about what I paid for it and went back to my trade, and for a couple of years more I cut stone.

"Now on the ground floor of the house where I lived was a drugstore and often I'd drop in there evenings. I never was much of a hand for saloons. I used to drink a little beer before I was married, but I did not know the taste of whiskey till after I was thirty, and all the distilleries now would close up if nobody drank any more of it than I do. In the drugstore there were generally three or four traveling salesmen who lived in the neighborhood. They'd be telling of their experiences, and night after night I'd stand there listening to their stories of the cities they had visited, the shows they had seen, the trains they had traveled on and the hotels they had stopped at.

"It seemed to me it must be the very grandest thing in the world to be a traveling salesman. Here were these fellows who had been everywhere and seen everything and here was I who had never been outside of my own city in my life, who had never eaten in a hotel, never ridden in a sleeping car. I remember yet the first time I ever did ride in one. I lay awake the whole night long just thinking how nice it was and how grand it was that I was doing it at last. I've had enough of them since. But as I thought over these traveling men's talk it came to me:

"If these men can make a living selling things, I can, too."

"I went home and told my wife what I had in mind. I always tell her everything. It isn't a bad habit, even if she doesn't agree with you always.

"John Ryan," said she, "if you'd make up your mind to stick to your stone-cutting, you'd get along better. You a traveling salesman? What do you know about such business? What would you be selling?"

"Tombstones," said I.

"All along I had been wondering what kind of goods I could sell. Her question brought it to me all of a sudden. The one thing I knew all about, or thought I did, was tombstones. I'd sell tombstones.

"For weeks we kept talking about it, she against it and I for it, till one Sunday we went up to the cemetery to look at a monument I had cut. I saw the sign of a place near by where they sold monuments and went in. When I came out the proprietor of the place had promised to pay me five per cent. commission on all the tombstones and monuments I sold for him.

"I started in by looking over the papers in the evenings after I was through at the stone-yard. I'd read all the death notices and make out a list of all that were anywhere within twenty or thirty blocks of where I lived. I'd wait until a day or two after the funeral and then I'd go in the evening and try to sell a tombstone or a monument. I spent weeks and weeks of weary walking without getting an order, but I kept at it. I could not afford even carfare, for we'd had sickness at home and a doctor and an operation.

"There came a time when I was flat stone broke. What with the doctor coming twice a day for weeks and with medicines and all, our savings were exhausted and even my wages at the stone-yard were drawn in advance. I came home from my work one Saturday night and my wife—just up from a sick-bed she was—says to me:

"John, have you brought home any money?"

"I've got just five dollars I borrowed from the boss—that's every cent."

"Things looked bad. It takes a lot to feed the little mouths and the rent was overdue. While we were talking it over and I was trying to comfort her, with no comfort in my own heart at all, the postman's whistle sounded. I went down and there was a letter with a check for forty dollars in it—my first commission for selling tombstones. I had known it was coming to me, but I didn't know just when, so I had said nothing to my wife about it, but if ever money was a godsend that forty dollars was. The next week another check of a hundred dollars came in. My wife quit objecting then to me being a salesman.

"At the end of the year I had made over \$600 in commissions, just working nights. I got to thinking that if I gave all my time to it maybe I could do better than by working in the stone-yard. The longer I thought about it the more I made up my mind to give up the stone-cutting. My wife, of course, was opposed to it.

"Your wages in the stone-yard are sure," said she, "but your commissions are uncertain. One week you'll get a big check and then for a couple of months you'll get nothing at all."

"This was true enough, but it didn't sway me from my intention. Things went on as they were till one day the foreman criticised a piece of work I was doing. I didn't think he was right then nor do I think it now. We had some words and he walked away. I gathered up my tools—they were my own, over a hundred dollars' worth of them—and I walked over to the river and I threw them all in. I came back to the foreman and I said:

"I'm through cutting stone. Give me my time."





“I WALKED OVER TO THE RIVER AND THREW THEM ALL IN”

"'John Ryan,' says he, 'you're crazy. A man with a family can't afford to throw up a good job just because of the few words we had. Go on back to your work and forget it.'

"'I'm through cutting stone,' said I. 'I've thrown all my tools in the river. I'll never cut stone again for you or any other man.'

"'Now I know you're crazy,' says he. 'Here's your money, but you'll be back here next week looking for a job.'

"'I'll never ask you nor any other man for a job of stone-cutting. I'm through with it forever. That's why I threw my tools away. It wasn't because of the words we had. I'm just through being a stone-cutter.'

"'And I never have cut stone for any man from that day to this.

"'That very afternoon I went downtown to a monument firm and got a job selling tombstones at ten dollars a week. At the end of a month I was raised to twenty-five dollars a week. I stayed with them for nine years, and when I quit them I was getting seventy-five dollars a week and all my expenses, and traveling from Maine to Georgia. I was riding in sleeping cars a good deal more now than I wanted to. There had been a time when I thought I knew all there was to know about tombstones, but I had begun to realize how little I did know. I bought some books on the subject and began to read them. Sometimes I'd be two weeks reading three lines. Every other word would be one that I didn't know the meaning of. I bought me an encyclopedia and a dictionary and kept on reading. When I'd get through with three lines I'd know what every word of it meant. Sometimes to find out I'd have to go back to the Latin and the Greek, so before I was through studying up on tombstones I found myself studying Latin and Greek.

"'I had to learn lots of other things too. I wasn't content with knowing why they put a pot and a snake on a doctor's monument. I kept at it until I learned that that was the emblem of the Greek god of surgery, Aesculapius. Then I had to find out why that was the emblem. What was the snake doing there? That's the way I studied everything about the business. I got to know all about crosses, Greek crosses, Druid crosses, Aztec crosses. There isn't a man in my business to-day who knows more about the history and significance of cemetery emblems than I do.

"'But going back to the business side of it. Seventy-five dollars a week and expenses once would have looked big to me, but no traveling man can ever make his expense account fit what he actually spends. It seemed to me that I was making a lot of money for my firm with-

out getting my share. If I could get business for the firm why couldn't I get it for myself. The upshot of it was that I quit traveling and last January started in business for myself. A friend of mine who had saved up about as much money as I had went in with me. He looks after the office end of things and I go out and get the business and superintend the work. We started on a shoestring and it was a hard pull. He had a wife and two children to keep and I had a wife and four. While we got some orders in the first few months not a cent of money came in until the fifteenth of June. There came a time when we had to have some. I went to a man and borrowed five hundred dollars on my note for thirty days. When the thirty days was up there was no money in sight. I went to another man and borrowed five hundred for thirty days and paid the first. When that thirty days was up I went to a third and got still another five hundred and paid the second. Then"—and Ryan smiled at the thought—"I worked the triangle all over again, going back to the first for five hundred and by that time we had some money of our own coming in. Because I had kept my word I had no trouble in getting it. Indeed I've found that a man who always keeps his word can get most anything.

"'With an order I just got to-day for a forty-thousand-dollar monument I was just figuring up that at the end of the first year my partner and I will split thirty thousand dollars—the profit on over two hundred thousand dollars' worth of business, less our running expenses. We'll put part of it back into the business, of course, but it isn't bad for a man of thirty-nine who is just starting out for himself.

"'There's one thing more," said Ryan meditatively. "Whatever I have done I have done by myself. In all the years I've been climbing up there has never been a hand stretched out to help me. It makes me sore when I hear young fellows to-day kicking because they have no chance. What chance did I have except what I made for myself? I hear them talk, too, that they haven't enough education for this or that job. What education did I ever have except what I got for myself? I heard a man say the other day that he could get on if he wasn't handicapped by a wife and babies. A wife and babies handicaps! They're anything but that. It's for his family, his children, that a man strives and climbs and accomplishes. Without mine, without my wife and my children, I'd never be where I am to-day.

"'No, sir! A loving wife is never a handicap. Any man can do whatever he wants to do, if he only wants it bad enough."

---

# THE CODES OF Phoebe and Ernest

BY

INEZ HAYNES GILLMORE

AUTHOR OF "PHOEBE AMONG THE THESPIANS," ETC.

---

ILLUSTRATIONS BY R. F. SCHABELITZ

---

WELL, I know one thing," Ernest said. "A fellow never has to tell lies."

"Well, I know another thing," Phoebe said. "A girl has to tell lies all the time."

The argument started early one Saturday morning. Ernest had asked casually and all by way of making conversation, "Going to the High School dance, Phoebe?" And Phoebe had answered with the preoccupied indifference of an acknowledged belle. "Don't know. Nobody has asked me yet."

A little later, as Ernest still dawdled in his room, cleaning a gun, Phoebe's half of a telephone conversation floated up to him:

"Oh, hullo, Tug!" . . . "Oh, the High School dance! That's awfully good of you, Tug. I'm sorry I can't. But you see I'm going with somebody else." . . . "Oh, I'd go if I were you, Tug. You'll have just *exactly* as good a time. Why don't you ask Florence Marsh?"

"Oh, well, of course if you don't *want* to." . . . "Oh, I'd love to. This afternoon at four?" . . . "All right. I'll be ready."

When Phoebe ascended the stairs, Ernest tackled her on the landing.

"See here, Phoebe! I heard that spiel of yours on the phone. Either you lied to me or you lied to Tug."

"I didn't lie to you. And I didn't lie to Tug. That is—not exactly. It isn't what I call a lie. Maybe it's a white lie—a fib. See here, Ern Martin, I'd like to know what right you've got butting into my affairs. It's none of your business and you can just cut it out."

"But nobody had asked you to the dance. Come!"

"No—but—"

"Gee, how I hate people who don't tell the truth! I wouldn't lie for anything."

"Yes, and many a time we've nearly died of mortification with you telling the truth on the least provocation, the way you do. Ask Mother Martin if you aren't always embarrassing her most to death by telling people just what you think of things when they ask you."

"Just the same, I don't believe anybody's got to tell lies."

"Well, you be a girl for twenty-four hours and get through without telling a young billion of white lies and I'll see that you get a Carnegie medal," Phoebe declared with heat. "Girls are always up against the *queerest* propositions. Now, take the High School dance. Of course I knew Tug would ask me—he always does. But I didn't want to go with him. I knew somebody else was going to ask me, and I *did* want to go with him. He hadn't said that he was—but I knew it just the same. Well, Tug asks me first. Do you think I feel any obligation to go with him under those circumstances? Certainly *not*. And yet I wouldn't *for the world* hurt Tug's feelings. What was there for me to do but to tell a white lie? If you can show me any way out of such a situation, I shall be *infinitely* obliged to you. And if you think, Ern Martin, that all the Maywood girls don't have to do this, you are *much* mistaken. Every girl in this town is up against it whenever a dance is given. And the only way out of it is to fib and fib to the wrong ones until the right one asks you."

Ernest was not at all impressed with this harangue. "I wouldn't have expected it of you, Phoebe!" he said.

Half an hour later, the telephone rang again. Again, Phoebe's talk drifted to Ernest's ears.

"Oh, Mr. Eliot. Good morning!" . . . "Oh, thank you so much, Mr. Eliot. I shall be



"Oh, thank you so much, Mr. Eliot. I shall be perfectly delighted to go. It's awfully good of you!"

perfectly delighted to go. It's awfully good of you" . . . "Yes, eight o'clock" . . . "White and yellow." . . . "Oh, that's so thoughtful of you. I don't want white—it's so *bridey*. I should prefer a yellow flower, though I can't seem to think of anything but roses. And I'm so tired of roses." . . . "Oh, *orchids* would be perfectly ducky. I've never worn them before. Thank you ever and *ever* so much."

"And you mean to tell me you'd throw Tug down for that wind-bag of a Page Eliot," Ernest threw out to his sister as she passed.

Phoebe stopped, her slim length framed in the doorway.

"No, I'm not throwing Tug down at all. I've been to a million dances with Tug. I just happened not to want to go to this dance with him. Again, may I request that you stop discussing what doesn't concern you, Mr. Buttinski?"

"Gee, I hate girls," was Ernest's final shot. "I'll never believe anything they tell me."

Thinking the matter over in the few minutes before he dismissed it for more important things, Ernest grew, as he would have expressed it, "sorer and sorer."

For Ernest did not like Page Eliot.

Page was staying with Fred Partland. They had been chums and roommates in Paris. In fact, Page had lived most of his life abroad. He had just returned from a five years' stay. He was one of those masculine meteors who, flashing suddenly into a small community, put the entire feminine half into a flutter—always to the bewilderment of the masculine half. It was not his popularity with the other sex which irritated Ernest. It was—well, they were naturally antagonistic. There was something in Eliot's gait, something in his manner, something in the very way he wore his clothes, which

rubbed Ernest the wrong way. In conversation it was the same. It was not so much what Page said, it was his whole Gallicized point of view. Then Page had a way of seeming to belittle Ernest's achievements. Again it was not what he said. It was what he did not say. In Page's presence, Ernest felt like the human equivalent to a large, affectionate, gambolsome Newfoundland pup, remarkable for intelligence. Whenever he spent an evening in a crowd of which Page formed a member, he was conscious always of a boiling inner tumult.

And yet Page had an interesting side, too. He was not without accomplishments, though they were rather of the parlor order. He played better billiards than anybody in Maywood. At bridge he was fairly brilliant. He could drive any kind of motor. He fenced well. He was a good talker. Ernest found himself occasionally drinking down his narratives. Duelling, bull fights, pelota, jai alai, jiu jitsu—it was extraordinary what he had picked up. And once he had held Ernest spellbound for the half hour in which he described a sporting event held in France in which a third-class American "pug" had pounded to pieces a first-class French *savateur*.

In the last analysis, Ernest's most scorching criticism of Page was that he was a "fusser." Ernest half suspected that he lived by women's standards rather than men's. He had an idea that Page skulked behind petticoats, that he would not come out into the open and take punishment like a man.

Ernest emerged from these thoughts to the realization that his hands were fists. This always happened when he thought of Page Eliot. He had experienced the same sensation in regard to others. Suddenly it flashed across him what it all portended.

"Gee!" he said to himself, "I've got to lick that son of a gun before he leaves Maywood."

This resolution brought its inevitable balm. As if released from mental clutches, the whole matter slipped automatically out of his consciousness.

Phoebe, on the other hand, furiously dusting her room, was considering the situation from a viewpoint essentially feminine.

Phoebe thought Page Eliot very fascinating. He was a tall, dark youth, thin to the point of emaciation, and yet with a suggestion, not unbecoming, of latent muscularity. His hair was a little—but only a little—too long. It lay, thick and dense, close to his head. He parted it in the middle and then brushed it straight back. When he removed his hat, the circle that its rim made lay indented on the smooth, shining brownness. Phoebe had observed the

same phenomenon in the case of handsome young leading men. Page bore about him an atmosphere, faint, unanalyzable, but definite, of dissipation. In common with the rest of nubile Maywood, Phoebe found this thrilling. He smoked a cigarette with grace and abandon. He danced well. He would have been spectacular if his clothes had not been correct rather than picturesque, and if the mocking light which never left his eyes had not seemed to include Page Eliot himself among the things at which it laughed.

Con conversationally, he had all the charms of frank impertinence. He exulted in the expropriation which allured even while it shocked Phoebe. He compared American girls with Parisiennes to the disadvantage of the former. In particular, he disliked the American voice. He was witty. He was articulate to a degree almost feminine. He could appreciate a hat or a gown. Moreover, in Phoebe's desk there was a list of the French phrases that he threw out casually—*j'ai accompli, j'aute de mieux, en veine*—it grew daily. In argument, he often introduced the phrase *à la bonne heure*, and always with a faint shrug of his shoulders. Phoebe considered this the deftest of conversational feats. And when he left her he always said, "*Au voir*" instead of "*Au revoir*" as Phoebe would have academically remarked.

Perhaps all this would not have been enough to rouse the spirit of conquest in Phoebe. For with the clarity of vision which characterized her neat, clear, efficient mind, she knew that she did not really like Page Eliot, however much she was fascinated by him. Mentally they did not click. A great deal of raillery and laughing badinage covered this absence of a real sympathy. And yet some mysterious law of her sex impelled her to subjugate him. It seemed to her that it would establish that belle-dome of which it was the sign and seal.

For there was another complication—Miss Follis.

Miss Follis was a guest of the Marshes. She had been educated in a French convent. She, too, had lived much of her life abroad. In fact, she had known Page Eliot in Paris. Florence Marsh had once confided to Phoebe that Miss Follis left her native shores labeled Laura. She returned Laurette. Just as Page Eliot had enslaved feminine Maywood, so Laurette Follis had taken masculine Maywood by storm.

According to Page Eliot, she possessed a *beauté troublante*. But Phoebe said, after her first glimpse of her: "Mother, she's the *chic*-est girl I ever saw in my life."

Black and straight and moist of hair, black

and long and oblique of eye, the pallor of her skin was the dead whiteness of the lily petal, the red of her lips that of the cherry. She intensified this curious coloring by the unvarying black and white of her costumes.

"I never saw such red lips, mother," Phoebe said again and again. "Her mouth looks like a flower dropped on to her face." Mrs. Martin's lips always tightened peculiarly on these rhapsodical occasions. And later Phoebe understood why. Mistaking Laurette's room for the general dressing-room at Mrs. Marsh's dance, she came upon Miss Follis in the act of transferring from a small alabaster box to lips perfect but colorless what looked like a cerise salve.

Undaunted by this artificiality, and still utterly fascinated, Phoebe did her best to make an intimate of her. But it was like scaling a high polished glass wall. It was not that Miss Follis objected to Phoebe personally.

"She's the kind of girl, mother," Phoebe confided to her chief confidante, "that goes to sleep the moment the men leave the room and wakes up *the instant* they come back. Not that she's *catty*—I don't mean that. I've never heard her say a single spiteful thing. It's only that she's just bored to death with women, and that's all there is to it. It is something marvelous the way she just manages to keep every man in the room nailed to her side. If one of them starts to break away she pulls him back as *quick*. She wants to be surrounded. She isn't a *twosing* type at all. You *never* catch her tête-à-têteing in a corner. And the way she tries to use Tug against Page and Page against Tug—mother, you never saw anything *like* it."

Whenever, in private, Phoebe recalled the blandishments that Laurette Follis threw in Tug's direction, she always smiled complacently. But when she thought of Laurette and Page, she frowned. Phoebe knew, as did all Maywood, that when Page Eliot was not taking her about in the Partland machine or beating her at tennis, he was doing the same things with Laurette Follis. Somehow that thought irritated her.

Phoebe was not a flirt. She was too forthright, too single-minded. Perhaps also it was that she was too pretty to need extraneous assistance. But even had she lacked her spirited comeliness, she would have attracted attention anywhere just by being Phoebe. In point of fact, Phoebe did not enjoy flirting, did not approve of it. And yet, at the Marsh dance, two weeks before, she had coquetted openly with Page Eliot. She felt a surge of shame every time that she looked back upon it. It seemed to her that she had gone a little way over what

constituted her line of girlish reserve. Somehow, it seemed to increase her half-intuitive, half-temperamental dislike of Page. And yet, following that mysterious law of her sex, she determined that he should escort her to the High School dance. All the other dances of the winter had been invitation affairs, given in houses. You went alone, or with your brother. But in this case Page would have to fly his colors. Phoebe knew that, once he had paid her the compliment of choice, she would not care a rap what he did for the rest of the season.

Ernest brought the core of their discussion to the table that night.

"Mother," he began, "do you think there's ever any excuse for a person's telling a lie?"

Phoebe immediately took up the gauntlet with a "Father, don't you think girls just *have* to tell white lies sometimes, so's not to hurt people's feelings?"

"I don't know what they *have* to do, but I know what they *do* do," Mr. Martin responded promptly, while still Mrs. Martin studied the problem.

"Why, Father Martin!" Phoebe exclaimed, veering immediately. Only Phoebe could argue on both sides of the case without weakening her original contention. "I'm ashamed of you. You know Mother Martin never told a lie in her life."

"Oh, are you talking about your mother? That's different," admitted Mr. Martin.

"Well, if every man is going to say his wife's different, what becomes of the argument, I'd like to know? That's the kind of talk, father, that makes *suffragettes* of women."

"Now don't you try to threaten me, Phoebe." Mr. Martin rejoined, still jocular. "I should like nothing better than to see you president of the United States."

"Phoebe Martin for president! Gussie Pugh for vice president! Wouldn't that be a knock-out!" Ernest exclaimed, in a voice full of falsetto admiration.

The sparks in the depths of Phoebe's eyes burst their surface softness, spread to a flash. "Thank you, gentlemen," she retorted. "You couldn't *force* the job on me."

Having darted into the very camp of the enemy, having in fact fought at his side, she returned unscathed to her original position. "Women do have to tell white lies sometimes, don't they, mother?"

"They do, but they don't have to, do they, mother?" Ernest insisted.

Mrs. Martin, still considering the problem, looked troubled.

"The 'Ladies' Home Guide,'" Phoebe went on, "says that if people call and you don't want

to see them, it's perfectly proper to say 'Not at home.' Now, what is that but a white lie, I'd like to know?" Phoebe paused. Her mother did not speak. "Mother doesn't agree with you, Ern, because she *can't*," she pointed out triumphantly.

"It isn't exactly that," Mrs. Martin said. "I don't know just what to say, for I don't know how to put it. In a way, I agree with both of you. I don't tell falsehoods outright any more than Ernie does. I can't. Ernie gets that from me. Something inside prevents me. But I don't like to hurt people's feelings any more than you do, Phoebe. And so I just keep quiet about a whole lot of things. I guess sometimes I sort of evade answering. And all my life it's troubled me. I've wondered if that wasn't one way of telling falsehoods."

"And to think that for twenty-five years I've been living with the Baroness Munchausen and never suspected it," Mr. Martin interpolated lightly.

"Father, I *do* wish you'd be serious," Phoebe said. "I consider this a very important discussion. It's the sort of thing that might make a great *deal of difference* in your after life."

Mr. Martin accepted his rebuke gracefully. He became as serious as the twinkles in his eyes would permit.

"Well, it may be all right for a woman," Ernest broke out excitedly. "A girl hasn't any more backbone than a quahaug, anyway. But with a fellow it's different. If you begin to lie, you get all balled up. I've tried it once, and I know. It's a fierce bother remembering what you said. No, sir, I don't care a darn about anybody's feelings. Anybody asks me a question, I'm going to answer it."

"*Goodness!*" Phoebe returned in her most scathing accent. "Living in the house with you is going to be one grand sweet song, is it not—it is *not*."

"I shall never tell anything but the truth to anybody," Ernest reiterated obstinately.

Mr. Martin laughed suddenly. "Don't you be so sure, my son. It's all right when you're steering a straight course alone. But wait till you get mixed up in some social game a lot of women are playing. If you tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth *then*, why, you'll deserve to be canonized."

"He'll probably be *lynched*," Phoebe prophesied.

But "Just you wait and see" was all Ernest said.

There the matter ended, but only for that day. The next morning discussion broke out afresh between Phoebe and Ernest. It was

continued at intervals for two weeks. Running out of self-made arguments, the disputants had recourse to authority. The Scriptures were consulted, dictionaries searched, history ransacked. Even verse, fiction, drama and the press contributed special incidents. One day the force of argument seemed to lean to Phoebe's side, the next, Ernest overpowered his sister with a fresh presentation of his case. Mrs. Martin, half-troubled, very much interested, followed the fortunes of this argumentative war with great seriousness. Mr. Martin, wholly amused, deftly fed the flames of controversy by injecting questions of a subtly misleading nature at the psychological moment.

It was not coincidence entirely that the controversy always raged hottest just after Ernest met Phoebe in company with Page Eliot. For after passing the two, Ernest invariably found himself walking at an accelerated pace, his clenched hands swinging and his shoulders hunched forward. Conversely, his biceps never hungered so desperately for action as when, immediately after an argumentative bout with Phoebe, he found himself forced to fraternize with Page.

The night of the High School dance, a self-constituted escort to his mother, he left the house early in order to avoid meeting his sister's escort. Mrs. Martin, Mrs. Warburton and Miss Selby were the matrons of the occasion. Ernest busied himself running innumerable errands until the dance was well under way. Returning from a talk with the caterer, he was witness to his sister's entrance. Phoebe wore a gown that, for tenuity, might have been sea foam—all white except where a coil of yellow velvet separated the warm marble of her neck from the cool fluffiness of her gown—one yellow-white orchid in her gold-shot brown hair, a mass of them fluttering at her waist. Straight, tall, very elegant, very distinguished, Page immediately drew her into the pretty dance in which they were the most notable pair.

In the first pause that the music made, Laurette Follis made an entrance even more effective—for this time the black of her costume was dazzling with embroidery of silver sequins. A great poinsettia made a jagged, blood-red splash close to her bare shoulder.

Laurette's cavalier, it transpired, was Tug. Ernest's start of surprise was reflected—he saw it plainly across the room—in the sudden jerk of Phoebe's delicate eyebrows.

Ernest's morose mood of the last two weeks persisted. He danced only twice. Then he gave himself moodily up to watching the show.

The hall of the Maywood High School represented the last cry in artistic decoration. Walls

tinted a cool, dark green formed the background for huge framed photographs of masterpieces of Renaissance art. And the dancers surged and swayed under the plaster gaze of statues, heroic in size, of Greek and Roman gods. With the aid of palms and potted plants, the committee had established tête-à-tête places here and there about the pedestals.

Lounging sulkily in one of these, his back against the wooden block which supported a huge Minerva, Ernest became conscious of a conversation going on at the other side. It was Page Eliot and Laurette Follis. He started to leave. Then Phoebe's name suddenly leaped out of their talk. Involuntarily, he listened.

"Oh, your gown is charming, Laurette," Page was saying. "A little *chargée*, perhaps. Now tell me why did you refuse to come here with me to-night?"

Miss Follis laughed. "Oh, I don't exactly know," she said languidly; "caprice, I suppose."

"Oh, come, I know you better than that, Laurette. See here; if I danced too often with the little Martin at the Marsh affair, it was only because you drove me to it. And then, let's be perfectly frank with each other, she roped me into it."

"The woman tempted me and I did eat. You seem to enjoy your apples of Eden."

"Oh, well, when you threw me down, what else was there to do? And then I knew she expected me to ask her. Laurette, what's the use of all this? You don't care a *sou marquée* for Warburton."

"And how do you know?" Laurette caught him up. "I liked him enough to ask him to go—"

The intrusion of another name brought Ernest to his senses. Mechanically, he slid out of earshot. Mechanically, he stopped and watched the dancers. They fused before his eyes and ran many colors, like layers of tinted sand in a revolving bottle. Suddenly the

streaks stopped w'irling, resolved themselves into units that were rainbow-colored girls and men sharply defined in black and white.

"Say, Ernest, how pale you are!" Molly Tate said in passing. "You must be dizzy."

Ernest only stared at her.

Fred Partland, who had been dancing with Phoebe, left her with a bow, humorously elaborate. Ernest walked over to his sister's side. "I've just heard a conversation that concerns



"Ernest became conscious of a conversation going on at the other side. It Then Phoebe's name suddenly leaped out of their

you, Phoebe," he said. "I didn't mean to listen. I got into it before I realized it. It was Page Eliot and Miss Follis. He asked her to go to this dance first. She threw him down, and that's why he asked you. He told her that he knew you expected him to do it. He explained to her that the reason why he flirted so with you at the Marsh dance was because you roped him into it."

Ernest bit off the last word abruptly. He left his sister's side.

For the rest of the evening, Phoebe was the gayest of the gay. She chatted till she was breathless, and then her laughter took up the fight with silence. She danced with what, for Phoebe, seemed almost a temperamental fervor. A flush, wine-red, velvet-soft, fitful at first, grew permanent as the evening wore on.

Page Eliot began suddenly to ply her with compliments. Only when she answered him did her manner change. Then a certain sphinxlike look came into her eyes: it was as



if a cool, dark curtain rolled down over their soft, smoky gray. She did not thrust or parry according to her habit with him. Once or twice she smiled enigmatically.

Ernest did not dance again. He disappeared to sanctuary the moment the music began. But the instant it stopped he reappeared, his eye finding and following Page Eliot. That gentleman seemed unusually hilarious, unusually busy. Not until the intermission, when he hurried

Page jumped into his auto, drove back to the garage and left it. Then he strolled briskly in the direction of the Maywood Common. Halfway across the green, a black shape arose from a bench and intercepted him.

"Better wait a while," it said briefly. It was Ernest.

The width of the bench between them, they sat for several minutes without speaking. Overhead the moonless autumn sky sagged under a heavy weight of stars. About them, trees and bushes were as moveless as petrified things. But a feverish excitement sluiced through the streets radiating from the Common. Automobiles, head-on, seemed to boil through the air, seemed to inject conelike floods of light onto lawns and into windows. Passing, they tapered to a sigh and the pin-point red of their tail-lights. Groups walking in various directions, and singing as they went, plunged finally into darkness, distance and silence. At last there remained not a sound but the soft stir with which Eliot blew smoke rings, not a movement but the silent red arcs which his cigarette made.

"All right now, I guess," Ernest said.

Together they emerged from the Maywood Common. Together they walked to the Martin house. But they did not go in. Instead, tiptoeing through the shadows, they moved over

to the stable. Ernest opened the door the width of his body. Eliot followed him in. The door closed, Ernest went about lighting the stable lanterns. There were several of these. They gave a good light. Page began rapidly to unpeel himself from his dress clothes. With an alacrity even greater, Ernest followed suit.

Ten minutes later, Ernest was swabbing Page's white, blank face with the stable sponge. When finally his eyes opened, they were quite void of their usual mocking glint, and he stared at Ernest under faintly puckered brows.

"What did you hit me with?" he inquired stupidly.

"I crossed you with my right," Ernest explained. "I'd been holding that punch until you got careless about guarding your jaw. Gee, but you're a whirlwind, all right!"

"I thought the rafters were coming in on me," Page said. He relapsed into silence, closing his eyes an instant.

Ernest did not speak. He was struggling with an emotion that he had experienced on



was Page Eliot and Laurette Follis. He started to leave. talk. Involuntarily, he listened"

to get some ice-cream and cake for Phoebe, did Ernest get a chance to speak with him.

"Come on outside a moment, Eliot," he said, gripping Page's shoulder. "I've something important I want to tell you."

In point of fact what Ernest told Page was not at all important. But it cannot be set down here.

Thereafter, Ernest disappeared from the hall. But never had Page been more in evidence. He danced, as was fitting, more often with Phoebe than with anybody else. He did not approach Laurette Follis.

The instant the last note of the final waltz sounded, Phoebe turned to him.

"Please take me home at once," she said. "I have a dreadful headache."

Eliot conducted her to his machine, cranked up, and deposited her at her father's door in an incredibly short time.

The speed of their progress accounted, perhaps, for the entire lack of conversation between them.

Having watched Phoebe safely indoors,

similar occasions. No matter how you hated a fellow, you began to like him the moment you licked him. Especially when he put up so plucky a fight as Page. Ernest had won longer fights, but never before such a hard one. Page might be a fusser, but he was game.

All Ernest's sense of a sore antagonism had vanished. He felt as free and clear and happy as if somebody had given him a present. It passed vaguely through his mind that if you made out a list of the fellows you liked, the classification would have to include, somewhere and somehow, the ones with whom you had fought. And yet he was conscious of a kind of embarrassment, too. He would have liked to talk to Page, but he could not think of anything to say. He used his bleeding nose as an excuse to souse his head repeatedly in a pail of water.

Eliot arose. He began to dress.

"I guess I'll tell you something about this business," he said suddenly. "You had a license to get sore if ever a man had. But the truth of the matter is that I've been engaged to Laurette Follis' for three years, on and off. She's broken it off several times—always without reason, it seemed to me. Of course I should not have said what I did about you—what you overheard. And I apologize now. But these girls can play the very devil with a

man. And Laurette—well, I guess that's all I want to say."

"Oh, that's all right." Ernest was painfully embarrassed.

But, curiously enough, now he could talk, and did. In fact, after they left the barn, following an inexplicable impulse, he walked a little way with his late enemy. Walked until suddenly, under the electric light at the entrance to the Marsh place, they ran into Mr. Marsh, father of Florence.

"What the—what are you two young bucks doing out at this hour of night?" he inquired genially, stopping them. Then he started. He burst into cackling laughter. "Well, I will be hanged! What have you been fighting about? Out with it, Ernest!"

Ernest, following the line of least resistance, started to "out" with it.

"I heard Page say something about my—"

"Automobile!" Page interpolated swiftly, with a steellike clutch at Ernest's arm. "Then Ernest got gay and came through with too much lip. I replied with my best. After the dance, we had it out."

"Well, you two fools!" old Marsh commented. He looked at them, not an atom disturbed. There was even a suggestion of envy in his fattish, white, blue-eyed, silver-whiskered face. "Why, I haven't had a feeling like that



"'We-e-ell!' Mr. Martin greeted his son at breakfast the next morning. 'Who hung the lamp on you?'"



"I see now that it's up to a woman to tell the truth. I shall never tell another lie as long as I live—never—never—never!"

for forty years! That's right, fight it out when you can. That's what it means to be young. I used to fight at the drop of the hat. When I began to wonder whether it was up to me, I knew that I was growing old."

"We-e-ell!" Mr. Martin greeted his son at breakfast the next morning. "Who hung the lamp on you?"

"Isn't it a pippin?" Ernest said lightly. "Page Eliot and I got into a discussion about automobiles last night and we settled it after the dance. That's all."

"Oh, Ernie," Mrs. Martin's tone was heart-broken, "I thought when you fought with Horrie Tate it would surely be the last time. Why will you keep getting into trouble? If you should get any of your teeth knocked out—I'm so proud of them. Now come right up in the bathroom with me and I'll see what I can do about that eye."

Phoebe did not come down to breakfast. But later, when Ernest went up to his room, she

arose from the telephone, presenting to him a white, wan face that had not known sleep.

"I saw you and Page go into the barn," she said in a dull voice. "I sat up and watched for you to come home. I've just called Tug up on the phone and told him about last night from beginning to end."

"Well, I've got one thing to say to you, Phoebe," Ernest said listlessly. "You were right about that proposition of telling the truth. There are some times when a man's got to lie."

Never had words so simple produced an effect so complex. Phoebe's head dropped to the telephone-table. She burst into a frenzy of weeping, the more terrifying because it was silent. "Oh, Ern," she begged when the sobs came far enough apart to let the words out, "don't say that! Because it makes me feel I've been such a bad influence over you. Please keep on just the way you were. I see now that it's up to a woman always to tell the truth. I shall never tell another lie as long as I live—never—never—never!"

---

---

# LIVERY IN AMERICA

---

---



THE SNOBBERY OF THE  
RICH AS SHOWN IN THEIR  
SERVANTS' CLOTHING



BY JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY R. M. CROSBY

---

*"I remember well our first walk to see the town—the people, although they must have belonged to very different stations in life, looking surprisingly alike in feature and expression as well as habit; . . . no liveried coachmen or servants . . ."*—Carl Schurz's comment on New York in 1852. From his "Reminiscences."

---

I



STONISHING if true. Let us hope that Gen. Schurz was mistaken. Like so many idealistic foreigners, he came to America keen for signs of democracy. Having early acquired the habit of risking his life for the cause of human liberty he may not have given that commendable attention to servants which enables some of our modern writers to tell a second man from a footman at a mere glance—

even a parlor maid from an upstairs servant—with the accuracy and thoroughness of well-trained butlers.

But let that pass. Gen. Schurz meant well by this nation and helped to preserve its union. Even if this chapter raked up from its chief city's past be true, we have bravely lived it down. For a simple democracy where all men are born free and equal we are now doing pretty well in the way of livery, and improving every year. One firm alone, in New York, has a list of nine thousand different purchasers thereof.

Nor are they all New York customers. The "provinces" are coming on. The civilizing touch of livery has penetrated the wilds, and will soon make the desert streets to bloom like circus day. The time is not far distant when "smart equipages," surmounted by grave-visaged coachmen and grooms in boots,

breeches and properly-cut body coats, will reach across the land of the free and the home of the brave in one unbroken line, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. A walk up Fifth Avenue already presents a sight to thrill the heart of every true patriot, and even Thackeray's James Yellowplush would find much to praise and little to criticise. Unliveried coachmen are now as rare as liveried ones used to be, and in such a large number of cases they have grooms beside them. There on that brougham he could see the old familiar plum-colored livery of the ancient house of Vandalplunks (railroads). "That has always been the family color of the Vandalplunks," I was reliably informed by a lady who ought to know. There on that limousine, rapidly passing the Vandalplunks, we see the steel blue of the well known Steal family (Pittsburg). Here comes the iridescent green of the Gushers (oil), the claret of the Achliebers, and passing on the other side, more gorgeous than any of them, we behold the baby blue, with white pipings and white boot-tops, of a lady whose family we won't mention. They might not like it. Scarlet would perhaps be more symbolic than baby blue, scarlet livery with a device of primroses in the crest on the buttons and harness. But it indicates that nothing is lacking to make our show complete, and that James would find almost as many varieties of liveries as in his beloved London, with the possible exception of shabby ones. Most deplorably old and faded liveries on vehicles dingy and archaic may be seen every day over there, as for in-

stance, that of the Duchess of So-and-So, who somehow seems quite unconscious and unconcerned over her shabbiness as she swings around Hyde Park corner. Now, *ours*, it is pleasant to observe, are almost invariably smart and new—the way liveries, surely, ought to be.

I once asked an authority on such matters what a family does when, by chance, it has no old family color.

"Why, they get one," was the prompt reply. It is perfectly simple. Well, it is only just to add that most of ours are rather modest, quiet colors, thus paying a delicate compliment to the taste of the ancestors who might have chosen them had they not been too busy tilling the soil or selling things over the counter.

True, trifling mistakes occasionally creep in. For instance, cockades are sometimes sported on the otherwise correct silk hats of coachmen and grooms in families not of the Army, Navy, or (as yet) the diplomatic service—not from any craven desire for illicit glory, but simply from the worthy motive of doing one's best, regardless of expense. Sometimes the coachmen themselves are compelled to elucidate these subtle distinctions to their mistress. (Servants in the new America find so many demands upon their tact.) But in one case I know they wouldn't tell. They *liked* the cockade. It gave them distinction in the waiting lines of other carriages. They gloried in their fictitious fame until unfortunately one day their mistress happened upon some advertising literature published by a clothing store, which enlightened her. Then she understood why her neighbors smiled and, blushing, ordered the cockades removed. We live and learn.

Such *faux pas*, it is a matter of national pride to add, are becoming rarer every year. We are a great people. One of our notable traits is adaptability. Our women especially are famous for it, and it is usually the wives who attend to these important matters, just as

they do to the adorning of their own persons, also in more or less splendidly barbaric colors, both thoughtful efforts reflecting credit upon the eminent solvency of the man who pays the bills. Such work is the true function of women, her sphere being the home. All that makes the home more beautiful and gracious is worthy of her attention. And so when she drives out from her sphere it is only right that she should have two men on the box in white breeches, top boot and appropriate body coats in the old family colors; one of them to look respectful and drive, the other to look respectful and jump lightly down occasionally to open the door. Even the most expensive carriage doors are sometimes hard to open, and no man with a spark of manhood in him wants his wife to work. Women are made for the beautiful and easy things in life, like child-bearing.

But it must not be assumed by the vulgar and inexperienced that liveries in America always come easy. Not yet. It has been a long hard fight to eradicate the lingering taint of Jefferson and the influence of the French Revolution. The effects of the blight are still felt occasionally. For instance, quite recently there was a certain impudent American coachman who told his mistress that he would be damned if he'd put his legs in "them things"—referring to a perfectly proper and quite expensive pair of "leathers"—that his legs would

not take this civilizing step even for the sake of the Founder of this civilization which we delicately call Christian.

For another lady there was once a scene even more tiresome because more public. She had kindly led her chauffeur into a shop to be measured for a really fine livery, which ought to have pleased him. It cost enough.

"Do you expect me to dress like that, madam?" he asked respectfully.

"Yes, John, all the best people's chauffeurs—"

But John had started for the door.



"Where are you going, John?"

"To find you a new chauffeur, madame."

There was nothing to do but walk out, telling the salesman that she would "call again."

The chauffeur is an anomaly and therefore a perplexity. He is a more or less skilled mechanic and comes of a different class from the coachman and groom.

In fact, he is creating a new class of his own, and is more difficult to adjust in the economic and social scheme than the captain of a yacht. The latter can stay on board his metier, but a chauffeur cannot be housed and fed in his car. He is threatening the domestic social equilibrium, just when we were getting things nicely balanced in America. We need some competent authority like Yellowplush to give an expert opinion on this. He would not countenance their sitting on the stone balustrade in front of a "fashionable" house, swinging his legs and smoking cigarettes, and yet such scandalous procedure has been tolerated by their masters (or perhaps we should say, employers) because they were such valuable servants (or employees). There is more trouble ahead when flying machines become a fashionable necessity.

The panic of 1907 for all its inconveniences, had this good effect,—it taught many a forward servant his place. So anxious were they for work that more than one independent American coachman became willing to wear "leathers," or even no breeches at all, in order to support his family; more than one scientifically-educated chauffeur meekly learned to dress like a Russian prince to keep from starving. The panic was bad, but there are gains for all our losses. These fellows can be relied upon not to vote for reform measures after this. They will "let good enough alone."

Our advance in true civilization since the dark ages which Carl Schurz remembered, half a century ago, is marked not only by beautiful out-door liveries, but by in-door liveries even more beautiful. In a growing number of our old established houses may be seen a double row of well-matched footmen in short clothes, or "court liver-

ies"; just as fine ones as you may see abroad where they have courts—silk stockings, silver buckles, plush breeches, and long-tailed, many-buttoned, much-braided coats in the family color, the color the house has always had. By house is meant old family, not new hotel.

There is a peculiar satisfaction in knowing that the good Jeames would approve of this. How his appreciative eye would brighten at a glimpse of his beloved plush at the entrance of one of our venerable Venetian palaces or fine old XVth century châteaux. They are excellently made, of the best imported livery cloth, well cut and well filled as to the stockings; for these retainers are chosen (from the younger peasantry on the ancestral estates) on somewhat the same principle, as similarly decorative choruses for comic opera, except that they are not supposed to sing or dance, any more than the wax-works at the Eden Musée. In

some of our especially noble houses, these fellow human being of ours are required to sprinkle their heads with powder, though this is stated on hearsay. On the rare and memorable occasions when the services of a squad of such able-bodied men have been detached to guard and guide me up on perilous journeys of several yards past other valuable interior decorations, I have been far too much impressed to notice. But it really doesn't matter. For at the present rate we'll come to it in any case. And why not? They are quite expensive. Just give us time. See what splendid strides we have already made in that direction; and we a simple young democracy with a heavy handicap of virginal ideals.

## II

Now let us examine in detail a few of these more interesting liveries, how they are made, when and where they are worn, and how much they cost—which is always an unfailing source of interest to us Americans.

This is not a matter of mere idle curiosity, but a subject of deeper personal interest to us



all than appears at first glance. We may deceive ourselves by assuming a benign and lofty objectivity like Prof. Teufelsdröckh in "Sartor Resartus," but as a matter of fact our children or our children's children may all be buying livery, or wearing it. So it is well to be informed. Unless, that is, they decide to change a few things which many good and worthy men still naïvely believe right and immutable—perhaps for the same reason that all physicians over forty years of age at the time of Harvey's discovery poo-pooed his theory of the circulation of the blood.

First a few general principles. In all that concerns the stable, be it understood, England has the first say, and the last. In regard to the chauffeur, the rapidly accruing body of tradition still shows the dominating influence of France, for France happens to be the country which first developed the automobile, and hence has given us much of its nomenclature—chassis, chauffeur and automobile itself, though in the latter case the English term "motor" is rapidly supplanting it, because it is shorter or because it is English.

The French influence is occasionally shown in our house liveries, too, notably in the case of some of our clubs. A recently completed and very beautiful club for women (both suffrage and anti-suffrage) is a good case in point. But the vast preponderance of our ideas in livery like most of our livery-cloth is imported from England—with this difference, that a duty is imposed upon the cloth, whereas the ideas are unprotected, thus illustrating the excellent principle that it is better to encourage material production than the production of ideas.

"First in general importance is the body-coat, a coat that rightfully should vary in length according to whether it be worn with trousers or breeches; that *must* be longer when worn by coachmen than by grooms."

This is from a chapter dealing with "Summer and Winter Dress Livery for Coachman and Groom" in a standard work on the subject, published by a well-known clothing store and distributed free of charge. It was from this source that the lady referred to learned to take the cockades from her coachman's hat, and

that I have gained much of my inspiration and material for this important monograph.

From a careful research in this volume and other authorities it appears that for a coachman wearing *trousers* the body coat should reach a point *about* three inches above the knee, "just long enough, as he sits down, to allow the skirts coming to the knee-cap *without falling over.*" What would happen if they fell over is not stated.

For the groom, however, the correct length is "*five* inches above the knee." You may think this difference of two inches a mere arbitrary whim of Tyrant Fashion. Nothing of the sort. The theory is that since it is the groom's duty not only to fold his arms and sit up straight, but to unfold them and jump down to open the door, he must not be unduly impeded in his life-work.

So much for the trousers aspect. Now let us consider the coat from the point of view of the breeches, so to speak. When breeches are worn (light stockinette, heavy stockinette, or "leathers" as the old orthodox buckskins are called) "the length of the coachman's coat is arbitrarily determined by dropping his arm full length by his side and marking the spot touched by the third, or longest finger. The groom's coat, however, should be just two inches *above* the point marked by the third, or longest finger," when *his* arms are dropped full length at *his* side. In case of an abnormally long armed or short bodied man, discharge him.

Your coachman, it need hardly be added, *must* be larger than the groom—though not too large either; he should be trim and dapper, except when grand carriages are needed. Then he should be fed up considerably.

"Curiously enough," to quote again, "you may ornament body-coats with collars of plain velvet in colors such as your taste indicates; but fancy collars

and cuffs are in the worst possible form. Again, while the Valentian sham vest must always be worn, real shoulder knots haven't yet been invented." That makes the problem of shoulder knots somewhat difficult.

The groom—this is important—has *six* buttons on the back of his coat, while the



coachman has to get along as best he may with *four*, two at the waist line, and two near the bottom of the skirt. The middle pair, seen on the groom's coat when he jumps down, is omitted from the coachman's, perhaps because they would scratch the seat-box. But this omission is not noticed, even by our novelists, because the coachman does not jump down and hence does not expose that portion of his costume.

So it really does not matter much about the lack of buttons. Nevertheless this is frequently made up to the coachman by giving him six buttons *in front*, against only five for the poor groom. But there is a growing tendency among certain schools of thought on the subject to give them both impartially six buttons in front. There is one mark of distinction, however, enjoyed by the coachman to which the groom will never attain so long as he is a groom—**FLAP POCKETS**. No, he lacks flaps. Indeed for that matter he has no pockets at all.

It goes without saying that the boots should be made of stiff calf-skin, or better, of imported enamel leather and must be kept in trees when not worn. Nothing is worse than accordion-like boots which fall down and disappear, thus wasting twenty-two dollars worth of perfectly good conspicuous waste—or, if both the coachman's and groom's sink from sight, forty-four dollars worth. Thus it is the truest economy

to buy two pairs of boot trees at nine dollars a pair. The boot tops should be tan, white, pink or what you please, except when the men are grieving over the demise of their master, their mistress or other dear ones in the family—the master's family, naturally; to mourn visibly for their own dead would be such an unwarrantable liberty that it is doubtful if a case

ever came up for a decision. The boots should be of a height to show, above the tops, exactly three buttons of the breeches.

Well, the rest of the livery is quite as important and complicated, so much so that there

is not space in this magazine to go into all the interesting esoteric details of hats, dress hats and undress hats, town dress hats and summer dress hats, bad weather cassimere hats and undress coaching hats; of gloves, of neck-scarfs or plastrons, of scarf-pins which must be horsey and symbolic, of Selby coats, of sham waistcoats and dummy greatcoats. A word, however, about greatcoats. For though you should "never use greatcoats unless absolutely necessary on account of the weather (body coats are so much smarter)" all the same it is good to know that "many of the same general rules that govern the body coat apply to the overcoat, particularly so in the case of buttons, flap pockets and shoulder knots." The question of length is always interesting. Let us quote. All these quotations have been verified. "As to length we might say that when worn by a coachman it should fall to about three inches above his *shoe* tops, except when wearing breeches, in which case it should not come lower than the middle of the *boot* tops; the reason for this being that if wearing boots and driving without a robe, his well-polished and perfectly fitting boots must be in full view." That seems reasonable, and leaves nothing to be said. As to the *groom's* greatcoat, five inches below the knee is long enough. *Generally* speaking, this length is *about* the same whether worn with breeches or trousers. Greatcoats, trimmed with Persian lamb and heavy silk frogs in the Russian style; English box cloth, black, blue, green or claret, \$110. Two for two twenty.

With a disquieting sense of having done scant justice to the matter of dress carriage liveries we now pass rapidly over the topic of undress carriage liveries and proceed to the second grand division of our subject, Indoor Liveries, pausing only to remind the gentle reader that "undress livery is merely another name for whipcord, whether made up as jacket suits or with real coats having flap pockets," jacket being used in the familiar English sense,—"sack coat" it is vulgarly called by some of our compatriots. As to length there is no rule of thumb, nor of "third or longest finger"—smart and short is the general principle. Breeches and leggings—especially box cloth leggings, are smarter and are generally preferred by coachman to trousers.

Strictly speaking, undress livery is for the country, and for the summer, except at fashionable resorts where dress livery is necessary because broughams and victorias are used, but in some of our middle Western cities many perfectly rich people are unfortunately still a little timid and rather tentative in these matters, so





they use whipcords even on broughams and victorias for fear of being laughed at by their uncouth neighbors. Some of the same people, however, have a chance to show what they can really do when they attain to Newport in the summer, thus producing one of those curious inversions of tribal taboos which ethnologists delight to discover: country livery in the city—city livery in the country!

2 dress body coats (without velvet collars)	\$60.00
2 pair leathers	80.00
2 Russian greatcoats	220.00
2 pair boots, including tops	44.00
2 silk hats	12.00
Accessories—vests, bootjacks, boot-hooks, boot-trees, mackintoshes, gloves, collars, frieze waistcoats, plastrons, breeches trees, etc.	174.00
2 whipcord suits, cutaway coats with breeches and leggings	81.00
2 top coats	60.00
2 undress hats	6.00
2 pair shoes	7.00
Total for two men	\$744.00

Of course you can get more expensive shoes for them than that last item if you insist, and a few more hats and so on, not to speak, indeed of an entire additional livery or two, a silver gray one, for instance, appropriately smart for modulating your process of mourning, from black to colors. Then too, you really ought to invest in crest dies so that your livery buttons may appropriately show the arms your ancestors bore upon their shields at Bunker Hill and Brandywine. Die for large buttons, \$25, for small, \$20; buttons per dozen \$3.50. Also, some of our best people have their livery cloth made to order in a special weave and colored in a special dye which has been kept a secret in the family no one knows how long.

However, with the outfit carefully estimated above you can get along quite decently so far as these two men go. But stable boys' and ordinary grooms' whipcords are cheaper, cost little more than your secretary's clothes. In fact you can save money and still be decent by substituting, for instance, light stockingette (\$18) or heavy stockingette (\$20) for leathers (\$40), and jacket suits for coat suits in the undress list, not to speak of cutting down in overcoats. The one hundred and ten dollar ones are not absolutely necessary. Some seasons they are not worn a half dozen times.

Chauffeurs' outfits may be less, though they can be more, expensive. But even now before pricing indoor livery it is not difficult to understand why the livery business fell off during the panic and why Theodore Roosevelt is so properly detested.

The footmen's court liveries already referred to are normally the only highly-colored ones we can boast of in American houses. Indeed for that matter few of our contemporaneous plutocracies, whether constitutional monarchies or not, can boast of many more varieties in their home-sweet-homes, except in the abodes of kings, and we haven't any kings here, though our stalwart captains of industry often buy princes for their daughters because nothing is too good for them.



The second man is a liveried servant, to be sure, but his long trousers, with mere pipings on them, and a high-cut, striped waistcoat, make him look quite simple and butleresque alongside of the silver buckled, knee-breeched, plush covered brethren. Still, he is rich in bright buttons, both fore and aft. Then there is the page who has so many he is called "buttons"—he surely ought to qualify as a liveried servant—and in some very smart households an East Indian or an Egyptian is inserted with native turban and inscrutable face, perhaps in order to vary the color scheme. It is quite smart to have some thing of this sort to appear, noiselessly, as a sort of special personal servant at the table, or as a valet. English families often become so attached to native servants while living in India that they bring one or two home, like sandalwood fans. To be sure, we have no possessions in India, but what of it?

Nurse-maids show some variety in their costume, generally according to their nationality, from the characteristic English nursemaid bonnet with the white strings, to the often gorgeous attire of the warranted wet-nurses imported from France or Italy. But all the other maids are likely to be uniformly clothed, in some houses all in white, but generally in plain black, with slight variations from year to year in their white caps and aprons, thus maintaining the balance between the two sexes; in the master's family the ladies wear the colors and complications; among the servants, the men. This compensating arrangement appeals to one's sense of sex justice.

The present smart tendency to put butlers in dinner jackets—or "Tuxedos" as some call them—in the morning has much to commend it. For in plain sack coats or cutaways with gray trousers they look entirely too much like gentlemen. Afternoon is the only time you can be sure they are not distinguished guests.

You can get a fine pair of house footmans' plush breeches for twenty-five dollars, buckles included, and a court coat for twenty-eight, plush waistcoat, twelve; shoes with buckles, five fifty; silk stockings, four; total \$74.50. You would hardly want more than four, six or eight or a dozen of these. Like indeterminate equations in higher mathematics, footmen in high life "enter in pairs, if at all."

A second man's house livery is considerably cheaper. A butler's dress suit can be less or more than the second man's livery; his morning suit, less. Page's, porter's and similar liveries come at bargain prices. So does, incongruously, the uniform of that supremely important and sometimes temperamental artist, the chef. For nothing more elaborate has been designed for him than the simple but immaculate white cap, jacket and apron. But he is not exhibited. The test of his pudding is in the eating.

### III

At first glance this tendency toward Flunkysm may not seem consistent with the ideals which brought about the existence of our nation. It is as yet merely a tendency, to be sure, and has reached its full flower only in the Eastern edge of the country, and there merely in sporadic cases. But the seed spreads rapidly on rich ground, and we are notably rich. It has blown westward. It is flourishing here. It has taken root there. The home of liberty will soon be the home of livery.

Now, to some people imported servants in "court" liveries may never look at home in an American house. But the same incongruity might be urged against the house and its anachronistic architecture—one of those spacious Italian palaces or ornate French chateaux. And yet, so long as men and

women must be housed and served, should not their homes and servants be built and decorated according to the best traditions handed down by those who have been on the job through the centuries? The master of the house can hardly be expected to invent new livery or a new architecture. He leaves such frills to women and architects—neither of whom if too radical is likely to be kept in his employ;—he is too busy downtown in an American skyscraper, the only architecture he has influenced to express his own age, aspirations, and individuality. Uptown the livery goes very well with his Louis XV drawing rooms, his Beauvais tapestries, his imported ceilings—better, indeed, than his own plain "business suit. But though he is not there enough, as a rule, to hurt anything, you could hardly expect him to move out entirely, because he pays for it. Nor could you expect him to go downtown, to earn the money for all this and other civilizing processes, dressed like a doge. The sleeves would catch in the ticker. He may be the only one out of the uptown picture, for his wife and daughter blend in better, but, you see, he owns the picture. He is a patron of the arts. Often, he can tell the names, dates and prices of old masters. In the case of more than one of him he can appreciate their excellence without appraising their value. In any case it is well to have wives and other dependents so decorated that they can do no productive labor and so displayed as to prove it, thus practising

what some economists call "vicarious leisure" for the busy man, according to the consciously or unconsciously followed ideals of "honorific waste" in our great pecuniary culture.

Not that all this should be put down to vulgar display or the aping of foreign customs. Suppose he is not in the least vulgar, and does not care a hang about aping anybody? For there is a far less conscious aping in this country than many of

our satirists, both of home talent and foreign, would have us believe, and even among the extremely rich there are extremely interesting and intelligent persons. It has been known to happen. Why it is that some of these, unstruggling men and women with the simple manners and



low voices of more than one generation of breeding, people of tact, taste and even humor, who have nothing to gain by being impressive and are not impressed by what they have gained (by work or inheritance)—why in the name of common sense and comfort should such as they surround themselves with an atmosphere which does not contribute to the beauty, dignity nor true “elegance” of life, as the worthy Victorians phrased it? A retinue of lazy servants, dressed like monkeys, appearing and disappearing like automatons, watching with expressionless eyes, listening with alert ears, gossiping with vicious tongues, making mischief, getting fat, being discharged and sometimes turning up again unpleasantly for blackmail or as witnesses in divorce suits—it does seem rather stupid and unnecessary for all who, unlike monarchs, are not compelled by the common people thus to encumber themselves, and who might just as well enjoy the true luxury of simplicity, the real dignity of privacy, which nearly everyone wants—like monarchs—and for which homes are supposed to exist.



Then why do they put up with it? Some because they are accustomed to it, others because they want to be. But in neither case, after all, is it much sillier to surround one's person with such things than to surround one's neck with a stiff, starched collar. And yet not a few of us do so, even in August, whether we have liveried servants or not. Such irrational encumbrances of linen and starch may not be particularly beautiful or comfortable, and they are put on probably not with a snobbish motive of aping the style of England where the collar was either made or designed. It is simply that the wearing of this absurd thing happens to be the custom in many places, and in most cases we bend the neck to custom without thinking or caring much about it. What would be the use? The slight gain in comfort by “leading our own lives” (which no one does or can do) would hardly compensate us for the added inconvenience of defying every

custom we might not altogether approve of. It is easier to drift with the current in unimportant matters than to row against the stream, and a smiling tolerance of much that is comic in life is necessary in order to have time and energy to do our own work in the world.

All that has been said of collars applies of course to liveries, the expense of one being in some cases no more, relatively, than the expense of the other. Many Americans who can afford a great menage have not gone in for a complex domestic ritual (as yet). “We have only half a dozen servants—enough for comfort and decency.” Many other Americans who can afford collars and cravats still consider them effete. They wear only enough clothes “for comfort and decency.” But give both kinds of Americans time. The conscious luxuries of one generation become the (more or less) unconscious necessities of the next. It is easy to tie a cravat or give orders to footmen when you've learned how, and habits once acquired are hard to break. Those who smile at their more prosperous neighbors' pretentiousness in putting a previously unnecessary servant in more or less expensive English clothes upon the box of an American carriage, may not have smiled at themselves for putting an unnecessary and more or less expensive plate upon the dinner table at each person's place between courses—only to be whisked away again before receiving even the contribution of an olive seed. All such customs, whether beautiful or not, are likely to be followed, soon or late, by those who can afford them. To display that fact may not always be the conscious motive, though that amusing idea is usually found at the origin of the custom—influenced by utilitarian, esthetic, or moral motives. For the pecuniary canons of taste seem to affect us all more or less, whether in a money-getting line of endeavor or not, and their adventitious ideals affect our inherent ideals whether we approve of them or not. It was so in Rome, it has been so in other civilizations, and will be so in all

civilizations arranged by law for rewarding the worthy acquisitive talent with the ultimate control of all other worthy talents—which, it may be discovered too late, are also necessary for the empire and the race.

Livery may not seem to be in accord with those ideals and institutions we boast of abroad, or perspire over at home on the Fourth of July—whatever we may do the other 364 days of the year in the way of cultivating democratic simplicity, when we have to. But livery and all the rest are quite in accord with the ideal we worship as a people, and with the institution we protect as a nation beyond all other modern nations—the ancient ideal of possessing wealth, the long established institution of Private Property. For livery is a mere corollary of property—when you've had it long enough. It does not matter what your father's ideals may have been. Plant property, and in time livery, and all that it connotes, will sprout, flourish and exfoliate like the Green Bay tree. Call the soil "democratic," if you enjoy the illusion, but it makes not the slightest difference.



Therefore, livery should be studied seriously, whether you belong to the oligarchy at the top, which keeps the power to rule in the hands of a few trusted men, or to the ochlocracy at the bottom, which does not always think well of "leaving good enough alone"; or to the disturbed and distributed middle, which has very little time to think at all in performing the modern romantic feat of maintaining a family and a sense of humor at the same time.

There is no country which needs livery so badly as our own. Class distinction of birth and breeding doesn't work here. Nobody pays any attention to it, except those who have it, and there aren't enough of them to make a class. Besides, such distinctions are un-American and unnecessary. Why have caste distinctions when you can have cash distinctions? Much more American. And livery is the proper way to show these distinctions, for liveries are expensive and conspicuous. They make a splendid and effective medium through which money can talk.

---

## DANNY O'SHANE

---

BY HELEN LANYON

---

*Danny O'Shane was a farmin' lad  
Brought by my da from a hirin' fair;  
The one luck-shillin' was all he had,  
No shoe to his foot, no hat to his hair.  
But he'd sing like a bird in the face o' dawn,  
And he'd sing at his work in the glowin' noon,  
And he'd sing when the yellow dusk was drawn  
Over the light o' the risin' moon.*

*When Danny O'Shane had milked the cows  
An' stabled the ass in the wee ass-byre,  
He would come singin' up to the house  
With a creel o' peat to mend the fire.  
An' sloopin' his head to the lintel low  
In the name o' God he would wish me well;  
An' his voice would come ringin' rich an' low,  
An' swing in my heart like a silver bell.*

*Danny O'Shane, when the nights was warm,  
An' the young stars climbin' over the hill,  
Would gather the lads from field an' farm  
An' sing to them in the evenin' still.  
An' I'd creep to the door like a secret thing,  
An' liflin' the latch without a noise,  
Would stand at the crack to hear him sing,  
As he sat among the farmin' boys.*

*Danny O'Shane has traveled West  
Overseas to the stranger's land,  
To sing the heart out from their breast,  
And the yellow money out o' their hand.  
But I cannot spin nor sew a seam,  
My work is spoiled for thinkin' long;  
An' Danny O'Shane comes into my dream,  
An' steals my soul with a simple song.*

---

"MAY I ASK, MY DEAR SIR, WHO ARE YOU?"

---

## THE FIELD OF HIS FAME

BY

GEORGE MADDEN MARTIN

AUTHOR OF "EMMY LOU," "LETITIA, NURSERY CORPS, U. S. A.," ETC.

---

ILLUSTRATED BY J. SCOTT WILLIAMS

---

MR. J. Q. MANN, Joshua Quincy Mann, paused in the doorway leading from the main body of the world-famous Art Gallery, of which he was a director, into its rotunda. He had been attending a board meeting made memorable by the formal gift from himself of a certain Dutch painting long lost to the world in a private English collection. It detracted nothing from the occasion that London was gnashing its teeth over the securing of the picture by an American. As he drew on his gloves and snapped home the clasp buttons of the same, he glanced around. That he was a person of consequence the manner of his glancing betrayed. Tall and broad-shouldered, with a close-trimmed grizzled beard, his smiling blue eyes looked out from the face of a robust, content and well-preserved man of affairs and the world. His was the genial affability of one who can afford to be patron, benefactor and friend. His glance having found what it sought, a quiet and pleasant-looking young woman busying herself over a table of catalogues and pamphlets at one side of the rotunda lobby, it then lifted to the face of the stone dial with the gilt hands above the door of exit.

Yes, this gave him five minutes to the good, and Mr. Joshua Quincy Mann, many times millionaire, dominant factor in the manufacturing history of the day, director in a dozen big industrial concerns, clubman, yachtsman, patron of art, all around good fellow and altruistic citizen, crossed the lobby in his smiling and personable way to speak to Miss Maurice, the lady behind the table of catalogues. He had been one of her sponsors at the time of her application for the position, and it keeps the indorser in humor with the person thus answered for when he or she does him entire and laudable credit.

He shook hands with her, chatted a smiling moment about routine matters and accepted her pleasant felicitations on his munificent gift of the Dutch picture. Then he graciously asked about her own private affairs.

"And your sister, who opened a studio on leaving the Art School, or was it after her return from a year in Paris—yes, that was it—does she prosper?"

Miss Maurice laughed with a certain quaint dryness. "She letters and illuminates prayer-lets and verselets for a firm which floods the Christmas and Easter markets with printed thousands of them, or she would be a studio-less, even hungry martyr to the cause of Art. Perhaps you would like a verselet, say a Stevenson optimism, done all for yourself, to hang above your desk as a daily uplift and reminder? Say the word and I will have my sister make one for you."

Mr. Mann smiled, buttoned his top-coat, even laughed, his teeth gleaming pleasantly between his ruddy lips within the grizzled beard. Then he lifted his silk hat to Miss Maurice, laughing too, and went.

"The Civic Commission Building," said he to his chauffeur as he entered the big car waiting at the curb. He had a meeting there of the Board of Federated Charities. He was back from Washington only this morning, where he had been in the interests of the manufacturers in regard to the tariff schedule, having stopped there on his way East from the National Educational Conference in Indiana, toward the expenses of which he was a large annual contributor.

Mr. Joshua Mann was looming large in the affairs of to-day. This recent matter of the Dutch painting was bringing his name considerably to the fore on both sides of the Atlantic. A man of such parts in the full exercise of his



"Joshua Quincy Mann paused in the doorway leading from the main body of the world-famous Art Gallery, of which he was a director, into its rotunda"

powers, especially if the trend of these be altruistic, is to be pardoned for the pleasurable glow resulting from such exercisings.

A different path was that chosen by his only and motherless son. At that age when he, *Josh Mann* then, was a clerk in a retail store in his native town, following a common-school education, his son entered West Point.

It had been the boy's doggedly maintained desire. He, the father, had been of the opinion that Quincy would tire after the four years, by then preferring freedom and his own pursuits.

But not so. The profession continued to hold the boy. Well, there was time

enough for the abandoning of it later. The training would not come amiss in the part he presently would have to play.

Right now Quincy, advanced to a first lieutenantcy, was on the eve of sailing from San Francisco for his initial service in the Islands.

True enough, it was literally the eve of his sailing. Mr. Joshua Mann had allowed the date to slip him! He would wire him as soon as he reached his own office. Care of the *Presidio*, was it, or the *St. Francis*? In the telegram, he would open up his proposed plan to follow him out shortly, and the two spend the boy's leave together in Japan.

There had been an indefinable but mournful note in Quincy's letters, dutiful missives as they were, during the last of his stay at the Southern seacoast post from which he was ordered to the Islands. Good old ingenuous Quincy, with his shock blonde head which the four years of West Point grooming could not tame or subdue; whom money apparently could not spoil; or that prominence entice which might be his in his father's world.

If this big son of his had not been so in-



"She letters and illuminates prayerlets and verselets for a firm which floods the Christmas and Easter markets'"

genuously and patently honest, which is to say so himself, and thus so ridiculously lovable, his attitude of rejection would have been irritating. Not a man colleague on that transport journey out, unless the fact were known at the start, would leave ship at the other end aware that young Mann was the son of *the Mann*, Joshua Quincy Mann!

From the board-meeting of the Federated Charities, which held him half an hour, Mr. Mann was whisked back to his own office. An hour given here to dictation would bring it to five o'clock. It was his program then to go home, dress, dine at the Dilettante Club, and attend the opening performance of the new opera. A genial and affable attitude toward life was Mr. Joshua Mann's.

But first he would wire Quincy. *The Crook*, or was the transport *The Crook*? Yes, *The Crook* it was, would sail at 6 a. m. to-morrow. And Mr. Mann, having permitted his secretary to relieve him of his hat and coat, approached his desk, piled with the opened mail and memoranda accumulated for his inspection since noon.

Ah, as he glanced at the same, here was Quincy anticipating him by a wire. Good, dutiful old Quincy. What? What? What was this?

"Engagement consummated this a. m., with Miss Eliza Tombigbee Calhoun, of Little Calhoun, S. C., at present guest at Presidio. Married to same this m. Sail with same tomorrow a. m. Kindly make our peace with only immediate relative of same, Miss Eliza Tombigbee, aunt, Little Calhoun, S. C. Particulars to follow by letter from Honolulu."

It is a curious thing that when Mr. Joshua Mann recovered himself sufficiently from his indignation, outrage, wounded parental sensibilities and a few other things, to think at all, paramount in his consciousness should be a lively and positively unreasoning animosity toward the said Miss Tombigbee, aunt, of Little Calhoun, S. C.

He could not have explained it even to himself, and did not try to. He was content to harbor it, and indulge it. It grew with the passage of the hours to a deferred bedtime, it deepened with a bitter consideration of it overnight. It was most unreasonable and ridiculous, but eminently comforting.

It was past noon of the ensuing day however, when he found his thoughts repudiating the mass of business waiting before him, and formulating a possible letter to this lady.

"My dear Madam,"—it was somewhat in this fashion the thoughts of Mr. Joshua Mann phrased themselves,—"You will be good enough, I trust, to supply me with any data you may be in the possession of concerning the matter on which I write. I refer to the marriage of Miss Eliza Tombigbee Calhoun, who I am instructed is your niece, to Mr. Quincy Mann, of the U. S. Army, who is my son.

"If there be seeming bluntness in the asking you will lay it, I trust, my dear madam, to the entire ignorance on my part concerning this young lady prior to the receipt of my son's telegram of yesterday, and also to the natural concern of a parent in the affairs of his only child.

"May I, therefore, with all courtesy and the sincerest of motives for doing so, ask something of the status and condition of Miss Calhoun, your niece, now the wife of my son? And also something of the whereabouts of Little Calhoun?"

"Anything further you may see fit to communicate will be received with—"

Mr. Joshua Mann had gotten thus far in the formulating of a possible letter to the lady in question, when a clerk entered with the mid-day mail, and laid it, open for his consideration, before him.

It included a notification from the board of

the Art Gallery of the hour for the formal acceptance of his gift; a report from the secretary of the Board of Prison Reform, of which he was the chairman; a letter from a magazine editor relative to a proposed sketch of himself in connection with capitalized philanthropy; some promised statistics from Washington; an acknowledgment of his check for the endowed theatre movement; reports, communications, appeals, hours for meetings from institutions, corporations, his church vestry; and—a letter closely written in a flowing feminine hand on plain stationery.

The heading to it caught his eye—"Little Calhoun, S. C." And Mr. Joshua Mann drew it sharply forth, as he found himself anticipated from that quarter as it were, tapped its folds to flatten it, put his eye-glasses astride his personable nose, resettled himself in his mahogany and leather desk-chair, and read:

LITTLE CALHOUN, S. C.

March 21st, 1907.

MR. J. Q. MANN,  
The Mann Tower Building,  
Metropolis.

MY DEAR SIR:

When a common calamity falls equally upon two people, however remote from any previous knowledge of each other, each has a right to such information as the other is possessed of, before making any move toward readjustment to the new condition.

I allude to the marriage of Miss Eliza Tombigbee Calhoun, my niece, for some time past a guest in the house of General Cyrus Pickens in San Francisco, to one Lt. Quincy Mann of the U. S. Army, lately resident in the post in this community, and reported by himself in his telegraphic communication to me a few hours since to be the son of yourself of the above address.

I will not conceal the fact that while my indignation is great toward any man who would urge a young girl to such a step, my dismay is no less pronounced toward my niece, that a representative through direct lines of descent from so much, nay most, that has made this section significant, could betray that blood by so unrestrained a step.

Perhaps you will say that your son was countenanced, in that he was accorded some degree of welcome in my house, even to staying as a guest beneath my roof, the Tombigbee estate being twenty miles up the river from the post where he was stationed.

To this I will reply that he came properly introduced by those young gentlemen of this community with whom my niece has been associated from her childhood. And that in this section, such introduction is regarded as a virtual *noblesse oblige* on the part of the introduced.

It seems to me, my dear sir, that your son has ill-requited the hospitality of a section not prone to throw its doors and its cordialities wide to the casual comer, or to the unknown and unidentified world at large.

Having made clear to you my rights to a sense of great injury, outrage and grievance toward your son, who has persuaded a young girl to marry him while removed from the guardianship of her accustomed environment and her own people, I further ask the right to certain information from you.





"The gesture with which Mr. Joshua Mann lifted his hand to his brow, succeeding the shock of reading this epistle, was almost feeble."

In other words, Mr. J. Q. Mann, in that I have endeavored by implication to make clear who myself and my niece are, may I ask, my dear sir, who are you?

I remain yours to command in the present matter,  
ELIZA CHERAW TOMBIGBEE.

Tombigbee Hall.

The gesture with which Mr. Joshua Mann lifted his hand to his brow, succeeding the shock of reading this epistle, was almost feeble. Then he straightened in his chair, but only to pass his hand, in dazed fashion, across his brow again.

An august assemblage was gathered in the central gallery of the Art Building that afternoon, the occasion being the formal acceptance of the recent gift of Mr. Joshua Quincy Mann, director and liberal patron of its welfare. Mr. Mann himself was almost the last to arrive. And even so, when he did appear in the big entrance doorway, he crossed the lobby to speak to Miss Maurice behind her table of catalogues, before going upstairs.

Immaculate, even a bit pervasively imposing, his grizzled beard carefully trimmed, his blue eyes clear, top-coat on arm, silk hat in hand, he paused before the railed-off table of the lady. Was it possible there lurked a comical chagrin in the expression of this estimable gentleman? A twinkling yet unmistakable deprecation?

"Miss Maurice," said Mr. Mann briskly, "I find I have a commission for your sister after all, in the line of which you spoke. I speak of it now, because I am leaving for the South tonight. An odd matter is calling me there, quite. You would appreciate it if I were free to give you the gist of it. I am going to endeavor to establish the credentials and qualifications of a man, *what* man being the point you would appreciate, my dear Miss Maurice. As to the commission in the motto line, I would prefer it on parchment, under glass and properly framed for a man's private office. The words to be emblazoned are,—perhaps you had better make a note of them upon your memorandum pad,—'May I ask, my dear sir, who are you?'"

# WHAT A FEW MEN DID IN PITTSBURG

A TRUE DETECTIVE STORY OF TO-DAY



BY ALBERT JAY NOCK

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

**A**S you scan this drama, do not forget that it took place in Pittsburg.

Pittsburg, the great industrial capital, the home of immense industrial fortunes, the incubator of millionaires, the scene of luxury and extravagance almost unparalleled; the seat of magnificently equipped schools, museums, noble temples of religion, literature, art and music; Pittsburg, finally, the pious, church-going city, the focus of stanch, uncompromising North-of-Ireland Presbyterianism for the whole United States.

Pittsburg is very proud of all this.

Pittsburg, again, the citadel of the protective tariff; the obedient creature of the Pennsylvania bipartisan political machine; the pocket borough of Magee, Flinn, Bigelow; robbed right and left by its own city councils; every grain of its earth and breath of its air charged with misery for a huge army of industrial workers who exist under conditions of unspeakable hardness and hideousness, until they die of typhoid, accident, or overstrain.

And for these things very few people in Pittsburg have seemed to care.

Why? The working people are too tired to care about anything. They have to work so hard to hold their jobs that they have no spirit or strength for interest in anything else. Some of the others do care, really, but they have not seemed to care, for the simple reason that *the economic situation underlies everything*.

It underlies the industrial system, the schools, art galleries, the social life, the Scotch Protestantism, and the municipal politics.

"Turn the rascals out!" is easy talk; but a

hand laid on the Pittsburg city machine is instantaneously felt at Harrisburg, at Washington, and the current flies around the circuit back to the big offices in the Carnegie Building. There is a trunk nerve running from the city machine through the county machine, the State machine, to Penrose, Oliver, Knox, Dalzell, *to the protective tariff*—and there you make automatic connection with Pittsburg's pocketbook and industrial supremacy, and secondarily with the libraries and museums and trade schools and all the rest of it.

Pittsburg's good people have winked at their municipal evils and put up with them as a bargain for the integrity of the protective principle. Quay, Penrose, Oliver, Knox, and the rest cost a good deal in terms of honor and decency, and cost a little money too, indirectly—that is, it should be passed up to the taxpayers—but we had to keep them in their places or endanger our chances for getting very rich, and putting Pittsburg on the throne of industrial supremacy, and having the schools, libraries, art galleries, churches, and all the good things that flesh is heir to.

The great theatre in Copenhagen bears the legend, "Not for Pleasure Only." Read this as a detective story by all means; but think at least once or twice of the economic conditions that it indicates.

Something over a year and a half ago a loose-tongued reporter, chatting with a Pittsburg councilman, took a roll of \$250 out of his pocket and remarked:

"Well, they have divided the bank swag—here's mine!"



*Photograph by Johnston Studios*  
**W. K. SHIRAS, ATTORNEY, EX-CONGRESSMAN, SON OF A SUPREME COURT JUSTICE**

*Photograph by D'Kaiser*  
**JOSEPH W. MARSH, BANKER, DIRECTOR IN THE WESTINGHOUSE CO., ETC.**

*Photograph by Johnston Studios*

*Photograph by Evans*  
**T. D. HARMAN, PUBLISHER, FORMER PRES. PITTSBURG BOARD OF TRADE**

**GEORGE R. WALLACE, ATTORNEY, PREVIOUS CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSIONER**

*Photograph by Evans*  
**F. R. BABCOCK, LUMBERMAN, PRES. PITTSBURG CHAMBER OF COMMERCE**

Five of the men who carried on the extraordinary campaign against graft in Pittsburg. All of these had close connections of some kind with the men who were caught in the investigations. In no case, however, could they be deterred from prosecuting to the full extent of the law

"How in the world do you come in for that?" the astonished councilman inquired, as soon as he could find his tongue.  
 "Don't know," replied the budding journalist indifferently, "because I'm a good fellow, I guess"—and putting the roll back in his pocket, he lounged away.  
 The councilman happened to be honest.

Not many honest men were in the Pittsburg councils just then, but he was one of the few. Blind luck had put into his hand the first piece of direct evidence that bribery was responsible for the iniquitous bank ordinance of 1908—the ordinance that he himself with a few others, a scandalously small minority, had contested bitterly.

He lost no time getting up to an office on the eighth floor of the Frick Building where half a dozen men had gathered to hear his story. There was nothing remarkable about these men. They were not rich as Pittsburg lists its wealthy citizens, nor faddists nor professional reformers. They were only a handful of honest, solid men who were willing to risk something to help their town. They were of the sort that makes strong and patient fighters when put to it; cool-headed, farsighted, determined, and knowing how to hold their tongues. Their leader was perhaps the most unusual figure among them. A. Leo Weil is a corporation lawyer and a Jew. He has practiced his profession for twenty-two years in Pittsburg—and beyond a living, he cares nothing whatever for money.

To get at what these men were doing, we must understand that Pittsburg's deposits of city money amount to about \$10,000,000 a year. Divided among, say, six banks, it comes to \$1,600,000 apiece—a very neat little plum even for banks that think in millions as the Pittsburg banks are supposed to. Hence every four years, when the depositories are elected, there is not perhaps a scramble exactly, but a kind of unmistakable, earnest motion among the Pittsburg banks to get appointed. In the spring of 1908 the councils passed an ordinance naming six banks as depositories, and directing Mayor

Guthrie to make contracts with them on their agreement to pay two per cent. interest on the deposits.

But five other banks of equal responsibility had also applied for appointment, offering to pay two and one half per cent. Why not appoint them?

It was a matter of straight business for the city to get the best bargain it could. One half of one per cent. is five mills on the dollar; not much, but on a million and a half of dollars it counts up \$7,500, and any thrifty public servant might see that the difference was worth pocketing. It was enough to pay the mayor's salary, for instance, and a little more.

Mayor Guthrie vetoed the ordinance at once and used up a scholar's vocabulary twice over in telling the councils what he thought of it. The councils were not impressed, not even interested. They simply

sailed the measure over his veto at top speed, stood pat, and told the mayor that the next move was up to him.

Bribery! The thing was perfectly obvious. Enough councilmen had been bribed to turn the ordinance in favor of certain banks, so that they could get their appointment at a cheap rate at the city's expense. Everybody knew it, but who could prove it—prove it, that is, with the kind of proof that would pass muster against political influence in a court, a Pennsylvania court, and an Allegheny County court?



*Photograph by Garrett*

#### H. D. W. ENGLISH

All around, the most influential man in Pittsburg. He was largely the brains and balance-wheel of the proceedings against the banks and councilmen. He holds many positions of responsibility in the movement for civic welfare, but always keeps his own activity out of sight

It was a tall order and Mayor Guthrie could not fill it. He did his best. The police and city detective force under his command groped around a while perfunctorily, with one eye closed, got tired and reported failure. The mayor was helpless.

Then the men in the Frick Building took hold. They had already had their eye on the situation a long time, but they were not the kind to precipitate things prematurely and make a mess of them. Chance, pranking between the reporter and the honest councilman, had crystallized their indefinite suspicions and given them a start, and now they determined to go to work and do the thing that had been officially declared impossible. And they did it. It cost them nineteen months of hard, nervous work—the kind of work that saps a man, that makes his head ache, that makes him

tired at the end of a year. It cost them money, business, antagonisms, miserable misunderstandings, the stress of resistance to golden temptations. Before they got through, it cost them the bitterness of seeing some of their best and oldest friends crushed in the machinery of the law that they had set in motion. Patriotism in Pennsylvania comes high, and civicism in Pittsburg comes especially high; but these men resolutely charged off every costly personal item to profit and loss and stood through to the end.

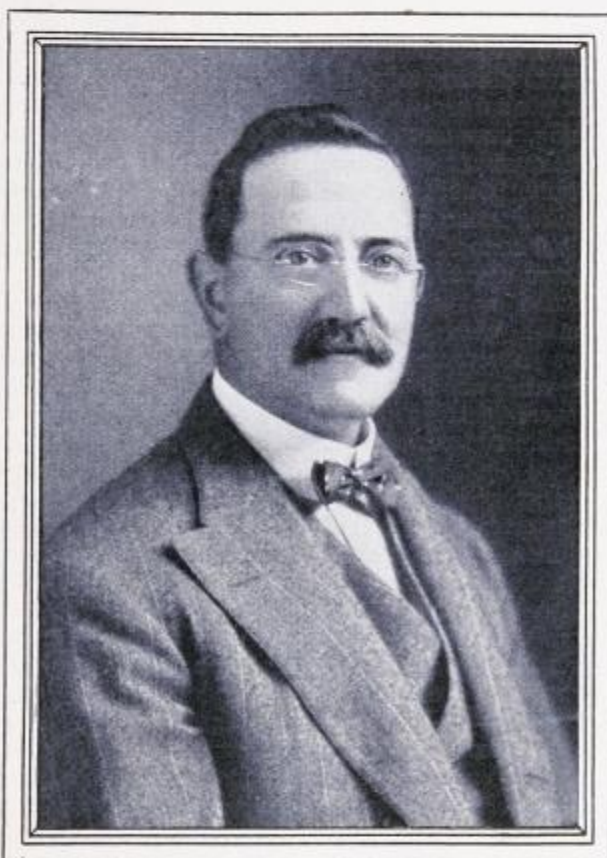
Here was the problem that faced them: First, to secure unshakable evidence that the Pittsburg city councils *could be* bribed.

Second, to secure unshakable evidence that they *had been* bribed in the bank ordinance affair.

They decided that the best way to find out whether councilmen were approachable was to approach them; and that the best way to get incriminating evidence about the bank ordinance deal would be to get it from the councilmen themselves. Accordingly, they laid their plans in such a way as to make the one thing lead up naturally and inevitably to the other.

Two detectives came in from outside and posed as agents from a wood-block paving concern. To all appearances they were good, lively business men, high-grade salesmen, fully in the confidence of their

employers, and with the wood-block situation at their tongues' end. They considered Pittsburg carefully, looked up what was doing in the line of new pavement, made acquaintances in the way of business, and all told, behaved as good missionaries should. Occasionally they met a councilman or two in the Duquesne or Union Club, invited a couple of them to dinner once or twice, but made no especial point of cultivating them. When wood-block pavement came up in conversation, as of course it sometimes would, it came casually and naturally



A. LEO WEIL,—PRESIDENT OF THE VOTERS' LEAGUE

Mr. Weil prepared the ammunition and fired all the guns in the campaign for a clean city. For twenty-two years he was a personal friend of E. H. Jennings, the convicted banker, and he had very close business connections with many others whom he put under indictment

and never reached the point of propositions or particulars. The councilmen did all they could to show that they were hospitable toward the wood-paving idea, throwing out hints here and there that wood-block might be made to look like a good thing for Pittsburg if handled in the proper way, that there were means of getting such things convincingly represented to the councils, and so on; but the salesmen-detectives did not take the cue. The city fathers, used to a more straight-ahead style of bargaining, impatiently put these men down as backnumber salesmen, who ought to be handling Sunday-school books for the Y. M. C. A. instead of selling wood-block to a municipal council. Indeed, John Klein, the councilman who first turned State's evidence, afterward spoke of this phase of the investigation with plaintive disgust. "Those fellows never mentioned *money*," he said; "all they did was to buy us fine dinners, and set up asparagus tips. Now, what the hell do councilmen know about asparagus tips?"

The missionaries disappeared presently, and for some time nothing more was heard of wood-block. The councilmen let the incident drop out of mind as a good chance lost through the stupidity of salesmen who were not up to date. Meanwhile, the men in the Frick Building had been in correspondence with a very remarkable man by the name of Robert Wilson, of Scranton.

Very little is known of Wilson up to the time he appeared in Scranton, except that he had a trade—machinist—that he had worked as stoker, engineer, and roustabout on long sea voyages, and had been in about every country in the world. He drifted into Scranton as an itinerant preacher, and nightly harangued considerable crowds from the tail of a wagon. His preaching had some degree of power, and a good many who had listened out of curiosity got under conviction and remained to pray. Wilson worked at his permanent constituency until he judged he had them in shape to join a church, and then in the true democratic spirit took a vote on what church they should join. The majority declared for Presbyterianism, so the next Sunday morning Wilson marshaled his whole congregation to the nearest Presbyterian church and turned them over to the pastor.

Although Wilson had thus worked himself out of a job for the time being, he had attracted attention and won respect; and when Scranton decided to clean up its evil municipal conditions, and the Municipal League was formed, Wilson somehow gravitated to

the head of the movement, carrying his religion with him. He never makes an immediate decision in any matter of importance, but goes to his room, gets down on his knees, and prays for light—and usually gets it. When some one asked him what methods he used in his new business of detective work—evidently thinking that his brilliant success was due to some new psychological theory—he said: "Suppose, now, I am on a graft case. I take my Bible and concordance, go up into the garret, say my prayers, and look up every reference in the Bible on the subject of graft. I read them over and over till my mind is full of them, and then I go down to the city hall and hunt a grafter." It is not cant—it's all real.

This survivor of the Ironsides soon became the terror of lawbreakers in Scranton. No one knew where he was going to turn up next. He flitted about like a flesh-and-blood ghost—but he always was on hand at the right time in the right place. He had no end of adventures: his life was often threatened, and once or twice attempted at long range. Once he caught a number of men in a gambling house, arrested them all single-handed, and close-herded them down the street to the lock-up. They were enough of them to have eaten him alive, but it was Wilson, and they felt it would be cheaper in the long run to let him have his own way. A big man who reads the Bible for light, and says his prayers, and can fight like a grizzly bear in the consciousness that he is right, is a very, very hard man to interfere with.

And this was Wilson. The men in the Frick Building wrote to him explaining what was wanted, and asked him to come over to Pittsburg and help them out. Before he left Scranton he arranged with a wealthy lumberman there named Dolph to borrow his name for use in Pittsburg. The two men—Wilson and Dolph—look a good deal alike, so that Wilson might make a fair go of the impersonation under almost any circumstances. Taking a few assistants he slipped quietly into Pittsburg one night, and next day his assistants opened an office as agents of the old familiar game—wood-block pavement.

The trap was laid with splendid skill. Wilson went to live at the Fort Pitt Hotel, choosing a quiet room in a remote part of the building, where he improvised a kind of whispering gallery. He bored holes in the doors that led into adjacent rooms, fitted small megaphones into some of them, from the opposite side, and reamed out others until the wood around them was thin as

paper. An eye laid against these holes would command a clear view of everything taking place in his own room, and an ear at the megaphones would hear every sound.

Meanwhile his associates had interviewed John Klein and William Brand, the councilmen who long ago had dined with the guileless wood-block missionaries at the Duquesne Club. They said they were representing the United States Lumber Co., and would like to do some business in Pittsburg. In fact, the house was so desirous to start something in the wood-paving line that they had prevailed on Mr. Dolph, one of their retired directors, to give the matter his personal attention. Mr. Dolph wanted very much to see some men who had influence in the councils, and he was now at the Fort Pitt Hotel. Would they go and talk it over with him?

Klein and Brand agreed. This was something like. Here, evidently, were men who were up to date, and ready to talk about something more animating than asparagus tips. They consented with alacrity, and were on hand at the Fort Pitt Hotel at the appointed time.

Wilson was on hand, too, and four other men were concealed in the adjacent rooms. Two stenographers were at the megaphones, and the others at the eyeholes. Wilson received the councilmen with bland urbanity as became a retired director lending the weight of his dignity to get the house a fat contract, and the councilmen rested at ease. This, at last, was the real thing in wood-block.

After a few polite preliminaries, Wilson broached the matter of wood paving and talked about it most impressively. Pittsburg needed it, ought to have it. Pittsburg really could not know what good pavement was

until it had tried his line. Now, it had occurred to him that while the city might be conservative about trying it on any large scale at first, it would perhaps consent to test it on some short street. A little influence would be very convenient in getting such an ordinance through, and he had been given to understand that Brand and Klein were very influential in the councils.

So he thought it might be well to inquire whether they could be interested, and perhaps they might be able to tell him whether such an ordinance might not somehow be slipped through.

"Sure, it'll go through," said Brand, tired of beating around the bush. "Sure thing!—if you put steam enough behind it."

A happy smile of mutual understanding and indirection vanished. Wilson agreed to furnish steam; Klein and Brand to furnish ordinances as long as the steam held out. Then they sat down to talk it over, and their plans and projects ranged far a field. They be-

came optimistic, enthusiastic. Pittsburg's street mileage was nearly one third wood-block by the time the interview was over. And that was all for the day—duly noted by the hidden witnesses.

Wilson himself did not realize how completely he had taken these men in, nor the lengths they were prepared to go. After another interview or two, Klein and Brand seemed to think they ought to do something to show their confidence in Wilson's intentions, though he had not yet given them a dollar of real money or offered a definite bargain. One day, to the utter amazement of Wilson and his associates—none of them dreamed of such a thing—Klein and Brand rushed an ordinance through the councils directing that Fourth Avenue should be



*Photograph by National Photograph Co.*

**WILLIAM A. BLAKELEY**

Who, as District Attorney, was in charge of the prosecutions. Shortly before these were begun William Brand, the councilman whom he afterward convicted, saved him from probably a fatal accident while riding in a train

paved with wood-block. Fourth Avenue! one of the main commercial thoroughfares of Pittsburg! Klein came back to Wilson in high feather. "That's how we do things, you see," he said. "One of us introduces it—then a motion to suspend the rules, *bang!*—then it goes through on first and second reading, *bang! bang!*—then finally it passes, *bang!*"

The men in the Frick Building had solved the first half of their problem. The Pittsburg councils could be bribed. Now for the second half—to prove that they had been bribed in the bank-ordinance affair.

Wilson was now so far in the confidence of Brand and Klein that he might easily have gotten them to talk about their past transactions in the councils. But grafters are kittle cattle, their suspicions are restless, and he judged it well to be on the safe side. So he expressed himself delighted with the Fourth Avenue ordinance, and divided up \$1,300 between Brand, Klein, and Joseph C. Wasson—all in the presence of the hidden witnesses.

Wilson's standing as a friend of crime was now settled beyond question. But he wanted more ordinances. He wanted lots of them and was willing to pay for all he could get. Klein and Brand had been very kind to give him the Fourth Avenue ordinance on credit, though of course they knew he was a gentleman and would pay. Still, for the future, it would be more businesslike to appoint a stakeholder. If they could recommend a good responsible banker, he would make a deposit, and then when any little paving job went through the councils, they need only step up and take the money. The banker, however, should be some thoroughly trustworthy person—that is, some one who had acted in a similar capacity before, or one, at all events, that they had enough hold on to be sure he would not betray them.

They said that in William W. Ramsey, president of the German National Bank of Pittsburg, they had the very man. Ramsey was safe, because they had him tied up in the bank-ordinance deal. Here was the long-sought opportunity.

Wilson was politely interested in the mention of the bank ordinances, and inquired about them. The councilmen told the story freely, proudly. Sums aggregating about \$25,000 had been collected from certain favored banks for distribution among councilmen. Klein himself did most of the distributing, as usual. He said that whenever any grafting measure was put through, "*they all waited for the angel of charity to walk*—and I was the angel of charity." Klein produced

a list of the councils and checked off the men who did not participate; there were so few of them, he said, that it was easier to check them than to check the crooked ones. Most of the amounts were small. The councils, in Klein's opinion, were pretty cheap—"a bum affair," he called them. "Some could be bought for a suit of clothes or a five-dollar bill, and some with a postage stamp; others had to have more."

Was this evidence enough? Here were Brand, Klein, Wasson, and a bank president all caught absolutely with the goods on them. Here was the testimony of two witnesses, sometimes three, who had looked on through the eyeholes at each interview that had taken place in Wilson's room. Here were two stenographic reports of an immense amount of incriminating history. Surely this must be evidence enough for anybody.

For anybody, yes; but not for the men in the Frick Building. They had cut their eye-teeth. They had been in Pennsylvania courts already and knew the sort of work cut out for anyone who tries to match law and justice against Pennsylvania politics. A few months before, they had prosecuted a few of Senator Penrose's high-priced hired men for issuing fraudulent tax receipts. The evidence in those cases, too, they thought was plenty good enough for anybody, and so indeed it was, but it did not convict—some of it did not even get in. One witness was railroaded out of the courtroom in open daylight, taken across to Allegheny, and kept in hiding until after the trial was over. The judge, furthermore, seemed to have his mind rigged with belk-heads for the occasion. Sometimes he gave signs of knowing a great deal about due process of law, and sometimes, again, he appeared not to know anything about anything—and the men in the Frick Building always lost out by these aberrations. One such experience was enough. They determined that in these investigations they were not going to raise the alarm until they had every exit safely blocked and the skylight spiked down.

By a happy inspiration it occurred to them that if the banks had given the councilmen \$25,000, their books might show traces of a yellow-dog fund. If a posted examiner should come down on them unexpectedly, suddenly, and hold a special examination, he might find items that would establish a valuable line of collateral evidence. In this hope Mr. Weil went to Washington and laid the matter before President Roosevelt.

The President had just come in from a game of tennis, and was feeling particularly





GROUP OF INDICTED COUNCILMEN AT CENTRAL STATION

Mr. A. Leo Weil is the fifth man from the right standing before the magistrate's desk. The accused councilmen are seated directly in back of him

fit and vigorous that morning. During Mr. Weil's recital he gritted his teeth, slapped Mr. Weil on the back at fairly merciful intervals—Mr. Weil is a small man—and called in the Comptroller of the Currency. Mr. Weil gained his point and they reached an agreement, rather reluctantly on the part of the government, and the special examination was ordered. The President threw the entire responsibility on Mr. Weil and threatened him with frightful retribution in case the examination turned up nothing but a mare's nest. "If nothing comes of this," he cried, punctuating his warning with slaps on Mr. Weil's back, "somewhere—somehow—some-time—I'll get you!" Thereupon he abruptly terminated the interview, gritting his teeth with great ferocity. It seemed to Mr. Weil a rather unnecessary display of excitement, as he was perfectly willing to take any amount of responsibility; but he was satisfied to accept his success with almost any kind of accompaniment.

The guess was a capital one. Almost at once the special inspector found convincing evidence on the books of the German National Bank of Pittsburg. Pressed for an explanation, the president and cashier made a full circumstantial confession of their guilt; *but*—the transaction had been between themselves and the councilmen only, and none of the other directors of the bank knew anything about it.

Such disproportionate differences in life are made by the little *buts* and provisos and unforeseen conditions that Fate lays down. This little unguessed circumstance made a crucial difference to the men in the Frick Building. They were not yet ready to come out into the open and enter prosecutions—far from it. They had Brand, Klein, Wasson, and the two bank officials, but what was that when there were so many councilmen and men higher up involved, and they wanted to get all of them? They were so near having them all, so very near, and yet they dared not risk further prosecutions on the strength of the evidence of Wilson, and his stenographers.

The Comptroller of the Currency rightly insisted that the other directors must be informed at once, and the directorate was so large that our men knew this meant making the news public property. Detective work was at an end. The directors were informed on Saturday, and informations against Brand, Wasson, Klein, and the two bank officers were made on the Monday following.

The stroke fell from a clear sky. From the day the young reporter distinguished himself until the Monday when the five men were taken into custody, *not four persons in Pittsburg outside of those immediately concerned knew that anything was going on.* The police did not know it, the city and county detectives did not know it, nobody knew it. When

in the course of the prosecutions the masterly detective work of Wilson stood revealed, the Superintendent of Police said to Mr. Weil: "I don't mind being beaten at my own game if I know it, but I must say it is a little hard to have a thing like this going on under my nose for all these months, and I never getting wind of it."

But there was no more secrecy now, and the men in the Frick Building were driven out of shelter into the wild excitement of the town. They were abused and maligned by the peace-at-any-price kind of people for helping give the city a bad name—think of it! They were threatened and plotted against by the criminal element, and worst of all, misunderstood by the tariff-trained, gold-besotted consciousness so long dominant in Pittsburg, that thinks of political and civic interest only in terms of what one can get out of it. Press and people—the press covertly and suggestively, the people openly—impugned their motives. "What do these fellows want?" was the continual question. "Does Weil want to be judge?—Well, let's elect him and stop this mess; it's ruining the town." "Does Blakeley want to be governor? Well, let's give it to him and cut all this stuff out; it hurts business." This kind of thing was heard day in and out, and you hear it yet. There are people in Pittsburg now who can't get it into their heads after nineteen months' experience, that the men in the Frick Building want nothing but a clean town. To some it seems almost unconstitutional,

this idea that men sprung from Pittsburg's loins should show themselves capable of disinterested sacrifice for the public good.

The storm beat on. Our men were silent, discouraged, indeed, but not despondent. They knew the five who were on trial would

be convicted, but knew equally well that they would take their dose, seal their lips, and shield their associates. One chance, a slender one, remained, and our men took it.

It centered in Klein; Klein, the ringleader who knew everything, remembered everything with the trained, clear-cut, photographic memory of a riverman (which he was): Klein, who had personally distributed most of the money among his associates, and could give off-hand the day, date, place, hour, the smallest detail of every transaction and the words of every conversation.



Captain John Klein (on the right) on his way to prison in charge of a deputy. Klein's confession supplemented by others made by his fellow councilmen resulted in 168 indictments involving 116 persons

Had they not seen the proof of his marvelous memory on the stenographers' record of his imaginary collusion with Wilson? If Klein could only be gotten to confess; if he could somehow be induced to speak and make public what he knew!

Appeals had been taken in some of the cases, and Klein was frequently brought into court as a witness. Delicately, with Italian patience, the men in the Frick Building worked on him, titillated his weaknesses, encouraged his vanity, exasperated him with adroit little taunts about his willingness to be a scapegoat, ridiculed the foolishness of his impossible loyalty. Suggestion, continuous, pervasive suggestion surrounded him every-

where. It assailed him in the solitude of his prison. He gave no sign of its prevailing—he was jaunty, witty, apparently quite unmoved; but beneath the surface this persistent suggestion kept working until suddenly it reversed the whole current of his intentions. Late one night a mysterious, unkempt messenger handed in a note addressed *A. Leo Weil. Personal, confidential and private.* Mr. Weil broke open the note and the burden of anxiety fell from his strained and tired mind. Klein would confess.

Confess he did next day. By arrangement he was removed from prison, taken to the Frick Building, and there from two o'clock until eleven at night two stenographers were working at full speed upon his story. He spoke his whole memory out, shielding no one and favoring no one. Then he was taken back, and with a sense of immense elation and relief our men went about the completion of their task. They had won.

Immediately they sent for six or seven guilty councilmen, weaker brethren, as they judged, and most likely to be frightened into corroborating Klein's story, and taking them one by one, broke the news that Klein had confessed. They assured each man that they knew every tack and turn of his dealings with the "angel of charity," and gave liberal samples of what they knew—telling such items as, for instance, the several amounts he got, the denomination of the bills, the precise hour, place, and incidental circumstances of his meetings with Klein, and so on—little matters that could not possibly be known unless Klein had told them.

There was no resisting it; one after another the men broke down, confessed, and consented that their confessions should take record along with Klein's. Then the scene shifted for the final act which was to take place in the court room where the appeals in the cases of the original five were being heard.

Numbers of guilty councilmen were among the spectators in the crowded court. The place had an unhealthy fascination for them. There was no terrifying appearance on the surface of the proceedings, no sign that they were in any danger, but the air was charged with a spirit of uneasiness and apprehension that quickly found its way from man to man. The District Attorney, obtaining permission to make a public announcement, stated that several of the councilmen implicated with the prisoners had already confessed; if others present desired to do likewise, one of the court would sit as a committing magistrate to hear them and every possible leniency, even

to the suspension of sentence, would be granted; but those who did not avail themselves of this privilege at once would be informed against, and the law would take its course.

The murky silence of despair settled over the court room, and confession after confession began to creep in. A change of heart overnight brought more in next day. The hearing adjourned early, and one councilman, fearing the day of salvation would pass him by, pushed forward to tell his story just as the adjournment was announced. The judge told him with feigned indifference that he had no time to hear him then—he might manage it to-morrow maybe, or the day after. None of those who were holding out had any idea how many confessions really had been made, and the effect of this simple ruse on the part of the judge was marvelous. There were so many confessions already in then that the court and prosecutors did not care whether any more came in or not. For the next few days the councilmen, stampeding for the indefinite safety of a suspended sentence, besieged the committing magistrates in shoals.

The men in the Frick Building had done their day's work.

There are two separate sets of statistics showing what it all came to at the end of nineteen months. On the dockets and prison registers you may read of one hundred and eighty-six indictments and informations involving one hundred and sixteen persons, three of them bank presidents, several of them worth many millions. And of all this the end is not yet. But on the saddened faces of the men in the Frick Building you may also read that Mr. Weil is a life-long friend of one of the jailed millionaire bank presidents, and for years his personal attorney; that he is an intimate friend of the jailed vice president of the same bank; that he has lost \$150,000 worth of business by his connection with these prosecutions; that W. K. Shiras has a valued client among the convicted men; that F. B. Babcock has a brother on the directorate of the Columbia Bank; that Willis F. McCook is vice president of the Workingman's Savings, personal attorney and valued friend of the aged president who confessed to bribery and is now out on bail. It comes high indeed!

But these men are not deceiving themselves with the idea that a city can be regenerated by putting people in jail. They know that no town can purify itself until it takes on an en-

tirely new philosophy of civic life and is educated into the saving graces of a new civic spirit. They have undertaken to represent this philosophy in Pittsburg and bear the pains of pioneering in the educational campaign; and right well, when all is said and done, is the city falling in with them. Pittsburg is not cleaned up yet by any means, but as a whole, it is unquestionably lifted a little out of the old bad ruts of thought. More and more the workaday world of Pittsburg is doubting the orthodox social philosophy; and many a man there has definitely broken with the old standard doctrine that good law, good politics, or even good business means always and necessarily and exclusively something that one can make money out of.

Is any amount of tariff protection worth having at the price of Penrose, Dalzell, Oliver, and the State, county, and city machines?

Is it worth having at the price of such civic conditions as exist in Pittsburg?

Is it worth having at the price of an industrial civilization of the kind prevailing in Pittsburg, Homestead, Braddock, and all that type of towns that William Cobbett called *Hell-holes*?

Is industrial supremacy worth having when overstrain exhausts the whole working population into abject apathy?

Are the great endowed technical schools worth having if they only train the next batch to a greater industrial "efficiency" than the present?

Are the magnificent libraries, art galleries, churches, and music halls worth having if the people they serve are too enervated to look or listen?

Is the iron-clad militant Protestantism of Pittsburg worth having if the city has to feel its way toward elementary social Christianity under the leadership of a Jew?

Ten years ago questions like these were never heard in Pittsburg. They are being asked now. Before long they will be answered.

## MORE SAYINGS OF ABE MARTIN

**T**AKEN from "*Abe Martin's Brown County Almanack*," which the author, Kin Hubbard, dedicated—"to my baby daughter, Virginia, who has just found her toes."

**T**IL MOOTS has put his garden all in, an' says he expects t' raise ever'thing usually seen on a fust-class spring hat.

**D**ON'T a feller feel good after he gits out of a store where he nearly bought something?

**T**H' feller that eats hash at th' New Palace Hut-tel don't know what he's missed.

**A** RAGGED, broken-down feller passed th' pustooffice this mornin' an' Pinky Kerr said: "You wouldn' think from lookin' at him that he played an elegant game o' billiards ten years ago."

**C**CHEER up—ther' hain't no one everbuddy likes.

**S**SOME women take great pride in ther hair and others never take ther' hat off till th' curtain is nearly up.

**E**VER girl has an age when she can't decide whether t' try t' git married er to be a trained nurse.

**T**THER'S entirely too many people in this country lookin' fer light employment.

**S**SOME folks pay a compliment like they went down in ther pocket fer it.

**N**OTHIN'LL stop some people but a small admission fee.

**F**OOD fer thought will remain on th' free list.

**E**XPERIENCE is a dear teacher, but he delivers th' goods.

**T**TWO kin live cheaper than one—but not as long.

# Justice

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

AUTHOR OF "STRIFE," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. SCOTT WILLIAMS

## PERSONS OF THE PLAY

JAMES HOW	} solicitors	HECTOR FROME, a young advocate
WALTER HOW, his son		CAPTAIN DANSON, V. C., a prison governor
ROBERT COKESON, their managing clerk		THE REV. HUGH MILLER, a prison chaplain
WILLIAM FALDER, their junior clerk		EDWARD CLEMENTS, a prison doctor
SWEEDLE, their office-boy		WOODER, a chief warder
WISTER, a detective		MOANEY
COWLEY, a cashier		CLIPTON } convicts
MR. JUSTICE FLOYD, a judge		O'CLEARY }
HAROLD CLEAVER, an old advocate		RUTH HONEYWILL, a woman

SYNOPSIS OF ACTS I AND II:—To escape from her husband, who drinks and ill treats her, Ruth Honeywill goes to William Falder, whom she loves and who returns her affection, and asks him to run away with her. Falder, who is only twenty-three years old, is employed in the law offices of James and Walter How as junior clerk. Pressed for funds with which to pay the expenses of the journey Ruth urges, Falder alters a check drawn by his employers, from nine pounds to ninety pounds, and pockets the difference. He is detected, arrested, and confesses; he is then prosecuted and sentenced to penal servitude for three years.

## ACT III—SCENE I

A prison. A plainly furnished room, with two large barred windows, overlooking the prisoners' exercise yard, where men, in yellow clothes marked with arrows, and yellow brimless caps, are seen in single file at a distance of four yards from each other, walking rapidly on serpentine white lines marked on the concrete floor of the yard. Two warders in blue uniforms, with peaked caps and swords, are stationed amongst them. The room has distempered walls, a bookcase with numerous official-looking books, a cupboard between the windows, a plan of the prison on the wall, a writing-table covered with documents. It is Christmas Eve.

THE GOVERNOR, a neat, grave-looking man, with a trim, fair moustache, the eyes of a theorist, and grizzled hair, receding from the temples, is standing close to this writing-table looking at a sort of rough saw made out of a piece of metal. The hand in which he holds it is gloved, for two fingers are missing. The chief warder, WOODER, a tall, thin, military-looking man of sixty, with grey moustache and melancholy, monkey-like eyes, stands very upright two paces from him.

THE GOVERNOR. Queer-looking affair, Mr. Wooder! Where did you find it?

WOODER. In his mattress, sir. Haven't come across such a thing for two years now.

THE GOVERNOR. [With curiosity] Had he any set plan?

WOODER. He'd sawed his window-bar about that much. [He holds up his thumb and finger a quarter of an inch apart]

THE GOVERNOR. I'll see him this afternoon. What's his name? Moaney! An old hand, I think?

WOODER. Yes, sir—fourth spell of penal. You'd think an old lag like him would have had more sense by now. [With pitying contempt] Occupied his mind, he said. Breaking in and breaking out—that's all they think about.

THE GOVERNOR. Who's next him?

WOODER. O'Cleary, sir.

THE GOVERNOR. The Irishman.

WOODER. Next to him again there's that young fellow, Falder—star class—and next old Clipton.

THE GOVERNOR. Ah, yes! "The Philosopher." I want to see him about his eyes.

WOODER. Curious thing, sir; they seem to know when there's one of these tries at escape going on. It makes them restive—there's a regular wave going through them just now.

THE GOVERNOR. [Meditatively] Odd things—those waves. [Turning to look at the prisoners exercising] Seems quiet enough out here!

WOODER. That Irishman, O'Cleary, began banging on his door this morning. Little thing like



"THE GOVERNOR. [Holding up the saw] Seen this, Miller?"

that's quite enough to upset the whole lot. They're just like dumb animals at times.

THE GOVERNOR. I've seen it with horses before thunder—it'll run right through cavalry lines.

*The prison CHALAIN has entered. He is a dark-haired, ascetic man, in clerical undress, with a peculiarly steady, tight-lipped face and slow, cultured speech.*

THE GOVERNOR. [Holding up the saw] Seen this, Miller?

THE CHAPLAIN. Useful-looking specimen.

THE GOVERNOR. Do for the Museum, eh! [He goes to the cupboard and opens it, displaying to view a number of quaint ropes, hooks, and metal tools with labels tied on them] That'll do, thanks Mr. Wooder.

WOODER. [Saluting] Thank you, sir. [He goes out]

THE GOVERNOR. Account for the state of the men last day or two, Miller? Seems going through the whole place.

THE CHAPLAIN. No. I don't know of anything.

THE GOVERNOR. By the way, will you dine with us on Christmas Day?

THE CHAPLAIN. To-morrow. Thanks very much.

THE GOVERNOR. Worries me to feel the men discontented. [Gazing at the saw] Have to punish this poor devil. Can't help liking a man who tries to escape. [He places the saw in his pocket and locks the cupboard again]

THE CHAPLAIN. Extraordinary perverted will-power—some of them. Nothing to be done till it's broken.

THE GOVERNOR. And not much afterwards, I'm afraid. Ground too hard for golf?

WOODER comes in again.

WOODER. Visitor who's been seeing Q 3007 asks to speak to you, sir. I told him it wasn't usual.

THE GOVERNOR. What about?

WOODER. Shall I put him off, sir?

THE GOVERNOR. [Resignedly] No, no. Let's see him. Don't go, Miller.

WOODER motions to some one without, and as the visitor comes in withdraws.

*The visitor is COKESON, who is attired in a thick overcoat to the knees, woolen gloves, and carries a top hat.*

COKESON. I'm sorry to trouble you

I've been talking to the young man.

THE GOVERNOR. We have a good many here.

COKESON. Name of Falder, forgery. [Producing a card, and handing it to the GOVERNOR] Firm of James and Walter How. Well known in the law.

THE GOVERNOR. [Receiving the card—with a faint smile] What do you want to see me about, sir?

COKESON. [Suddenly seeing the prisoners at exercise] Why! what a sight!

THE GOVERNOR. Yes, we have that privilege from here; my office is being done up. [Sitting down at his table] Now, please!

COKESON. [Dragging his eyes with difficulty from the window] I wanted to say a word to you; I shan't keep you long. [Confidentially] Fact is, I oughtn't to be here by rights. His sister came to me—he's got no father and mother—and she was in some distress. "My husband won't let me go and see him," she said; "says he's disgraced the family. And his other sister," she said, "is an invalid." And she asked me to come. Well, I take an interest in him. He was our junior—I go to the same chapel—and I didn't like to refuse. And what I wanted to tell you was, he seems lonely here.

THE GOVERNOR. Not unnaturally.

COKESON. I'm afraid it'll prey on my mind. I see a lot of them about working together.

THE GOVERNOR. Those are local prisoners. The convicts serve their three months here in separate confinement, sir.

COKESON. But we don't want to be unreason-

able. He's quite downhearted. I wanted to ask you to let him run about with the others.

THE GOVERNOR. [*With faint amusement*] Ring the bell—would you, Miller. [*To COKESON*] You'd like to hear what the doctor says about him, perhaps.

THE CHAPLAIN. [*Ringing the bell*] You are not accustomed to prisons, it would seem, sir.

COKESON. No. But it's a pitiful sight. He's quite a young fellow. I said to him: "Before a month's up," I said, "you'll be out and about with the others; it'll be a nice change for you." "A month!" he said—like that! "Come!" I said, "we mustn't exaggerate. What's a month? Why, it's nothing!" "A day," he said, "shut up in your cell thinking and brooding as I do, it's longer than a year outside. I can't help it," he said; "I try—but I'm built that way, Mr. Cokeson." And he held his hand up to his face. I could see the tears trickling through his fingers. It wasn't nice.

THE CHAPLAIN. He's a young man with large, rather peculiar eyes, isn't he? Not Church of England, I think?

COKESON. No.

THE CHAPLAIN. I know.

THE GOVERNOR. [*To WOODER, who has come in*] Ask the doctor to be good enough to come here for a minute. [*WOODER salutes, and goes out*] Let's see, he's not married?

COKESON. No. [*Confidentially*] But there's a party he's very much attached to, not altogether com-il-fo. It's a sad story.

THE CHAPLAIN. If it wasn't for drink and women, sir, this prison might be closed.

COKESON. [*Looking at the CHAPLAIN over his spectacles*] Ye-es, but I wanted to tell you about that, special. He had hopes they'd have let her come and see him, but they haven't. Of course he asked me questions. I did my best, but I couldn't tell the poor young fellow a lie, with him in here—seemed like hitting him. But I'm afraid it's made him worse.

THE GOVERNOR. What was this news then?

COKESON. Like this. The woman had a nasty, spiteful feller for a husband, and she'd left him. Fact is, she was going away with our young friend. It's not nice—but I've looked over it. Well, when he was put in here she said she'd earn her living apart, and wait for him to come out. That was a great consolation to him. But after a month she came to me—I don't know her *personally*—and she said: "I can't earn the children's living, let alone my own—I've got no friends. I'm obliged to keep out of everybody's way, else my husband 'd get to know where I was. I'm very much reduced," she said. And she has lost flesh. "I'll have to go in the workhouse!" It's a painful story. I said to her: "No," I said, "not that! I've got a wife an' family, but sooner than you should do that I'll spare you a little myself." "Really," she said—she's a nice creature—"I don't like to take it from you. I think I'd better go back to my husband." Well, I know he's a nasty, spiteful feller—drinks—but I didn't like to persuade her not to.

THE CHAPLAIN. Surely, no.

COKESON. Ye-es, but I'm sorry now; it's upset

the poor young fellow dreadfully. And what I wanted to say was: He's got his three years to serve. I want things to be pleasant for him.

THE CHAPLAIN. [*With a touch of impatience*] The Law hardly shares your view, I'm afraid.

COKESON. But I can't help thinking that to shut him up there by himself'll turn him silly. And nobody wants that, I s'pose. I don't like to see a man cry.

THE CHAPLAIN. It's a very rare thing for them to give way like that.

COKESON. [*Looking at him—in a tone of sudden dogged hostility*] I keep dogs.

THE CHAPLAIN. Indeed?

COKESON. Ye-es. And I say this: I wouldn't shut one of them up all by himself, month after month, not if he'd bit me all over.

THE CHAPLAIN. Unfortunately, the criminal is not a dog; he has a sense of right and wrong.

COKESON. But that's not the way to make him feel it.

THE CHAPLAIN. Ah! there I'm afraid we must differ.

COKESON. It's the same with dogs. If you treat 'em with kindness they'll do anything for you; but to shut 'em up alone, it only makes 'em savage.

THE CHAPLAIN. Surely you should allow those who have had a little more experience than yourself to know what is best for prisoners.

COKESON. [*Doggedly*] I know this young fellow, I've watched him for years. He's eurotic—got no stamina. His father died of consumption. I'm thinking of his future. If he's to be kept there shut up by himself, without a cat to keep him company, it'll do him harm. I said to him: "Where do you feel it?" "I can't tell you, Mr. Cokeson," he said, "but sometimes I could beat my head against the wall." It's not nice.

*During this speech the DOCTOR has entered. He is a medium-sized, rather good-looking man, with a quick eye. He stands leaning against the window.*

THE GOVERNOR. This gentleman thinks the separate is telling on Q 3007—Falder, young thin fellow, star class. What do you say, Doctor Clements?

THE DOCTOR. He doesn't like it, but it's not doing him any harm.

COKESON. But he's told me.

THE DOCTOR. Of course he'd say so, but we can always tell. He's lost no weight since he's been here.

COKESON. It's his state of mind I'm speaking of.

THE DOCTOR. His mind's all right so far. He's nervous, rather melancholy. I don't see signs of anything more. I'm watching him carefully.

COKESON. [*Nonplussed*] I'm glad to hear you say that.

THE CHAPLAIN. [*More suavely*] It's just at this period that we are able to make some impression on them, sir. I am speaking from my special standpoint.

COKESON. [*Turning bewildered to the GOVERNOR*] I don't want to be unpleasant, but having given him this news, I do feel it's awkward.

THE GOVERNOR. I'll make a point of seeing him to-day.

COKESON. I'm much obliged to you. I thought perhaps seeing him every day you wouldn't notice it.

THE GOVERNOR. [Rather sharply] If any sign of injury to his health shows itself his case will be reported at once. That's fully provided for.

[He rises.]

COKESON. [Following his own thoughts] Of course, what you don't see doesn't trouble you; but having seen him, I don't want to have him on my mind.

THE GOVERNOR. I think you may safely leave it to us, sir.

COKESON. [Mollified and apologetic] I thought you'd understand me. I'm a plain man—never set myself up against authority. [Expanding to the CHAPLAIN] Nothing personal meant. Good-morning.

As he goes out the three officials do not look at each other, but their faces wear peculiar expressions.

THE CHAPLAIN. Our friend seems to think that prison is a hospital.

COKESON. [Returning suddenly with an apologetic air] There's just one little thing. This woman—I suppose I mustn't ask you to let him see her. It'd be a rare treat for them both. He's thinking about her all the time. Of course she's not his wife. But he's quite safe in here. They're a pitiful couple. You couldn't make an exception?

THE GOVERNOR. [Wearily] As you say, my dear sir, I couldn't make an exception; he won't be allowed another visit of any sort till he goes to a convict prison.

COKESON. I see. [Rather coldly] Sorry to have troubled you. [He again goes out.]

THE CHAPLAIN. [Shrugging his shoulders] The plain man indeed, poor fellow. Come and have some lunch, Clements?

[He and the DOCTOR go out talking.]

The GOVERNOR, with a sigh, sits down at his table and takes up a pen.

The curtain falls.

#### SCENE II

Part of the ground corridor of the prison. The walls are colored with greenish distemper up to a stripe of deeper green about the height of a man's shoulder, and above this line are whitewashed. The floor is of blackened stones. Daylight is filtering through a heavily barred window at the end. The doors of four cells are visible. Each cell door has a little round peep-hole at the level of a man's eye, covered by a little round disc, which, raised upwards, affords a view of the cell. On the wall, close to each cell door, hangs a little square board with the prisoner's name, number, and record.

Overhead can be seen the iron structures of the first-floor and second-floor corridors.

The WARDER INSTRUCTOR, a bearded man in blue uniform, with an apron, and some dangling keys, is just emerging from one of the cells.

INSTRUCTOR. [Speaking from the door into the cell] I'll have another bit for you when that's finished.

O'CLEARY. [Unseen—in an Irish voice] Little doubt o' that, sir.

INSTRUCTOR. [Gossiping] Well, you'd rather have it than nothing, I s'pose.

O'CLEARY. An' that's the blessed truth. Sounds are heard of a cell door being closed and locked, and of approaching footsteps.

INSTRUCTOR. [In a sharp, changed voice] Look alive over it!

He shuts the cell door, and stands at attention. The GOVERNOR comes walking down the corridor, followed by WOODER.

THE GOVERNOR. Anything to report?  
INSTRUCTOR. [Saluting] Q 3007 [he points to a cell] is behind with his work, sir. He'll lose marks to-day.

The GOVERNOR nods and passes on to the end cell. The INSTRUCTOR goes away.

THE GOVERNOR. This is our maker of saws, isn't it?

He takes the saw from his pocket as WOODER throws open the door of the cell. The convict MOANEY is seen lying on his bed, athwart the cell, with his cap on. He springs up and stands in the middle of the cell. He is a raw-boned fellow, about fifty-six years old, with outstanding bat's ears and fierce, staring, steel-colored eyes.

WOODER. Cap off! [MOANEY removes his cap] Out here! [MOANEY comes to the door.]

THE GOVERNOR. [Beckoning him out into the corridor, and holding up the saw—with the manner of an officer speaking to a private] Anything to say about this, my man? [MOANEY is silent] Come!

MOANEY. It passed the time.  
THE GOVERNOR. [Pointing into the cell] Not enough to do, eh?

MOANEY. It don't occupy your mind.  
THE GOVERNOR. [Tapping the saw] You might find a better way than this.

MOANEY. [Sullenly] Well! What way? I must keep my hand in against the time I get out. What's the good of anything else to me at my time of life? [With a gradual change to civility, as his tongue warms] Ye know that, sir. I'll be in again within a year or two, after I've done this lot. I don't want to disgrace meself when I'm out. You've got your pride keeping the prison smart; well, I've got mine. [Seeing that the GOVERNOR is listening with interest, he goes on, pointing to the saw] I must be doin' a little o' this. It's no harm to any one. I was five weeks makin' that saw—a bit of all right it is, too; now I'll get cells, I suppose, or seven days' bread and water. You can't help it, sir, I know that—I quite put meself in your place.

THE GOVERNOR. Now, look here, Moaney, if I pass it over will you give me your word not to try it on again? Think! [He goes into the cell, walks to the end of it, mounts the stool, and tries the window-bars]

THE GOVERNOR. [Returning] Well?  
MOANEY. [Who has been reflecting] I've got another six weeks to do in here, alone. I can't do it and think o' nothing. I must have something to interest me. You've made me a sporting offer, sir, but I can't pass my word about it. I shouldn't like to deceive a gentleman. [Pointing into the cell]



Another four hours' steady work would have done it.

THE GOVERNOR. Yes, and what then? Caught, brought back, punishment. Five weeks' hard work to make this, and cells at the end of it, while they put a new bar to your window. Is it worth it, Moaney?

MOANEY. *[With a sort of fierceness]* Yes, it is.

THE GOVERNOR. *[Putting his hand to his brow]* Oh, well! Two days' cells—bread and water.

MOANEY. Thank 'e, sir.

*He turns quickly like an animal and slips into his cell.*

*The GOVERNOR looks after him and shakes his head as WOODER closes and locks the cell door.*

THE GOVERNOR. Open Clipton's cell.

WOODER *opens the door of CLIPTON'S cell.*

CLIPTON *is sitting on a stool just inside the door, at work on a pair of trousers. He is a small, thick, oldish man, with an almost shaven head, and smouldering little dark eyes behind smoked spectacles. He gets up and stands motionless in the doorway, peering at his visitors.*

THE GOVERNOR. *[Beckoning]* Come out here a minute, Clipton.

CLIPTON, *with a sort of dreadful quietness, comes into the corridor, the needle and thread in his hand. The GOVERNOR signs to WOODER, who goes into the cell and inspects it carefully.*

THE GOVERNOR. How are your eyes?

CLIPTON. I don't complain of them. I don't see the sun here. *[He makes a stealthy movement, protruding his neck a little]* There's just one thing, Mr. Governor, as you're speaking to me. I wish you'd ask the cove next door here to keep a bit quieter.

THE GOVERNOR. What's the matter? I don't want any tales, Clipton.

CLIPTON. He keeps me awake. I don't know who he is. *[With contempt]* One of this star class, I expect. Oughtn't to be here with us.

THE GOVERNOR. *[Quietly]* Quite right, Clipton. He'll be moved when there's a cell vacant.

CLIPTON. He knocks about like a wild beast in the early morning. I'm not used to it—stops me getting my sleep out. In the evening too. It's not fair, Mr. Governor, as you're speaking to me. Sleep's the comfort I've got here; I'm entitled to take it out full.

WOODER *comes out of the cell, and instantly, as though extinguished, CLIPTON moves with stealthy suddenness back into his cell.*

WOODER. All right, sir.

THE GOVERNOR *nods. The door is closed and locked.*

THE GOVERNOR. Which is the man who banged on his door this morning?

WOODER. *[Going towards O'CLEARY'S cell]* This one, sir; O'Cleary.

*He lifts the disc and glances through the peep-hole.*

THE GOVERNOR. Open.

WOODER *throws open the door. O'CLEARY, who is seated at a little table by the door as if listening, springs up and stands at attention just inside the doorway. He is a broad-faced, middle-aged man,*

*with a wide, thin, flexible mouth, and little holes under his high cheek-bones.*

THE GOVERNOR. Where's the joke, O'Cleary?

O'CLEARY. The joke, your honor? I've not seen one for a long time.

THE GOVERNOR. Banging on your door?

O'CLEARY. Oh! that!

THE GOVERNOR. It's womanish.

O'CLEARY. An' it's that I'm becoming this two months past.

THE GOVERNOR. Anything to complain of?

O'CLEARY. No, sir.

THE GOVERNOR. You're an old hand; you ought to know better.

O'CLEARY. Yes, I've been through it all.

THE GOVERNOR. You've got a youngster next door; you'll upset him.

O'CLEARY. It cam' over me, your honour. I can't always be the same steady man.

THE GOVERNOR. Work all right?

O'CLEARY. *[Taking up a rush mat he is making]* Oh! I can do it on me head. It's the miserablest stuff—don't take the brains of a mouse. *[Working his mouth]* It's here I feel it—the want of a little noise—a terrible little wud ease me.

THE GOVERNOR. You know as well as I do that if you were out in the shops you wouldn't be allowed to talk.

O'CLEARY. *[With a look of profound meaning]* Not with my mouth.

THE GOVERNOR. Well, then?

O'CLEARY. But it's the great conversation I'd have.

THE GOVERNOR. *[With a smile]* Well, no more conversation on your door.

O'CLEARY. No, sir, I wud not have the little wit to repeat meself.

THE GOVERNOR. *[Turning]* Good-night.

O'CLEARY. Good-night, your honor.

*He turns into his cell. The GOVERNOR shuts the door.*

THE GOVERNOR. *[Looking at the record card]* Can't help liking the poor blackguard.

WOODER. He's an amiable man, sir.

THE GOVERNOR. *[Pointing down the corridor]* Ask the doctor to come here, Mr. Wooder.

WOODER *salutes and goes away down the corridor.*

*The GOVERNOR goes to the door of FALDER'S cell. He raises his uninjured hand to uncover the peep-hole; but, without uncovering it, shakes his head and drops his hand; then, after scrutinizing the record board, he opens the cell door. FALDER, who is standing against it, lurches forward.*

THE GOVERNOR. *[Beckoning him out]* Now tell me: can't you settle down, Falder?

FALDER. *[In a breathless voice]* Yes, sir.

THE GOVERNOR. You know what I mean? It's no good running your head against a stone wall, is it?

FALDER. No, sir.

THE GOVERNOR. Well, come.

FALDER. I try, sir.

THE GOVERNOR. Can't you sleep?

FALDER. Very little. Between two o'clock and getting up's the worst time.

THE GOVERNOR. How's that?

FALDER. [*His lips twitch with a sort of smile*] I don't know, sir. I was always nervous. [*Suddenly voluble*] Everything seems to get such a size then. I feel I'll never get out as long as I live.

THE GOVERNOR. That's morbid, my lad. Pull yourself together.

FALDER. [*With an equally sudden dogged resentment*] Yes—I've got to—

THE GOVERNOR. Think of all these other fellows?

FALDER. They're used to it.

THE GOVERNOR. They all had to go through it once for the first time, just as you're doing now.

FALDER. Yes, sir, I shall get to be like them in time, I suppose.

THE GOVERNOR. [*Rather taken aback*] H'm! Well. That rests with you. Now, come. Set your mind to it, like a good fellow. You're still quite young. A man can make himself what he likes.

FALDER. [*Wistfully*] Yes, sir.

THE GOVERNOR. Take a good hold of yourself. Do you read?

FALDER. I don't take the words in. [*Hanging his head*] I know it's no good; but I can't help thinking of what's going on outside. In my cell I can't see out at all. It's thick glass, sir.

THE GOVERNOR. You've had a visitor. Bad news?

FALDER. Yes.

THE GOVERNOR. You mustn't think about it.

FALDER. [*Looking back at his cell*] How can I help it, sir?

*He suddenly becomes motionless as WOODER and the DOCTOR approach. The GOVERNOR motions to him to go back into his cell.*

FALDER. [*Quick and low*] I'm quite right in my head, sir. [*He goes back into his cell.*]

THE GOVERNOR. [*To the DOCTOR*] Just go in and see him, Clements.

*The DOCTOR goes into the cell. The GOVERNOR pushes the door to, nearly closing it, and walks towards the window.*

WOODER. [*Following*] Sorry you should be troubled like this, sir. Very contented lot of men, on the whole.

THE GOVERNOR. [*Shortly*] You think so?

WOODER. Yes, sir. It's Christmas doing it, in my opinion.

THE GOVERNOR. [*To himself*] Queer, that!

WOODER. Beg pardon, sir?

THE GOVERNOR. Christmas!

*He turns toward the window, leaving WOODER looking at him with a sort of pained anxiety.*

WOODER. [*Suddenly*] Do you think we make show enough, sir? If you'd like us to have more holly?

THE GOVERNOR. Not at all, Mr. Wooder.

WOODER. Very good, sir.

*The DOCTOR has come out of FALDER'S cell, and the GOVERNOR beckons to him.*

THE GOVERNOR. Well?

THE DOCTOR. I can't make anything much of him. He's nervous, of course.

THE GOVERNOR. Is there any sort of case to report? Quite frankly, Doctor.

THE DOCTOR. Well, I don't think the separate's doing him any good; but then I could say the same of a lot of them—they'd get on better in the shops, there's no doubt.

THE GOVERNOR. You mean you'd have to recommend others?

THE DOCTOR. A dozen at least. It's on his nerves. There's nothing tangible. That fellow there [*pointing to O'CLEARY'S cell*], for instance—feels it just as much, in his way. If I once get away from physical facts—I shan't know where I am. Conscientiously, sir, I don't know how to differentiate him. He hasn't lost weight. Nothing wrong with his eyes. His pulse is good. Talks all right.

THE GOVERNOR. It doesn't amount to melancholia?

THE DOCTOR. [*Shaking his head*] I can report on him if you like; but if I do I ought to report on others.

THE GOVERNOR. I see. [*Looking towards FALDER'S cell*] The poor devil must just stick it then.

*As he says this he looks absently at WOODER.*

WOODER. Beg pardon, sir?

*For answer the GOVERNOR stares at him, turns on his heel and walks away. There is a sound as of beating on metal.*

THE GOVERNOR. [*Stopping*] Mr. Wooder?

WOODER. Banging on his door, sir. I thought we should have more of that. [*He hurries forward, passing the GOVERNOR who follows closely.*]

*The curtain falls.*

#### SCENE III

*FALDER'S cell, a whitewashed space thirteen feet broad by seven deep, and nine feet high, with a rounded ceiling. The floor is of shiny blackened bricks. The barred window of opaque glass, with a ventilator, is high up in the middle of the end wall. In the middle of the opposite end wall is the narrow door. In a corner are the mattress and bedding rolled up (two blankets, two sheets, and a coverlet). Above them is a quarter-circular wooden shelf on which is a Bible and several little devotional books, piled in a symmetrical pyramid; there are also a black hair-brush, tooth-brush, and a bit of soap. In another corner is the wooden frame of a bed, standing on end. There is a dark ventilator under the window, and another over the door. FALDER'S work (a shirt to which he is putting button-holes) is hung to a nail on the wall over a small wooden table, on which the novel "Lorna Doone" lies open. Low down in the corner by the door is a thick glass screen, about a foot square, covering the gas-jet let into the wall. There is also a wooden stool, and a pair of shoes beneath it. Three bright round tins are set under the window.*

*In fast-falling daylight, FALDER, in his stockings, is seen standing motionless, with his head inclined towards the door, listening. He moves a little closer to the door, his stockinged feet making no noise. He stops at the door. He is trying harder and harder to hear something, any little thing that is going on outside. He springs suddenly upright—as if at a sound—and remains perfectly motionless.*

Then, with a heavy sigh, he moves to his work, and stands looking at it, with his head down; he does a stitch or two, having the air of a man so lost in sadness that each stitch is, as it were, a coming to life. Then, turning abruptly, he begins pacing the cell, moving his head, like an animal pacing its cage. He stops again at the door, listens, and, placing the palms of his hands against it with his fingers spread out, leans his forehead against the iron. Turning from it, presently, he moves slowly back towards the window, tracing his way with his finger along the top line of the distemper that runs around the wall. He stops under the window, and, picking up the lid of one of the tins, peers into it. It has grown very nearly dark. Suddenly the lid falls out of his hand with a clatter—the only sound that has broken the silence—and he stands staring intently at the wall where the stuff of the shirt is hanging rather white in the darkness—he seems to be seeing somebody or something there. There is a sharp tap and clink; the cell light behind the glass screen has been turned up. The cell is brightly lighted. FALDER is seen gasping for breath.

A sound from far away, as of distant, dull beating on thick metal, is suddenly audible. FALDER shrinks back, not able to bear this sudden clamour. But the sound grows, as though some great tumbril were rolling towards the cell. And gradually it seems to hypnotise him. He begins creeping inch by inch nearer to the door. The banging sound, travelling from cell to cell, draws closer and closer; FALDER'S hands are seen moving as if his spirit had already joined in this beating, and the sound swells till it seems to have entered the very cell. He suddenly raises his clenched fists. Panting violently, he flings himself at his door, and beats on it.

The curtain falls.

#### ACT IV

The scene is again COKE-SON'S room, at a few minutes to ten of a March morning, two years later. The doors are all open. SWEEDLE, now blessed with a sprouting moustache, is getting the offices ready. He arranges papers on COKE-SON'S table; then goes to a covered washstand, raises the lid, and looks at himself in the mirror. While he is gazing his fill Ruth Honeywill comes in through the outer office and stands in the doorway. There seems a kind of exultation and excitement behind her habitual impassivity.

SWEEDLE. [Suddenly seeing her, and dropping the lid of the washstand with a bang] Hello! It's you!

RUTH. Yes.

SWEEDLE. There's only me here! They don't waste their time hurrying down in the morning. Why, it must be two years since we had the pleasure of seeing you. [Nervously] What have you been doing with yourself?

RUTH. [Sardonically] Living.

SWEEDLE. [Impressed] If you want to see him [he points to COKE-SON'S chair], he'll be here directly—never misses—not much. [Delicately] I hope our friend's back from the country. His time's been up these three months, if I remember. [RUTH nods] I was awful sorry about that. The governor made a mistake—if you ask me.

RUTH. He did.

SWEEDLE. He ought to have given him a chanst. And, I say, the judge ought to ha' let him go after that. They've forgot what human nature's like. Whereas we know.

RUTH gives him a honey-eyed smile.

SWEEDLE. They come down on you like a cart-load of bricks, flatten you out, and when you don't swell up again they complain of it. I know 'em—seen a lot of that sort of thing in my time. [He shakes his head in the plenitude of wisdom] Why, only the other day the governor—

But COKE-SON has come in through the outer office; brisk with east wind, and decidedly grayer.

COKE-SON. [Drawing off his coat and gloves] Why! it's you! [Then motioning SWEEDLE out, and closing the door] Quite a stranger! Must be two years. D'you want to see me? I can give you a minute. Sit down! Family well?

RUTH. Yes. I'm not living where I was.

COKE-SON. [Eying her askance] I hope things are more comfortable at home.

RUTH. I couldn't stay with Honeywill, after all.

COKE-SON. You haven't done anything rash, I hope. I should be sorry if you'd done anything rash.

RUTH. I've kept the children with me.

COKE-SON. [Beginning to feel that things are not so jolly as he had hoped] Well, I'm glad to have seen you. You've not heard from the young man, I suppose, since he came out?



"He suddenly raises his clenched fists. Panting violently, he flings himself at his door, and beats on it"

RUTH. Yes, I ran across him yesterday.

COKESON. I hope he's well.

RUTH. [*With sudden fierceness*] He can't get anything to do. It's dreadful to see him. He's just skin and bone.

COKESON. [*With genuine concern*] Dear me! I'm sorry to hear that. [*On his guard again*] Didn't they find him a place when his time was up?

RUTH. He was only there three weeks. It got out.

COKESON. I'm sure I don't know what I can do for you. I don't like to be snubby.

RUTH. I can't bear his being like that.

COKESON. [*Scanning her not unprosperous figure*] I know his relations aren't very forthy about him. Perhaps you can do something for him, till he finds his feet.

RUTH. Not now. I could have—but not now.

COKESON. I don't understand.

RUTH, [*Proudly*] I've seen him again—that's all over.

COKESON, [*Staring at her—disturbed*] I'm a family man—I don't want to hear anything unpleasant. Excuse me—I'm very busy.

RUTH. I'd have gone home to my people in the country long ago, but they've never got over me marrying Honeywill. I never was waywise, Mr. Cokeson, but I'm proud. I was only a girl, you see, when I married him. I thought the world of him, of course . . . he used to come traveling to our farm.

COKESON. [*Regretfully*] I did hope you'd have got on better, after you saw me.

RUTH. He used me worse than ever. He couldn't break my nerve, but I lost my health; and then he began knocking the children about. . . . I couldn't stand that. I wouldn't go back now, if he were dying.

COKESON. [*Who has risen and is shifting about as though dodging a stream of lava*] We mustn't be violent, must we?

RUTH. [*Smouldering*] A man that can't behave better than that— [*There is silence.*]

COKESON. [*Fascinated in spite of himself*] Then there you were! And what did you do then?

RUTH. [*With a shrug*] Tried the same as when I left him before . . . making skirts . . . cheap things. It was the best I could get, but I never made more than ten shillings a week, buying my own cotton and working all day; I hardly ever got to bed till past twelve. I kept at it for nine months. [*Fiercely*] Well, I'm not fit for that; I wasn't made for it. I'd rather die.

COKESON. My dear woman! We mustn't talk like that.

RUTH. It was starvation for the children too—after what they'd always had. I soon got not to care. I used to be too tired. [*She is silent*]

COKESON. [*With fearful curiosity*] Why what happened then?

RUTH. [*With a laugh*] My employer happened then—he's happened ever since.

COKESON. Dear! Oh dear! I never came across a thing like this.

RUTH. [*Dully*] He's treated me all right. But I've done with that. [*Suddenly her lips begin to quiver, and she hides them with the back of her hand*]

I never thought I'd see him again, you see. It was just a chance I met him by Hyde Park. We went in there and sat down, and he told me all about himself. Oh! Mr. Cokeson, give him another chance.

COKESON. [*Greatly disturbed*] Then you've both lost your livings! What a horrible position!

RUTH. If he could only get here—where there's nothing to find out about him!

COKESON. We can't have anything derogative to the firm.

RUTH. I've no one else to go to.

COKESON. I'll speak to the partners, but I don't think they'll take him, under the circumstances. I don't really.

RUTH. He came with me; he's down there in the street. [*She points to the window.*]

COKESON. [*On his dignity*] He shouldn't have done that until he's sent for. [*Then softening at the look on her face*] We've got a vacancy, as it happens, but I can't promise anything.

RUTH. It would be the saving of him.

COKESON. Well, I'll do what I can, but I'm not sanguine. Now tell him that I don't want him here till I see how things are. Leave your address? [*Repeating her*] 83 Mullingar Street? [*He notes it on blotting-paper*] Good-morning.

RUTH. Thank you.

*She moves towards the door, turns as if to speak, but does not, and goes away.*

COKESON. [*Wiping his head and forehead with a large white cotton handkerchief*] What a business! [*Then, looking amongst his papers, he sounds his bell.* SWEEDLE answers it.]

COKESON. Was that young Richards coming here to-day after the clerk's place?

SWEEDLE. Yes.

COKESON. Well, keep him in the air; I don't want to see him yet.

SWEEDLE. What shall I tell him, sir?

COKESON. [*With asperity*] Invent something. Use your brains. Don't stump him off altogether.

SWEEDLE. Shall I tell him that we've got illness, sir?

COKESON. No! Nothing untrue. Say I'm not here to-day.

SWEEDLE. Yes, sir. Keep him hankering?

COKESON. Exactly. And look here. You remember Falder? I may be having him round to see me. Now, treat him like you'd have him treat you in a similar position.

SWEEDLE. I naturally should do.

COKESON. That's right. When a man's down never hit 'im. 'Tisn't necessary. Give him a hand up. That's a metaphor I recommend to you in life. It's sound policy.

SWEEDLE. Do you think the governors will take him on again, sir?

COKESON. Can't say anything about that. [*At the sound of some one having entered the outer office*] Who's there?

SWEEDLE. [*Going to the door and looking*] It's Falder, sir.

COKESON. [*Vexed*] Dear me! That's very naughty of her. Tell him to call again. I don't want—

*He breaks off as FALDER comes in. FALDER is thin, pale, older, his eyes have grown more restless. His clothes are very worn and loose.*

SWEEDLE, *nodding cheerfully, withdraws.*

COKESON. Glad to see you. You're rather previous. [*Trying to keep things pleasant*] Shake hands! She's striking while the iron's hot. [*He wipes his forehead*] I don't blame her. She's anxious.

FALDER *timidly takes COKESON's hand and glances towards the partners' door.*

COKESON. No—not yet! Sit down! [*FALDER sits in the chair at the side of COKESON's table, on which he places his cap*] Now you are here. I'd like you to give me a little account of yourself. [*Looking at him over his spectacles*] How's your health?

FALDER. I'm alive, Mr. Cokeson.

COKESON. [*Preoccupied*] I'm glad to hear that. About this matter. I don't like doing anything out of the ordinary; it's not my habit. I'm a plain man, and I want everything smooth and straight. But I promised your friend to speak to the partners, and I always keep my word.

FALDER. I just want a chance, Mr. Cokeson. I've paid for that job, a thousand times and more. I have, sir. No one knows. They say I weighed more when I came out than when I went in. They couldn't weigh me here [*he touches his head*] or here [*he touches his heart, and gives a sort of laugh*]. Till last night I'd have thought there was nothing in here at all.

COKESON. [*Concerned*] You've not got heart disease?

FALDER. Oh! they passed me sound enough.

COKESON. But they got you a place, didn't they?

FALDER. Yes; very good people, knew all about it—very kind to me. I thought I was going to get on first rate. But one day, all of a sudden the other clerks got wind of it. . . . I couldn't stick it, Mr. Cokeson, I couldn't, sir.

COKESON. Easy, my dear fellow, easy!

FALDER. I had one small job after that, but it didn't last.

COKESON. How was that?

FALDER. It's no good deceiving you. Mr. Cokeson. The fact is, I seem to be struggling against a thing that's all round me. I can't explain it; it's as if I was in a net; as fast as I cut it here, it grows up there. I didn't act as I ought to have, about references; but what are you to do? You must have them. And that made me afraid, and I left. In fact, I'm—I'm afraid all the time now.

*He bows his head and leans dejectedly silent over the table.*

COKESON. I feel for you—I do really. Aren't your sisters going to do anything for you?

FALDER. One's in consumption. And the other—

COKESON. Ye . . . es. She told me her husband wasn't quite pleased with you.

FALDER. When I went there—they were at supper—my sister wanted to give me a kiss—I know. But he just looked at her, and said: "What have you come for?" Well, I pocketed my pride and I said: "Aren't you going to give me your hand, Jim? Cis is, I know," I said. "Look here!" he said, "that's all very well, but we'd better come to

an understanding. I've been expecting you, and I've made up my mind. I'll give you fifteen pounds to go to Canada with." "I see," I said—"good riddance! No, thanks; keep your fifteen pounds." Friendship's a queer thing when you've been where I have.

COKESON. I understand. Will you take the fifteen pounds from me? [*Flustered as FALDER, regards him with a queer smile*] Quite without prejudice; I mean it kindly.

FALDER. I'm not allowed to leave the country.

COKESON. Oh! ye . . . es—ticket-of-leave? You aren't looking the thing.

FALDER. I've slept in the Park three nights this week. The dawns aren't all poetry there. But meeting her—I feel a different man this morning. I've often thought the being fond of her's the best thing about me; it's sacred, somehow—and yet it did for me. That's queer, isn't it?

COKESON. I'm sure we're all very sorry for you.

FALDER. That's what I've found, Mr. Cokeson. Awfully sorry for me. [*With quiet bitterness*] But it doesn't do to associate with criminals!

COKESON. Come, come, it's no use calling yourself names. That never did a man any good. Put a face on it.

FALDER. It's easy enough to put a face on it, sir, when you're independent. Try it when you're down like me. They talk about giving you your deserts. Well, I think I've had just a bit over.

COKESON. [*Eying him askance over his spectacles*] I hope they haven't made a Socialist of you.

FALDER *is suddenly still, as if brooding over his past self; he utters a peculiar laugh.*

COKESON. You must give them credit for the best intentions. Really you must. Nobody wishes you harm, I'm sure.

FALDER. I believe that, Mr. Cokeson. Nobody wishes you harm, but they down you all the same. This feeling— [*He stares around him, as though at something closing in.*] It's crushing me. [*With sudden impersonality*] I know it is.

COKESON. [*Horribly disturbed*] There's nothing there! We must try and take it quiet. I'm sure I've often had you in my prayers. Now leave it to me. I'll use my gumption and take 'em when they're jolly.

*As he speaks the two partners come in.*

COKESON. [*Rather disconcerted, but trying to put them all at ease*] I didn't expect you quite so soon. I've just been having a talk with this young man. I think you'll remember him.

JAMES. [*With a grave, keen look*] Quite well. How are you, Falder?

WALTER. [*Holding out his hand almost timidly*] Very glad to see you again, Falder.

FALDER. *Who has recovered his self-control, takes the hand* Thank you, sir.

COKESON. Just a word, Mr. James. [*To FALDER, pointing to the clerks office*] You might go in there a minute. You know your way. Our junior won't be coming this morning. His wife's just had a little family.

FALDER *goes uncertainly out into the clerk's office.*

COKESON. [*Confidentially*] I'm bound to tell you all about it. He's quite penitent. But there's a

prejudice against him. And you're not seeing him to advantage this morning; he's under-nourished. It's very trying to go without your dinner.

JAMES. Is that so, Cokeson?

COKESON. I wanted to ask you. He's had his lesson. Now we know all about him, and we want a clerk. There is a young fellow applying, but I'm keeping him in the air.

JAMES. A gaol-bird in the office, Cokeson? I don't see it.

WALTER. "The rolling of the chariot-wheels of justice!" I've never got that out of my head.

JAMES. I've nothing to reproach myself with in this affair. What's he been doing since he came out?

COKESON. He's had one or two places, but he hasn't kept them. He's sensitive—quite natural. Seems to fancy everybody's down on him.

JAMES. Bad sign. Don't like the fellow—never did from the first. "Weak character" is written all over him.

WALTER. I think we owe him a leg up.

JAMES. He brought it all on himself.

WALTER. The doctrine of full responsibility doesn't quite hold in these days.

JAMES. [Rather grimly] You'll find it safer to hold it for all that, my boy.

WALTER. For oneself, yes—not for other people, thanks.

JAMES. Well! I don't want to be hard.

COKESON. I'm glad to hear you say that. He seems to see something [spreading his arms] round him. 'Tisn't healthy.

JAMES. What about that woman he was mixed up with? I saw some one uncommonly like her outside as we came in.

COKESON. That! Well, I can't keep anything from you. He has met her.

JAMES. Is she with her husband?

COKESON. No.

JAMES. Falder living with her, I suppose?

COKESON. [Desperately trying to retain the new-found jollity] I don't know that of my own knowledge. 'Tisn't my business.

JAMES. It's our business, if we're going to engage him, Cokeson.

COKESON. [Reluctantly] I ought to tell you, perhaps. I've had the party here this morning.

JAMES. I thought so. [To WALTER] No, my dear boy, it won't do. Too shady altogether!

COKESON. The two things together make it very awkward for you—I see that.

WALTER. [Tentatively] I don't quite know what we have to do with his private life.

JAMES. No, no! He must make a clean sheet of it, or he can't come here.

WALTER. Poor devil!

COKESON. Will you have him in? [And as JAMES nods] I think I can get him to see reason.

JAMES. [Grimly] You can leave that to me, Cokeson.

WALTER. [To JAMES, in a low voice, while COKESON is summoning FALDER] His whole future may depend on what we do, dad.

FALDER comes in. He has pulled himself together and presents a steady front.

JAMES. Now look here, Falder. My son and I want to give you another chance; but there are two things I must say to you. In the first place: It's no good coming here as a victim. If you've any notion that you've been unjustly treated—get rid of it. You can't play fast and loose with morality and hope to go scot-free. If society didn't take care of itself, nobody would—the sooner you realize that, the better.

FALDER. Yes, sir! but—may I say something?

JAMES. Well?

FALDER. I had a lot of time to think it over in prison. [He stops.]

COKESON. [Encouraging him] I'm sure you did.

FALDER. There were all sorts there. And what I mean, sir, is, that if we'd been treated differently the first time, and put under somebody that could look after us a bit, and not put us in prison, not a quarter of us would ever have got there.

JAMES. [Shaking his head] I'm afraid I've very grave doubts of that, Falder.

FALDER. [With a gleam of malice] Yes, sir! so I found.

JAMES. My good fellow, don't forget that you began it.

FALDER. I never wanted to do wrong.

JAMES. Perhaps not. But you did.

FALDER. [With all the bitterness of his past suffering] It's knocked me out of time. [Pulling himself up] That is, I mean, I'm not what I was.

JAMES. This isn't encouraging for us, Falder.

COKESON. He's putting it awkwardly, Mr. James.

FALDER. [Throwing over his caution from the intensity of his feeling] I mean it, Mr. Cokeson.

JAMES. Now, lay aside all those thoughts, Falder, and look to the future.

FALDER. [Almost eagerly] Yes, sir! but you don't understand what prison life is. It's here it gets you.

He grips his chest.

COKESON. [In a whisper to James] I told you he wanted nourishment.

WALTER. Yes, but, my dear fellow, that'll pass away. Time's merciful.

FALDER. [With his face twitching] I hope so, sir.

JAMES. [Much more gently] Now, my boy, what you've got to do is to put all the past behind you and build yourself up a steady reputation. And that brings me to the second thing. This woman you were mixed up with—you must give us your word you know, to have done with that. There's no chance of your keeping straight if you're going to begin your future with such a relationship.

FALDER. [Looking from one to the other with a haunted expression] But, sir . . . it's the one thing I looked forward to all the time. And she too . . . I couldn't find her before last night.

During this and what follows COKESON becomes more and more uneasy.

JAMES. This is painful, Falder. But you must see for yourself that its impossible for a firm like this to close its eyes to everything. Give us this proof of your resolve to keep straight, and you can come back—not otherwise.

FALDER. [After staring at JAMES, Suddenly stiffens himself] I couldn't give her up. I couldn't!

Oh, sir! I'm all she's got to look to. And I'm sure she's all I've got.

JAMES. I'm very sorry, Falder, but I must be firm. It's for the benefit of you both in the long run. No good can come of this connection. It was the cause of all your disaster.

FALDER. But, sir, it means—having gone through all that—getting broken up—my nerves are in an awful state—for nothing. I did it for her.

JAMES. Come! If she's anything of a woman she'll see it for herself. She won't want to drag you down further. If there were a prospect of your being able to marry her—it might be another thing.

FALDER. It's not my fault, sir, that she couldn't get rid of him—she would have if she could. That's been the whole trouble from the beginning. [*Looking suddenly at WALTER*] . . . If anybody would help her! It's only money wanted now, I'm sure.

COKESON. [*Breaking in, as WALTER hesitates, and is about to speak*] I don't think we need consider that—it's rather far-fetched.

FALDER. [*To WALTER, appealing*] He must have given her full cause since; she could prove that he drove her to leave him.

WALTER. I'm inclined to do what you say, Falder, if it can be managed.

FALDER. Oh, sir!

*He goes to the window and looks down into the street.*

COKESON. [*Hurriedly*] You don't take me, Mr. Walter. I have my reasons.

FALDER. [*From the window*] She's down there, sir. Will you see her? I can beckon to her from here.

WALTER *hesitates, and looks from COKESON to JAMES.*

JAMES. [*With a sharp nod*] Yes, let her come.

FALDER *beckons from the window.*

COKESON. [*In a low flutter to JAMES and WALTER*] No, Mr. James. She's not been quite what she ought to ha' been, while this young man's been away. She's lost her chance. We can't consult how to swindle the law.

FALDER *has come from the window. The three men look at him in a sort of awed silence.*

FALDER. [*With instinctive apprehension of some change—looking from one to the other*] There's been nothing between us, sir, to prevent it . . . What I said at the trial was true. And last night we only just sat in the Park.

SWEEDLE *comes in from the outer office.*

COKESON. What is it?

SWEEDLE. Mrs. Honeywill. [*There is silence.*]

JAMES. Show her in.

RUTH *comes slowly in, and stands stoically with FALDER on one side and three men on the other. No one speaks. COKESON turns to his table, bending over his papers as though the burden of the situation were forcing him back into his accustomed groove.*

JAMES. [*Sharply*] Shut the door there. [*SWEEDLE, shuts the door*] We've asked you to come up because there are certain facts to be faced in this matter. I understand you have only just met Falder again.

RUTH. Yes—only yesterday.

JAMES. He's told us about himself, and we're very sorry for him. I've promised to take him back here if he'll make a fresh start. [*Looking steadily at RUTH*] This a matter that requires courage, ma'am.

RUTH, *who is looking at FALDER, begins to twist her hands in front of her as though prescient of disaster.*

FALDER. Mr. Walter How is good enough to say that he'll help us to get you a divorce.

RUTH *flashes a startled glance at JAMES and WALTER.*

JAMES. I don't think that's practicable, Falder.

FALDER. But, sir—!

JAMES. [*Steadily*] Now, Mrs. Honeywill. You're fond of him.

RUTH. Yes, sir: I love him.

*She looks miserably at FALDER.*

JAMES. Then you don't want to stand in his way, do you?

RUTH. [*In a faint voice*] I could take care of him.

JAMES. The best way you can take care of him will be to give him up.

FALDER. Nothing shall make me give you up. You can get a divorce. There's been nothing between us, has there?

RUTH. [*Mournfully shaking her head—without looking at him*]. No.

FALDER. We'll keep apart till it's over, sir; if you'll only help us—we promise.

JAMES. [*To RUTH*] You see the thing plainly, don't you? You see what I mean?

RUTH. [*Just above a whisper*] Yes.

COKESON. [*To himself*] There's a dear woman.

JAMES. The situation is impossible.

RUTH. Must I, sir?

JAMES. [*Forcing himself to look at her*] I put it to you, ma'am. His future is in your hands.

RUTH. [*Miserably*] I want to do the best for him.

JAMES. [*A little huskily*] That's right, that's right!

FALDER. I don't understand. You're not going to give me up—after all this? There's something—[*Starting forward to JAMES*] Sir, I swear solemnly there's been nothing between us.

JAMES. I believe you, Falder. Come, my lad, be as plucky as she is.

FALDER. Just now you were going to help us. [*He stares at RUTH, who is standing absolutely still; his face and hands twitch and quiver as the truth dawns upon him*] What is it? You've not been—

WALTER. Falder!

JAMES. [*Hurriedly*] There, there! That'll do, that'll do! I'll give you your chance, Falder. Don't let me know what you do with yourselves, that's all.

FALDER. [*As if he has not heard*] RUTH?

RUTH *looks at him; and FALDER covers his face with his hands. There is silence.*

COKESON. [*Suddenly*] There's someone out there [*To RUTH*] Go in here. You'll feel better by yourself for a minute.

*He points to the clerks' room and moves towards outer office. FALDER does not move. RUTH puts*



"COKESON. No one'll touch him now! Never again! He's safe  
- with gentle Jesus!"

out her hand timidly. He shrinks back from the touch. She turns and goes miserably into the clerks' room. With a brusque movement he follows, seizing her by the shoulder just inside the doorway. COKESON shuts the door.

JAMES. [Pointing to the outer office] Get rid of that, whoever it is.

SWEEDLE. [Opening the office door, in a scared voice] Detective-Sergeant Wister.

The detective enters, and closes the door behind him.

WISTER. Sorry to disturb you, sir. A clerk you had here, two years and a half ago. I arrested him in this room.

JAMES. What about him?

WISTER. I thought perhaps I might get his whereabouts from you. [There is an awkward silence.]

COKESON. [Pleasantly, coming to the rescue] We're not responsible for his movements; you know that.

JAMES. What do you want with him?

WISTER. He's failed to report himself this last four weeks.

WALTER. How d'you mean?

WISTER. Ticket-of-leave won't be up for another six months, sir.

WALTER. Has he to keep in touch with the police till then?

WISTER. We're bound to know where he sleeps every night. I dare say we shouldn't interfere, sir, even though he hasn't reported himself. But we've just heard there's a serious matter of obtaining employment with a forged reference. What with the two things together—we must have him.

Again there is silence. WALTER and COKESON steal glances at JAMES, who stands staring steadily at the detective.

COKESON. [Expansively] We're very busy at the moment. If you could make it convenient to call again we might be able to tell you then.

JAMES. [Decisively] I'm a servant of the Law, but I dislike peaching. In fact, I can't do such a thing. If you want him you must find him without us.

As he speaks his eye falls on FALDER'S cap, still lying on the table, and his face contracts.

WISTER. [Noting the gesture—quietly] Very good, sir. I ought to warn you that, having broken the terms of his license, he's still a convict, and sheltering a convict—

JAMES. I shelter no one. But you mustn't come here and ask questions which it's not my business to answer.

WISTER. [Dryly] I won't trouble you further then, gentlemen.

COKESON. I'm sorry we couldn't give you the information. You quite understand, don't you? Good-morning!

WISTER turns to go, but instead of going to the door of the outer office he goes to the door of the clerks' room.

COKESON. The other door . . . the other door!

WISTER opens the clerk's door. RUTH'S voice is heard: "Oh, do!" and FALDER'S: "I can't!" There is a little pause; then, with sharp fright, RUTH says: "Who's that?" WISTER has gone in. The three men look aghast at the door.

WISTER. [From within] Keep back, please! He comes swiftly out with his arm twisted in FALDER'S. The latter gives a white, staring look at the three men.

WALTER. Let him go this time, for God's sake!

WISTER. I couldn't take the responsibility, sir.

FALDER. [With a queer, desperate laugh] Good! Flinging a look at RUTH, he throws up his head, and goes out through the outer office, half dragging WISTER after him.

WALTER. [With despair] That finishes him. It'll go on for ever now.

SWEEDLE can be seen staring through the outer door. These are sounds of footsteps descending the stone stairs; suddenly a dull thud, a faint "My God!" in WISTER'S voice.

JAMES. What's that?

SWEEDLE dashes forward. The door swings to behind him. There is dead silence.

WALTER. [Starting forward to the inner room] The woman—she's fainting!



*He and COKESON support the fainting RUTH from the doorway of the clerks' room.*

COKESON. [Distracted] Here, my dear! There, there!

WALTER. Have you any brandy?

COKESON. I've got sherry.

WALTER. Get it, then. Quick!

*He places RUTH in a chair—which JAMES has dragged forward.*

COKESON. [With sherry] Here! It's good strong sherry. [They try to force the sherry between her lips.]

*There is the sound of feet, and they stop to listen.*

*The outer door is reopened—WISTER and SWEEDLE are seen carrying some burden.*

JAMES. [Hurrying forward] What is it? *They lay the burden down in the outer office, out of sight, and all but RUTH cluster round it, speaking in hushed voices.*

WISTER. He jumped—neck's broken.

WALTER. Good God!

WISTER. He must have been mad to think he could give me the slip like that. And what was it—just a few months!

WALTER. [Bitterly] Was that all?

JAMES. What a desperate thing! [Then, in a voice unlike his own] Run for a doctor—you! [SWEEDLE rushes from the outer office] An ambulance!

*WISTER goes out. On RUTH's face an expression of fear and horror has been growing, as if she dared not turn towards the voices. She now rises and steals towards them.*

WALTER. [Turning suddenly] Look!

*The three men shrink out of her way, one by one, into COKESON's room. RUTH drops on her knees by the body.*

RUTH. [In a whisper] What is it? He's not breathing. [She crouches over him] My dear! My pretty!

*In the outer office doorway the figures of men are seen standing.*

RUTH. [Leaping to her feet] No, no! No, no! He's dead! [The figures of the men shrink back.]

COKESON. [Stealing forward. In a hoarse voice] There, there, poor dear woman!

*At the sound behind her RUTH faces round at him.*



"RUTH stands as though turned to stone"

COKESON. No one'll touch him now! Never again! He's safe with gentle Jesus!

*RUTH stands as though turned to stone in the doorway staring at COKESON, who, bending humbly before her, holds out his hand as one would to a lost dog.*

*The curtain falls.*

THE END



# THE THEATRE

## THE RISE AND FALL OF THE THEATRICAL SYNDICATE

BY

WALTER PRICHARD EATON

**T**HE so-called Theatrical Syndicate, which for nearly fifteen years has, according to its own statement, controlled more than ninety per cent. of the better class theatres in America, greatly to the pecuniary profit of the gentlemen composing it and greatly to the detriment of the art of acting, of playwriting, of play-producing, of public taste, is a thing of the past. It no longer controls even a bare majority of the theatres of this country. It is shorn of its power and very considerably of its profits. We once more have a free stage in America. What this means to authors, actors, young and ambitious managers, the owners of small theatres and, finally, to the public, is of great importance.

The Theatrical Syndicate was formed in the season of 1895-6 by Nixon and Zimmerman of Philadelphia, Charles Frohman, Al Hayman and Klaw and Erlanger of New York. Hayman already had gained control of many theatres in the West. Frohman, a large producing manager, controlled many in cities like New York and Boston. Klaw and Erlanger had secured a number on the route from Washington to New Orleans. Nixon and Zimmerman controlled Philadelphia and houses through Pennsylvania and Ohio. With this nucleus of theatres, they could arrange a considerable tour for a manager from their New York office. It appeared to save him trouble and it appeared to guarantee the theatres a steady run of attractions; and, as the Syndicate refused to "book" a play in any of its houses which played in any opposition theatres, and as it refused to "book" a theatre which played rival attractions, it soon held the whip hand in the situation. This iron-clad refusal to sanction competition was always the chief weapon—as it was one of

the greatest curses—of the system. Of course as the Syndicate rapidly secured control of more theatres, it became more difficult to stand out against the monopoly.

The scheme in its main workings was a simple one. A play, no matter how successful in New York, if it is to make any money on the road must have its tour so booked that a performance can be given every evening at a town where the receipts will pay the railroad fares and leave something over. It does little good if you can play, after New York, in Boston, Washington, Chicago, St. Louis, Denver and San Francisco, if you cannot play in the smaller towns between to pay your hauling charges. The Syndicate, either by leasehold or by promises to the local theatre managers to give them an uninterrupted season of attractions, rapidly controlled the approaches to the big cities, even when independent theatres were left in the cities themselves, and thus it controlled the theatrical situation in America.

A play manager no longer arranged his tour with the managers of the theatres. Neither he nor the theatre manager had anything to say about it. He went to the office of Klaw and Erlanger in New York, who were made the booking agents of the Syndicate, and they arranged it for him. The charge was 5 per cent. of the receipts of the play. Nominally this charge was made on the theatre; that is, every theatre in the country booked by Klaw and Erlanger had to send 5 per cent. of its nightly takings to these gentlemen in New York, who did nothing whatever in return for it except to hold the club of power. Actually, however, the owner of the play equally suffered, for his share was proportionately diminished.

It lay within the power of Klaw and Erlanger to refuse to book a play, if they so chose, and no theatre in America, under their control,



*Photograph by Foulsham & Donald*

#### GERTRUDE ELLIOTT

Sister of Maxine Elliott, who, in "The Dawn of a To-morrow," will be starred this winter by Liebler & Co., a theatrical management under the direction of George W. Tyler, which over a year ago broke with the Syndicate and became affiliated with the Shubert Brothers, the leaders of the independent managers

dared house it then. It further lay within their power so to arrange a tour that the manager could not possibly make a profit, to keep him out of New York or Chicago, to jump him hundreds of miles between performances—in short, to ruin him.

However, nobody enjoys being ruined. When David Belasco sued for a settlement of the affairs of "The Auctioneer" Company, alleging that not Joseph Brooks, but Klaw and Erlanger were his real partners in the management, he asserted under oath on the witness stand that Erlanger had refused to give him a route for Warfield except for 50 per cent. of the profits; that Erlanger further had exacted a promise that he should be given a like interest, without risk, in everything else Belasco might produce; but, that the outside world should not know that the firm of Klaw and Erlanger was in the Warfield transaction, Joseph Brooks was used as their dummy in the case, though it was stipulated that no profit checks should be made payable to Brooks, but to Klaw and Erlanger only.

Erlanger's reply to this was a denial. He admitted, however, that his firm had received two-thirds of the 50 per cent. profits of the alleged nominal partnership with Brooks. He said: "We were not partners with Brooks in that enterprise; we never took one postage stamp of risk in the enterprise. Mr. Brooks made us a present of two-thirds of his share in consideration of other work done."

Mr. Erlanger's own words are sufficiently explanatory. It is said that in recent years the 5 per cent. booking fees alone yielded \$750,000 annually.

At first other managers tried to organize an opposition, and failed. Then the actors, led by Nat Goodwin, Francis Wilson, Mansfield, James A. Herne and Mrs. Fiske, took a hand. The Syndicate landed Goodwin by promises of fine engagements and a long season at the Knickerbocker in New York. Francis Wilson, Mansfield and all the rest save Mrs. Fiske ultimately gave in, too. Mr. Wilson stated as his reasons:

1st. The months of struggle had brought no new converts, and the strongest ally, Mansfield, had fallen by the wayside.

2nd. There were no signs of the Trust's relenting or weakening.

3rd. His following was slipping away, on account of the theatres he had to play in.

4th. His traveling expenses were greater.

5th. He had his family to consider.\*

That was in January, 1899. Only Mrs. Fiske remained independent. She continued

to play as much as she could in her New York theatre, and anywhere she could outside of it. She would not forsake her principles of independence, which included her right to play where she wished at her own terms, and she never has forsaken them, though it has cost her much money, and though for years she played through the country in convention halls and second-class theatres on dirty side streets. She is the one and only person, actor or manager, in America who has had the courage, the purpose, the ability to stand firm for fifteen years, and it is she who has the best right to-day to dance on the grave of the Syndicate. Characteristically, she hasn't so much as given out an interview.

From 1899 on, then, for almost a decade, with sporadic opposition here and there, as when David Belasco hauled the Syndicate into court and wore for a time the martyr's crown, until the final downfall began two years ago, when the Shubert Brothers, managers in New York, grasped the situation by acquiring rival theatres, the Syndicate was in practically absolute control of the American stage. No local theatre manager in Worcester, Mass., or Norfolk, Va., or Grand Rapids, Mich., could say what should or should not come to his house. He had to take what was sent, good or bad, clean or vile. No play producer could get his play before the public unless Klaw and Erlanger chose to let him, and then, often, only at the payment of a heavy toll. Since the Syndicate could control absolutely the tours, they naturally gave the best bookings to their own plays, or the plays of men closely affiliated with them, and so, equally naturally, they controlled the European market, not because they could mount the plays better here, but because they and they alone could promise the foreign authors long and profitable tours. That is the real secret of Charles Frohman's command of the best English plays. It followed, also, that native authors depended too largely for a hearing on the judgments of a few ignorant men, and that the ambitious actor or the small manager with a new, untried play, unless it seemed to their mercenary standards sure of popular success, or unless the actor or manager was willing to come to their terms, had no chance at all.

It used frequently to be affirmed by these piratical dictators, and reiterated by the press (hostile at first, but soon awed by the advertising club), that "the public isn't interested in the manager of a play or the business side of the theatre; the play is all that concerns him." Nothing could be more false. The moment a man assumes to manage a theatre he becomes a public servant, for the offering on his stage

\* (From Hapgood's "The Stage in America.")



*Photograph by Searcy*

#### MARGARET ILLINGTON

Who returns to the stage in a Camille play, a translation from the French, entitled "Until Eternity." Miss Illington's manager is Mr. Edward Elsner, who was her former stage manager in "The Thief." He is an example of the small manager who before the fall of the Syndicate would have been unable to obtain any bookings for an offering of his own



*Photograph by White*

### ELSIE FERGUSON

One of the most promising of the younger players, who is to star during the coming season in a new play, "A Matter of Money," under the management of Henry B. Harris, who for many years has been closely affiliated with the Theatrical Syndicate

directly and powerfully influences public taste and morality. Now, it is written in the stars that no man can permanently produce above his own level. The plays he picks from manuscript will inevitably reflect his own tastes, the men he encourages will be his own kind, the influence he exerts will be a reflex of his character. Who our theatrical managers are is a matter of vast public importance. And, ultimately, it was the character of the men who composed the Syndicate and of the men it gathered in its train which wrought its downfall. It was organized for pecuniary gain, conducted for gain, and its members never showed that they cared for the true interests of the theatre, or that they understood them, and so never had the first right to dabble with a fine art.

Abraham Lincoln Erlanger, a man who has never had any real artistic training, a man of high-handed and dictatorial methods, as the "fighting head" of the Syndicate and chief of its booking agency, did most to kill the goose that was laying him golden eggs. He killed the goose by killing off the small producer. Especially in a country like this, where there are more than two thousand first-class theatres to fill, no one man, and no single group of men, can possibly produce good plays enough to go around, even if they should possess the catholic taste of an archangel and the laboring ability of a Hercules. Yet for many years practically all the better class of plays sent out from New York have been produced by a relatively small number of men, most of them enjoying the favor of the Syndicate, and only a very few of our actors have been permitted to choose and mount their own plays, to present a repertoire instead of one part for two or three seasons. There is less profit in a repertoire. Of course, there is more growth for the actor and more pleasure for the public—but what of that?

Charles Frohman, the largest producer in the Syndicate, has done very little for the American dramatist; but he has brought us many worthy reproductions of English plays, made for him on the other side by men who know their business. He has been a wholesale importer of decent wares, and we are told he is "kind to his players"—which means he pays them well and keeps them, as he kept Miss Barrymore, for years in trivial parts which please a large section of the public. He alone of the Syndicate has any standing, at any rate, in the world of art or in the community at large. Hayman has produced nothing. Klaw and Erlanger have produced "Ben Hur," and little

else of merit. Their other productions have been either noisy, slap-stick musical affairs like the Rogers Brothers' "shows," or else the firm has been identified with salacious pieces like "The Soul Kiss" and "Miss Innocence," directly fathered by their camp-follower, Ziegfeld. Erlanger himself helped to stage that ribald obscenity, "The Queen of the Moulin Rouge," and "The Girl with the Whooping Cough" was playing at his New York Theatre when Mayor Gaynor revoked the license of the house. Nixon and Zimmerman do not count as producers. Another man, closely affiliated with the Syndicate, is generally known as being unable to tell a good play from a bad till he reads the morning papers. The firm of Cohan and Harris, the Cohan being George M. Cohan, are strong Syndicate allies. Mr. Cohan's intellectual and artistic rank is indicated by the plays and the music he writes, though it is only just to state that in the past year his firm has mounted two excellent plays, "The House Next Door" and "The Fortune Hunter." Another ally of the Syndicate was trained for the delicate task of manipulating a fine art by managing a large amusement park at Coney Island.

Aside from Mr. Frohman, then, the Syndicate has had no members nor close allies competent to furnish steadily worthy dramatic fare for the people of America. This fare has had to come from the outside managers, and only such managers as were strong enough to compel concessions from Mr. Erlanger or weak enough to minister to his vanity or yield to his demands, survived to furnish it. To men like George Tyler, of Liebler & Co., we have looked to discover much of our new, native drama. To Henry W. Savage we have looked for real operetta instead of G. M. Cohan musical-comedies. To actor-managers like Mansfield, Henry Miller, Mrs. Fiske, Sothorn and Marlowe, and to Belasco we have looked for careful, progressive, imaginative stage management. For years the best acting, the best stage direction, the freshest drama, have been furnished to us not by the Syndicate, but by the outside managers whom the Syndicate had to let live because without them it could not have filled its theatres.

But these managers have been few in number, far too few to cover the field; they have represented too narrow a range of taste. Among them also have been far too few actor-managers. Too little attention has been given to acting, to experiment, to the growth of repertoires. And that is because the small managers have been killed off and the actors who wished to branch out for themselves discouraged or choked down. Cases in proof of this

could be cited by the score. Frank Perley, once a manager, but forced out of the business, found one of his plays booked to jump from Philadelphia to East Liverpool, Ohio; from there to Dowagiac, Michigan; and then via a circuitous route with many relays to Charlotte, North Carolina. This is a typical example. Another manager of much experience, taste and skill has made but one or two productions a season for several years because he refused to meet certain implied demands of the Syndicate booking agents, and so was kept out of New York City. Next season he will mount six plays. Another small manager committed suicide, it is said, because he lost all his fortune paying railroad fares on a tour so arranged that profit was impossible.

The personal preferences of the head of the Syndicate booking agency have also played their part in suppressing experiment on our stage, or competition, or the development of new talent. An actress who owned a play married a certain man in high disfavor with Klaw and Erlanger, and retired from the stage. Several other actresses, with a little money of their own, wished to buy that play and put it on for themselves. But the negotiations always stopped at a certain point. The actress had evidently married the wrong man. Some years ago a new play by a young new author was in rehearsal. The author said something to Mr. Erlanger which offended that manager. The rehearsals stopped, and for a space of years the young author could not get any play produced. Finally a firm of managers accepted one of his dramas on condition that Erlanger would give consent (in writing) to book it. Erlanger relented, the play was produced, and the author immediately was recognized as one of the most promising talents in our theatre.

Conversely, of course, the plays and managers which met Mr. Erlanger's approval were given undue prominence and the choicest bookings. Like seeks like. These plays and managers were oftenest, perhaps, of his own kind. If not, they were the plays in which his firm had acquired the largest financial interest or which promised to his theatres the quickest financial reward. Hence, in recent years, we have seen his tastes directly reflected on our stage and inflicted upon us in the best theatres, through such pieces as "The Soul Kiss," "Miss Innocence," "The Follies of 1909," "The Queen of the Moulin Rouge," "The Girl with the Whooping Cough." As the local managers had no say in the matter, we have seen the decline from a high and dignified dramatic standard of such theatres as the Hollis Street in Boston, and the slower but no less sure with-

drawal from theatregoing of a large portion of the old-fashioned, conservative element of the population, the people who best loved the art of acting and best appreciated the finer things of the stage. A year or more ago, Erlanger declared he would not "book" any indecent shows in the Syndicate theatres. Twelve months later, the Mayor of New York had to close up one of his theatres to protect public decency. It is possible that Mr. Erlanger was overruled by the other members of the Syndicate, and compelled to book this filth against his will. But whether the responsibility rests on one man or on six, the fact remains that the power of the monopoly, when it might have been exercised for good, was exercised for evil, to debauch the stage.

But in the greed of the Syndicate for monopolistic power, and especially in the conduct of its nominal head (who, it has been frequently stated, considers himself as little less than a reincarnation of Napoleon, living in a house full of busts and mementos of the Little Corporal, and of books about him) lay the seeds of its downfall. Not only did the Syndicate keep its hundreds of little theatre managers in line by tyrannical methods, denying them all independence and extorting heavy tolls from them, not only did it keep the producers in line by threats and intimidation, not only did it kill off ambitious young managers or actors with a play, who would not "come to terms"; but its nominal head, there seems good ground to believe, suffered severe anger when due obeisance was not made before the throne. Even actors and theatre managers are human; they have shreds of independence, of self-assertion, even in defiance of pecuniary profit. Thus, after more than a decade of high-handed dominance of the American theatre, the Syndicate found itself suddenly with a fight on its hands, and heard the mutter of discontent even in the ranks of its most subservient followers.

The Shuberts—Sam S., who was killed in a railroad wreck at the beginning of the contest, and his brothers Lee and J. J.—suddenly developed astonishing independence. That was five years ago. They began to acquire theatres of their own in New York and other cities. At first the contest looked hopeless, and the Shuberts appeared to give it up for a time. Mrs. Fiske and Belasco were their only allies of power, and they had few attractions of their own. But the patched-up truce did not last long. Where these mild-seeming little Hebrews get their fighting power it is hard to fathom. But fight they did, and in the only way—by acquiring ever more rival theatres through the country, getting backers to build





*Photograph by Sarony*

### MRS. LESLIE CARTER

A former Belasco star, now under the management of John Cort, who, controlling a large circuit of theatres throughout the Northwest, broke away from the Syndicate in the spring of this year. Mrs. Carter is to appear this season in a new play by Rupert Hughes



*Photograph by Moffitt*

#### FRICTZI SCHEFF

Who until the present season has been one of the stars of the Theatrical Syndicate under the management of C. B. Dillingham. Her present contract has been made with the Shubert Brothers, the Syndicate's chief rival, and during the coming season she will appear in a musical version of "Trilby" written for her by Victor Herbert.

the houses when necessary, and by putting on more and more plays to fill them. The time came almost two years ago when they controlled playhouses in most of the larger cities, the "one week stands," as they are called. This was hopeful, but it was not enough. The 1,200 to 1,500 theatres in the one night stands were closed to them still, because the managers of those houses were bound to play only Syndicate attractions. A manager could secure a year's tour for his play from the Shuberts, but not a second or third year in the profitable one night territory, nor could he get from city to city without great expense.

But the Shuberts made flattering offers to actors and playwrights and gradually they weened away such a large list of attractions from the other camp that the Syndicate did not have attractions enough to supply its small town theatres as of old. The managers of these theatres, hit in the pocket now as well as the pride, began to grumble. A year ago, George W. Tyler, always an independent man, went over to the Shuberts, with all his fine list of stars and plays, including Viola Allen, Wilton Lackaye, "The Melting Pot," "The Fourth Estate," "The Dawn of a To-morrow" and "Alias Jimmy Valentine." At the same time, to be sure, David Belasco, who had for some years worn a martyr's crown and declaimed against the tyranny of the Syndicate, saw the lure of dollars for Warfield in the one night stands of the South, and suddenly put his crown into cold storage.

It is one of the ironies of fate that, since then, he has perceptibly lost prestige with the public, who admired him for his former allegiance to the principles of freedom. He has produced but one success and that a very mild one, while on the road even his old plays, save Warfield, have ceased to draw. There is money in a martyr's crown! Belasco's deflection, however, was not enough to stem the tide. Too many people had fretted too long under the yoke. It became apparent to the careful observer that so soon as the Independents could get a list of attractions anything like equal to the Syndicate's list, the small theatres, in defiance of the Trust, would begin to open their doors; and then the landslide.

Early in 1910 the landslide started. William A. Brady, manager of many plays, and Daniel V. Arthur, manager of Marie Cahill and De Wolf Hopper (Mr. Arthur had tried in vain to get a theatre for Hopper in New York from the Syndicate), went over to the Shuberts. Already the Shuberts were preparing to add The New Theatre company to their list of travelling attractions. They controlled as many theatres

in New York as the Syndicate. In Boston, by wise management, they had taken the prestige away from the mismanaged Hollis Street Theatre. They were intrenched in Washington, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis, and the connecting cities.

And by mid-spring, 1910, the landslide was coming down, gathering momentum as it slid, and making a roar in the theatrical world that caused Broadway to sit up astonished. First the circuit of theatres covering New England, through the man who had hitherto lined them up for the Syndicate, declared for the Open Door. Then John Cort's circuit of theatres covering the Northwest followed suit. A Pennsylvania and Ohio circuit (in which Nixon and Zimmerman owned 25 per cent. of the stock) next voted to book any plays they chose. By May 1,200 small town theatres through the country had declared their right to play whatever attractions they saw fit, and had united into the National Theatre Owners' Association. As the Shuberts already owned or controlled practically as large a number of city theatres as the Syndicate, that despotic institution was, at one blow, absolutely shorn of its power. It could no longer threaten anybody, it could no longer impose its tastes, its prejudices, its vulgarity, upon the stage of America. Napoleon had met his Waterloo.

The Syndicate, of course, is not going to die without a kick or two. Immediately it lined up its own attractions and those of a few managers still "loyal" to it, and refused to play them in any of the 1,200 "open door" houses. It also began negotiations (on paper, at least) to build rival theatres over the country. How long these managers will remain "loyal," now that their profits have dwindled in half, remains to be seen. Henry W. Savage threw it over last July, and thus took 24 attractions away from it at a blow. The situation has not, at the present writing, worked itself out fully. But one thing seems certain. There is no immediate prospect of any one-man control of the American stage in the future. In all the cities rival theatres exist; and all the one night stand theatre managers are weary of being janitors, and still more weary of losing money, which they are bound to do if, by alliance with a Syndicate, they lose all the good plays and popular players outside of such a Syndicate. They want all the good attractions they can get; and they can get them only through a free stage. Consequently they now once more fill their time for themselves, reserve the right to reject unworthy dramas sent from New York and are janitors no longer. If the Syndicate can really build up a second

chain of theatres, all the better, we shall have competition, and the best play will win. Also, we may have \$1.50 seats again!

Whether the Syndicate is ever able to build up a rival chain of theatres or not, however, the Free Stage means that hosts of small towns will now see plays and players which in recent years have not been permitted to visit them. It means that, after the season which is just commencing, at any rate, they will probably see most of the first-class productions sent out from New York, instead of half. But it means, still more, that the country at large will have a chance to see more new work by native authors tried out than ever before in the history of our theatre, picked and mounted by a greater number of men. It means that the day of the young author and the small manager and the ambitious actor has arrived.

During the winter ahead, especially if Klaw and Erlanger contrive for a few months more to keep Charles Frohman and others from playing the open door houses, the Independents will have to mount an enormous number of new plays to fill their theatres. These they will have to secure to a considerable extent from young authors and small managers. Under the new régime no extortionate booking fee is exacted. Every possible encouragement will be given to the actor who has a play and a little money to put it on with, to the small manager who has found a drama he has faith in, to anybody with theatrical wares to sell. Such a man can go and book his tour for himself, dealing directly with the various circuits of smaller theatres, and playing where he sees fit.

It stands to reason that the varying tastes of six men each producing a play will result in greater variety than the taste of one man producing six; and that a man can give closer personal attention to one production, than to half a dozen. The stage effects of Belasco result from his close, patient, personal attention. Mrs. Fiske's marvelous stage direction could not be smeared thinly over six plays and remain what it is. Still further, the actors themselves, who after all best know their own business, ought, to a much larger extent, to control their own destinies, and this they can only do when they are encouraged not to play one rôle for three seasons, but to pick and mount plays for themselves, to experiment and expand. Until two years ago, when he broke away from a manager and took up his own affairs, William Faversham was looked upon as an amiable mediocrity. The Shuberts, needing attractions, gave him the chance to play "The World and His Wife" and then "Herod," and suddenly we realized that Faversham was an

actor of solid ability and high ideals. Walter Hampden, who has bought Miss Peabody's prize play, "The Piper," ought to follow the same course. So ought Otis Skinner, an actor who for some years has consented to parade season after season in one or two parts, when he might be a leader of our stage.

We have plenty of good actors, we have just now more young playwrights who possess talent and technical knowledge than ever before. Unfortunately we have, thanks to the decade and a half of Syndicate rule, fewer managers who are in the "theatrical business" because they love the art of the theatre—men like Palmer and Daly and Steele Mackaye—men of brains and taste and skill. But, under the new conditions, these men can now arise again, and, working with the actors and the authors, can put the theatrical business where it belongs, in the hands of theatrical artists. It is only one-third a business; it is two-thirds an art; a little problem in fractions which the Syndicate failed to solve.

In the first two weeks of last May, fifty young managers and actors with some money to back ventures of their own, inspired by the landslide, came to the Independent camp with requests for a hearing next season. Of course, out of these fifty trials will be many failures. But some gold will undoubtedly be found, which under the old conditions would never have seen the light. The small manager does not have the pick of the big dramatists' work. He has to try out some play by a new author. The actor who seeks to mount a drama for himself has usually chosen one which has literary or poetic qualities of a less widely popular appeal than his former manager could appreciate—like "Herod," for example. To encourage the small manager, then, is to give the young native playwright a chance, to encourage the ambitious actor is to increase the pleasure the public may find in the theatre, to encourage the better things of the stage. And not in fifteen years has such encouragement been given in America as will be given in the seasons just ahead of us.

The theatrical business, rightly conducted, is capable of being a splendid and delightful occupation. By the sordid, monopolistic methods of the Syndicate, the theatrical business in America has latterly fallen to such a state that few men of birth and breeding could possibly be attracted into it, or remain in it with self-respect. These are hard words, but true. The best plays will always be discovered, and the best productions made, by the best men, by men of breeding, sound taste, and theatric skill.

---

## MATRIMONIAL TROUBLES OF THE JIMSIE BATES

---



"ACTUALLY, YES, ACTUALLY, THEY HAD BEGUN WITH A CANNED-FISH SALAD!"

## THE FATAL HASH

BY

MARY HEATON VORSE

AUTHOR OF "JIMSIE'S AFTERNOON OFF," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

**A**FTER Glover and Edith Sessions had gone Louise was the first to break the silence that had fallen like a leathern curtain between her and Jimsie. The question she asked was incredible. It was asked, too, in an irritating tone, a cool little society voice as one who is addressing a stranger whom one has not very much fancied. Her question—and Jimsie could not believe his ears when he heard it—was:

"Who is Miss Sessions?"

Now that was a nice thing for Louise to say, wasn't it,—“Who was Edith Sessions?” Who

was Jimsie's girl pal before he married Louise? Who was the best girl friend he had ever had? Who was the girl who had dined with him and the “bunch” night after night? Who was Edith—the first one to know about his engagement?—and at the thought of the incident which led to the telling of his engagement before it was announced Jimsie's ears grew unpleasantly hot, for he remembered that he had been fool enough to feel embarrassed over telling this news to his old friend, that he had been fool enough to dream for a moment that a girl with Edith's brains and charm should have anything

stronger than a liking or friendship for a common or garden variety of man such as Jimsie knew himself to be.

At the flooding of all these memories which exactly placed Edith Sessions, Jimsie answered with surprise mingled, too, with a touch of just irritation:

"Why, you know who Miss Sessions is, Louise! You met her at our wedding and she called on you afterward."

Louise dropped her tone of polite inquiry to one not far removed from the accents of domestic bicker.

"You don't suppose," she asked him, "that I can remember everybody, Jimsie, that came to my wedding, do you? Her face seemed familiar, however!"

Jimsie liked that—Edith's face seemed familiar! He remembered distinctly Edith's having talked to Louise at Mrs. Bronson's tea, and said so. He remembered having hoped anxiously that Edith would like Louise; *Edith* like *Louise*, mind you,—not Louise, Edith. That he had taken for granted.

"But when it comes," Louise pursued, "to bringing home stray young women to dinner without so much as telephoning me, besides men that I know as little as Mr. Glover . . . If you had telephoned, you know!"

It was the offensive phrase concerning "stray young women" which aroused the masculine dignity of Jimsie Bate.

"Louise," he said with what he hoped was sternness, "I have heard enough about my not telephoning; quite enough. I told you I tried three times and that the wire was busy every time. I never can get you, when it comes to that, when I want you on the wire. Sometimes it seems to me as if you must spend the day plastered to that telephone."

Louise had spent time at the phone, and for good reason. Her mother wasn't very well and couldn't go out and liked to talk to Louise, and had called her up three times from New Rochelle; she had called her mother up once. Nothing but affection and consideration for Jimsie had kept her from dashing out there and spending the night. She had been a bad daughter just because she loved Jimsie so much, doing the thing she always did—sacrificing her family and her friends for his sake. She hadn't even bothered him with the news that her mother wasn't very well when he had come home bringing with him two uninvited guests.

But Jimsie was still talking as Louise's mind wandered off into a consideration of how she put her own friends and family aside for love of him. He was saying:

"Besides that, it's all pose on your part, asking who Edith Sessions is. I have talked to you about her heaps of times, telling you about the gang."

Here came from Louise, prompt and distinct, a denial direct:

"You have not."

"I beg your pardon?" asked Jimsie, menace in his eyes.

"I said I have never heard you say the name of Miss Sessions in talking about what you call your 'gang,'" Louise repeated firmly.

Jimsie was silent. He prided himself on being very just. Vaguely did he remember that, because of some instinct that he had never given himself account of before, in telling stories in which Edith Sessions was concerned, she had figured as "a girl," or "a friend of mine," "a special writer who played around with the bunch," "a girl I liked." Yes, in these many stories relating to the days before one's marriage, of the kind that one likes to tell one's wife, Edith might perfectly well have been six young ladies. He had never thought about it as he did it. There was no reason for it at all. It had been done as artlessly and without taking thought as a rabbit changes his coat in winter to match the snow.

He made up for that now, but at the moment it seemed a lack of loyalty to Edith to give a minute and exact description of how good a friend she had been to him. He informed Louise that, having led the sheltered life she had, she could not appreciate what the friendship and constant companionship of a really fine girl like Edith meant to a young fellow, and he ended up with this statement:

"You can judge how good a friend of mine she is when I tell you that she was the very first person I told about our engagement—before I told any of my own people."

After this statement the heavy curtain of silence fell between them again. Jimsie sat in a big Morris chair, his feet spread out in front of him, slowly puffing his pipe, his eyes on the toes of his shoes; from where he sat he could not see Louise. He had left anger behind and soared to the heights of philosophy—philosophy tinged with the cynicism of *The Man Who Knows*, of *The Man Who Has Been There*. He gave himself the pleasure of contrasting two sets of pictures, his lips twisted in a humorous, cynical smile. One set was what you thought it was going to be and one was how it really was—a sort of series of "before and after" pictures from the viewpoint of the experienced married man.

Take the matter of unexpected guests, for instance. There is probably no man living

who doesn't imagine himself bringing home friends as he wishes.

"Come along, old man, and get something fit to eat!" are the words that every natural man expects to find himself saying at will to all his old friends. Then when you get home you expect to find a smiling wife, charmingly dressed,—a gracious hostess,—and a good little dinner, very simple, you know, but everything awfully good of its kind—real grub, in fact, as a man in his own home is entitled to. Then conversation and a good time and your old friend making a hit with your wife and your wife making a hit with your old friend, who, in his own good time, takes his departure, thinking what a lucky man Jimsie Bate is. That's the picture that you dream about; not a very elaborate one—you are not asking for frills, you are not looking for the impossible.

But what really happens? The first time—Jimsie smiled as he thought of it. He found the house dark, the maid gone and, after a search through rooms which showed the disorder of a precipitate flight, he discovered a note of insulting brevity, saying: "Called suddenly to mother's. You had better get your dinner out." He remembered well with a hot feeling under the collar his friend's quizzical little look, as he explained the situation. And on top of that, Louise had actually, yes, actually, dared to express an opinion that Jimsie could not afford expensive dinners like the one he had given his friend in a restaurant, and he hadn't replied a single word or reproached her in the least.

It was things like that that made him realize why foreign peoples chuckle over the American man. A soft, mush-hearted fool was what he was!

Then there was the second time: Louise had tried awfully hard to elaborate a simple dinner, too hard,—she might have let dinner go at pot-luck; the maid, who had done very well up to that time, left the next day. His mind trailed itself through the little string of failures diversified by one or two successes. What was the matter? Jimsie wondered, not having progressed far enough along in the knowledge that marriage gives a man of his wife to realize that Louise had not an emergency mind.

Then to-night! He had met Glover and Edith Sessions and heard about their engagement, and, feeling full of kindness and peace-on-earth-and-good-will-toward-men, he had exuberantly asked them to dinner. Glover had hesitated: the women folk in his family hadn't the emergency mind either; Edith hesitated, too. But Jimsie, in the impetuous rush of his good feeling, had swept them along before him.

They chattered and had a good time all the way uptown, but as soon as they entered the house things had gone wrong. Jimsie still longed to strangle something when he thought of Louise's polite and infinitely formal "So good of you to come."

This time, by Jove, she hadn't broken her neck with any fussings over the dinner! She had gone out and given a few orders principally concerning the opening of a can of salmon. Jimsie's mind dwelt gloomily and insistently upon the details of the meal of which he had partaken. Actually, yes, actually, they had begun with a canned-fish salad! Glover had eaten it, fed, as it were, from Jimsie's hand. Canned-fish salad! Glover, who knew every good restaurant in New York! He didn't so much mind Edith; she was a woman and would understand.

And then what followed the salad? A kind of baked hash with queer flavorings—the kind you read about in Sunday newspapers, highly flavored and un nourishing. That was the meat that had been destined for him, and that alone! That was the sort of provender on which he, a hard-working man, was expected to get up steam for next day! A sense of his own personal injury for a moment made him forget that of his friends. Hang it! What a man wanted to eat for dinner was *meat!* He had told Louise ages and ages ago that he hated hash in any of its multitudinous forms. To be sure, at that time he had been humorous about it and had made Louise laugh, but he thought he had gotten it over, gotten it over good and plenty that to him hash was *hash*, whether you called it croquettes or Syrian force-meat or gave it an Italian name and stuck a little spaghetti in it and poured tomato sauce disgustingly over it. He knew it; he could tell it! And then after you had recited a humorous epic to your wife upon your loathing for a certain dish to have it turn up as the only nourishment furnished you was just a bit too much.

He could have forgiven even that, for Jimsie Bate was magnanimous, but what hurt him most was the awful way dinner had dragged. Edith had done her best and told little stories and been charming, yes, touching. She had held out a hand of friendship shyly and sweetly to Louise and, as many times as she did it, Louise had thrown down some banality to cover it. Even Glover, man of the world though he was, and master of a difficult situation, hadn't been able to make the evening anything but lead. Outwardly they laughed and talked, but the spirit was lacking, or rather instead of the spirit of friendship and fellowship, the soul of that ignoble hash had been

substituted, and together with the rest of that frightful dinner it had dominated them, each in a separate way; and when, very soon after dinner, Edith and Glover had been going, the four had stood saying all the polite things that the occasion demanded with such threadbare insincerity that you could just see the awful time they had of it shining forth clear and plain behind their stereotyped phrases.

Jimsie had seen married friends of his alienated from their surroundings, from their companions—old friends dropping from them one by one, like the leaves of a tree at the approach of winter, men, some of them, who had charming and pretty wives like his own. He didn't know how the trick had been done; now he understood. Well did Jimsie remember having quoted the little phrase, "There is no place like home, thank God!" as he made his escape after an interminable week-end, where he had been steeped in domesticity, and where never for one second had the talk gone. He ran over the different ways he had been made to feel uncomfortable by young wives, sometimes by well-meant but uninteresting anecdotes of domestic

details that couldn't possibly have interested him; sometimes a too obvious earnestness or a too great effort to please had made him supremely uncomfortable. But, darn it! he had never been calmly and politely shoved away as he had seen Edith and Glover shoved that evening.

While Jimsie sat reviewing these gloomy events and smoked in silence, Louise, behind him, covered her face with her hands and wept; wept carefully and in silence; wept for the hopeless humiliation of that dinner. She minded Glover; oh, yes, she knew his kind. Why, she had come very near being engaged to a man of Glover's sort once—fastidious, knowing the world as he did food. But she had known, too, instinctively, that Glover was, over and above all, kind. She knew the reason Edith Sessions had become engaged to him. Then she almost choked at the humiliating thought that, in the course of his talk as to who exactly Edith Sessions was, Jimsie had emphasized the fact of Edith's recent engagement—as though Louise had stooped to any little mean jealousy. What she hated in the matter were his



"SAYING ALL THE POLITE THINGS THAT THE OCCASION DEMANDED"





"HE WASN'T SORRY FOR LOUISE; HE WAS JUST BORED"

evasions. Why shouldn't she have known about this girl who called her husband "Jimsie" and whom he called by her first name and who had evidently been such a good friend of his? She wondered bitterly what Jimsie thought of the kind of woman who imagines despicably that all the other women her husband has ever known have been in love with him.

It was Edith that was the crux of the matter. Oh, the awful humiliation of having had to serve a dinner like that to another woman, an old friend of Jimsie's! If you are young and agreeable and have been accustomed to having men around all your life you can throw yourself on the mercy of your husband's men friends; but with the women of his acquaintance—being young and pretty and knowing how to put on your clothes with an air will not help you out in the least, and well you know it. You have got to make them understand right in the first why it was that Jimsie married you. And oh, how most awfully she had failed!

Here a little sighing sob escaped her. Jimsie turned his head, looked at her, saw she was crying, and turned his head away again with slow disgust, anger welling up within him. That was the climax; that was too much! After all she had done, or rather, all she hadn't done, now she had to make a scene! By Jove! there had been too many scenes in his life; Louise cried about every little thing. It was

time it stopped. With the end in view of stopping it Jimsie inquired tactfully, in a level and superior tone:

"Would you mind telling me what you are crying about, Louise?"

He wasn't looking at her; he didn't see that she quivered all through her body at this. It was that desperate moment in the storm of tears when self-control breaks and a desire to give way to the abandon of grief seizes one. She didn't want Jimsie to see that she was crying; men don't know the awful humiliation a decent woman can suffer over crying openly before her husband. Where there is one woman who uses her tears as a weapon, there are nine who can't bear to cry when there is anybody around.

"Tears on top of a not really successful evening," Jimsie suggested, and here the storm broke; Louise, tingling with humiliation, sobbed unrestrainedly.

Jimsie, his anger now quenched, but with a slow disgust rising all through him, turned gloomy and retrospective eyes on the toes of his shoes. This was a happy home, wasn't it? He wasn't sorry for Louise; he was just bored,—profoundly bored and disgusted. He had been through the various phases that a woman's tears can induce.

The first time that he had seen Louise cry he had been moved to the depths of his being.

It had been a shattering thing, something that left him physically as though he had been through some nerve-racking accident. He just couldn't stand it, and the fact that he had been the cause of tears to that beloved person Louise made his anguish a thing not to be endured. Yes, he had felt that way then; he had been so soft-hearted that he had felt as if he had shot Louise. You know how it is—all men go through it; that acute agony of mind over a beloved one's grief doesn't continue, although the tears do. The human animal adjusts itself to everything.

So Jimsie's mind traveled along the line it had followed at the sight of Louise's tears—from anguish to dismay, and then just sympathy and a desire to help her, after that irritation had crept in. Now he had gotten past that; he told himself gloomily that he looked at the world from a different place now. He was just bored. Yes, he had gotten not to care—by Jove! it was Louise who had done it for him: . . . Her tears just bored him. . . . What if she were suffering! You can't forever and ever keep up a terrible anguish of sympathy and love for a person who is raving around because they have got a splinter in their thumb!

At first a man treats tears according to the amount of emotion they show and the pain that the woman who is shedding them is apparently suffering; later his logical mind makes him take into account the cause. Jimsie from this time forth would never sympathize with Louise's tears; she would have to show him a reason. She couldn't up and cry like a dog baying at the moon and expect Jimsie to come falling down from his perch.

So for the first time he sat tranquil and quiet and let her cry. After a time she stopped and said "Good night, Jimsie,"—even kissed him dutifully and went to bed. There was something appealing and childish, something very sad and very tired in her manner, and after she had left it gripped Jimsie. After all, Louise was Louise, and even if she was a little fool to cry about nothing at all—and what the dickens she had been crying about Jimsie could not imagine—yet she had been crying. He felt himself quite unjust and a little bit of a brute—but he was yet annoyed with her for making him feel so, and sternly repressed his moment of sympathy.

The next day neither of them spoke of the unfortunate party of the night before; they ignored it with precision. But it was here that crept over the spirit of Jimsie Bate a curious feeling of something wrong, a hint of frost in the atmosphere. They had had their troubles

before; there had been tears and misunderstandings and little quarrels as in this imperfect world must occur when two imperfect people are married one to another, but morning had always found them with a fresh world in which to begin over again—all the misunderstandings forgotten; not only forgotten but blotted out, as if they hadn't existed.

When he came home that night the same little element of the unexplained took possession of him in a disquieting fashion as soon as he met Louise, and yet on the surface everything was pleasant,—dinner was good. What on earth was the matter? Something was wrong, nothing enough to ask: "What ails you, Louise?" He knew the reply to that beforehand. It would be, "Nothing." The large blue eyes would have turned on him with a look of childlike surprise. He knew enough to know that, even if he hadn't been married such a deuce of a time.

Two days more and the same state of things continued. In the life of a normal man there is nothing that will drive him to desperation quicker than the unexplained in his domestic affairs—that nameless feeling of something awry, of an unexpressed reproach for which there is no reason. He hadn't done anything, had he? Jimsie asked himself. He went over all his little faults; there was nothing he could blame himself for. What on earth had happened, and if something had happened, why couldn't he ask Louise?

For the first time since the triumphant hours of his engagement he found the image of his wife haunting him in his working hours. Jimsie was the type of American business man who threw himself intensely into the thing of the moment. When he played, he played; when he worked, he forgot his household. He left the office cares as definitely behind him as he left the office building. But now this haunting sense of something subtly and intangibly wrong between him and Louise followed him. If he could only have put his finger on it . . . ; she was never disagreeable, she wasn't even too sweet or too polite; life was going on just the same as it had before and yet everything was different.

Nothing had happened and everything had happened. They had dropped the little incident of the dinner into the well of oblivion, as they had done much graver misunderstandings. It couldn't be that. The only tangible thing he had to lay hold of was that Louise didn't look very well—she was pale. It seemed to him that, when he came in, her eyes showed the traces of tears; it made him in turns impatient, discontented, tender, and, above all, most ever-

lastingly annoyed. He had no mind for subtleties and no patience with this sort of a shadowy misunderstanding.

He went home four nights with a well-defined intention of having it out with Louise, and when he got there, there was nothing to have it out about, not one single thing to take hold of.

Meanwhile Louise was eating her heart out. She knew what the matter was; she could have explained it all. The cruel, suspicious thought had come to her before, and then had only lasted a couple of hours; it was now a definite thing in her life—Jimsie no longer loved her, and she would rather die than mention it. She had humiliated him before his friends, and he no longer loved her; and he had

shown it when he hadn't comprehended what her tears were for; he had shown it by his lack of sympathy for her terrible humiliation; he had been showing it for some time past, only she had shut her mind to too many things. It was her fate to go unloved through life. The little vision of the perfect happiness and the perfect understanding that had so enveloped her in the first days of her marriage had proved an illusion, as it had in the lives of so many other women she knew. Now she understood these bridge-playing wives—these women who threw themselves into any fad that came along to forget that they weren't loved. Had he ever really loved her or understood her? His lack of trust in her comprehension in the matter of Edith Sessions stung her perpetually. She had told him so freely about all her affairs; why couldn't he have talked about Edith? That certainly showed that he thought she would be jealous, and it enraged her.

Jimsie himself wasn't subtle-minded enough to have explained that he hadn't told her about Edith because of a certain delicacy of the spirit. In a way he had thrown Edith down most awfully for Louise's sake. The fact that Edith hadn't minded particularly didn't alter

the fact. The moment he had seen Louise, Edith, his constant companion and good friend, had been blotted out. Now she was engaged to a man that Jimsie liked, and his last vague self-reproach was gone. Someway with her engagement he had found Edith again. But

Jimsie had no mind for introspection, and since he had not translated his emotions into words that he felt, how on earth could he explain them?

It was with a feeling of mutual relief that Louise accepted her mother's suggestion to spend a night in New Rochelle and go in shopping the next day. Both of them wanted to get away from the other—Louise from the sight of the beloved person who didn't love her, Jimsie from the cloud of the unexplained

that so tormented him. One of the hardest things for people who care for each other to bear are these times of the alienation of the spirit. You may live in close harmony, ignoring even the small rubs of life, and suddenly find yourself looking into the eyes of a stranger. The harmony is broken as definitely as the turning off of an electric current. You flounder around in the darkness with no one to tell you the way.

So Jimsie went to business with a lighter heart and Louise went to her mother's, and at the sight of her comfortable face she sank unexpectedly into tears, sobbing out some sort of a story about the dinner, which, as she told it, seemed inexpressibly trivial. And finally there came to the surface the thing that she hadn't meant to tell at all, thrown up on the top of her emotion, in spite of herself. She looked up at her mother to see the effect of her terrible discovery. Her mother was smiling—smiling with sympathy, and yet with that little hint of amusement she had seen in her face when she had comforted Louise over small and childish troubles. A little reminiscent quirk played around her mouth and a little kindly twinkle in her eyes.

"Dear me, Louise! How much you remind me of myself when I was first married to your



"DEAR ME, LOUISE! HOW MUCH YOU REMIND ME OF MYSELF WHEN I WAS FIRST MARRIED TO YOUR FATHER!"

father! How we all do walk over the same rough places! I suppose there isn't a woman living who hasn't almost worried her husband into fits because she thought he didn't love her any more. And," she continued with energy, "some of them bring it to pass, I can tell you, Louise. Many a good husband has been made to hate his wife with this attitude of mind, but sensible women like us get over it, like we do the measles."

And with these words a cloud was lifted from the spirit of Louise. It was as if she became her mother and could look back over long years at her own childishness. Before this breath of common sense her doubt and fears were blown away, like clouds before a clean wind. The twinkle of humor in her mother's eye was answered by a twinkle from Louise's.

"I suppose I have been an awful fool," she gave out ruefully.

"Indeed you have, my dear!" her mother assented with vigor.

Jimsie Bate, tired from business, was returning to the shadow of his once happy home. For the first time in his life he dreaded to meet Louise. It would all have to be done over again, he supposed gloomily, for the few days before, going home had been like entering a place where there was some gas—a gas without taste or smell, but which took all the life from the air, and, having breathed of it deeply, he dreaded to breathe it again. It was like the air of the subway in which he was riding, cold and clammy and unnatural. He stood swinging disconsolately to a strap in that hour of dejection that comes before dinner when, after a hard and rasping day, on top of it all a man has to make that uncomfortable ride before he can attain the peace of home. But Jimsie couldn't even look forward to that.

Suddenly a well-known voice smote on his ears:

"Edith," it was saying, "have you ever waited for the butcher to come as if he was going to bring back to you your immortal soul, and then when he didn't come, have you ever made up a dish out of every scrap you could find? Have you ever sneaked into your own ice-box and scraped a soup-bone and taken a

bit of an old ham that ought to have been thrown away and then seasoned it most awfully, knowing that your husband *hated* hash—and then had friends come in to eat of that abomination of desolation?"

Jimsie pricked up his ears. He was separated from the speaker by a tall German, and yet he knew that voice and knew the answering voice that laughed. Edith! Louise! The story of the fatal hash! Jimsie Bate's heart sang aloud within him. Jimsie didn't know and never would know that for a space of four heartbreaking days Louise had thought that he no longer loved her. He never would know how the wind of common sense had blown the troubled clouds out of the sky of his life. He didn't even know how grave a danger had menaced him—the first deadening breath of misunderstanding that kills joy and confidence and harmony between man and wife. He had been helpless and Louise had been helpless. They had both come to a place where no words had been possible. But the cloud



"HAVE YOU EVER SNEAKED  
INTO YOUR OWN ICE-  
BOX AND SCRAPED  
A SOUP-BONE?"

that had threatened them had passed on, and he was none the wiser. He never would know, either, in what way his wife and his old friend had been brought together, or how meeting on one of the commonplace grounds of women—that of the shop—they had covered the gap that years of ordinary acquaintanceship would have taken to bridge; for there exists some bond between two women who can shop harmoniously together all the day. All he knew was that in some inexplicable way his friend Edith Sessions was riding uptown with his wife Louise, and that they were laughing their silly heads off over the tragedy of the hash.

He brushed the German aside and greeted them and they him, radiant.

"We met Edith," Louise explained, and she gave the name out as though she and Edith had eaten out of the same porridge-bowl before they had cut their back teeth—most inscrutable are the ways of women—"we met her downtown and we lunched together, and I have been shopping all day with her for her trousseau, and she's going home to dinner with me. There's a good one to-night," she added with light airiness, "not hash, Jimsie!"

## LISTEN, MY SISTER

BY MRS. SCHUYLER VAN RENSSELAER

**H**AST thou known the demands of the core of thy heart,  
My sister?—singled them out, set them apart  
From the wide vague fancies, the keen brief pangs of desire,  
The longings that pass as a breath

Or blaze as a fire  
That scorches and scars? Hast thou tried to make sure  
What good thou shalt crave of thy life, to endure  
For thy life, unto death?

Find it, my sister. Single it out; look deep  
In thy soul and search well. Test the strength  
Of what seemeth thine uttermost wish by the length  
Of the days that may dawn ere the last bringeth sleep;  
And balance its weight  
As of jewels and gold  
That may buy thee content with the wealth of thy fate,  
Though but brief be the hours thou shalt hold  
To thy bosom thy treasure.

By all else thou couldst have thou shalt measure  
The worth of what seemeth the most and the best;  
And when thou hast finished the quest,  
Knowing surely thine ultimate need,  
Make ready to forfeit all else. The great good must be bought,  
Somewhat thou must pay as the need  
Of thy birthright, for God giveth nothing for naught;  
And his price may be great.

Thy life is thy all; do thy utmost that so  
It may yield thee its utmost. Be patient to wait  
For fruition, be instant to know  
In what field, from what seed-bed, the harvest may grow.  
Ask aid of the vision that sees thee most clearly—thine own;  
And ask of the wisdom of souls that have tested and known.  
—Ah, little sister and young, I have known, I have lived; I am right;  
Believe when I tell thee what far and forever outweigheth the rest:  
The heart of a man on thy heart day and night,  
A child on thy breast.

---

---

# THE PILGRIM'S SCRIP

---

## LETTERS, COMMENTS AND CONFESSIONS

---

---

### THE CITIES THAT WANT TO BE BIG

---

**T**HIS is census year. Everywhere I go I hear people bragging about the growth of their home cities. On many faces and in many newspapers I see the signs of pride over population. A middle Western state capital is thrilled over the fact that since 1900 the number of its inhabitants has jumped from 125,000 to 181,000, or 44 per cent. Although nobody claims that the population of our country as a whole has increased more than 20 per cent. since 1900, it will be found before this year is over that many of our cities have grown 30, 40, or 50 per cent. in the same period of time. And for this piece of news many will be glad.

But I am not glad. And for the simple reason that I live in the pooh-bah of all our big towns—New York. By a simple process of the mind I dread to see other communities marching rapidly on the way to become great centers of suffering and misery like New York. To me, news of the growth of a city of 125,000 in 1900 to a city of 181,000 in 1910 brings the thought that more people in that city are without good air and comfortable quarters than ever before. I had much rather hear that 50,000 people had left such a city and taken to the outlying farms and villages.

I suppose that Peoria's bosom will swell with glory if the census of 1910 shows it to have one fortieth of the population that New York has. But let me tell you two very little things about New York that fell across my way yesterday. And when they are told, a thousand men will rise up and say that they can tell worse things. But let that go. All that I intend is to start the imagination of readers in the right direction.

In the first place, my wife went into the butcher shop yesterday, and, while there, saw two little children. One that was in the care of the other could scarcely hold up its head, and walked weakly like an old woman. My wife asked the butcher about the children, and the butcher, when he had a minute to spare, walked around the counter and said, in a low tone:

"The fact is that those kids are underfed. They do not have enough to eat. There are seven children in the family and the father is a sober, hard-working laboring man who earns small pay—a dollar and a half a day or so. That father

comes in here every Saturday night, late, just as we are closing, and brings 40, 50, or 60 cents and asks us for as much meat as we can spare for the money he has. We give him all we can afford, and on Sunday the family has the only really square meal it gets in the week. The children look sick through lack of food and fresh air, and they ought to get away; but oh my God, what can they do? This is a terrible life, lady, for a lot of these people that I know—wedged in together and nearly starving."

This was the story that I heard in the evening, after which I told my wife a very little thing that I had seen during the hot day. It was this: a woman was sitting on a little wooden box in the street, trying to get a little air for the baby she held in her arms. She was sitting with her back to one of the pillars that support the elevated railroad. The narrow pillar protected her from being run over, but of course the traffic of the surface cars and street vehicles roared past her on both sides, and over her head rushed the great squeaking elevated trains. I may be wrong, but I am willing to venture that the whole peaceful state of Iowa does not contain a noisier or more cruelly busy spot than that which this poor woman was forced to occupy as the only available place where she could be outdoors and breathe. She probably lives in a tenement near by—perhaps in a room without any ventilation. (There are 100,000 such rooms in New York!)

It may be that these cities are the pride of civilization. But where in civilization can one find more desolation, disease, and downright unhappiness than in these same great cities? There is no more solemn news in the world to-day than the news of these great and disproportionate increases in our city population that is coming from the Census Bureau in Washington.

J. M. S.

---

### THE NUMBER OF WORDS WE USE

---

**A**N article in the July AMERICAN MAGAZINE descriptive of the great work that Dr. Peter Roberts is doing toward teaching foreigners to speak English has stirred up discussion on one of the minor although very interesting points in the article—and that is the point as to how much of a vocabulary children and small tradesmen use.

Mrs. A. W. Rankin, of Minneapolis, wife of Professor Rankin of the University of Minnesota, writes us:

"Permit me to call attention to an error in an article in the July AMERICAN MAGAZINE. Mr. Siddall, writing of Dr. Peter Roberts's work in English says: 'The average child of six or seven has a vocabulary of two or three hundred words; the average small retail merchant uses 400 or 500 words in his business dealings.'

"The fact is that the 'average' child of six or seven in the home of educated parents uses about *five or six thousand words* instead of 200 or 300. The eighth grade grammar pupil must know *fully ten thousand words* if he has comprehended his text-books. 'The average small retail merchant' could not possibly do business, even on a small scale, with 400 or 500 words, unless indeed by 'average' is meant almost no business at all."

We submitted Mrs. Rankin's criticism to Dr. Roberts and asked him to reply. Following is his letter:

"In preparing lessons in English for foreign-speaking men I tried to estimate the number of words necessary to carry on simple conversation in the affairs of daily life. I have four children, the eldest eight and the youngest three. I set to work to find how many words these children use to express their wants and to carry on their play. The eldest would not use more than 450 while the youngest would not use 150. The two, five and six and a half years respectively, used between 300 and 400 words. Upon this observation I based my statement that the average child of six years uses less than 400 words in his daily conversation. I told Mr. Siddall that a child of six used between 200 and 300 words; the figures ought to be from 300 to 400.

"The distinction should be made between the words a child of six knows and the ones he uses. My child of six knows what repeat, return, perspire, promote, etc., mean, but he never uses them. I counted the words they used, and the number will not exceed 400.

"The figures given of the words used by the average retail merchant are accurate. There are scores of men in New York City who do a flourishing business with less than 60 words. I know a Greek, whose profits average \$300 a month, and the medium of communication between him and his English-speaking patrons does not comprise 300 words. Here again it is not a question of what number of words the average American retail merchant knows, but the number he uses in the transaction of his business day by day.

"The discussion should be limited to this: how many words does the average child of six—not that of the cultured home only, but children of every social condition—use daily to express his wants, and how many words does the average retail merchant use in carrying on his business? If the question is thus limited the figures above given are pretty near the mark."

## THE STORY OF THE POLICEMAN

THE Policeman sat out under the tree and smiled. This was one of the reasons he had been elected. He was very large and strong and the people who employed him and who looked to him for protection often examined his great muscles and felt almost sorry for any robber who might stray into their town. He had smiled all through life.

The town square had been quiet for a long time, but suddenly there was an interruption. Little Mary and her companion came running around the corner screaming at the tops of their voices. "Police! Police! There's burglars in Uncle Sam's house." But the Policeman only smiled.

"Mary," he said, "did you ever see a burglar? Do you know a burglar when you see one?"

"But hurry," screamed Mary, "they're killin' him; they're knockin' his block off."

"Mary," said the Policeman, "how do you spell burglar?"

"B-E-R-glar," said the agitated Mary.

"I told you so," said the Policeman. "Now, I could prove to you quite easily by the deductive method that there never have been any burglars at all. And furthermore, in the interest of party solidarity—" But suddenly the fat was in the fire. Uncle Sam had been driven into the open and the square shook with the roar of the conflict. They all ran to the scene. The Policeman sat on the curbstone where he could get a good view. Uncle Sam put up a great fight, but at last they got him down. When he came to he found the Policeman wiping the blood from his face.

"Why didn't you help me?" murmured the old man.

The Policeman shook his head. "I couldn't," he said, "not with my judicial temperament."

"But you're the Policeman," said Uncle Sam.

"Yes, I'm the Policeman, but still I feel that my greatest duties are those of judge or umpire."

The old man relapsed into unconsciousness. At last he spoke again, weakly: "I think you might at least have caught one," he said; "the big one—the one that stamped on my neck."

"I couldn't do that very well," said the Policeman, "he's a dear friend of mine from New England."

"Well, then, the little one," said Uncle Sam; "the one that took my collar."

"What! get dear old Uncle Joe?" said the Policeman. "You are asking a little too much."

The old man wept with rage.

"To think," he said, "all my belongings stolen, all this treachery and villainy and betrayal and not a single one arrested."

The Policeman arose. He spoke with decision.

"There are going to be arrests all right," he said, "don't worry about that. And we'll begin with Mary here and her little pal. Come, Mary, bring your hoop. For they made a loud noise," said the Policeman, "which has tended to discredit my administration."

G. W.

---

## IN THE INTERPRETER'S HOUSE

---

*"So they drew on towards the house (the house of the Interpreter), and when they came to the door they heard a great talk in the house." Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress*

---

*"NOT A RIOT, SIRE, BUT A REVOLUTION"*

---

**A**MERICA is witnessing a great movement in politics—said the Observer—a movement that may be historic in its significance. The movement is within the Republican party. A moral protest is forming against the control of the Republican party by the great corporate interests of New York and New England. The thing known as a corporation is essentially selfish. It is organized solely for gain. It has its being because men can make more money through the corporation than they can make otherwise. It is one of the few human institutions that has no altruistic side. Men serving corporations often grow like what they serve. The successful corporation attorney or manager is likely to become impressed with the importance of the material side of life. Sentiment does not move him deeply. Now a political party, like an army, moves on its belly, and when the provender of a political party comes from great corporations the party naturally bleeds for property.

**A Political  
Party  
"Marches  
on its  
Belly"**

When President Taft came to the White House he sincerely desired to have the best advice he could get. He is a lawyer. Naturally he regarded those who were successful in his profession as the wisest of men. So he called about him the most successful lawyers he could find. The growth and dominance of corporations in the business of this country, with their essentially selfish attitude toward life, made it inevitable that the successful lawyers should be those who had served the corporations, and had become, like the corporations they served, material, crass, and selfish. The President is "the titular head" of the party. So we find the titular head of the party surrounded by men whose instincts are trained in a material world. To them sen-

timent seems a silliness; and we find great corporations furnishing campaign contributions to the Congressional committee of the Republican party.

**T**RUE—said the Reporter—and then a tariff bill was passed. Schedules were arranged obviously to fit campaign contributions and great interests were protected because they are great and powerful. The President, surrounded by men who think in terms of business, made a business defense of the tariff. The people, who think in terms of morals, made a moral protest. The President smiled. It seemed to him a passing pout. No

**Taft's Cabinet  
Thinks  
in Terms  
of  
Business**

one around him knew enough about public sentiment to tell the President that he was facing the deep-set anger of an outraged people. Statistics will not convince them. One might as well tell the father of a stolen child what a revenue producer the child is, and expect him to be proud, as to quote clearing-house figures and customs receipts to the American people. Any one but corporation lawyers would know this. The protest was moral, not economic, and no amount of prosperity will quiet the protest.

For nine months after the passage of the Payne-Aldrich tariff act the air was filled with indignant clamor. Congressmen nominated to fill death vacancies were defeated. That was explained as Democratic party agitation. Then the Indiana Republican state convention met. Senator Beveridge, who had voted against the tariff bill, was a candidate for renomination as Senator by his party. The Republican state convention refused to endorse the Payne-Aldrich law, and it commended Senator Beveridge for his vote. The fire was out inside the Republican party. Minne-



sota held her state Republican convention and refused to endorse the tariff act, and, like Indiana, commended her Republican Senators and Congressmen who voted against the bill. South Dakota followed; Nebraska denounced Cannonism; Iowa followed Nebraska. Kansas Republicans at the primaries defeated four of the six Congressmen who voted for the tariff bill and endorsed a governor who denounced the bill. Republicans all over the West who voted against the bill in Congress have been sustained up to date at the Re-

**The Thing  
Called  
Insurgency**

publican primaries and conventions, without opposition, and Congressmen who voted for the bill have had to fight for their lives in the party organization. In ten instances these men lost their nominations.

The thing called insurgency, which the President tried to choke with statistics, is alive—alive and kicking with a high voltage.

**B**UT Indiana started the fight—broke in the Observer again. The Indiana Republican state convention first hurled defiance at the plunderbund within the party. So this contest for a free party may be properly called the Indiana contest. Certain aspects of the contest differ in different states. But fundamentally Indiana is typical of the whole contest. For in Indiana, as in the other insurgent states, the rank and file of the party has overthrown the Republican party machine; the rank and file of the Republican party has named Republican candidates who are opposed by the machine; and the machine is willing to let a Democrat win rather than to help the Republican nominees to victory.

Senator Albert J. Beveridge won the Republican nomination for United States Senator after a full and fair discussion of his record all over Indiana. He appealed to Republican voters with his case and not to the great corporate interests that were formerly in the habit of dispensing party nominations by reason of their campaign contributions. Senator Beveridge has stood in the Senate against those interests. He

**Concentrating  
the Fire  
on Senator  
Beveridge**

has offended them. When the interests of men and of property were in conflict Senator Beveridge's record shows that he has stood unflinchingly for men. So he finds himself out of accord with the national organization of his party, and in accord with the voters of his party. Organized property is against him.

Unorganized men are for him. It would seem a simple matter—easy of decision. But the great corporate interests of this country are cunning. If Indiana people could vote directly for the election of Senator Beveridge, Indiana would elect him. But the lever that must elevate him to office is compound—therefore liable to fracture. The voters have to vote for a member of the Legislature, who in turn votes for a Senator. The game in Indiana is to break the lever; to raise local issues; to confuse the voters; to carry the Legislature away from Beveridge on some trumped-up question. So we find that in every district in Indiana men are at work trying to defeat the Republican Legislative candidates—not by explaining that a vote for the Republican member of the Legislature is a vote for Beveridge, but by ignoring that fact and laying emphasis on the minor faults of the member; by calling attention to his religion, his position upon the temperance question, the color of his hair, his previous condition of servitude or his standing with the Anti-Horse Thief Association.

Money in unlimited sums is ready for use to defeat Senator Beveridge. It will be brought into any legislative district where there is a chance to befog the people. Side

**Indiana  
the  
"Bloody  
Angle"**

issues are being magnified by the manipulators of politics; prejudices are aroused; and all the devilish devices of politics are called into play to make the Legislature Democratic—not because Mr. Kern,

the Democratic Senatorial candidate, is particularly desirable to the great interests, but because the defeat of Senator Beveridge would be a lesson to other Republicans who might in the future venture to go his way and fight for men. The interests that prey upon the people through special privilege desire the scalp of Beveridge for a warning. They desire to hold it up to others who would fight for the rights of men and say: "Behold the fate of all reformers. The people will not sustain the reformer. You can fool the people, but you can't fool us."

**S**O here—said the Philosopher—we have the situation: The contest between the rights of men under this government and the rights of property under this government. A man should have all he earns. Also he should earn all he has. He should give something to society for his living, and society should guarantee that he has a living commensurate with what he gives. But by

tariff laws that permit great trusts to thrive, the people pay from their earnings millions

**The Rights  
of Man**

vs.

**the Rights  
of Property**

upon millions in penny contributions to the owners of watered stock in dividends; these dividends come because the trusts capitalize not actual property nor actual service; they capitalize the

laws of the very people who are robbed.

Millions of men and women are made to pay tribute by their own laws to great aggregations of capital that by their very size can afford to put by funds for political purposes; thereby to secure political privileges that smaller capitalists could not obtain. These special privileges virtually legalize the plundering of the people. These special privileges give to the few what they do not honestly earn, and they take this plunder from the many who do honestly earn it. Society is failing in its guarantee to make those who get give something for what they get; moreover, society is failing to protect those who earn in the use of their earnings. Thus from trusts with swollen capitalization men buy the necessities of life at exorbitant profits. These exorbitant profits pay dividends upon what our United States Supreme Court has seen fit to call "fictitious capitalization." This fictitious capitalization is the gun that holds up the people and robs them. And the unnecessarily high tariff is the hand that holds the gun. Those who get what they do not earn steal it from those who earn what they do not get.

So the plunderers of the people can afford to go into politics. They can afford to spend millions to hold their right to rob. The defeat of Beveridge would be worth a king's ransom to them. And the election of Beveridge would be worth an empire to the people. For if he is vindicated by the people, others will follow his course. The tide will turn from the pirate crew and leave them stranded. The members of the crew know this. They realize that the defeat of Beveridge is vital. And hence we find the contest in Indiana a death struggle for predatory wealth. We find the same struggle in Wisconsin against Senator LaFollette, and in Minnesota against Senator Clapp, in Kansas against Governor Stubbs and the Republican Congressional nominees, and in Iowa against the whole

Republican organization. Wherever a free man is found struggling in the Republican party for his political life, the same sinister forces are against him that are organized to fight Senator Beveridge in Indiana.

The men who get what they do not earn from those who earn what they do not get are for the first time since the fall of slavery in this country facing a great moral protest. A new fight for freedom is upon us. The predatory interests are active in the Republican party because that party happens to dominate. But the

**The New  
Fight  
for  
Freedom**

Democratic party has only to show signs of life to find the forces of evil working in it. There is no hope in either party. The real hope of the people is to clean out both parties, and make them serve this country. It will do no good to change parties. So long as people can be fooled by merely changing parties, the powers that prey will keep that game up, and fatten on it. That is the game in Indiana. But the question before the people now is to cleanse the party in power. That may be done only by standing by men like Beveridge in Indiana, LaFollette in Wisconsin, Clapp in Minnesota, Stubbs and Murdock in Kansas; and the insurgent Republican Congressmen wherever they are named. These men represent the free element in the Republican party. They are captains in the new battle for freedom in America. They stand for the free man who demands his earnings in this civilization of ours. If his earnings were not picked from his pockets to pay unrighteous dividends upon stock watered by the capitalization of unjust laws, the average man would have more savings, more leisure, more time to think and grow and enjoy and improve the world about him. It is his freedom that the average man needs—his freedom to dominate his own party, to make his own laws, to run his own government, to live a broader, better life than he may live under the rule of the great interests that control the government by campaign contributions to whatever party may be in power. That is what the fight in Indiana means—what it means all over America.

It is the fight of free men for a free party, that through it they may serve a free country.

## Growing Children

develop sturdy bodies and bright brains when reared upon proper food.

One child, properly nourished, will grow to splendid manhood—strong and rugged as a young oak; another, carelessly fed is handicapped through life.

A child's future depends largely upon the mother's careful selection of its food.



# Grape-Nuts

is a scientific food, contains the vitalizing elements in wheat and barley, so prepared as to supply true nourishment for the child's rapidly developing body and brain.

This nourishment is derived solely from Nature's laboratory—the grain-fields—thus it is Nature's gift to mothers for the highest development of growing children.

**“There's a Reason”**

Postum Cereal Company, Ltd., Battle Creek, Michigan, U. S. A.

# Melba



"I have tried the records and find them really wonderful reproductions of my singing. I feel that in them all the care and trouble to which your experts went have found great reward. My friends who have heard them are simply delighted with them".

*Nellie Melba*

for the sole purpose of  
making records for the

# came to America a week ahead of time

She spent the entire week of August 20-27 in the Victor laboratories at Camden, making a series of records by our new and improved recording process, and was so enthusiastic with the result that she made over her records already listed in the Victor catalogue.

These new Melba records are truly remarkable examples of the famous singer's glorious voice and conclusively demonstrate the great progress of the Victor.

These Melba records will be placed on sale with all Victor dealers in the early future. In the meantime drop in any store where you see the famous Victor trademark and just ask to hear the Victor or Victor-Victrola. You'll be astonished and wonder why you have waited so long.



# Victor

# You Scarcely Realize Low Cost of the

**W**ONDERFUL" is just the word. They range from \$550 upward. But suppose you buy a thousand-dollar Weber **PIANOLA** Piano. This really means that you appropriate that sum for, say, twenty years. (Weber pianos, of course, last longer than this.) A thousand dollars for twenty years—only fifty dollars a year. Think of it! For the price of two theater tickets a month you have one of the world's leading makes of pianos; which

*Immediately Endows You and Every Member of Your Household with Complete Music Mastery. With the Ability to Play Everything, Either According to Your Own Interpretation, or as the Masters Play.*

The pianist's years of practice yield a repertoire of but a few score selections. The **PIANOLA** Piano assures you at once a range as wide as musicdom, from the latest popular hit to opera, from waltz to symphony.

The **PIANOLA** Piano is the only player-piano that is equipped with

the **METROSTYLE**, the **THEMODIST**, the **Graduated Accompaniment** and the **Sustaining Pedal Device**.

These improvements humanize its performance. They give it the personal caress, the mood-echoing touch and tempo of the virtuoso, who thrills, soothes, invigorates, inspires.

That is why the **PIANOLA** Piano reveals new delight every day. It can never become wearisome, because its music is "soul deep."

And you can play it without finger drudgery, without the strain of eyes constantly flitting between music sheets and keyboard.\* All the vitality is spared for inter-

pretation and enjoyment.

*The **PIANOLA** Piano is the Personal Messenger of All Your Favorite Composers or Artists, Always at Your Beck and Call.*

They have interpreted for it their own and other compositions. The music rolls are marked by the musical authority best qualified.

\*Of course, if you prefer, the **PIANOLA** Piano may be used simply as a piano for hand playing or practice.



# the "Wonderfully" PIANOLA Piano

**A** CONCERT by Paderewski, Rosenthal, Bloomfield-Zeisler and other masters would cost a fortune. You can have it all in one evening on your PIANOLA Piano. It gives you the priceless privilege of illustrious, congenial musical associations and guidance. Formerly this was possible only for a limited time to a limited few, after much outlay, travel and inconvenience.

Answering every taste the PIANOLA Piano is more than a musical instrument and artist combined—more than an entertainer and educator. It is a rallying center that makes homes happy and attractive.

In selecting a PIANOLA Piano you have the satisfaction to know:

*Your judgment is endorsed by practically every musical authority.*

*By the leading educational institutions of the country.*

*By royalty and others who demand the best.*

*No one else can play better music, or play music better than you and your loved ones.*

*No other instrument has passed such durability tests. One went twice to the Polar Sea with Peary. Twenty-six of them cruised around the world with the American battle fleet, when vi-*

*brating engines, rolling ships, changing climate, jags, dampness, gun concussion and hard use by the crews crowded into a brief year the wear of generations.*

*Back of the PIANOLA Piano stands the world's foremost musical business, with agencies almost everywhere, always in touch with the musical authorities, always eager to insure satisfaction to its thousands of patrons.*

Can other returns compare with an investment in a PIANOLA Piano?

Our *Easy Purchase Plan* allows you and your family to enjoy possession at once. The payments are adapted to your convenience.

The popularity of the PIANOLA Piano has bred many imitations—"as a commercial necessity." To avoid disappointment do not look merely for a "player piano." Secure the real PIANOLA Piano. See that this name is on the fall board.

## UPRIGHT PIANOLA PIANOS

The Steinway . . . . .	\$1250 and \$1500
The Weber . . . . .	\$950 to \$1150
The Steck . . . . .	\$850 and \$950
The Wheelock . . . . .	\$700 and \$800
The Stuyvesant . . . . .	\$550 to \$700

## GRAND PIANOLA PIANOS

The Steinway . . . . .	\$2000 to \$2350
The Weber . . . . .	\$1800
The Steck . . . . .	\$1500

Send for handsome Catalog H and the name of our nearest authorized agent. By return mail you will have information that will post you fully on the subject of PIANOLAS and PIANOLA Pianos.

**THE AEOLIAN COMPANY, Aeolian Hall, 362 Fifth Ave., New York**

The Largest Manufacturers of Musical Instruments in the World



Trinidad  
Lake asphalt for  
shipment to make  
Genasco Ready Roofing.

The asphalt  
is transported  
by over-head cable  
from Lake to ship.

## Are you befogged?

You can't get befogged about roofing if you steer straight for Genasco, and get it to cover all your buildings.

# Genasco Ready Roofing

is made of the only perfect waterproofer—Trinidad Lake asphalt. It is Nature's own product—no mystery; no guess-work. Genasco has the life that lasts. Proven by over thirty years' use of natural asphalt.

**The Kant-leak Kleet** is the greatest invention for applying roofing. Makes seams positively water-tight without cement. Adds beauty to the roof. Supplied in rolls of Genasco when specified.

Ask your dealer for Genasco, Gold Medal (highest award) Seattle, 1909. Mineral or smooth surface. Look for the hemisphere trademark. Write for samples and the Good Roof Guide Book.



THE BARBER ASPHALT PAVING COMPANY

Largest producers of asphalt, and largest  
manufacturers of ready-roofing in the world.

PHILADELPHIA

New York

Chicago

San Francisco

### Cross-section Genasco Smooth-surface Roofing



Trinidad Lake Asphalt  
Asphalt-saturated Wool Felt  
Trinidad Lake Asphalt



# Heating for delicate women

The width of a window-sill separates fierce Winter from gentle Summer—that is, if your heating outfit has been rightly chosen. The most delicate women and the frailest flowers thrive and bloom in the wholesome warmth and ventilation brought about by

## AMERICAN & IDEAL RADIATORS & BOILERS

The cleanly, genial warmth these outfits produce enables your wife to dress in light-weight, becoming clothing, to appear at her graceful best, to work and exercise unrestrictedly, and relieves her of all back-breaking drudgery that is a part of old-fashioned heating methods.

IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators are sure aids to domestic happiness and economy. They keep the house cozy and healthful in all kinds of bad weather. By saving much coal and doing away with repair bills, as well as giving long life to furnishings and decorations, they more than earn their cost. In fact, they are in every way an investment—not an expense.



**ADVANTAGE 21.** All IDEAL Steam Boilers are fitted with Syphon Regulator, which is the greatest improvement made in a century, for giving perfect control over the draft and check dampers. This regulator keeps the steam steadily at the right point for economical heating and insures uniform heating of the rooms. Saves running up and down the cellar stairs during quick-changing weather. (If you have a boiler without this regulator be sure to write us for full particulars.) Ask also for our new edition of "Ideal Heating" (free) which tells all the *advantages* of the world-famous IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators.

If you want to make your home a haven of warmth, don't wait until you build, but comfort your present house with an outfit of IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators. Put in now without disturbing your old heaters until ready to start fire in the new.



A No. 2128 IDEAL Boiler and 270 ft. of 38-inch AMERICAN Radiators, costing the owner \$135, were used to Hot-Water heat this cottage.



A No. A-221 IDEAL Boiler and 466 ft. of 38-inch AMERICAN Radiators, costing the owner \$215, were used to Hot-Water heat this cottage.

At these prices the goods can be bought of any reputable, competent fitter. This did not include cost of labor, pipe, valves, freight, etc., which installation is extra and varies according to climatic and other conditions.

Showrooms in all  
large cities

### AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

Write to Dept 19  
CHICAGO

## Best by Test

Chemically

Practically



TRY TO MAKE SOAP PASTE OF THE  
FLUFFED SOAP POWDERS BY PEAR-  
LINE'S DIRECTIONS—SEE WHAT YOU'LL  
GET

## Why Buy Wash Water?

It requires two or more table-  
spoonfuls of the Big Packages of  
Fluffy Soap Powder to do the work  
of one tablespoonful of PEARLINE

### WHY?

Dry the powders by spreading  
them thinly in the sun or in a warm  
spot—leave for 24 hours—then  
weigh them—you'll find the differ-  
ence is in the bulk, not the weight.

PEARLINE IS CONCENTRATED SOAP POWDER—  
THESE BIG PACKAGES ARE  
FLUFFED SOAP POWDERS.  
PEARLINE IS BEST AND  
CHEAPEST

## Use Paint made with Oxide of Zinc



We do not grind Oxide of Zinc in oil.  
A list of manufacturers of Oxide of Zinc paints mailed  
free on request.

In selecting the paint for your  
house, look ahead! How will it look  
in six months? How much of it  
will be left in three years?

### OXIDE OF ZINC

insures durability and permanent  
beauty.

See that your paint contains  
Oxide of Zinc

Oxide of Zinc is unalterable even  
under the blow-pipe

The New Jersey Zinc Co.

55 Wall Street, New York

## If You Think of Buying a Vacuum Cleaner, Now or Later Save This Advertisement



The vital points in a Vacuum Cleaner are *volume of air*, and a *constant, even suction*. But these qualities are of little value unless the machine is Simple in Design and Operation. Let your common sense be your guide.



**SIMPLICITY OF DESIGN.** Every superfluous working part is sure to make trouble through wearing out. The Sturtevant has only one moving part—the fan besides the motor. It has no gears to loosen, no valves to wear out. This means durability and many years of efficiency.

The dust-screen and dust-collector are extremely simple and easily managed. The whole cylindrical front of the cleaner is given to screening and collecting the dirt. A small screen must soon clog. The Sturtevant will clean a whole house without clogging. Don't be fooled by claims of "compactness and consequent light weight." A small dust-screen is a constant nuisance through speedy clogging.

The motor is separated from the dust by a solid aluminum wall. This is one reason why our cleaner outwears others, in which there is constant sifting of fine dust into the motor.

**SIMPLICITY OF OPERATION.** Anyone can use the Sturtevant. Simply connect the cord with an electric socket, turn the button and you have nearly 100,000 cubic inches of air rushing through the hose each minute. The 1-inch hose gives nearly twice the air-volume of the ordinary  $\frac{3}{4}$  inch hose with greater velocity at the cleaning tool, thus picking up larger particles and working at a greater distance from the tool.

The dust-bag is reached by turning two thumb-screws, and letting down the door which forms the top half of the cleaner. This can be done in less than a minute, although the dust receptacle is large enough to hold the gatherings of months.

The lack of complicated parts to get out of order and the extreme simplicity of operation make the Sturtevant Cleaner especially valuable for housekeepers who are not skilled in mechanical things.

# Sturtevant VACUUM CLEANER

Above all else, keep these facts in mind:

1. A revolving fan must long outwear any pump, bellows or diaphragm because it suffers almost no wear and tear; also it gives a *constant* instead of an intermittent suction.



2. The effective handling of rapid air currents is one of the most difficult and complex departments of engineering.

3. The B. F. Sturtevant Company has had more experience in designing, building and installing air-driving apparatus than all other firms in the world combined.

*Patent Applied For*  
This oddly shaped fan, revolving thousands of times a minute, gives greater volume of air and evenness of suction than are possible with any other device practicable for portable cleaner.

Delivered anywhere express prepaid in the United States, complete, ready to use, with unusually full equipment of cleaning tools, for

**\$130.00**

It carries, in every detail of construction and operation, the strong guarantee that goes with all our apparatus.

For further information, write for booklet No. 44, or call at one of our offices named below.

In addition to this household cleaner, we make larger machines for vacuum cleaner systems to be installed in hotels, residences public buildings, etc.

## B. F. STURTEVANT CO., Hyde Park, Mass.

MACHINES CAN BE SEEN AT FOLLOWING BRANCH OFFICES:

50 Church St., New York; 135 N. 3rd St., Philadelphia; 329 W. 3rd St., Cincinnati; 300 Fullerton Bldg., St. Louis; 530 S. Clinton St., Chicago; 711 Park Bldg., Pittsburg; 1006 Wash. Loan & Trust Bldg., Washington, D. C.; 34 Oliver St., Boston; 529 Metropolitan Bldg., Minneapolis; 423 Schofield Bldg., Cleveland; 1108 Granite Bldg., Rochester; 326 Hennen Bldg., New Orleans; 36 Pearl St., Hartford.

WE ARE GLAD TO QUOTE TRADE TERMS TO RESPONSIBLE DEALERS.

When writing to advertisers please mention THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

**Strengthens the Over-worked**

**Insures a Rapid Recovery**

**Make Yourself Over**

Perfect happiness is always perfect health. Build up those wasted tissues—infuse new life into your blood—reconstruct worn out nerve cells and fit yourself to enjoy the vigor and energy of youth. Keep yourself in trim with a little of

# Pabst Extract

## The "Best" Tonic

each day. It is a pure, wholesome, predigested liquid food, containing all the nutritive and digestive elements of rich barley malt and the tonic properties of choicest hops. It is welcomed by the weakest stomach and is easily and quickly assimilated by the entire system—making rich, red blood and giving new life to one's vital organs.

Physicians recommend Pabst Extract, The "Best" Tonic, to strengthen the weak and build up the overworked—to relieve insomnia and conquer dyspepsia—to help the anaemic and turn nerve exhaustion into active, healthy vim—to encourage listless convalescence to rapid recovery—to assist nursing mothers and reinvigorate old age.

The U. S. Government specifically classifies Pabst Extract as an article of medicine—not an alcoholic beverage

Order a Dozen from Your Druggist—Insist Upon it Being Pabst

Free Booklet, "Health Darts," tells ALL uses and benefits of Pabst Extract. Write for it—a postal will do.

Library slip, good for books and magazines, with each bottle

**PABST EXTRACT CO.**  
Dept. 1, Milwaukee, Wis.

**Relieves Enervating Insomnia**

**Al-lays Nervous Irritability**

The Labor Saving Features  
and Improvements in

# Crawford Ranges

Are Found in No Others!

The **Single Damper** (patented). Perfect fire and oven control by one motion—push the knob to “Kindle,” “Bake” or “Check”—*the range does the rest.* Worth the price of the range.

The **Ash Hod** in the base is a patented feature. If a prize were offered for the *worst* plan for disposing of ashes, the ordinary stove would get it. By our

plan the ashes fall through a chute into a Hod, *all* of them, making their removal safe, easy, cleanly. The Coal Hod is alongside the Ash Hod, out of the way.

The **Oven** is the surest, quickest of bakers. Scientific curved heat flues with non-leaking cup-joints and the asbestos oven back insure perfect and uniform heating.

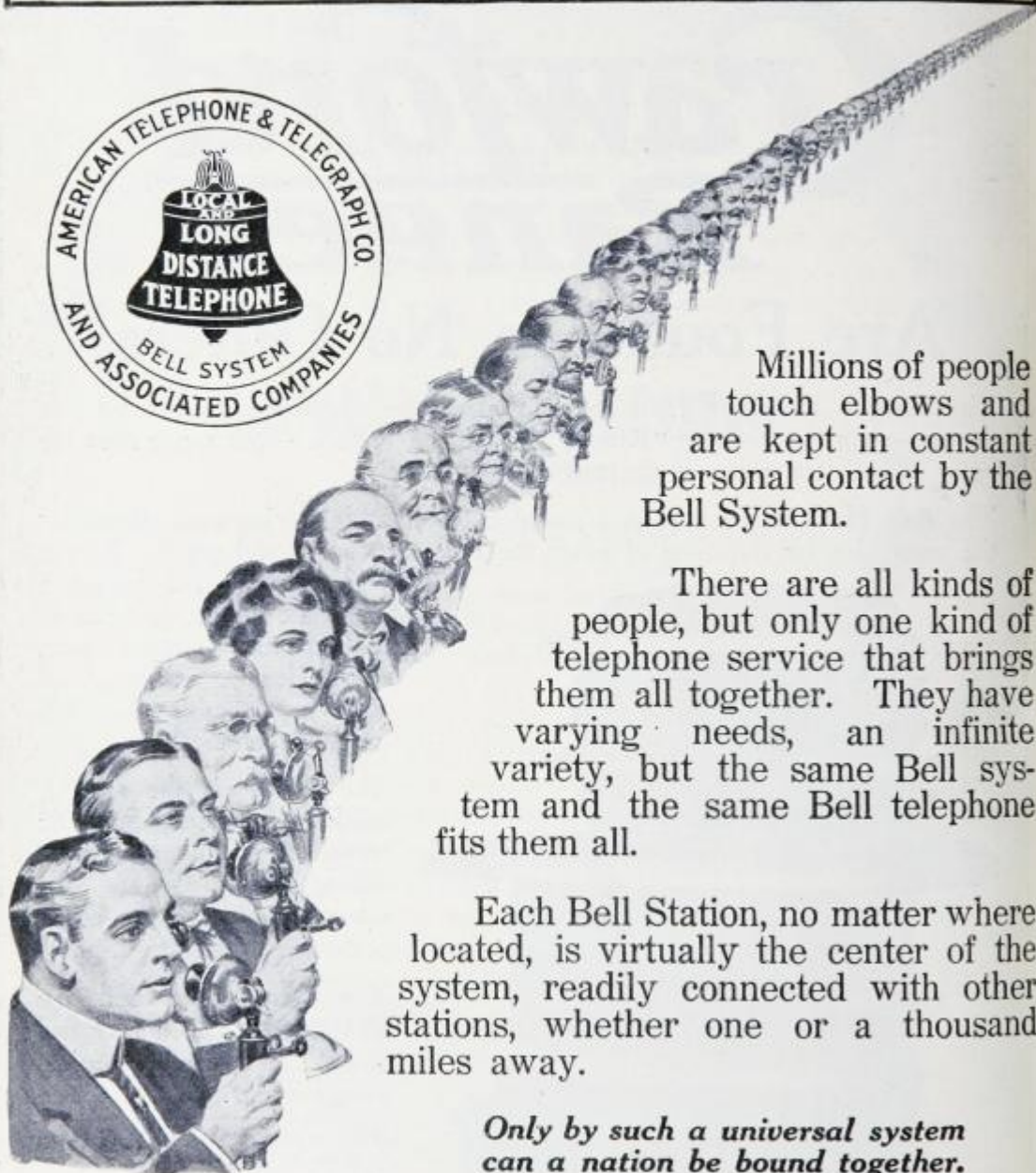
The **Fire Box** and the **Patented Grates** save fuel and enable a small fire to do a big baking.

*Write for Illustrated Booklet. If Crawfords are not sold in your town we will tell you how to get one.*

**Walker & Pratt Mfg. Co.**  
31-35 Union St., Boston



# A United Nation



Millions of people touch elbows and are kept in constant personal contact by the Bell System.

There are all kinds of people, but only one kind of telephone service that brings them all together. They have varying needs, an infinite variety, but the same Bell system and the same Bell telephone fits them all.

Each Bell Station, no matter where located, is virtually the center of the system, readily connected with other stations, whether one or a thousand miles away.

*Only by such a universal system can a nation be bound together.*

**AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY  
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES**

When writing to advertisers please mention THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

# THE HOWARD WATCH

**T**here will be no more Howards as low as \$37.50, except the limited number now in the dealers' hands. The increasing demand for our better watches compels us to stop making this grade and concentrate on the finer movements.

On February 1st, of this year, we had to discontinue the \$35.00 Howard as we announced at that time, and on June 15th we made the last of the \$37.50 quality. These are both excellent watches.

The \$35.00 watch sold out so fast that many people were disappointed. They didn't see the jeweler soon enough. It will be the same with the \$37.50 if those who desire them do not act quickly.

**See your jeweler at once, there will never be another Howard made at \$37.50**

This watch is 17-jewel single roller escapement, tested in its case at the factory—adjusted to three positions, temperature and isochronism—in hunting case only.

We wish it clearly understood that this is not a raise in price of Howard watches. It means that we have to increase our production of the finer watches and we can't do that by hurrying the work. In 65 years of watch making history a Howard has never been slighted.

Every year there are more men who want to own a Howard—never quite enough to go around.

The price of each watch is fixed at the factory and a printed ticket attached.

Not every jeweler can sell you a Howard watch. No jeweler can charge you more than the printed ticket calls for and the Howard is always worth that price.

Talk to the Howard jeweler in your town—he is a good man to know.

**E. HOWARD WATCH WORKS  
BOSTON, MASS.**

# STEINWAY VERTEGRAND

To possess a Steinway is to have a piano that stands *first*, not only from the point of tone and workmanship, but also as regards the reputation of the makers

—a reputation won by strict adherence to the highest art standard.

Steinway leadership is fully expressed in the Steinway Vertegrand.

*The  
Upright Piano  
of  
"Grand" Value.*

*Illustrated Catalogue  
will be sent upon  
request and mention  
of this magazine.*



EBONIZED  
CASE \$550

**STEINWAY & SONS**

STEINWAY HALL

107 and 109 East Fourteenth Street, New York

*Subway Express Station at the Door.*



# The Book of Mens Fashions

Fall & Winter  
1910-11



## Is Your Appearance Worth a Postal—

or a two cent stamp?

That's the only expense attached to your getting a real style book — an *absolute authority* in fashions for men.

Furthermore, the Adler-Rochester Style Book — for Fall and Winter, 1910-11 — shows what is *possible* in clothes.

It takes you through the famous Adler-Rochester plant — the finest tailoring institution in the world. It tells, briefly and interestingly, the reason why our

clothes are worn by the best dressed men today.

We've designed *forty-one styles* this Fall. Let this book be your guide in which style is best for you.

Learn from it how the *finest* first-grade clothes are made, and how you may get them at *ordinary* good clothes' prices. Then you'll realize *why* you will be better dressed — and without any greater outlay — if you demand

## ADLER-ROCHESTER CLOTHES

You'll find that the merchant who handles our clothes in your town has *your interests* at heart. Otherwise he'd be selling other clothes — entirely in *his own* interests.

The name and address of this merchant accompanies the Adler-Rochester Fall Style Book.

The value of this book to you — or to any man who esteems his appearance — is *priceless*.

Yet it is yours for a simple request. Ask for Edition D and *mail today*. To delay may be to forget. To forget is to continue buying clothes haphazard — to be a loser in purse and in appearance. *Act now!*

L. ADLER, BROS. & CO., Rochester, N. Y.



## America's Greatest Violinist heard the Apollo and *thought it was some great artist*

In Syracuse, N. Y., Francis Macmillen, the world-renowned violinist visited a large musical establishment. As he entered the "Apollo Room" a gentleman seated at one of the instruments was interpreting the Schumann Nocturne. Turning to his companion, Mr. Macmillen said: "What a wonderful touch that man has!" He thought the performer was some great artist. Coming closer he discovered the instrument was the Apollo. He was still more surprised to learn that the performer was not a musician, having become discouraged in his youth, after taking a few piano lessons. The great violinist added that it was *the only player he had ever heard with a true human-like touch.*

MELVILLE CLARK'S

# APOLLO

## Player Piano

We Own The Exclusive Right To Play Directly On The Keys

"I am astonished at the improvements that the APOLLO player reveals. The device permitting the transposition of a composition into any key, the automatic rewinding and also the easy action of the pedals positively challenge admiration and are a certain guarantee of a great future for this ingenious invention"



Joseph Hofmann

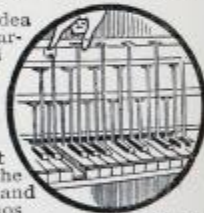
*Why should you, knowingly, do a thing backwards, or the wrong way?*

Did you ever see anyone play a piano by any other method than *touching down on the piano keys?*

Do you know that we own the patents on the *natural* way of playing the piano with an interior player—with the *downward touch on the keys?* You could not expect our competitors to make this point clear.

Would you like to read the patents that give us this right? The patents that cover the reason why *musicians* remark that the Apollo *does not sound "mechanical."*

If you have the slightest idea that you will ever be in the market for a player piano it will pay you in *dollars and satisfaction* to investigate the Apollo. Your name and address will bring a catalog and absolute proof that the Apollo is the one instrument of its kind that *can* play in the natural way. The real facts and information about player pianos that we will trade for a penny postal are well worth having. Write now.



Showing How the Mechanical Fingers of the Apollo Press DOWN on the KEYS

**Melville Clark Piano Company**  
415-17 Van Buren Street, Chicago, Ill.

It Hits  
Like the  
Hammer  
of Thor. the



# WINCHESTER

.401 CALIBER

## Model 1910 Self-Loading Rifle

This repeater, which is the latest Winchester product, has speed and power plus. It's speedy because, being reloaded by the recoil of the fired cartridge, it can be shot as fast as the trigger can be pulled. It's powerful because it handles a cartridge of the most modern type—one that strikes a blow of 2038 foot pounds. The knock-down, shocking power of this cartridge, with its heavy bullet of large diameter, driven with high velocity, is tremendous; and the combination of such power with the rapidity of fire which this rifle is capable of, makes it unusually desirable for hunting the biggest of big game. There is no rifle made which will deliver five as powerful blows in as few seconds as the Winchester Model 1910.

*Ask your dealer to show you one, or  
send for circular fully describing this rifle.*

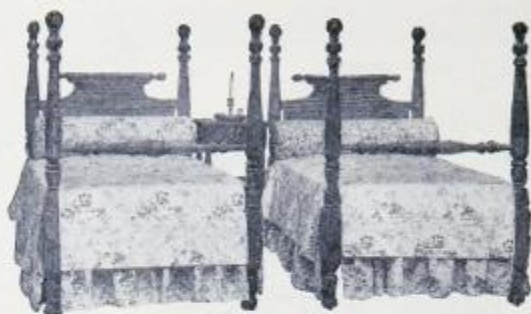
WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO.,

NEW HAVEN, CONN.



When writing to advertisers please mention THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

We sold more than a thousand of these four-post beds at a special price in September



Watch our magazine announcements, and ask our dealers, for other attractive specials

Cowan Cabinet-Work, which started out simply to be *the best furniture*, has continued to be that, and has, in addition, reached a larger sale than any other fine furniture in the world. The *reason* is that every piece of Cowan furniture, at its price, represents more *real value* than any other furniture at the same price.

Cowan furniture is made in more than a thousand patterns, all in the finest mahogany or Circassian walnut, and is the only line of fine furniture made in sufficient variety so that your entire home may be furnished with it.

It is shown as a separate line, distinct from all other furniture, by leading furniture stores throughout the country. Do not buy furniture until you have seen it. Let us give you the name of the dealer in your city.

The Cowan **COWAN** Trade Mark  
CHICAGO

**W. K. COWAN & COMPANY**

Shops—The Lake Shore Drive, Chicago.

Retail Store—203-207 Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

Agencies—throughout the country.


**UMC**

# Steel Lined SHOT SHELLS

## Remington Autoloading Shotgun

UMC Steel Lined Shells made a clean sweep at the firing line in 1909 and 1910, winning every Interstate Handicap—ten successive victories by amateurs shooting UMC Steel Lined Shells.

*UMC Quality proven*—UMC Arrow and Nitro Club Steel Lined Shells have thereby demonstrated their right to every shooter's preference.

The **UMC Steel Lined Shells** that made these record wins at the Interstate Handicaps are the same ammunition you buy at your dealers for the hunt—the universally better bags of UMC sportsmen everywhere bearing testimony to the greater efficiency of UMC Steel Lined Shells.

*Remington guns won five out of the last ten Interstate Handicaps*—as many handicaps as all guns of other manufacturers combined. The victory conclusively demonstrates Remington superiority—proves that these guns of the day lead all other makes.

The **Remington Autoloading Shotgun**—hammerless, solid breech, automatic ejector, repeater of five shots—combines the advantages of all other shotguns with being auto-loading without the loss thereby of any muzzle energy, absolutely safe, having minimum recoil.

Are you up to date on the game laws in your favorite hunting section? Let us send you a copy of our new

### 1910 Game Laws—FREE

Write to-day to any one of the addresses given below, telling us the kind of gun and ammunition you use, and receive a **free** copy of our 1910 Game Laws and Guide Directory.

**UMC and Remington—the perfect shooting combination.**

*Sold by all first-class dealers. Do not accept a substitute. Communicate with us if your dealer does not carry UMC or Remington*

The Union Metallic Cartridge Co., B. 10, Bridgeport, Conn.    The Remington Arms Co., Dept. B. 10, Ilion, N. Y.  
Agency, 299 Broadway, Dept. B. 10, New York City

SAME OWNERSHIP

SAME STANDARD OF QUALITY

SAME MANAGEMENT

*Write for booklet, "How to Organize Gun Clubs."*

When writing to advertisers please mention THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.



The name Bigelow has for 75 years been a synonym for dependable carpet quality, desirable carpet patterns and colorings, and satisfactory carpet service.

As the original power loom manufacturers, the Bigelow Carpet Co. has had the advantage of a lifetime of exclusive manufacturing facilities, which with unlimited financial resources has been concentrated on making carpets of quality. To discerning people this will reveal the secret of the popularity of Bigelow products and the tremendous influence which they have had upon the home-making of millions.

More than half a century ago the name Bigelow on a carpet stamped it as the best of its kind, and the same is true of Bigelow products to-day. Whatever may be your ideal of a carpet or rug in size, pattern or coloring, you will find it in the unequaled Bigelow line, and at a satisfactory price.

For those who desire to become intelligently acquainted with the merits of carpets in general we have published an interesting book which we will be pleased to send gratis on request. It contains much information about carpets and rugs, and every home lover should have it. A postal card request addressed to Bigelow Carpet Co., New York, will bring you a copy.



# COMMUNITY SILVER

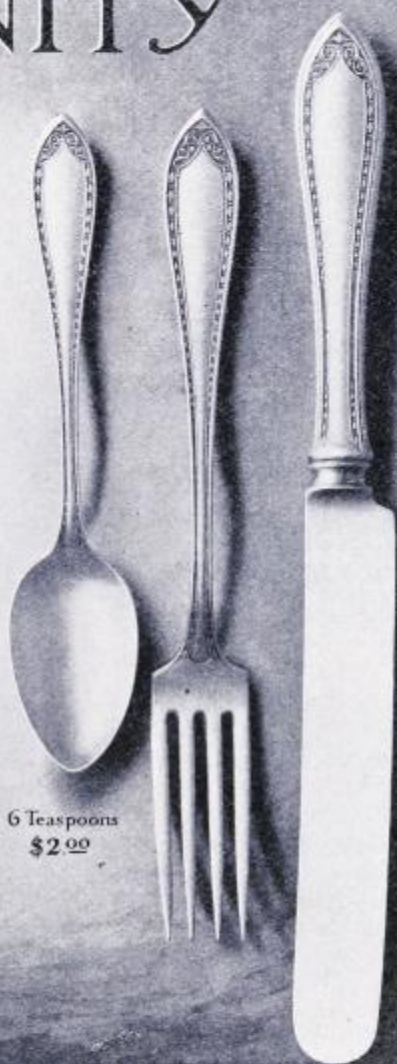
Sterling's  
Only Rival

**T**HE SHERATON—our latest pattern in Community Silver, is a masterpiece of artistic designing. Simple but exquisitely beautiful in outline and ornamentation, it rivals Sterling Silver in distinction and harmonizes perfectly with the richest of table settings.

Your dealer carries  
*The SHERATON*  
*Ask to see it*

BEST  
PLATED WARE  
MADE

GUARANTEED  
FOR 25 YEARS



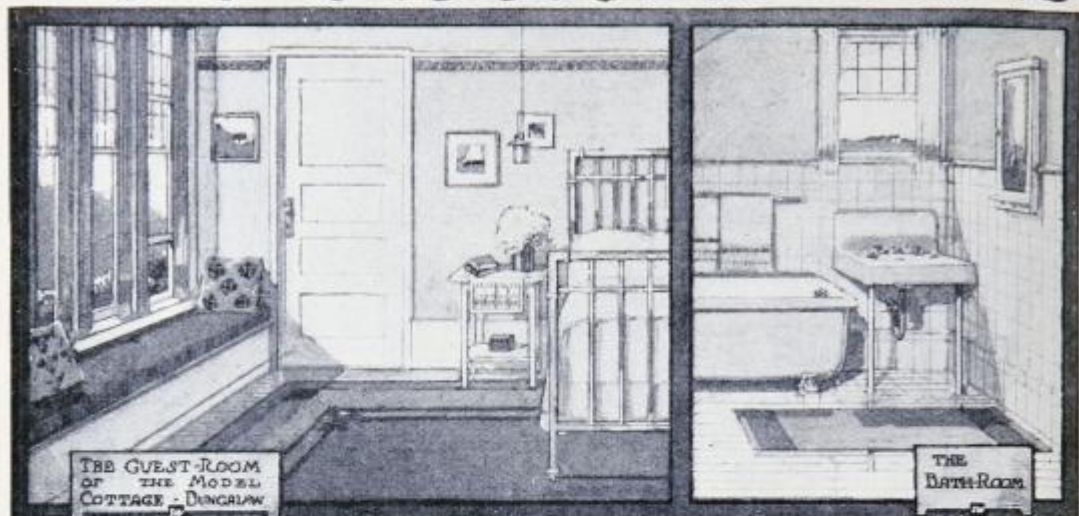
6 Teaspoons  
\$2.00



ONEIDA COMMUNITY, LTD., ONEIDA, N.Y.

When writing to advertisers please mention THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

Stencil No. 45



Stencil No. 39

Your guest-room and your bath-room may be made just as attractive as those shown in color in the Sherwin-Williams' Cottage Bungalow Portfolio, which is sent free on request.

**V**ERY few people have any adequate idea of the beautiful and durable effects that can be produced simply and inexpensively by the use of the right paints, varnishes, stains, etc., in and about the home. For your information we have prepared this special Portfolio of ten color plates which illustrate a complete plan of decoration adaptable to the average house. Complete specifications are given to produce the effects shown, not only for the finishing of the walls, ceiling, woodwork, floors, etc., but also suggestions for the curtains and draperies, the rugs and furniture.

You can adapt any or all of the color combinations in our Cottage Bungalow or our Decorative Department will prepare special suggestions upon receipt of blue prints, drawings or descriptions of your home or other buildings.

If you are interested in home decoration, by all means send for this Portfolio today. Sent free on request.

#### GET THIS PORTFOLIO AND MAKE YOUR HOUSE BEAUTIFUL, TOO



It has pictures in color of each separate room similar to those shown on this page and several exteriors. Each one is accompanied by specifications for painting or otherwise treating the walls, floors, ceilings

and woodwork, and definite suggestions for curtains, hangings, rugs and furniture. The outside suggestions include color schemes for the house to harmonize with any given background or setting, also definite suggestions for beautifying the grounds.

#### A STENCIL BOOK FREE

Stenciling is an inexpensive and simple method of decorating flat walls, curtains, draperies and hangings. Our stencil book, sent free, shows hundreds of stencil designs at small cost, and tells how to use them.



# SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS & VARNISHES

Address all inquiries to the Sherwin-Williams Co., Decorative Dept., 610 Canal Road, N. W., Cleveland O.

When writing to advertisers please mention THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.





**H**ERE IS A NICE QUESTION.  
Are we forty years behind the times,  
or ten years ahead of them?

**I**N the manufacture of furniture, we are maintaining the standards of honesty and thoroughness which we established over fifty years ago.

**T**HERE are no shams, no cheapness, no concealed faults in any piece manufactured by the BERKEY & GAY FURNITURE CO. We believe we have been, and are, right in continuously refusing to make furniture to meet the whim of the moment, or furniture that would *sell*, but would not *live*.

If we are behind the times in such principles, we will stand whatever criticism we merit. We think, compared with the greater percentage of furniture made and sold today, we are about ten years ahead of the times.

**I**T has paid our customers, it has paid our local representatives, and it has paid us—this policy of ours of always holding quality above sales and worthiness above price. Your local dealer will show you Berkey & Gay Furniture. He will tell you there is no more honestly or more beautifully made furniture in this country. With the magnificent portfolio of direct photogravures and the displays on his floors, he will enable you to choose from over 2,000 pieces of our make.

\* \* \*

You will not only get your full money's worth, but you will receive your dealer's guarantee and our guarantee, and you will get furniture that will stand the test of time and will be for your children's heirlooms.

**W**E publish a de luxe book called "Character in Furniture." It tells the romance and history of furniture and is both interesting and instructive. It is illustrated from original paintings by Rene Vincent, the famous French artist.

\* \* \*

It isn't a catalogue—our furniture is too good for a catalogue. "Character in Furniture" cost us a great deal of money to prepare and publish. We will send you a copy for the nominal sum of 15 2-cent U. S. stamps. The edition is limited and will soon be exhausted. It will be best if you write us right away for the book.



**Berkey & Gay Furniture Co.**

163 Canal Street, Grand Rapids, Michigan

*This is the inlaid mark of honor that is on and in every Berkey & Gay piece*



## Fireproofing One of the Most Gigantic Structures in the World

Of the so-called fireproof buildings perhaps not more than fifty per cent. have a right to the name.

Fireproofing means more than stone and concrete construction. That has to do with the exterior only. It removes none of the interior fire hazard.

There is but one way of precluding the fire hazard, absolutely. Take the Singer Building, New York City, for instance. Here is a structure equipped with the DAHLSTROM Products. All the inflammable material in any particular office could be consumed by fire without incurring the slightest danger to the building in its entirety. The elimination of the fire hazard, although the most important, is but one of the advantages gained by the installation of DAHLSTROM Metallic Doors and Trim.

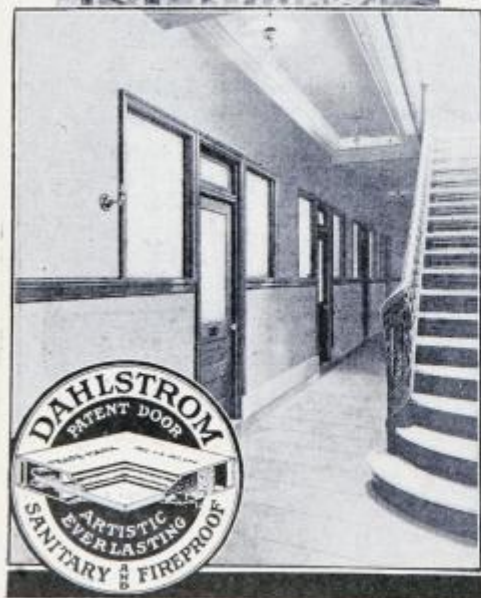
For the architect, prospective builder, individual or corporation willing to be guided by results attained in modern structures exemplifying the best practice of fireproof, sanitary, artistic, permanent construction we have prepared

### "Buildings As They Should Be"

—a book illustrating the exteriors and interiors of a few of the world's most prominent office buildings, apartments, residences, etc., that are equipped with DAHLSTROM Metallic Doors, Partitions, Trim, etc.

You cannot help but profit by the information this book contains. We want you to have a copy—to absorb simple facts pertaining to "Buildings As They Should Be." Whether you intend building next month or next year, send for this interesting book. It will be of as much value to you as it is to the architect. Enclose three two cent stamps for postage.

**DAHLSTROM METALLIC DOOR CO.**  
52 BLACKSTONE AVENUE, JAMESTOWN, N. Y.



# Mr. Never-Close-the-Door Mr. Always-Slam-the-Door Goodbye!

## Blount or Yale Door Checks

close doors quickly and gently, firmly and silently.

Protect your health from drafts, your nerves from odors and noises.

No more doors carelessly left open by Mr. Never-Close-the-door.

No more doors idly banged by Mr. Always-Slam-the-door, or by old-fashioned spring hinges.

No more double swing doors with their flip, flap, flopping.

We make door closing devices that control all these things in the best way. Thirty thousand hardware dealers can supply them.

**Blount Door Checks:** Close ordinary doors gently, quickly, firmly, you only hear the click of the latch.

**Blount Holder-Checks:** Like ordinary Blount Checks, but hold the door open when you wish.

**Yale Double-Acting Door Checks:** For double swing doors.

**Yale Checking Floor Hinges:** A Combination Check, Spring and Hinge applied under the floor.

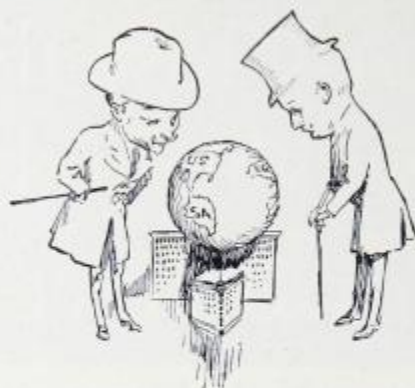
Ask your hardware dealer for the Blount or Yale Door Checks for your doors. The prices vary for different types and sizes, from \$3.00 upward. Send your name for an interesting illustrated story called "The Peace Makers." Free of course.

## The Yale & Towne Mfg. Co.

Makers of Yale Products 9 Murray Street, New York  
Locks, Padlocks, Builders' Hardware, Works: - Stamford, Conn.  
Door Checks and Chain Hoists  
Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, San Francisco, London, Paris, Hamburg



YALE



Stand in our stores on Broadway, and you'll see the world.

Men from Maine to the Philippines, outfitting with clothes New York approves.

Being made New Yorkers.

With the bulk of our business done at retail on Broadway, our clothes simply must be right, in value and style.

We'll show you next time you're near by.

Or some other good retailer may show you—the clothes we wholesale to other cities are made exactly as for our own stores.

If your home clothier can't show you; write and we'll send samples.



Fall and Winter styles.

Rogers Peet & Company  
New York City

258 Broadway at Warren St.    842 Broadway at 13th St.    1302 Broadway at 34th St.



## Learn this little kink and your collar troubles are over

Once you learn the simple Notch way you'll never bother with button holes. Wear a flat head button like this  and get a Notch collar with an end that looks like this  Then cut out the illustrations below and put them on your dresser where you can see them when you do this:



Put the outer fold under head of button.



Press button out with finger, bring notch end over and notch it on.



Then raise outer fold, bend long end of band inward and shove it under.



And you get this

It is easy to put on, but even easier to take off. The buttonhole that rips out has been eliminated. It is the only close-fitting collar that stays closed, and it has ample tie space. To take it off, just put finger under long end and flip off.

It is made in all the most fashionable models in the famous

# ARROW COLLARS



GLASGOW



BELMONT



CHESTER



CLIFTON



BEDFORD



CONCORD

At your dealer's—15c each, 2 for 25c.

In Canada 20c each, 3 for 50c.

Chett, Peabody & Co., Makers, Troy, N. Y.

When writing to advertisers please mention THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

Inner fabric of  
cotton, linen or silk

Outer fabric of  
wool, silk or silkoline

**D**ON'T let Jack Frost catch you napping. You may prevent an all-winter cold by going to your furnisher today for

Improved  
**Duofold**  
Health Underwear

You can hardly be too early about it. *Duofold* doesn't overheat you on a mild day or in a warm room; yet it is a perfect safeguard against the severest weather.—**Two light-weight fabrics in one; with air-space between.**

This is sensible, scientific; and distinctly "the correct thing". *Duofold* is worn by good dressers and well-groomed men everywhere.

Your dealer will show you *Duofold* single garments and union suits in various weights and styles; thoroughly shrunken; and guaranteed in every respect. Your money back if not satisfied. If you can't get exactly what you want write to us. We'll find a way to supply you.

Ask for the *Duofold* style booklet. It gives important facts about underwear that every modern man ought to know. "Get next".

**Duofold Health Underwear Co., Mohawk, N. Y.**  
**Robischon & Peckham Co., Selling Agents**  
**349 Broadway, New York**



MADE IN U.S.A.  
MAY 23, 1902  
*Duofold*

OUR nation-spanning system of tailoring—working without a fault and without a halt—links town to city and makes a “crack” tailor your *next-door* neighbor. You *needn't* leave your home town—*needn't* travel a mile—*needn't* surrender a penny for “fancy” prices or gilt letters on a sign.

The authorized Representative of *Kahn-Tailored-Clothes* in your community is *your tailor*. Have him show you our Autumn Assembly of more than 500 *ultra-modish* patterns, which *must* contain the very design and color that will fit your *preference* and befit your *personality*. Our identifying seal (*reproduced here in miniature*) appears in our Representative's window or shop.

## Kahn Tailored Clothes



Usual Prices  
Unusual Tailoring

FOR \$20 to \$45 you will get in *Kahn-Tailored-Clothes* rare fabrics, *pure-wool* and *sure-wool*, tailoring of the utmost possible *city-bred* grace and good form, and deliveries as prompt as the best city tailor could give, plus a *binding guaranty* without a “string to it.” If you do not *know* our Representative, a postcard to us will bring his name and Edition No. 5, “*The Drift of Fashion*,” a mirror-in-print of the authentic New York and London Modes.



# Kahn Tailoring Company of Indianapolis



Men who are particular  
about their underwear buy

**Duo-Lastic Union Suits**

the minute they see and feel  
them.



Every DUO-LASTIC suit is guaranteed to fit. Very light in weight yet very warm and comfortable.

**This fabric is most elastic and is knitted by The NEW INTERLOCK STITCH Machines from finest combed Egyptian yarns.**

Absolutely comfortable. No binding under the arms or in the crotch. Union Suits, \$2; Two piece suits, \$1 a garment.

*We are also the manufacturers of the famous  
HIGH ROCK FLEECE-LINED UNDERWEAR, 50c a garment*

Your dealer will supply you with *Duo-Lastic Interlock Rib* or *High Rock Fleece*.

Let us send you our interesting and instructive booklet—"Modern Underwear."

**HIGH ROCK KNITTING COMPANY** Dept. 3, Philmont, N. Y.



**Faultless**  
SINCE 1881

Reg'd.

**Pajamas  
Day and  
Night Shirts**



**Morning,  
Noon and Night**

We make a garment for every time of day—pajamas, day shirts and night shirts.

“Faultless” garments have an unequalled reputation founded on merit.

We put into every “Faultless” garment the skill, experience and ability of a generation.

“Faultless” garments are made of fabrics carefully tested for lasting qualities and fast color. They are designed to fit and feel just right—and they are made in sanitary, well-ventilated, cleanly shops.

**More Than 6300 Dealers  
Sell “Faultless” Garments**

Every dealer in men’s wear knows “Faultless” garments. There are many attractive designs for your selection. In buying, be sure to look for the “Faultless” label.

Our “Day Shirt Book” and the “Bed-Time Book” are  
Yours for the Asking



If your dealer cannot supply you, write for our Books and make your selection from their attractive illustrations. You should have these books.—they are the last word on styles in Day Shirts, Night Shirts and Pajamas.

**E. ROSENFELD & CO., Dept. A, Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.**

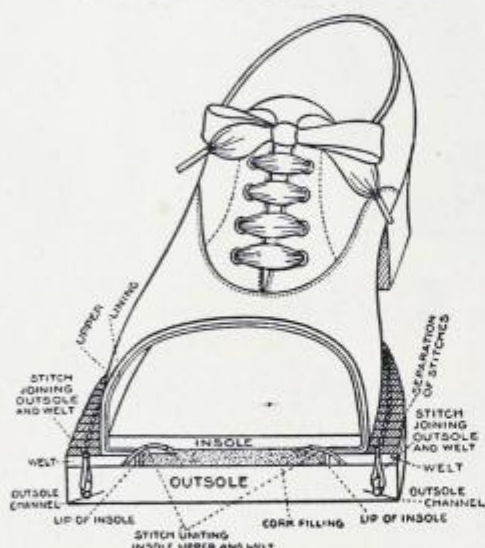
## The Hall-Mark of the Shoe

There is a standard in shoes quite as convincing as that which guarantees any superlative article.

The hall-mark of gold or silver is not more exacting than the "Goodyear Welt" which stamps the shoe of the highest standard.

To the shoe manufacturer and to the shoe dealer Goodyear Welt denotes a shoe fashioned by the perfect system of machinery provided by the United Shoe Machinery Company.

To the wearer it is the last word in shoe excellence.



Cross section of a Goodyear Welt Shoe.

# The GOODYEAR WELT

American genius in the Goodyear Welt system has shattered the traditions of centuries and the perfect shoe is the result.

Machinery has supplanted man. In every important process in the manufacture of shoes the machinery does the work with a precision, effectiveness and attractiveness that the human hand can never approach.

In every factory in the world where shoes of the highest grade are made the Goodyear Welt System is in operation because persons of discernment everywhere demand them.

The United Shoe Machinery Company, Boston, Mass., furnishes without charge, upon request, an alphabetical list of all welt shoes sold under a special name or trade-mark, and with it a book describing the Goodyear Welt process in detail with pictures of the marvelous machines employed.

**A**NY collar designer can plan a closed-front style, but only soundness of the buttonholes can insure continuance of the style after wear and laundering. Silver Brand Collar styles are permanent because

# Silver BRAND Collars

and they *only*, are made with Linocord Buttonholes which neither stretch nor tear.

Furthermore, Linocord Buttonholes slip on or off the collar-button easily—no pulling or tugging—no broken nails or temper.

Style Illustrated is the

## BIPLANE

The Correct Fall Collar

Biplane 2 $\frac{1}{4}$  in.

Monoplane 2 $\frac{3}{8}$  in.

QUARTER SIZES  
2 for 25c in U. S. A.  
3 for 50c. in Canada.

Write for our booklet  
"AVIATION," and  
for "What's What"  
the encyclopedia of  
correct dress.

GEO. P. IDE & CO.,  
495 River St., Troy, N.Y.

IDE Shirts—\$1.50 and upwards.



### LINOCORD Buttonholes

are easy-to-button  
and unbutton, and  
they don't tear  
out.

Our styles can  
be copied, but not  
our Buttonholes.





# You Kick a Cripple's Crutch Every Time You Put On a Pair of Infected Shoes

**You wear without washing the same pair of stockings for the life of a shoe, unconsciously.**

They are the absorbent cotton linings of the shoes.

You cannot be comfortable with damp shoes — "drawing" shoes.

You cannot be clean and carry about the accumulated impurities of the body in your shoes — no need to demonstrate the truth of an eminent foot specialist that all feet enclosed in modern footwear are uncleanly.

You know your share of his truth.

Aside from cleanliness, why is it dangerous to cut your corns and put on a shoe?

The contents of the cartridge in this tree will absorb 170 times its volume of dry ammonia gas — never has to be renewed. Each day your shoes are cleaner and dryer than a new pair, and cannot smell.

**THE MILLER CARBO TREE**, only remedy ever presented for purpose.

The best we have, and we make 90% of all trees used.



## CAUSE

PERMANENT  
ACTION OF CONDENSED  
OXYGEN CARTRIDGE



## EFFECT

- Absolutely prevents odor.
- Absorbs natural moisture.
- Insures absolute cleanliness.
- Eliminates danger of blood poison and re-absorption of poisonous fluids and gases.
- Prevents shoes from rotting.
- Saves stockings from rotting.
- Prevents corns, no friction from dampness.
- Stops burning or drawing sensation.
- Obviates use of injurious foot powders, which stop the pores and keep poisons in the system.
- Trees the shoes permanently as it dries them at the same time.

*All first-class shoe dealers carry Miller Shoe Trees. Be sure to ask for the MILLER CARBO TREE. If your dealer does not carry this wonderful new tree, write for our interesting booklet.*

**O. A. MILLER TREEING MACHINE COMPANY** 134 Cherry Street  
BROCKTON, MASS.

Over 2000 handsome new exclusive Shackamaxon patterns ready for fall and winter.

Clear-finished and undressed worsteds, fine serges; and soft silky chevrons, in the latest colorings and rich tasteful distinctive patterns.

Insist on seeing them before you order your fall outfit.



### "I guarantee this suit absolutely in every respect."

That is the positive assurance which every good tailor who handles the *Shackamaxon* fabrics gives you with any suit he makes from them.

He knows that a suit properly made from these fabrics will *stay* right.

It will *hold* its shape, its color, and its style. It will give you real service to the last thread.

And we back up the tailor's guarantee with ours.

If any suit made from a *Shackamaxon* fabric shrinks or fades, or if any other fault develops in the fabric—no matter how long you have worn it—we will pay for another suit.

The *Shackamaxon* fabrics are all pure fleecewood; spun into double-yarn; woven slowly and perfectly; dyed in permanent colors; and shrunken by our improved cold-water process, which positively *takes out all the shrink*.

No fabrics made anywhere at any price are of better materials, or more perfectly woven and finished. And no imported goods at equal prices can compare with *Shackamaxons* either for service or style.

We make them from our own designs in our own mills. We make them for merchant tailors *exclusively*.

We sell them directly from the mills to the tailors—not through jobbers; so that tailors who handle *Shackamaxon* fabrics give you exceptional value for your money.

There is no economy in poor fabrics at any price.

There is no satisfaction in poor-fitting or ordinary looking clothes.

The only way to be sure of satisfactory clothes is to have them made from high-class fabrics cut to your individual measurements and fitted to you *in the making*.

**Clothes properly made from such fabrics are really the most economical you can buy.**

Drop us a postal-card and we will tell you of a good tailor right in your neighborhood who handles the *Shackamaxon* fabrics, and positively guarantees every suit he makes from them.

If your tailor hasn't them he will get them for you *if you insist*. And please tell us his name, so that we may take the matter up with him, too.

Write us anyway for a copy of the new *Shackamaxon* booklet just out. Every up-to-date man appreciates its handy chart of "Correct Dress for All Occasions."

J R KEIM & CO Shackamaxon Mills  
Philadelphia

Look for the "*Shackamaxon*" trade mark stamped on every suit-pattern.



# "Shackamaxon"

Guaranteed fabrics



## Triangle 5-PLY Collars

**NOTE** the construction of TRIANGLE Collars. They are made with five layers of material instead of the usual three or four. That's one of the many reasons for the permanent shape—perfect fit and greater wear of TRIANGLE Collars.

If you are tired of the annoyance and expense of collars which go into the discard after three or four launderings, switch to TRIANGLE—"The Collar of Quality."

**FITZHUGH**—a close-front style with slightly rounded corners—2 3/4 inches high. Popular with most men.

If you cannot obtain them from your dealer, send us his name and 50c. for 4, postage paid. Write for "Key to Correct Dress"—it tells the how, why and when of dress. **VAN ZANDT, JACOBS & CO., 610 River St., Troy, N. Y.**

15¢ each

2 for 25¢



Quarter  
Sizes



**FREE TO F. A. M.** A large catalogue of Masonic books and goods with bottom prices. Regalia, Jewels, Badges, Pins, Charms and Lodge supplies. And goods for all Masonic bodies. Beware of spurious Masonic books. **REDDING & CO.,** Publishers and Manufacturers of Masonic Goods, No. 212 Broadway, New York City. Entrance on Fulton Street.

## W. L. DOUGLAS HAND-SEWED SHOES

**MEN'S** \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00 & \$5.00  
**WOMEN'S** \$2.50, \$3, \$3.50, \$4.00  
**BOYS'** \$2.00, \$2.50 and \$3.00

**THE STANDARD  
FOR 30 YEARS**

They are absolutely the most popular and best shoes for the price in America. They are the leaders everywhere because they hold their shape, fit better, look better and wear longer than other makes. They are certainly the most economical shoes for you to buy. W. L. Douglas name and the retail price are stamped on the bottom—value guaranteed. *Fast Color Eyelets.*

**TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE!** If your dealer cannot supply you, write for Mail Order Catalog. **W. L. DOUGLAS, 180 Spark St., Brockton, Mass.**



TO BUY CHENEY SILKS IS TO SECURE THE VERY FINEST SILKS THE WORLD AFFORDS. TO IDENTIFY THEM, LOOK FOR THE NAME ON THE LABEL AND STAMPED ON THE END OF THE PIECE.

# CHENEY SILKS

CHENEY SILKS INCLUDE "SHOWER-PROOF" FOULARDS, FLORENTINES, DECORATIVE SILKS, UPHOLSTERY GOODS, VELOURS, VELVETS, RIBBONS, CRAVATS, VELVET RIBBONS, SPUN SILK YARNS, REELED SILKS, ETC.

CHENEY BROTHERS, SILK MANUFACTURERS.

# "Porosknit"

*summer Underwear  
For Men For Boys*

If any one says to you "This is Porosknit," and it has not this label, that man is grinding his axe (not yours.)

**Shirts and Drawers  
Per Garment**

For Men	For Boys
50¢	25¢
Union Suits \$1.00	Union Suits 50¢

*Illustrated Porosknit Booklet sent on request.*  
All "Porosknit" has the label **Chalmers Knitting Co., Amsterdam, N. Y.**

TRADE-MARK  
"Porosknit"  
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

# Best & Co.

## School Clothes

A Complete Wardrobe for Boy or Girl, at Any Price Desired



Greater variety of models and materials, more appropriate and authentic styles, wider range of sizes and far more extensive choice of selection in every respect—these are a few of the many exclusive advantages mothers enjoy in clothing their children from this establishment—the only store entirely devoted to the Complete Outfitting of Boys and Girls of every age.

Because our offerings are so much more complete, the same expenditure here brings greater satisfaction in style and serviceability than is obtainable elsewhere.

No Matter Where You Live, You Can Enjoy the Advantages in Variety and Prices of this Children's Store Through Our Mail Shopping Bureau.

We have special representatives in our store—experienced women shoppers, who will make your purchases for you. Your satisfaction is guaranteed, or money will be promptly refunded. All you need do, is to make your selection from our complete Illustrated Catalogue of Children's Attire. Send us your name and address on a postal today, and you will receive this catalogue, FREE, by return mail.

Please Address Dept. 7

5th Ave. and 35th St., NEW YORK

## No other sock like it!

No. 212 in six mixed colors

—the body colors in uncommon tones of Brown, Grey, Blue and Olive, weaved in with irregular dashes of the same color in deeper shade, or of black—it gives a beautiful effect. Not a heavy sock, nor a light one—warm enough for winter yet perfectly comfortable in spring or fall. Many wear it the year round. Made of fine, pure worsted and mercerized yarns, it is delightfully soft to the feet. In wear, comfort and appearance this sock is equal to many sold at 50c—yet we ask only 35c the pair.

If your dealer cannot supply you, send us 35c direct for each pair wanted, stating size and colors

Our beautiful booklet shows this and other styles in actual colors. Free for the asking—Write for it.



Cooper, Wells & Co.  
204 Vine Street, St. Joseph, Mich.



"Not Iron, but  
lots of hard wear in them"



## The Hose That Stand the Grind

Everwear Hose stand the grind of the hardest kind of everyday wear. If they did not, we could not afford to guarantee them for six months, or give new hose free for each pair that failed. But Everwear Hose are made for more than merely long wear—fit, style and comfort are considered with just as much care as the wearing quality.

### For Men, Women and Children

Everwear Hose hug the ankle and foot snugly. They are light enough to be comfortable—the heel and toe are given extra strength but not extra thickness. In fact, Everwear Hose have just those little touches of superiority that make them the equal of the most expensive kinds.

Ask your dealer for EVERWEAR—insist on EVERWEAR. If he hasn't them write us stating size, kind and style desired and we will send them express prepaid.

EVERWEAR are sold six pairs in a box, solid or assorted colors. For Men, Women and Misses in Silk Lisle, \$3.00 a box. Egyptian Cotton: Men's, \$1.50; Ladies', \$2.00 per box. Children's in extra fine and strong, long staple Cotton, \$2.00 per box.

The Men's Hose are made in medium and light weights in all the ultra-fashionable shades. Women's in black, black with white feet, and tan. Children's in black and tan.

**Everwear**  
TRADE MARK

EVERWEAR HOSIERY CO.

Dept. 42

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

# COOPER'S

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

## Spring Needle Knit UNDERWEAR

is without a peer in the Underwear world. It is original, exclusive, distinctively grade deluxe. The famous Spring Needle fabric is knitted on machines invented, patented (in nine countries) owned and controlled by the Company. Wear the genuine Cooper's and you will experience absolute next-to-the-skin comfort. No other Underwear as near perfection. The superbly knitted Spring Needle fabric is very elastic and durable and in addition each garment is thoroughly tailored, stayed at points of strain and made to give several seasons' wear. Write to us for generous sample of fabric and illustrated booklet showing styles and prices.



COOPER MFG. CO.

2 Main Street Bennington, Vt.

Manufacturers of a famous "Gauze" Spring Needle fabric for Women's wear. Tell your wife



BENNINGTON, Vt.

# MENNEN'S NARANGIA Talcum Powder

For sale every-  
where or mailed on  
receipt of 25c.  
Sample Free.



Gerbard Mennen  
Co., Newark, N.J.



Delicately Scented  
with  
the rich fragrance  
of  
Orange Blossoms





Remember  
two things

Each and every pair of Fownes gloves is made to uphold the Fownes reputation for perfect Fit, exclusive Style and unusual Durability.

# FOWNES GLOVES

Each and every pair of Fownes gloves is sold under the name Fownes which is stamped inside and on the button That is your protection.

Fownes gloves are sold everywhere and cost no more than others.

Try a pair of the \$2.00 street gloves. Other grades \$1.50 and \$2.50,—each the best for the price.



## Gokey Boots and Moccasins

Hand Made—Waterproof

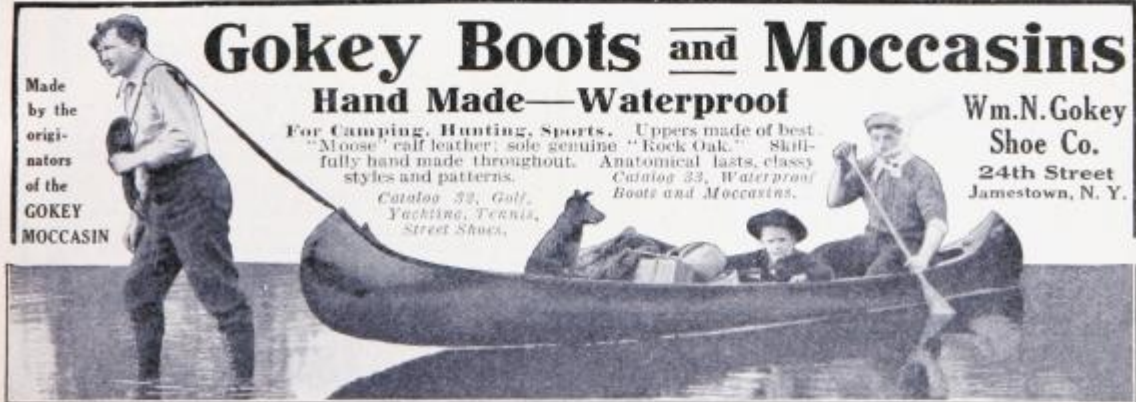
For Camping, Hunting, Sports. Uppers made of best "Moose" calf leather; sole genuine "Rock Oak." Skillfully hand made throughout. Anatomical lasts, classy styles and patterns.

Catalog 33, Golf, Yachting, Tennis, Street Shoes.

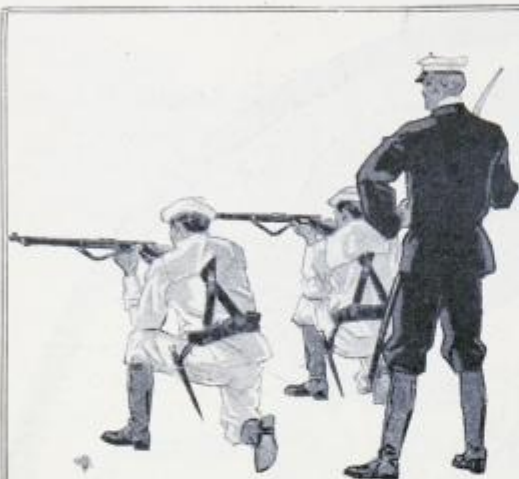
Catalog 33, Waterproof Boots and Moccasins.

Wm. N. Gokey  
Shoe Co.  
24th Street  
Jamestown, N. Y.

Made by the originators of the GOKEY MOCCASIN



When writing to advertisers please mention THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.



## Ambitious Men Read This

The Navy is a great organization requiring about 47,500 men. As more vessels of greater tonnage are built each year, it requires more men, which means continued opportunities for advancement, and steady employment at good pay.

Men of the seaman branch, machinists, firemen, carpenters and other mechanics; cooks, stenographers, typewriters and men for the hospital corps are needed. Boys over 17, without trades may enlist as apprentice seamen.

The life is healthy and different forms of athletics are encouraged. The food is wholesome and plentiful and the opportunity to save money is excellent.

The Atlantic fleet will visit the Mediterranean in the fall, and there will be ample time for visits to points of interest. It is the Navy Department's policy to send the home fleet on a foreign cruise each year.

Parents of boys over 17 should investigate the advantages of the Navy as a career for their sons. Four years of training in the Navy is a useful experience, and a man holding an honorable discharge from the Navy will find it a valuable asset.

Apply for full particulars at the nearest recruiting station, or write for illustrated booklet to the Bureau of Navigation, Box 82, Navy Department, Washington, D. C.

# UNITED STATES NAVY

PUBLISHED AUGUST 31, 1910



## THE SCIENCE OF POETRY AND THE PHILOSOPHY OF LANGUAGE

By HUDSON MAXIM

The world's only scientific treatise. The most valuable and instructive book ever published for poets, prose writers, public speakers, students and teachers of language and literature.

### WHAT THE BOOK IS:

- 1st. It is the only scientific and practical method for literary criticism and analysis.
- 2d. It is an absolutely scientific standard for uniform judgment in determining the relative merits of literary productions.
- 3d. It teaches the only practical and efficient means for the standardization of poetry and for the determination of what constitutes true poetry.
- 4th. It gives for the first time a scientific and satisfactory definition of poetry.
- 5th. It examines in detail the growth of human speech, both spoken and written, and for the first time makes plain the true functions of sound in both the expression and the impression of thought and feeling.
- 6th. It gives the only scientific basis of rhetoric.
- 7th. It gives the only scientific basis of oratory.
- 8th. It contains two hundred exemplifications from the great poets, embracing seventy-five per cent of all the greatest poetic lines in English literature, which serve admirably as touch-stones of poetic values.

The book is of inestimable value to every man and woman of letters, and to every instructor and to every student of letters.

Any student, any instructor, any public speaker, any writer, possessor of this work has an infallible and necessary guide which he or she can use to great advantage every day in the year.

A big book over 300 pages, cloth bound, size, 9 $\frac{1}{4}$  inches long, 7 inches wide. 16 Illustrations by William Oberhardt.

Price, \$2.50, Net; Post-paid, \$2.75

For Sale by All Booksellers or the Publishers

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, Pubs., New York City, N. Y.



# Have YOU A Salary-Raising ABILITY?

*In other words, does your ability, your training, your special knowledge put you in DEMAND when knotty work-problems are to be solved?*

That's the kind of ability that raises your salary, brings you promotion, keeps your position safe in times of trouble and wins you success. That's the kind of ability the International Correspondence Schools can give to you—whether you're young or old, well schooled or not, office man or outside man, day worker or night worker, no matter where you live or what little spare time you have,

To find out how the I. C. S. can help you win success in your chosen line of work costs you nothing—places you under no obligation. Simply mark and mail the attached coupon. With a way so easy, in a matter of such vital importance to you, surely you can afford time to ask for free advice and information that will exert so tremendous an influence on your earning capacity and your entire career.

Mark the coupon and so take the first step toward joining the thousands who have won permanent success through I. C. S. help. On an average 300 VOLUNTARILY report advancement every month. During July the number was 302. Mark the coupon.

## EMPLOYERS

*in need of men and women who have shown their ability along special lines of work should write the Students' Aid Department of the I. C. S.*

*There is no charge for this service.*

### International Correspondence Schools,

Box 911, SCRANTON, PA.

Please explain, without further obligation on my part how I can qualify for the position, trade or profession before which I have marked X.

Automobile Running	Civil Service	Spanish
Mine Superintendent	Banking	French
Mine Foreman	Languages	German
Plumbing, Steam Fitting	Chemist	Italian
Concrete Construction	Architect	
Civil Engineer	Building Contractor	
Textile Manufacturing	Architectural Draftsman	
Stationary Engineer	Industrial Designing	
Telephone Expert	Commercial Illustrating	
Mechan. Engineer	Window Trimming	
Mechanical Draftsman	Show Card Writing	
Electrical Engineer	Advertising Man	
Elec. Lighting Supt.	Stenographer	
Electric Wireman	Bookkeeper	

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street and No. \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

## You Don't Need Electricity For Thorough Vacuum Cleaning



**"Work Isn't Work  
Any More"**

Electricity is a luxury so far as thorough sanitary cleaning in the home is concerned since the perfection and introduction of the **Automatic Hand Power Vacuum Cleaner** which does what no other hand power vacuum cleaning machine has ever done before—affording the full power of the large, expensive vacuum cleaners and at a price that brings it within the reach of every overworked housewife.

It is the **only AUTOMATIC Vacuum Cleaner**. In speed—in thoroughness of work—simplicity of construction—ease of operation it is not approached by any other vacuum cleaner made.

### The Only Hand Power Cleaner That Blows

It is as carefully made as the best electric cleaner and will last a life time and pay for itself over and over again every year in the saving of wear and tear on your rugs, carpets and furnishings.

### A Child Can Operate It

So light that a woman can carry it up stairs or down—and runs so easily that a child can operate it.

### The 1911 Models of

## Automatic (Hand Power) Vacuum Cleaner Now Ready

Because our exclusive **double tank** device for separating the dust from the air catches 95% of the dirt in the bottom of the tank without screens, baffles or water the **Automatic** is the **easiest to empty**. It is the only Vacuum Cleaner made that contains no tin or cast iron—malleable iron, steel and brass are used exclusively in its construction.

If you live in a locality where we are not represented, deposit \$25 with us for one of these machines—**Try it 10 days**—if you are not satisfied that this is the best hand power Vacuum Cleaner you ever saw, you may return it and we will refund your deposit. Can you afford to turn down such a proposition?

### Automatic Electrics

### For Any Building Wired for Electricity

Three Styles—mechanical

Three Styles—mechanical

Three Styles—mechanical

Three Styles—mechanical

Three Styles—mechanical

Three Styles—mechanical

Three Styles—mechanical

Three Styles—mechanical

Three Styles—mechanical

Three Styles—mechanical

Three Styles—mechanical

Three Styles—mechanical

Three Styles—mechanical

Three Styles—mechanical

Three Styles—mechanical

Three Styles—mechanical

Three Styles—mechanical

Three Styles—mechanical

Three Styles—mechanical

Three Styles—mechanical

Three Styles—mechanical

Three Styles—mechanical

Three Styles—mechanical

Three Styles—mechanical

Three Styles—mechanical

Three Styles—mechanical

Three Styles—mechanical

Three Styles—mechanical

Three Styles—mechanical

Three Styles—mechanical

Three Styles—mechanical

Three Styles—mechanical

Three Styles—mechanical

Three Styles—mechanical

Three Styles—mechanical

Three Styles—mechanical

Three Styles—mechanical

**Write For Free  
Booklet**

**Automatic  
Vacuum  
Cleaner**

It Blows as well as Sucks



**Guaranteed  
for 20 Years**

**We Want Live  
Representatives  
Everywhere**

The **Automatic Vacuum Cleaner** has earned an enviable national reputation—it is a ready seller—a money maker for those who handle it.

Write us today for our proposition to local representatives.

**Automatic Vacuum  
Cleaner Co.**

1026 E. 44th Street  
Bloomington, Ill.

*"Silver Plate  
that Wears"*



To  
obtain the  
*heaviest grade of*  
triple plate and to se-  
cure selection from the  
greatest variety of beautiful  
designs in spoons, forks, knives, etc.,  
ask your dealer for the celebrated

**1847 ROGERS BROS. X S  
TRIPLE**

The original "Rogers" silver plate,  
first produced over sixty years ago.  
Sold by leading dealers everywhere.  
Send for catalogue "X-30"

**MERIDEN  
BRITANNIA CO.**  
(International Silver Co., Successor)  
New York Chicago  
San Francisco

## A Set of Beautiful Silverware Almost Free

Full size table spoons, bouillon spoons, tea spoons and forks. Rogers AA heavy plate in an exclusive rose pattern, French Gray finish—free from advertising—handsome as any solid silver.

This silverware is yours—almost without expense—if you will but learn the many everyday cooking economies and kitchen uses of *pure* extract of beef.

Thousands of knowing housewives have learned the secret of *always* having deliciously flavored soups, tasty warmed over meats—and rich sauces and gravies.

They have *pure* extract of beef *always* on hand for *flavoring*—just as you have salt for seasoning.

Then, too, you should know the actual *economy* of it—how it helps you to utilize left over meats—how it strengthens and flavors weak soups and saves you the expense and bother of preparing soup stock.

Remember, LIEBIG Company's goes four times as far as any ordinary

extract. It is the pure extract of prime, fresh beef—the most concentrated, most economical you can buy.

And for children and invalids, nothing so stimulates health as this invigorating extract of pure beef.

Try for yourself this delicious, savory, economical meat extract. Then you can get this beautiful table silver—simply by saving the caps from jars of LIEBIG Company's Extract of Beef.

To get a bouillon spoon or a tea spoon, send us one Liebig cap and 10 cents for each. We'll send you either spoon post-paid. For a table spoon or a fork, send one cap and 20 cents for each.

Get as many of each as you like: you'll want full sets when you've seen one.

But you must insist on getting

# LIEBIG Company's Extract of Beef

Always Look for  
this Signature, in  
Blue on Every Jar

*Liebig*

**FREE COOK BOOK**, by MRS. RORER—To get this book of dainty, delicious recipes, simply send your name and address.

Address for spoons, forks and cook books,  
**CORNEILLE DAVID & CO.,**  
Dept. D 9 North Moore Street, New York.



When writing to advertisers please mention THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

# Manning-Bowman Chafing Dishes and Coffee Percolators

**Used Interchangeably on Alcohol Gas Stoves.**



THE Manning-Bowman Alcohol Gas Stove is furnished with Manning-Bowman Chafing Dishes or may be bought separately. This stove burns denatured alcohol, producing an intensely hot, blue gas flame, having the cooking power of a range burner.

On this Stove you can use Chafing Dish, Coffee Percolator, or any of the usual range cooking utensils. Light, portable, odorless and economical.

Write for free Book of Recipes and Catalog "K-17"

MANNING, BOWMAN & CO., Meriden, Conn.



Use either a Chafing Dish



or a Coffee Percolator



Also Makers of the Manning-Bowman "Eclipse" Bread Mixers.



on this Alcohol Gas Stove

## Hallowe'en Favors



Black Crepe Paper Witch Hat containing favor, 2 3/4 inches, 5c.  
 Devil Head on Spring with 5 little Comic Heads on Springs, 15c.  
 Miniature Crepe Paper Pumpkin, containing favor, 5c.  
 Fine Assortment Comic Hallowe'en Heads on pins, 5c each.  
 Pumpkin Jack Lanterns, 5c, 10c, 25c, 50c each. Devil Lanterns, 5c.  
 Skull Lanterns, 5c. Assorted Comic Lanterns, 10c, 25c each.  
 Ghost Figures, 5c, 10c, 50c. Witch Figures, 5c, 10c, 25c.

Black Witch Cats, 5c, 10c, 25c. Red Witch Cat, 5c. Devil Figure, 25c.  
 Hallowe'en Melting Sets, 25c and 50c per set. Big fun with these. Sparklers, 12 in box, 5c per box. Magic Fruits, 15c each. When exploded give a shower of Confetti and Favors.  
 Skeletons, Spiders, Wishbones, Grottesque Mirrors, Brooms, Wedding Rings, Engagement Rings, Love Thermometers, Surprise Nuts, Bats, 5c each.  
 Assorted Metal Favors for Cakes, 15c doz. Thimbles, 30c doz. Scissors, 40c doz. China Babies, 10c doz. Skull Watch Charm Penell, 15c.  
 China Pumpkin Tea Pot, 25c. China Pumpkin Bowls, 5c, 10c, 15c. Pumpkin Jack Horner Pie, 12 Ribbons, \$3.50. Pumpkin and Witch Ice Cream Cases, 60c doz.  
 Pumpkin Shape Ice Cream Cases, \$1.20 doz. Pumpkin Salted Nut Cases, 90c doz.  
 Hallowe'en Paper Napkins, 40c package. Hallowe'en Snapping Mottos, 50c box. Hallowe'en Tally Cards, 25c doz. Dinner Cards, 40c doz.

We positively do not pay mail charges.

We have just issued a new 200-page Illustrated catalog, embracing thousands of favors for every conceivable occasion, parties, dinners, dances, weddings, etc. A most unique and interesting book. The only catalogue in the world devoted exclusively to Favors

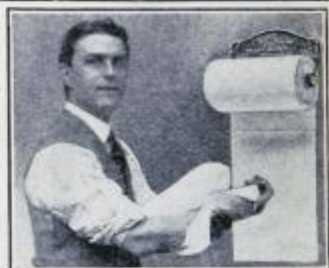
Free on request.



B. SHACKMAN & CO., Dept. 30, 812 B'way, New York

## 1000 Towels for \$2

No Laundry Expense



A Clean New Towel for Every Wash. Absolutely Hygienic

We want every man and woman to know the many advantages of these splendid sanitary towels in the home and Office.

## Scot Tissue Towels

are made of the finest quality absorbent crepe paper. They take up the moisture instantly from face or hands. Used once, and then thrown away—a new, hygienic towel for every wash. Less expensive than ordinary towels—no laundering.

Your Money Back If Not Satisfied

Send us \$2.00 TO-DAY and we will express, prepaid, to points E. of the Mississippi, one thousand "Scot Tissue" towels, with fixture to hold the roll. To points W. of Mississippi \$2.50. Try them, and if they are not satisfactory, return them to us at our expense, and your money will be refunded.

SCOTT PAPER COMPANY  
 Manufacturers of "Sani-Tissue" Toilet Paper  
 651 Glenwood Ave., Philadelphia

When writing to advertisers please mention THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

I make over three thousand styles of glass for electric lights.

Wherever there is a light—electric, gas or oil—I make a globe, shade, or chimney for it.

For my "Pearl Glass" lamp chimneys which bear my name I make the best glass

ever put into lamp chimneys. It is tough, of perfect transparency, and won't break from heat.

A light isn't a good light until it has the right glass.

My lamp chimney book tells you the right chimney to get for any burner. It is free.

MACBETH,

Macbeth-Evans Glass Co.

Pittsburgh

## MITCHELL



## FURNITURE ART BOOK

THE best guide to the selection of *correct* furniture at *moderate* prices. This \$2.50 book really costs you nothing.

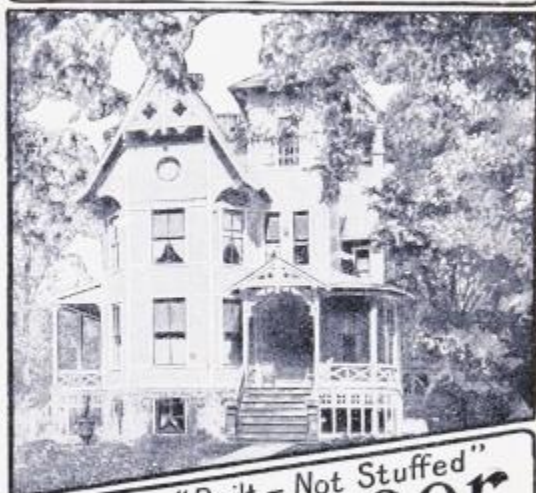
With this Mitchell Book you can stay at home and from 1200 photographs of Colonial and Period Reproductions and modern designs, you can choose MITCHELL Furniture *different* from store stock and at a cost no greater than is asked for ordinary furniture.

Name article you desire or rooms you wish to furnish and our Bureau of Expert Advice will help you in artistic selection. In Rugs we have Orientals in many exclusive patterns. Colored plates in our 300-page Catalog show many of our Domestic patterns in actual colors.

Write TODAY and enclose 25 cents (stamps will do) for MITCHELL ART BOOK of America's Furniture Show Place since 1836. The 25 cents covers mailing expense and is entered as a *cash credit* on our books and is applied to your *first* purchase.

THE ROBERT MITCHELL FURNITURE CO.  
628-630 Race Street, Cincinnati, Ohio

## 23 Years here



"Built - Not Stuffed"  
**Ostermoor**

Mattress \$15.

Slingerland, N.Y.  
June 27, 1910

MESSES. OSTERMOOR & CO.

Twenty-three years ago I purchased two Ostermoor Mattresses, which have been in constant use since that time. They have given entire satisfaction and are still in good condition, as are all the mattresses and cushions purchased since, for both this and our winter home at St. Petersburg, Florida.

I think Ostermoor the best obtainable.

Your very truly,  
CHAS. D. HAMMOND.

AMONG all household furnishings, you surely buy a mattress for *service*. There are two kinds of mattress service—the comfortable, sleep-inducing, life-long service of the Ostermoor, and the lumpy, sleep-disturbing, short-lived service of the *imitation*.

Ostermoor imitations are legion; their greatest claim is, "as good as"

or "the same as Ostermoor." Next time you read their advertisements, or are shown their goods, remember there is only one Ostermoor way—that of *building* a mattress, not stuffing it. Are you going to get the original, of *known* quality, or just the imitation?

Write for 144-Page Book—  
with Samples—FREE

The Ostermoor Mattress is not for sale generally, but there's an Ostermoor dealer in most places. Write us and we'll give you his name. We will ship you a mattress by express, prepaid, when we have no dealer in your town, or he has none in stock. Try it 30 days—money back if you want it.

Ostermoor & Co., 105 Elizabeth Street, New York

Canadian Agency: Ainslie Feather & Down Co., Ltd., Montreal

### Mattresses Cost

Express Prepaid.  
Best like and white  
stripes ticking.

4' 6" wide, 45 lbs.  
\$15.

In two parts, 60  
extra.

Don't goof, extra  
finest ticking, \$1.50  
more.

French macerated  
Art Twill, \$3.00  
more.



# CREX

Grass Carpets and Rugs

TRADE MARK



## Embody Four Essential Features In Household Necessities

THE four most important requisites to be considered in housefurnishing—**Economy—Cleanliness—Durability—**and **Appearance**—are responsible for the widespread popularity and ever increasing demand for

### CREX GRASS CARPETS AND RUGS

Long wear and economical service are attributes of CREX and the natural toughness combined with artistic designs warrants its general acceptance as the typical, everyday, all year round floor covering.

CREX is serving as the only floor covering in thousands of homes and is daily adding to its list of enthusiastic users. It is big value all through—made for long wear—to fill every requirement—and suit every home.

**Rugs:** In all sizes of exclusive designs and beautiful colors.

**Carpets:** Solid colors—plain and striped effects—in all widths.

**Caution:** Avoid Imitations—the genuine bears the **CREX** label.

Sold by all up-to-date Carpet and Department Stores. Send for free Booklet V., beautifully illustrated.

**CREX CARPET COMPANY**

377 Broadway

New York

## THE Berkshire Hills Sanatorium

The only private institution of magnitude in the United States for the exclusive treatment of Cancer and other malignant and benign new growths. Conducted by a physician of standing. Established 32 years.



For the Scientific and Effective Treatment of

## Cancer

Without Resorting to Surgical Procedure

For complete information address

**BERKSHIRE HILLS SANATORIUM**  
North Adams, Massachusetts



# HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLERS

For 61 years this great invention has successfully withstood the attacks of all imitators, because of original merit and continuous improvement. Latest model requires no tacks. Wood or tin rollers. The inventor's signature on every roller. Look for it. Take none without it.

*Stewart Hartshorn*



## Vantine's

### Orange Pekoe Tea

The favorite of connoisseurs. Our special blend of choice and rare teas, imported only by us. Delicate, fragrant, delicious, refreshing. No other has the flavor. If you love fine tea, send 50c for trial half pound package, or \$1.00 for pound.

### Oriental Table Delicacies

Dainties to please the epicure. Rare foods, fruits, nuts and confections which lend charm and novelty to afternoon tea, card party reception or any home function. Provide a real treat.

**Free** Delightful Oriental booklet descriptive of our appetizing delicacies for your dealer's name.

The name Vantine has stood for exclusive quality for over half a century. Vantine goods are sold by high grade dealers.

**VANTINE'S (Importers) Dept. 6-0, 12 E. 18th St., N. Y. City**

## Be an Independent Buyer—Send Name Book Free



We pay the Freight  
**KALAMAZOO STOVE CO.**  
Manufacturers  
Kalamazoo, Michigan

Send postal for Catalogue No. 174, with special terms and compare Kalamazoo stove and range factory prices with others.

### CASH OR CREDIT

Either way—you save \$5 to \$40 on any stove in catalogue.

"And Gas Stoves Too"

**"A Kalamazoo Direct to You"**

When writing to advertisers please mention THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.



# PRATT & LAMBERT VARNISHES

**T**HERE are over 300 Pratt & Lambert Varnishes, and each is made for a special purpose, with sixty-one years of varnish-making experience back of it. Varnishes for houses, factories, public buildings, boats, railroad cars—every conceivable use. They can be easily applied by the householder himself or through his painter, who is familiar with their superior merits.

**Interior Work**—"38" *Preservative Varnish* is best for interior woodwork, except floors. Never cracks nor blisters, and preserves the wood indefinitely. Never turns white. Water will not affect it.

**Exterior Work**—"P. & L." *Spar Finishing Varnish* is the most durable protection for front doors, store fronts, boats, porch ceilings, etc., against severest outdoor conditions. It is weather-proof, temperature-proof, and salt-water-proof.

**White Enamel Work** calls for *Vitalite*, which is moisture-proof, easy to apply on any surface indoors or out, never turns yellow, lasts indefinitely. Use it in your bathroom or kitchen.

Send for Booklet "Decorative Interior Finishing."

It tells all about "P. & L." Varnishes and gives many valuable pointers.

## 66 "61" FLOOR VARNISH

Is the varnish the heel can't crack or mar. It becomes part of the floor. *That's why you can dent the wood but can't crack the varnish.* Water does not turn it white. It is quickly applied, dries over night and wears, which is the main point. "61" adds life and durability to linoleum and painted floors.

Send For Free Sample Panel Finished with "61"

Test it yourself; it will prove that "61" is the floor finish you want. Ask for booklet "The Finished Floor," it tells how to finish and care for floors.

Dealers everywhere carry "P. & L." Varnishes. If yours hasn't the kind you want, send direct to us.

**PRATT & LAMBERT-INC. VARNISH MAKERS 61 YEARS**

Address inquiries to 61 Tonawanda Street, Buffalo, N. Y. In Canada address 3 Courtwright Street, Bridgeburg, Ontario  
 FACTORIES: NEW YORK · BUFFALO · CHICAGO · BRIDGEBURG · CANADA · LONDON · PARIS · HAMBURG

Branch Offices and Warehouses: St. Louis, San Francisco

VITRALITE FOR  
 WHITE ENAMEL WORK.

Without Door \$1.00  
 PER SECTION  
 With Door \$1.75



IT FITS ANY SPACE

On Approval, Freight Paid

*Lundstrom*  
 IT GROWS WITH YOUR LIBRARY

SECTIONAL BOOKCASE

ENDORSED "THE BEST" BY OVER FIFTY THOUSAND USERS

The Lundstrom cases are made under our own patents, in our own factory, and the entire production is sold direct to the home and office. That is the reason we can offer them at such reasonable prices. In purchasing a Lundstrom Sectional Bookcase, you are not helping to test a doubtful experiment, but are getting an article which time and experience have proven a wonderful success.

Our Sectional Bookcases are the product of years of undivided attention to this one line of manufacture.

Book sections have non-binding, disappearing glass doors, and are highly finished in Solid Golden Oak. Other styles and finishes at correspondingly low prices.

Write for new catalogue No. 6.

**THE C. J. LUNDSTROM MFG. CO., LITTLE FALLS, N. Y.**

Manufacturers of Sectional Bookcases and Filing Cabinets

New York Office: 372 Broadway

When writing to advertisers please mention THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

## When the Wintry Winds Do Blow



Are you kept continually on the jump to regulate your heater? Is your house first too warm, then too cold, exposing yourself and family to discomfort and illness? All this is eliminated when you install

### THE JEWELL HEAT CONTROLLER

It *thinks for you and acts for you*. Keeps the heat at any desired degree. Too warm—it closes the drafts; too cold—it opens them; all automatically. The home is always "just right."

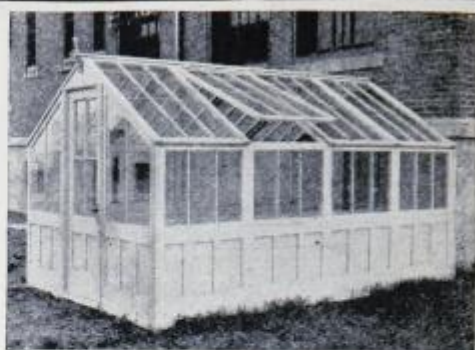
This is what thousands of JEWELL Heat Controllers are doing in thousands of homes. And more—for by the means of the Time-Clock Attachment, a uniformly low temperature, say 50 or 60, can be maintained at night, yet automatically brought back to the day temperature before the family arises.

**The JEWELL never wastes an ounce of coal**—which means a big saving over the unregulated heater. It is the greatest time, labor and money saving invention of the decade. It is so simple and sound in construction that we give a 25-year guarantee of perfect service with each machine. Can be applied to all systems of heating.

The JEWELL dealer in your town will install it on a 30 days' free trial basis

If you do not know his name, write us, and we will send you also our valuable and interesting free booklet, "The House Comfortable."

The Jewell Manufacturing Co., 90 N. Green St., Auburn, N. Y.



### \$250<sup>00</sup> Buys This Greenhouse

Price includes everything, benches, boiler, radiating pipes, ventilating rods and all. No extras. No foundations needed, as it is bolted to iron posts set in the ground. When you move take the greenhouse with you. As easy to take down as to put up. Goes together like a sectional bookcase. No fitting to be done—shipped all glazed, ready for immediate erection.

It will save your flowers from frost. Give you vegetables and blooming plants all winter. Buy now and be ready.

Send for booklet of complete information. Also gives growing information.

### HITCHINGS & COMPANY

1172 Broadway, New York



### 4 HP. STATIONARY COMPLETE GASOLINE ENGINE \$76<sup>00</sup>

For Farmwork, Irrigation or Pumping, Factory use and Electric Lighting.

3 to 20 h.p.—perfectly governed—guaranteed by a responsible firm. Write for full description.

GRAY MOTOR CO., 101 Leib St., DETROIT, MICH.

6171 \$35  
6065 \$75  
6172 \$40  
6255 \$60  
6225 \$25  
6205 \$65  
6233 \$35  
6032 \$40  
6034 \$50  
6029 \$25  
6198 \$30  
6230 \$50  
6200 \$40  
6047 \$150  
6169 \$25  
5525 \$25

## DIAMONDS ON CREDIT

20% DOWN 10% PER MONTH

Why wait for your Diamond until you have saved the price? Pay for it by the Lyon Method. Lyon's Diamonds are guaranteed perfect blue-white. A written guarantee accompanies each Diamond. All goods sent prepaid for inspection. 10% discount for cash. Send now for catalog No. 75.

J. M. LYON & CO., Est. 1843 71-73 Nassau St., N. Y.

SOLID GOLD

When writing to advertisers please mention THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

## Be Fair To Your Property

Give it every possible chance to last long and to look its best. If you build well, paint well.

If it is important to carefully select the building materials for your house, it is just as important to use all care in getting the paint which will best protect those materials.

Pure white lead ("Dutch Boy Painter" trade-mark) is the standard paint. Pure white lead earned that term "standard" because it proved itself the greatest known protector of wood against weather, and because as a decorative paint it proved to give the smoothest finish.

That is why good painters like to use it. The painter mixes it with pure linseed oil at the time of painting, and makes any color, shade or tint you want.

The house that is "white-leaded" is the house that's painted right.

Our books on decoration are valuable to property owners. Ask for our "Dutch Boy Paint Adviser No. 11" Sent upon request.

### National Lead Company

An office in each of the following cities:

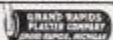
New York Boston Buffalo Cincinnati  
Chicago Cleveland St. Louis  
(John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., Philadelphia)  
(National Lead & Oil Co., Pittsburgh)



### Underwriters Indorse It

Lime and sand plaster while tolerated is not considered good construction and there is no money saved in using it. So why cling to obsolete materials when it is more economical to use the best modern wall plaster?

### Climax Wood Mortar



This G. R. P. quality brand of plaster is regarded by Underwriters as a remarkable fire retarder. It will give you a building warmer in winter and cooler in summer because of its density. It is so hard and tough that rats or vermin cannot penetrate it. It will not, of itself, crack, swell or shrink. It will not fall off, even if wet by leaky roofs or water pipes. It makes the

finest surface for all kinds of decoration. Used over any good plaster board it produces a fireproof wall that deadens sound—a wall without lath stains or other objections—a wall that never needs repairs.

Our book will tell you in plain English many truths about plastering. For your own protection write at once for a copy—Free.

**Grand Rapids Plaster Company**  
Grand Rapids, Michigan  
Climax Wood Mortar Makers of Hercules Wall Plaster  
Superior Wood Fibre Plaster Gypsum Wall Plaster  
Sales Agents for Sackett Plaster Board

## Do You Want a Better Home?

Send six cents for a copy of "24 CRAFTSMAN HOUSES"



This book shows exteriors and floor plans of 24 Craftsman Houses, costing to build from \$500 to \$1000. We will also send free a most interesting 32-page booklet entitled

### "THE CRAFTSMAN HOUSE"

These books are beautifully printed and will be sent post-paid to any address to interest you in THE CRAFTSMAN and particularly in our special offer showing you how to get plans for a home at a rate of \$3.75.

"The Craftsman Idea" means homes that are homes. The money usually spent for useless gaudiness and ornaments is applied to more substantial construction, hardwood interiors, built-in features, and other things that make for permanent satisfaction.

Such homes are the reward of intelligent thinking on the subject. You are willing to do this thinking. Do you know how to go about it? This is made simple by reading THE CRAFTSMAN MAGAZINE and CRAFTSMAN HOMES. To introduce them to a wider public, we are making the following special offer for a limited time only.

**The Craftsman (for a Year) - - -**  
**"Craftsman Homes" (a book) - - -** } **ALL FOR**  
**Your selection of over 100 House Plans. - - -** } **\$3.75**

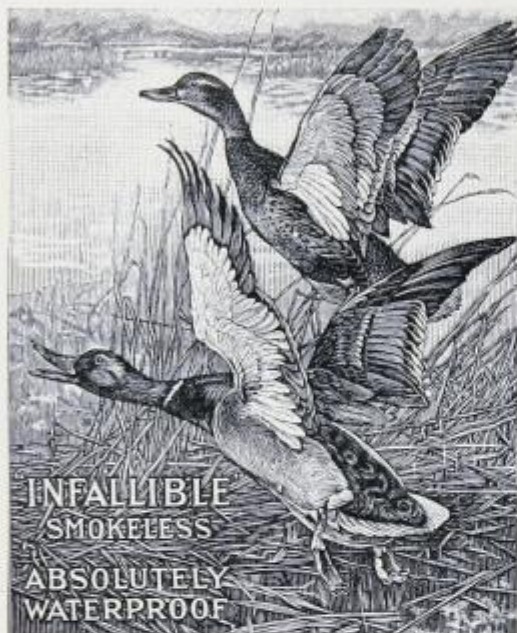
Also write at once for our Premium Catalogue, showing how you can secure many Craftsman articles absolutely free.

**Edgar E. Phillips, The Craftsman**  
Room 153, 41 West 34th Street, New York City

When writing to advertisers please mention THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

# "INFALLIBLE" SMOKELESS

The Dense Powder  
For Shotguns



INFALLIBLE  
SMOKELESS  
ABSOLUTELY  
WATERPROOF

Best For Trap and Field  
Shooting

"INFALLIBLE"  
IS  
"ALWAYS THE SAME"  
UNDER ALL CONDITIONS  
OF CLIMATE

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS POWDER CO.  
Established 1802 WILMINGTON, DEL.

Send 20 cents in stamps for a pack of



Playing Cards, postpaid.

Address Dept. C.



There's  
Satisfaction in  
dictating to  
an Underwood  
Operator

THE  
**UNDERWOOD**  
Standard TYPEWRITER

Makes it possible  
for the average  
operator to turn out  
more and better  
work.



"The Machine You Will Eventually Buy"

The Underwood Typewriter Company, Incorporated  
New York and Everywhere

No portion of the country has more beautiful trees than the Southland, and nowhere are trees more loved and prized. Although in far too many cases neglected and decaying, the majestic trees of the South respond quickly to treatment at the hands of experts. The accompanying picture shows a tree typical of the section, after treatment by a corps of Davey men, at Magnolia Villa, Savannah, Georgia. Mr. A. G. Campbell, president First National Bank, of Natchez, Miss., writes: "Referring to work done by your company on my Live Oaks and Magnolias, beg to say they are very much improved, and we think they are good for a great many years more. From my experience, I think it is very necessary to have trees gone over by your method."

## The South's Grand Trees Need the Davey Experts

The Davey men go South for the winter campaign, as tree surgery cannot be practiced at the North during the rigors of winter. As soon as cold weather comes, therefore, the Davey experts move southward. In the milder climate they can work without interruption, and, in fact, to better advantage than in summer. Routes for the winter campaign are now under consideration, and southern home owners who wish their trees treated this winter are invited to write at once for particulars. Tell us how many trees you have, what kind, and where. We may be able to favor you with their inspection without cost.

A booklet on tree surgery free to every person who writes us.

**THE DAVEY TREE EXPERT CO., Inc.**  
2310 Magnolia St., Kent, O.  
(Operating the Davey Institute of Tree Surgery)

When writing to advertisers please mention THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

# DIAMONDS ON CREDIT WATCHES LOFTIS SYSTEM

LET US SEND YOU A FINE DIAMOND OR WATCH ON FREE TRIAL.

Send for our beautiful catalog containing over 1500 illustrations. Whatever you select therefrom we send on approval. If you like it pay one-fifth on delivery, balance in eight equal monthly payments. Your credit is good. Our prices are lowest. A Diamond increases in value 10 to 20 per cent annually. Send today for THE OLD RELIABLE ORIGINAL DIAMOND AND WATCH CREDIT HOUSE Dept. 1, 25, 92 to 98 State St., Chicago, Ill.—Branches: Pittsburg, Pa., & St. Louis, Mo. | a free copy of the Loftis Magazine.

An Evening's Play will Demonstrate  
the Elegance and Charm of

## CONGRESS CARDS. GOLD EDGES

IVORY AND AIR-CUSHION FINISH.  
LARGE INDEXES - IDEAL FOR BRIDGE



50¢ per Pack

OFFICIAL RULES  
OF  
CARD GAMES.  
HOYLE UP TO DATE  
SENT FOR 15¢ IN STAMPS OR  
3 SEALS FROM CONGRESS  
WRAPPERS OR 6 FLAP ENDS OF  
BICYCLE CASES.  
THE U.S. PLAYING CARD CO.  
CINCINNATI, U.S.A.



25¢ per Pack

## BICYCLE CARDS. LARGE INDEXES

IVORY OR AIR-CUSHION FINISH.  
MOST DURABLE 25¢ CARD MADE  
IN USE THROUGHOUT THE WORLD



## BURROWES BILLIARD AND POOL TABLES

### \$1.00 DOWN

Puts into your home any Table worth from \$6 to \$15. \$2 a month pays balance. Higher priced Tables on correspondingly easy terms. We supply all cues, balls, etc., free.

### Become an Expert at Home

The BURROWES HOME BILLIARD AND POOL TABLE is a scientifically built Combination Table, adapted for the most expert play. It may be set on your dining-room or library table, or mounted on legs or stand. When not in use it may be set aside out of the way.

**NO RED TAPE**—On receipt of first installment we will ship Table. Play on it one week. If unsatisfactory return it, and we will refund money. Write to-day for catalogue.

E. T. Burrowes Co., 11 Spring St., Portland, Maine



**\$5.00**  
by mail,  
Delivery  
Guaranteed,

Above carries linings of little lamb skins. Price with mohair fleece linings \$4.50. For comfort, appearance and durability you cannot find their equal for the price. Our illustrated catalog gives measure directions and a whole lot of other information about custom tanning of hides and skins with hair or fur on; coat, robe and rug making; taxidermy and head mounting; also prices of fur goods and big mounted game heads we sell.

THE CROSBY FRISIAN FUR COMPANY,  
579 Lyell Ave., Rochester, N. Y.



## Ithaca Gun

If you like quality, you'll like our No. 7 grade shown above. It is impossible to show on paper the elegant finish, beautiful lines, careful workmanship, high grade materials and richness of nomenclature. You must see the gun to appreciate its beauty. You must use it to value its worth.

Art catalog in colors FREE. Eighteen grades, \$17.75 up. Try a 20-boze—you'll like it—5 1/4 pounds up.

ITHACA GUN COMPANY, Box 19, ITHACA, N. Y.

### Milady's Xmas Gift

Few gifts combine beauty, durability and usefulness as does a Chest of Southern Red Cedar, the delightfully fragrant wood that protects furs and other clothing against moths, mice, dust, dampness. No camphor required. Saves cold storage expenses. Lasts for generations. Style 143, in illustration, has hand-rubbed finish and copper decorations. Only \$12.50. Many other designs. From factory to home saves dealer's profit. We pay freight east of Mississippi River. Write for catalog "T".

PIEDMONT RED CEDAR CHEST CO., Dept. 68, Statesville, N. C.

When writing to advertisers please mention THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.



The Chest  
Grandmother used.

# ELGIN WATCHES ON CREDIT



**\$11.45**

**Buys This 17-Jewel Elgin**

*in a Fine 20-Year Gold Filled Case*

Sent Prepaid on **FREE TRIAL** at Our Bed Rock Wholesale Price.

**BIGGEST BARGAIN EVER OFFERED**

**Only \$1 a Month**



Our Elgin Watches are so well known and our CREDIT PLAN so easy, that no matter where you live or how small your wages, **WE WILL TRUST YOU**, so that you and every honest man and woman can own a Diamond or High-Grade Elgin Watch in a beautiful Guaranteed 25-Year Gold Case and wear it while paying for it in such small payments that you never miss the money. **WRITE TODAY FOR OUR BIG FREE WATCH AND JEWELRY CATALOG.** It tells all about our easy credit plan and how we send Elgin 17-Jewel B. W. Raymond and 21 and 23-Jewel Elgin Veritas everywhere on Free Trial, without security or one cent deposit, **Positively Guaranteed to Pass Any Railroad Inspection.**

**HARRIS-GOAR CO.,**

Dept. 1366 MONADOCK BLDG., CHICAGO, ILL.  
Or, 1366 WALNUT STREET, KANSAS CITY, MO.

*The House that Sells More Elgin Watches than Any Other Firm in the World.*

Magnificent S. S. "Arabic" leaves Feb. 4; rates \$400 up, including shore excursions; 71 enchanting days. Stop-over privileges. Program ready.

**FRANK C. CLARK**  
Times Bldg., New York

**CLARK'S  
ORIENT  
CRUISE**

## Irrigated Land

### In the Best Fruit and Alfalfa Valley in America

is now open for settlement at Fort Stockton, Tex. Richest soil in Pecos Valley, limestone formation, (no gyp) natural flow of pure spring water exceeding 55,000,000 gallons per day for irrigation and domestic use; irrigation system completed and in full operation now; no waiting for water; assured profits of from \$100 to \$1,000 per acre; no drought; no crop failures; finest all year 'round climate in the United States; altitude 3,950 feet above sea level.

### Natural Location for Largest City of Southwest Texas

Fort Stockton is county seat of Pecos County and important division point on the Kansas City, Mexico and Orient Railway, now building into Fort Stockton. Has 36,000 acres of the finest irrigated land the sun shines on; adjacent to town. Population now 1,000. will soon be a city of from 10,000 to 15,000. Greater opportunities for homeseekers and investors than were offered in the older irrigated districts, where orchards are valued at from \$2,000 to \$5,000 per acre. Those who have investigated irrigated districts of New Mexico, Colorado, Utah, California, Oregon, Washington, Idaho, etc., say this is the finest body of irrigated land they ever saw.

This is one irrigation project where the water supply has not varied in 50 years; where every drop of water used for irrigation is good to drink and where there is water in abundance for every acre of land that is irrigable. Choice locations open to those who investigate now. You cannot afford to buy land anywhere without seeing Fort Stockton. Low rate excursions the first and third Tuesdays of each month. Write for full particulars today.

REFERENCES: First National Bank, Kansas City, Mo., First State Bank, Fort Stockton, Texas.

Prospectus, map and illustrated folder describing these lands free to all who address Fort Stockton Irrigated Land Company  
665 Fidelity Trust Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

## MOVING PICTURE MACHINES MAKE BIG MONEY

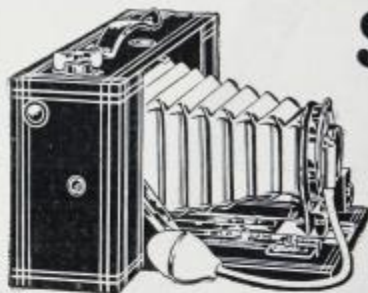
Stereopticons



A wonderful opportunity for men with a little money, no matter where located, to make big money entertaining the public. Motion pictures always will pay because they show the public life, funny dramas bubbling over with humor, history, travel, adventure, temperance work and illustrated songs. Almost no limit to the profits showing in churches, school houses, lodge halls, theatres, etc., or operating FIVE CENT THEATRES. We show you

how to conduct the business, furnish complete outfit with bills, advertising, posters, etc., so no experience whatever is necessary. We rent films and slides. If you want to make \$15 to \$50 a night send for full particulars. Hundreds of others doing it. You can, too. Write today and learn how.

CHICAGO PROJECTING CO., 225 Dearborn St., Dept. 3, Chicago



**\$10**

The Biggest Little Cousin  
of the Kodaks—

## No. 3A FOLDING BROWNIE

Takes the full size post card pictures,  $3\frac{1}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$  inches. Equipped with meniscus achromatic lens, F. P. K. automatic shutter with bulb release, automatic focusing lock and reversible finder. Has all the Kodak advantages of daylight loading and unloading, and is made and tested by Kodak workmen.

Price with meniscus achromatic lens, \$10.00; with Rapid Rectilinear lens, \$12.00; other Brownie Cameras, \$1.00 to \$12.00.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.,

ROCHESTER, N. Y.,

Catalogue of Kodaks and Brownies free at the dealers or by mail. The Kodak City.

When writing to advertisers please mention THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

## TRAVELERS' CHEQUES

of the AMERICAN BANKERS  
ASS'N.



### Hotels Accept the "A. B. A." Cheques

in preference to drafts and certified checks, because these Travelers' Cheques are *always good* for full face value and *identify* the holder.

Issued in \$10, \$20, \$50 and \$100. Use them on your next trip—Abroad or At Home.

*Descriptive Booklet Free on Request*

**BUY THEM FROM YOUR OWN BANKER**  
OR IF MORE CONVENIENT APPLY TO  
BANKERS TRUST COMPANY, 7 WALL ST., NEW YORK CITY

## Esterbrook Steel Pens

250 Styles

Every Esterbrook pen is sure to give satisfaction.

A style for every writer.

Quality guaranteed by a half-century's reputation.

At all stationers.

The Esterbrook Steel Pen Mfg. Co.  
Works: Camden, N. J. 26 John St., New York



## BEAUTY and Comfort

¶ The points that make "Jewel" Base Burners appeal to every home-maker are the beauty of design, the quality of finish and the great heating capacity that assures cosy comfort.

¶ For years "Jewels" have been noted as the best built, longest lasting stoves money can buy—Always sold at fair prices.

## "JEWEL" STOVES

Over 4,000,000 in use

¶ Made in over a thousand styles and sizes, including Steel Ranges, Cast Ranges, Base Burners, Oak Stoves, Gas Ranges and Furnaces. No matter for what purpose you want a stove, "Buy a Jewel and save fuel."

¶ Over 10,000 dealers sell Jewel Stoves—and back of each stove is a strong double guarantee—the dealer's and ours.

¶ The supremacy of our plant—"the largest stove plant in the world"—could not be maintained were it not for the supremacy of "Jewel" stoves.

¶ If you write and tell us the kind of stove you want—we will send illustrations and advise name of nearest dealer—Address

### Detroit Stove Works

"Largest Stove Plant in the World"

1312 to 1400 Jefferson Ave.

DETROIT

CHICAGO

Buy a  
Jewel!



and Save  
Fuel



# Marlin *Big Game* REPEATING RIFLES *Model 1893*

The Special Smokeless Steel barrel, rifled deep on the Ballard system, creates perfect combustion, develops highest velocity and hurls the bullet with utmost accuracy and mightiest killing impact.

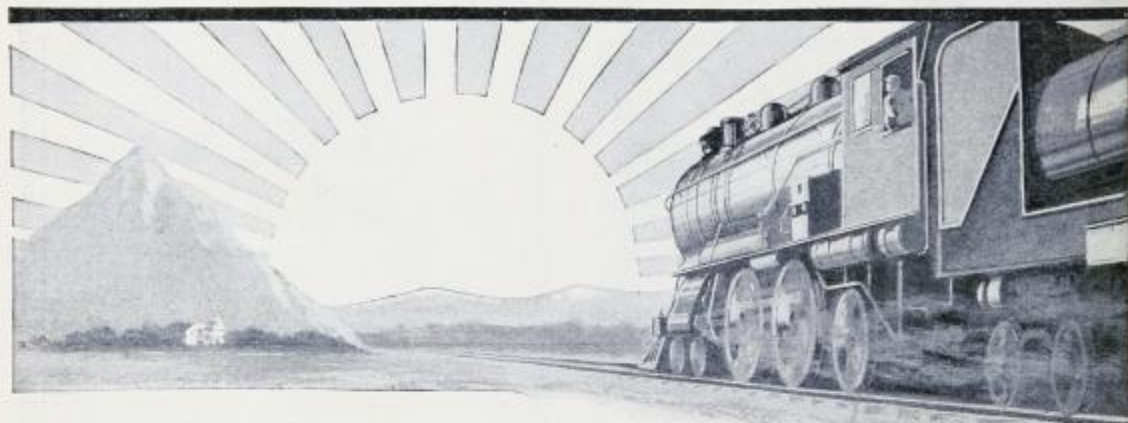
The mechanism is direct-acting, strong, simple and perfectly adjusted. It never clogs. The protecting wall of solid steel between your head and cartridge keeps rain, sleet, snow and all foreign matter from getting into the action. The side ejection throws shells away from line of sight and allows instant repeat shots, always.

Built in perfect proportion throughout, in many high power calibers, it is a quick handling, powerful, accurate gun for all big game.

Every hunter should know all the *Marlin* characteristics. Send for our free catalog. Enclose 3 stamps for postage.

*The Marlin Firearms Co.*

15 Willow Street, . . . NEW HAVEN, CONN.



*Through Story Land to Sunset Seas*

## Southern Pacific

TRAINS OF SUPERIOR EQUIPMENT

DINING CAR SERVICE BEST IN THE WORLD

Sleepers, Diners, Chair, Observation, Library, Smoking Cars

Oil Burning Locomotives—Rock Ballast

Road Bed—Automatic Block Signals

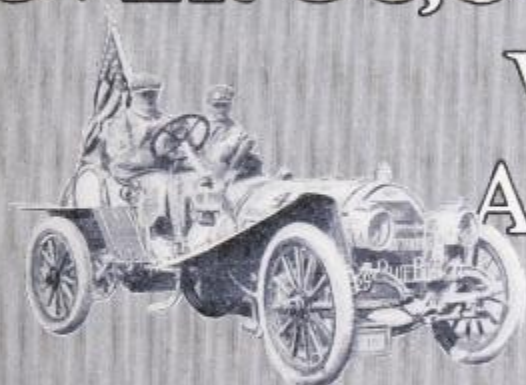
Send for Literature to L. H. Nutting, G. E. P. A., 366 Broadway New York



When writing to advertisers please mention THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.



# OVER 50,000 MILES WITHOUT A BROKEN SPRING



"I have driven my Apperson over 50,000 miles without breaking a spring and ascribe this remarkable showing to the fact that my car has never been without Truffault-Hartford Shock Absorbers."

(Former President Chicago Automobile Club,  
Publisher Automobile Blue Book.)

*M. H. Vaucliken*

Deeds, not words! This is but one of innumerable instances where

THE

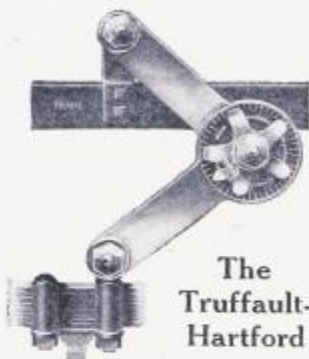
## TRUFFAULT - HARTFORD SHOCK ABSORBER

has made good with a vengeance.

Interposed between frame and axle of the automobile, the Truffault-Hartford acts harmoniously with the spring, so regulating it that its action never becomes violent. Results—Spring breakage is impossible; Wheels cannot skid or bounce; there's no jolt, jar or vibration; Car always rides easy and is subjected to less wear and tear.

You become both *comfortable* and *economical* as soon as your car is Truffault-Hartford-equipped. It can be done easily and quickly.

*We can fit any car and make any car fit for any road.*



The  
Truffault-  
Hartford



Truffault-Hartford Agency

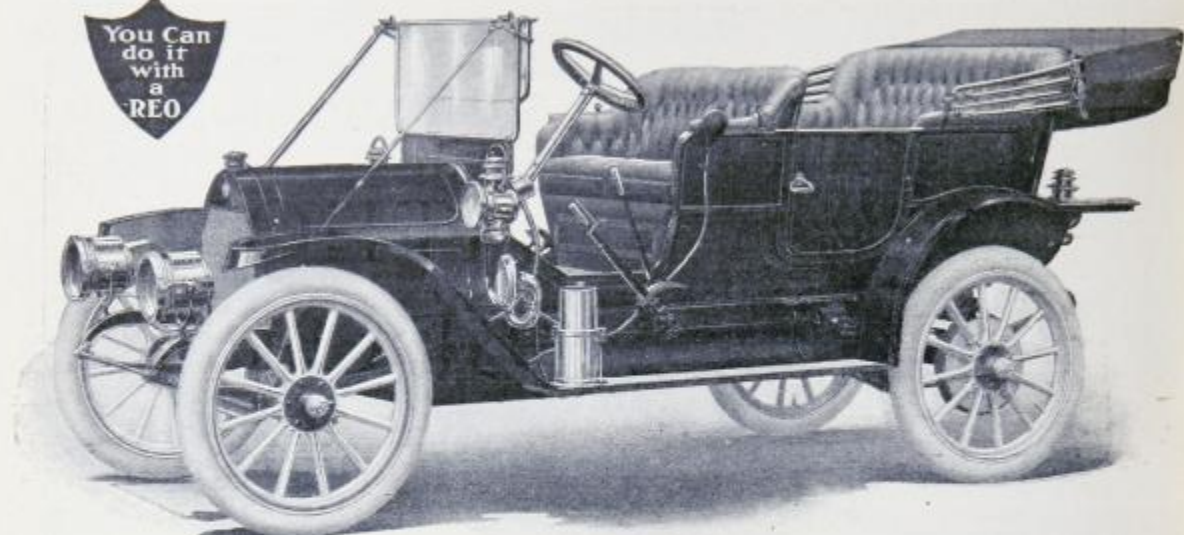
New York: 212-214 West 88th Street  
Philadelphia: 250 N. Broad Street

**HARTFORD SUSPENSION COMPANY**  
156 BAY STREET JERSEY CITY, N. J.

EDW. V. HARTFORD, President

Branches:

Boston: 319 Columbus Avenue  
Chicago: 1458 Michigan Avenue



Reo Five-Passenger Touring Car, \$1250. Top and Mezger Automatic Windshield extra.

## Reo Breaks the Record

New York to San Francisco in 10 days, 15 hours, 13 minutes.

The severest test ever made of the strength, endurance, reliability, and other things that really count in motoring, is this phenomenal run of 3557 miles.

Think of a car that keeps on going 10½ days, day and night, over all the kinds of roads there are between New York and San Francisco—good roads, bad roads, awful roads, no roads at all but only deserts and mountain tracks, through mud, through sand, fords and all that—and gets there 4 days and 11 hours quicker than a \$4000 car, and 14 days quicker than any other car that tried it!

The Reo did this and more. A schedule was made out in advance; and the Reo kept just a little ahead of that schedule every day. No big days, no small days. A thoroughly consistent performance from start to finish.

The Reo did it open and above board. Announced the start in the newspapers on Sunday, August 7, one day ahead, had the arrival and departure of the car checked and affidavits made by interested and responsible people at every important point, and kept the newspapers informed all the way until it reached San Francisco on Thursday, August 18.

This record proves that the Reo has the power, strength and endurance to meet every emergency of year-in-and-year-out motoring. It is just one more emphatic proof of the well-known get-there-and-back ability for which the Reo has always been famous.

It proves that the Reo light-weight construction is sound and right—that light weight is not at the expense of strength and that its combination of light weight and resiliency permit full use of power on rough roads with perfect safety to the car and comfort to the passengers; for otherwise neither car nor passengers could possibly have stood the strain.

Do you want a car with a fancy racing record that proves nothing, or with no record at all? Or do you want a car whose private record is backed and proved by an absolute public test which shows that this car has all the qualities that count in comfortable and satisfactory motoring?

1911 Four-cylinder Reo Runabout \$850.

*Send for Reo catalogue which tells plain facts—also "Coast to Coast in Ten Days."*

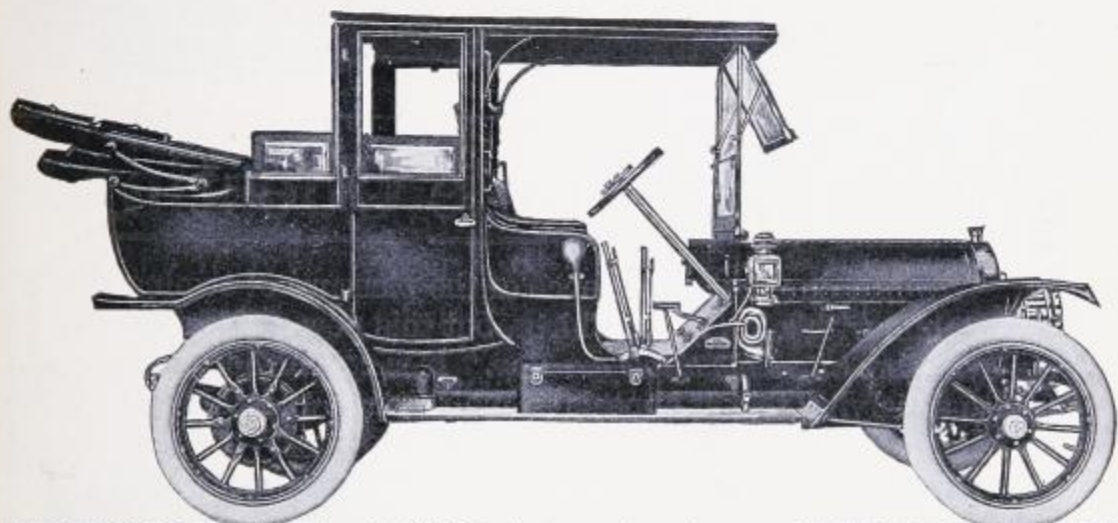
**R M Owen & Co Lansing Michigan General Sales Agents for Reo Motor Car Co**

*Licensed under Selden Patent*

When writing to advertisers please mention THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.



# Stevens-Duryea



**T**WO short words, and commonplace—"the best"—completely describe the Stevens-Duryea Landaulet as it is today.

The more you know about automobiles, the more readily you will agree that this is so. It has true beauty in every line, grace in every motion; the fleetness of a fawn; the comparative strength, the powerful silence of an ocean liner; all the comfort and protection that could be desired.

These qualities give the Stevens-Duryea Landaulet distinct preference for theatre, shopping and country-house use. We believe there is no car equal to it.

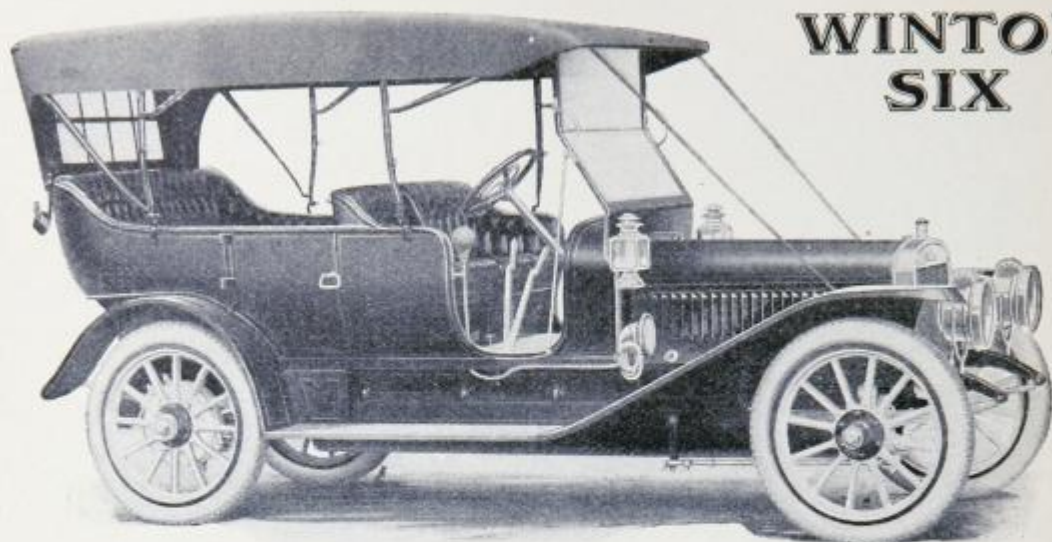
### Our Literature Sent On Request

makes plain every reason for Stevens-Duryea superiority. It is interesting, complete and speaks with authority. May we send it?

**Stevens-Duryea Company, Chicopee Falls, Mass.**

*Licensed Under Selden Patent*





## WINTON SIX

### Alters the Whole Question

“We had our first experience of the pleasure of owning an automobile with a . . . . . Thirty, but this new proposition of six-cylinders *alters the whole question*. It is so finished, so restful, so satisfying that it appeals to me through and through. I do indeed thank you for making so complete a car.”

Ⓒ This letter from a lady in California tells a big story briefly.

The Six *does* alter the whole automobile question.

It accomplishes previously impossible results in quietness, comfort, flexibility, hill-climbing, and economy.

Money spent lavishly to perfect a car of four-cylinders can only add to the price you pay. It can never add that finishing touch of continuous power, which is found only in the Six.

The Winton Six is high-grade in design, materials, workmanship, and class finish.

It is superior in the beauty of its performance.

And supreme in low cost of upkeep. Its world's record of 77 cents per 1000 miles is the direct result of its six-cylinders, its continuous power, and its beautiful operation.

The Winton Six has the only self-cranking motor. Air does it. No clock springs: no complicated mechanism. Just one single moving part.

The 1911 48 H. P. Winton Six sells at \$3000. To find its value compare it with cars that cost \$4000 to \$6000.

Our catalog tells a plain, forceful, easily-understood story. Send coupon for copy.

THE WINTON MOTOR CAR COMPANY,  
87 Berea Road, Cleveland, Ohio.

Please send Winton Six literature to

THE WINTON MOTOR CAR COMPANY  
Licensed Under Selden Patent  
CLEVELAND, U. S. A.

Branch Houses: Broadway and 70th St., New York; Berkeley and Stanhope Sts., Boston; 245-248 No. Broad St., Philadelphia; 399 N. Liberty St., Baltimore; Baum and Beatty Ss., Pittsburg; 736-740 Woodward Ave., Detroit; Michigan Ave. and 19th St., Chicago; 16-22 Eighth St. N., Minneapolis; 1000 Pike St., Seattle; 300 Van Ness Ave., San Francisco.

When writing to advertisers please mention THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

# A Perfect Harmony of Artistic Detail

One master-body-builder constructs the entire body of a Rauch & Lang car. One master-artisan does all the interior finishing. One master-painter does the painting.

Three men perfect each Rauch & Lang body.

And it takes three months—this thorough way of ours—to finish a body complete, ready for the chassis.

But every door and window fits to a nicety, the broadcloth and trimming are placed perfectly, the ceiling is done beautifully, the upholstery is comfortable and

the exterior finish is equal to that of the finest pianos made.

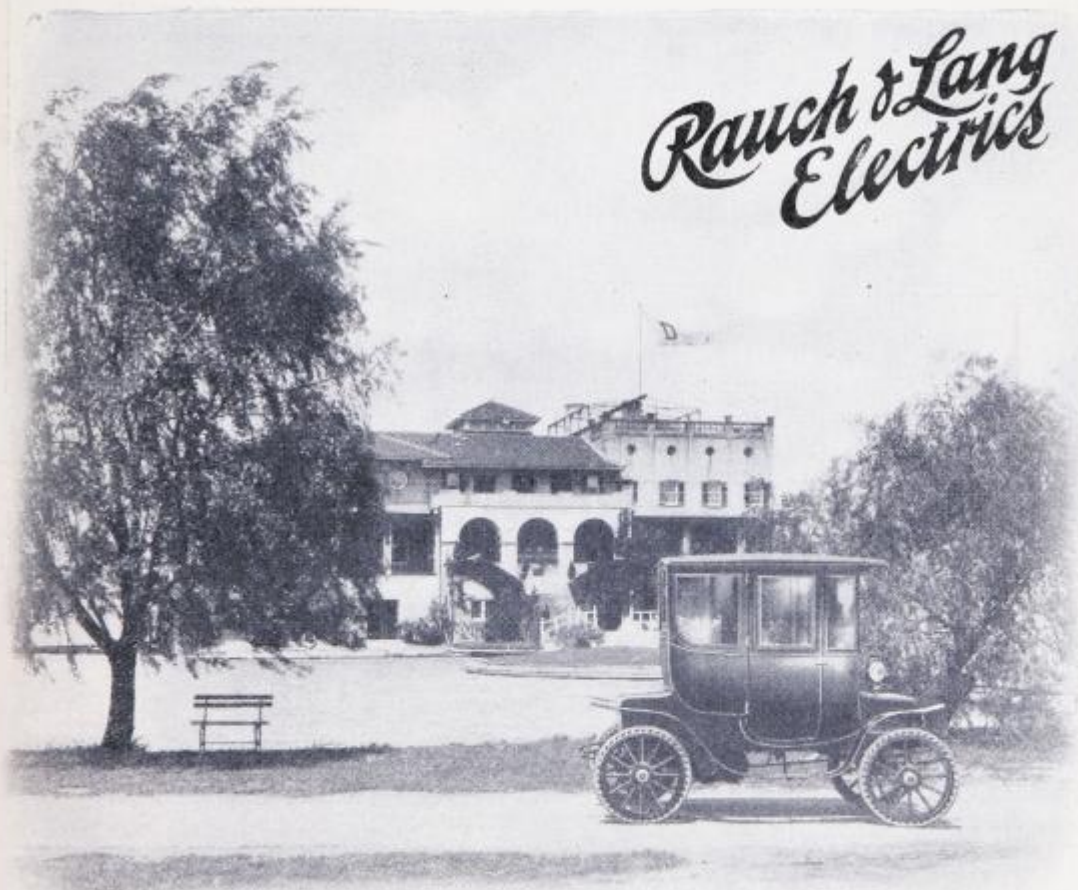
In short a Rauch & Lang car is a perfect whole of exquisitely artistic and skillfully executed details.

Absolutely efficient, serviceable and quietly stylish.

Our agents in any of the principal cities will gladly demonstrate. Or we'll send a catalog, fully descriptive, on request.

**The Rauch & Lang Carriage Co.**  
2268 West 25th St. :: Cleveland, Ohio.

*Rauch & Lang  
Electrics*



When writing to advertisers please mention THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

## A TRIUMPH OF TRANSMISSION

Adjustable beveled gear, directly connected with our new shaft drive, without chain or gear reductions between motor and shaft, requiring the fewest possible parts.

These essentials to a mechanically perfect direct drive, hitherto lacking in any electric, have been invented and perfected for the **Detroit**.

Power is transmitted direct to a beveled gear in the rear axle.

Heretofore common practice has necessitated an extra reduction from motor to shaft through chains or a set of gears, bearings and counter-shafts.

In eliminating this reduction we have

- (1) Provided a perfectly noiseless motor and gears.
- (2) Effected practically instantaneous transmission with the least loss of efficiency.
- (3) Constructed a beveled gear so accessible and so simple that any owner may make necessary adjustments without expert assistance.
- (4) Eliminated several extra parts.

Other important changes and additions make the 1911 **Detroit** line more complete than ever. You have your choice of 16 different models, including the following:

A four-passenger victoria; a victoria model, with long front hood, and rumble seat in rear; an underslung roadster, built on rakish, racy lines, with 96 inch wheel base and equipped with pneumatic tires only.

Except the roadster all models may be equipped with chain or shaft drive; pneumatic or Metz cushion tires.

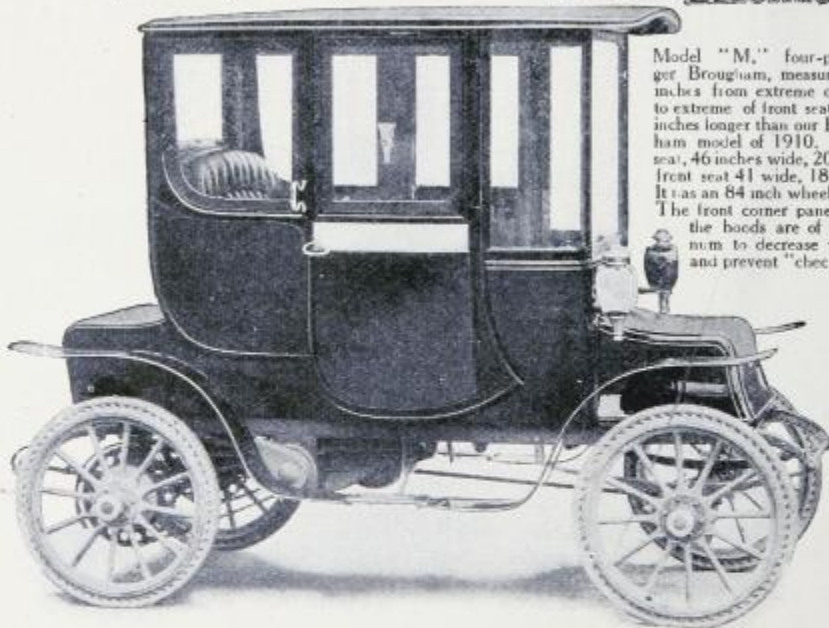
We strongly urge the equipment of **Edison** batteries for greater mileage and perfect service.

For details of new models ask our local dealer; or write

**ANDERSON CARRIAGE COMPANY**

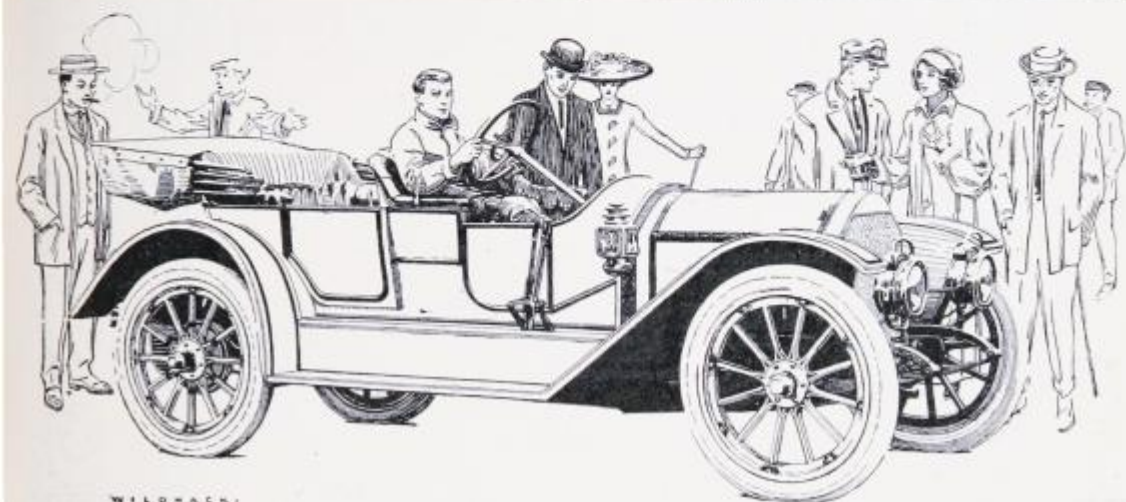
Dept. A M, Detroit, Mich.

*THE*  
**Detroit**  
*ELECTRIC*



Model "M," four-passenger Brougham, measures 54 inches from extreme of rear to extreme of front seat, or 9 inches longer than our Brougham model of 1910. Rear seat, 46 inches wide, 20 deep, front seat 41 wide, 18 deep. It has an 84 inch wheel base. The front corner panels and the hoods are of aluminum to decrease weight and prevent "checking."

# 1911 Columbia cars



WILDHACH.

## One of the THREE BEST cars built

**I**N every essential of smart design and careful building Columbia cars square with the world's best practice. The new models for 1911 include a high powered Columbia, Mark 85, and a medium weight car, Mark 48-5.

All bodies are vestibuled, with four, five, six and seven passenger open bodies and town cars of limousine and landaulet types. The prices range from \$2750 to \$3500 in Touring cars, and from \$3800 to \$4900 in Coach vehicles. The equipment is complete.

*The new catalog of Columbia cars—  
mailed on request.*

---

## The Columbia Motor Car Co.

HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT.

Licensed under Selden patent.

When writing to advertisers please mention THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

# Woodworth

FIGURE WHAT YOU CAN SAVE ON YOUR  
AUTOMOBILE TIRES

## A good tire kept properly inflated and used continuously with WOODWORTH TREADS

will last from 25,000 to 50,000 miles. Let us be conservative and say 24,000. Good tire casings are supposed to average 3,500 miles, but suppose they run 4,000 it will take 6 to cover 24,000 miles. Six casings will generally use up 12 tubes because of punctures and leaks resulting from taking out and putting in tubes when punctured, let us again be conservative and say 10 tubes. The WOODWORTH TREAD under average conditions wears longer than a tire casing—but suppose it gives the same wear we then have these figures for a man using 34 x 4 tires and proportionate figures for other sizes.

Without Woodworth Treads		WITH Woodworth Treads	
6 Casings 34 x 4 @	\$43.65	1 Casing 34 x 4	\$43.65
10 Tubes 34 x 4 @	8.75	1 Tube 34 x 4	8.75
	\$349.40	6 Treads 34 x 4 @	\$20.00
			\$120.00
			\$172.40

Here is a saving of over 50 per cent. in cash not counting the doing away with the trouble of punctures and the advantages of always having a non-skid tire. We guarantee WOODWORTH TREADS not to injure the tires in any way and to give good wear under all conditions. Send for Catalog giving description and prices. LEATHER TIRE GOODS CO.,  
Niagara Falls, N. Y.  
Canadian Factory at Niagara Falls, Ont.

# Hotel La Salle

Chicago's Finest Hotel

George H. Gazley, Manager  
La Salle at Madison Street, Chicago.

*Hotel La Salle is already one of the famous hotels of the world and excels all Chicago hotels in the elegance of its furnishings, the excellence of its cuisine and the thoroughness of its service.*

## RATES

### One Person:

Room with detached bath: \$2.00 to \$3.00 per day  
Room with private bath: \$3.00 to \$5.00 per day

### Two Persons:

Room with detached bath: \$3.00 to \$5.00 per day  
Room with private bath: \$5.00 to \$8.00 per day

### Two Connecting Rooms with Bath:

Two Persons, - - - \$5.00 to \$8.00 per day  
Four Persons, - - - \$8.00 to \$15.00 per day

Suites: \$10.00 to \$35.00 per day

All rooms at \$5.00 or more are same price for one or two persons.

*Center of Chicago's Activities*





# SMITH & WESSON

To afford the owner maximum protection:—That is the principle upon which the SMITH & WESSON is built. Every part of it—even to the most minute detail of construction—reflects the determination of the makers to produce a revolver that would win recognition everywhere as the weapon, without exception, of greatest proven worth.

The SMITH & WESSON costs more because it is worth more.

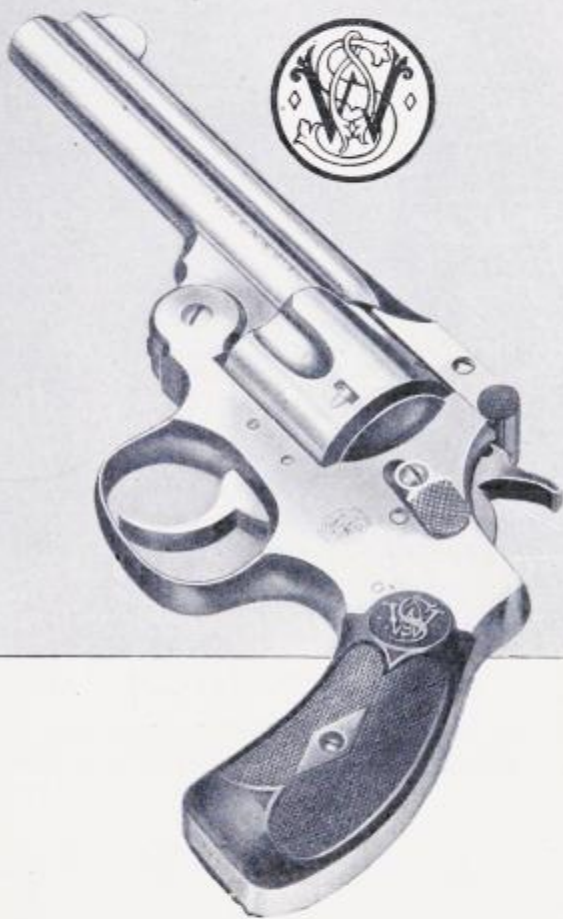
Send for "The Revolver"  
—an invaluable book.

SMITH & WESSON

17 Stockbridge St., Springfield, Mass.

Pacific Coast Branch: 717 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

## THE THOROUGHbred OF THE REVOLVER WORLD



**Endless NECKTIE**  
—The Best Bow You Ever Bought

Double length ordinary bow ties—wears twelve times as long, costs less. Place tie double around collar and tie in new place every day—collar takes out yesterday's creases—keeps tie fresh and new.

**3** Endless Ties, assorted or plain, neatly packed, and postage prepaid, for..... **\$1.00**

Endless wear, endless satisfaction, economical, neat, drowsy—no ends to fray or ravel out. Order today—two single ties, or 3 for \$1.00—Money Back if Not Satisfied.

PAT'D. SEP. 27, 1904

WANTED.—Lady Agents are making big money. Liberal commissions. Send 25 cents for sample and plan. Beautiful Illustrated Folder Free. Write for it today. Endless Necktie Co., 324 Argyle Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

The Only  
**Perfect Eye-Glass Holder**  
Saves Cost in New Glasses  
**Ketcham & McDougall**  
Automatic  
**Eye-Glass Holder**

Our name on back guarantees it—look for it—insist on it. Over a million in use and all with our name on the back. Sold by Jewelers and Opticians, or by mail, 50c up.

Catalogue of 52 Styles Free  
**Ketcham & McDougall, Silversmith Bldg., New York**  
(29 Years in Business)

When writing to advertisers please mention THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

# WHERE-TO-GO *Bureau* 6 BEACON ST. BOSTON



**Atlantic City, N. J.** Only Eastern Winter Resort. Climate all year surpasses that elsewhere in health giving, curative qualities and charm. **St. Charles Hotel.** Open all year. Exclusive, restricted. All improvements. Colonial structure, elegantly appointed, occupying partial grounds on best ocean-front location on famous board-walk. For Booklet, rates, address Newlin E. Haines.

## CHICAGO ILL.

### Chicago Beach Hotel

Finest Hotel on the Great Lakes

American or European Plan. An ideal resort, uniting city gaieties with the quiet of country and seashore, delightfully situated on the shore of Lake Michigan, close to the great South Park and but 10 minutes' ride from the theater and shopping district. Cool, refreshing breezes—smooth, sandy bathing beach—every comfort and convenience—all summer attractions. Tourists, transients and summer guests find hearty welcome. For booklet address Manager, Met Bldg., and Lake Shore, Chicago.

## SEATTLE WASH.

**Hotel Savoy.** "12 stories of solid concrete, steel and marble. In fashionable shopping district. English grill. Auto Bus, \$1.50 up."

## WASHINGTON ANNEX

Absolutely fireproof. 200 superb outside rooms. Minute's walk from business center. Frills for families and parties. European plan \$1.50 up.

## NEW YORK CITY

**Hotel Empire.** NEW YORK. Broadway and 63d St. Excellent cuisine. Large rooms with bath. \$2. Suites \$3.50 up.\* W. Johnson Quinn, Prop.

## ATLANTIC CITY N. J.



### Atlantic City. MARLBOROUGH B. F. E. N. H. F. I. M.

Above illustration shows but one section of this magnificent and sumptuously fitted house—the Open Air Plaza and Enclosed Solariums overlook the Board-walk and the Ocean. The environment, convenience and comforts of the Marlborough-Plenheim and the invigorating climate at Atlantic City make this the ideal place for a Fall sojourn. Always open. Write for handsomely illustrated booklet, Joseph White & Sons Company, Proprietors and Directors.

**Galen Hall.** ATLANTIC CITY, N. J. Hotel and Sanatorium. New stone, brick & steel building. Always open, always ready, always busy. Table and attendance unsurpassed.\*

## BOSTON MASS.

**The Puritan,** 392 Commonwealth Ave. Opened last November with every modern resource. A distinctive Boston house. Several desirable rooms and suites at modest rates. Booklet.\*

**United States Hotel,** Beach St. 200 rooms. A \$3.00. E. \$1.00 up. Center business section. Two blocks from South Station. Write for map.

\* Write for further information.

## WASHINGTON D. C.



**HOTEL DRISCOLL.** Faces U.S. Capitol. Tourists' Favorite. Near Union Station. Amidst Show Places. Garage. Baths gratis. Music. Amer. \$2.50. Eur. \$1 up. Booklet. Souvenir Card.

## BALTIMORE MD.

**The Rennert.** E. \$1.50. Baltimore's leading hotel. Typical Southern cooking. The kitchen of this hotel has made Maryland cooking famous.

## LONG BEACH CAL.

**HOTEL VIRGINIA,** Long Beach, Cal. California's magnificent Hotel. American Plan. FIREPROOF. WARM IN WINTER. Leafy. Booklet FREE. Managed by CARL STANLEY.

**WARM and DRY in WINTER.** Cool in summer, at **LONG BEACH SANITARIUM.** Battle Creek methods. Finest and best equipped Sanatorium west of Battle Creek. Winter Booklet FREE.

## SANTA CATALINA ISL'D CAL.

**Avalon, Hotel Metropole.** Warm winter climate; famous for Fishing, Golf, Hunting. BOOKLET FREE. BANNING CO., P. E. Bldg., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

## LAKESIDE P. O. CAL.

**The Lakeside Inn,** LAKESIDE P. O., Cal. An Earthly Paradise both Summer & Winter. Curative Mineral Waters & Baths. Moderate rates. No consumptives. Booklet.

## ASHEVILLE N. C.

**Biggs Sanitarium.** Ideal climate, complete equipment, personal attention, home-like conditions. Select chronic cases. Pamphlets.

## WHITE HAVEN PA.

**SUNNYREST SANATORIUM** Don't cross a continent to treat tuberculosis, leaving home comforts and friends. "The invigorating Blue Mountains are better." Write Elwell B. Stockdale, Supt.\*

# French Lick West Baden Springs

## Go Now!

This is the favorite season—a real Indian Summer. Forget your worries and cares for a few weeks and get a thorough rest and new lease of life. There is a wide range of pastimes—pleasant companions and ideal hotel accommodations. Then the waters will "make you over." They're unexcelled for Kidney or Stomach disorders.

Over night from Chicago, in Southern Indiana on the "Monon."

Write for booklet to

**FRANK J. REED, G. P. A.**  
REPUBLIC BUILDING, CHICAGO

# MONON ROUTE

When writing to advertisers please mention THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

# HAMBURG AMERICAN



## Visit the Other America

on the Second Annual

### Grand South American Cruise

of the Hamburg American Line *S. S. Bluecher* (12,500 tons), leaving New York on January 21, 1911, for the East Coast of South America, as far South as the Straits of Magellan, and up the Pacific Coast as far as Valparaiso, Chile. Finest, most novel and best arranged Vacation Voyage in the Western hemisphere. Total distance, 18,000 miles. Duration of voyage, 74 days. Cost from \$350 up.

Places visited on the cruise are St. Thomas, D. W. I.; Para, Bahia and Santos, Brazil; Montevideo, Uruguay; Punta Arenas, Chile; Straits of Magellan; Coronel and Valparaiso, Chile; Buenos Aires, Argentine; Rio de Janeiro and Pernambuco, Brazil; Port of Spain and Barbadoes, West Indies.

### Grand Oriental Cruise

by the new twin-screw *S. S. Cleveland* (17,000 tons), leaving New York January 28, 1911, for Madeira, Spain, the Mediterranean and the Orient. Duration of voyage, 80 days. Cost from \$325 up.

### Three West Indies Cruises

by *S. S. Moltke*, leaving New York on January 24, and February 25, 1911, for cruises of 28 days' duration, \$150 up, and on March 28, for a cruise of 16 days' duration, \$85 up; also regular Caribbean Cruises by the Atlas Service—24 and 25 days—visiting the West Indies Islands, Panama, Central and South America.

### Two Grand Cruises Around the World

by the new twin-screw *S. S. Cleveland*, leaving New York on November 1, 1911, and San Francisco, February 17, 1912. \$650 up.

Many other splendid Vacation Cruises to the Mediterranean, the Caribbean, the Adriatic, and elsewhere. Write for special booklets and further information regarding any of the above cruises. *Guide and Travel Books on sale.*

HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINE  
Chicago Philadelphia

Department of Cruises  
Boston St. Louis

41-45 Broadway, New York  
San Francisco Pittsburgh

**A Written Handshake.** A letter is like a handshake to the one who receives it—either weak and lifeless or vibrating personality.

The letter that jumps up from all the rest and compels favorable attention is the one that looks sincerity and invites confidence—the communication typed on

# Old Hampshire Bond

It's as necessary in a business as the right typewriter and a good stenographer. Let us send you the Old Hampshire Bond Book of Specimens. It contains suggestive specimens of letterheads and other business forms, printed, lithographed and engraved on the white and fourteen colors of Old Hampshire Bond.

Write for it on your present letterhead. Address

**Hampshire Paper Company**

South Hadley Falls, Mass.

The only paper makers in the world making bond papers exclusively. Makers of Old Hampshire Bond, "The Stationery of a Gentleman," and also Old Hampshire Bond Typewriter Paper and Manuscript Covers.



**WE** install a perfect system anywhere, with noiseless pump (electric or hot-air) giving just the needed pressure. Exact cost told *beforehand*, and nothing left for customer to settle or "fix."

Our system used by the United States Government—and some 40,000 other purchasers.

Let us send you reasons for preferring our method of water-supply, adaptable to all conditions.

Write to our nearest office for Catalogue **C**, and let us tell you the cost of a water-supply *all ready for use*.



GUEST: "But how do you have a city water-supply out here—miles away?"

HOSTESS: "John will explain it to you. I only know that it is the Reeco Water System and that it works to perfection."

**RIDER-ERICSSON**  
**ENGINE Co.**

: : : : :

35 Warren Street, New York  
239 Franklin Street, Boston  
40 Dearborn Street, Chicago  
40 North 7th Street, Philadelphia  
234 West Craig Street, Montreal, P. Q.  
22 Pitt Street, Sydney, N. S. W.

When writing to advertisers please mention THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

The keyboard with a key  
for every character **A a**  
and the keys arranged in  
straight lines — **C V B**  
makes the **e r t**

## Smith Premier Typewriter

the one logical typewriter to use. There is a close relation between the thought of the operator and the movement of her fingers. She thinks one thing and does one thing, and the result is better than it can be with divided attention.

Write for folders describing this and fourteen other exclusive Smith Premier advantages.

We manufacture ten different models of billing and bookkeeping machines to take care of all the known up-to-date business systems.

THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER COMPANY, Inc.  
Syracuse, N. Y., U.S.A. Branches everywhere



Pedestal Table  
with leaves,  
\$20.75

### Buy from the Factory—Save Over Half

Come-Pack Sectional Furniture is sold direct from our factory to you—only. The prices are far less than dealers must charge to cover store rents, clerk hire, other expenses and profits. Besides this, our sectional plan saves half the freight and much expensive packing. These examples prove this economy. 180 other splendid bargains in our big catalog of

#### Bungalow, Mission and Flanders Furniture

As to quality, we guarantee every piece of Come-Pack Furniture to please you—or your money back for the asking. Quarter Sawn White Oak—not red oak—not plain sawn oak—is used throughout. Choice of eight finishes—we send you actual samples free. Write for our book of Mission, Flanders, and Bungalow Furniture for Bed Room, Dining Room, Den, and Hall—mailed free.

COME-PACKT FURNITURE CO., 1015 Edwin St., Ann Arbor, Mich.

SECTIONAL  
**COME-PACKT**  
FURNITURE



Buffet, \$19.25

When writing to advertisers please mention THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

# How long will you Doubt Truth?

SO extravagant have been the exaggerations in safety razor advertising, that we have great difficulty in making the public believe that the AutoStrop Safety Razor really does get the head barber's edge and give the head barber's shave.

But reason it out for yourself, to wit:

The AutoStrop Safety Razor, like the head barber, depends on expert stropping for its edge. That is why it gets the edge. And, as it makes everybody able to strop as quickly, handily and expertly as a head barber, it makes everybody able to shave as quickly, handily and expertly as a head barber.

Some men live a life of doubt—doubting everything, everybody. Doubt makes them failures.

Stop doubting the AutoStrop Safety Razor. Get one from your dealer today on 30 days' free trial.

## GET ONE—TRY IT

(DEALERS ALSO READ THIS)

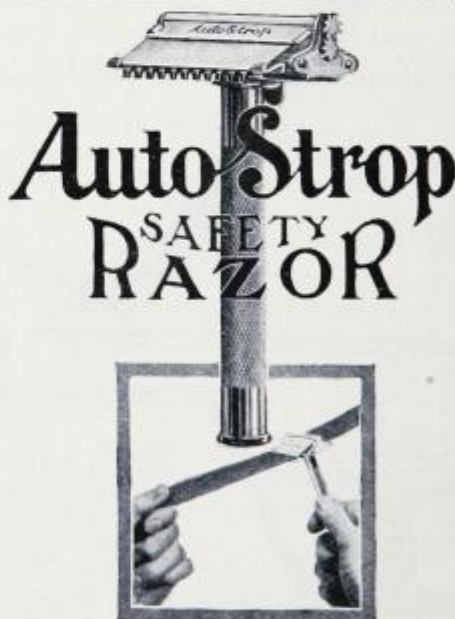
If it doesn't give you head barber shaves, dealer will willingly refund your \$5.00, as he loses nothing. We exchange the razor you return or refund him what he paid for it.

Consists of one self-stropping safety razor (silver-plated), 12 fine blades and strop in handsome case. Price \$5, which is your total shaving expense for years, as one blade often lasts six months to one year.

The best way to forget to get an AutoStrop Safety Razor is to put it off until "to-morrow."

AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., 349 Fifth Avenue,  
New York; 233 Coristine Building, Montreal;  
61 New Oxford Street, London.

FAR QUICKER, HANDIER THAN A NO-STROPPING RAZOR



STROPS, SHAVES, CLEANS  
WITHOUT DETACHING BLADE



# Presto!

On any Coat  
On any Style

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

## A Convertible Coat Collar

**T**WO coats in one!

There's economy for you—and convenience.

Your overcoat—top-coat—cravenette coat—light or heavy coat—should be made with a Presto Convertible Collar. With the collar turned down, your coat looks no different from any well made, well fitting coat.

Turn up the collar and *Presto!* You have the neat military standing collar, close-fitting and stylish. A suitable coat for cool weather, or rain, or for automobiling and the like.

The Presto Collar is made of the same material as the body of the coat, and properly tailored by the man who made the coat. Not an attachment—simply an improved method of constructing coat collars.

You can go to your regular clothier, and select just such a coat as you naturally prefer as to style, fabric and price. Simply be sure that it has been made with a Presto Convertible Collar, instead of the old style one-way collar. Look for the name "*Presto*" on the label.

Leading clothiers everywhere have all grades and styles of coats

with Presto Collars. And more dealers are ordering them in every day. If your clothier has not yet received his stock, write to us, and we will direct you to a full line in your locality.

Don't get the idea that Presto is a fad or a novelty—or that it is conspicuous. Whether the collar is up or down, you can't see that it is convertible.

Some inexpensive coats are made with it, and some of the finest clothes makers in America and Europe have adopted the Presto construction. It is applied to coats for men, women and children—overcoats, cravenettes, reefers, hunting coats, auto coats, sweaters, fur coats, bath robes—every garment made with a collar can be made with a Presto Collar.

### Get a PRESTOSCOPE Free

The Prestoscope is the little moving picture novelty which shows the simple operation by which the stylish lapel collar is instantly turned up into a protective standing collar.

It is an interesting souvenir which you can keep or mail to a friend. Simply fill out and send us this coupon.

The  
Presto  
Company  
723 Broadway  
New York City

Please send me Free  
one of the Prestoscopes  
advertised in the American

Name.....

Address.....

I usually buy my clothing from

Name.....

Address.....

Essentially  
every outer garment  
will have a  
Presto  
Collar

## THE PRESTO COMPANY

723 Broadway, NEW YORK

CHICAGO

BOSTON

LONDON

BERLIN

PARIS

BRUSSELS



**"Griffon"**  
**AUTOMATIC STROPPER**

MODEL A  
HOLDER FOR WAFFER BLADE  
FOR MODELS B, C

**P**ERFECT stropping depends absolutely upon a stropper set to strop at THE IDENTICAL ANGLE AT WHICH THE BLADE WAS HONED. Perfect results CANNOT be obtained in any other way. THE "GRIFFON" AUTOMATIC STROPPER is made in three distinct models.

MODEL A—For Gem Jr., Ever-Ready, Keen Kutter, Enders, etc.  
MODEL B—For Star, Gem, "Griffon," etc.  
MODEL C—For Arnold, Clark, Luna.

Send us three of your discarded blades (any make) and 4c. in stamps for postage—we will return the blades better than new, proving the delightfully keen edge this strop will put on old blades.

Simply push the handle to and fro; no matter how you use it, a perfect edge results.

**Price \$2.00** At your dealer's—or sent, all charges prepaid, upon receipt of price by makers. Mention model wanted.

**GRIFFON CUTLERY WORKS**  
481 Broadway, New York

"It saves the dip that distracts"

**Waterman's**  
**Ideal**  
Fountain Pen



There is only one fountain pen which gives universal satisfaction—Waterman's Ideal. The gold pen is relatively permanent when suited to your hand, while a steel pen is undergoing a mechanical change from the moment you first dip it in ink until you throw it away.

Try Waterman's Ideals at Your Dealer's

**L. E. WATERMAN CO.**

173 Broadway

NEW YORK

**"THE STAR"**  
**Asbestos Pad**  
For Dining Tables



The original and patented Dining Table Pad. Not an imitation.

The best Pad manufactured.

Made of a special grade of Asbestos of sufficient thickness and weight to assure protection from damage by heat and moisture, covered with double-faced cotton flannel to make it soft and noiseless.

Pads and leaves made to fold to convenient size to lay away when not in use.

Doily, Chafing-dish and Platter Mats of same materials, size 5 to 18 inches, round, square, or oval. Ask your dealer to show you the **STAR** Pad.

All Pads and Mats bear our trade-mark, "Star." Write for descriptive booklet.

**KERNEY MFG. CO.**

151 W. 62nd St. - - CHICAGO, ILL.





# New Invention!

## FOR THE HOME AIR DOES THE WORK

Cleans Carpets, Rugs, Matting, etc., on the floor, by the Vacuum Process

### THE NEW HOME VACUUM CLEANER

WEIGHS NINE POUNDS

Operated by child or weakly woman. Air is drawn through body and fibre of carpet at terrific speed. Carries all dust, grit, germs, etc., into the Cleaner. No dust in room, it all goes into Cleaner. Supercedes broom, brush, sweeper, dust pan and dust cloth. Cleans without sweeping. Raises no dust. Keeps house clean, does away with house cleaning. Portable, dustless, always ready. Adapted to every home—rich or poor—city, village or country. Does same work as expensive machines. Costs nothing to operate—costs nothing for repairs. Light, neat, well and durably made—should last a life time. Saves time, labor, carpets, curtains, furniture. Saves drudgery, saves health, saves money. Saves taking up and beating carpets. The New Home Cleaner is truly a wonder. Astonishes everybody; customers all delighted and praise it. They wonder how they ever did without it.



Lady had matting too old to take up—New Home Cleaner saved it—Cleaned on floor.

Others write: "Would not do without it for many times its cost." Another says: "Ten year old girl keeps everything clean." Another: "Never had house so clean."

Another: "Carpets and rugs so clean baby can play without getting dust and germs." Another: "It works so easy; just slide nozzle over carpet, it draws all the dirt into the Cleaner—not a particle of dust raised."

So they run, hundreds and thousands of letters praising, without a

**\$8.50**

Not Sold in Stores

complaint. To try a New Home Cleaner means to want it—then keep it. The size is right—weight is right—price is right. Simple, neat, handsome, durable and easily operated. All put together ready for use when you receive it.

**SENT ANYWHERE FOR ONLY \$8.50**

Not Sold in Stores

Every one tested before shipping—guaranteed as represented or money refunded. Write today; or better, send order. You won't regret it.

#### FREE SAMPLE FOR ACTIVE AGENTS.

Agents make money easy, quick, sure. Spare or all time. Men or women. Experience unnecessary. \$50 to \$180 per week. W. B. Morgan, Pa., "Send 60 Cleaners at once. Sold 32 so far this week, making 75 in 9 days." "Sold 5 Vacuum Cleaners last Saturday—my first attempt." So it goes all along the line—These reports are not uncommon. Sales easy, profits big, generous. Show one in operation. People want it, must have it; when they see it they buy. How they sell! Show 10 families, sell 9. Write today. Send postal card for full description and agent's plan. Name choice of territory. Act quick.

Address R. ARMSTRONG MFG. CO.,  
1151 Alms Building Cincinnati, Ohio

## Given Absolutely Free

If you will secure me one *new* subscriber to *The Craftsman*.

Send at once for *The Craftsman Premium Catalogue*, showing 44 articles you can secure *free* for new subscriptions.



EDGAR E. PHILLIPS—THE CRAFTSMAN  
Room 157, 41 W. 34th St., N. Y. City

## Don't Handicap Yourself

in the race for business by failure or neglect to provide yourself with the best business card the world thus far affords

### Peerless Patent Book Form Cards

In use the cards are detached one by one as occasion demands. The edges are absolutely smooth, incomprehensible as that may seem, and every card is clean, flat, perfect and unmarred. They attract attention and they get attention. Send for sample book and detach 'em for yourself—You will never be satisfied with anything else.

Send today.



Appearance of our neat card in case

### The John B. Wiggins Company

Engravers, Die Embossers, Plate Printers  
33-35 East Adams Street, Chicago  
New York Office, 350 Broadway

## ARITHMETIC MADE EASY

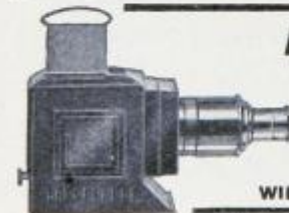


for anyone with a set of Arithmetic Help. Any and all examples and problems in arithmetic, from the easiest to the hardest, are worked out and explained so anyone can understand. For the student or business man. Easy and simple. 2 volumes; 630 pages; over 200 illustrations and color plates; bound in red silk cloth. Most complete ever published. A \$2 bill brings a set prepaid anywhere. Send for a set. If not pleased return at our expense and get your money back. Order today.

STANDARD SALES CO., 17 Fifth Ave., CHICAGO.

## Improvements For The Stereopticon

Every Lantern Owner or Purchaser Should Investigate These



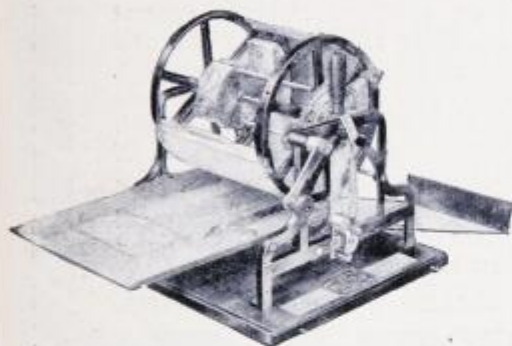
**THE INTENSO LAMP:** This wonderful new electric lamp works noiselessly on direct or alternating current, is intensely brilliant, requires no rheostat or carbons. **THE ALCO-RADIANT LAMP,** for use where electricity is not available, the most perfect portable light, brilliant, cheap and easy to use. **THE ADVERTIGRAPH,** the new automatic stereopticon for Street and Show Window Advertising. Requires no operator. We make 50 styles of Magic Lanterns and Post-card Projectors, and have 50,000 Lantern Slides for sale or rent. Lists free. Write for circulars.

WILLIAMS, BROWN & EARLE, Inc., Dept. 41, 918 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

When writing to advertisers please mention THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

# The Time Saved

will soon pay  
for a new



## Self-Inking Rotary Neostyle

This machine is always ready for immediate use because the **automatic inking device** contains the supply of ink and distributes it quickly and evenly over the stencil. No hunting for the ink can. No soiled fingers.

Important and confidential information can be put in the mails in an hour for hundreds of agents and correspondents.

One copy is written on the typewriter—the rest are turned off by the Neostyle at the speed of a rotary press.

The Neostyle is a business-getter—

The Neostyle is an extra clerk—

Want to know? Just ask

### Neostyle Co.

30 Reade St., New York  
109 Franklin St., Boston  
219 Randolph St., Chicago



## Individual Libraries

One of the many advantages of **Globe-Wernicke Bookcases** is the creating of *individual* libraries in *any* room, enabling each to have his or her books where they are instantly accessible.

**Globe-Wernicke** sections can easily be rearranged to meet the requirements of different rooms in the same home, or in the event of moving to a new house or apartment—a feature entirely lacking in the solid or built-in bookcase.

## Globe-Wernicke Elastic Bookcases

are fully described in our new 1911 catalogue, which contains many practical suggestions for clever decorative effects, and tells in detail the many points of **Globe-Wernicke** superiority. The coupon below will secure you a copy.

"The World's Best Books" is a valuable guide in selecting a library, and contains authentic lists prepared by prominent literary authorities.

"Those who love books will find this volume of genuine service, and its selections made on a broad basis of wisdom."—*Buffalo News*.

A copy will be mailed free with 1911 Catalog to anyone who returns the coupon below.

The Globe-Wernicke Co.,  
Dept. P,  
Cincinnati,  
U. S. A.

The Globe-Wernicke Co.,  
Dept. P, Cincinnati, U. S. A.  
Please send me "The World's Best Books," also your 1911 catalog.

My library contains.....vols.

Name.....

Street.....City.....State.....

# They Can't Wear Brassy



There is a great difference between Fast Color Eyelets and all other kinds of shoe eyelets.

## DIAMOND FAST COLOR EYELETS

have nickel barrels with tops of solid color which cannot wear brassy. The imitations have nothing but the roll top of brass with a thin coating of enamel to protect it. There are two features of Diamond Fast Color Eyelets that cannot be imitated. First, the wear; and, second, the Diamond Trade Mark that appears on the tops of Fast Color Eyelets. It is the distinguishing mark of the only kind of Shoe Eyelets that never wear brassy. Be sure and look for the Diamond Trade Mark. Only the genuine Fast Color Eyelets have it.

UNITED FAST COLOR EYELET CO. - Boston, Mass.



The Cigaret you can smoke all day without a trace of "nerves"—because it's just pure, clean, sweet tobaccos, blended by artists. Prove it.

## MAKAROFF RUSSIAN CIGARETS

15 cents and a quarter  
AT YOUR DEALERS

*Makaroff - Boston*

Mail address—95 Milk Street, Boston

## I Can Make You a Convincing Speaker

says Grenville Kleiser (lately of Yale Faculty). He rids you of timidity—gives you confidence in yourself—develops your power and personality. Just give him fifteen minutes of your time daily—at home—and he will speedily teach you how to

**Close Sales—Make Political Speeches—Address Board Meetings—Deliver After Dinner Speeches—Propose Toasts—Tell Stories Entertainingly.**

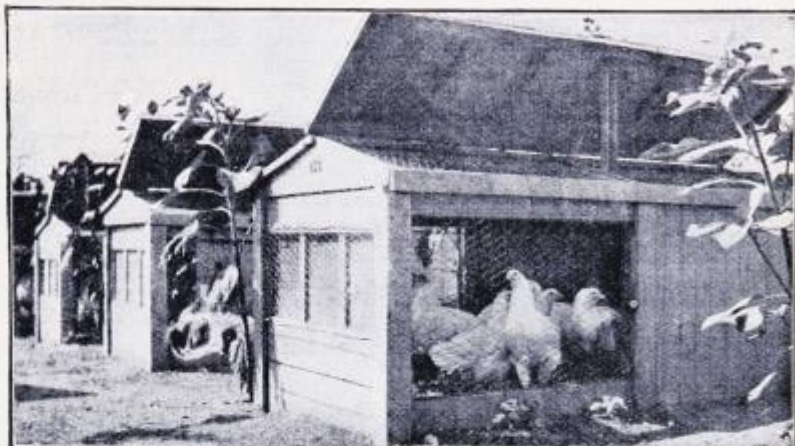
If you can't talk to the point, you can't carry conviction—you can't win! Don't you want to be a winner? Then write to-day. Let us tell you all about this helpful Course and prove its value. A postal will do.

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, Dept. 50, NEW YORK

# A LIVING FROM POULTRY

**\$1,500.00 from 60 Hens in Ten Months on a City Lot 40 Feet Square**

*TO the average poultry-man that would seem impossible and when we tell you that we have actually done a \$1500 poultry business with 60 hens on a corner in the city garden 40 feet wide by 40 feet long, we are simply stating facts. It would not be possible to get such returns by any one of the systems of poultry keeping recommended and practiced by the American people, still it can be accomplished by the*



Note the condition of these three months old pullets. These pullets and their ancestors for seven generations have never been allowed to run outside the coops.

## PHILO SYSTEM

THE PHILO SYSTEM IS UNLIKE ALL OTHER WAYS OF KEEPING POULTRY

and in many respects just the reverse, accomplishing things in poultry work that have always been considered impossible, and getting unheard-of results that are hard to believe without seeing.

THE NEW SYSTEM COVERS ALL BRANCHES OF THE WORK NECESSARY FOR SUCCESS

from selecting the breeders to marketing the product. It tells how to get eggs that will hatch, how to hatch nearly every egg and how to raise nearly all the chicks hatched. It gives complete plans in detail how to make everything necessary to run the business and at less than half the cost required to handle the poultry business in any other manner.

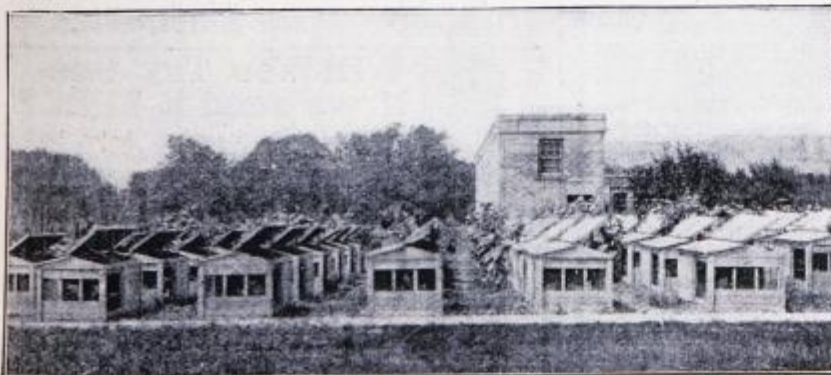
### TWO-POUND BROILERS IN EIGHT WEEKS

are raised in a space of less than a square foot to the broiler without any loss, and the broilers are of the very best quality, bringing here 3 cents a pound above the highest market price

OUR SIX-MONTH-OLD PULLETS ARE LAYING AT THE RATE OF 24 EGGS EACH PER MONTH

In a space of two square feet for each bird. No green cut bone of any description is fed, and the food used is inexpensive as compared with food others are using.

Our new book, *The Philo System of Poultry Keeping*, gives full particulars regarding these wonderful discoveries, with simple, easy-to-understand directions that are right to the point, and 15 pages of illustrations showing all branches of the work, from start to finish.



Photograph Showing a Portion of the Philo National Poultry Institute Poultry Plant Where There Are Now Over 5,000 Pedigree White Orpingtons on Less than a Half Acre of Land.

### DON'T LET THE CHICKS DIE IN THE SHELL.

One of the secrets of success is to save all the chickens that are fully developed at hatching time, whether they can crack the shell or not. It is a simple trick and believed to be the secret of the ancient Egyptians and Chinese which enabled them to sell the chicks at 10 cents a dozen.

### CHICKEN FEED AT 15 CENTS A BUSHEL.

Our book tells how to make the best green food with but little trouble and have a good supply any day in the year, winter or summer. It is just as impossible to get a large egg yield without green food as it is to keep a cow without hay or fodder.

### OUR NEW BROODER SAVES 2 CENTS ON EACH CHICKEN

No lamp required. No danger of chilling, over-heating or burning up the chickens as with brooders using lamps or any kind of fire. They also keep the lice off the chickens automatically or kill any that may be on them when placed in the brooder. Our book gives full plans and the right to make and use them. One can easily be made in an hour at a cost of 25 to 50 cents.

### TESTIMONIAL.

South Britain, Conn., April 19, 1909

Mr. E. R. Philo, Elmira, N. Y.

Dear Sir:—I have followed your system as close as I could; the result is a complete success. If there can be any improvement on nature, your brooder is it. The first experience I had with your system was last December. I hatched 17 chicks under two hens, put them as soon as hatched in one of your brooders out of doors and at the age of three months I sold them at 35c a pound. They then averaged 2½ lbs. each, and the man I sold them to said they were the finest he ever saw and he wanted all I can spare this season. Yours truly,  
A. E. Nelson.

### SPECIAL OFFER

Send \$1.00 for one year's subscription to the *Poultry Review*, a monthly magazine devoted to progressive methods of poultry keeping, and we will include, without charge, a copy of the latest revised edition of the *Philo System Book*.

E. R. PHILO, Publisher,  
2514 Lake St., Elmira, N. Y.

When writing to advertisers please mention THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

# You're Not Healthy Unless You're Clean INSIDE

And the one way to real internal cleanliness—by which you are protected against 90 per cent. of all human ailments—is through PROPER internal bathing, with plain warm water.

There is nothing unusual about this treatment—no drugs, no dishing—nothing but the correct application of Nature's own cleanser. But only since the invention of the J. B. L. Cascade has a means for proper internal bathing existed.

Pending its discharge from our bodies, all waste matter is held in the organ known as the colon. This waste, like all other waste in Nature, is poisonous.

And twice during each 24 hours every drop of blood in the human body circulates through the colon. Unless the poisonous waste is properly washed away, more or less of it is necessarily absorbed by the blood and carried to other parts of the body.

To accumulated waste may be traced the original cause of many dangerous ailments of which appendicitis is one of the most common.

Naturally this poison in the blood weakens the system and produces that "run down" condition which opens the way for attack from countless diseases either by contagion or by natural processes.

Typhoid rarely can secure a foothold in the system of one who bathes internally as well as externally.

Indigestion, headaches, dizziness and most common of all, nervousness—these are some of the distressing and life-shortening troubles caused by continued absorption of the poisons in the colon.

Only one treatment is known for actually cleansing the colon without the aid of elaborate surgical apparatus. This is

## The Internal Bath By Means of the J. B. L. Cascade

Prof. Metchnikoff, Europe's leading authority on intestinal conditions, is quoted as saying that, if the colon and its poisonous contents were removable, people would live in good health to twice the present average of human life.

Address, TYRRELL'S HYGIENIC INSTITUTE, Dept. 137K, 134 W. 65th St., New York

Dr. A. Wilfred Hall, Ph.D., L.L.D., and W. E. Forest, B.S., M.D., two world famous authorities on internal bathing, are among the thousands of physicians who have given their hearty and active endorsement and support to the J. B. L. Cascade treatment.

Fully half a million men and women and children now use this real boon to humanity—most of them in accordance with their doctor's orders.

### One Physician's Experience

26 Jacobson Building, Denver, Colo.

Dear Doctor:—Your "J. B. L. Cascade" received, and I have tried it in a number of cases. It is excellent. I can truthfully say that I have had the very best results in my experience with the "Cascade." I treat a great many chronic cases of wasting diseases, and I find ninety per cent. of them the result of impacted faecal matter. By the old method, one has to coax and persuade the patient to continue internal bathing; but with the "Cascade" it's a pleasure. Since I received the "Cascade" I have cleared the surgeons out of a good operation for appendicitis. Upon examination, every symptom pointed to an operation immediately, and in a few hours she would have been on the table, under the knife. You certainly have struck the keynote of many diseases. Sincerely yours, Prof. Horace T. Dodge, M.D., Prof. of Materia Medica and Pharmacology, Homeopathic College, Denver, Colo.

### Let Dr. Tyrrell Advise You

Dr. Tyrrell is always very glad of an opportunity to consult freely with anyone who writes him—and at no expense or obligation whatever. Describe your case to him and he gives you his promise that you will learn facts about yourself which you will realize are of vital importance. You will also receive his book "The What, the Why, the Way," which is a most interesting treatise on internal bathing. Consultation with Dr. Tyrrell involves no obligation.

## Are your EYES affected in any way?



THE NORMAL EYE

If so, let us send you  
**THE IDEAL  
Sight Restorer**

For 10 Days at our Expense

It helps Nature in a purely natural way to strengthen the eyes and restore the natural vision. Its action is in the nature of a gentle massage, which stimulates the eyes by restoring the normal circulation of blood—that is all that weak eyes require. But it does more—it molds the eye painlessly but surely to its perfect shape. This is necessary to correct near-sight, far-sight, astigmatism, and kindred defects. It is absolutely safe—it does not come in direct contact with the eyes; and five minutes' manipulation, in your own home, twice a day, is all that is necessary to counteract eye strain, and headache, and relegate eyeglasses to the rubbish box. Throw away your eyeglasses. See nature and read with your naked eyes. Write for instructive booklet No. 138-K and ten days' test to

**THE IDEAL CO.,**

134 West 65th Street

New York

**IF IT LEAKS**  
Get **MENDETS**  
PATENT PATCH

They mend all leaks instantly in crabs, ware, hot water bags, tin, copper, brass, cooking utensils, etc. No heat, solder, cement or rivet. Any one can use them. Fit any surface. Perfectly smooth. Wonderful invention. Household necessity. Millions in use. Send for sample package, 10c. Complete pkg. assorted sizes, 25c. postpaid. Agents wanted. COLLETTE MFG. CO., Box 144, Amsterdam, N. Y.

**THE "BEST" LIGHT**

Gives 500 candle power. Casts no shadow. Costs 2 cents per week. Makes and burns its own gas. Over 200 styles. Every lamp warranted. No dirt. No odor. No grease. Agents wanted. Write for catalog, now.

**THE BEST LIGHT CO.**  
828 E. 5th St., Canton, O.

**Will You Try One—  
if we send it FREE?**

We want every merchant, dealer, book-keeper and clerk who requires quick, accurate footings to prove for himself the worth and economy of the "little magician"—the

**Rapid Computer Adding Machine**

We'll send it to you on **Five Days' Free Trial**—if it pleases you, pay our price of only \$25.00—  
if it doesn't, send it back at our expense. It does its work perfectly at any angle—can rest on any desk or on book alongside figures you wish to add. A wonder as a saver of time and errors. Capacity 9,999,999.99. Save time and money—write us today if you'd like to try one. Catalogue free. (11)

**Rapid Computer Co., 1950 Tribune Bldg., Chicago**

## The man that is "Always Tired-Out" will soon be worn-out.

If the day's work fags you,—

If an ill-chosen meal upsets your digestion,—

If a sleepless night spoils the next day—then you are *not normal*, but are below par, unnecessarily, yes, and shamefully.



You were given a body that had an abundant *reserve fund of energy* to draw upon in just such hours of need.

The **Thompson Course** of Exercise is a rational, pleasant and easy means of securing and maintaining that reserve power which your body originally had and which you have dissipated by unthinking neglect.

My course is different from any other in that it regenerates (by natural movements scientifically applied) the *governors* of the bodily machine, i. e., the lungs, heart, stomach, intestines, etc. All these are *muscles* and can be strengthened by proper exercise. Yet it is an amazing fact that until my Course was evolved, no systematic treatment existed that was based on this axiomatically natural method.

The clearness of your mind, the strength of your nerves, your hopefulness and joy in living, all depend on the tone and vigor of your vital organs.

I offer you something that will benefit every inch of your body and mind through every minute of your life, and I offer it on free-trial-terms that make it impossible for you to lose a penny.

*Are you interested enough in making yourself a normal human being to send for and read my book, "Human Energy" (sent free and postpaid)? You will find it very startling yet obviously true.*

**J. EDMUND THOMPSON**

Suite 35 311 Main Street, Worcester, Mass.

## You Who Drink Unwisely

Why hesitate in taking steps to overcome a false appetite? Over-indulgence in liquor is the result of *constitutional* weakness. Often this is originally induced by wilful drinking. A continued excessive drinking, however, is not a matter of the will, but of the body. It is a physical, not a mental condition—therefore, subject to medical treatment.

### Oppenheimer Treatment

(No Hypodermic Injections)

Entirely without harmful after-effects is the Oppenheimer Treatment. Its splendid virtue lies in the fact that it goes direct to the cause. It removes the unnatural craving for liquor by giving perfect physical balance.

Some of the country's most representative men have taken the Oppenheimer Treatment. Hundreds of business men have done so, sensibly realizing the advantages of abstinence. All knew that the most positive way to abstain from stimulants was to eliminate desire for their use. And they chose the Oppenheimer Treatment because of its practical thoroughness.

### Administered Through Your Physician

Your own physician administers the Oppenheimer Treatment. It is never put in the hands of the patient. Thus, the utmost in effectiveness is assured and possible misuse obviated.

Nor will the taking of this treatment interfere at all with your business or social duties. It is wonderfully simple, and its benefits are felt within 24 hours.

Absolute professional confidence is observed by the Oppenheimer Institute in all its dealings. Only your physician needs share in the knowledge that you are taking treatment. You should feel no more hesitancy about it than you would in administering to any other bodily ill.

**Ask your doctor about the Oppenheimer Treatment.** In the meantime, cut out the coupon and send today.

-----COUPON-----

OPPENHEIMER INSTITUTE

317 W. 57th Street, New York

A

Kindly send me in strictest confidence, and under plain cover, details of the Oppenheimer Treatment.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

# Removes the Corn in 48 Hours

Don't suffer with corns any longer. Here is immediate, lasting relief—in wonderful Blue-jay Corn Plasters.

A felt ring of downy softness protects the corn and stops all pain instantly.

In the meantime a marvelous medication gets to work on the corn. In 48 hours it comes away freely—no pain—no harm—no soreness—no inconvenience—no spreading liquid—no nasty salve.

It is done neatly—simply—effectively. Every day more than 10,000 people buy Blue-jay, because they have heard, through their friends, what it does.

Buy a package yourself and try it. For sale by all druggists.

If you wish to be further convinced before spending even fifteen cents, ask us to mail you a sample—free.

## Blue-jay Corn Plasters

Also Blue-jay  
Bunion Plasters

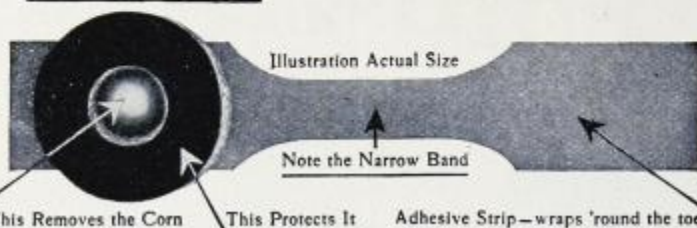


Illustration Actual Size

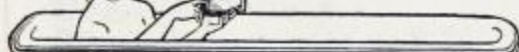
15c and 25c  
per Package

Note the Narrow Band

Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York—Makers of Surgical Dressings, Etc.

(61)

## Reduce Your Weight By Bathing



### Use Louisenbad Reduction Salt

(For the Bath)

Removes superfluous fat and gives a slender, firm, stylish figure. Merely use a little twice a week in warm water when taking a bath. No need of taking drugs or starving yourself; no need of devoting hours to tiresome exercise, or of wearing uncomfortable reducing garments. Louisenbad Reduction Salt enters the pores in a natural way, prevents formation of superfluous fat and reduces it where it exists by transforming the fat into strength-giving blood and muscle. It brings to your own tub the salts such as are found in the reducing bath springs of Europe—patronized by royalty, famous for centuries. Endorsed by the Medical Profession. Praised by those who have used it.

### Wash Away Your Fat

Reduce your flesh by a refreshing toning bath. Give Louisenbad Reduction Salt a fair trial. Price \$1 per package or 6 packages for \$5.

Sent in plain sealed wrapper express paid, or by mail postpaid on receipt of price, by

**Karl Landshut, Importer**

Sole Agent for U. S.

33 Dickey Bldg.

Chicago

## DESCRIPTIVE GUIDE OF ATLANTIC CITY

America's Greatest Resort

80 pages brimful of useful information, beautifully illustrated. The leading hotels described, with rates, city map, amusements, excursions, etc. The only reliable, complete Guide of City (Copyrighted). Send 3 Cts. in stamps for mailing free copy.

ATLANTIC CITY

FREE INFORMATION BUREAU

10 S. New York Ave., Atlantic City, N. J.

## "DON'T SHOUT"

"I hear you. I can hear now, as well as anybody. 'How?' Oh, something new—THE MORLEY PHONE. I've a pair in my ears now but they are invisible. I would not know I had them in, myself, only that I hear all right."

The MORLEY PHONE for the

# DEAF

makes low sounds and whispers plainly heard. Invisible, comfortable, weightless and harmless. Anyone can adjust it. Over one hundred thousand sold. Write for booklet and testimonials

THE MORLEY CO., Dept. 713, Perry Bldg., Phila.

When writing to advertisers please mention THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.





When You Buy Toilet Paper, Be Sure It's sanitary and germ-proof, as well as healing and soothing. So many of the ordinary papers now sold are made from wood refuse, and are fuzzy, splintery, chippy and brittle.

# Sani-Tissue

is made from a long vegetable fibre, treated with Canada Balsam, which gives it certain healing properties and a soft, cloth-like texture found in no other toilet tissue.

Each roll is parchment-wrapped and packed in cartons, that prevent any possibility of dust or germ collection on its surface, thus making it the ONLY HYGIENIC toilet paper. The cartons contain

**3 Parchment-Wrapped Rolls for 25 cents**



**This Porcelain Holder  
FREE**

**for 8 of these Balsam  
Trade-marks**

and 50 cents for Packing and Shipping Charges



THIS HOLDER is made of the finest quality white porcelain to match the tiling and aseptic fittings of modern bath-rooms. Simple in construction—just twist the end and insert the roll. Absolutely sanitary and, if you could buy it, would cost you \$1.00 anywhere.

Tear the trade-mark (Balsam Sani-Tissue) from each side of a carton of Sani-Tissue (containing three rolls); send us eight (8) of these trade-marks, together with 50 cents in cash to cover the cost of packing and shipping, and we will send you one of these Porcelain Holders *absolutely free of cost* by express, all charges prepaid to points east of the Mississippi River.

The 8 "Balsam Sani-Tissue" Trade-marks and 50c. must be sent direct to us.

**Scott Paper Company, 651 Glenwood Avenue, Philadelphia**  
Makers of ScotTissue Towels

# CLEANSED WITH



# CUTICURA SOAP

Means skin health and bodily purity in infancy and childhood and freedom, in the majority of cases, from torturing, disfiguring affections of the skin and scalp in after life. Those who value a clear skin, soft, white hands, a clean, wholesome scalp and live, glossy hair will find that Cuticura Soap, assisted by Cuticura Ointment, realizes every expectation.

Sold throughout the world. Depots: London, 27, Charterhouse Sq.; Paris, 10, Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin; Australia, R. Towns & Co.; Sydney; India, B. K. Paul; Calcutta; China, Hong Kong Drug Co.; Japan, Maruya, Ltd.; Tokio; So. Africa, Lennon, Ltd.; Cape Town, etc.; U. S. A., Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., 133 Columbus Ave., Boston.

Post-free, 32-page Cuticura Book, "How to Preserve, Purify and Beautify the Skin and Hair."

## Eat Tender, Juicy MACKEREL for Breakfast



Buy at the wharf; we ship express prepaid east of Kansas

Mackerel are a delicate, fine-grained, meaty fish, extremely juicy and tender and simply delicious for breakfast. Nowhere in the world can you get such fish as are caught off our coast owing to abundance of rich food and climatic conditions. The fish we are now offering to sell you are yet in the ocean, but as the catches come in, we buy the largest, firmest and fattest of each catch, regardless of price, and with a lifetime of experience back of us, you can be sure no better fish come out of the sea than what we buy. The choicest fish are seldom shipped to inland market dealers, as there is hardly enough of this first quality to supply the coast demand. Even we at times do not fill orders because we cannot get the quality of fish we want.

Our mackerel are all salted in the proper manner to give the delicious mackerel flavor in full as well as leave them juicy and tender. They certainly are fine eating. They come to you in brine and will keep through the spring. Send for our trial order.

**10 large, fat, juicy, tender white-meated salt mackerel for \$4.00, express prepaid to your door east of Kansas. HEADS, TAILS, AND ALL WASTE REMOVED, fully prepared for cooking. Each fish weighs nearly one and one-half pounds, and is sufficient for four people.**

We sell equally fine salt Codfish, Smoked Halibut, also the very choicest of canned fresh Lobster, Salmon, Tunny Fish, Crab Meat, Shrimp, Clams, Herring, Sardines, etc., of which our price list gives full details. Send for it, and order a selection of our Fish products for your storeroom. You will never be without our goods if once you learn their quality and the convenience of having them at hand for daily use. Remember, we send them express prepaid in any quantity, and give ample time to try out the goods before you pay for them.

Send for Price List

FRANK E. DAVIS FISH CO. 72 Central Wharf, Gloucester, Mass.



## TYPEWRITERS ALL MAKES

All the Standard Machines **SOLD** or **RENTED** ANYWHERE at **40% OFF** R.R.'S PRICES, allowing **RENTAL TO APPLY ON PRICE**. Shipped with privilege of examination. **Write for Illustrated Catalog P.**

TYPEWRITER EMPORIUM, 92-94 Lake St., CHICAGO



PRICE \$12.00 AT FACTORY

## This Cabinet

made of Oak, finished golden, 44" long, red front, paper cabinet, etc., as shown. We sell it at low prices to introduce our OFFICE FURNITURE—Desks, Chairs, Tables, Files, Book Cases, etc. ASK FOR PRICES AND CATALOG No. 227.

We make UPHOLSTERED FURNITURE—Turkish and Old Bookcases, Parlor & Library Seating, Dayseaters & Couches in Oak & Mahogany, Flanders, mission & regular. Covered in best leather; many will buy—every piece guaranteed. Ask for prices & Catalog No. 227.

OFFICE FURNITURE, E. H. STAFFORD BPO, CO., 242 Adams St., Chicago, Ill.



## Ten Days' Free Trial

allowed on every bicycle we sell. We **Ship on Approval** and **trial** to anyone in the U. S. and **prepay the freight**. If you are not satisfied with the bicycle after using it ten days, ship it back and **don't pay a cent**.

**FACTORY PRICES**—Do not buy a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone at any price until you receive our latest **Art Catalogs** of high grade bicycles and sundries and learn our **unheard of prices and marvelous new special offers**.

**IT ONLY COSTS** a cent to write a postal and **FREE** by return mail. You will get much valuable information. **Do Not Wait; write it Now!**

**TIRES, Coaster-Brake rear wheels, lamps, parts, repairs and sundries of all kinds at half usual prices.**  
**MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. A-37 CHICAGO**

*Wanamaker's*

New York Fall & Winter Catalog is now being mailed, free.

It is an excellent Guide Book of New York and Paris wearing apparel, and other merchandise, for Women, Children and Men.

We pay postage, anywhere, on mail shipments of \$5 or more.

See Catalog for Freight and Express Free Delivery Terms throughout the United States.

Just write us, TO-DAY: "Please send FREE CATALOG No. 7."

*John Wanamaker*

NEW YORK

# JONES DAIRY FARM SAUSAGES

Our facilities are too small to make sausages for humanity in general, but we endeavor to make enough each day to fill the orders of particular people who want real farm sausages.

Just the choicest parts of little, milk-fed pigs, home ground spices and pure salt, yet sausage made by "scientific methods" somehow fails to come up to ours.

Get them from your grocer. If he says he "never heard of 'em," write to us. We'll see that you are supplied. Write anyway for free booklet, containing excellent recipes for old home cooking.

MILO C. JONES  
Jones Dairy Farm  
Box 619  
Fl. Atkinson, Wis.



THE FARM

~~A Tooth Brush~~  
~~is a Tooth Brush~~

## Not So

We used to say that "Salt is Salt," but we know better now.

Formerly the flat-faced, straight handled tooth brush, with its rows of closely-packed bristle tufts was what we used in *trying* to clean our teeth.

Now we *really* clean them with the

# Pro-phy-lac-tic

because our dentists have told us that its curved handle makes access easy to the back teeth; that the tufted bristles clean *between* the teeth—the places where decay begins. We also know that the extra high tufts at the end reach *back* of the teeth. The beveled tapered end has no edge or corners to bruise or cut the gums or mouth. We are assured by the yellow box an anti-septically clean brush, sterilized at the factory.

The name "Pro-phy-lac-tic" guarantees you a brush of known quality.

3 styles, 3 sizes, 3 bristle textures.

Prices 25c, 35c, 40c.

Sold by druggists and dealers in toilet articles. We will supply direct if not obtainable locally.

Our free book "Tooth Truths" is worth writing for.

Florence Mfg. Co.

188 Pine St.  
Florence  
Mass.  
U. S. A.

Sole makers of  
Pro-phy-lac-tic  
Hair, Military,  
Hand and Lather Brushes.



# Sixty Million Cans Sold in '09

Sales increasing over last year at the rate of thirty thousand cans a day—By popular verdict the best syrup in the world for table use, cooking and candy making. Thousands of people eat Karo who can not digest other syrups. It agrees with everybody.



## Karo

Eat it on

Griddle Cakes  
Hot Biscuit  
Waffles

Use it for

Ginger Bread  
Cookies  
Candy

Karo Cook Book—fifty pages, including thirty perfect recipes for home candy making—Free. Send your name on a post card, today, to

CORN PRODUCTS REFINING  
COMPANY

Dept. 1 New York P. O. Box 161



FOR WOMAN, CHILD AND HOUSEHOLD.



BOTTLED AT THE SPRINGS, BUDA PEST, HUNGARY.

## PATENTS

SECURED OR FEE RETURNED. Free opinion as to patentability. Guide Book, List of Inventions Wanted, and any address. Patents secured Sample copy free.

100 Mechanical Movements free to by us advertised free in World's Progress.

VICTOR J. EVANS & CO.,

Washington, D. C.



## CRESCA DELICACIES

Luncheons for ladies, for whist, for motoring—completely described, with new menus, recipes, in "Cresca Foreign Luncheons," our distinctive booklet illustrated in color, sent for 2c. stamp. Address REISS & BRADY, Importers, 360 Greenwich St., N. Y.



# HORLICK'S MALTED MILK Lunch Tablets

A satisfying, convenient lunch, for travelers, business men and women. Just the thing for the emergency. For children, a wholesome substitute for candy. Have a package handy at home, in your desk, traveling bag or pocket.

Ask for "HORLICK'S," Original—Genuine. Druggists. Free Sample. Racine, Wis.

When writing to advertisers please mention THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

These trade-mark crisscross lines on every package

## Cresco Grits and Barley Crystals

BREAKFAST AND DESSERT CEREAL FOODS

FOR CASES OF STOMACH, INTESTINAL, KIDNEY AND LIVER TROUBLES

Delicious foods for sick or weak. Better than other goods. Ask your physician. Leading Grocers. For book or sample, write

FARWELL & RHINES, WATERTOWN, N. Y., U. S. A.

## The Jubilee Self-Heating Flat Iron



You would have one in your home before this week ends if you realized **How Good, How Much and How Comfortable** you can iron with it. **How Easy, Speedy, and Inexpensive to Operate.** Not Complicated—you learn in one ironing how to handle it. **Don't Heat Up the House to**

Iron—Use a Jubilee this Summer. Write for a free Booklet.

JUBILEE MFG. CO., 303 So. 14th St., OMAHA, NEBR.

## AT LAST!

WE HAVE A PERFECT HAND VACUUM CLEANER within reach of the humblest home. Our Hand Vacuum Cleaner does the work of the most expensive electric vacuum cleaning plant. Housewives snap it up, 18¢ profits for men and women. Send for information.

UTILITY IMPORT & EXPORT COMPANY  
112 East 27th Street New York City



# BLUE LABEL KETCHUP

**Delicious—Appetizing—Satisfying**

*The Kind That Keeps After It Is Opened*

Made only from selected tomatoes, picked at their prime and cooked ever so lightly to hold the natural flavor, combined with purest spices—in kitchens of spotless cleanliness.

*Contains only those Ingredients Recognized and Indorsed by the U. S. Government*

Insist on products bearing our name, not only ketchup, but soups, canned fruits, vegetables and meat, jams, jellies, preserves, etc.

*Write for free booklet, "Original Menus," telling what to have for breakfast, luncheon, dinner.*

**CURTICE BROTHERS CO.**

**Rochester, N. Y.**



**"NO! — MOTHER TOLD ME TO BUY**

# Necco SWEETS"



It's good for the children to cultivate the "NECCO" spirit, because NECCO SWEETS are good for them. When they want any kind of confectionery, simple or elaborate, have them say "NECCO" — the wholesomeness will take care of itself. Every piece sold under the NECCO seal. At all leading dealers.

**NEW ENGLAND CONFECTIONERY CO., BOSTON, MASS.**



# Dioxogen

H. O. 127

Dioxogen is the most talked about and the most essential of all toilet and household articles. It prevents infection, it promotes good health and good looks through the medium of hygienic cleanliness. Dioxogen is made exclusively for the personal use of intelligent people; it should not be confused with ordinary "peroxide"—the kind so closely associated with bleaching hair, etc. Send for free 2-oz. trial bottle.

**THE OAKLAND CHEMICAL CO., 82 Front Street, New York**

One of 100  
Uses—for Cuts  
and Wounds

Give the children all they want of the delicious *Kingsford's* Creams, Custards, Puddings, Ices—light and delicate desserts that *anyone* can eat.

## KINGSFORD'S CORN STARCH

is the trusted standby of the experienced cook. She uses Kingsford's for *thickening*—rich, creamy gravies and sauces. She makes her pie-crust tender and flaky—her bread and cake finer in texture—by using part Kingsford's instead of all flour.

The Cook Book "L" tells "What a Cook Ought to Know about Corn Starch." 168 of the best recipes you ever tried. *It's free*—Just send your name on a post card.

T. Kingsford & Son  
Oswego, N. Y.

National Starch Company, Successors



## Good



## Service

The whole plan of Whitman's Agencies, covering the continent, means just this— that you get these *perfect* chocolates and confections *served perfectly*. Our agent is not simply a dealer. He is careful, interested and always responsible for every package of Whitman's that he sells.

Our sales agents, everywhere, get the sealed packages direct from us and sell them promptly. Any package that is not sold while it is perfectly fresh is returned to us.

Inside every package is this personal message to the friend who buys it—a message that means just what it says. We very seldom are called on to

replace a package that has met with an accident or disappointed a purchaser. Then we make the best amends we can, with pleasure and thanks for the opportunity.

Ask for the **Fussy Package**—chocolates (hard and nut centres) at \$1.00 the pound; our Super Extra Chocolates at 80 cents a pound; Chocolate Maraschino Cherries, 50 cents a box; Honey White Nougat, 50 cents a box. Sent postpaid where we have no agent. Write for booklet "*Suggestions*," describing the Whitman *Service* and *Specialties*.

**STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc.**

Established 1842

PHILADELPHIA, U. S. A.

Makers of Whitman's *Instantaneous* Chocolate.



When writing to advertisers please mention THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

## The Lather's the Thing

### Johnson's Shaving Cream Soap

Every  
Druggist  
Sells



MAKES A QUICKER LATHER,  
MAKES A THICKER LATHER,  
AND A MORE LASTING LATHER  
THAN ANY OTHER KIND OF  
SOAP.

IT SOFTENS THE TOUGHEST  
BEARD

IT SOOTHES THE TENDEREST  
SKIN

Is economical, antiseptic and germ  
proof. Applied either direct to face  
or to wet brush.

If your druggist has sold out we will  
send full size tube upon receipt of price.

*Twenty-shave sample tube mailed  
by us for a 2c stamp*

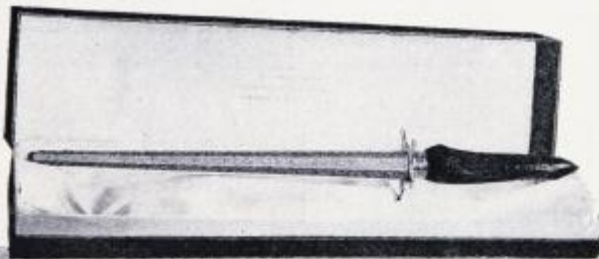
JOHNSON'S  
SHAVING  
CREAM  
SOAP

Johnson & Johnson

Dept. 20-V

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.

25Cents  
a tube



It's a shame to haggle a roast, or mutilate a well cooked  
fowl with a dull carver—The

## Carborundum

### Knife Sharpener

Keeps carvers and other household knives in perfect condition—A solid stick  
of Carborundum—Octagonal in shape, neatly mounted with stag horn handle  
and put up in satin-lined box. No. 78-E. Price \$1.00.

Ask Your Hardware Dealer. If he can't supply you send direct.

The Carborundum Company

Niagara Falls, N. Y.



You can drink Barrington Hall Coffee three times a day, with no ill effects.

Because it is *Baker-ized*.

*Baker-izing* improves coffee in three distinct ways.

First, the coffee berries are split open by a special machine and the chaff is blown away as waste.

Coffee chaff can be seen in any other coffee when ground. It is an impurity and contains tannin. Brewed alone it is bitter and weedy—and will actually tan leather. It doesn't help the coffee flavor, and is not good for the human system.

## Barrington Hall The Baker-ized Steel-Cut Coffee

The coffee then passes through steel-cutters in order to secure pieces of as nearly uniform size as possible—without dust. You can brew uniform pieces uniformly to the exact strength desired. No small particles to be over-steeped and give up bitterness and tannin. No large grains to be wasted by under-steeping.

Therefore, a pound of coffee *Baker-ized* will make 15 to 20 cups more than a pound of ordinary coffee—because you get all the flavor from every grain.

Coffee dust is the result of grinding—crushing in a mill. You can

see it in the cup before you add the cream. It makes the coffee muddy,

its flavor woody, and it is indigestible. You won't find this dust in *Baker-ized* Coffee.

For sale by grocers at 35 to 40c per pound, according to locality. In sealed tins only.



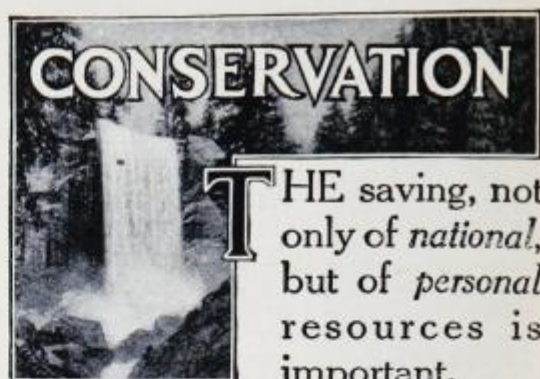
BAKER  
IMPORTING  
CO.  
111 Hudson Street  
New York, N. Y.

Please send as advertised,  
a free sample can, enough to  
make 6 cups Barrington Hall  
Coffee. In consideration I give my  
grocer's name (on the margin).

Name.....

Address.....

Baker  
Importing Co.  
New York  
Minneapolis



THE saving, not only of *national*, but of *personal* resources is important.

Your *greatest* resource is health and the conservation of your health includes the preservation of your teeth by the regular use of such a dentifrice as—

## COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

Cleans—preserves—polishes deliciously and antiseptically.

Different from other dentifrices in its *delightful* flavor and *double* efficiency. Not only a germ-destroyer, killing decay-germs *when you use it*, but also so lastingly antiseptic that it *keeps* the mouth in that sweet, clean, non-acid condition that counteracts germ-growth.

### Delicious—Efficient

Colgate's is the antiseptic, anti-acid cream, delicious without the presence of sugar, efficient without "grit" and all that is beneficial without any injurious effect.

Trial Tube for 4 cents

COLGATE & CO.

Dept. K

35 John Street New York



When writing to advertisers please mention THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.



## Good Looks, Like Good Pictures, May be Had at Small Cost

There are many readers of this advertisement who once thought that they couldn't get a good magazine for less than 35c. They were mistaken. Witness the American to-day, only 15c.

There are many who think they can't get artistic pictures in colors for 15c. apiece. They are mistaken. Witness these pictures by popular artists, and with an art store value of \$1.50 to \$2.50. Price only 15c.

Then again there are many who think they can't get a good face cream unless French made, and costing several dollars. They, too, are mistaken. Witness Pompeian at only 50c.

So we are continually finding "something new under the sun," after all.

### GOOD LOOKS AT 1c. PER DAY

At a cost of less than 1c. a day several million men and women are "looking their best" through the aid of Pompeian Massage Cream. Moreover, it is so easy to apply, so refreshing in its effects, so cleansing and so beneficial to the skin, that one soon looks forward to each Pompeian Massage as a true pleasure rather than a duty. A clear, clean, fresh-looking skin is a good asset in business or society. Pompeian gives those results. Pompeian is rubbed on the face, well into the pores and then rubbed out. Nothing is left on the skin. It brings out hidden pore-dirt that causes blackheads and other blemishes. Pompeian, through its hygienic massage action, stimulates the muscles of the face, thus imparting a healthy, natural glow.

"Don't envy a good complexion; use Pompeian and have one."

Trial jar sent for 6c., coin or stamps. Use Coupon. You may order trial jar or pictures, or both.

### OUR 1911 PICTURES

Each "Pompeian Beauty" is by a high-priced artist, and represents a type of woman whom Pompeian Massage Cream helps to make more beautiful by imparting a natural, fresh, youthful complexion.

• No advertising on the front; only the artist's name plate.

The original of one of these pictures would cost you nearly \$1000. Each picture goes through the press from 10 to 15 times. Here is our reason for giving such expensive pictures for a few cents; we want to make you so delighted with each picture you get that you can never forget who gave it to you, for each picture is practically a gift, the 15c. being charged to protect ourselves from being overwhelmed. We get our reward through years to come, and from the good will and confidence thus established.

### DESCRIPTION OF PICTURES

"Pompeian Beauty" (A) by Turner. Size 17 in. by 12 in. Turner's "Pompeian Beauty" smiles straight at you. She is irresistible



with her feminine softness of contour and bloom of healthful happiness. Art value 1.50 to \$2.50. Price 15 cents.

"Pompeian Beauty" (B) by Ward Traver. Size 19 in. by 12 in. This exquisite profile of Traver's typical American girl makes hardened bachelors exclaim, "If I could only meet a queen like that!" While women enthuse, "If I could only have a complexion like hers!" Art value \$1.50 to \$2.50. Price 15 cents.

"Pompeian Beauty" (C) by Everett Johnson. Size 32 in. by 8 in. The original of this Art Panel would cost you nearly \$1000. Its appeal is to the classes rather than to the masses, and is deserving of an expensive frame. Artists declare it a daring yet wholly artistic color treatment. The wonderful green shade of "Pompeian Beauty's" dress almost startles you at first. Yet each day the picture seems more worth the having. Mr. Johnson is an American artist living in Paris. This accounts for the dash of French chic imparted to this panel. Art value \$1.50 to \$2.50. Price 15 cents.

**Our Guarantee.** If you are not satisfied that each copy of any "Pompeian Beauty" has an actual Art Store value of from \$1.50 to \$2.50, or if for any reason you are disappointed, we will return your money.

**Note.** The handsome frames are only printed on pictures A and B.

### FINAL INSTRUCTIONS

Don't expect picture and trial jar to come together; don't expect reply by "return mail" (we have 20,000 orders on some days.) But after making due allowance for distance, congestion of mails and our being overwhelmed at times, if you then get no reply, write us, for mails will miscarry and we do replace all goods lost or stolen. Write plainly on the coupon only. You may order as many pictures as you wish for yourself or friends.

Read this coupon carefully before filling out your order.  
THE POMPEIAN MFG. CO., 38 Prospect St., Cleveland, O.

Gentlemen:—Under the letters (or a letter) in the spaces below I have placed figures (or a figure) to show the quantity I wish of one or more of the three "Pompeian Beauties." I am enclosing 15c. (stamps or money) for each picture ordered.

P. S. I shall place a mark (x) in the space at the end of line if I enclose 6c. extra (stamps or coin) for a trial jar of Pompeian.

Write very carefully, fully and plainly.

Name .....

Street Address.....

City ..... State.....



## POMPEIAN



## Massage Cream

All dealers, 50c., 75c. and \$1.





*This illustration represents the Four Fifty Four casket, constructed of solid African mahogany, richly carved.*



## Befitting Burial Caskets

Not a great many years ago the universal use of the grimly shaped coffin lent to burials a repellent atmosphere quite at variance with all the finer sentiments toward the departed.

In more recent years, and due largely to this Company's efforts, the coffin has been replaced by caskets, made in beautiful, appropriate, dignified designs. These have removed from the burial of today all that is not expressive of the highest memorial ideals.

That those interested in funeral arrangements may have opportunity for suitable selection, this Company maintains Show-rooms in the cities listed below, where funeral directors with their patrons may view caskets of every suitable design and grade.

Write for booklet  
"THE NATIONAL  
BRONZE"—descriptive  
of the indestructible National  
Bronze Casket, with  
an interesting history of  
the Eternal Metal.

Address to 11 West 29th  
Street, New York.

### NATIONAL CASKET COMPANY

Albany; Allegheny; Baltimore; Boston; Brooklyn; Buffalo; Chicago; East Cambridge; Harlem; Hoboken; Indianapolis; Louisville; New Haven; Nashville; New York City; Oneida; Philadelphia; Pittsburg; Rochester; Scranton; Syracuse; Washington; Williamsburg.

National Caskets are obtainable from regularly established funeral directors everywhere. We do not sell at retail.

TRADE (NATIONAL) MARK

\$18

In U. S.



## Bennett Portable Typewriter

*A product of the Elliott-Fisher Factory*

**SOLD ON APPROVAL**

The "Bennett" Typewriter will double the efficiency and output of anyone now doing his writing by hand. It is a practical, durable machine, with standard keyboard and has ALL OF THE ESSENTIALS, also DOES ALL THE WORK of a high cost machine. It is the only low priced portable typewriter using a ribbon—it is as small as an efficient machine can be (11x5x2 inches—weight 4½ pounds in case.) Simplicity makes possible its low cost. The publishers of this magazine endorse every claim made for the "Bennett."

### Send Name and Address

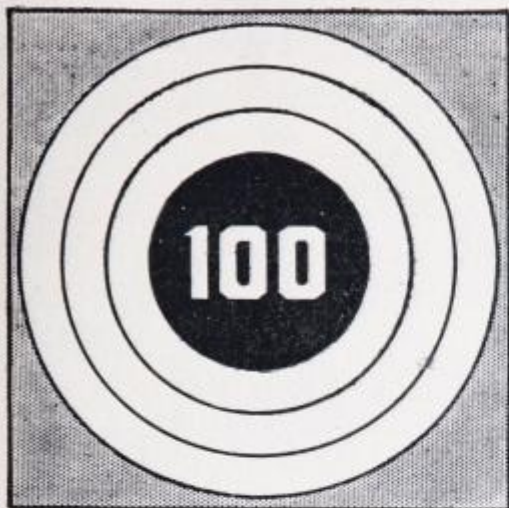
for free illustrated catalog.  
Inquire price in foreign countries.  
Agents wanted for a few unfilled territories.

Sent express prepaid to any part of the United States. If the "Bennett" does not wholly meet your requirements, and is returned within ten days of its receipt by you, your money, less express charges, will be refunded.

**E. K. BENNETT TYPEWRITER COMPANY, 366 Broadway, New York, U. S. A.**

GUARANTEED  
ONE YEAR

When writing to advertisers please mention THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.



## Hitting the Bull's Eye

**B**UYING fire insurance ought to be like rifle practice. The aim should be for the **Hartford**. The value of a fire insurance policy is not altogether dependent upon the promises which it contains, nor upon the financial resources back of it. Its value depends largely upon the character and methods of the company which issues it. It is for this reason that we place the **Hartford** as the bull's eye of the insurance target.

You aim for the best when you select a bank or take a partner in business. **Why not do this in fire insurance?**

Aiming for the **Hartford** and getting it gives you the perfect score. It costs no more in effort to aim for this perfect insurance: it costs no more in money to get a **Hartford** policy.

Our aim in this advertising is to get property owners to use the same foresight about fire insurance that they do about other business matters. We will register a high score if we succeed.

As a property owner who ought to have the best insurance, demand a **Hartford** policy. Aim for the bull's eye. A little steady persistence and the prize is yours. Aim now **by using this coupon.**



\_\_\_\_\_ 1910

\_\_\_\_\_  
Name of Agent or Buyer

\_\_\_\_\_  
Address

When my fire insurance expires, please see that I get a policy in the **Hartford**.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_



## *The Health of the Outdoor Woman*

is proverbial. With *health* comes *strength*—and both go far to make a successful life. Thousands of American women know that

ANHEUSER BUSCH'S  
*Malt-Nutrine*

has brought them the priceless boon of health. To poorly nourished and anaemic women it is of inestimable value.

Declared by U. S. Revenue Department *A Pure Malt Product* and  
NOT an alcoholic beverage. *Sold by druggists and grocers.*

*Anheuser-Busch*

*St. Louis, Mo.*

When writing to advertisers please mention THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.



"The Raw Material"



"The Finished Product"

Copyright 1916 by The Royal Tailors

# The Making of the Well-dressed Man

Every morning 300,000 most particular male persons get up and *into* Royal Tailored-to-order clothes.

In thousands of homes, the tousled lump of human dough that tumbles onto the carpet in the morning is refined for the day into a clean-cut, eye-pleasing man of affairs through the magic of good grooming and Royal Tailor clothes.

## A Broadway Tailor Shop In Walking Distance

Every man has a deep-seated-tenderness for made-to-measure clothes. He may smother that liking for years because some circumstance obliges him to accept ready-made "make-shifts."

But no elaborate argument or imagined economy ever blots that preference out. Royal Tailoring enables you to gratify your tailoring tastes without sending a pang to your purse. For The Royal service places Broadway tailored clothes, both geographically and financially, within reach of all clothes-wearers.

**SIX BIG FEATURES**  
of Royal Tailor Clothes

- Made-to-measure
- All Pure Wool
- A Legal Guarantee With Each Garment
- 100% Process Shrink
- Cost No More Than Ready Mades
- Six Day Schedule Deliveries

## Send For Booklet And Dealer's Name To-day

There is a dealer in your own town, ready with tape line and willingness to measure you for a Royal Fall and Winter suit or overcoat. The woolen you pick out will be from the cream of the season's creations. And the price you pay (\$20, \$25, \$30, \$35.) brings you the very acme of tailored perfection. And as low as \$16.50 and \$18 most wonderful values. Beware of unworthy imitations. Look for the Royal tiger head on all Woolens you are shown.

**This Guarantee comes buttoned onto the garment**

This Garment is Guaranteed to Please You as to Fit, Style and Every Respect or We Ask You not to Buy the Garment

**"A Royal Dealer in Your Town Means a Broadway Tailor Shop Within Walking Distance"**

Royal Tailored-To-Your-Order Clothes  
OVER 3000 ROYAL DEALERS

# The Royal Tailors

Chicago *Joseph Nelson* President New York

The Clothes That Real Men Wear  
148 BRANCH ROYAL STORES

When writing to advertisers please mention THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

# Business Insurance

*An Advertisement by Elbert Hubbard*

---



---

"NUMBERS ELIMINATE CHANCE"



THE business corporation was a device of the Romans. The original idea came from Julius Caesar, and was suggested by the uncertainty of human life. It was an insurance against the dissolution of a project in case of death. The intent was to provide for the continuance and perpetuity of enterprises which probably no man could carry out during his lifetime. The first application of the corporation was for building water-systems and laying out roadways. The corporation provided against stoppage of the work in case of the death of any man connected with it. But the corporate life of a great business is not secure against shock, unless the lives of its managers are insured for the benefit of the corporation. Hence we find the big men—the men of initiative and enterprise—allowing their lives to be insured at the expense of the corporation which they serve, for the corporation's benefit. To guard against the blow of the business blizzard when an able leader dies, The Equitable Life Assurance Society now issues a Corporate Policy. The proceeds are made payable to the Corporation, which is both Applicant and Beneficiary. Thus is the Commercial Craft ballasted and made snug and secure when comes the storm. The Equitable Life Assurance Society will exist when every eye that reads this page is closed forever; when every heart that now throbs is still; when every brain through whose winding bastions thought roams free, has turned to dust. The Equitable will live on, a body without death, a mind without decline. Only safe, superior and competent men can secure life-insurance nowadays. Life-insurance adds poise, power and purpose to able men. If you are helping to carry the burdens of the world and making this earth a better place because you are here, perhaps you had better write for further information.

---



---

## THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY

OF THE UNITED STATES

*"Strongest in the World"*

The Company which pays its death claims on the day it receives them.

PAUL MORTON, PRESIDENT

120 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY

---

AGENCIES EVERYWHERE! None in your town? Then why not recommend to us some good man—or woman—to represent us there—Great opportunities to-day in Life Insurance work for the Equitable.



TYPICAL NATCO HOLLOW TILE RESIDENCE  
AND ONE IN PROCESS OF CONSTRUCTION.

It will cost you no more to build your residence  
**FIREPROOF**—moisture proof—sound proof—vermin  
proof—warmer in winter—cooler in summer—of

## NATCO · HOLLOW · TILE

than if you build of wood-and-brick, stone-and-wood,  
brick or concrete.

Natco Hollow Tile is precisely the same material, the same company's product, which has made fireproof the world's greatest business and public structures—the Singer Tower, the Pennsylvania and Grand Central Terminals in New York; the People's Gas Building, the Blackstone and La Salle Hotels, the Northwestern Terminal in Chicago; the Union Station in Washington, and numerous other great buildings the country over, each costing many millions.

Since the adaption of fireproof Hollow Tile by this company for residence construction, architects themselves, building homes for their own ownership and occupancy, have been its foremost users.

This is the strongest possible reason why you should get this 96-page book

### "FIREPROOF HOUSES"

which describes and beautifully illustrates 45 houses costing \$4,000 to \$200,000; contains typical floor plans; and is also a complete text book with technical drawings, making clear all details of Natco Hollow Tile construction. Mailed for 10c. postage. Most home builders build but once a life time—whether you plan to build this year or next, write for this book today. Address Department A



NATIONAL · FIRE · PROOFING  
· COMPANY ·

  
PITTSBURGH,

ORGANIZED 1889

  
PA.

Offices in All Principal Cities.



# Bon Ami

## Cleans, Scours, Polishes

Cleaning windows is an easy task with Bon Ami.

Cover the glass with a lather made by rubbing a wet cloth on the cake.

Let the lather dry. Then wipe it clean with a dry cloth.

Every particle of dust and dirt will disappear, leaving a clean, sparkling surface.

Nothing else equals Bon Ami for this purpose.

It is the same on brass and tin, mirrors and glassware, on floors and paint, on porcelain and oilcloth.

Bon Ami cleans, polishes and scours without scratching.

It never roughens the hands.

*18 years on the market  
"Hasn't scratched yet!"*







# "Standard" GUARANTEED BATHS and LAVATORIES

See that your bathroom fixtures are of the highest sanitary worth and you will have done much towards solving the problem of home health.

The one way to be certain about this is to make sure that the "Standard" Guarantee Label is on every plumbing fixture you buy. This Label does more than serve as a guide to fixtures that create and perpetuate health in the home—it is the makers' guarantee against defects in material and workmanship. It is your safeguard against risk in purchasing.

All genuine "Standard" fixtures for bathroom, kitchen and laundry are identified by the Green and Gold Label, with one exception. There are two classes of our Guaranteed Baths, the Green and Gold Label Bath, and the Red and Black Label Bath. The Green and Gold Label Bath is triple enameled. It is guaranteed for five years. The Red and Black Label Bath is double enameled. It is guaranteed for two years.

If you would avoid dissatisfaction and expense, install a guaranteed fixture—either the Green and Gold Label Bath, or the Red and Black Label Bath according to the price you wish to pay. Guard against substitutes trading on our name and reputation. They must have the "Standard" guarantee label to be of our make. All fixtures purporting to be "Standard" are spurious, unless they bear our guarantee label.

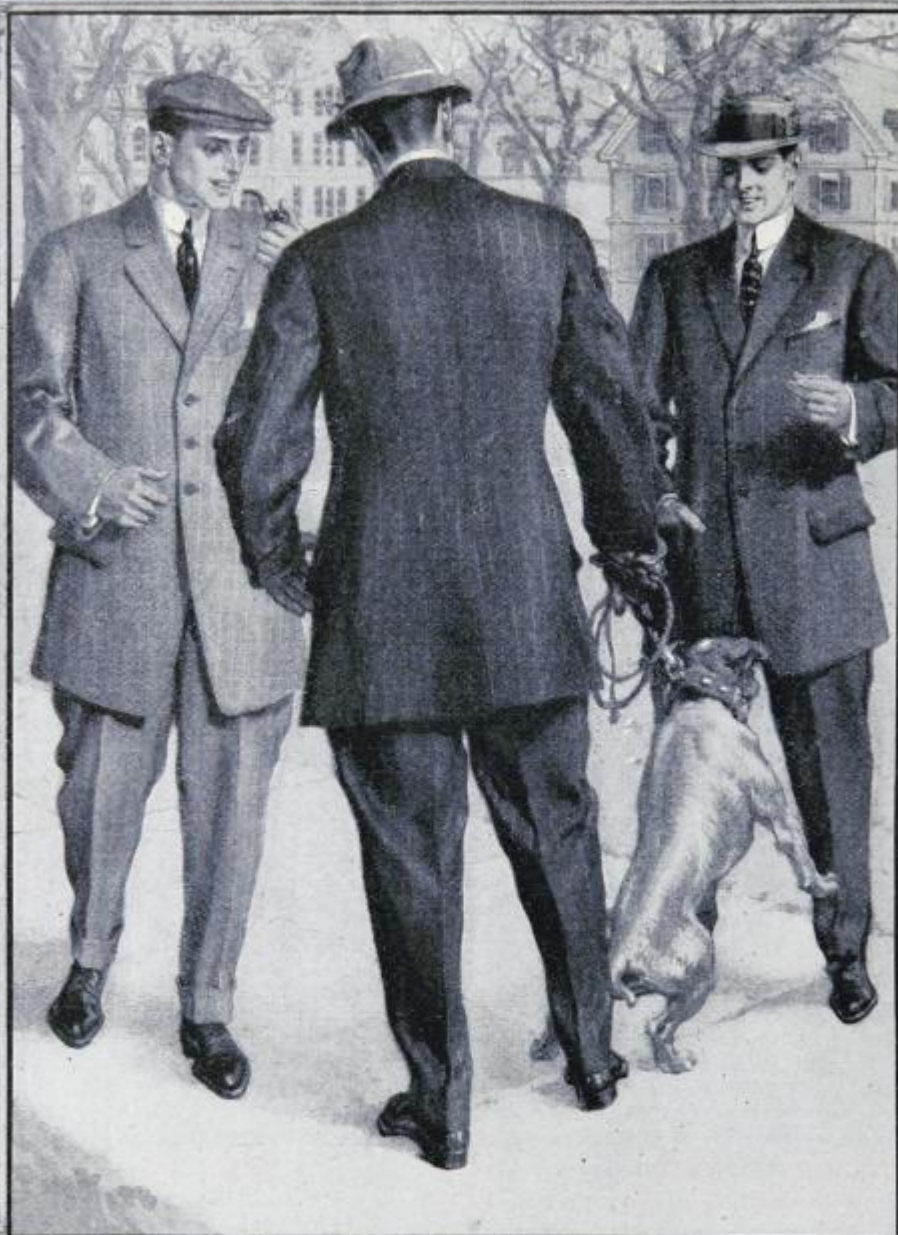
Send for your copy of our beautiful new book "Modern Bathrooms." It will prove of invaluable assistance in the planning of your bathroom. Many model rooms are illustrated, costing from \$78 to \$600. This valuable book is sent for 6c. postage.

**Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co. Department 20**

**Pittsburg, Pa.**

**Offices and Showrooms:** { New York: 35-37 West 31st St.; Chicago: 415 Ashland Block; Philadelphia: 1128 Walnut St.; Toronto, Can.: 59 Richmond St. E.;  
Pittsburg: 949 Kent Ave.; St. Louis: 100-2 N. Fourth St.; New Orleans: Cor. Baronne and St. Joseph Sts.; Montreal, Can.: 215  
Coristine Building; Boston: John Hancock Building; Louisville: 319-23 W. Main Street; Cleveland: 648-652 Huron Road, S. E.;  
London, E. C.: 59 Holborn Viaduct; Houston, Tex.: Preston and Smith Streets; San Francisco: 1303-04 Metropolis Bank Building.

When writing to advertisers please mention THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.



On the Campus at Yale University

Copyright by Hart Schaffner & Marx

**Y**OUNG men of good taste in clothes will welcome our new fall models. We've made some unusually good things for you in suits and overcoats.

Ask to see the "Shape-maker"; something different. Send for the Style Book; six cents.

**Hart Schaffner & Marx**  
Good Clothes Makers

Chicago

Boston

New York

When writing to advertisers please mention THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

# NABISCO

## Sugar Wafers

The success of any dessert is doubly assured if served with dainty NABISCO SUGAR WAFERS. A flavor to accord with any beverage, fruit or ice.

***In ten cent tins.***

Also in twenty-five cent tins.

CHOCOLATE TOKENS—another unique dessert confection. Nabisco goodness enclosed in a shell of rich chocolate.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY



When writing to advertisers please mention THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.



THE world welcomes the well-dressed man. It challenges the other fellow.

Life is too short to arouse prejudice just for the sake of fighting it down—don't.

Start right—in Kuppenheimer clothes—they make a man feel his own worth—they impress others.

The man of moderate means finds in them true economy—the rich man can wear no better.

In business—among social friends—wherever a man's appearance counts—they lend an air of simple dignity and solid worth.

Send for our book

## The House of Chicago New

When writing to advertisers please mention THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

Their quality is unmistakable, their service guaranteed.

You will find your model and fit and color in the big array of new fall styles—all pure virgin wool fabrics.

Look for Kuppenheimer garments at the best store in your neighborhood.



Copyright 1910  
B. Kuppenheimer & Co.

"Styles for Men"

# Kuppenheimer

York

Boston

When writing to advertisers please mention THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.



**J**ack afloat or ashore is neatly shaved; it's part of the U. S. Navy regulations.

Thousands of Gillettes are used in the Navy. On a modern battleship the men shave wherever they happen to be. You will see one man using the Gillette while another holds the glass for him.

It is shaving reduced to its simplest form—and best. The sailor-man can shave in two minutes and in the roughest weather, with the ship rolling at all angles and with seas washing over the decks.

GILLETTE SALES COMPANY, 24 W. Second Street, Boston  
 New York, Times Building Chicago, Stock Exchange Building Gillette Safety Razor, Ltd., London  
 Eastern Office, Shanghai, China Canadian Office, 63 St. Alexander Street, Montreal



The Gillette is a god-send to a sailor. It is as popular with the officers as with the men.

Wherever you find neatness, dispatch, discipline—men with work to do, business to attend to—you will find the Gillette Safety Razor.

Standard Set, with twelve double-edge blades, \$5.00.  
Blades 50c. and \$1.00 per packet.

Write and we'll send you a pamphlet—Dept. A.

*King C Gillette*

GILLETTE SALES COMPANY, 24 W. Second Street, Boston  
Factories; Boston, Montreal, Leicester, Berlin, Paris

# Amberol



## 4 minute Records

Edison Amberol Records stand today as the greatest triumph in record making.

They have brought to Phonograph owners songs and music never before offered in record form.

Prior to the perfection of Amberol Records much of the world's best music was too long to put upon a record. If offered at all, it was spoiled by cutting or hurrying.

The Amberol Records, playing four and a half minutes, offer such music, executed as the composer intended and each selection is complete.

Before you buy a sound reproducing instrument, hear an Edison Phonograph play an Amberol Record. Look over the Edison Record list and see the songs and selections offered exclusively on Amberol Records and remember that it's the Edison Phonograph that plays both Amberol (4½-minute) and Standard (2-minute) Records.

There is an Edison Phonograph at whatever price you wish to pay, from the Gem at \$12.50 to the Amberola at \$200.00.

There are Edison dealers everywhere. Go to the nearest and hear the Edison Phonograph play both Edison Standard and Amberol Records. Get complete catalogs from your dealer or from us.

With the Edison Business Phonograph you are not dependent upon any one stenographer. Any typist in your office can transcribe your work.

**National Phonograph Company, 23 Lakeside Avenue, Orange, N. J.**

When writing to advertisers please mention THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.



# Records for October



THE owner of an Edison Phonograph has the advantage each month of two long lists of Records from which to choose. Here is offered the real song hits of the moment, musical selections by famous soloists, bands and orchestras, tuneful bits from musical attractions and arias from grand opera—each on a Record of the right playing length to faithfully and completely reproduce it.

Run over this list of Edison Amberol and Edison Standard Records. Then go to an Edison dealer on September 24th and hear an Edison Phonograph play those to your liking.

## EDISON AMBEROL RECORDS

U. S., 50c; Canada, 65c.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| 520 Medley Overture—Haviland's Song Hits<br>Edison Concert Band                       | 529 "Mamma's Boy"—Descriptive Len Spencer & Co.                    |
| 521 Boy o' Mine ..... Frank C. Stanley  | 530 Kerry Mills' Nantucket New York Military Band                  |
| 522 When the Daisies Bloom<br>Miss Barbour and Mr. Anthony                            | 531 Come, Be My Sunshine, Dearie<br>Billy Murray and Chorus        |
| 523 Jere Sanford's Yodling and Whistling Specialty<br>Jere Sanford                    | 532 Hope Beyond ..... Anthony and Harrison                         |
| 524 Cupid's Appeal ..... Charles Daab   | 533 Just for a Girl ..... Edward M. Favor                          |
| 525 Auld Lang Syne ..... Marie Narelle  | 534 You Are the Ideal of My Dreams W. H. Thompson                  |
| 526 Fading, Still Fading ..... Knickerbocker Quartet                                  | 535 Mandy, How Do You Do?<br>Ada Jones and Billy Murray and Chorus |
| 527 Humorous Transcriptions on a German Folk-Song<br>Victor Herbert and his Orchestra | 536 The Premier Polka ..... Arthur S. Witcomb                      |
| 528 Gee! But There's Class to a Girl Like You<br>Manuel Romain                        | 537 When the Robins Nest Again<br>Will Oakland and Chorus          |
|   | 538 Trip to the County Fair ..... Premier Quartet                  |
|   | 539 Temptation Rag ..... New York Military Band                    |

## EDISON STANDARD RECORDS

U. S., 35c., Canada, 40c.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 10426 Strenuous Life March ..... U. S. Marine Band             | 10431 I'll Await My Love ..... Will Oakland               |
| 10427 Sweet Italian Love ..... Billy Murray                    | 10432 Yucatan Man ..... Collins and Harlan                |
| 10428 The Bright Forever ..... Edison Mixed Quartet            | 10433 Play That Barber Shop Chord<br>Edward Meeker        |
| 10429 I've Got the Time, I've Got the Place<br>Byron G. Harlan | 10434 The Mocking Bird ..... Roxy P. La Rocca             |
| 10430 Cameo Polka ..... Charles Daab                           | 10435 Oft in the Stilly Night ..... Knickerbocker Quartet |

## EDISON GRAND OPERA AMBEROL RECORDS

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| 40027 Andrea Chenier—La mamma morta (Giordano)<br>(Sung in Italian) Orchestra Accompaniment<br>U. S., \$2.00. Canada, \$2.50 Carmen Melis     | 30029 Favorita—Una vergine (Donizetti)<br>(Sung in Italian) Orchestra Accompaniment<br>U. S., \$1.00. Canada, \$1.25 Florencie Constantino |
| 40028 Faust—Cavatina, Salut! demeure (Gounod)<br>(Sung in French) Orchestra Accompaniment<br>U. S., \$2.00. Canada, \$2.50 Karl Jorn          |  |
| 40029 Gioconda—Voce di donna (Ponchielli)<br>(Sung in Italian) Orchestra Accompaniment<br>U. S., \$2.00. Canada, \$2.50 Marie Delna           |  |
| 40030 Pescatori di Perle—Aria (Romanza) (Bizet)<br>(Sung in Italian) Orchestra Accompaniment<br>U. S., \$2.00. Canada, \$2.50 Giovanni Polese |  |

### Amberol Record

By SARAH BERNHARDT

- |   |
|---|
| 35007 L'Aiglon—La Plaine de Wagram<br>(Edward Rostand) (In French)<br>U. S., \$1.50. Canada, \$2.00 Sarah Bernhardt |
|---|

National Phonograph Company, 23 Lakeside Avenue, Orange, N. J.

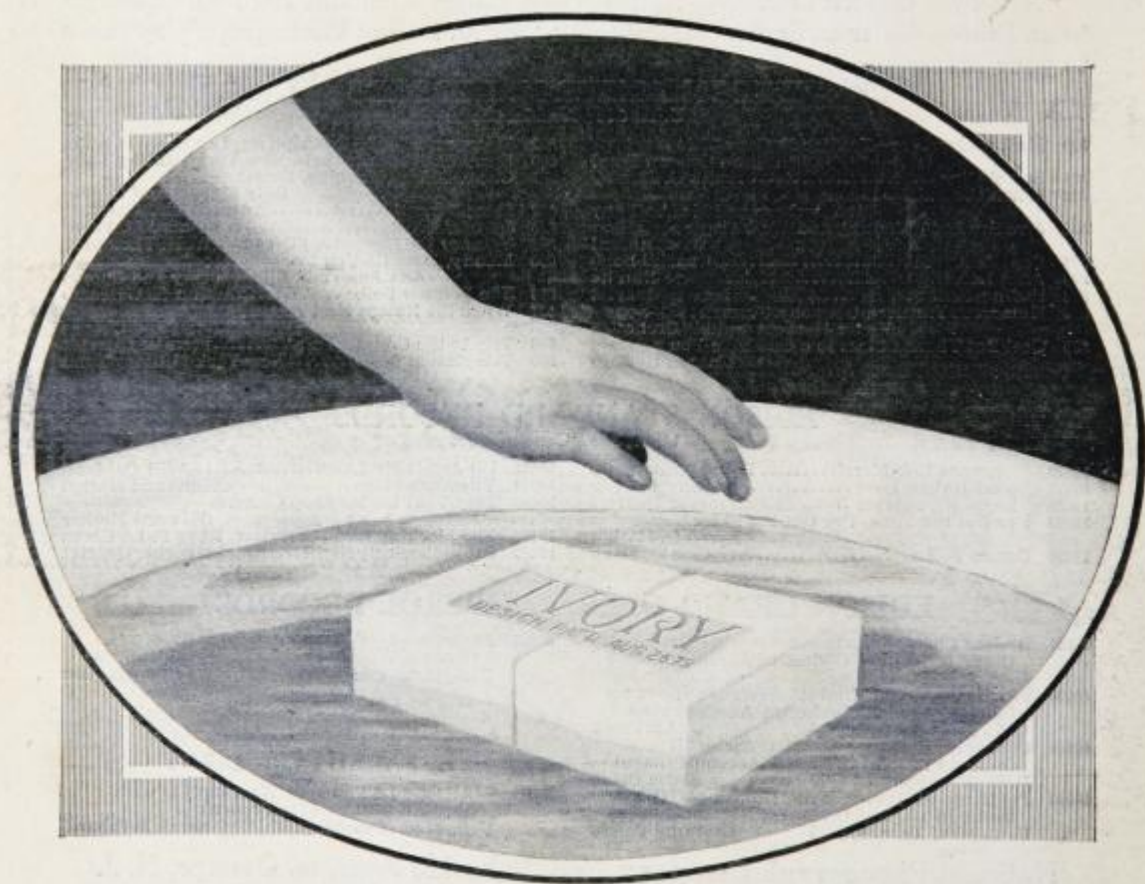
When writing to advertisers please mention THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

Drop a cake of Ivory Soap in bathtub or washbowl and up, *up* it comes to the surface of the water.

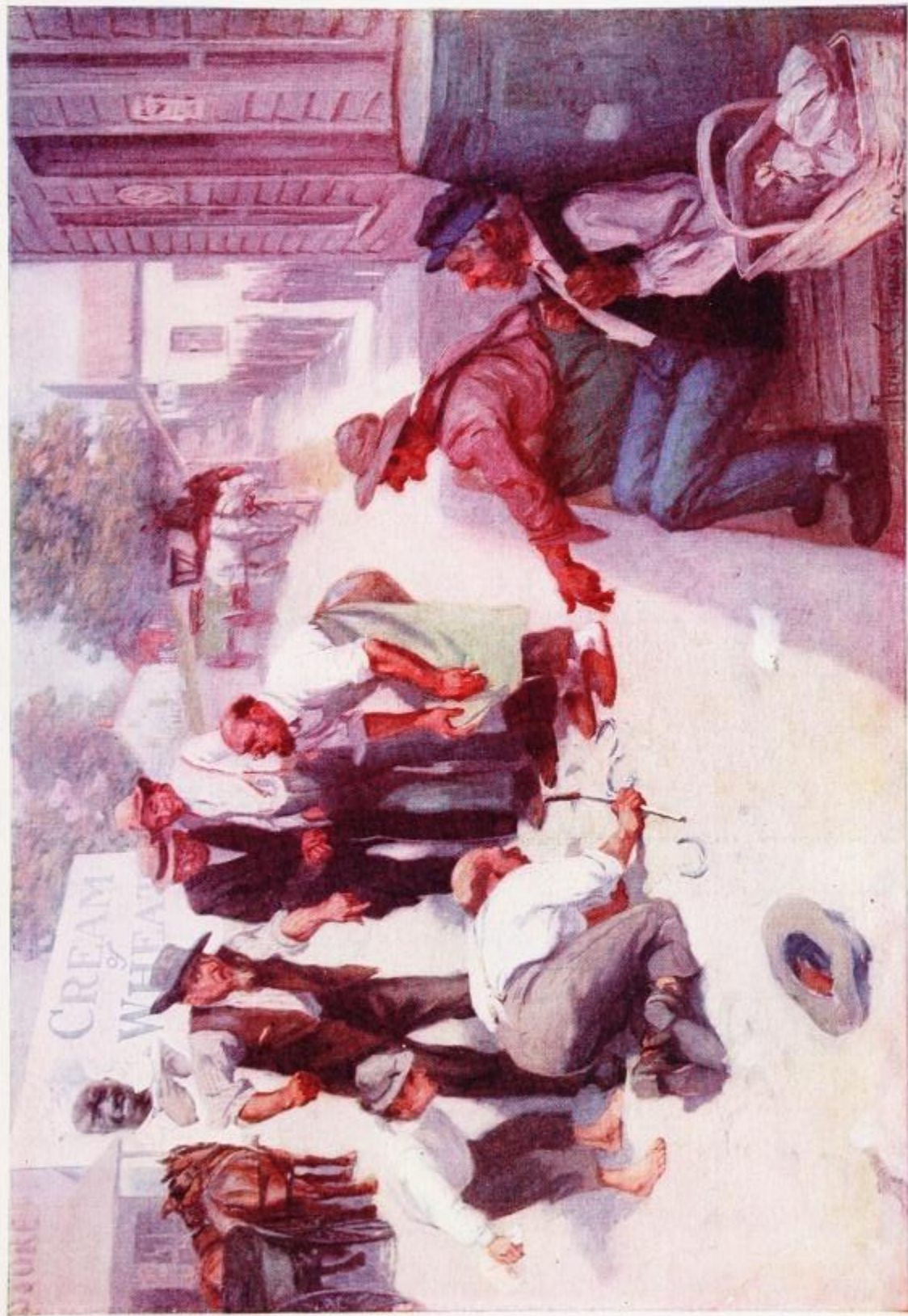
That is one of Ivory's advantages over other bath and toilet soaps—*it floats*.

Other advantages are: Ivory Soap is pure—purer by far than many soaps that sell at five times its price; it contains no "free" (uncombined) alkali; it lathers freely; it rinses easily.

## Ivory Soap . . . It Floats



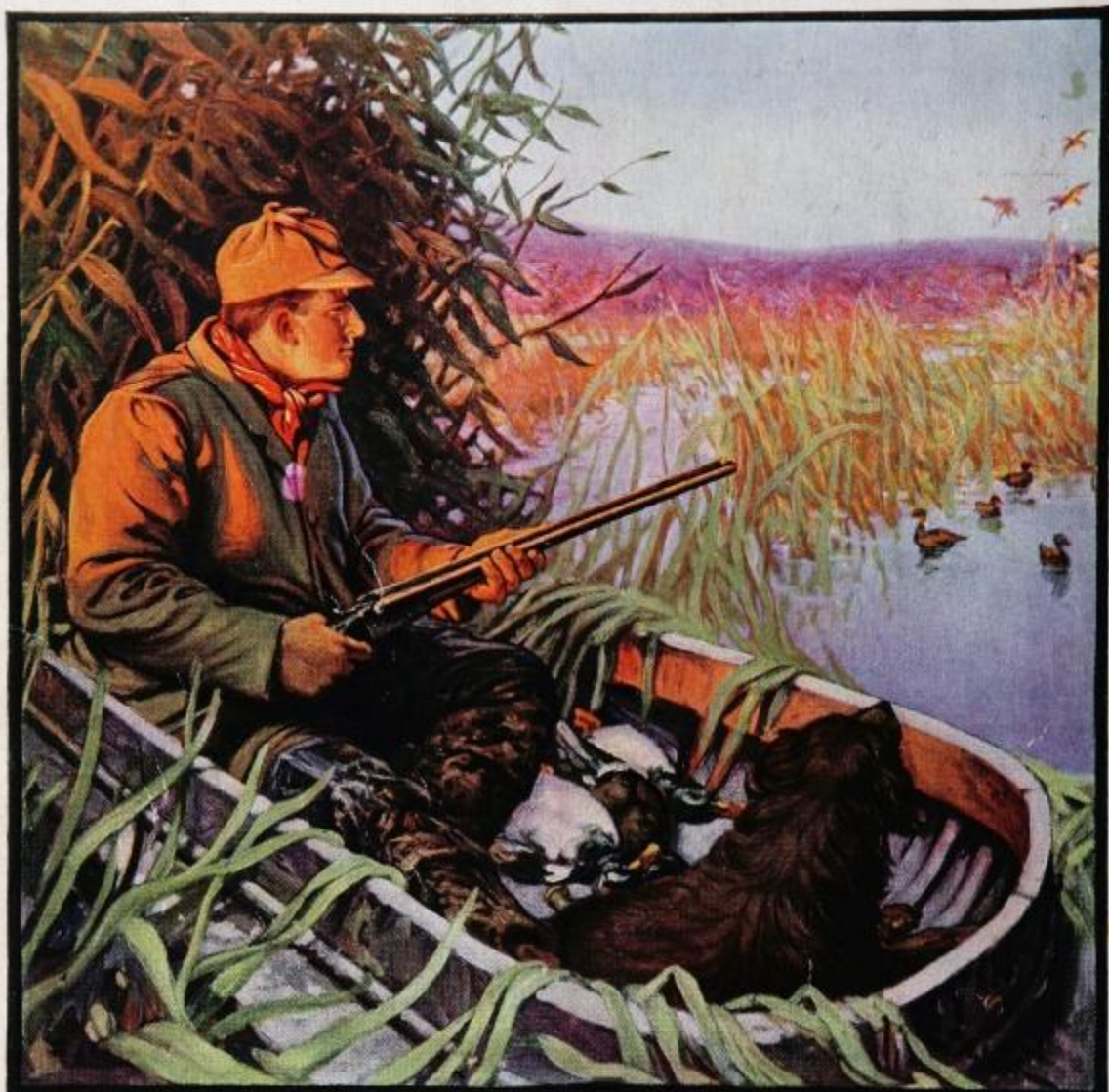
When writing to advertisers please mention THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.



Painted by Fletcher C. Keston for Cream of Wheat Co.

COUNTRY LIFE IN AMERICA

Copyright 1910 by Cream of Wheat Company.



**A Steady Hand**

**A Keen Eye**

**A Clear Brain**

Combine to "make a hit" in the field of sport and more surely in the field of business.

If coffee interferes—and it does with many—stop and use well-made

**POSTUM**

Then comes the steady nerves and brain absolutely essential to success.

**"There's a Reason"**

Postum Cereal Co., Limited, Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.