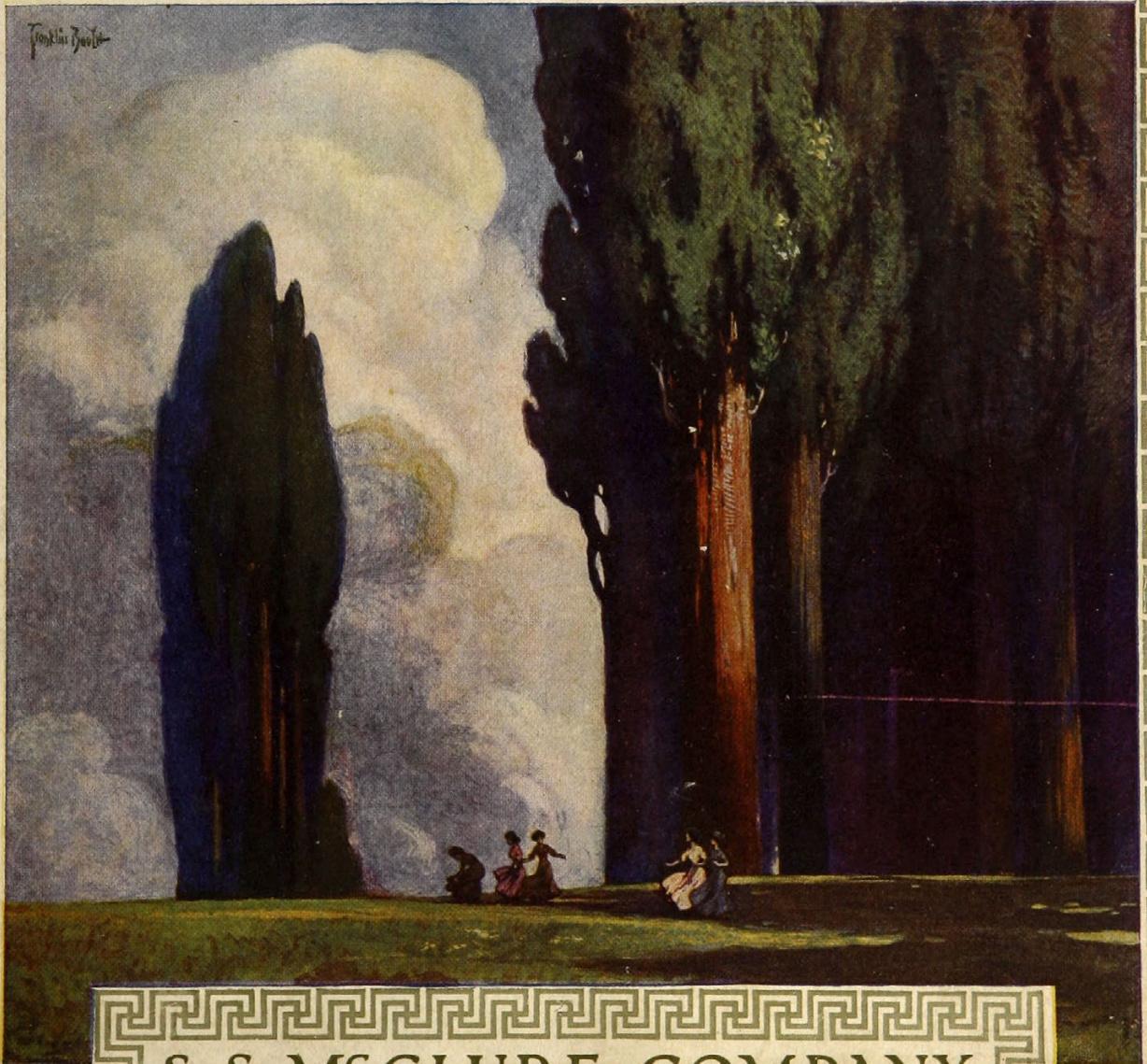


# McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

AUGUST 1909 · FIFTEEN CENTS



S. S. McCLURE COMPANY

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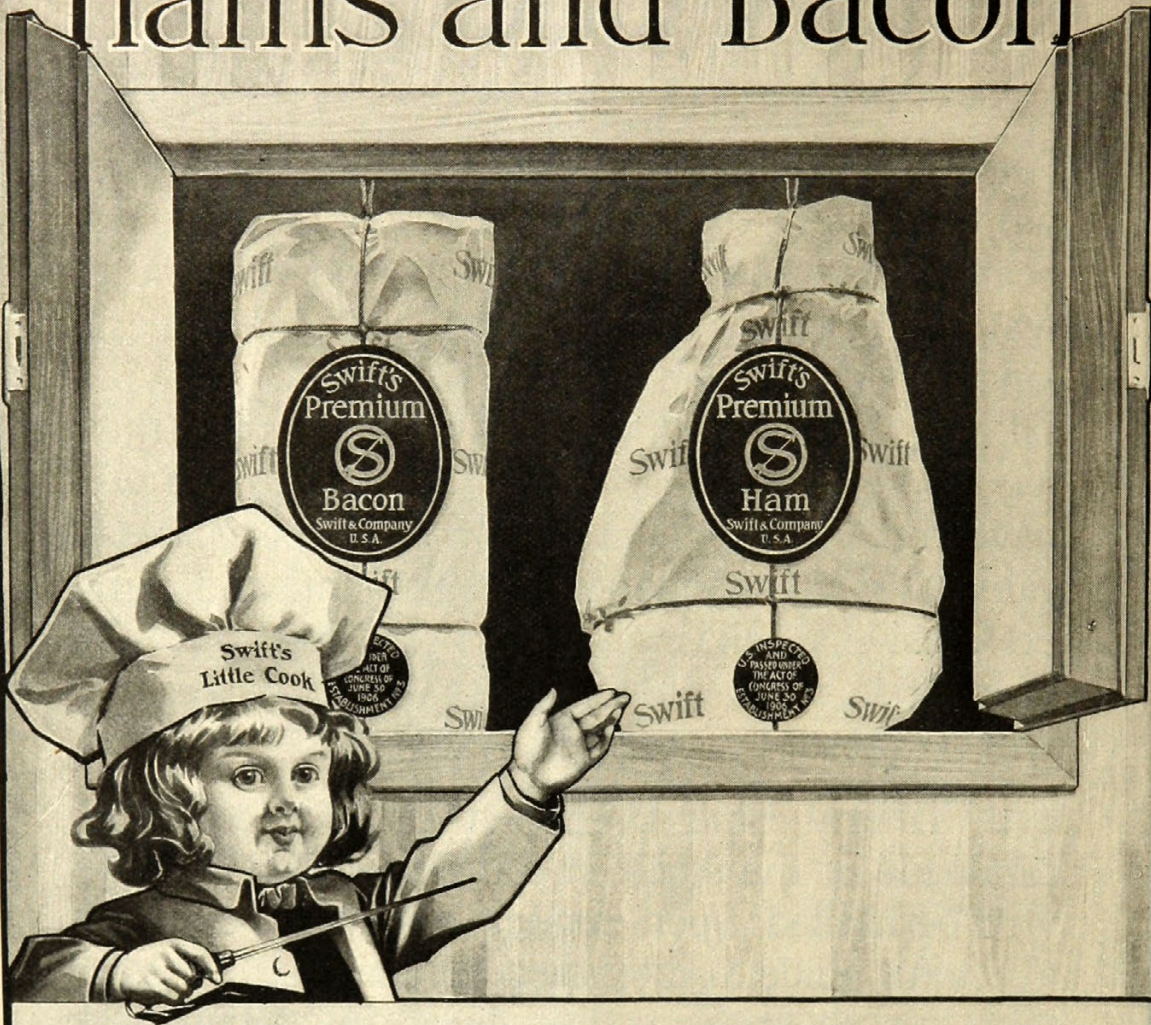
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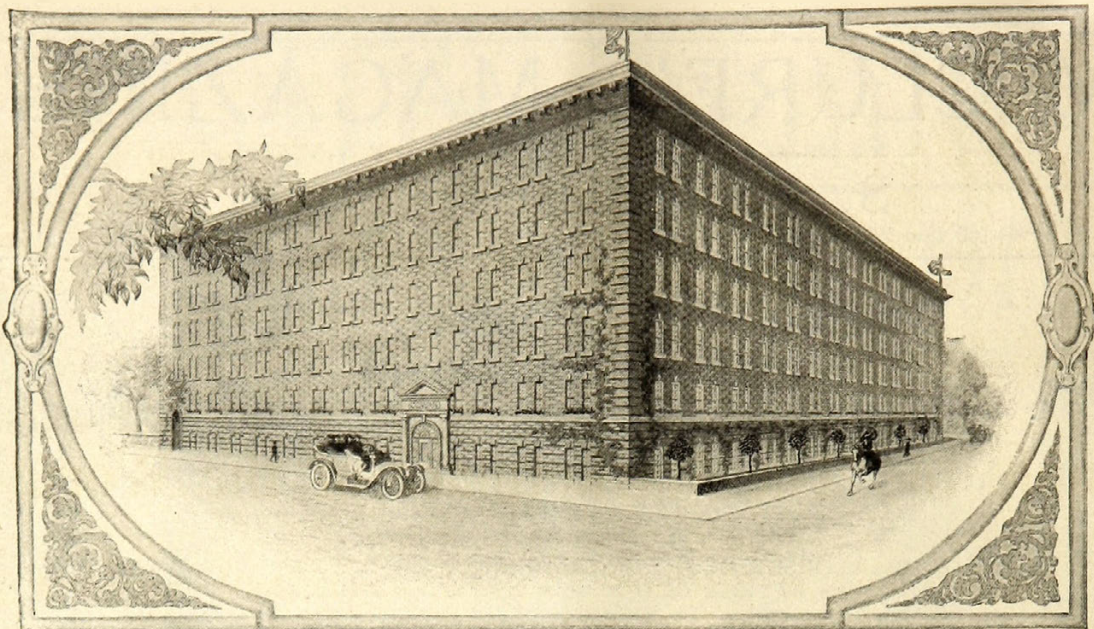
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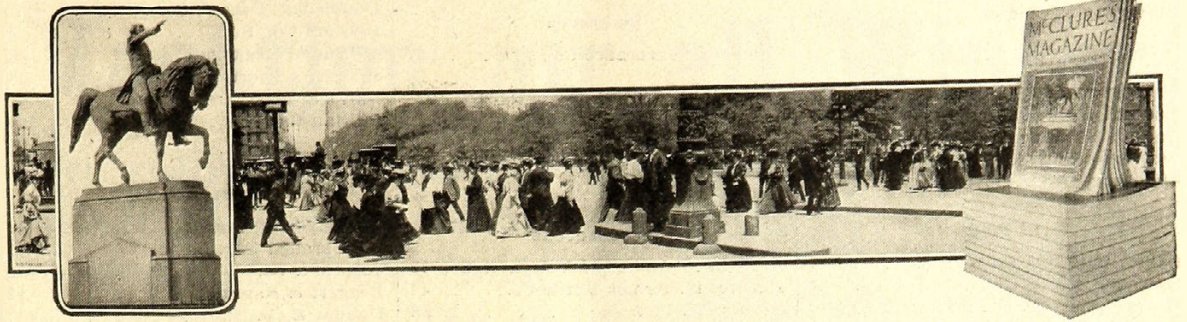
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The first issue of McClure's Magazine—June, 1893—contained an announcement of this purpose:

"To publish nothing that does not leave the reader  
"better for having read it."

That was a large contract but handled with such success that McClure's to-day has an enviable reputation for a distinctive literary quality and a high moral tone.

The reward has also been generous, in a large circulation and a liberal advertising patronage. Our appreciation of the support of our advertisers has been shown by giving more than we promise.

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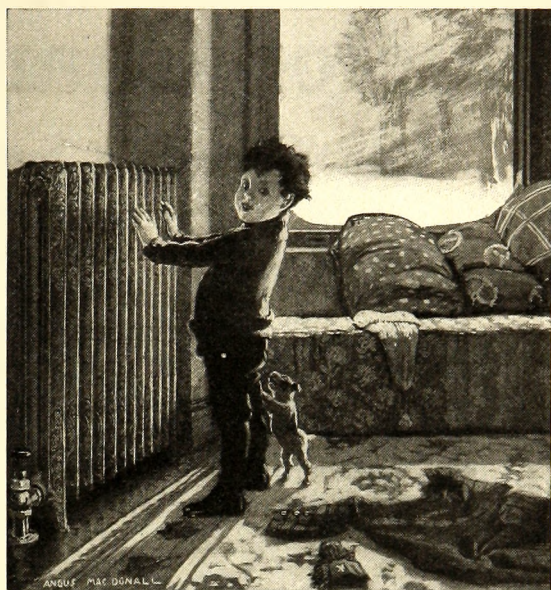
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You spend much time and money all Summer seeking to keep yourself and family in the outside air. The air of Winter is, if anything, purer. The reason many a family does not get the benefit of pure, fresh air all the year round is because they stick to stuffy, ashy, gas-laden, old-fashioned heating methods.



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You will enjoy reading our free book, which tells lots of things about heating economies it will pay you well to know. Write for it to-day, describing kind of building you wish to heat.

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## AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

Write Dept. 21  
CHICAGO



# The September McClure's

## Doctor Charles W. Eliot

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# The September McClure's

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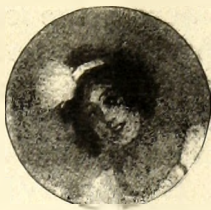
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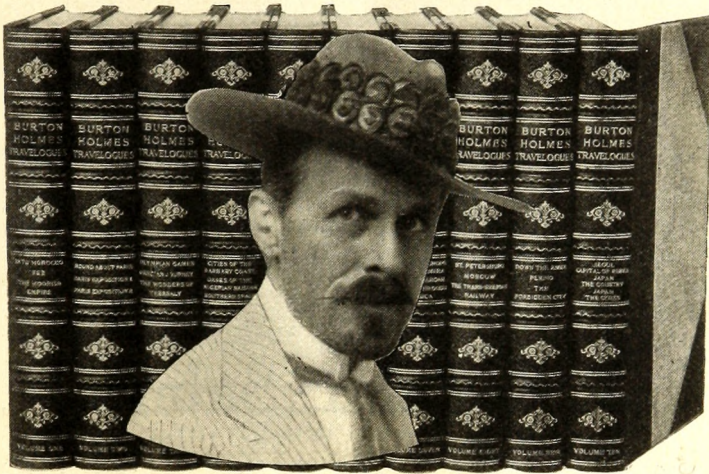
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## \$50.00 A Month

to anyone who will give his spare time to looking after McCLURE'S interests in his locality. One man whose regular work took twelve hours a day made over \$600.00 in seven months in his *spare time only*. Much more can be made if entire time can be given to the work. Perhaps the offer will appeal to *you* also.

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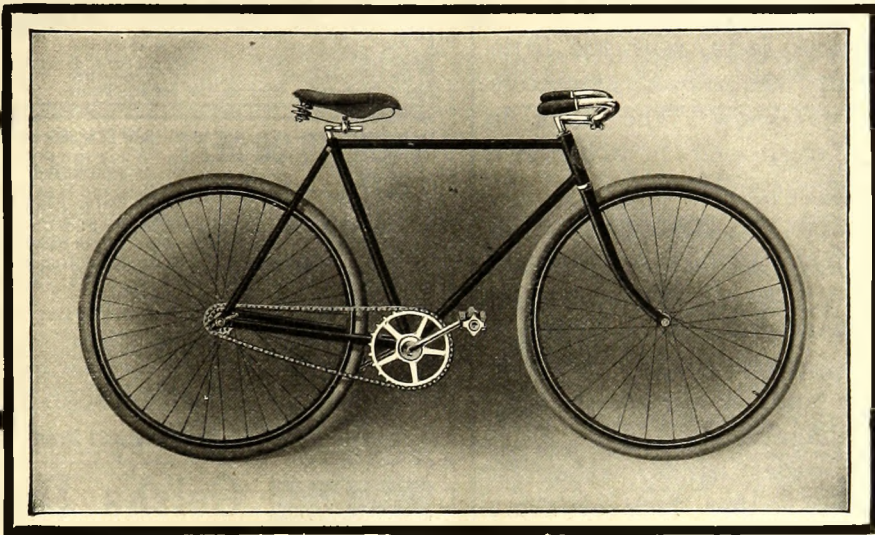
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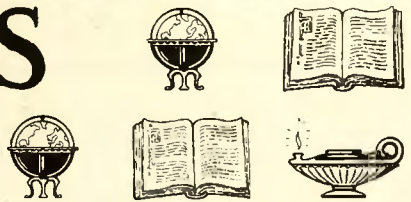
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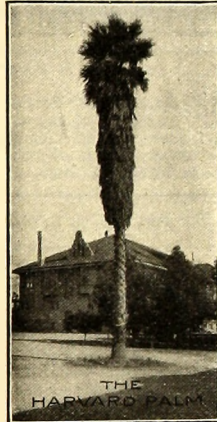
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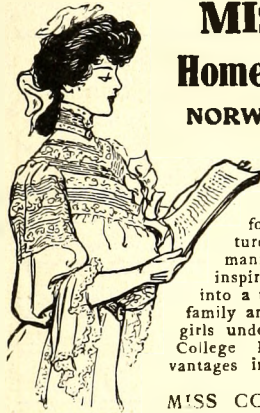
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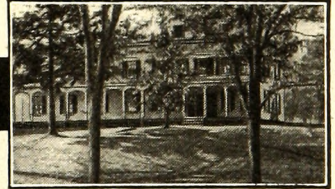
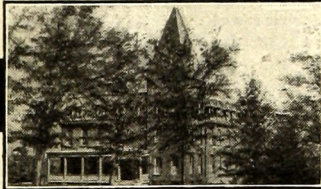
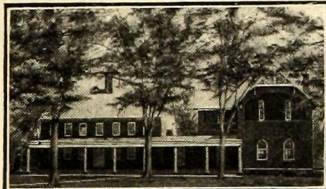


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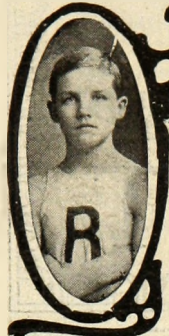
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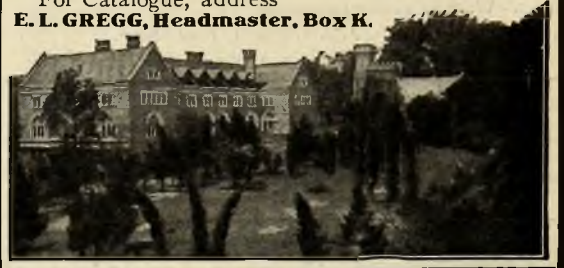
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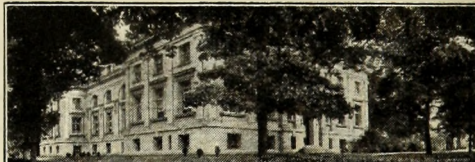
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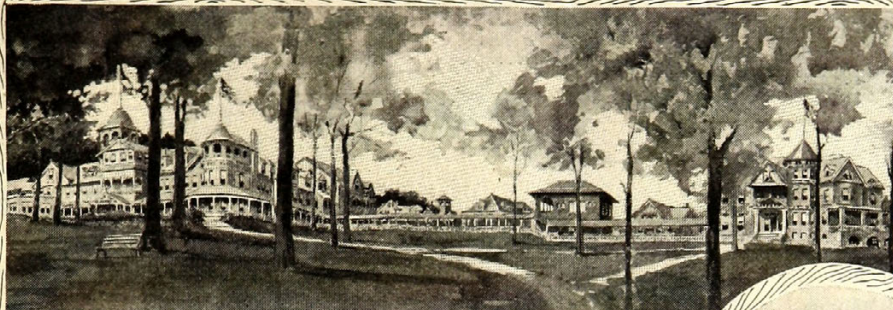
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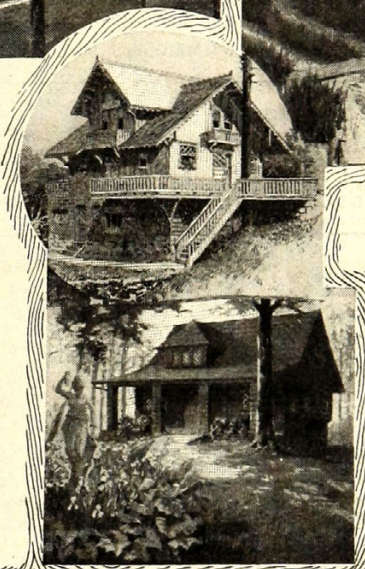
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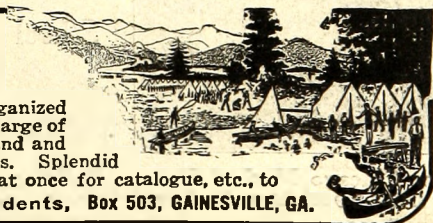
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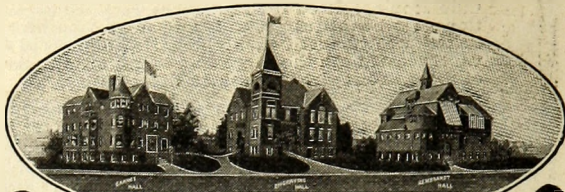
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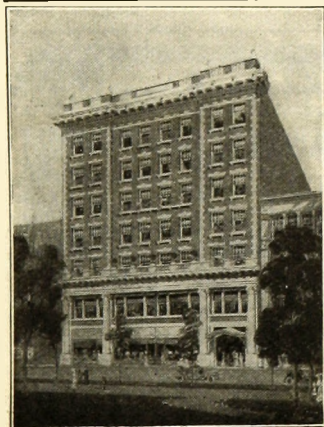
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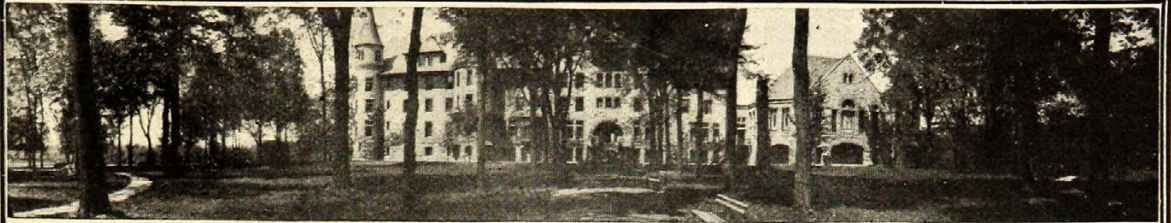
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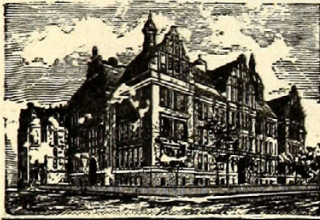


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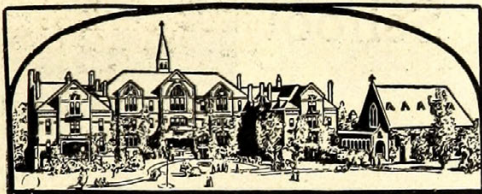
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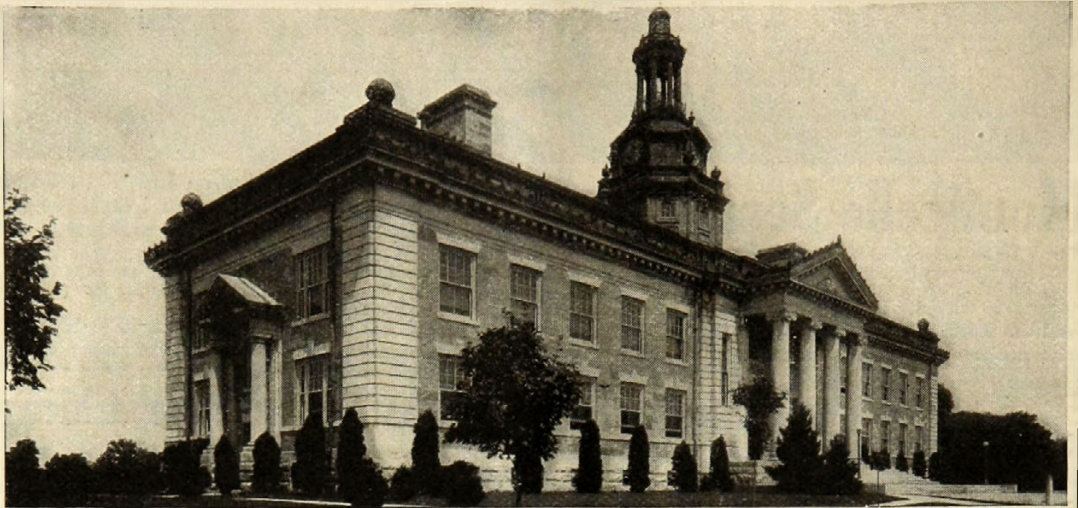
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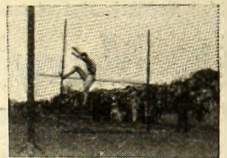
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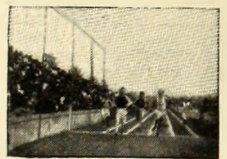
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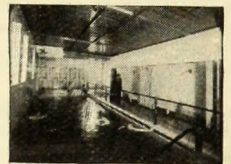
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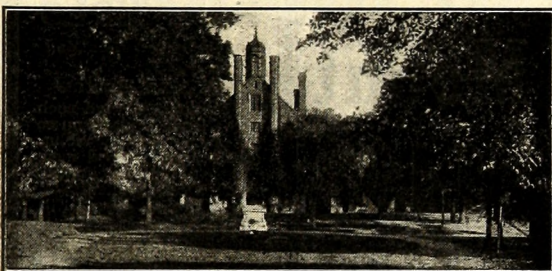
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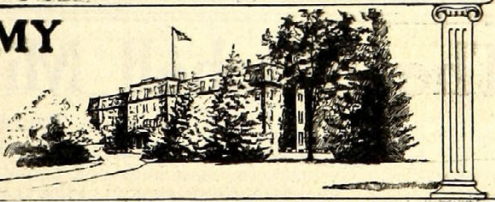
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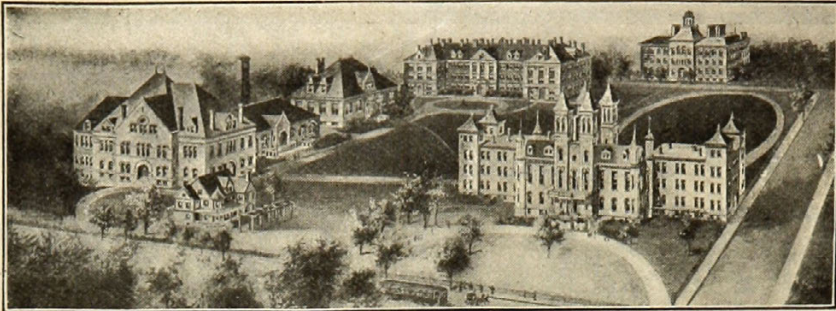
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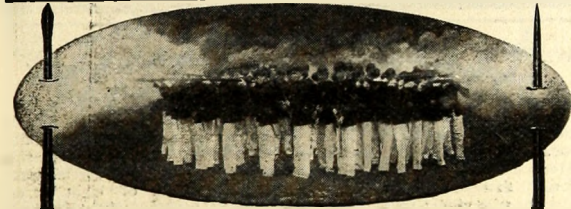
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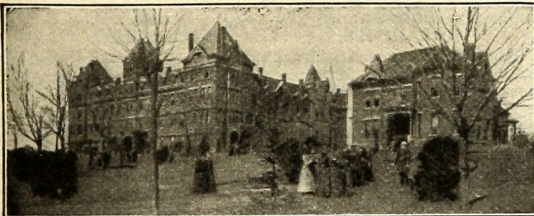
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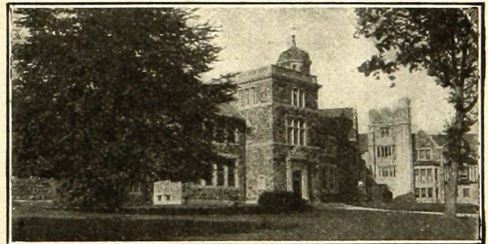
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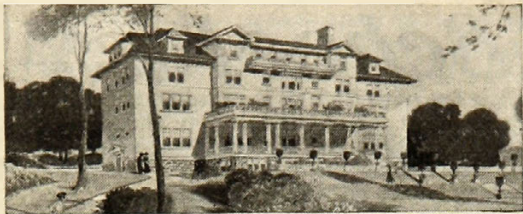


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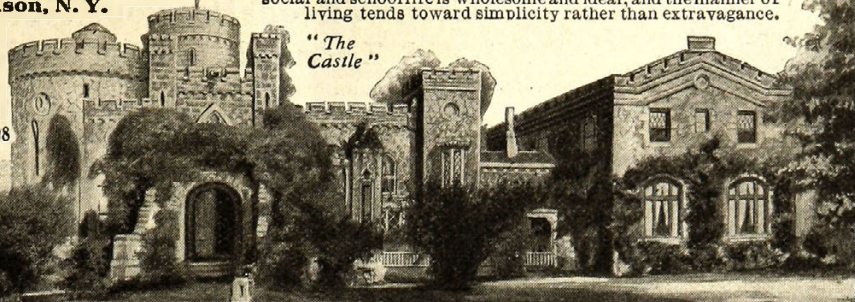
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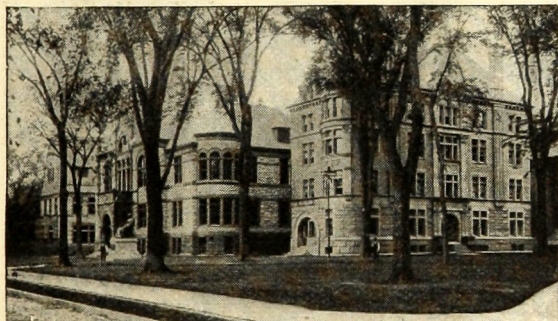
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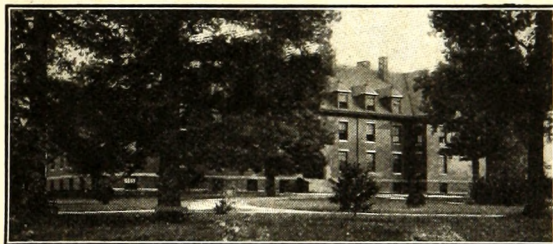
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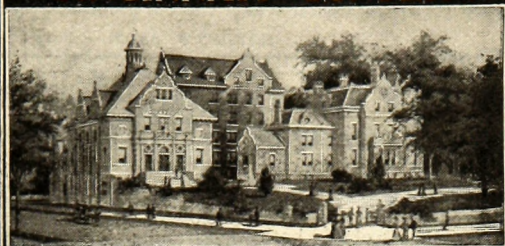
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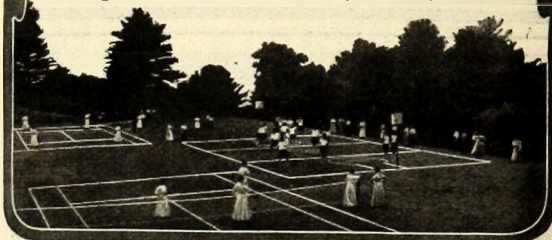
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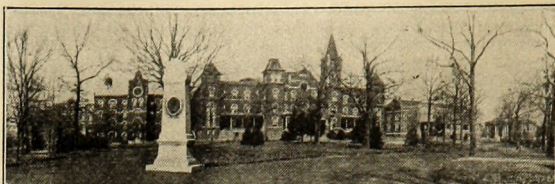
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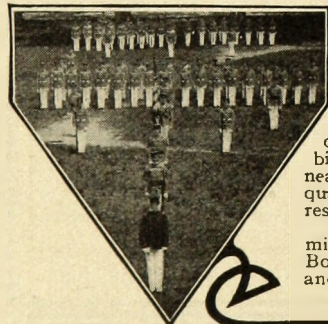
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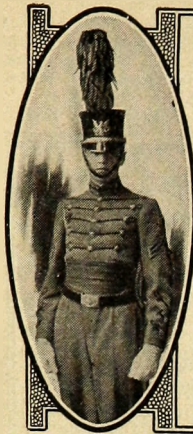
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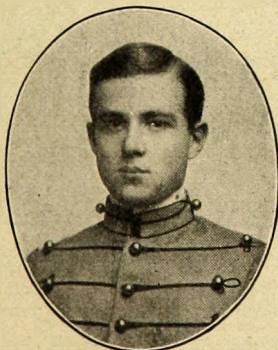
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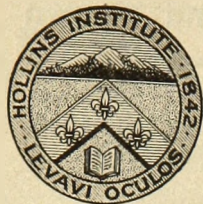
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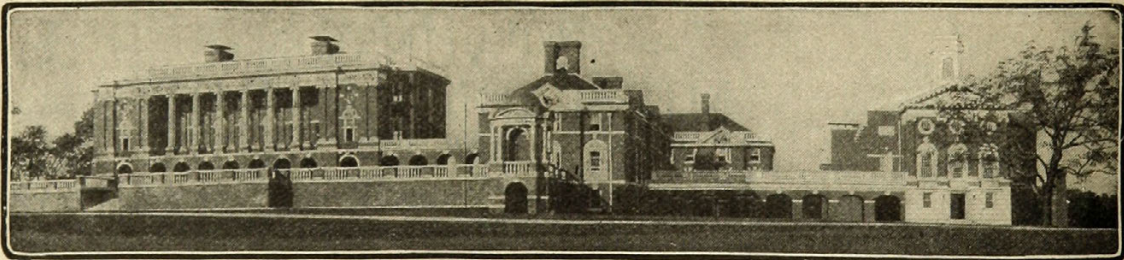
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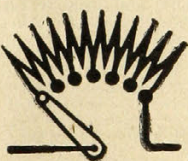
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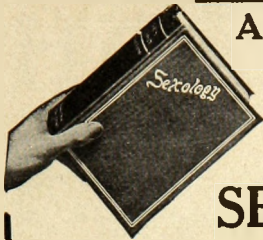
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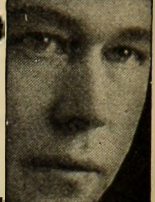
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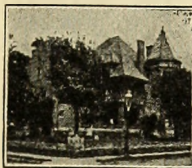
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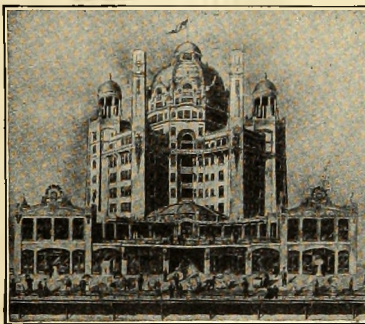
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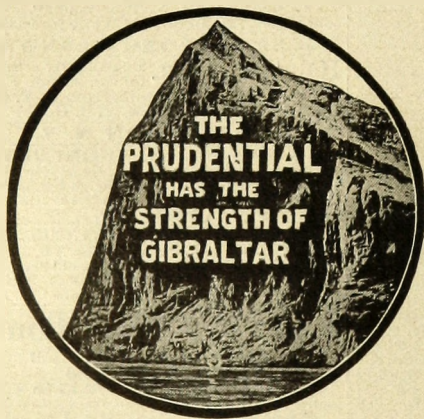
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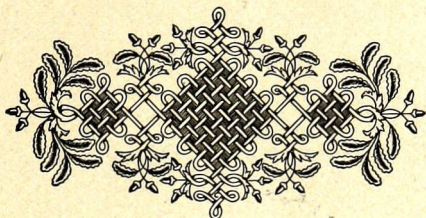
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Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be.—*

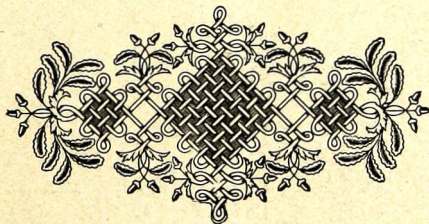
*Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,  
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales;*

*Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rain'd a ghastly dew  
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue;*

*Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-wind rushing warm,  
With the standards of the peoples plunging thro' the thunder-storm;*

*Till the war-drum throb'd no longer, and the battle-flags were furl'd  
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.”*

*From Tennyson's "Locksley Hall."*





WAR IN THE AIR

FROM A DRAWING BY G. A. COFFIN

# McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXIII

AUGUST, 1909

No. 4

## THE AËRIAL BATTLESHIP

BY

CARL DIENSTBACH AND T. R. MACMECHEN

ILLUSTRATED WITH DRAWINGS BY G. A. COFFIN  
AND WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

*"Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rain'd a ghastly dew  
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue."*

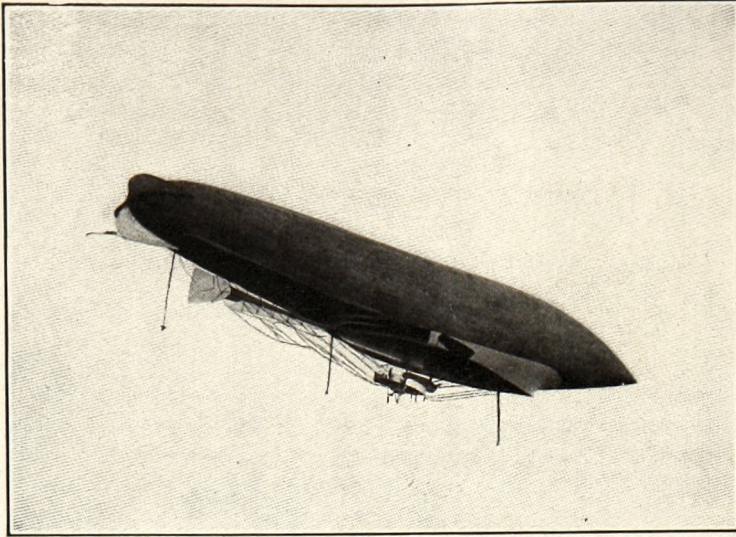
IN the fall of 1908 the third airship built by Count Ferdinand von Zeppelin was bought by the German government, officially commissioned as a warship, and given a military crew. On May 29, 30, and 31 his fifth and last ship, the Zeppelin II., made, without landing, a flight of thirty-six hours, covering 850 miles. This flight would have carried it from German soil to London, Paris, Vienna, or Stockholm, and back again. In secret trials by the German government during March, a rapid-firing gun, capable of throwing nearly sixty 1.9-inch shells a minute, was fired with entire success from the deck of the Zeppelin I. This means the end of armies within the next ten years. The situation, about which there is now the densest popular ignorance, should be understood.

A savage very naturally would consider a ship of iron a physical impossibility. He is accustomed only to rafts. Our present civilization is in exactly the same position with regard to the navigation of the air; it is accustomed only to balloons. A Zeppelin airship is not a balloon, but a true ship—exactly corresponding to an iron ocean ship. It has a strong, rigid hull; it is sustained by displacing more than its own weight in the fluid that supports it; it will sink only if it leaks badly. Neither the airship nor the iron ocean ship is in the slightest danger of sinking except by grounding or collision.

It is perfectly natural that the public should be ignorant concerning the new airship. The two chief principles upon which its success is founded have both been announced in the last six years. Up to 1903 it was impossible to drive dirigible balloons by motors at any considerable speed. Every increase of power simply caused the elongated structures to plunge up and down, and throw their broadsides forward. Colonel Charles Renard of the French army then announced his discovery of the stabilizing planes—big fins, placed on the stern of the ship, like the feathers on an arrow. With these an airship can be driven straight ahead at any speed that can be applied to it.

### *A Huge Power-Driven Arrow*

Count Zeppelin had completed his first rigid airship—a structure 384 feet long—in 1900. It was a crude thing, directed up and down by shifting weights, and capable of only a low speed. He immediately adopted the Renard planes, after they became public property in 1903; but he had built three of his ships before he discovered, in the summer of 1907, the secret of steering them up and down. This problem was solved by placing two sets of large air-planes on each side of the ship, one forward and the other aft. Since that time he has possessed, in the Zeppelin I. and Zeppelin II., two huge power-driven arrows, 446 feet long; capable of being driven at a speed of



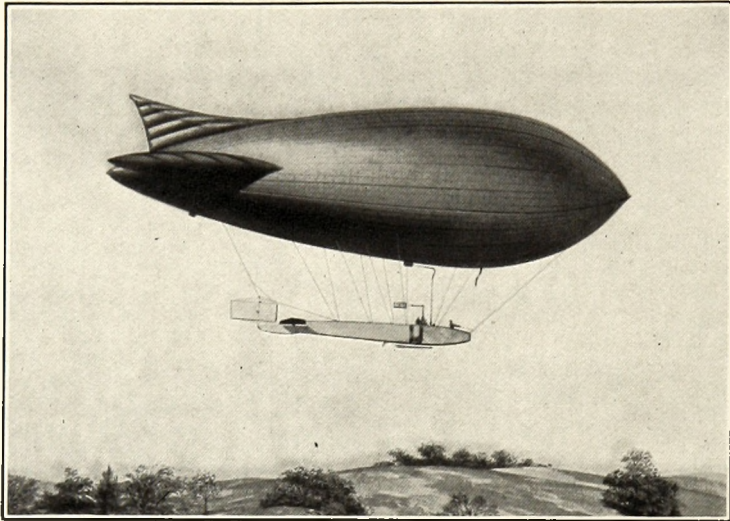
FRANCE'S LARGEST AIRSHIP, "LA RÉPUBLIQUE," 200 FEET LONG

thirty-five miles an hour through the air; and handled as quickly and easily not merely as an ocean-going ship, but as an automobile. Nothing could be more wonderful than the control of these great craft. Turning figures of eight is a common

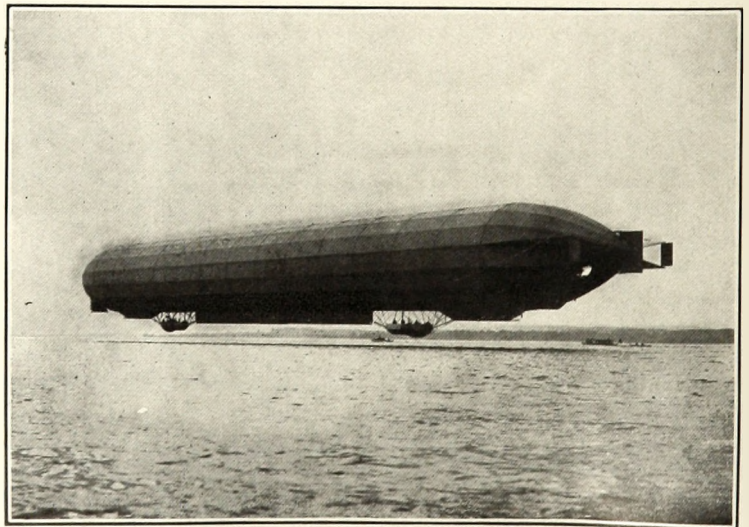
trick; perpendicular dives have been taken at a speed that caused every spectator to believe that the ship, by some accident, was falling to immediate destruction; and irregular movements are performed that make the ship appear to observers to be "dancing and juggling in the air."

*A True Ship—Strong and Stable*

A distinction must be made at the outset between the Zeppelin airships and the dirigible balloons adopted by the govern-

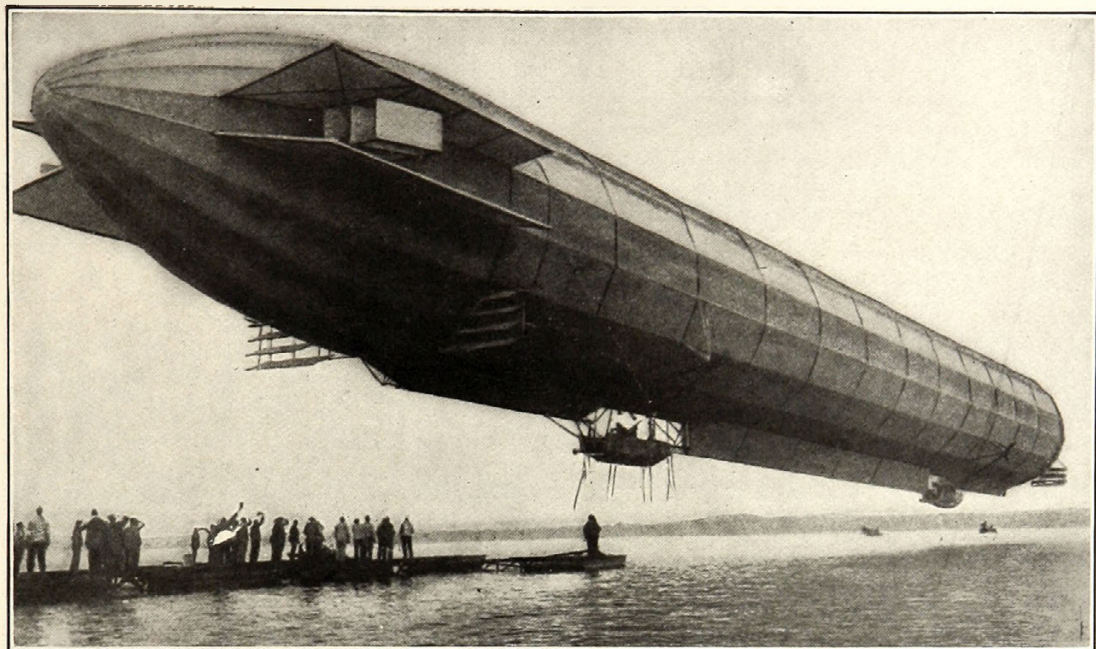


THE LAST ENGLISH DIRIGIBLE, "THE BABY," 100 FEET LONG



THE LAST ZEPPELIN, 446 FEET LONG

ments of France, England, and the United States. The last are simply motor balloons; the first is as true a ship as any on the ocean. It is protected by a cover of tough rubber-cloth, stretched over aluminum rings and ribs, each strong enough to support a man's weight; and the whole is greatly strengthened by the upward pressure of the hydrogen in its inside balloons. It is fully as strong for its purposes as an iron steamship. The airship is never strained by rolling or pitching, like the steamer, because the air acts upon it as a current and not as waves—exactly as the water acts upon a submarine; and it consequently flies on a perfectly level keel, even in a gale. It is supported by from sixteen to twenty absolutely



THE ZEPPELIN AIRSHIP

THE GREAT PLANES AT THE STERN, AND THE VERTICAL STEERING APPARATUS AT THE SIDES, WHICH ARE THE INVENTIONS THAT MADE LARGE AIRSHIPS POSSIBLE, ARE SEEN CLEARLY IN THE PICTURE

separate compartments (that is, from sixteen to twenty drum-shaped balloons), whereas a ship has but five or six compartments, which are often found to be open in case of accident.

The strength and stability of these new ships are not a matter of theory or belief; they are already demonstrated facts. The Zeppelin I., under her military crew, made nineteen ascensions between March 9th and April 6th, in the mountainous country about Lake Constance, which is 1,300 feet above sea-level. Three of these were made in snow-storms; one of them, lasting seven and a half hours, in a blizzard. In another trial, the ship flew for hours, landed, and anchored safely, in a tremendous forty-mile gale. The Zeppelin II. on May 31 crushed her whole bow in while landing, spent a full day, in a heavy wind, floating on her collision bulkheads, was temporarily repaired, and then flew with her own motors fifty miles to her home port in perfect safety. No ocean steamship could have done more than this after an equally serious accident. All this time these huge craft—the size of Atlantic liners—have been landing on the ground, without special wharves. A captain attempting the similar feat of landing a great steamship upon a shore without wharves would be considered insane.

#### *Chief Advantages, Speed and Economy*

The fact is that a new instrument for the general service of civilization has arrived. Its

uses, as distinct from those of ships upon water, can be clearly and definitely seen. Water being eight hundred times heavier than air, airships will never compete with steamships as freight-carriers. For exactly the same reason, they will develop double or triple the speed of the ship in the water; they will do this driven by engines of less than two per cent of the power of the steamer; and their lighter material will allow them to be built at within fifteen per cent of the cost and time that are required for the building of a first-class ocean steamer of the same length. The Zeppelin II.—446 feet long and the largest airship in existence—cost less than \$250,000, has a speed of thirty-five miles an hour, and is driven by two separate engines of 200 combined horse-power, less than that of two racing automobiles.

The engines of these ships can handle them perfectly in a gale of wind, and there is virtually no danger that both of them will break down at once—a fact that cannot be disputed since the recent trip of gasoline-motor automobiles about the earth. The present ships, and still more those that are about to be made, will be perfectly able to weather the elements continuously, like any other ship. The present shelter-houses will be given up, and they will land and be moored, when not in use, to aerial wharves sufficiently high so that by slightly tilting the sterns of the ships in the air they

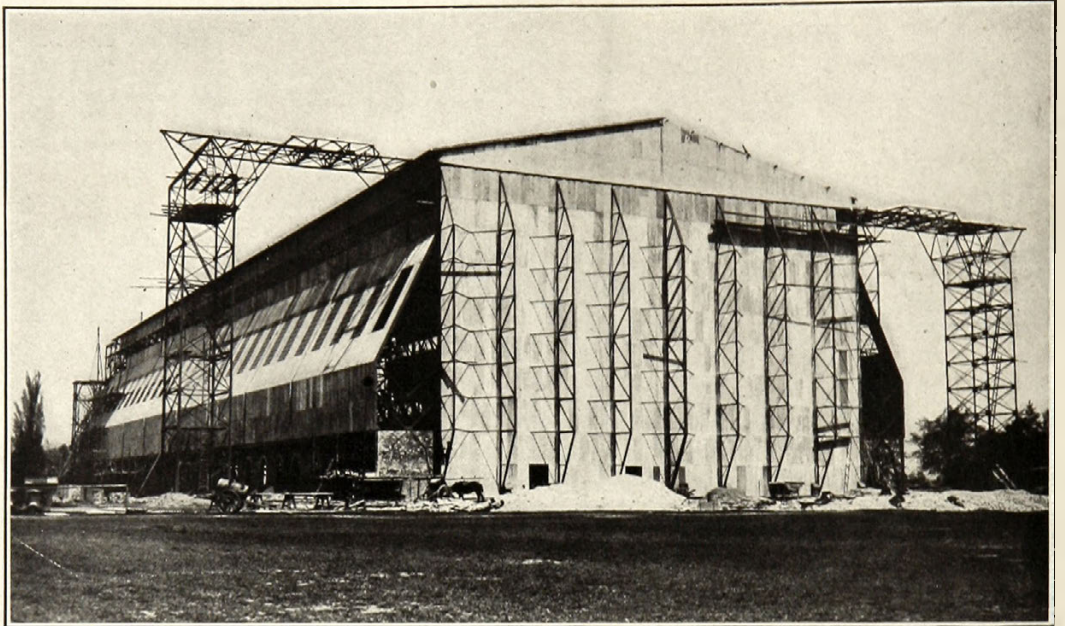
will be kept from thrashing against the ground. Moored in this way, they will ride out the heaviest storms with perfect safety. In short, although but five of them have now been built, they have already demonstrated their efficiency.

#### *Germany Creates the First Aerial Gunboat*

From the beginning, it has been perfectly evident that the first important use of these

which cover a space some fifty feet square. The level car of the airship proved an excellent gun-platform in the trials, and the rigid structure, twenty tons in weight, was not affected by any recoil which guns of this character give.

From the popular standpoint it seems a highly dangerous thing to fire such weapons as these in the vicinity of so great a body of hydrogen as is contained in these ships. The



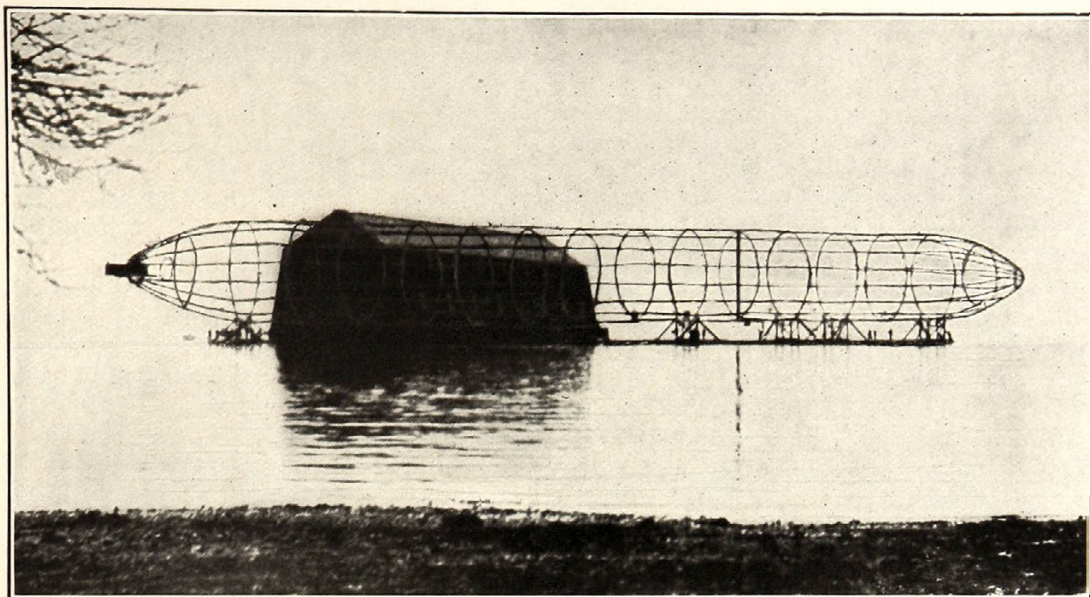
THE AIRSHIP STATION AT THE GERMAN FORTRESS OF METZ; BUILT TO HOLD TWO ZEPPELINS

craft would be as warships, and the chief discussion of them in Europe, where alone the development has been followed intelligently, has concerned their employment for this purpose. The French, not having a rigid type from which guns can be fired advantageously, have proposed the dropping of explosives from their cars. But the German military experts, immediately after taking over the Zeppelin I., conceived the idea of using rapid-fire guns, and asked their gun-makers to prepare special airship artillery. The Krupps produced their gun this spring. It is a light, high-powered weapon, said to weigh about one hundred and sixty pounds — this light weight being made possible by special recoil mechanism. It fires a 1.9-inch shell, and can throw nearly sixty a minute to a distance of several miles from the elevated position of the airship. These shells are similar to those of the well-known mountain batteries, transported by pack-animals, which were used in the Russo-Japanese War. They are very efficient missiles, bursting into a shower of small, sharp fragments,

same popular belief existed for years concerning the explosive gasoline motor; yet this has been used exclusively for ten years to propel dirigible balloons, and, except for two accidents at the very beginning of the experiment, with entire success.

In the Zeppelin ship the motor is as perfectly separated from the hydrogen as the engine-room of a steamer from inflammable materials in her hold. To make assurance a certainty, so far as regards firearms, it would only be necessary to use the new Maxim silencer upon their muzzles. Tests have shown that these eliminate the flash of guns so completely that no flame can be seen, even when they are fired on the darkest night. Whether this device has been used by the Germans is not known. Their gun tests, like most of their recent developments of the airship, have been made in great secrecy — although descriptions and charts of the shooting of the airship guns have been issued in a publication circulated for the information of only their own army and navy.





THE ALUMINUM HULL OF THE LAST ZEPPELIN

THE SEVENTEEN COMPARTMENTS BETWEEN THE RINGS ARE FILLED WITH DRUM-SHAPED BALLOONS. A THICK COVER OF RUBBER-CLOTH FORMS ITS SHEATH

*A Battleship a Mile High Moving  
Sixty Miles an Hour*

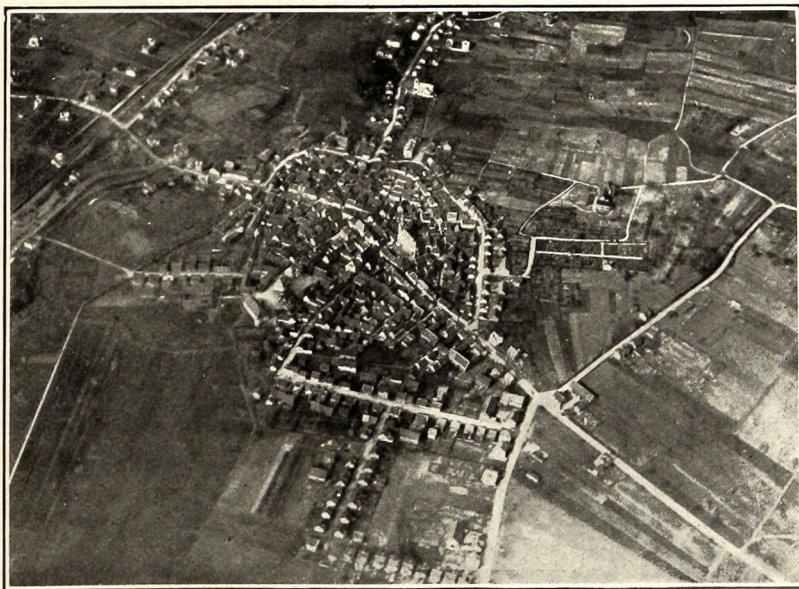
A new machine of war has arrived. It will be a ship as large and eventually much larger than present ocean battleships. It will fight from the height of a mile above the earth, and will manoeuvre, during battle, at a rate of sixty or sixty-five miles an hour. The winds at this elevation average over twenty-four miles an hour, and on brisk days often reach thirty.

The aerial battleships will move to windward, and sweep down these winds when passing over the enemy. In this way they can direct an absolutely certain fire upon the earth, while they are themselves practically out of danger.

The general discussion of ex-

perts for a number of years has established a so-called "zone of safety," in which the last German airship, the Zeppelin II., has been built to travel in time of action. This is about 1,650 yards (nearly a mile) above the surface of the earth. The reason for adopting this level was that here the airship is out of range of the military rifle, which constitutes its chief danger. Punctures of its sustaining balloons by small bullets would not cause it to sink immediately, but would create small leaks,

which would eventually bring it to earth. Large bodies of troops or large numbers of machine-guns concentrating on so great an object when it was within range would almost certainly send a percentage of bullets to the mark. The airship must, therefore, be



THE EARTH AS A TARGET

VIEW FROM A BALLOON ABOVE HOFHEIM, GERMANY, SHOWING THE SHARPNESS WITH WHICH THE EARTH IS SEEN. ROADS ARE PARTICULARLY CLEAR, WHICH MAKES MOVING TROOPS AN EXCELLENT MARK

raised out of rifle range. This accomplished, artillery fire is left as its only possible danger.

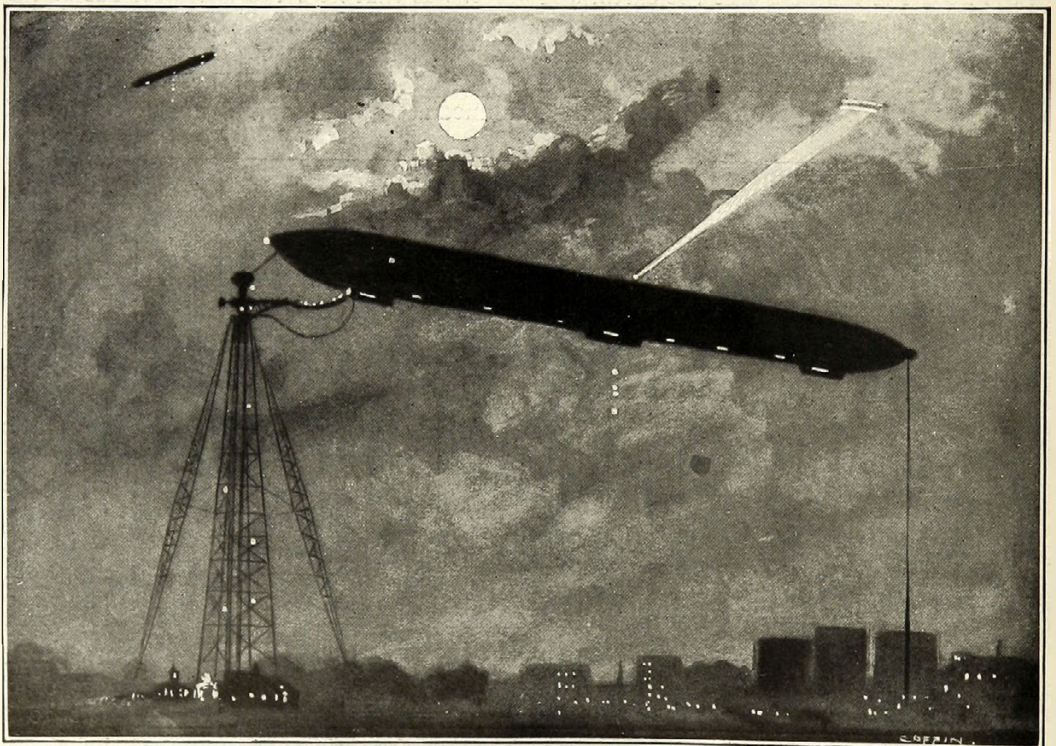
Present artillery was, of course, not made to fire into the sky. The highest point for which modern field guns can be aimed is less than 1,200 yards. Their muzzles can be trained only seven degrees sidewise, because of the wheels on either side of them. The longest time a Zeppelin airship 500 feet long would take to pass, at battle speed, the arc thus covered, would be twenty seconds.

#### *Wing-Shooting With Artillery*

To avoid these difficulties, European gun-makers have been working on special artillery for shooting at airships. The most successful type has been produced by the Krupps. This is planned so that it can fire seventy-five degrees into the air. The rear of the gun-carriage is fastened on a pivot, and the wheels — as can be seen in the illustration on page 351 — are turned outward when the gun is ready for action, so that the gun may be trained sidewise by revolving the whole structure on the pivot at the rear of the carriage. The best experts believe that this gun will be impractical. It offers an awkward device for training the gun sidewise — especially on ground that is at all uneven; and it is

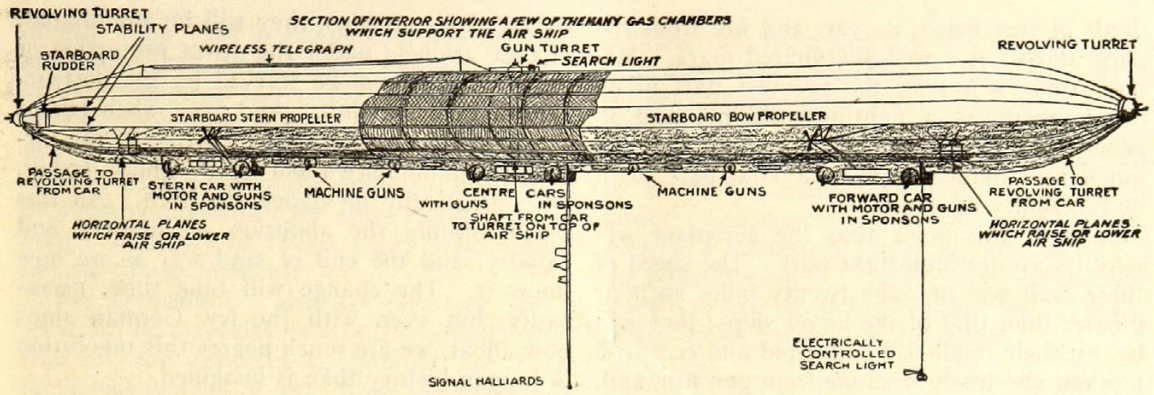
believed that the first discharge of the gun, pointing upward, will either sink the wheels in the earth, or even break them. Fortress guns could be planned to reach airships more effectively, but this is of no great consequence, for the airships would not go near them. Heavy guns in the field could shoot high enough, but are too cumbersome to train on a moving object.

Moreover, discussion has developed the fact that with the best of mechanism it would be practically impossible to hit these airships at any range that they would approach in battle. Offhand this seems a ridiculous statement to make concerning a mark 500 feet long and 50 wide. But it is far from ridiculous when the distance, speed, and erratic movement of this mark are considered. The first shot by artillery is never expected to hit an object on the ground, even at known ranges. A gun is finally trained upon its target by marking the fall of trial shots upon the earth. But in firing at airships or balloons this is, of course, impossible. Captive balloons were used continually for scouting within the range of the enemy's guns in both the Boer and the Russo-Japanese War, and were infrequently hit. And careful experiments by European military officers show that, under the best conditions, with guns all prepared, it requires from five to



AN AIRSHIP ANCHORED ON AN AËRIAL WHARF

ELEVATORS AND GANGWAYS CARRY PASSENGERS TO THE SHIP; A GAS MAIN INFLATES ITS CHAMBERS; A HEAVY GUIDE-ROPE HOLDS THE STERN FROM SWINGING



THE AERIAL BATTLESHIP

twenty minutes for artillery to hit low-hanging balloons at battle ranges.

It is evident from this what success any conceivable artillery would have in snaphooting at an object an unknown height in the air, which remains in the gun's zone of fire twenty seconds at the longest, and which can assume a flight almost as eccentric as a bat's. To hit this airship at all when it is moving at full battle ranges, the artillerist must aim, not directly at it: he must "hold ahead," exactly as a gunner shoots flying ducks, otherwise the airship would be away from the place aimed at before the shell arrived there. He must not only "hold ahead," but must hold over the mark, because his gun, unlike the duck-shooter's, is discharged at an object out of point-blank range. All this with the target at an unknown and constantly changing distance.

### *War Becomes Wholesale Murder*

On the other hand, nothing alive on the ground can escape the fire of an airship. It will be armed with rapid-fire guns, carrying shells, but its chief reliance in fighting infantry or cavalry will be upon the machine rifle. With this weapon it can turn a stream of four hundred bullets a minute on any troops within two miles, exactly as a man turns the stream of a garden hose against a tree. Its gunners can see any object on the ground with a perfect clearness, impossible of realization by any one who has not flown in a balloon. They can thus mark the striking of bullets perfectly. And the range of their guns is nearly doubled on account of their position. The fire of an airship will annihilate infantry and cavalry beneath it, as surely as the hand of God. It will not be directed long at any coherent body which could be called troops. Human nature forbids the possibility of men remaining to be shot down like rats in a pit.

Some idea of the wholesale murder of troops

possible with machine rifles can be had from the battle of Omdurman in Upper Egypt on September 2, 1898, when the English killed over 11,000 and wounded 16,000 of the Mahdi's troops, most of them in the course of three short charges. G. W. Steevens, the English war correspondent, describes the scene in his "With Kitchener to Khartum" as follows:

"The line of flags swung forward, and a mass of white flying linen swung forward with it too. They came very fast, and they came very straight; and then presently they came no farther. With a crash the bullets leaped out of the British rifles. Shrapnel whistled and Maxims growled savagely. From all the line came perpetual fire, fire, fire, and shrieked forth in great gusts of destruction. And the enemy? No white troops would have faced that torrent of death for five minutes, but the Baggara and the blacks came on. The torrent swept into them and hurled them down in whole companies. You saw a rigid line gather itself up and rush on evenly; then before a shrapnel shell or a Maxim the line suddenly quivered and stopped. The line was yet unbroken, but it was quite still. But other lines gathered up again, again, and yet again; they went down, and yet others rushed on. It was not a battle, but an execution."

### *The End of Infantry and Cavalry*

In destroying troops on the ground the airship will take no serious risk. Its position makes it practically omniscient, so far as the movements of its enemy on the ground are concerned. Only prepared artillery can possibly hit it; therefore it will attack only when artillery is not ready. It will work to windward at a low level; then rise into the high winds of the "zone of safety," and swoop over unprotected bodies of infantry and cavalry with the speed of an express train. Or at night it will swing searchlights (steadied by wind-vanes and electrically focussed) hun-

dreds of feet below its car, and fire from the dark above on a well-illuminated mark. Manoeuvring will play the greatest part in its development as a fighting machine, and in general its tactics will be that of jiu-jitsu—a quick and sudden blow at a vital part, with no possibility of return.

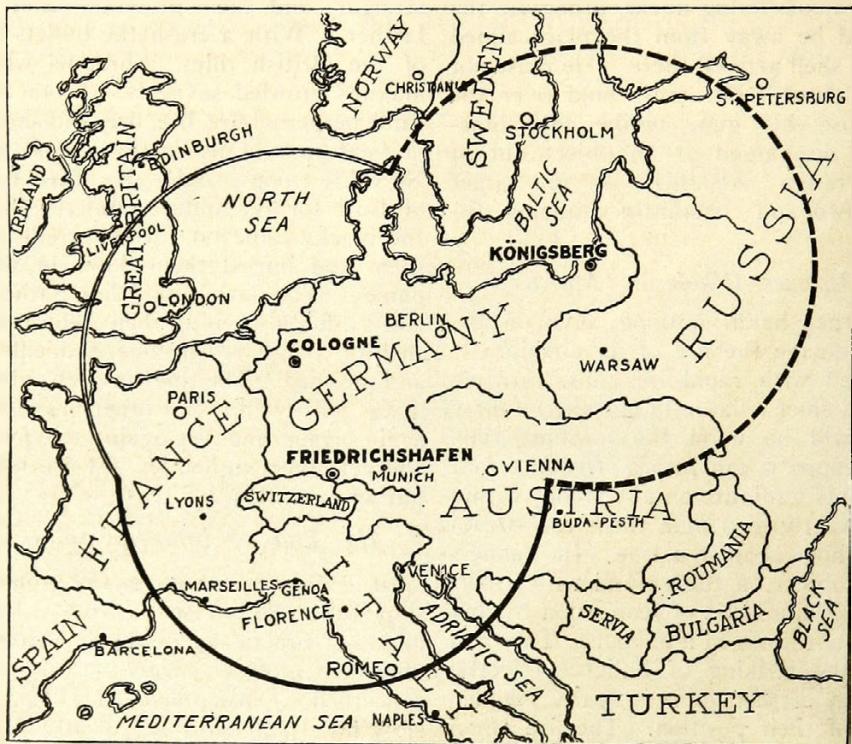
It is at this point that the aeroplane will play its vitally important part. The speed of these craft will be some twenty miles an hour greater than that of the larger ships; they will be, by their small size and rapid and eccentric motion, absolutely immune from gun fire, and, when fully developed, they can be counted on to carry at least two men and a machine rifle. Scouting aeroplanes will get in touch with the enemy while the airship is hidden below the windward horizon. Wireless equipment, for a short distance, can be carried by aeroplanes, and the airships, similarly equipped, will be exactly informed of all openings for attack, before the enemy has an inkling of their whereabouts.

Summarized, the result of the introduction of the airship into warfare will be this: If cavalry or infantry are moved over a country

patrolled by airships, they will be annihilated. If they are held under the direct protection of artillery, they will be starved by the destruction of their supplies. And even when troops are protected by the best of artillery, the airship can annihilate them by its quick dashes, with practically no danger to itself. All this means simply the abolition of infantry and cavalry, and the end of land war as we now know it. The change will take time, necessarily, but even with the few German ships now afloat, we are much nearer this revolution in human history than is imagined.

#### *The Fighting Power of Zeppelins I. and II.*

The Zeppelin I., which was taken over by the German government as a military airship last year, is 446 feet long and 38 feet wide. As originally built, she had so slight a margin of lifting power that it was necessary to lengthen her by slicing her in two and inserting a compartment. This process made it possible to use the craft, but even now her relative thinness gives her a very small surplus of lifting power. Yet, handicapped as she is, this experimental ship would be able to take a crew



THE RADIUS OF THE ZEPPELIN II.

THE DISTANCE MADE ON HER TRIP OF MAY 30 AND 31 WOULD TAKE HER FROM COLOGNE OVER LONDON NEARLY TO LIVERPOOL, BEYOND PARIS, OR OVER A LARGE PART OF THE NORTH SEA, AND BACK AGAIN. FROM KÖNIGSBERG SHE COULD COVER MOST OF SWEDEN, THE BALTIC SEA, AND COULD ALMOST REACH ST. PETERSBURG, AND RETURN. FROM FRIEDRICHSHAFEN SHE COULD GO TO VIENNA OR ROME AND BACK

of nine men over a radius of three hundred miles and back, that is, one hundred miles beyond Paris from the German frontier, flying all the time in the safety zone, nearly a mile above the earth, and still carrying two machine rifles and enough ammunition to shoot both of them continuously for three quarters of an hour. No body of troops could sustain their fire for fifteen minutes.

The Zeppelin II., also 446 feet long, has a total lifting capacity one fourth greater than that of the Zeppelin I., because her beam is 44 feet instead of 38. With the same crew and radius of action, she could carry at least four times the ammunition, and with this she could fire four machine rifles continuously for an hour and a half. In practice airships will make the first half or even more of their cruises in low altitudes, so these two ships could in reality carry more than double the weight here allowed to them. Skill in taking advantage of wind-currents — which will constitute one of the chief features in the science of aerial navigation — will also greatly increase their radius of action beyond three hundred miles and back.

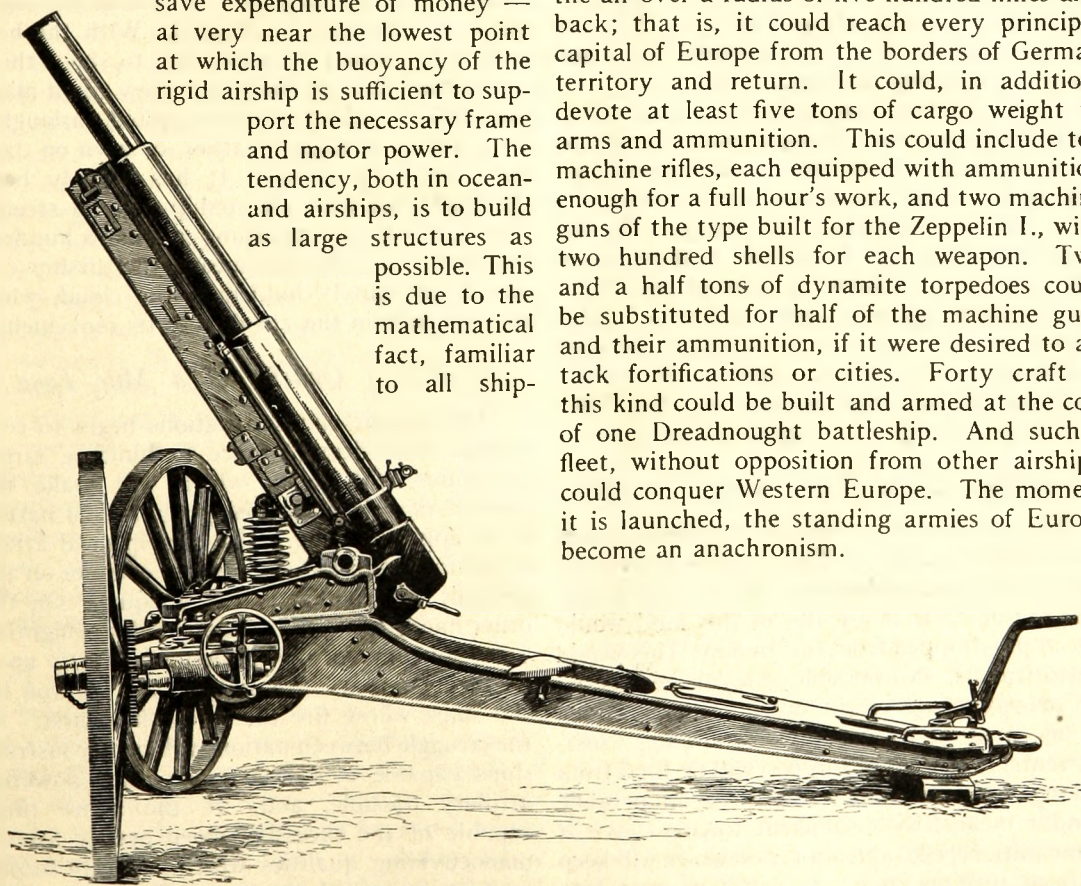
But these two ships are of consequence only as indicating what the war airship will be in the immediate future. They were built — to save expenditure of money — at very near the lowest point at which the buoyancy of the rigid airship is sufficient to support the necessary frame and motor power. The tendency, both in ocean- and airships, is to build as large structures as possible. This is due to the mathematical fact, familiar to all ship-

builders, that the lifting power of ships increases according to the cube of their dimensions, while the resistance on their surfaces increases only as the square of their dimensions, and the weight demanded by their structure remains always at about the same proportion to the lifting power. Consequently, as the craft grows, there is a constantly increasing margin of lifting power for cargo. Just beyond the 450 feet length in the Zeppelin airship this carrying power grows by leaps and bounds.

#### *The German Warship Now Building*

Count Zeppelin announced some time ago that he could easily build an airship with a displacement of 30,000 cubic meters — just twice that of the Zeppelin II., and two and a half times that of the Zeppelin I. It has also been announced that the ships now building at Germany's aerial shipyards in Friedrichshafen are considerably larger than those now afloat. And it is more than probable that the new craft will approach a 30,000 meter displacement. An airship of that size would be only 510 feet long — that is, but fifteen per cent longer than the two craft now afloat.

Now, an aerial ship 510 feet long and 51 feet wide could carry a dozen men a mile high in the air over a radius of five hundred miles and back; that is, it could reach every principal capital of Europe from the borders of German territory and return. It could, in addition, devote at least five tons of cargo weight to arms and ammunition. This could include ten machine rifles, each equipped with ammunition enough for a full hour's work, and two machine guns of the type built for the Zeppelin I., with two hundred shells for each weapon. Two and a half tons of dynamite torpedoes could be substituted for half of the machine guns and their ammunition, if it were desired to attack fortifications or cities. Forty craft of this kind could be built and armed at the cost of one Dreadnought battleship. And such a fleet, without opposition from other airships, could conquer Western Europe. The moment it is launched, the standing armies of Europe become an anachronism.



THE KRUPP FIELD GUN FOR SHOOTING AIRSHIPS

*A Prophecy About the Navy*

Something over a year ago Major Baden-Powell of the British Government Balloon Corps commented on the fourth airship, built by Count Zeppelin, as follows:

"A dozen Dreadnoughts [battleships] would be absolutely helpless if charged with the task of preventing a squadron of air cruisers from gliding above them and reaching the British coast. These air cruisers will probably soon be able to mount machine guns of lighter construction; thus they will be able to attack without having to carry missiles which are too heavy for their [present] carrying power."

This prophecy exactly states the position which the airship has attained to-day in relation to the battleship — so far, at least, as Europe is concerned. That narrow territory, where the danger of war is always greatest, is well within the radius of the German military airships. And these ships, with their higher speed and perfect knowledge of their enemies' movements, will never take any unnecessary risk, however slight, of being struck by the shells from the guns of a warship. Why should they do so in the waters about Europe? The free highway of the air lies unobstructed before them; and once arrived in a country, from their position above the land they can conquer and hold any population that is not itself protected by airships.

Navies are thus relegated at once to a new and inferior position. They will defend shipping seaports, and undoubtedly — until aerial navigation is greatly advanced — will serve as a base for the operations of airships. In the meanwhile it is not impossible that occasions may arise — especially in case of an attack by European nations upon nations of other continents — of a trial of strength between battleships and airships. Airships of the size that will be achieved in the next few years would have every advantage in such a duel.

*Destroying Ships With Aerial Torpedoes*

The weapons of a ship of this kind against battleships would be large aerial torpedoes, filled with high explosives. It has been popularly assumed that missiles of this kind would be simply dropped from the airship. This would be ridiculous. No possible aim can be secured by dropping any object down through a mile or more of air, filled with conflicting cross-currents. The aerial torpedo will be fired from a long, light tube, by compressed air or some similar means, with sufficient force to give it some initial speed, and a rotation which will keep it from turning over. It will consist of 150

or 200 pounds of a high explosive, like maximitite, which cannot be set off by concussion, but will be exploded by a fuse which concussion will ignite; and will carry a steel cap at its end. The initial velocity, and the force of gravity acquired in the fall of a mile through the air, will give this a great speed by the time it reaches the deck of a ship. It will pass through the upper decks to the armored deck below, where the slowly burning fuse will at last explode it, and its force, directed against the sharp-pointed steel cap, will drive this through the armored deck and tear away the inside of the ship. There is no reason why this weapon should not become as dangerous as the submarine torpedo, whose explosion against the side of a warship is conceded to mean its destruction or disablement.

It is true that the battleship on sea, like the fort on land, would be the most dangerous enemy of the airship. Each can be fitted with specially constructed high-powered airship guns, which could be held always in readiness. In discharging its torpedoes, too, the airship would be compelled to run directly over the battleship. But, making every allowance for this, it is almost certain that half a dozen airships — costing less than a quarter of one Dreadnought — could destroy any battleship now afloat, or likely to be devised. With the best artillery it would be impossible to shoot them all down; while, on their part, they could make all kinds of sudden and unexpected onslaughts — at night, in foggy weather, or even on days with low-lying clouds. It has already been demonstrated that an airship can be steered electrically by a man swung in a car a hundred feet below it. By this means the airship can remain absolutely hidden in the cloud, while its navigator in the car directs its movements.

*Airships a Quarter of a Mile Long?*

The moment civilized nations begin to construct aerial fleets, a race in building larger structures will begin, which will make the present rivalry in increasing the size of battleships appear trifling. The airship need attain no extreme size to fight against enemies on the ground; the contest is too unequal. On the other hand, the value of the airship for fighting other ships in the air will depend directly upon its lifting power. Air battles will be won by the ships whose fire hits the others first. So the struggle between nations will be to construct ships capable of carrying the most powerful artillery possible, and, at the same time, capable of the excessive speed needed for the manoeuvring qualities which, scarcely second to gunnery, will decide these fights. For both

these purposes, size and carrying power are imperative. Many of the most competent students believe that a quarter of a mile is a conservative estimate of the size that these ships will attain in a few years. And, theoretically, there is every reason to expect this.

The battleship made for fighting in the air must be built along certain definite lines. First of all, it must be able to fire its heaviest guns in every possible direction. The only positions where guns can be placed to do this are in the extremities of the stern and bow. Fortunately, this is the strongest portion of the ship, all its lateral ribs coming to a point here. These ribs will be fastened upon a strong ring, and beyond that a light spherical turret will be built, capable of holding one or more guns, with men to operate them. These guns will be directed up and down through vertical slits, and the structure of the turret will be turned to secure a side-wise aim.

In addition to these turrets, there will undoubtedly be guns on top of the vertical passageway up through the body of the ship, by which, in the Zeppelin II., the navigators now mount to the top of the hull for the purpose of taking observations. The great proportion of the machine rifles will be located in the cars beneath the hull, from which they can be fired at objects beneath and at one side.

The equipment of the ship of the early future will be devoted primarily to aerial warfare. For, if the air forces of the enemy are conquered, its land will be taken as a matter of course. The equipment for air fighting will be primarily the long-distance guns to be used for fighting other airships. But it will also include special guns — probably machine rifles — for fighting off attacks from aeroplanes. The place of the aeroplane will be very similar to that of the torpedo-boat in present naval warfare. Possessing high speed, and being almost impossible to hit at a distance, they will dart in, endeavoring to set fire to and utterly destroy the great airship by one quick blow — possibly by firing shots that will ignite the hydrogen in their balloons. The airship fleet must watch for their attack continually, and must be protected by its own aeroplanes, and at night by brilliant and far-reaching searchlights.

#### *A Ship as Long as the "Mauretania"*

It would not be necessary to build airships of enormous size to secure fighting ships of great fighting power. A ship the length of the steamer *Mauretania* — that is, 790 feet long — can quite certainly be expected within the next few years. Such an airship would have a total displacement or lifting power of

125 tons. She could cruise to any part of Europe from Germany, and return, without landing, at the rate of thirty-five miles an hour; and remain three quarters of the time in the battle position of 1,650 yards. Properly husbanding her fuel, she could remain in the air for more than a week, probably two, without securing more supplies. She could also devote at least twenty tons to arms and ammunition.

This ship would have a secondary battery of ten machine guns, with an average supply of two hours' ammunition for each gun. This would protect her amply, for any rushes made by aeroplanes would occupy but a few minutes at most. Going at least a mile a minute, they would not be in range more than two or three minutes, and the expenditure of machine rifle ammunition would be very small in that time. The secondary battery, then, would take half of the twenty tons' weight. The rest could be allowed for the heavy, rapid-fire guns whose fire would be directed against the enemy's airships and their ammunition.

#### *A New Basis of National Strength*

Aerial navies will be an accomplished fact at an early date, not only because they are highly efficient, but because they are cheap. The present cost of Germany's army is over \$200,000,000 a year. It has 600,000 men in active service, and 1,200,000 reserves. A fleet of 500 airships could be maintained for \$15,000,000 a year, and 100 new ships added annually for \$25,000,000. The incentive to replace large bodies of troops by the new instrument of war will be extremely powerful on the ground of mere economy, in the present period of enormous war taxes, which affects not only Europe, but now the United States as well; for our army and navy are now costing us considerably more than \$200,000,000 a year.

Considered in a larger way, the aerial warship is simply an advance in the development of war that started with the modern battleship. Up to the present time war has been a conflict of armed populations. It is now to be a duel between fighting-machines, operated by trained experts. The number of individuals involved in war was greatly reduced by the ocean battleship; it becomes an almost negligible fraction of the populations with the still more concentrated and terrible fighting-engine that has now appeared. This means the end of the military world as we have known it. National power is no longer to be founded on the mass of fighting males. It becomes a great struggle of intellect, dependent directly on national progress in the mechanical arts and national wealth. The effect of the change on

barbaric and semi-barbaric populations is too obvious to need comment. Russia and Asia are put in a new position, and the threat of the Yellow Peril is postponed for years, if not forever.

The alignment for the new warfare has already begun along the French and German frontier. The Zeppelin I. has been stationed at the military fortress of Metz; the Zeppelin II. has been assigned to the fortress of Cologne; and it is announced that the next warship to be turned out at the Zeppelin plant will have its home port at Mainz. Just over the French border-line are the two French military balloons — La République at the fortress of Verdun, 26½ miles away from the Zeppelin I. at Metz; and the Ville de Paris at Toul.

### *Germany's \$1,500,000 Airship Plant*

Germany has now nearly completed a \$1,500,000 airship plant at Friedrichshafen and Manzell, two adjoining towns on Lake Constance. These plants are virtually the property of the German people. Count Zeppelin, who founded them, expended all his available funds upon the first and second of his five ships. His third was built with the proceeds of a specially authorized national lottery. For the construction of this third ship the German government built him a floating plant in Lake Constance, costing \$125,000; and a year ago it paid him \$300,000 when it took over the Zeppelin I. To complete his plant, the German people — in a great burst of popular enthusiasm — contributed \$1,500,000 last fall. Following this, a company was formed which practically holds the plant as the property of the nation. It now contains four docks, where airships can be assembled, and two more will soon be built. In time of war these docks could turn out from fifty to sixty ships a year; the material of these craft is very light and easily handled, and its parts — motors, cloth, and aluminum frame — could be turned out at various private plants all over the country. The number of ships produced would depend only on the capacity of the docks to assemble them.

It was announced a year ago that this plant would have turned out eight ships by this winter — including the Zeppelin II., which was launched last spring. By a year from now we may expect to see at least ten, and very likely twenty, more. The next ships built will be used in commercial ventures, for taking passengers from one part of Germany to another. But these, like all the new Zeppelin ships, can be converted into fighting-craft without appreciable delay. The movement is at bottom a military one; and the Aërial Navy League of Germany — numbering thousands of members

— will be the chief source of patrons, which will guarantee the success of the new commercial passenger lines. The German government will also subsidize these lines.

In France, the popular interest in preparation for aërial warfare is not less than in Germany. The Aërial League, a great national body like Germany's, is working on a great propaganda for educating the French people as to the necessity of rapid development of the art for use in war. And the French government has subsidized a line of four airships, which will begin, within a year, to make regular trips between Paris and Nancy, near the German frontier — a distance of about one hundred miles. But in her present equipment for war France lags far behind her old enemy. The government has but three dirigible balloons now; and they are not only but a fraction of the size of the rigid Zeppelins, but Germany possesses half a dozen ships of the non-rigid type which are as large as those of France.

But the greatest apprehension naturally exists in England, a nation whose strength has been developed for centuries behind the physical barriers of the sea. With the opening of the highway of the air for warships, her position, and the position of the great kingdom she has built across the earth by the power of her navy, is suddenly changed. The development of aërial navigation finds her pitifully unprepared. Her experience with dirigibles has amounted to nothing, as is shown, beyond the power of words, by a comparison of her latest experiment, the small and awkward balloon, nicknamed by her army "The Baby," with the great, sharp, businesslike hull of a Zeppelin.

For the United States the development may be considered, on the whole, most favorable. The size of our standing army has been a fraction of that of European powers. By an instrument which does away with armies, and substitutes as a basis for military strength mechanical skill and national wealth, we cannot but be greatly benefited. It is doubtful whether any European army will attempt warfare upon our soil, if it is properly defended by warships in the air.

That the new machine of war will cause great changes in the history of nations cannot be doubted — if aërial warfare is permitted to exist. But will it be permitted? War a mile above the earth, between corps of artillery firing into huge bodies of inflammable gas, where the defeated plunge down to the ground a mass of charred pulp, will become a thing too spectacularly horrible for conception. Will civilization permit it to exist? Or does this new machine mean the end of war?



# A CALIFORNIA CONSCIENCE

BY EDITH WYATT

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROSE CECIL O'NEILL

**F**AR south, on Western Avenue, on the outskirts of Chicago, where the wind always blows a thick cloud of white macadam dust along the boulevard, and the bare, flat Illinois prairie country to the west is sparsely settled with little isolated stores, saloons, and frame houses, there are one or two large, well-built dwellings that once belonged to well-to-do Illinois judges and doctors. These houses stand at some distance from the street, among lilac and syringa bushes, and have high, sagging porches, and front hall doors with panes of dark-red or Prussian-blue glass, decorated with designs of little clear glass berries, through which you can amuse yourself by looking at a dark-red or a Prussian-blue or a compressed and flattened world.

Mary California Wheatley, daughter of Judge Scott Wheatley of Alameda County, California, often looked through these panes of glass after her father died and she first came to stay with her only living relative, Miss Irene Wheatley, in this out-of-the-way corner of creation.

She was a small, strong girl of nineteen, with a healthy, dusky pallor, long, dark brows and lashes, and very clear blue eyes. She had small, quick hands and feet, beautiful arms, and ordinarily dressed in black India silk, with elbow sleeves, a round neck trimmed with black lace, and a great many silver ornaments.

Miss Irene Wheatley rapidly fell in love with her great-niece. Since her youngest brother had died, thirty years before, no one except her maid Maria had been interested in whether she was happy or not, till Callie came and persuaded her to see a doctor for her rheumatism, and sang and played to her on the guitar, and talked to her about what sort of coats they should both buy for next winter.

In this way, and in looking through the red-and-blue glass panes, Callie occupied most of her hours. Late every afternoon she would stroll idly, without a hat, down the drive, to the seclusion of a group of poplar trees screening a circular stone bench near a pergola and a small pool of water-lilies and reeds picturesquely grouped at the turn of the boulevard by the park management. Here she would sit watching the autos and thinking happily of receiving

and writing letters to a cadet at West Point, not because their intercourse was so deeply vital to either, but because the lily-pool seemed a suitable spot for such thoughts. She enjoyed them highly, in much the same way in which she enjoyed steamboats, Pullman dining-cars, large hotel lobbies, talking-machines, hops, and visiting the Yellowstone National Park. Judge Scott Wheatley's well-known life-work had been his study of the careers of ex-convicts and the establishment of organized effort for their assistance. In pursuit of this he constantly attended conventions and smaller conferences at Denver, Seattle, San Francisco, Omaha, and Los Angeles. In this roving existence, and on her father's ranch just outside of the town of Lake Tule in Alameda County, the girl had spent most of her life.

As she walked down the boulevard to the stone bench and the poplars, Callie passed every afternoon a hospital with a grassy court, where two internes in their white uniforms regularly played hand-ball. The ball rolled out at her feet one day as she went by, and she tossed it back, not to the smaller and less well-favored interne who had thrown the ball, a short, swarthy, grave young man with high cheekbones, but to the larger and better-looking.

The smaller interne could not brook such injustice. A few days later, when Callie was sitting upon the stone bench, he appeared beneath the pergola holding out a woman's embroidered handkerchief and asked if she had not lost it as she passed.

The handkerchief was perfectly new, and bore every appearance of an article purchased the instant before at a small notion store around the corner. Callie took the handkerchief and thanked the interne. They fell into a quiet, natural conversation. After that they frequently met in the pergola, beside the lily-pool, conversed concerning the dullness of existence on the largest city boulevard in the United States, and visited an ice-cream stand near, where they ate watery cones of vanilla ice-cream at a tippy little table, or found their fortunes and weights in a penny slot-machine.

One day, when Callie came in through the red-and-blue glass door, her aunt, her kind,

wrinkled old face flushed with misery, called her to her room, opened her lips to speak, and burst into tears. Maria, going on an errand, had seen her young mistress eating ice-cream with a strange interne under an awning on the street. Maria had been fearfully worried and troubled, and hurried home at once to tell Miss Wheatley.

At these words Callie too wept, gazing anxiously into her aunt's eyes, and said that if her friendship with the interne — Dr. Dennison was his name — troubled her aunt, she would give it up.

"It isn't your having the friendship with him, Callie, but making it in such a low, dreadful way, on the street, and a total stranger — oh! — I never would have thought you were capable of such a thing. It breaks my heart," sobbed Miss Wheatley. "Maria and I have both cried and cried over it."

"Oh, where is Maria?" said Callie despairingly. She ran to the kitchen. It was true. Maria red-eyed and enveloped in the full, whelming gloom of the North of Ireland, was arranging Miss Wheatley's dinner on a tray.

"Oh, Maria," cried Callie, standing in the middle of the flagged kitchen floor, with her hands fallen clasped before her and the tears welling in her eyes. "Oh, I am so sorry about all this time! I can't bear to have Aunt Irene and you think so badly of me. I can't stand it."

Maria only gave her head, still dressed in the large turban and wool grenadine veil she had worn on the errand, a dreadful, hearselike shake, and her cheeks and her large, mournful upper lip seemed to sag down farther and to look sadder than ever. Callie drew nearer to her. Anything for happiness!

"Maria, it's all a mistake. That gentleman — that man you saw — I met him — in a perfectly nice way, Maria; he is an old family friend from San Francisco."

Maria said nothing, but her countenance had changed.

"You didn't know *that*, did you, Maria?"

"No, Miss — shure — Oi did not."

"I was afraid it might bother Aunt Irene to have him coming here," said Callie. "But don't put any dinner on the table for me, Maria. Don't, don't, I don't want a bit," and she ran out of the kitchen.

Within a few minutes Miss Wheatley called Callie to her room, where her dinner-tray stood untouched before her. "Why, Callie, I didn't know that this — this gentleman whom you see was a friend of your father's, at all. Why didn't you bring him here, instead of seeing him on the street corners?"

"Oh, he isn't *much* of a friend. He just happened to turn up here, studying in the hospital."

"Well, my dear, I think it would be more dignified for him to meet you in this house. Have you had your dinner so soon?"

"No; I didn't care for any. You haven't eaten a thing on your tray, either —"

"No."

The girl ran to her aunt, seized her warmly in her arms, and kissed her on her mouth. "I love you," she whispered.

Miss Wheatley put her hand affectionately on her shoulders. She had never in her life loved any one or any thing as deeply as she loved Callie. They went downstairs to dinner together; and Maria opened a jar of quince jelly for them, four months before Thanksgiving — an unheard-of indulgence. Callie said she would write to Dr. Dennison and invite him to visit them.

She did write to him and deliver this invitation, stating that her aunt had been hurt and offended by the manner of their acquaintance, and that she had been obliged to pretend that he was an old family friend.

## II

After this visit Dennison was regularly received by Miss Wheatley on the strange footing of an old family friend.

At first he daily intended to insist to his lovely young companion that he or she must give a responsible account of the manner of their acquaintance to her aunt; but this appeared more and more impossible. Before a month was over he really seemed to be an old family friend. He spent all his leisure hours at the Wheatleys', and even sometimes breakfasted with them, knocking on the sash and coming in through the long French windows.

Dennison's life had been remarkably solitary. He and his mother, a widow, had been the poorest, the most sensitive, and the best educated members of a large, worldly, thick-skinned, and influential family of distinguished Connecticut origin. Dennison had led, both in Harvard and Johns Hopkins, a lonely existence in the company of more plausible and socially successful cousins, whom he hated. He now led a lonely existence in the ignorantly managed Merriam Hospital, where he had a considerable responsibility and no authority. He had never experienced a real sense of companionship, partly because since his mother's death he had been constantly thrown by chance with people shallower than himself, partly because he was by nature silent, inexpressive, at once proud and in the habit of underrating him-

self, and, more than all, absurdly, cruelly jealous—jealous of men whom he despised, such as Dalton, the other interne, a man of much professional manner and no professional conscience.

Dennison, in spite of his strange imposition on Miss Wheatley, had a conscience both professional and personal, a conscience concerning itself almost exclusively with rectitude and truthfulness. That there were consciences of other instincts, consciences for which morality consisted in a certain sense of simple justice to all conditions, and in kindness and staunchness to misfortune, he had never conceived.

When Callie Wheatley gave up a specially desired pleasure trip, the opening night of a musical comedy, because Maria had a violent sick headache and needed care, he was thoroughly bewildered by the girl. He was bewildered, too, by her sense of responsibility to her aunt. On account of Callie's ease in eating ice-cream cones with him, and her untruthfulness to Miss Wheatley, it had never occurred to him that she possessed principles of her own; and as it never had occurred to him that she had a soul, he was bewildered not only by Callie herself, but by the rising strength of his own absorption in their intercourse.

He spent every available scrap of his time with her, taking her to the lake, the parks, the theater, the summer-gardens, or sitting talking with her on the sagging porch among the fragrant cedar shrubs. And he talked to her as he had never talked to any other creature, about his cousins' hatefulness, his disgust with the hospital, his hopes for his future, even his smallnesses, even his jealousies of the other internes. For there was

some candor in her which kept her listening to him always, without a judging thought. On her part, she told him of her ambitions, her disappointments, with a frankness at first surprising to Dennison, but afterward only the natural air of all their intercourse, and only surprising to him when evinced by Callie to other people.

One evening, as they left an open car where she had been sitting apart from him, she observed to him, "That girl sitting next to me has to work every evening in a dry-goods store; and she only has six dollars a week. Isn't that hard? Her brother died just as father did, in typhoid, and not knowing any one at the last."

"Did you tell her how your father died?" said Dennison.

"Yes; certainly. Why not?"

"How could you like to speak in that way to a perfect stranger?"

Callie made no reply for a moment. "The

first time I ever saw you, you were speaking to a perfect stranger yourself."

Dennison laughed. Callie too was smiling, but very reflectively. She could not have explained, for she did not herself know, why she and the girl in the car had spoken of their family bereavements to each other, nor know that the spirit of Judge Scott Wheatley and the town of Lake Tule were as unconsciously incarnate a part of her nature as her eyes or her hands. In Lake Tule,



"HURRIED HOME AT ONCE TO TELL MISS WHEATLEY"

just as in a camp, all sorts of things done in more advanced communities as great public charities or high private nobilities — helping along people in some temporary strait, or nursing sick strangers — were done as a matter of course. Everybody knew everybody else; and every one was interested in how everybody else was getting on.

It was late in August. Dennison's term at the hospital would end in September. He told himself that it would end his false position with Miss Irene Wheatley; and he did not attempt to face what else it would end. It never came into his mind that Callie Wheatley could be in love with him — partly because of her gaiety and vivid interest in every thing and person she met in life, partly because of his sense of her exquisite beauty and an overwrought consciousness of his own plainness. And yet he knew well that she knew him better than any one else in the world had ever known him; knew well that she admired him, revered him, even; and he was sensitive, almost angry over the least indication of any lapse of that implicit admiration which he unconsciously lived in and trusted with his whole heart. More and more, both when he was with her and when he was away from her, he worshiped her, longed for her, loved her with a tenderness and passion which he told himself was her propinquity and fought against with more or less success.

Late on a warm August evening, as they were sitting on the sagging porch, Miss Wheatley said the katydid had called, and in six weeks there would be frost. The gipsy camp a few blocks down the street was breaking up for the winter, and some of the gipsies had already gone. Callie expressed a wish to see them before they went away. She had meant to, all summer. And she and Dennison walked bare-headed down the street, bidding good night to Miss Wheatley, who had refused their invitation to join them.

As Dennison and Callie walked along over the lavender and inky shadowed pavement underneath the elms in the electric street-light, they saw the gipsies sitting playing cards and talking on the grassy common. From the tent nearest them there hung a black tin sign with roughly painted white letters, "The Queen of the Gipsies."

"Do you think they mean you to go in there? Do you think that it would be rude?" asked Callie.

"You couldn't be rude to them. Why, one of their men has been in the penitentiary for years for stealing cattle from the stock-yards. And now he has the impudence to try to find work as a driver at the ambulance barn. I

caught him there, when I went down to give an order the other day."

"Why shouldn't he try to find work?"

But at that moment they had gone inside the tent. It was hot, dark, lighted by a road-lantern, and smelling of stale tobacco. From outside came the sounds of honking autos and the strains of an accordeon horribly played by one of the gipsies.

"Fortune told, lady?" said the Queen. She was a stout, hard-looking, brown-faced woman of about thirty, with a short, hooked nose, beautiful strong neck-cords running evenly up the side of her head, like Juno's, and thick, rough brown braids. She was dressed in a flowered handkerchief laid flat on her head, a black cotton petticoat, a ruffled satin waist covered with strings of coins, and new, tight, high-heeled shoes, entirely unbuttoned.

"Yes," said Dennison. "A brief fortune, please. It's rather hot here."

The Queen rapidly remarked that her palm must be crossed with silver.

Dennison threw her a coin. Before she could catch it, the money fell full in the face of a bullet-headed, curly-haired man, whom they had not seen before, lying propped on his elbow in the shadow of the tent on the ground. "Get out of here, you. Get out!" called the man, in a harsh, raucous voice, starting up with a furious scowl as the coin rolled away and was lost in the grass.

"The gentleman didn't mean no harm, Biney," said the Queen.

"I'll gentleman him," remarked Biney.

"Not in a neighborhood where you are as well known as in this," said Dennison coldly, with a glance of contempt; and he gave the Queen another half-dollar.

"I would rather not have my fortune told, thank you," said Callie suddenly. "I am just as much obliged." And she pushed back the tent curtains and went back to the sidewalk, with Dennison following her in surprise.

"Was that — was it the man that tried to get work at the barn?" she asked quietly, after they had walked in silence for a few minutes.

"The cattle-thief? Yes, he was," said Dennison, with a laugh. "Every child in the neighborhood knows him and yells at him. Why didn't you want to have your fortune told?"

"I was ashamed. Why did you throw the money in that horrid way? What made you speak like that to them?"

"To whom?"

"To the man most. And to that — the Queen."

Dennison laughed. "Oh — I don't know! Wasn't it nice?"



“‘GET OUT!’ CALLED THE MAN, IN A HARSH, RAUCOUS VOICE”

Callie made no answer. She seemed to have experienced some shock. “Then they didn’t give the man the work in the ambulance barn, I suppose,” she said after a moment.

“Certainly not,” said Dennison firmly.

“But he had been punished once, and by the law,” said Callie gravely. She had turned white. “That was all that was right. What you did to him was wrong.”

“Oh, he is just a jail-bird,” said Dennison lightly.

But Callie said very little more for the rest of the walk back to the house; and she bade him good night at the gate very distantly.

The lights were out. Every one had gone to bed. Without scratching a match, Callie locked the door of the still, dark house, and hurried upstairs. In her own room, she buried her head in her arms on the sill of the open window facing the garden, and knelt there weeping and thinking, till when, after midnight, the cool moonlight shining on the elm-boughs somehow calmed her.

After that occasion, Dennison’s and Callie’s friendship never was the same again. Dennison did not know that he had hurt her and, what was still more painful to her, hurt her conception of him, by suddenly behaving, as it seemed to her, basely, ungenerously, and grossly. He considered simply that he had been snubbed for no reason at all; imperiously and capriciously treated because she was tired of him; considered that common pride demanded that he should not

forgive her behavior to him. The anger, the starvation he felt in remaining away from Callie increased his resentment against her. He paid her and Miss Wheatley two distant and almost unfriendly visits before he went away in September, to enter on the inheritance of a practice of his mother’s cousin, a doctor in Des Moines.

### III

Seven years afterward, as Dennison was sitting writing a prescription and somewhat restively waiting to take tea with Mrs. Whitaker, the much-pompadoured, pleasant, but insistent wife of a rheumatic patient in Des Moines, and with her pleasant, much-pompadoured sister, a bride from Duluth, his eye fell on a photograph of Callie Wheatley on the mantel.

An indescribable impulse of excitement and regret swept over him as he looked at it.

Dennison had been more successful with his uncle’s practice in Des Moines than he had ever dreamed of being, in his last summer at the Merriam Hospital. But the hours and days of his free confidence with Callie Wheatley had always since seemed to him the happiest hours and days of his life. A position of somewhat wide authority in the city had changed Dennison’s conception of existence in many respects. Curious to say, he understood Callie Wheatley better than when he had known her, both because a larger scope in his horizon had



"CALLIE WHEATLEY SEATED HERSELF AT THE TABLE AND ACCEPTED TEA"

increased his generosity and his sense of humor, and because through his profession he had come to understand women better. He had been attracted, even seriously attracted, by other women; but his companionship with them had never had the same breadth at once of candor and of poetry as his closed companionship with Callie.

"Who is that young lady?" said Dennison after a moment, glancing again at the photograph. "She looks like an acquaintance of mine."

"A friend of Kate's," said Mrs. Whitaker, referring to the bride. "A Miss Wheatley, teaching physical training and gymnasium work in a girls' school in Duluth. She's here now to advise the board about putting calisthenics into the public schools here. She may come in for tea this afternoon."

Too strangely stirred to speak at once, Dennison sat silent, and began writing again. Mrs. Whitaker and the bride talked on together. They were known as "great talkers."

"How long has Miss Wheatley been teaching in Duluth, Kate?"

"Oh, five years, I guess. She was quite well off, you know. She's Judge Wheatley's daughter of California. She lived with a great-aunt she was perfectly devoted to, in Chicago, after he died. And she and this aunt both lost all their money when the Merchants' Loan & Trust failed. And the aunt died. Callie Wheatley hadn't been trained to do anything. But she

was always awfully strong, so she spent all the little bit of money she had left in taking a course in physical training and gymnastics to learn to teach them; and she got this place right away. She would, you know. Every one always likes her so awfully well. There's no one like her."

"Some one was saying the other day," said Mrs. Whitaker, "that they knew positively of several chances she had to marry. I wonder why she never has."

With the sensation of an eavesdropper, Dennison stopped writing, folded his prescription, and faced the ladies, to accentuate his presence to their consciousness. But they were too interested to pay the slightest attention to him.

"Why, I believe she never cared for but one man," said the sister. "She is so outspoken, you know, and perfectly frank — every one seems to know about it, so there is no confidence broken in telling it. He was some one she knew when she was quite a young girl — an Eastern man. He was very conventional, but somehow he made her acquaintance in a very unconventional way, in a park, or something. And he always disapproved of that —"

"I thought you said he did it."

"Well, he did. But at the same time he disapproved," said the sister. "And then, in many ways he was, it seems, very different from her, and never could have understood how she felt about lots of things. But she never

cared for any one else—really—and—  
“What else the sister said Dennison hardly heard, lost in a whelming sense of unworthiness that beat against his ears and shut out for the moment everything besides.

The sister was saying, “Dr. Dennison, you know Mrs. Colonel Parker of Duluth, don’t you? She always speaks of you so pleasantly. She has the most beautiful pair of new—” when the door-bell rang. The maid announced “Miss Wheatley.” And the next moment Dennison had risen to see, coming in through the door, a young lady in a dark walking-suit and sharp-winged hat, lifting back her veil—a young lady stronger and more mature than he had known, but in her every movement, her dusky pallor, her clear blue eyes, the Callie Wheatley of his memories. Her look fell straight upon his, as she entered; and he thought she turned a little white; but she met him as though he had been a stranger, without a sign of recognition, without even a questioning glance.

Even in the presence of the “great talkers” there was a short silence after the first greeting and introductions, as Callie Wheatley seated herself at the tea-table, loosened her furs, and accepted tea from the sister with the same downward turn of her lashes and quick smile Dennison knew so well. He stood by the window looking at them, as he had when Callie entered. A sense of humility and of determination had risen in him, a strange impulse of decision and boldness at once serious and yet akin to the spirit which had led him to take the embroidered handkerchief to the girl at the lily-pool.

“We were speaking a few moments ago,” he said gravely, in the tone of one responsibly filling a pause in conversation, “of

the difficulty of finding capable stenographers or drivers, or capable men here for any sort of employment.” Mrs. Whitaker and her sister looked slightly confused. Neither of them could recollect hearing or saying anything of the kind. “An interesting case came into my office not long ago. He was an ex-convict with some medical education, recommended to me to fill a place as my stenographer by a friend in Denver, who thought he ought to have another chance.”

“And would you take an ex-convict like that?” said Mrs. Whitaker dubiously. But she did not wait to hear, for her husband called her at that moment.

“I would, and I did,” said Dennison. Callie Wheatley had not stirred an eye-lash, but he felt that her attention was riveted. “Some years ago,” he went on quietly, “I myself lost a very fine privilege for one fault and mistake of my own. It was a real fault. I put an ex-horse-thief out of a job just because he had been in prison; and I even spoke to him impudently, hatefully. I acted contemptibly, although I didn’t know it at the time. And this one contemptible performance of mine ended for me the most deeply prized friendship

I have ever had, and made me understand how men feel who lose hopes and chances because they have once done something miserable and stupid and mistaken.”

Callie Wheatley had put down her tea-cup as he spoke, and he took advantage of the lowering of her eyes to glance at her face. It was quite white.

“Interesting, interesting,” said the sister, with the false heartiness and wandering eye customary with “great talkers,” who never really attend to the conversation of anybody else. She



“DO YOU THINK YOU OUGHT TO SPEAK IN THIS WAY TO A PERFECT STRANGER?”

was, indeed, listening to find whether Mrs. Whitaker or the maid would answer the telephone bell, which was pealing through the house. "And is this man you speak of in your office, then?"

"Not just now. After a few days he had an opportunity for a better position than I could offer him, in Pittsburg, through the same friend. I felt Pittsburg was the better place for him — and ——"

"Excuse me a moment, please," said the sister. "I don't know why Jane doesn't answer the telephone."

"Perhaps," continued Dennison, quickly walking nearer to Callie Wheatley, "the reason why Pittsburg is a better place for him is that he never existed. But if he had," he went on earnestly, "everything would have happened just as in the story. Every word of the rest

was true." His eyes were fixed beseechingly on Callie Wheatley's face. At every moment he expected the sister to stop telephoning and Mrs. Whitaker to return. "The truest thing in the whole world. But I shan't know whether you believe me, unless you tell me I can come to see you — now — again."

Mrs. Whitaker's footsteps really were approaching. The sister's voice could be heard calling, "Yes, this is number four eight three. Yes, Miss Wheatley is here. I will call her."

As she rose, Callie Wheatley's eyes swept Dennison's intent face in a fleet glance that answered what he asked in one exultant instant. "Very well, then," she said hastily in a low voice, before Mrs. Whitaker and the sister had reached the door-sill. "But do you think you ought to speak in this way to a perfect stranger?"

## THE POOR MAN'S POPE

A PERSONAL INTERVIEW WITH PIUS X.

BY

RENÉ LARA

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

**T**HE time is past when one might say, with a certain erstwhile ambassador of the Grand-duchy of Tuscany:

"I have achieved my greatest diplomatic success; I have succeeded in speaking with the Pope."

Vatican manners have become more democratic since those days; the bronze gates that close the papal sanctuary to the outer world are opened more frequently than of old, not only to diplomatists and pilgrims, but also to the mere casual travelers whom a feeling of respectful curiosity brings to their threshold.

The views of Pius X. differ entirely from those of his predecessor, on this point as on many others. Pius X. is a man of the people, and prides himself upon it; Leo XIII. was an aristocrat, and never denied it. Leo XIII. considered that the papacy should keep up the spell of its mystery and its splendor, and fight against the progress of equalitarian ideas, by setting itself to maintain in all

their severity the strict and complicated forms of etiquette which the Holy See had been pleased to observe since the period of the Renaissance. Pius X., on the other hand, when donning the tiara, declared that he intended to be "the poor man's Pope." Taking his inspiration from the beautiful words spoken by Christ, "Come to me, all you that labour, and are heavy laden," he wished to make himself accessible to all; and it would depend only upon the good will of those around him to make him even more accessible than he already is.

I knew this when I went to the Vatican on the occasion of my last visit to Rome; I knew how affable the Pope's simplicity was, but how difficult any access to his person remained for one who, like myself, had neglected to provide himself with letters of introduction.

To obtain an audience appeared, to those whom I questioned, an excess of ambition. Nevertheless I made inquiries as to the pre-



liminary steps that would have to be taken in order to approach the presence of Pius X., and I was told that I must begin by appealing to the kindness of Monsignor Bisleti.

The *maestro di camera* who acts as master of ceremonies or lord chamberlain to the Holy Father is not very difficult of access, although he is bound to deny himself to those persistent ladies and gentlemen—especially the ladies—who, day after day, wish to carry away from the Vatican a blessing or an autograph.

Their patience and their indiscretion are alike indefatigable. They are really terrible, those good ladies who slip up Monsignor Bisleti's staircase, force their way into the waiting-room, and there, with aggressive glances, assail the beardless young abbé who acts as secretary to the distinguished prelate, and who, in his despair, invokes the aid of invisible powers against those obstinate canvassers for audiences. His appeals avail him not at all; for, to the curt and dry "Impossible" which they receive full in the face, after three or four hours' waiting, the fair postulants oppose the frank indifference of deaf people clinging to a fixed idea: they sit down again and smile.

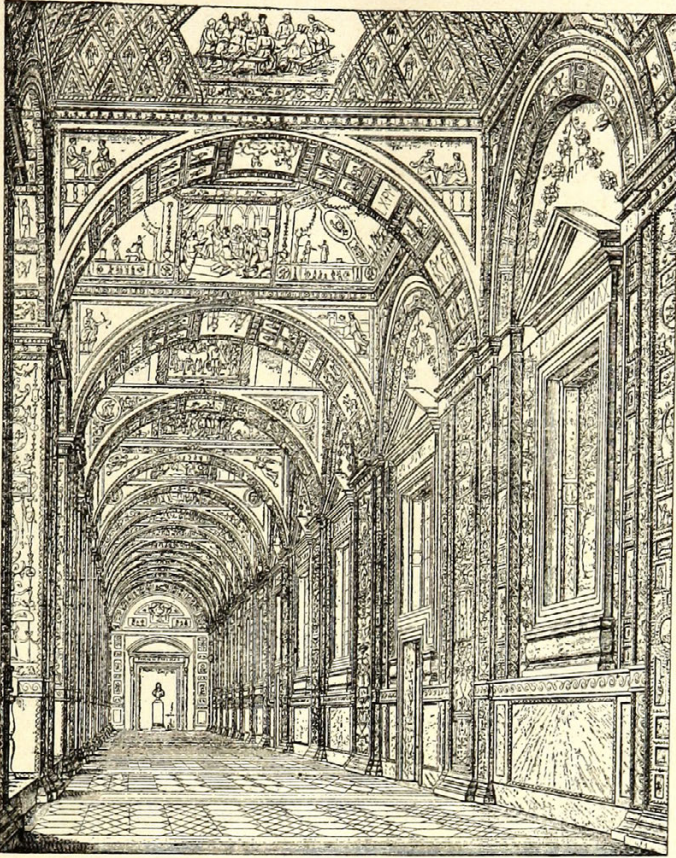
The sight was not of a nature calculated to encourage me. I had already perceived on the young abbé's thin lips a hint, a glimmer of the traditional demurrer. I resolved to precipitate things:

"I wish to see Monsignor Bisleti on a matter of importance," I said, producing my card.

"I doubt whether ——" he began.

"Please give him my card."

Ten minutes later I was shown in to the head of the papal household.



LOGGIE DI RAFFAELLO IN THE VATICAN  
From Pistolesi's "Il Vaticano"

His slender figure emerged, violet-clad, from a dark corner of the spacious study in which he receives his visitors. The suppleness of his movements and the keenness of his glance make him appear the classical type of the Roman prelate. The head is intelligent, the lips pale; the eyes, for all their sharpness, have that look of weariness, which is not without its charm, of eyes that have read much. He speaks most European languages admirably, and his manner is courteous in the extreme.

When I confessed the object of my visit, he seemed profoundly astonished.

"You wish to see the Holy Father? It is very difficult. However, I will try to give you a permit to attend his mass. As for obtaining a private audience, you will have to put your name down at least a week in advance."

"The fact is that I have to leave Rome the day after to-morrow."

"In that case, there is no use thinking about it."

"Still, Monsignor, if you would do me the favor to submit my request to His Holiness ——"

"Certainly I will; but I doubt if it will be granted."

My wife and I took leave of Monsignor Bisleti without cherishing any great hope; and we had already given up our plan when, while we were sitting at breakfast the next morning, in the dining-room of the hotel, the porter came up to me with a wide, beatific smile on his face, and said:

"There is a messenger from the Vatican outside, sir, who wishes to deliver a letter to you in person."

I found a tall footman, dressed all in black, waiting for me in the hall. He handed me a huge envelop sealed with the papal arms. The envelop contained a card for an *audienza privata*, inviting me, with my wife, to the private apartments of Pius X. at noon that day.

A postscript at the foot of the *biglietto d'audienza* mentioned the ceremonial dress to be worn when visiting the Pope: "court cloaks" for the cardinals, silk cloaks for the bishops; laymen were to don a swallowtail coat and white tie; ladies were admitted only in black gowns, with a lace mantilla on their heads, and no gloves.

## II

In that wonderful city which is the Vatican, Pius X. has left the Appartamenti Borgia to his Secretary of State and has fixed his own residence on the third story. The Scala Pia and the Cortile di San Damaso lead straight up to it; but there is another and a finer approach which, starting from the Portone di Bronzo, takes in the Scala Regia, winds round the statue of Constantine the Great, plunges into a maze of mysterious staircases, emerges in the Stanza dello Spirito Santo, passes through the Sala di Constantino, and follows the Loggie di Raffaello until it ends outside the pontifical waiting-rooms. I preferred to take this circuitous way, with the proud and powerful appeal which it makes to the artistic sense, rather than the other and shorter route.

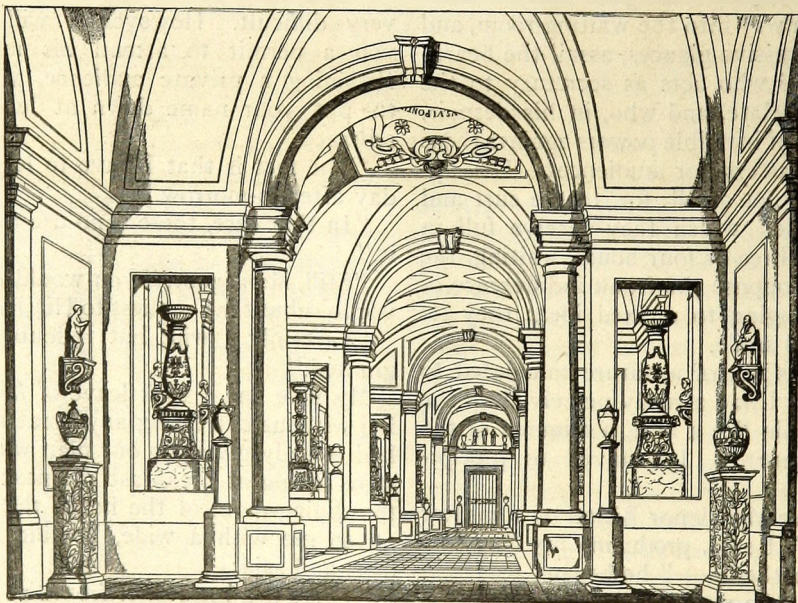
The *loggie* that morning were flooded with sunshine and filled, alas! with the irritating chatter of the numberless tourists, who, generation after generation, come to rhapsodize in this same spot. The red Baedekers glared against the uniform gray of the ladies' dust-cloaks. Shrill exclamations

rang out in the accents of Great Britain, to be drowned forthwith in the noisy double-bass of Teutonic voices. There were long-haired young men who measured the magnificent frescoes with their hands, and young married couples who spoke not a single word. From time to time a violet cassock passed, very swiftly, in the distance.

At the end of the gallery a sculptured door, with the arms of Gregory XIII. carved above it, opened after I had presented my *lettere d'audienza*, and I suddenly found myself separated from the light, the crowd, and the noise. A suite of rooms paved in marble and hung with tapestries stretched before me in the soft twilight shed by the great white silk curtains of the tall windows; *monsignori* in violet mantles and floating capes glided by in the silence; a picket of Swiss Guards, standing motionless with shouldered halberds, seemed to rise from the depths of a fabled past; beyond these, the *bussolenti*, in ruby silk, sat on a velvet bench, while a group of noble guards, booted, spurred, and all agleam with gold lace, bowed respectfully before a tall and slender figure draped in scarlet, with expressive angular features. Two nuns in white caps with wide, flapping wings passed, evoking a memory of France amid the surroundings where we stood waiting our turn to be received.

## III

A sound of footsteps: from behind a drawn curtain come four bronzed and bearded African monks, whose coarse frocks fade gradually from sight in the distance of the vistaed rooms. Behind us, loud sighs escape from a dark corner: a lady in a mighty state of excitement is waiting, like ourselves, for the honor of an audience. In her hands



THE GALLERY OF THE CANDELABRA  
From Pistolesi's "Il Vaticano."



POPE PIUS X.

she holds a strange medley of objects—rosaries, a birthday-book, prayer-books, a jeweled necklace, gold rings, medals—a whole shop-windowful of things! In anxious tones she asks a young domestic prelate:

“Do you think the Holy Father will consent to bless all these?”

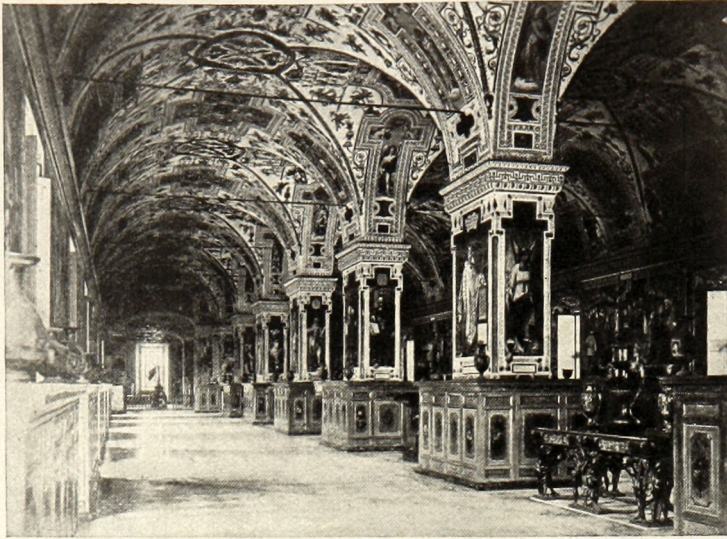
The young prelate gives a hardly perceptible smile.

“It seems a good deal. . . . But the Holy Father is so kind! Only you must not ask him for an autograph. He absolutely refuses.”

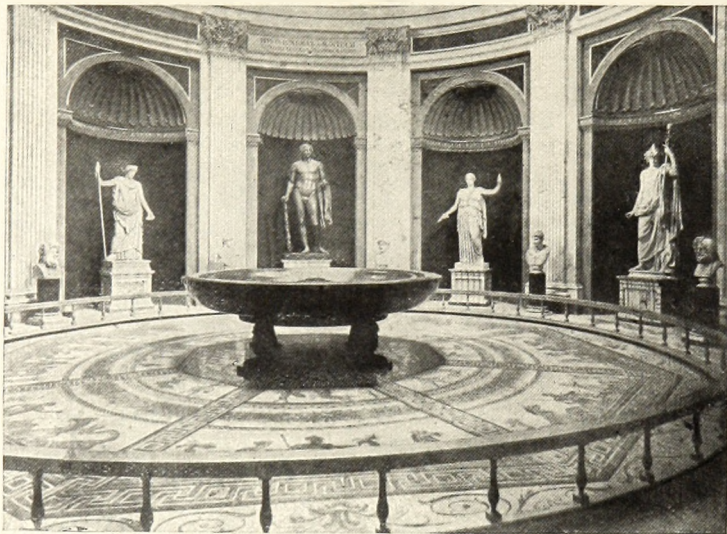
And the birthday-book straightway disappears into a little hand-bag.

Meanwhile, the room has become filled with discreet shadows; officers and priests fall into groups and talk in low voices.

Suddenly, the midday gun on the Janiculum thunders out, and chimes begin ringing at the same moment: those of St. Peter’s first, followed by the chimes of all Rome. They rise from the Trastevere, they come down from the Pincio, they fly across from the Aventine Hill, they hasten up from the golden Campania. O wonderful and touching symphony of the



THE LIBRARY OF THE VATICAN



THE SALA ROTONDA



THE BRACCIO NUOVO

Angelus! In the half-light of the room, the shadows suddenly stoop. The red cassocks and violet capes bend down in a deep genuflection; the halberds are brought smartly to the marble flooring; the noble guards in their gilt breastplates clap their heels together and give the military salute to the twelfth hour, the blessed hour that is passing.

The last notes of the Angelus are still lingering in the air when a *cameriere segreto* comes up to us and asks us to follow him. Monsignor Bisleti is waiting on the threshold of a little door.

"Come," he says.

The door opens. At first I see nothing but books, numberless books all around an immense room, which the light enters in floods. Beyond the open windows on the left, Rome, with her hills and steeples, lies slumbering in a blue haze; on the right, a screen cuts off and conceals a portion of the room. Feeling a little nervous, dazzled by this sudden brightness following so close upon the gloom in which I have spent the last half hour, I peer in vain, see no one. Where is the Pope?

Monsignor Bisleti beckons to us. I pass around the screen, and suddenly, behind a table loaded with papers, beside a crucifix hung high up on the wall and slanting, so that it seems to bend its look of pain upon him, I see His Holiness Pius X. standing erect in the imposing purity of his white cassock.

His strongly marked features are plainly defined in the broad light. The stature is powerful, the shoulders broad, the chin masterful, the mouth singularly expressive; but the gentleness of the glance, the crystal clearness of the kindly eyes soften the haughty out-



*Stereograph copyright by Underwood & Underwood*

PIUS X. BLESSING A COMPANY OF PILGRIMS

line. A plentiful crown of ash-colored hair encircles the little white silk skull-cap which the Sovereign Pontiff wears thrust on the back of his head; his plump and energetic hands are beautifully shaped; his voice is grave, loud, and distinct.

Formerly the etiquette was that whoso had the honor of being admitted to an audience of the Pope should make three genuflexions as he entered: the first on the threshold, the second a little farther, the third at the feet of the Pope, whose slipper, moreover, he was obliged to kiss. Leo XIII. made only the rarest exceptions to this rule; Pius X. has abolished it. He does not wish you to talk to him on your knees, and, when you still make a slight genuflexion on entering and leaving, he hastens to raise you up; and his friendly simplicity — I was almost saying his cordiality — at once puts you at your ease.

With a simple gesture he invited my wife and me to take seats on either side of him. He himself sat down in a wide arm-chair in front of his desk, and, while speaking, with one hand he alternately took up and laid down the gold penholder beside his inkstand and with the other played with the gold chain that hung from his neck and supported a pectoral cross in emeralds — a present from the Emperor William to Leo XIII. on his jubilee.

At this solemn moment I was a little perplexed and troubled, as the Pope does not speak French. Should I dare to venture upon Italian, which I knew but very imperfectly?

The Holy Father put an end to my embarrassment very paternally by asking me about my journey, about France; and, when I apologized for the insufficiency of my acquaintance with Italian:

“I understand you quite well, that is the great thing; and, believe me, I should be very glad to be able to say as much in French!”

As I said at the beginning of this article, I did not go to the Vatican as an interviewer. I had for some weeks been far removed from the scene of religious strife and had heard only a very faint echo of it through the telegrams in the Italian papers. If, however, the Holy Father consented — and that at greater length than I had dared hope — to speak to me of “French affairs,” as they say in Rome, I do not consider myself entitled, by repeating our conversation here, to abuse the confidence which he was pleased to show me in the course of that audience. The views of Pius X. are well known; he has expressed them so clearly on other occasions that there can be no need to recapitulate them here.

The Pope speaks of these grave matters without bitterness and without unnecessary



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PIUS X. IN HIS STUDY

THE ARTIST IS ANTON VAN VELIC, THE DUTCH PAINTER, WHO WAS COMMISSIONED TO PAINT THE POPE'S PORTRAIT

emphasis; his words reflect a calm and deliberate firmness. He appears to me to be exceedingly well informed as regards the intellectual powers of foreign statesmen; he has formed a very definite opinion of each of them; and this opinion reveals a great subtlety of appreciation, combined with a serene and placid philosophy.

Leaving the political ground, we talked of Italy, of its artistic beauties. I remarked on the wonderful panorama that stretches beneath his windows, and I permitted myself to ask him if he did not feel a profound regret at being now separated forever from all those marvels.

"I suffered greatly at first," he said, speaking slowly. "Now I am resigned; I obey the will of God."

I brought up the memory of Venice. When he heard that magic name, his eyes lighted up, his features glowed with animation. He spoke to me with real emotion of the town in which he spent the happiest hours of his life; and, as I listened to him, I remembered a number of charming anecdotes that I heard when I last visited Venice, about his life there. He used

to loathe display as much as his predecessor in the patriarchate loved it. Cardinal Sarto could never accustom himself to luxury in any form. He was of the race of bishops who have "a wooden crozier and a heart of gold." His predecessor never went out but in a gondola with four rowers; he himself was satisfied with a one-oared gondola. And yet, when it passed down the Grand Canal, hundreds of gondoliers would escort him, seeking for a blessing, a word of comfort and encouragement from him whom they called familiarly, in their Venetian dialect, "il nostro Si'or Beppo."

Summoned to the conclave at Rome, when he left Venice, one blazing morning in July, greeted by the prophetic cry of "Long live the Pope!" he did not for a moment doubt that he should return.

"So little did I think that I should never see Venice again," he says, with a smile, "that I took a *biglietto d'andata e ritorno*."

He long kept this return ticket. Wealthy collectors strove by every means in their power to become its purchaser; he invariably refused them. Last year the King of Greece, in the

course of a visit which he paid to the Pope, expressed a keen desire to possess this little piece of cardboard which has become for all time historical; and the Pope gave it to him.

But there is one humble relic with which nothing will ever induce him to part. This relic is his watch — a little cheap nickel watch.

"It marked the minutes of my mother's death-struggles," he says, "and the hour of my definite separation from the outer world, from space and liberty. It has marked all the sad, all the joyous, all the solemn moments of my life. What jewel could be more precious to me?"

He carries it fastened to a white silk cord, in the broad sash that he wears round his waist; and he does not hesitate to offend against

the etiquette that hitherto has obliged the Pope, when he has wished to know the time, to apply to one of his prelates in waiting.

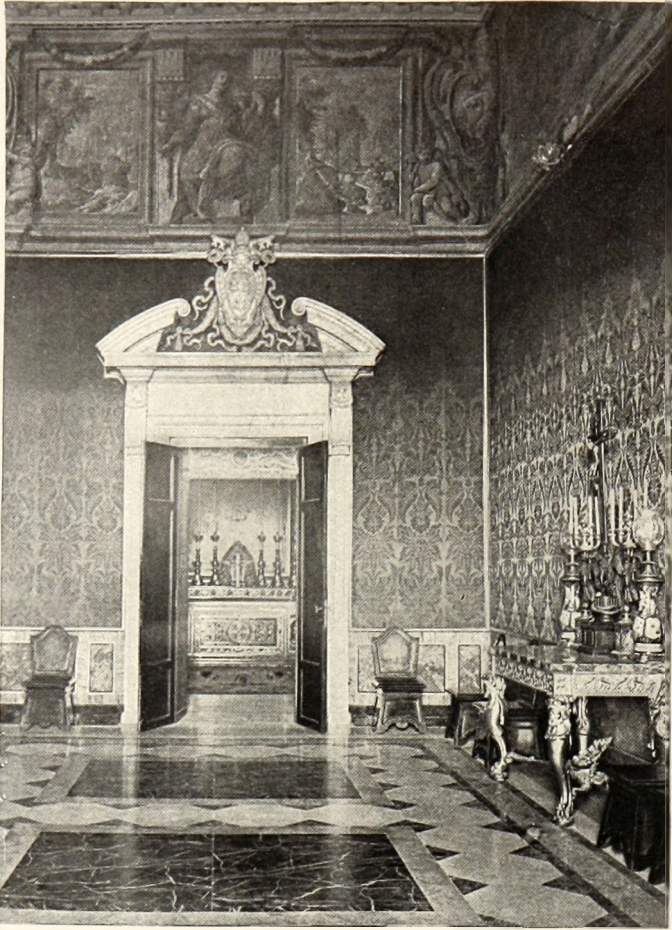
This extreme simplicity, I repeat, is to him as much a matter of principle as of habit. It governs all the actions of his life and is in keeping with his instinctive, sovereign, and triumphant kindness. His contempt for forms and ceremonies makes it much easier for him to exercise that charity which was always his ruling virtue. If the sun were to set without his having made at least one human being happy, he would be inclined to say, with Titus, "I have wasted my day."

Endowed with an essentially liberal mind, he professes a keen admiration for nations that love independence and liberty, such as the



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PIUS X. WALKING IN THE GARDENS OF THE VATICAN



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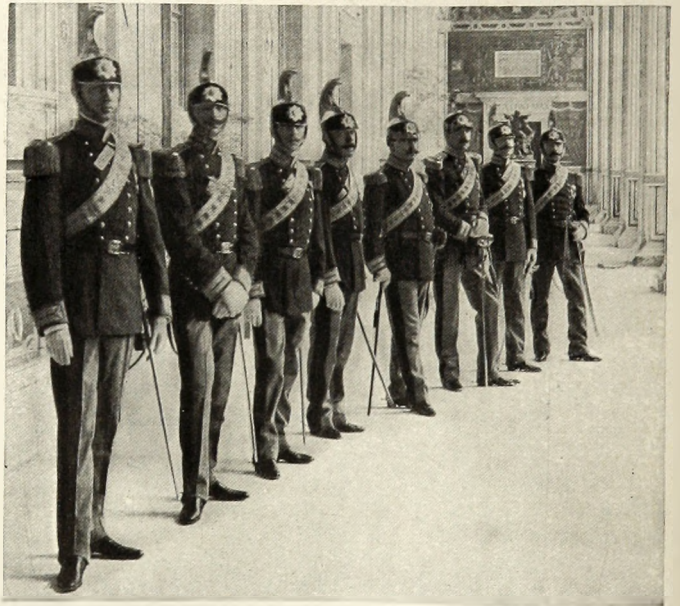
THE PRIVATE CHAPEL OF PIUS X.

American nation, and he never misses an opportunity of bestowing exceptional marks of kindness upon them. Two years ago a group of American pilgrims, who had come to Rome under the conduct of Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore, obtained leave to visit the private gardens of the Vatican. The pilgrims, however, were not satisfied with this favor. They wanted, in addition, then and there, to see the Pope. Cardinal Gibbons scribbled a few words in pencil on a card, which he sent to the Holy Father. But a few minutes elapsed before the Pope came down to the garden and walked straight to the Cardinal, who tried to kiss the outstretched hand on which gleamed the marvelous sapphire of the pontifical ring. Pius X., anticipating and preventing His Eminence's movement, opened

wide his arms and gave a fraternal embrace to the Archbishop of Baltimore, subsequently entering upon a familiar talk with the pilgrims.

Coupled with this lovable good nature, Pius X. possesses a very delicate sense of humor, of which I received a number of delightful instances in the course of my conversation with him. After putting a few questions to me on the organization of newspapers in France, he asked me if our journalists are gifted with as fruitful an imagination as certain of their Italian colleagues.

"For you know the reporter who is short of news is a terrible man. Did not the socialist Roman journalists, for instance, say that I had the most extraordinary and enormous meals, and that my table recalled the table of Lucullus? However, those gentlemen had to yield to evidence. They watched the entrance to our kitchens, hoping to discover in the provisions which are brought there day by day the dazzling confirmation of their allegations. Well, in the end they were bound to admit that my bills of fare were composed invariably of *risotto* and meat, meat and



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THE NOBLE GUARDS ON DUTY IN THE VATICAN



*risotto*"; and the Holy Father added archly, "In point of fact, it was the memory of Lucullus that they calumniated."

I ventured to put a few questions to him on the development of Catholicism in Germany. The subject was a delicate one, and I was anxious to employ words that said exactly what I meant to say, and no more. I selected them beforehand in my mind, but, alas, my lack of experience in speaking Italian had the most grievous discomfiture in store for me: I got mixed up in my phrases and found myself addressing the Pope in the second person singular! My wife gave me a look of dismay; I was all abashed, and stopped and apologized. Pius X. smiled, in evident amusement.

"Why should I mind?" he asked. "After all, we say *thee* and *thou* to God, in Latin!"

But the precious moments were flying. A chamberlain had discreetly entered the room and, kneeling in the attitude prescribed by tradition, reminded the Holy Father that there were others hoping for the honor of a presentation. Thereupon Pius X. rose from his chair, signed to us to stay where we were, and walked down the length of the library. Coming to a writing-desk which stood in a dark corner of the room, he took a little key, stooped down to the floor, opened a drawer, fumbled in it for a second

or two, and at last returned to us, holding in his hand a red case stamped with his arms.

"This," he explained, giving the case to my wife, "is a small keepsake which the Pope sends to your little daughter. It is a medal of the Madonna; I have blessed it; I hope that it will always bring her happiness."

After this kind thought, this charming act, our audience came to an end.

The pastoral hand adorned with the shining emerald of the Supreme Pontiffs, was raised with a grave and spacious gesture to bless us. For the last time, those clear eyes, those expressive and limpid eyes, whose penetrating brightness appeared about to fathom the most sacred depths of our souls, enveloped us in their living light. Then, suddenly, the curtain dropped . . . the vision had disappeared.

#### IV

The impression of Pius X. which I have re-

tained is that of a very noble, very upright, very candid mind. These are admirable qualities in the priest; are they enough to fulfil the delicate and formidable task of governing a community of more than two hundred million souls and defending the interests of a Church whose power is being more violently contested now than it ever was before? This is another question, the complexity of which cannot be denied.



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PIUS X. CELEBRATING MASS IN THE SISTINE CHAPEL



INTERIOR COURT OF SAINT PETERS

The irony of fate decreed, as we know, that Pius X., the idealist, the essential peacemaker, should, on the very morrow of his accession, be flung into the midst of one of the most serious struggles that Catholicism has had to sustain since the French Revolution: the struggle that decided the rupture between the Holy See and France. Leo XIII. had already foreseen the dread crisis; and nothing but the flexibility of his political genius, to which the philosopher's definition, "Genius is one long spell of patience," might be applied; nothing but this flexibility, this suppleness, had delayed the outburst. The predecessor of Pius X. considered that the Church, in France as elsewhere, could only retain its sphere of influence by collaborating with "the permanent forces" of the country. He therefore made it his study to reconcile Catholics with the existing governments or to draw closer the union that he thought necessary, at all costs, between Church and State. That is why he first advised and subsequently ordered the French Monarchists to rally to the Republic.

The advice was respectfully received, but was not followed; and it brought Leo XIII.

some harsh criticism. Nevertheless, it had this advantage, that it rendered more difficult the efforts of the anti-clerical government to create plausible motives for a quarrel between Paris and the Vatican. The Pope wished, above all things, to avoid the breaking off of the Concordat, which, since the days of Napoleon I., had allowed the Catholic Church its standing as the official religion of France, and placed the priests on a level with the civil officers by conferring upon them the same rights, privileges, and salaries.

With Pius X. things changed. Pius X. expects less from men and politics. He did not shrink from acts which were judged severely by certain politicians, but which were applauded by the real Catholics, even though they were at variance with the principles of diplomacy.

In the year following his accession, he delivered a frontal attack on the French government by expressing in a speech delivered to the cardinals his indignation at the brutality of Combes, the prime minister, in expelling the congregations, robbing them of their property, and closing the religious schools.

Legitimate as this vehement protest was, it none the less constituted a direct criticism of the French government, which the latter was not slow in resenting, and which it turned to account forthwith, in order to lend force to its campaign against the Vatican. The quarrel between the two powers assumed a more bitter form when the question arose of appointing a number of new French bishops. Everybody knows that, by the terms of the Concordat, the nomination of bishops was subject to a previous understanding between the Holy See and the government. As no agreement could be come to, the bishoprics remained without incumbents; and this led to profound perturbation among the French clergy.

Meanwhile, the incident took place which was destined to be the conclusive cause of the official separation of Church and State. When it was decided, in 1904, that M. Loubet should go to Rome to return the visit which the King of Italy had paid him in Paris the year before, a grave question arose: would the Pope receive the President at the Vatican? Until that time it had been a strictly observed tradition, ever since the days when the Pope was despoiled of his States, that the ruler of a Catholic country was prohibited from paying an official visit to the Italian sovereign in Rome; to disregard this tradition was to forfeit reception at the Vatican.

Would Pius X. make an exception to the established rule, in view of the special circumstances of the case, and in order to avoid a complete rupture with the French government? M. Loubet, who secretly lamented the increasing separatist tendencies of his ministers, was keenly anxious that the Pope should make this exception. He

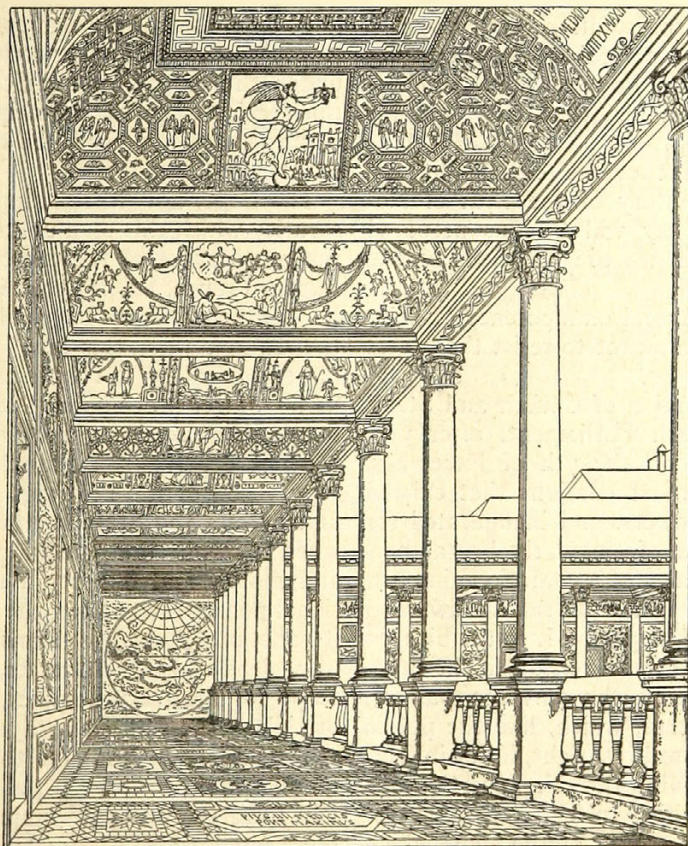
opened his heart on the subject to the Cardinal-Archbishop of Bordeaux:

"Let the Pope receive me," he said, "in order to lay the storm which I shall be powerless to ward off if he offers France an insult in my person."

This was the opinion also of a number of the French bishops. Nevertheless, Pius X. refused to give way. He argued that the Roman observance was positive and allowed of no exception whatever, and that to receive M. Loubet would, for the Holy See, be tantamount to recognizing the Italian constitution, which robbed the Pope of his temporal power and his States. In reality, Pius X. feared that, by opening the doors of the Vatican to the official guests of the King, he would expose himself to the just recrimination of the Emperor of Austria, the King of Portugal, and the King of Spain, to whom similar favors had been refused in the past.

M. Loubet's journey took place. The Pope, not content with taking no notice of it, a course that he was fully entitled to adopt, considered it his duty to register a protest, through diplomatic channels, with all the Catholic powers against the President's visit to the Quirinal, which he styled an "offensive act" toward the Holy See.

However strictly in accordance with tradition this attitude may have been, I think that it was to be regretted from the more practical point of view of the political relations between France and the Vatican. It supplied members of the anti-clerical party with formidable arguments in favor of their case; and, at the same time, it wounded the susceptibilities of a large number of Frenchmen who considered that



A GALLERY OF THE VATICAN  
From Pistolesi's "Il Vaticano"

the Pope's action was a sort of declaration of a breach with France. The French ministry at first contented itself with recalling the French ambassador at the Vatican; then things went from bad to worse, until they ended eventually in the separation of Church and State and the institution of religious persecution in France.

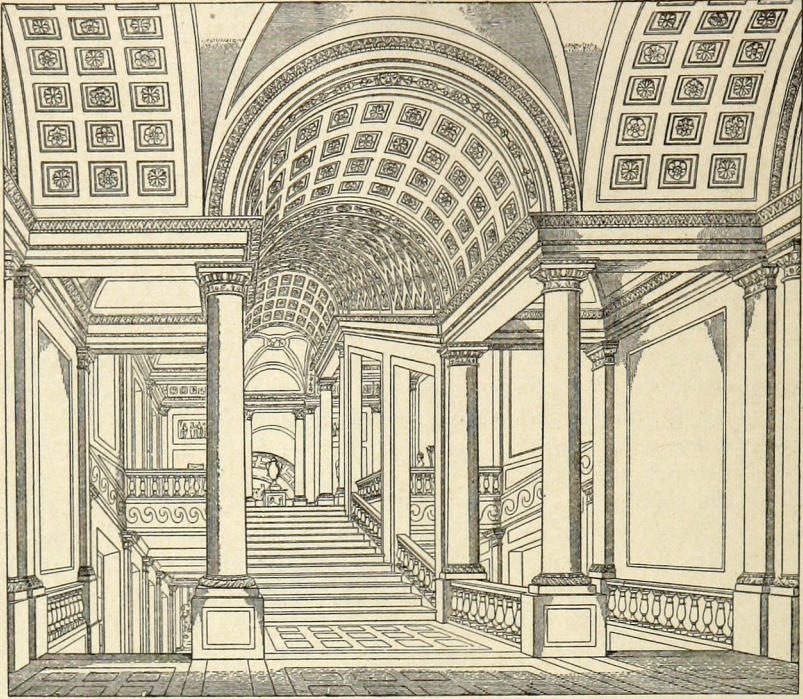
In this tragic and painful era now opening before the Church, the Pope asserted the characteristics that mark his personality and his policy.

"Let the bitterest events come," he declared, in the consistory of the 14th of November, 1904. "They will find us prepared and not afraid, for we are justified by the words of Christ."

It was with the moral omnipotence of principles that the Pope meant to resist the brutal force of his adversaries.

The law of separation of Church and State, voted by the French Parliament, after prolonged discussions, on the 7th of December, 1905, broke off the last relations that existed between the two powers, and inaugurated for the clergy a period of singularly brutal persecution. The decree of separation implied not only the suppression of the salaries awarded by the Concordat of Napoleon I. to the bishops and priests, but also the reversion to the State of all the real property, the convents, palaces, rectories, and churches, which, like the public buildings, belonged to it by right, if not in fact.

The excitement in the French Catholic world reached a high pitch. The government, realizing the gravity of the steps which it had taken, and fearing the outburst of indignation that would show itself among the



STAIRWAY LEADING TO THE SALA DELLA BIGA

From Pistoletti's "Il Vaticano"

tions composed of lay elements, whose business it would be to administer ecclesiastical property under the control of the State and to insure the service of public worship. The priest, by this arrangement, would be entirely dependent on the civil power.

The Pope, notwithstanding the comparative security which this plan undoubtedly affords to the continuance of the exercise of public worship in France, has rejected it with energy.

"Nothing is more opposed to the liberty of the Church than this law," he proclaimed, in his encyclical of the 11th of February, 1906, "when, after proclaiming liberty of worship, it restricts its exercise by multifarious exceptions; when it deprives the Church of the domestic supervision of the buildings of public worship and invests the State therewith in her stead; when it fetters the preaching of Catholic faith and morals and imposes a severe and exceptional penal system upon the ministers. When it sanctions these provisions and many other provisions of a like character, which easily give scope for arbitrary conduct, what does it do but place the Church in a position of humiliating subjection and, on the pretext of protecting public order, rob peaceful citizens, who still form the immense majority in France, of the sacred right of practising their own religion?"

Pius X., as we see, considers that it is im-

majority of Frenchmen, including even the unbelievers, if it attempted to prohibit public worship, proposed an arrangement which, under the name of "associations of worship," would authorize the Church to retain her ecclesiastical goods. It suggested organizing, in each parish, associa-

portant, above all, to protect the dignity of the Church, even at the cost of the most cruel trials. He foresees, however, that his instructions will encounter resistance among those Catholics who are not sufficiently high-minded to face the dangers implied by the attitude that he counsels them to adopt. The Pope's first and foremost thought, therefore, is to promote discipline and perfect unity among all the French Catholics called upon to sustain a common struggle.

"If you wish to defend religion," he says, in the same encyclical, "two matters are of the very greatest importance. You must, in the first place, model yourselves so faithfully upon the precepts of the law of Christ that your acts and your whole life do honor to the faith which you profess. Next, you must continue very closely united with those whose particular business it is to watch over religion here below: with your priests, with your bishops, and, above all, with the Apostolic See, which is the pivot of the Catholic faith and of all that is done in its name. Thus armed for the contest, you shall march onward without fear."

The necessity for a close solidarity thus becomes apparent as one of the fundamental principles of the Supreme Pontiff's policy. He returns to it incessantly in all his allocutions; and I am bound to say that, after a period of irresolution, the Catholics of France have gradually grouped themselves in a body around the pontifical throne. The public manifestations which took place a few months ago on the occasion of the beatification of Joan of Arc, and which brought to Rome more than fifty thousand French

Catholics and over four hundred members of the French clergy, have borne the most eloquent testimony to the reality of this union.

The Pope's conception of the part which the oppressed Church should play is not lacking in grandeur; he sees her more powerful, despoiled of her riches and her resources, for the very reason that she is more democratic, adorned with the halo of her poverty. To the bishops and priests who ask him what is to happen if the State deprives the clergy of the use of the churches:

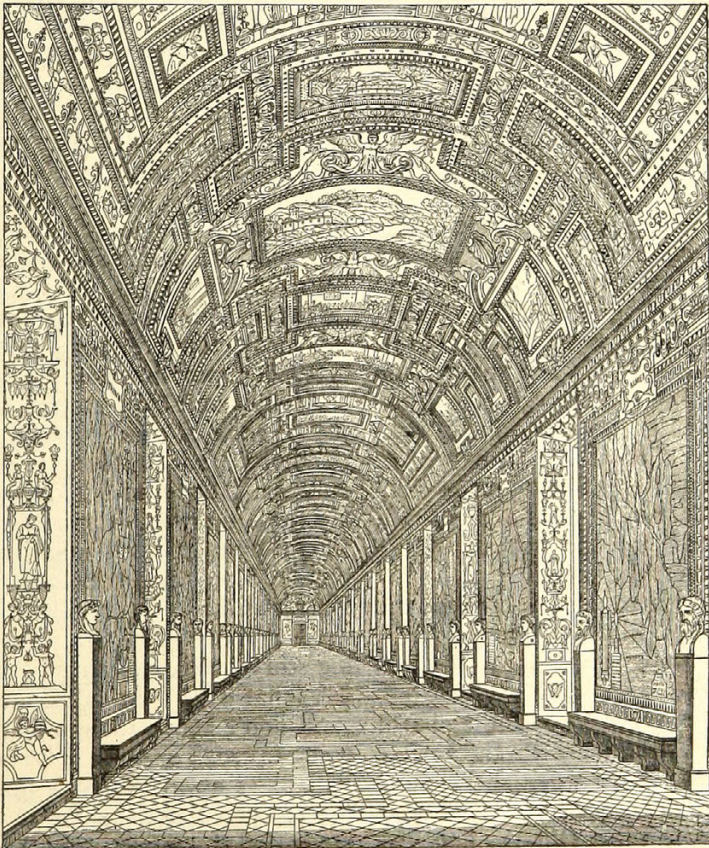
"You must do as the apostles did," he replies. "You must celebrate worship in the barns and make your appeal to charity."

The anti-clerical government, dreading the popularity which the Church might gain as a martyr, has refused to give her this opportunity.

The peaceful firmness of Pius X. has resisted, up to the present, the attacks that have been made upon it. Certainly the hour has not yet come to form an impartial judgment of the Pontiff's policy, which is one that cannot be appreciated in its immediate results.

"Governments have brute force on their side; the Church has time on hers," said the Pope, lately, to a bishop who was giving voice to his anxiety.

Is he right? Has he a true conception of what should be the conduct of the Church in these days? The future will tell us. What is quite certain is that the Pope, who ardently realizes the most striking expression of holiness, scorns the subtleties of politics. He does not understand them, does not know them. He has marked out for himself a straight course amid the rocks; he will faithfully pursue it to the end.



THE CORRIDOR OF MAPS  
From Pistolesi's "Il Vaticano"

# THE BIG STORY

BY

FREDERICK FERDINAND MOORE

BEGGS sauntered into the local room of the *Graphic* and hung his coat and hat on the nail which held the framed "A B C of Journalism" poster, eclipsing the "First and Last Laws of Newspaper Reporting," as practised in the *Graphic* office. The placard, designed to instruct young reporters how to prepare their "copy" without giving the headline men nervous prostration, was an abomination to Beggs. He had been in the newspaper game longer than he liked to tell, and, as chief copy-reader, looked on news as stuff to be set in type and measured with a rule to fit in the form over advertising. If an emperor died or a prince were born, Beggs decided how much space the event was worth, and if the cable reeled off too many lines, Beggs' blue pencil was the barrier between correspondent and the reading public.

"I feel as if something big were going to happen before morning," remarked Beggs to the Day City Editor, as he unscrewed the cover of his paste-pot and adjusted his green eyeshade.

"We have a good story in water-front — student shanghai'd on a whaler — about six hundred words, with a two-column cut; and there is that woman suffrage stuff — Miss Ackerman covered the meeting," said the City Editor.

Beggs turned back his cuffs and snapped on the shaded electric lights over the copy-desk. "That Ackerman girl is too long-winded with the women's stuff," he said. "She tries to mention too many names. She ought to hold it down. We can't run a directory, even if names are good stuff for the paper. Who's that new reporter on night police?"

Beggs always referred to Miss Ackerman, the society reporter, as "that Ackerman girl." Miss Ackerman was dangerously near the forties, if her age were conservatively estimated. She had been on the paper for years, and still wore the little black felt hat with the turkey feather which she had worn when she applied for a job and was hired, back in the ancient history of the *Graphic* when Old Dooling was managing editor, before there were linotype machines; when the office was in a little wooden

house down in Montgomery Street, and the *Graphic* was a four-page rag and put advertising on the first page, and there were only three reporters on the local staff, and — well, a good many years ago.

Beggs turned abruptly from the desk without waiting to get the name of the new reporter, and went back to where Miss Ackerman was writing her account of the woman suffrage meeting.

"Say," he began, taking a bite from a plug of Virginia Leaf tobacco, "you write too many words, Miss Ackerman. Your sentences are too long and tangled up. Think more and write less. Remember that the finest sentence in the English language is found in the Bible; it is, 'Jesus wept.'"

Miss Ackerman smiled. Beggs had been talking to her like that for years.

"You may boss the copy, Mr. Beggs, when it gets to your desk, but I write it to suit myself. If I wrote it so that it could go to the printer, you would not need six copy-readers to take out the good things in it and keep the names of the most prominent society women in town out of the paper." She looked up at him, and reproof came into her eyes as she murmured: "You have been drinking again."

"Again!" he exclaimed. "Again! When you say that you imply that I stopped. You mean 'yet.' It began when the Suez Canal was opened."

"Why don't you stop?" she asked gently, just as she had asked him for years.

"Stop! I have nothing to stop for. It is the only fun I have, and it doesn't hurt anybody. If I were married, it might be different, or if I had any relations, I might not like to shame them. They might belong to the Woman's Suffrage Club. I got to look the schedule over — keep that stuff short; there is going to be a big story before morning."

"What is it?" she called after him.

"I don't know. Something big — some king going to croak or some rich man going to be put in jail. I always have a funny feeling in my bones when there is going to be a big story — never failed me yet, and I know there is a whopper coming — seven-column head, with two-column lead in pica, break to a layout."

Miss Ackerman did not go on writing when Beggs went to the copy-desk. She sat and nibbled at the end of her pencil and stared at the electric bulb over her desk.

"I wonder why he is such a woman-hater," she thought. "There must be a romance in his life, for he is a good man in spite of his reckless ways and drinking. And he might be managing editor if he had quit whisky years ago. Poor old Beggs! He will go out some day like a candle."

Beggs was a woman-hater. The only woman he treated with any degree of civility was Miss Ackerman. He no more made an attempt to conceal his deep-rooted antipathy to women than he did to hide his love for liquor. The *Graphic* staff had been saying for twenty years that Beggs would "go out some day like a candle," but his life-flame was burning as brightly as it had when he was serving his apprenticeship at the type-case in the composing-room.

He had always been friendly toward Miss Ackerman, and office boys, long since trained newspaper men, some of them running papers in the East, had gossiped about Beggs and Miss Ackerman, even as the office boys and young reporters now scented romance when they saw Beggs talking with the society reporter. But generation after generation of office boys had served their time and gone away, leaving Miss Ackerman wearing her turkey-feather hat and Beggs chewing Virginia Leaf and drinking Prime Rye.

The copy-readers came in and began putting contemporary history into suitable style for the readers of the *Graphic*; telephones began to demand attention; telegraph instruments chattered, and everything happening in the world which correspondents thought worth putting into type echoed in the *Graphic* office.

The News Editor smoked a corn-cob pipe, and from time to time felt the pulse of the world, and commended or condemned what was happening on the globe; and some of the things which were good he called bad and some of the worst things he said were good, with the finality of a creator who had ordered certain things to take place and was pleased or displeased when the chemistry of human life evolved a news-story tremendous or trivial.

Beggs grabbed each bunch of "flimsy" and skimmed through it, hoping that the big story he expected had come at last; but the clock went round, and the night's news was drearily commonplace.

"By golly!" he said, about midnight, turning to the News Editor, "this is pretty good — six killed in a wreck in Michigan."

"Too bad it isn't sixty," growled the News

Editor. "The first page is going to look as dull as the report of a missionary society. Michigan is too far away, but have somebody rewrite the lead and put a few thrills into it, and set the names of killed in black to bolster the story up. I wish that pioneer would die — looks as if we were going to miss having the story first. Suppose he'll shuffle off about daylight and give the story to the afternoon papers. Few minutes more or less in eternity wouldn't make much difference to him, and we have a cut ready to run which would dress up page two respectably."

The pioneer didn't die, and Beggs gave up hope of his big story when he got the last of the telegraph copy and found nothing worth while. The last head was written, and the Night Editor went to the composing-room to make the paper up, enjoining the telegraph operators not to take any more news unless it happened to be "hot."

It was after two o'clock when Beggs put on his coat, exposing the "A B C of Journalism" again to an almost deserted local room. Miss Ackerman was just about to go out. She had been busy on some special "write-up," and had not noticed the lateness of the hour until the office had become quiet.

"I'll go as far as Dustin's saloon with you," said Beggs. "You can get your owl car there, can't you?"

They went out together and crossed the square known as "Cape Horn," and saw the news bulletins being posted around the doors of the newspaper offices. There was a peculiar stillness in the air; the arc-lights rattled dimly, and the newspaper-wagons in the streets made echoes among the tall buildings, that suggested some dead city; the pavements seemed hollow, and the air was still; the world was asleep, but dozing with one eye open, as if waiting for something to happen.

"Well, did you get the big story?" Miss Ackerman began, after they had gained the sidewalk on the opposite side of the square.

"Dead night," he said.

"It is a queer night. Are the streets always so empty and spooky at this hour?"

"I didn't mean that — it's like this generally — it was a dead night for news. I was sure something big was coming through, and I wouldn't be surprised if we were scooped. I'll get the other papers in a few minutes and know. Say, I let your suffrage stuff go through without cutting it, it was so good. There's your car — here's Dustin's. Good night."

He went through the swinging doors and attacked a gambling-machine with a volley of nickels. She caught a glimpse of him peering

at the cards in the indicator, and then the car started. She felt lonely as she pictured her room in the drab lodging-house, and was assailed with a bitter thought that the world was unfair to women, in that they had no public place to gather and play and discuss the day's work after it was done.

Beggs met the other newspaper men who gathered every morning at Dustin's to read and compare the rival morning papers. It was gray daylight when he left the saloon and swung into McAllister Street, making his way with difficulty, chuckling to himself for some cause which was not quite clear to himself, but which made him feel gleeful.

The early workers were beginning to appear on the streets, gas-jets glimmered in basements, odors of frying food were wafted along on the lazy air-currents, and blanketed cab-horses were pawing fretfully. The world was still asleep, but about to turn over and awaken.

He heard the moisture dripping from the eaves of the somber, prison-like City Hall, and as he looked up at the dome he lost his balance and sat down in the street, limply and easily, as is the way with drunken men.

He smiled and sat still for a minute to decide just how he should go about getting up again, when he heard what he thought was the rumble of distant thunder. The sound frightened him, for thunder was not common, and he was afraid that the noise might be in his own head — feared lest the candle-flame was flickering, wondered vaguely how a man felt who was about to be stricken with apoplexy.

He stood up, and then reeled — or thought he did. He saw the dome of the City Hall sway sickeningly. The paving-stones bulged up under his feet, and he saw a wave, as though the solid street had turned to liquid, roll down McAllister Street. It passed under him, and he fell flat. On his hands and knees, he felt the earth surging and heard that same strange rumble beneath him, and then the world shivered in a paroxysm of internal pain and the buildings began to dump themselves ruthlessly into the streets.

"By golly!" he said. "By golly!" That was what he had said when he heard that Togo had destroyed the Baltic fleet, when Dewey took Manila, when Mrs. Worthington Summerhill applied for a decree of divorce on the grounds of extreme cruelty.

He saw great stone columns lazily draw back from the walls of City Hall, topple over, and half bury themselves in the pavement, as though the surface of the earth were as thick as cardboard. There was an appalling "poof" behind him, and he turned to see a four-story brick building

close itself up like an accordeon for no other apparent purpose than to raise a cloud of dust, or perhaps to strike some note that was needed in the great overture of destruction being played.

"By golly!" he said. "By golly!"

What he thought was terrific was but the first tap on the drum for the long roll. The earth quivered as though some great subterranean monster were throwing off the covers and shaking himself before getting up.

Beggs dug his fingers into the interstices between the paving-stones and hung on. Stones popped out of the fronts of buildings like corn jumping in a popper; steel girders snapped like pipe-stems; and then came a crash, and the dome of City Hall split open and lost half of itself.

"By golly! The frame looks like a big bird-cage! What a story!"

He wondered if it was ever going to stop. He waited, and hoped that it would get no worse. He was impatient to look around and convince himself that something extraordinary had happened.

Finally it did stop, as abruptly as it had begun. Beggs still clung to the street for a moment, afraid that the world was trying to play a trick on him and make him let go to gain an advantage. He released his grip, and then jumped nervously. A brick, which had not before fully decided to fall, crashed down, and scared him more than the collapse of the whole city.

There was a long pause, and the silence was so intense that Beggs feared he had suddenly gone deaf. Then he heard a woman scream, gulp in her breath swiftly, and scream again and again, without restraint.

"Hear that fool woman yell," said Beggs. "By golly! she must have seen a mouse."

A man in a night-shirt rushed through the door of a house across the street, with his arms stretched out before him and his fingers flared in terror. He looked up at the City Hall, and then dropped his arms to his sides and opened his mouth, like a netted fish frantically trying to breathe.

Beggs realized that his own attitude, on hands and knees, was not dignified; but he felt reckless, and consoled himself with the thought that he presented a better appearance on all fours than did the upright man in a flowing muslin night-shirt, slit open at the sides. He wondered if he had broken his glasses, and then turned his head and addressed the man in the night-shirt.

"Did you hear that?"

The man looked at him in astonishment. "Did I hear it?" he demanded truculently.



"Did I hear it? Say, you crazy? A piano and a chimney came through the ceiling of my bedroom. Did I ——"

The woman screamed again, and other women joined her, and it became a chorus, and people in various styles of night-robe tumbled into the streets, to stare blankly at each other.

"Well," said Beggs, still on his knees, "you don't need to get red-headed about it. I just wanted to make sure I wasn't the only one that heard it. By golly! I'm glad you did, you bet! I wouldn't want to stand a thing like this all alone."

Beggs saw that the man was gone, and he got to his feet, feeling that he had witnessed the destruction of the world and was one of the chosen few who had survived. The city was springing into life like an ant-hill that had been trodden upon, or a bee-hive that had been upset.

An old man, bareheaded and half dressed, running like a frightened hare, with a stocking in his hand which chinked musically as he ran, bumped into Beggs. The stocking fell and burst, scattering a shower of gold pieces in the street. He snarled at Beggs, hastily gathered the coins, and then rushed along.

Beggs turned into a side street. A man in a white apron, evidently a bartender, was sitting on the sidewalk in front of a shattered saloon, carefully trying to put the bits of a demolished electric sign together, and swearing because he had scratched his hand. He smiled childishly at Beggs as the newspaper man passed.

A fire-engine dashed down the street, rolling like a ship in a seaway as it bounced over the piles of brick, the horses apparently running away, and the driver yelling hoarsely above the hubbub of the clanging bell.

Beggs ambled on, seeing more tragedy in a block than he had seen in a lifetime of newspaper work. He stepped over prostrate figures half buried in heaps of what had been fronts of buildings. At a corner where a store had fallen into the street, littering the pavement in a wide arc with a thin layer of brick, he saw bodies lying about, as if a group of men had suddenly been overcome with drowsiness and had dropped where they stood to take a nap.

Above the din of the panic-stricken multitude a weak little wail came to his ears, and he saw a child standing in a window, clad in a pink "nighty," crying monotonously, rubbing chubby fists into tear-stained eyes.

"I want my mama! I want my mama! I want my mama!"

Beggs went to the broken window, and stood on a chimney-top so that he could look in through the broken panes. A wisp of smoke curled through the upper sashes, laden with

the scent of burning paint and resin. He could hear a faint crackle.

"Where is your mama, little boy?" asked Beggs consolingly.

"I ain't a boy — I'm a girlie!" was the startling response, and the fists came away from the eyes — big blue eyes — and a tiny mouth pouted.

"Well, well!" said Beggs. "So you are — so you are. Excuse me. But where is your mama, little girl?"

"In there," and a pink arm pointed back.

Beggs peered in through the window, but all he could see were splintered timbers and broken plaster and crushed furniture. He stepped to the door; but it was supporting the upper floor, and he could not open it, so he went back to the window, tore out the sash, and pulled himself into the room.

"Where?" he demanded.

"Wight in there," and the arm pointed again to the mass of wreckage from which spirals of smoke were issuing.

Beggs dragged a small cot aside and attempted to pull out some of the broken timbers. As his eyes became accustomed to the gloom in the rear of the room, he made out the fragments of the footboard of a bed at the base of the wall of debris. He said something under his breath and turned to the child, rubbing his eyes, which were smarting from the smoke.

"Was she in bed?"

"Yeth — my mama and my papa."

Beggs sank his hands deeply into his trousers pockets and surveyed the child, finally taking out his glasses and wiping them carefully. The little girl pulled a bare foot up to her face and examined it critically. The floor was littered with broken glass and pictures.

"You got any clothes?" asked Beggs suddenly, as if he had made up his mind as to just what he was going to do.

"Yeth, and I can d'ess myself, on'y the buttons in the back."

"That's lucky. Let's get dressed just as quickly as we can, and go and buy a big doll with eyes that open and shut, and has hair yellow and curly like yours, with little red ribbons in it. Come on — hurry up and let's go."

"I got a dolly," and she ran to the cot and seized a rag doll which stared fixedly with shoe-button eyes. "Her name is Alice. Oh, there's kitty! We're going to get a gweat big doll and lots of things, you and me and Alice."

A black kitten came from somewhere and rubbed against the child's bare legs and purred noisily.

Beggs took a pile of clothes from a chair near the cot and began to sort them gingerly, holding up each garment and turning it over until he

had decided what it was. The pink nighty was whisked off, and, chattering to kitty and Alice, the little girl dressed herself with Beggs' aid. He hurriedly pulled on her stockings and shoes, for the smoke was getting thicker and the crackle of flames behind the wall of broken timbers was becoming more menacing each minute.

Beggs lifted her out of the window, while one little arm clasped Alice tightly and the other encircled the protesting kitten.

"My name is Beggs," he said, holding her in his arms while he wondered which way he should go. "You may call me Uncle Will. What's your name?"

"Mary. You been eating pepp'mints."

"Peppermints! I have been eating peppermints! What makes you think I have been eating peppermints?"

"I can smell 'em when you breathe."

Beggs was puzzled for a minute, and then he smiled. "Well, you are more charitable than most people, but that is the first time I knew Dustin's rye could be mistaken for peppermints. Do you like peppermints?"

"Yeth, awful."

"Then Uncle Will is going to get you some peppermints"; and he carried her into the street and joined the throng of people staring at the clouds of smoke rising straight up in the still morning air over the southern end of the city.

He saw a bottle of milk on a stoop and took possession of it. He gave Mary a drink and spilled out a portion for the kitten; and after they had made their simple breakfast, Beggs slipped the half-filled bottle into his coat pocket and they went on.

Beggs had a vague idea that he would go to his lodgings after a sight-seeing ramble, and intrust Mary and the kitten to his landlady. He supposed that the *Graphic* would issue an extra edition on account of the earthquake, and that he would have to return to the office.

He went below Market Street toward the fire, and on the way stopped at a small store to purchase peppermints, cakes, and cheap toys. He procured a small basket and converted it into an ideal kitten transport by cutting a round hole in the end, large enough to allow the passenger to put out his head and enjoy the scenery.

The sun was well up, bleary and red through the heat and smoke. Bits of burning wood began to fall in the streets, and the smoke-wall to the south was getting thicker.

Soon the populace of the tenement district began to hurry away from the fire; the hurry became a panic, and in a few minutes men, women, and children were in wild flight, carrying household goods and dragging trunks.

"No water!" shouted a man to Beggs from across the street. "The whole city will go — no water in the pipes — San Francisco is doomed — the firemen have no water. Get out — the pipes are broken and there is no water!"

Beggs stood undecided as to whether he should go on or retreat, when a squad of soldiers debouched from a lateral street and began driving the stragglers along. A corporal and two men went from house to house and hammered on the doors with the butts of their rifles and shouted to the dazed inmates to leave the buildings.

Beggs turned back, beginning to realize that the fire was a greater danger than he had imagined. The air was stifling with heat and smoke from the charred bits of burning wood raining down from the pall of smoke overhead, and the tops of wooden buildings were bursting into flame.

Wagons were overturned in the streets, blocking traffic, but the rushing current of humanity changed its course as it encountered obstacles and swept on steadily, taking with it Beggs and Mary and the tourist kitten.

Soldiers were everywhere, keeping the increasing flood-tide of humanity herded away from the fire, driving them toward the park and the Presidio, the military reservation. The troops had seemingly sprung out of the ground like the soldiers of Cadmus; but the people accepted them as masters, without question, content that there was some one to tell them what to do and where to go.

Beggs could not get to his lodging-house. A skirmish-line barred the way, and when he stopped to explain that he must go home, he was moved on. If he broke through one line, it was only to meet another, which deflected his course and compelled him to keep to the westward. Finally he gave up opposing the blue-clad men with the shining bayonets, who were annoyingly calm, and plodded toward Golden Gate Park.

It was late in the afternoon when he reached the green hills, now a great gipsy camp, getting recruits by hundreds every minute. Mary was crying, and the kitten was complaining. The peppermints and cakes and milk were gone, and the toys had long since been thrown away.

"You got a tent?" a yellow-legged cavalryman bawled at Beggs, and, getting a negative answer, the trooper hurled an avalanche of gray canvas at the newspaper man and went on, throwing tents to right and left.

Beggs dragged the prize toward a tree, and, while he gazed in surprise, four troopers turned the mass of fabric into a white temple with a rapidity that was magical, scrawled a hiero-

glyph over the flap, and ordered him to take it as his home, warning him that he had become subject to the military laws.

A wagon with "U. S." on the side drove past, and two soldiers dealt off blankets from the top of a huge pile, and dropped them into outstretched arms. Candles rained, canned beef was strewn in the streets, loaves of bread came in volleys.

"By golly, let's play house!" said Beggs to Mary. He took her into the tent, lit a candle, spread the blankets, released the kitten, and made a great show of being very busy. He suspected that Mary was not enjoying herself, although she had stopped crying while the new home was being put in order.

When Beggs had exhausted his ingenuity in providing entertainment, she again succumbed to her unhappiness, and wailed, "I want my mama! I want my mama!" And the kitten wanted his mama, too — anyway, his heart seemed on the point of breaking as he meowed plaintively.

Beggs sat cross-legged on a blanket and looked hard at the candle-flame while he abstractedly bit off a generous section of Virginia Leaf plug. "Well, well," he mused after a while, "housekeeping and a family do bring troubles. This is almost as bad as when the press breaks down with the first edition trying to make the mail train. There are troubles and troubles in this world, but I am stumped this time. I wish I knew more about little girls and less about newspapers."

"I want my mama!" moaned Mary, and then she cast off all restraint and cried just as hard as she could.

Beggs opened the tent door and blew out the candle. It was not yet dark outside, and he knew of a candy store and restaurant over toward the car-tracks.

"Let's get a cornucopia and some big red sticks of candy," said Beggs. "You take Alice, and I'll take kitty, and we'll see if we can't find a cornucopia big as a pine tree."

Mary brushed the tears away rather doubtfully, and allowed the sobs to die out gradually. The kitten was imprisoned again, Alice was snatched up without regard for such muscles as might be in her calico arms, the tent flap was fastened, and they went out seeking adventure and spoils.

A great pyramid of fire stood in the sky toward the east, marking the site of the doomed city; a canopy of black smoke hung high in the air; and the streets were bright as day with a ghastly, reddish glare.

It was only a little way to the candy store, and as the other refugees were concerned with

more practical things, the market was bountifully supplied with cornucopias. Mary found that she could not cry and do justice to the cone of ice-cream, so she compromised by maintaining a tearless truce that evidently had no exact time limit, if a weak moan between mouthfuls meant anything.

The kitten got a raw kidney nearly as big as himself, which he drew into the basket greedily, and Beggs was not sure he would ever be heard from again. Beggs suffered from a guilty conscience for a quarter of an hour, until the black head popped out of the basket again, and a healthy red tongue licked a silent and contented mouth.

They fought their way into a restaurant and secured seats. The waiter was bringing coffee and milk and lady-fingers and canned plum pudding, when Beggs caught sight of a startlingly familiar feather waving over the heads of the diners.

"By golly! There is that Ackerman girl! My luck has changed." And he elbowed his way to the rear and confronted Miss Ackerman.

"Why, Mr. Beggs! Where in the world did you come from?"

"I didn't come — I was driven. I am a compulsory convert to a socialistic form of government. Miss Ackerman, I am gladder to see you than I would be if I were made minister to Mexico. By golly! I am glad to see you, Miss Ackerman!"

"But I supposed that you would be sitting on some hill, watching Rome burn, instead of being among the refugees. The *Graphic* has gone, and all the newspapers, and I guess pretty much everything. The fire has crossed Kearney Street, and south of Market is an ash-pile. They say the whole city will go."

"Recollect I told you there was going to be a big story? But of course it came too late to get it in the paper. So the *Graphic* is gone. Well, the city may be burning, but I have troubles of my own. I have got a girl, Miss Ackerman." He smiled at her quizzically.

"Nero fiddled and you got drunk," she said coldly. "How could you be so cold-blooded as to go on consuming whisky while the city was being destroyed — the biggest story of the century?"

"Whisky! I'll never take a drink of liquor again," he said, and she was startled at the tone of quiet earnestness in his voice. She had never heard him speak with such evident sincerity.

"My little girl will need all I can earn," he went on, enjoying her mystified air. "I'll have to hire some good woman to take care of her. I forgot to tell you that she is only about four.

Her name is Mary, and she is a dandy. She will be Mary Beggs, and she will have to go to school and then to college and be a fine lady. Can't spend money for rye and do that, you know. She's back here with Alice and the menagerie — come and see my family."

Miss Ackerman, thoroughly convinced that the disaster had made a raving maniac of Beggs, got up from her table and followed him.

"Here we are," said Beggs proudly.

"See kitty eat like comp'ny!" exclaimed Mary, as she pointed to the kitten on the table before her, his head in a glass, licking milk.

"The whole Beggs family," remarked Beggs, as Miss Ackerman turned to him in surprise. He explained briefly as he put the kitten back in the basket. "Isn't she a dandy?" he concluded.

Miss Ackerman sat down and took Mary in her lap, without a word. The little girl smiled at her trustfully and snuggled into her arms. Miss Ackerman looked at Beggs, tried to speak, and then turned away.

"You talk about my drinking," said Beggs. "Well, now I have something to take the place of whisky."

"William J. Beggs, you are the last man in the world I would have selected for a thing like this. I thought I knew you, you old reprobate, but I find that I didn't. I—I——" She wiped her eyes hastily, and then stooped and kissed Mary, and said something about poor, motherless little things.

"My house is deserted," she told him over the small black coffee. "I gave an expressman ten dollars this morning to take my trunk and me to the park, but when he got the trunk and the money he drove away, and I have been trying to find him all day. I made an attempt to get back to the house and save my mother's silver spoons, which were all I had to remember her by; but the soldiers would not let me within a dozen blocks of the place on account of the dynamiting. So I can't stay there to-night. Anyway, I hear that lights are forbidden and the looters are terrorizing the residence districts. This will be an awful night. I haven't the slightest idea where to go or what to do."

"We have a home and bread and meat," said Beggs. "You stay with Mary and Alice, and I'll stand guard over the door"; and he told her about the tent.

Mary fell asleep while they talked and planned, and Miss Ackerman said she would carry her to the tent and put her to bed.

"I suppose it is terrible for me to say it, but I feel as if this earthquake and fire had taken an

awful load off my mind. I'll have a few days' rest from those dreadful suffrage meetings and that tiresome society news. If you knew how I hate it all!"

"By golly!" almost shouted Beggs, "I thought you liked to do that women's stuff! I thought you were crazy on woman suffrage!"

"Like it! I despise it. I wish I need never hear about suffrage and society again. I get so tired of writing about women who do things just to see their names and descriptions of their gowns in the paper! But I suppose that is the heritage of all women in the newspaper business. Every man thinks every woman raves about such things, so editors pounce on women journalists to do the work."

"Well, by golly!" cried Beggs again, and then he lowered his voice and said: "Do you know, Miss Ackerman, I always supposed that you were — well, a crank on society and suffrage. If I had known what I know now, I should have asked you to marry me ten — yes, fifteen years ago!"

"Why, Mr. Beggs!"

"I mean it," he continued rapidly, leaning toward her over the table. "I mean just what I say. I always liked you from the first day you came into the *Graphic* office and took that assignment about the little crippled girl out at the Foundlings' Home. That was a bully story. It almost made me cry, but I got drunk instead. Those things always get me down deep. But when you began to fuss around with society, I was disappointed. I thought I had made a mistake about you. But I always liked you, Miss Ackerman; you know that, don't you? Everybody in the *Graphic* office knows it. By golly, Miss Ackerman, didn't you always kind of suspect that I kind of liked you?"

"I wasn't quite sure," she said softly, gazing into the coffee-cup. "You had a very strange manner sometimes, Mr. Beggs."

"I know it. It's because I'm an old fool. You heard what I said about liquor — that stands. Miss Ackerman, I want to know if you will marry me right now, just as quick as I can find a justice of the peace or a sky-pilot of some sort. There is an army chaplain over near the tent, and I guess we won't need a license. Will you marry me — me and Mary — and we'll keep her always?"

The turkey feather quivered as she lifted her moist eyes from the face of the sleeping child in her arms and looked at Beggs.

"I will, Mr. Beggs."

"Shake on it," he said.

She smiled, and gave him her hand.

# STUDYING THE ANIMAL MIND IN LABORATORIES

BY

E. T. BREWSTER

SO far as the study of animal behavior is concerned, the days of the mere observer are past. The painstaking naturalist of the older sort did indeed secure much valuable information—but it took him a lifetime to do it. He went out into fields or woods for the chance of running across some interesting creature; and even when luck favored him most, he had to wait patiently, hour after hour, for the chance of seeing something new or significant.

The modern animal psychologist, however, reverses this process. He brings the animal into his laboratory, and arranges matters to suit his convenience, not its. He takes any sort of creature not too wild—cat, monkey, racoon, chick, sparrow, frog, turtle, sea-anemone, infusorian—and examines it as if it were an applicant for life insurance. He tests its sight, its hearing, its memory. He plots its "learning curve" on coordinate paper, and compares this with the learning curves of other animals, with those of children and of men. In place of a random note, to-day about a crow, to-morrow concerning a rabbit, he spends a year studying a single creature, and settles one point before he advances to the next. After the creature's capacity is made out, then it becomes possible to interpret its behavior.

All this naturally makes for accuracy. Whereas the outdoor naturalists have disputed whether insects can hear, Miss Adèle Fielde proves that one particular sort of ant is deaf to all sounds that come through the air, but, when standing on a solid body, hears through its legs sounds of lower pitch than two octaves above middle C. It is one thing to speculate how far insects are guided by the colors of flowers; it is quite another to know that one particular insect, like the photographic camera, is blind to red and yellow, and sees two colors in the ultra-violet.

Inevitably such a change of method, from desultory observation to precise experiment, has brought about a change of opinion. I have already, in the June issue of this magazine, outlined the demonstration that animals do not

count; that they do not in any strict sense reason; and that, in general, they think less than we of how things look, and more of how it feels to act. I turn now to certain precise studies of animal instinct.

## *What the Duck's Instinct Does Not Tell It About Water*

It has turned out, under the searching experimentation of recent years, that much that we have all along supposed to be instinct in animals is not instinct at all. For example, the young duck proves to have no instinctive impulse to enter the water; does not recognize the element by sight; is, in short, in precisely the situation of a chick—until, by happy chance, it gets its legs wet. Wet legs, however, and the lift of the water on the body at once start up the swimming reaction; and away sails the duckling, as chicks and children do not.

The chick, on its part, has a definite instinct to peck at any small object that catches its eye. That takes care of its feeding. But the chick has no corresponding instinct to drink, and would die of thirst before it would recognize water by sight alone. Drinking it has to learn for itself, by pecking at dew-drops, or spots of light on the surface of the water, or particles at the bottom of its cup. Even the hen, contrary to general belief, proves to have no instinctive fear of the water for her offspring. A hen that has raised a few broods of ducks and seen them take to the water becomes highly distressed when a subsequent hatch of chickens do not swim. In fact, hens have been reported, under these circumstances, to lead their chicks to the waterside and push them in.

## *The Cat Not an Instinctive Enemy of the Mouse*

If anything in the entire animal kingdom would seem to be a matter of pure instinct, that thing is the traditional antipathy of cat and mouse. Yet a recent study of C. S. Berry, made in Professor Münsterberg's laboratory at Harvard, shows pretty clearly that the cat has no instinctive impulse to kill and eat mice—nor

the mouse any instinctive fear of cats. Berry finds that a mouse may smell the nose of an inexperienced cat, or even perch on its back, and be quite safe, so long as it does not run away.

For the instinct of the kitten is to chase any small moving object — ball, spool, tail, mouse — indifferently. It is not the mouse that interests it, but the mouse in motion. Some day, often by accident, the kitten plays too roughly with its captive, and discovers that there is meat inside. It is well known that cats specialize their hunting, some catching mice, some squirrels, some birds. It seems, in each case, to depend on accidents of discovery. A good mouser, then, is not a cat with a strong instinct for catching mice, but one with a strong habit of doing so.

*An Instinct that Survived Unused for  
Two Hundred Years*

And yet, there are hunting instincts of a truly wonderful sort. In the course of the remarkable studies of the white rat, made by Small at Clark University, some account of which I gave in my former article, one of the rats escaped from confinement and spent a night at large in the laboratory. In the course of his wanderings, he came upon three chickens, many times larger than himself. These he slew most skilfully, each with a single bite through the neck. Now, the white rat is a domesticated creature, bred by fanciers and kept as a pet. This rat had never seen a chicken before, much less killed one. No more had his parents, nor his grandparents, nor, very likely, any of his ancestors during the two hundred years that white rats have lived in cages and been fed by their owners. Yet the knack of killing birds and the impulse to use it had come down through a thousand generations, unused but unimpaired.

*No Such Thing as "Maternal Instinct"*

We talk about "maternal instinct." There is no such thing. To be sure, there are impulses that have to do with young, which females possess and males lack. The wasp lays its egg on the body of the caterpillar for the larva which she will never see. The hen sits twenty-one days on any roundish, whitish object of the proper size. I have seen, at a children's party, every little girl leave the supper-table on the advent of a baby, and every little boy go stolidly on with his supper. But each kind of mother has its own bundle of instinctive reactions. There is no "maternal instinct" in the abstract.

No more is there any "instinct of self-preservation." Fear there is, and hunger and thirst; and, among the higher animals at least, a general preference for being warm and dry. But

one frightened creature fights, while another runs away, and still another crouches motionless and unseen. An instinct is not a faculty, but a reflex. The duckling feels the water, and swims. The young swallow feels itself falling, and flies. The bulldog shuts its jaws, and hangs on. The sphinx caterpillar turns up the hinder end of its body to look like the head of a green snake. There is no one "instinct of self-preservation"; there are not many instincts that are anything else.

Indeed, strictly speaking, there is no such thing as "instinct." Instincts there are by the score. We ourselves have quite as many as any other creature. But an instinct is never a piece of information, and never a vague faculty. It is always an impulse to do some definite act, like pecking at a bright object, or hugging a baby.

*How the Lost Animal Finds its  
Way Home*

One cannot, therefore, say that a lost cat finds its way home by instinct. "Home" is a different place for each cat, and no series of mechanical acts will take the animal there. The lost animal finds its way home precisely as a lost man finds his. It depends on its sense of direction, its judgment of distance, its memory of familiar points. Most four-footed beasts and most men, once badly lost, stay lost and do not get home at all. When they do, in one case as in the other, it is largely perseverance and luck. Even the homing pigeon has to be put through a long training before it can find its way home.

In fact, this whole problem of homing and migratory instincts illustrates nicely the modern way of interpreting animal behavior. There is no "homing instinct." The animal becomes wonted to some particular tree or hole or human fireside. This means to him warmth and shelter and food. It is, in short, his home; and if he is a home body, he longs for it when absent, like any of the rest of us. So cat and horse and dog and carrier pigeon return to their abodes, not by virtue of any strange, peculiar instinct, but because they know the way.

*What the "Migratory Instinct"  
Amounts to*

On the other hand, there are true migratory instincts. Do not we men feel their stirring in our own blood? But the instinct turns out, on examination, to be always an impulse to go; never a knowledge of the way.

Lately won knowledge of the migration of the salmon brings out this point especially well. It shows, too, how information acquired by laboratory experiment can be turned back to explaining acts of animals in their native surroundings.

Salmon are hatched miles from the sea, from eggs laid on the gravels at the head-waters of the large rivers. They come downstream with the current, and live in the sea until adult. Thereupon they ascend the rivers once more, rush the rapids, jump the falls, and finally, in their turn, deposit their eggs in the shallows of the smaller streams. Moreover, it appears from numerous experiments with marked fish that each individual salmon is pretty certain to come back to the same river in which it first wriggled its own little tail.

*How the Salmon Finds the Way Back to its Birthplace*

The problem, then, is: How does the adult salmon find its way back to its birthplace? It has been maintained that the fish remembers. Unfortunately, there is no evidence that the salmon has any such conscious memory, while there is abundant evidence for thinking that it has not. We higher animals, moreover, do our remembering with our cerebral hemispheres. But the salmon has no cerebral hemispheres; and so, if it remembers at all, it does so with some part of the nervous system which other backboneed creatures put to a different use. It has been maintained also that the fish knows the way by "instinct." But "instinct" that involves knowledge is a vain imagination of pre-scientific days.

The true explanation turns out to be somewhat complex. In the first place, fishes in moving water tend to head upstream. This is not an instinct, but a so-called tropism, an impulse below the level of instinct, common at once to salmon and to green peas. A like tropism causes the house-plant to grow toward the window,

As the sunflower turns on her god when he sets  
The same look which she turned when he rose.

In all such cases, too, the plant does not turn toward the light, but heads upstream to the light-ray.

So the tropism heads the salmon upstream, while, with the ripening of the eggs in its body, comes the instinct to swim strongly. Between the two, the fish tends to swim up-current. But the salmon is not a wide-ranging fish, and seldom gets beyond the sphere of influence of the great river in which it was born. With all the shift of tides and eddies, therefore, the river current is the constant factor. Gradually, then, in considerable numbers, fish swimming upstream work their way into the river-mouth.

Nor does the salmon, in any conscious fashion, find its way past falls and rapids and over fish-ladders. It simply heads upstream, and the

harder the current runs, the harder it swims against it. It really takes no more intelligence for a live salmon to find its way upstream, under such conditions, than for a dead salmon to float down. By and by, the fish comes to the region of quick water, where the mud bottom of the lower river gives place to sand and gravel. The eggs being now ready, the little-river environment starts up the egg-laying reflex. This, in turn, cuts off the impulse to swim hard; and the fish, having done its errand, drops downstream with the current. So it is neither memory, nor intelligence, nor "instinct," in the pre-scientific sense, that takes the salmon back to its birthplace; but one common tropism, and two reflexes, so simple that they hardly deserve to be called instincts at all.

*The South-Seeking Impulse of Birds Still Unexplained*

When, however, from the migration of fish we turn to the migration of birds, we find that to be of a fundamentally different sort. For the bird is no mere animated jumping-jack, like the fish, to move when the environment pulls the string, but an intelligent creature not unlike ourselves.

Our common birds, as they live through the year, run also through a cycle of instincts. First the mating impulses go on duty. These fade out and are replaced by the nest-building instincts. Then follow, in succession, the instincts to care for the young, and the various seasonal instincts of different birds. Finally, toward the end of the warm weather, there appears the impulse to collect in flocks — the common gregarious instinct, the desire to be with one's fellows, which in cattle and in men lasts all the year round, and in cats never appears at all.

Next in turn appears the fly-away instinct, and the bird goes south. Just why it goes *south* is still a puzzle. It has been maintained that the south-seeking impulse is in the nature of a tropism. But whether the guiding cue is a tendency to head toward the sun, or to head up-current to a warm wind or downstream to a cold one, or south-polar-wise in the earth's magnetic field, or what it may be, nobody has yet succeeded in finding out. It has been maintained, on the other hand, that the instinct is solely an impulse to fly hard, and that the direction is entirely a matter of knowledge and habit, which the young birds get by imitation from their elders.

Whatever the case with birds of the first year, there is little question that after one or two migrations north and south, the bird's instinct becomes the least important factor in the matter. Each individual bird has its precise summer

abode and its equally precise winter home. It follows the same track each year; guides its course by the mountain-ranges, coast-lines, and river-valleys; has its familiar resting and feeding spots on the way. In short, after the first few migrations, the bird acts exactly like a man with a flying-machine and no map. However the migration begins, it ends by becoming a habit.

#### *Imitation a True Instinct*

One might go on indefinitely in this fashion, and show how, in one case after another, what looks like a complex instinct resolves itself into a simple inherited reflex, pieced out, in the more intelligent species, by the creature's own habits and experience. I turn instead to some recent studies of one of the great basal instincts, an instinct which is preëminently human, but which we men share with most of the more interesting animals: the instinct, namely, of imitation.

There can be no question that imitation is instinctive in human beings. One has only to yawn in company, or look at his watch, to see how minds of all calibers run in the same channels; while tricks of speech and manner run through a community like an epidemic. To be sure, we do not in our own case call it instinctive imitation. Just now we are all imitating the abnormal psychologists, and talking about "suggestion"; as we disguise several other human instincts by calling them emotions. There the instinct is, nevertheless, strong and persistent, and a bond of sympathetic understanding between ourselves and our dumb friends.

With men and animals alike, the instinct to imitate appears in especially simple guise in the impulse to follow a moving object. One sparrow takes wing, and away goes the whole flock. The dog learns readily to heel. The new-born lamb props itself on wobbly legs and moves along after its mother.

It turns out, as one would expect on general principles, that the instinct is to follow any moving object, never a knowledge of what object it is most profitable to follow. No doubt, if the wolf ate up the sheep, the lamb would be quite content to follow the wolf instead. This came out nicely in some studies of Spaulding, who was among the first to apply the method of experiment to the study of animal behavior. He used to have chicks a week or two old that would run after him, while they were deaf to all the blandishments of their parent; and flocks of half-grown chickens that tagged at his heels for miles. Spaulding's method was simple enough. He merely took the chicks when first hatched, and made himself, instead of the hen, the most obvious moving object in their en-

vironment. Thus the impulse to follow something fixed itself to him, rather than to the hen.

#### *Birds Do Not Teach their Young to Fly*

One reads in certain quarters that in the school of the woods, birds teach their young to fly. They do nothing of the sort. Lloyd Morgan settled that point years ago. Does the human mother get down on the nursery floor and show the baby how to creep, or train the boy to run by taking him out to see his father chase the trolley car? As the bird's bones and muscles and feathers grow, there grows also the inherited nervous correlation needed to employ them. When all is ready, it becomes merely a question of starting up the reflex. If the fledgeling tumbles out of the nest, the rush of the air does it. If he sees the parents fly away, that sight starts the reflex, and the young bird follows the old precisely as the old bird follows that member of the flock that starts first. In the school of the woods, the dictionaries have no equivalent for, "You hold it this way, and you move it so." So long as the human infant continues to creep, stand, run, walk, laugh, cry, swallow, bite, and even to talk instinctively, the young bird will probably make shift to fly without much formal schooling.

Yet, although any observer of animals can supply offhand plenty of instances of imitation, it is becoming increasingly clear, year by year, that this instinct is by no means the important factor in animal psychology that it has often been supposed to be. No other living creature is one half as imitative as man. In many an intelligent animal, the instinct is most conspicuous by its absence.

#### *Some Experiments With Laboratory Animals*

Yerkes, who holds a research chair at Harvard and gives most of his attention to the animal, not the undergraduate, mind, had a curious experience with some of his famous dancing-mice. He put a mouse in a pen where it was hungry and cold and lonely, and taught it to go back to its nest by way of a wire ladder. This done, he put in the pen with the experienced mouse an untrained individual. Three to ten times a day, for eighteen days, the second mouse crouched shivering in the pen, saw its companion disappear to food and comfort, and made no sign of doing likewise. Other experiments of different sorts revealed the same deep-seated inability to learn by imitation.

L. W. Cole, of the Department of Psychology at Wellesley, is special authority on the real, as distinguished from the legendary, racoon. He found that although each coon readily learned



of itself to undo highly complicated fastenings. no individual ever got the least help from watching another. Carr and Watson at Chicago showed that their rats, for all their cleverness at finding their way through mazes, did not learn from one another. From many sources comes the same evidence. Compared with man, the amount that any animal learns by imitation is astonishingly small. Even the monkeys, it transpires, are little given to aping one another. Their reputation as mimics rests largely on the fact that, being much like men in body and by no means unlike them in mind, they do, quite independently, the same things as men. As Cole ingeniously points out, success in animal society is less dependent on imitating one's fellows than in getting ahead of them.

With us men, on the other hand, imitation is a highly important matter. It is our educability that makes us, if not human, at least civilized, and this peculiar educability is based in large measure on the peculiar strength in us of the instinct of imitation. So we differ from the animals in having more instincts than they, and in having some of them stronger.

#### *Talent in Animals*

If, then, one were to sum up in a sentence the essential difference between the old view of instinct and the new, it would amount to this: that where the one looks upon instinct as blind impulse which takes the place of experience, the other regards it, at least in the higher animals and in man, as a device for making experience come easy. Insatiable is the curiosity of monkeys and children and coons; and the outcome of the instinct is a vast deal of useful information they would otherwise never obtain. How easy is it, aided by the favoring instinct, to learn to walk on the feet; how hard, without it, to walk on the hands. One might almost say that many special instincts are like the special gifts of men; so that the bird has a talent for nest-building, and the cat for hunting small game, as one child has a talent for music and another for business. As men sometimes become spendthrifts in spite of their acquisitiveness, and city children do not climb trees in spite of a well-marked instinct, so the higher animals have their special instinctive impulses altered or developed or aborted by the experiences of their lives. Pure instinct unmodified by experience and habit is as rare in a grown dog as in a grown man.

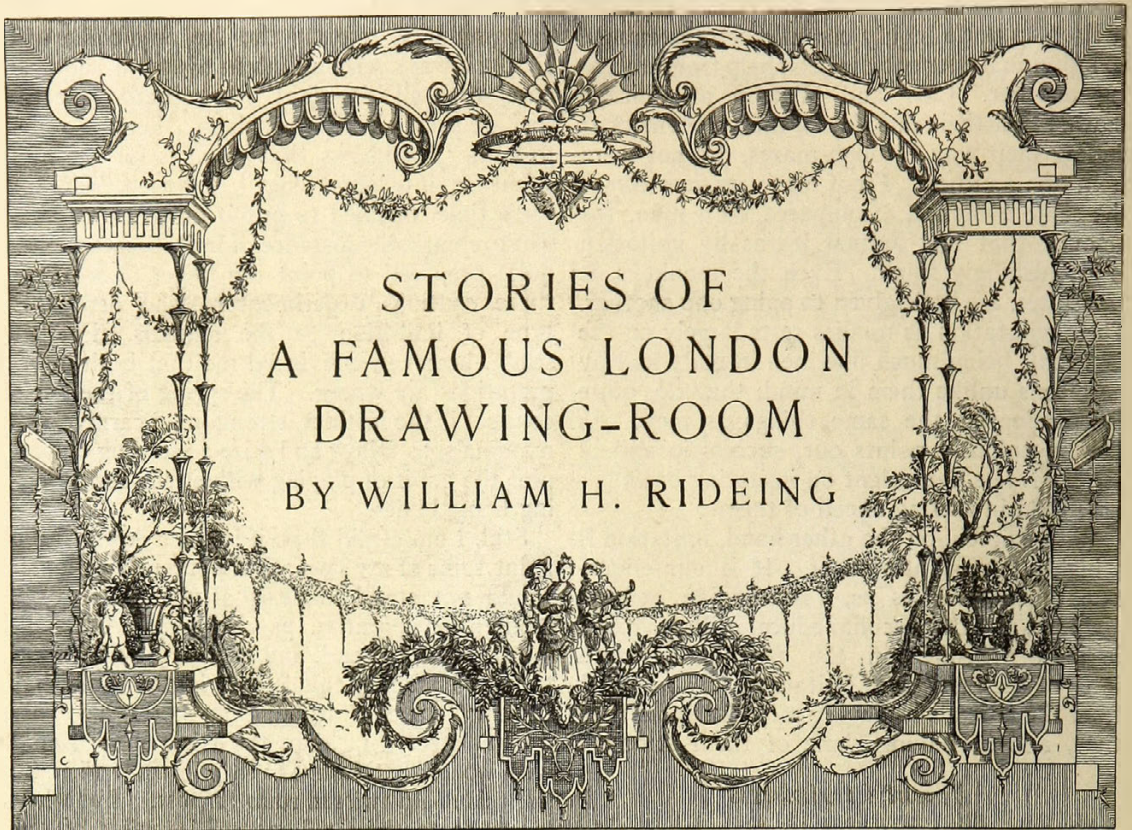
In interpreting any particular act of an animal, the chances are that both the instinctive and the rational factors are less important than we imagine, and the habitual element much larger. When I am in the woods and

dragging in a tree for the fire, my collie will almost always seize a limb in his teeth and pull away with all his might. Imaginative spectators are pretty likely to exclaim, "See, he wants to help. He knows that wood is for the fire. What an intelligent dog!" I was myself, for some time, inclined to put it down as a somewhat remarkable instance of imitation, and was quite prepared to point the finger of scorn at those cautious experimenters who deny this type of imitation to the animals. Further study, however, convinced me that both interpretations are wrong. The spring of the dog's conduct is the instinct, strong in all carnivorous mammals, to follow and seize a receding object, plus the habit of playing with sticks and bringing home bones.

Still, I am afraid that, if it came down to the point, some of my own acts, apparently rational, would not stand analysis at the hands of a modern comparative psychologist. After all, my dog is my friend, and there is no friendship except between equals. I know somewhat more of ancient history than he; I have acquired, after a fashion, the trick of reasoning with words; I still have to help him out when he gets his chain twisted round a post. But when it comes to the fundamental impulses of our lives,—fear, anger, curiosity, sex, parenthood, hunger, fatigue, the joy of battle,—we are all of us, men and beasts together, pretty much on a level. Here, rather than in thought or knowledge, is the touch of nature which makes the world of warm-blooded animals akin.

On the intellectual side, alas, the more we come to know of the minds of animals, the more monumental appears the ignorance and stupidity of the best of them. On the whole, the work of late years, which I have outlined in this article and the one which preceded it, bears out most strikingly the opinion that Francis Galton reached, shortly before 1870, from his study of ability in men. Speaking roughly, where Galton spoke with the accuracy of the biometrics of which he is the world's great master, the relation of animal ability to human ability is this: If we start with the average successful business or professional man, and from this level drop down through a certain interval of natural capacity, we reach the grade of the ordinary day-laborer. Another drop, equal in amount, brings us to the lowest savages. One more of the same sort, and we reach the level of children of four, of weak-minded men and idiots, of dogs and cats and monkeys and elephants. Still lower comes the general ruck of animals.

It is a hard saying. But what does any actual animal ever do that is beyond the mental power of a human idiot?



ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

WHEN London was new to me thirty years ago, I remember that Boughton, the painter, declared it to be the most hospitable city in the world. "You need not be distinguished or rich, but you must be interesting or have done something interesting — that's all they ask here," he said, speaking of the passports necessary for social recognition. Perhaps the statement reflected his own experiences, the result of marked talents plus an unusually charming and winsome personality. Yet, speaking generally, his words were entirely true. Literature, science, and art are, I think, recognized socially in London to a greater extent than elsewhere.

Let me recall a house in Harley Street that was famous through many years for its entertainment of celebrities, under the reign of a mistress of ancient lineage, who, with all the fascinations of her sex, was both a political and an intellectual force. In the drawing-room or at dinner at this house one was sure to meet the man of the hour and the woman of the hour. There you might see the dapper Lord Roberts, the inscrutable Kitchener, and the vivacious Wolseley. Whatever party was in power, whether the Prime Minister was Mr. Gladstone,

oracular and gracious, or Lord Salisbury, reticent and cold, or Mr. Balfour, debonair, smiling, and immeasurably suave — the Prime Minister came, and between him and a duchess might be placed Henry Irving (one could never meet him that he did not ask one to something, to supper in the Beefsteak Room or to a tremendous dinner), or Ellen Terry (who to the children of the house was always "Aunt Nellie"), or George Grossmith, or Lord Kelvin, or Lord Leighton, or the Lord Chief Justice; while somewhere down the table you might find a newborn dramatist whose piece had just been produced, or a young novelist who had done something out of the common, or some one like Burnham, the American scout, after his return from service against the Boers in South Africa. Trojan and Tyrian sat peacefully at the same table — judges and barristers, Liberals and Conservatives, Irish Nationalists, such as O'Connor, and Unionists, such as Colonel Sanderson, the belligerent member for Ulster; ambassadors, editors, and actors. But no one was there who had not won distinction of some kind.

I will call the hostess Lady B. *Punch* had a picture of Stanley in the African bush with a bushman saluting him as he pushed through the jungle.



*From a Copley print, copyrighted by Curtis & Cameron*

MISS ADA REHAN  
FROM THE PAINTING BY SARGENT

"We have met before," says the bushman, to the surprise of the explorer.

"Indeed! Where?"

"At Lady B.'s."

One day when I was making a call, we spoke of a brilliant and erratic man who had come to grief in a recent scandal. He had been convicted of perjury, and had been removed for a time from the haunts in New York and London where his wit had made him welcome.

With a sly look from her husband to me, she said, "He was so nice, and isn't it a pity? But I dare say that the next time you come to England you'll find him here again."

"Never!" cried her husband, who was one of the most distinguished of English judges. "I" — with extreme emphasis on the pronoun — "I draw the line at those who have been in jail."

"Oh, don't be so narrow, dear," she protested.

"They are the most interesting people in the world."

Diversified as the guests were and dissimilar in creed, station, politics, and occupations, the influence of her personality was always sufficient to reconcile them and interest them in one another. Politics and religion were, of course, always eschewed in conversation, but ample latitude was given for the amicable discussion of other top-

ics. As an instance of this freedom, I remember that at one of the dinners, which included several peers, an aggressive and satirical young man who edited one of the leading English reviews declared, "There's nothing I enjoy more than rejecting an article by a member of the House of Lords. He's sure to be a duffer!"

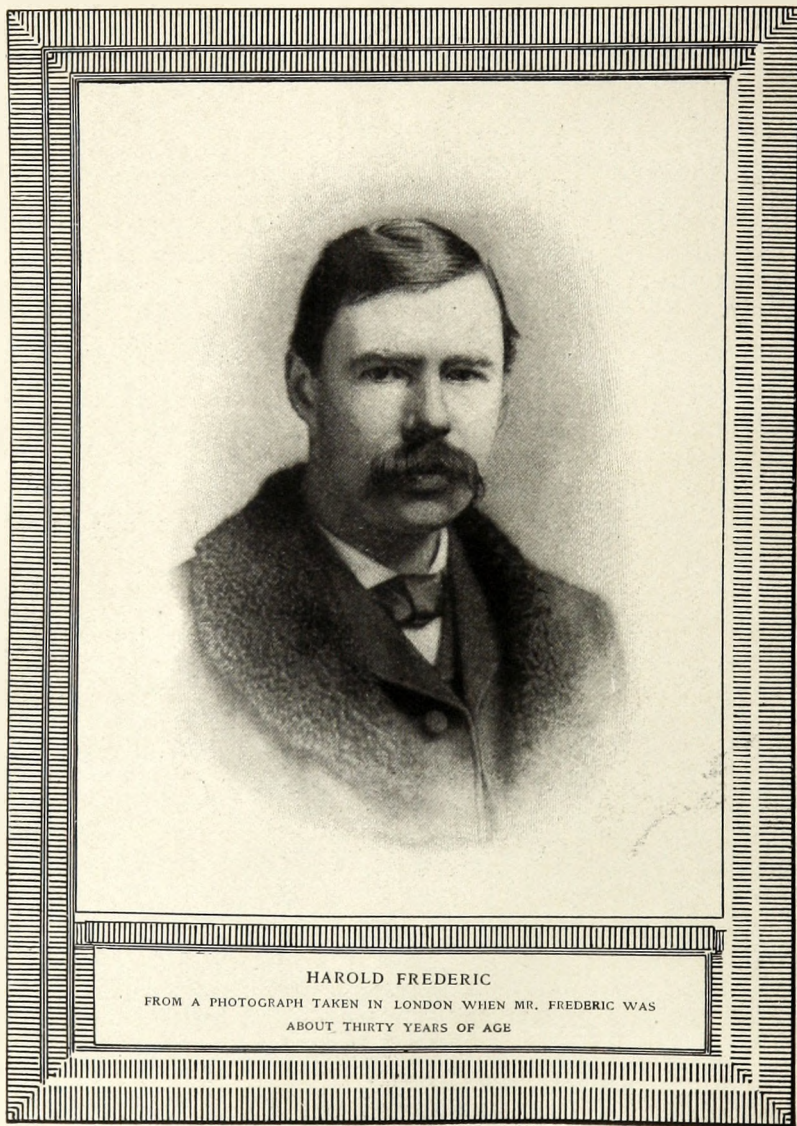
Did their Lordships bridle and darken? Did the others show anxiety — the hostess alarm? Not a bit of it. Everybody laughed.

"You do publish articles by such people occasionally — the Duke of Marlborough," one of the peers suggested, referring not to the present duke but to his father.

"Ah, yes! But see what a blackguard he is! He's quite eligible on that account."

Thereupon he launched out into derision of England. As all who ride in omnibuses know, the scale of fares in England is often based

on the distance between one tavern and another, as between the Red Lion and the Angel, or between the Cat and the Fiddle and the Elephant and Castle. "The only country in the world that measures its stages from pub to pub," he cried scornfully, making this but one count in a comprehensive indictment of England's depravity. Nobody minded. They all took him humorously. He was one of the





SARAH BERNHARDT  
FROM THE PAINTING BY JULES BASTIEN-LEPAGE

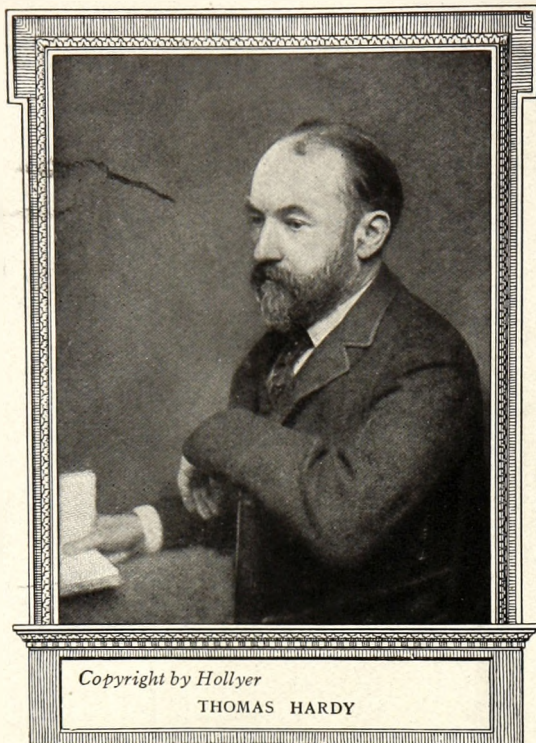
successes of the dinner. And I may add that, of all people, the Englishman of modern society is the least touchy under criticism. He likes nothing more than raillery against his national foibles. And this critic was a professional railer; he was then the editor of the *Saturday Review*.

One night I sat at the right of Lord Randolph Churchill, who was only one chair removed from the host, and the conversation between them turned on the difficulties of public speak-

ing. "Have you ever been embarrassed by finding that after telling your audience there were three points to which you particularly wished to call their attention, and elaborating the first two, you could not remember a word of what you meant to say on the third?"

The question was asked by the host.

Lord Randolph was then plainly a doomed and shattered man. He shook as if in a palsy; his voice was woolly and stuttering, almost unintelligible. The ladies had retired to the



drawing-room, and he put on the table before him a case of cigarettes, which he smoked greedily. Only half the case held cigarettes; the other half was filled with cotton-wool, a fresh piece of which he rammed into his amber holder for each smoke, his purpose being, I suppose, to reduce the nicotine. But notwithstanding his battered appearance, his mind seemed as acute as ever.

"Yes," he replied, out of a meditatingly observed cloud of smoke, "that has happened to me more than once, but it never gave me trouble. I found an easy way out. 'Gentlemen,' I have said to them, 'I told you that there were three things which I desired to emphasize. I have mentioned two, only two. Much more, very much more could be said, but I appeal to your intelligence. Is it necessary for me to go any further? to waste any more of your time or my own on a question, the answer to which is so obvious? Haven't I said enough to convince you as fully as I am convinced myself?' They have been quite satisfied with this, and while they were applauding I have swung into another part of the subject. Gross duplicity, but it has saved me as, sometimes, only duplicity will do."

At another dinner I sat next to a plump and flrid lady of most discomposing urgency. I had not met her before, and was ignorant even of her name. She preened herself for a moment, and then, without any preliminaries beyond a glance down the table, a pick at her

skirt, and a touch of her tiara, plunged the question, with her eyes disturbingly focused on mine, "Do you believe in platonic love?"

It struck me that this was not quite fair — that she ought to have given me some warning. With a consciousness of fatuity and futility, I shambled into the reply, "Let me think about it, but in the meantime hadn't you better ask Lord B.?"

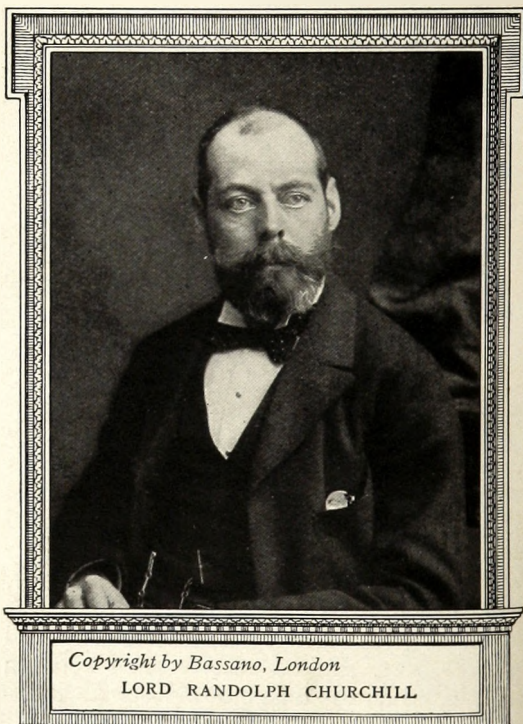
I had presence of mind enough, at all events, to refer her to the proper quarter for information. Lord B. had the misfortune, as he put it, to preside in that court which is more likely than any other experience to make a cynic of a man.

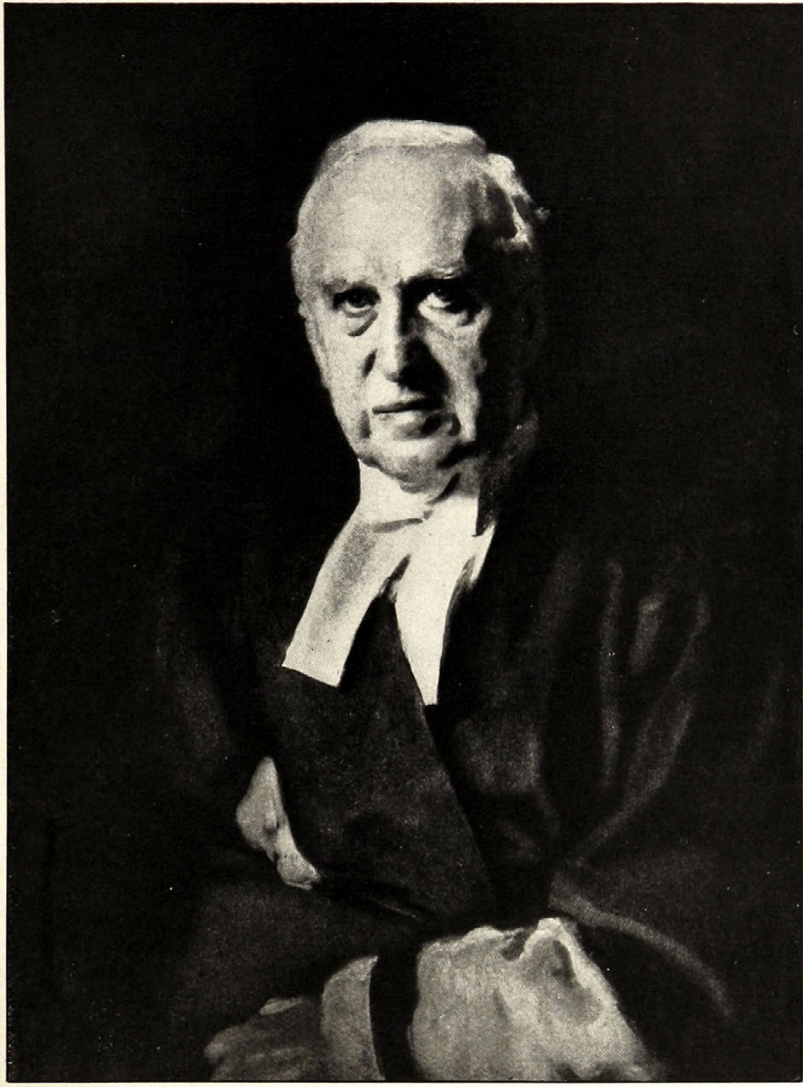
"Lord B., do you believe in platonic love?"

He lost no time in his answer: "I have heard of it, but I never met a case of it in the divorce-court."

He was one of the most delightful men I have ever had the good fortune to meet; lofty in thought and dignified in bearing, impressive in appearance and in voice, simple in taste and manner, kind beyond words, and, like his wife, never happier than when surrounded by their multitudinous friends.

Strange as it may seem, the judges who try divorce cases in England are also judges of probate and of admiralty. I remember Lord B. saying to me, in reference to an admiralty case he had tried, that the only conclusion you could come to from the evidence in cases of collision at sea was that no collision had occurred,





LORD CHIEF JUSTICE RUSSELL OF KILLOWEN  
FROM THE PAINTING BY SARGENT

*Reproduced by courtesy of the Lenox Library*

because, by the testimony, the captain and crew of each ship had strictly and scrupulously obeyed the rules of the road, so that collision must have been impossible.

Taking the liveliest interest in his maritime cases, he decided on one occasion to make a personal test of the color sense of two captains who were in dispute before him, and took them with him to those disastrous Channel shoals, the Goodwin Sands, near the estuary of the Thames, where passes inward and outward the most important part of the Empire's traffic.

Neither of the men could distinguish in the dark between the reds and greens of the steering-lights, and they were also bewildered by the vagaries of the transmission of sound through fogs.

Most of the judges and many barristers were, of course, frequent among the guests of that house. I have been at the Royal Courts of Justice in the afternoon, and watched them, gowned and bewigged, at their solemn work — the judges precise, austere, portentous, Rhadamantine, the barristers deferential, ingra-

tiating, and all attention. Then they have assembled at dinner in the evening, like Olympians descending from their pedestals, as worldly-wise, as merry, and as familiar as common mortals. Who could have been more human and amusing than the late Lord Chief Justice Russell of Killowen (once Sir Charles Russell), a stately, handsome man of commanding presence; or his successor, the present Lord Chief Justice Alverstone, who, when he can be persuaded to sing after dinner, is likely to select W. S. Gilbert's nonsensical song from "Trial by Jury," and rattle it off with the greatest spirit—that song which just describes his early days when he had

A couple of shirts and a collar or two,  
And a ring that looked like a ruby.

The late Justice Day was another guest, he upon whose name was obvious and easy play. In criminal trials he was so severe that he became "Judgment Day"; when he married, "Wedding Day"; at Bristol, "Day of Reckoning"; and one day when he was seen to nod on the bench, "Day of Rest." Once, when he was trying a case, a prolix barrister tried his patience, and at the end of a long and tedious speech spoke of some bags which were in question. "They might, me Lud, have been full bags, or half-full bags, or again they might have been empty bags."

"Quite so, quite so," the Judge assent-

ed, adding dryly and significantly: "Or they might have been wind-bags."

On one occasion the conversation turned to the thoroughness of the administration of the law in Great Britain. "We sweat the law in England to get all the justice out of it we can," declared a vivacious gentleman who sat next to me, and I infer that no one doubted his sincerity or the truth of what he said. He soon drifted into a very different topic, and showed his preference for it—the turf. He was called "the sporting judge," and it was whispered that at dawn on the days before the Derby you could find him in mufti on Epsom Downs, a cloth cap on his head, following the horses as they were exercised, and making up his mind about them before he took the train to town for his seat on the bench. He was jokingly asked for "tips," and, after protesting that they were

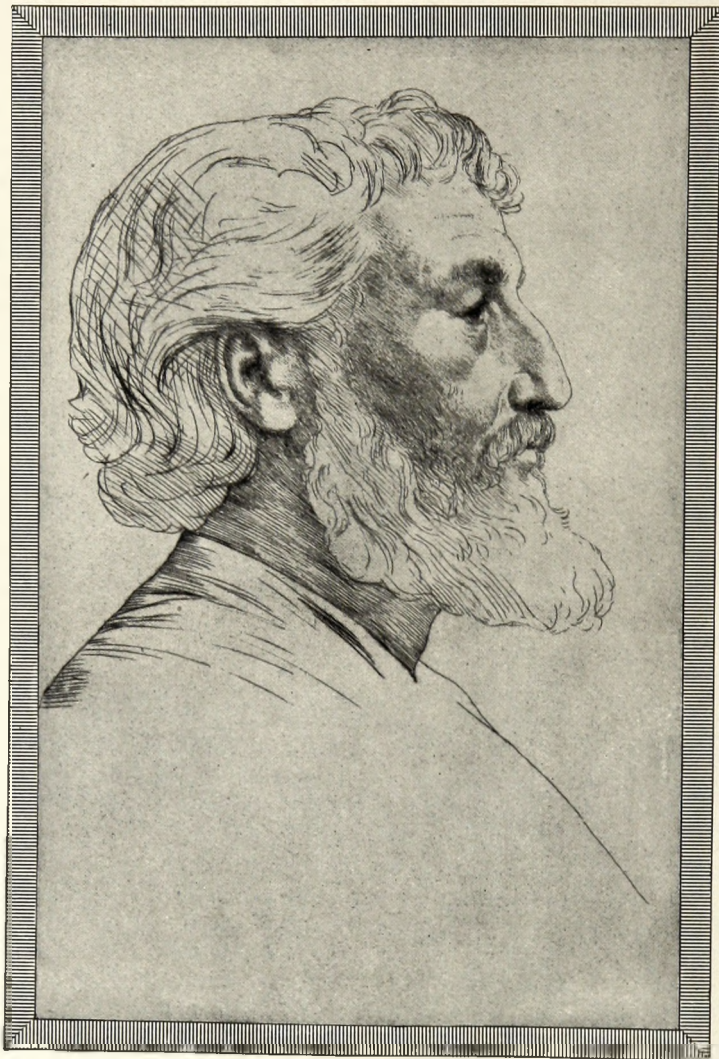
worth nothing, offered one "for a consideration." What was the "consideration" to be? "The best golf ball that can be bought in England."

Gossip said that his knowledge of the turf helped him to the bench. At the races, the wife of a Lord Chancellor asked him to put for her a trifle on a horse of his own selection. He did so, and won. When he handed the winnings to her she complimented him.

"What an excellent judge you would make!"

And, as he bowed, he whispered, "Please say that to the Lord Chancellor."

His appointment followed.

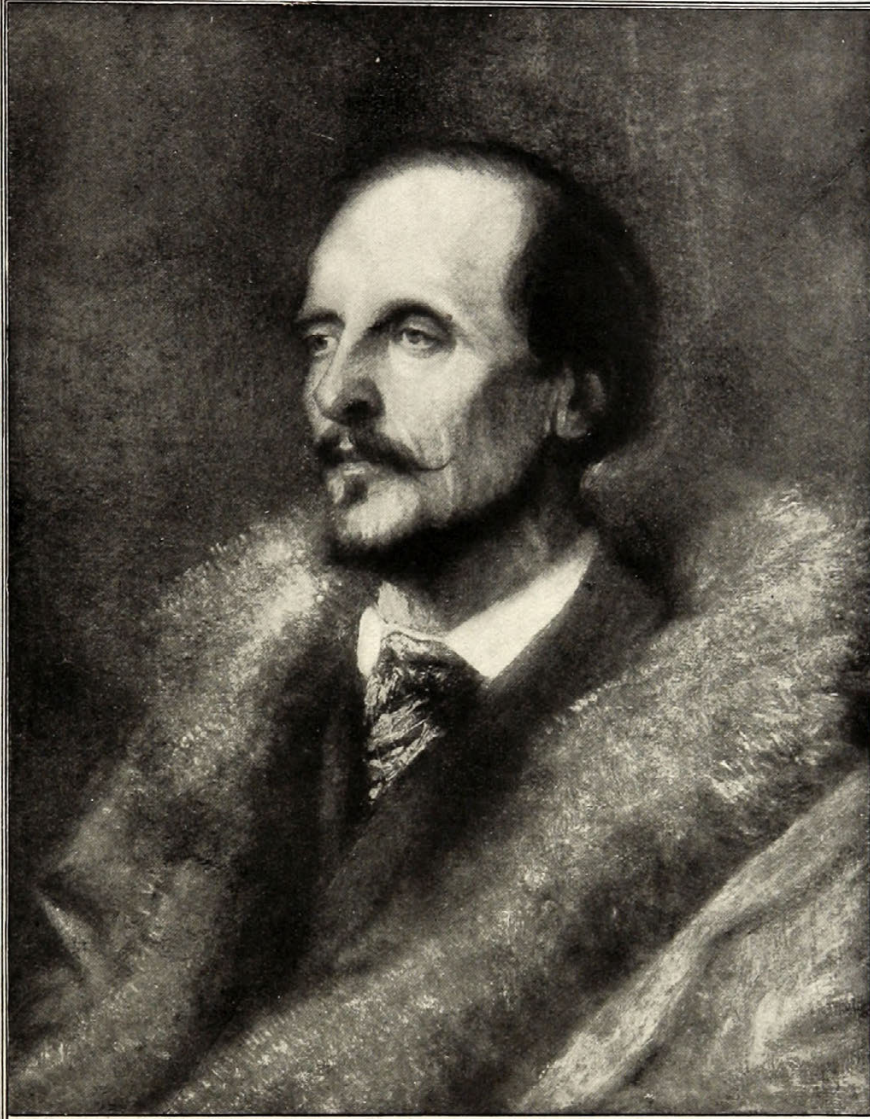


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LORD LEIGHTON

FROM THE ETCHING BY LEGROS





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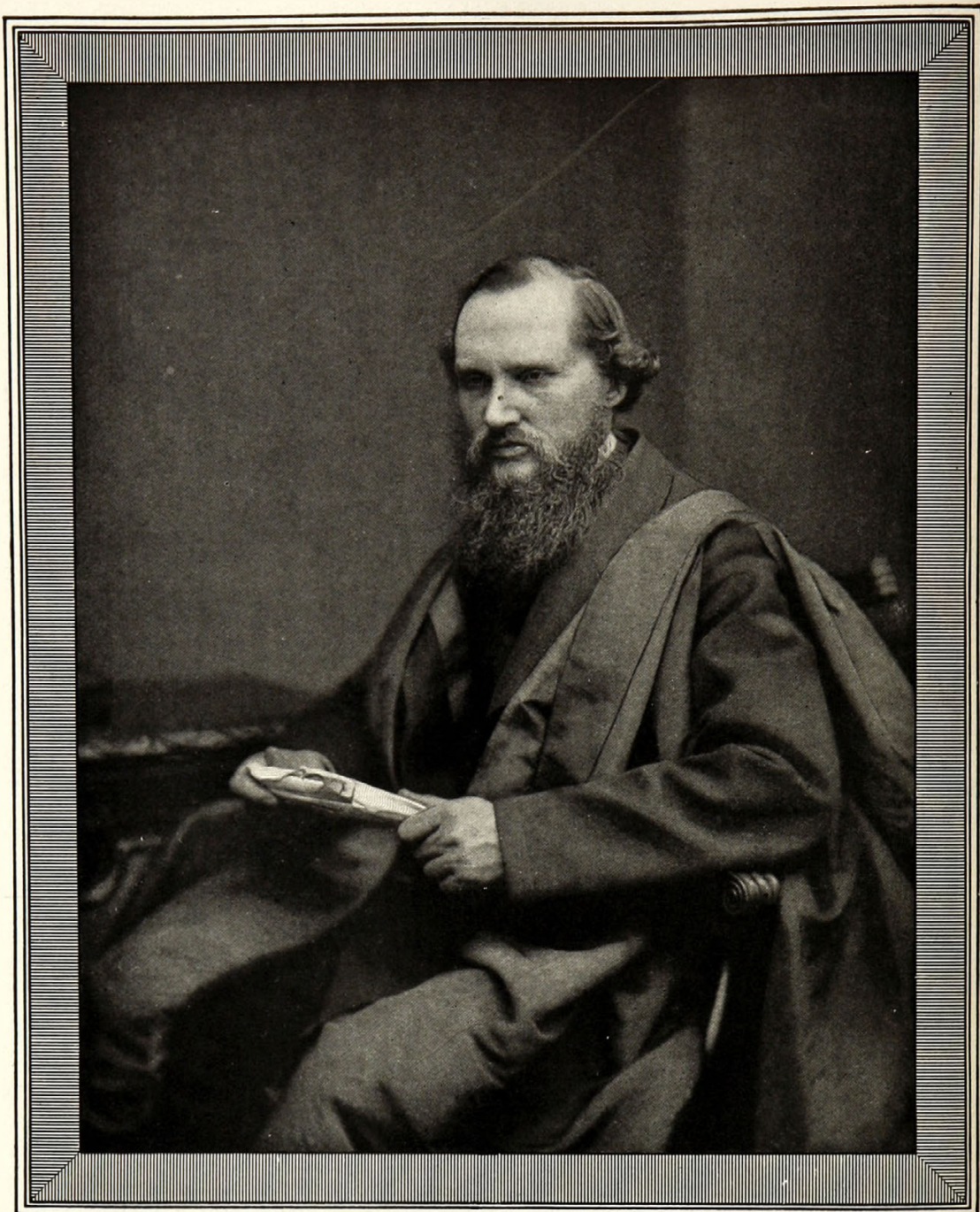
LORD DUFFERIN

FROM THE PAINTING BY GEORGE FREDERICK WATTS

But that was probably a mere coincidence, if it was not invented out of whole cloth for the sake of the story. He was an ornament to the bench, learned and enlightened, witty, human,—a popular judge, if such a thing can be.

“You’ll be kind to us if any of us are

brought before you?” some one inquired. His face, as mobile as an actor’s, wrinkled, and he pricked the questioner with his poignant eyes. “I shall surely see that justice is done,” he replied dryly, leaving an implication, tacit but unescapable, that innocence would not be taken for granted.



LORD KELVIN

That a man in his position should be an avowed lover of the turf may ruffle American prejudices, but it is to be remembered that horse-racing is the national sport of the United Kingdom; it attracts all classes, and nearly every man, from King to cabman, puts "a bit on the 'osses."

Argument and long speeches being discouraged, the talk at such houses was likely to be desultory; one often wished that one

could have an expansion of what came to one only in provoking fragments. There were flares without lasting illumination. A ball was neatly thrown and caught, and while one was admiring the skill with which two players were handling it between them, it passed to the other end of the table and dropped out of sight.

The late Lord Dufferin came in to luncheon very late one day, and after he had apologized to the hostess, he whispered to me that he had

been detained at his home by the late Earl of Kimberley. "A wonderful man — a fascinating man! It is amazing how much he knows. He knows everything — everything! — all the corners of the earth and all the men in it. Except," — a pause, — "except when to stop."

Discretion of that kind is essential in London nowadays. Dr. Johnson would not be tolerated, and Macaulay, rightly indignant, would go home surcharged with the undistributed and pent-up encyclopedic erudition which a frivolous world, unappreciative of its needs, turns its back on.

Of course a few bores were there, but they were rare. They were apt to be of the kind that favors the paradox and the inversion, the fashionable trick of flouting the orthodox and the conventional, and saying the exact opposite of what is expected. Sometimes that passes for wit, or honest revolt, but it takes an Oscar Wilde, a Shaw, or a Chesterton to make it illusive and more than a transparent and laborious trick.

Ada Rehan was another frequent guest — "Aunt Ada" to the children, who were as much at home behind the scenes in the evening with her or with "Aunt Nellie" as they were in their own house. The stage in England is a part of society. Not long ago I picked up a century-old biographical dictionary of actors, and looked up their parentage. They nearly all were the offspring of people in humble circumstances, who also had been actors or inn-keepers, wig-makers, and small tradesmen. Refer to the last edition of "Who's Who," and see how many of them are college and university men, who have left the law or medicine, or the army or the navy to wear the sock and buskin without reproach. You meet them constantly in English society, not merely those who are famous, like Irving or Tree, but also those who are novices in the profession. I remember seeing Henry Irving implored by a personage of the highest rank to visit him, and how curtly and with ill-concealed indifference Irving "turned down" — the slang somehow fits the incident — what might have seemed to be a conspicuous honor. And some of us are left who can recall a dinner at which a Lord Chief Justice, when invited to respond to the toast of "England," replied that as Irving was present he was the better man for the ceremony. Nor do I forget how Sarah Bernhardt once kept us waiting nearly an hour for luncheon. For the rest of us it may not have mattered, but Mr. Balfour was there, detained beyond his usual hour for getting to the House of Commons. When she came in, radiant and childishly unconscious of delinquency, we all could have excused him if he had revealed a

little coolness and impatience. He had been restless and anxious before, but as soon as she came he fell under her spell, as Antony under Cleopatra's, and, without a word or look of upbraiding, devoted himself to her for fully another half hour — meanwhile leaving us in apprehension lest the Empire must disintegrate in the absence of that astute and faithful helmsman.

One could not help contrasting Ellen Terry and Ada Rehan, the former so volatile and demonstrative, so suggestive of her art, the latter so shy and uncommunicative, so sparing in the use of that melodious voice which thrilled us in the theater. I once urged Miss Rehan to write her reminiscences.

"Ah, no!" she sighed. "I'm not a writer; I'm nothing but an actress. I believe the cobbler is wise in sticking to his last."

She was always unaffectedly diffident as to her abilities, even when in her ascendancy she had three countries at her feet.

One saw many contrasts there — Thomas Hardy, small, retiring, sensitive, melancholy, self-effacing, and Harold Frederic, an overgrown boy of thirty-odd, exuberant, beaming, self-confident, and cocksure, who could talk about himself and his achievements by the hour and make us glow over them as much as he himself did. What would have offended in another became mysteriously charming in him. He made egotism pleasant by hypnotizing us into his own point of view, and his glory became ours.

When he told us how he had made Grover Cleveland President of the United States, we had to believe him, and when he declared that if he chose he could be President himself, it did not seem in the least ridiculous. He had the complacency and assurance of a boastful boy, and yet, instead of being odious, his defects were transmuted and struck us only as a vein of an engaging and humorous ingenuousness.

After all, self-appreciation is often sincere, while self-depreciation may be open to suspicion. People differed about him, as they do about all of us, but most of us found him lovable without shutting our eyes to his faults, which were those of irresponsibility, fortuity, and instability, rather than of premeditation or hardness.

Generous and infectiously good-humored with those he cared for, he was a fierce champion of their perfection and would not compromise on less than the admission of that. He did not discriminate when friendship bound him; the enemy of a friend became his enemy, and he espoused his friend's cause as relentlessly as though it had been his own. He was always holding a brief for some one.

Only great persuasion could bring him out to such parties as I have been describing. He had a coterie of his own which he preferred — authors, politicians, painters, and actors. You could find him at the Savage Club, or the National Liberal Club, among the Radicals and Irish Nationalists. Most of his work was done in dingy and haunted chambers in Furnival's Inn, and some of it in the suburban villa he had at Surbiton, which he called Oneida Lodge, after his native place, a name distorted, much to his amusement, by those who came to the back door, into "One-eyed Lodge."

It was strange to see the Marquis of Dufferin and Frederic at the same table, for in Frederic's novel, "The Market-Place," that nobleman — under a fictitious name, of course — had been portrayed as the dupe of the upstart financier, whose original was plainly drawn from Whittaker Wright, the blower of bubbles, the prodigious swindler, who, when he found English law inexorable, poisoned himself in the dock as soon as a long-term sentence on him had been pronounced.

The novel could not have been pleasant to Lord Dufferin, for, though his counterfeit was illusory in the text, the illustrator drew an unmistakable likeness of him in the pictures; the graceful figure, the high-browed, intellectual head, and the courtier-like mien. You could never have seen him for a moment without recognizing in him a distinguished man. There was not a bit of pomposity about him. He was full of humor and sympathy; but below the smiling surface one could perceive the diplomat, cautious, discriminating, and deliberate, who made all his contacts provisionally and sensed them through invisible antennae. That in the end he could become the dupe of such a man as Whittaker Wright is incomprehensible and inexplicable. He emerged from that scandal with his honor untarnished and his fortune gone; it probably was the irreparable wound to his pride that killed him.

I must not let Thomas Hardy pass leaving the reader with the idea that he is always somber. I think he resents being classed as a pessimist. The humor that flashes in his novels streaks and illumines his conversation also. One day we left a luncheon party together, and he looked comically at the ruffled and veined nap of his hat. "I had meant to get a new one," he sighed, "but then my publisher sent my copyright account, and I couldn't."

At another luncheon, the host exhibited some trophies of travel, including the war-club of Sitting Bull. As Hardy swung the weapon, which taxed his strength, he murmured, "How much I should like to have that in my hand when I encounter the critic who calls 'Jude the Obscure' 'Jude the Obscene'!"

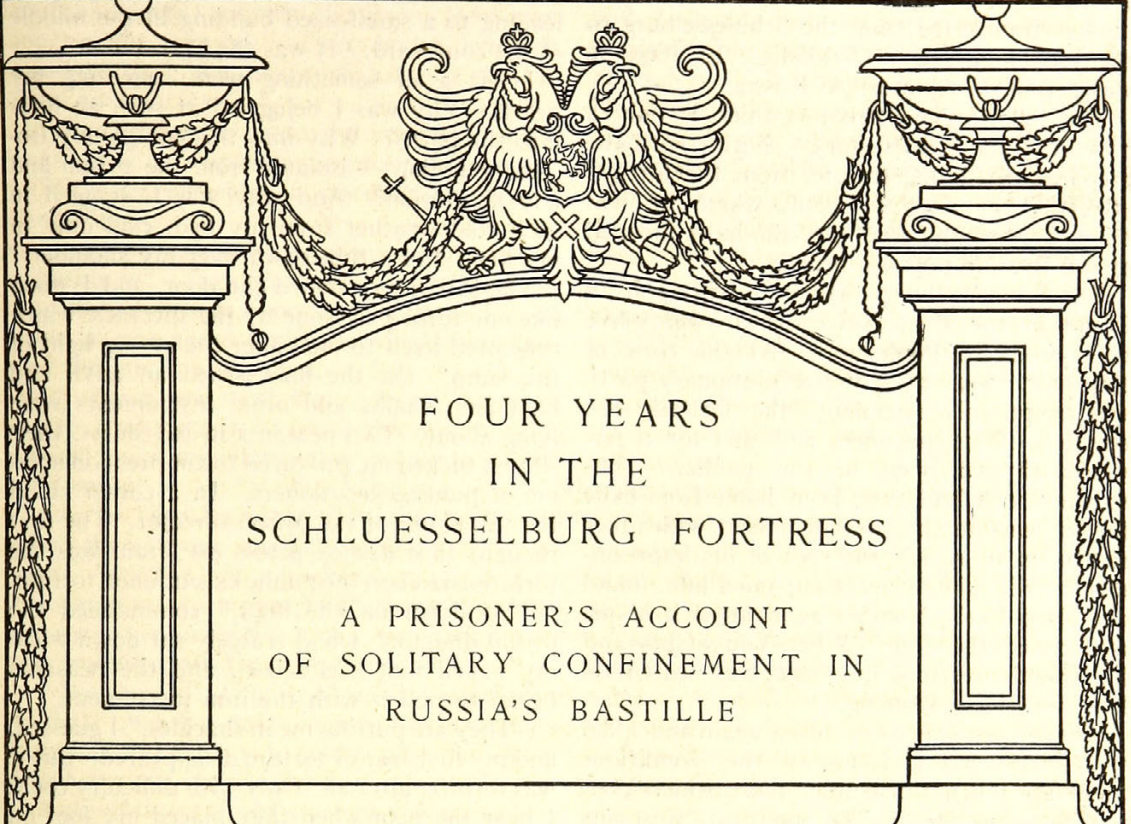
A little laughter did not relieve the embarrassment of some of us who heard him, for the culprit was among us. She was the lady who had sat next to him.

The company always included many delightful women, and I remember the consternation caused among them one day by Burnham, the scout. He explained that he attributed his success as a scout to the acuteness of his sense of smell; it was like a bloodhound's. "There's no one here to-day," he affirmed, "who at any time anywhere in the future I could not recognize in the dark. Yes, I could tell *you*, and *you*, and *you*," nodding at an alluring group in modish apparel, "by the way you smell."

For an awful moment the conversation flagged.

Sir Charles Wyndham, brisk, natty, and sparkling, with a tonic autumnal air about him, came one day a week ahead of the hour for which he had been invited. He did not mind it in the least, and was, of course, welcomed. The hostess inferred that as he had come then, he would consider the later date as canceled. Not he! Next week he reappeared at the hour originally appointed, and, after some confusion and explanations, he cheerfully and imperturbably declared that no further misunderstandings could possibly occur; "for," he said, "I shall come every week from now on, and so nobody can be disappointed."

How shall I apologize for these dissolving views, so trivial and so insubstantial? I can imagine the people of whom I have written offering in their own behalf a similar disclaimer to that behind which Henry James hedged himself from a biographer. "What is written about me has nothing to do with me, *my me*," he said. "It is only the other person's equivalent for that mystery, whatever it may be. Thereby if you have found anything to say about our apparently blameless little time together, it is your little affair exclusively." So of my subjects; the responsibility is mine and not theirs.



FOUR YEARS  
IN THE  
SCHLUESSELBURG FORTRESS

A PRISONER'S ACCOUNT  
OF SOLITARY CONFINEMENT IN  
RUSSIA'S BASTILLE

BY I. P. YOVATSHEV

TRANSLATED FROM THE RUSSIAN BY DR. A. S. RAPPOPORT

**I**VAN YOVATSHEV, the author of the following reminiscences, was, at the time of his arrest, an officer in the Russian Navy, serving in the Black Sea fleet. He was then twenty-three years of age, had proved an exemplary officer, and was not definitely allied with any revolutionary organization.

He was a man of liberal sympathies and a student. All "thinking" officers, whether in the Army or the Navy, were esteemed dangerous, and during the eighties the Government was kept busy imprisoning the able and energetic young men who twenty-five years later might have led the Russian troops and fleet to victory.

In 1883 the famous spy, Degaev, handed over to the Secret Police a list of the names of young officers who were suspected of holding liberal opinions. Among them was Ivan Yovatshev. He was arrested August 13, 1883, and although there was no evidence that he had ever participated in revolutionary activities, he was sentenced to death. This sentence was commuted by the Czar to penal servitude in the mines for an indefinite period.

Before being sent North, Yovatshev and his fellow officers had to undergo a term of solitary confinement in the Schluesselburg fortress. Here some of them went insane, some died of disease, and some committed suicide. Yovatshev was one of the few who sur-

vived, and four years after the day of his arrest he was transferred from the Schluesselburg to the terrible island of Sakhalin. In 1899 he was permitted to return to Russia.

The following narrative — which is only a part of Youvatshev's story — begins with the preparation for his transfer from the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul, where he was tried, to the Schluesselburg, the most dreaded of the Russian political prisons.

The Schluesselburg fortress stands upon an island in the river Neva, about twenty-five miles from St. Petersburg. At the close of the year 1905, when the revolutionary party was temporarily ascendant, the fortress was emptied of its prisoners and was for a few weeks thrown open to the public. Youvatshev, who had then been home from exile for six years and had married, went with other sightseers to revisit the spot of his imprisonment. His wife, who accompanied him, found out his old cell, Number 23, entered it alone, and closed the door. When Youvatshev and his friends overtook her, she was seated on his iron stool, weeping.

The fortress was soon closed again and filled with prisoners, and to-day the conditions there are much worse than those which Youvatshev describes. The political prisoners are now herded with common criminals, and the prison is so horribly overcrowded that typhus is a permanent epidemic there, and the death rate is constantly increasing. The ranks of the Schluesselburg's inmates, however, are not allowed to decrease; they are continually recruited from the youth and genius of Russia.—EDITOR.

## I

THE night of October 10 arrived. I could not sleep. I lay on the bed dressed, and suddenly jumped up and walked across the cell. At last I undressed and went to bed, but no sleep would come. Suddenly I heard a noise as of hasty steps along the prison corridor, then as of the opening of prison doors. I listened attentively.

The footsteps were now approaching my cell. The door was hastily opened, and two soldiers entered. One of them threw me my slippers and prisoner's gown.

"Throw the gown over your shoulders and put the slippers on your naked feet, and come with us."

I obeyed. We descended the stairs into the courtyard of the bastion, where we usually walked about for recreation. It was pitch-

dark. I could scarcely distinguish the path leading to a small-sized building in the middle of the courtyard. It was the bath-room.

I felt as if something were squeezing my heart. Why was I being led at such an hour into the baths? Why into this completely isolated building — isolated from the prison and any habitation? And why was I dragged in such cold weather from my bed, clad only in my linen and a thin gown over my shoulders?

The gendarme opened the door, and I stood like one turned to stone by the spectacle which presented itself to me under the strong light of the lamp. On the floor stood an anvil and hammers; chains and other instruments were lying about. Two peasants in red shirts, their sleeves tucked up, produced the impression upon me of public executioners. In a corner stood the tall figure of the prison director. The first thought that flashed across my brain was the torture-chamber, the public executioner, torture.

"Sit down on the floor," commanded the prison director. I had scarcely sat down when my naked foot was seized, and the peasants began to pull it with the iron instrument.

"They are putting me in shackles," I guessed, and my first fear of torture disappeared. But it was torture, after all. Only with difficulty could I bear the pain when they placed my foot on the anvil and began to rivet the fetters with the hammer — that is, to flatten the rivet on the iron ring. Every stroke on the iron sent a vibration of pain through my whole body. "What a barbarous method," I thought, full of indignation, "to beat this thick iron with its sharp edges on a human foot! Could one not invent something more humane and delicate than this thick iron?" To judge from the workmanship, these fetters must have dated from the time of Peter the Great, if not from earlier still. I recalled a Russian proverb: "God gave a free world, but the devil forged its chains."

At last my feet were iron-clad. Now I, too, might be counted among those of the order of prisoners suffering for an ideal. There are many orders in the world. There are chains to put round the neck; there is an Order of the Garter. But, if anywhere, it is on the fetters of our prisoners that the famous motto *Honi soit qui mal y pense* ought to be engraved. Trousers of a gray cloth which I had never seen before were now brought. The specialty of these trousers consisted in their having buttons in the place of seams, so as to enable the prisoner to put them on over his fetters. I was dressed in a vest, in peasant's shoes, with a sheepskin pelisse, a prisoner's gown, and a gray cap without a vizor. A leather strap was attached to the

middle of the shackles and put in my hand, so that I might prevent the chains from trailing on the ground. They began clanking, however, as I was being led back to the exit from the bastion.

"Pull the leather strap and keep your chains from clanking," ordered the prison director.

What secrecy there is about everything in these prisons!

I was led to the gate, where a carriage was awaiting us. The officer sat down by my side, the two gendarmes opposite. As far as I could guess, it was about four o'clock. It was dark, and the blinds were down.

My brain was still busy, trying to guess where I was going. It was not worth while asking my companions; they would not have answered.

Two or three minutes had scarcely elapsed when the carriage suddenly stopped. Why so soon? The two giants jumped out, and, paying their respects to a general who was expecting us, seized me under the arms. A cold, damp air was wafted against my face.

"The Neva," I guessed in the darkness. "What! Are they taking me to the Schluesselburg fortress?" My soul froze within me. What I had dreaded most was going to happen.

A small Government steamer was waiting at the landing-place of the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul. I knew the spot, having often visited it. The blockheads of gendarmes literally dragged me over the landing-place and through the steamer until we reached the cabin at the stern.

The iron rings of my fetters had eaten themselves into my flesh, causing me grievous pain, and I hastened to sit down on the sofa.

In the hurry of taking me away, they had omitted to put on me the fetter protectors, which are made of skin and protect the leg from the rubbing of the iron. This fact, too, was a sure sign that my journey was not to be a long one. But why put one in thick irons at all? The torment of putting on the chains was only a matter of form, serving no purpose whatever.

The officer of gendarmes, a captain by rank, now came down into the cabin, and the steamer at once put off. I looked through the porthole. The town was still asleep. Somewhere in the distance there were lamps still alight. I had no longer any doubts about my destination. They were taking me to Schluesselburg.

The day dawned. The weather was damp. Through the dim window I could see the banks of the Neva. Only a year ago I had been enjoying myself in a villa on the "Islands."

We passed the old oak of Peter the Great, and I knew that Schluesselburg was near. Again the forest was seen stretching on both sides of the Neva. The church of the cemetery on the Preobraghensky hill came in sight. A little lower there was a large factory, and behind it the town. The fortress was on the island in front, but I could not see it through the cabin window. The engine stopped, and the steamer approached the landing-place. From the steamer I was quickly dragged on shore and was hauled along the high wall of the fortress until we reached the gate of the tower known as the Imperial. All this while my chains were hanging, and the iron rings cutting with their sharp edges into my flesh. The pain was almost unbearable.

We entered the iron gates of the prison, which was surrounded by a red stone wall, and I was put down on my legs. Thank God! I hardly think I could have stood another minute of such severe torture.

The jailers now quickly approached, and began to break away the bolts of my shackles with a pointed tool—a new torture. The heavy strokes of the hammer made my whole body quiver with pain. One of the officers, noticing the expression of agony on my face at every blow, ordered one of the gendarmes to hold the ring with his hands. I felt an immediate and immense relief.

Then my body was subjected to a disgraceful and humiliating examination. I was undressed, and the gendarmes poked their dirty fingers anywhere and everywhere—into my hair, into the secret places of the body, into my mouth. I felt horribly ashamed and hurt. What a savage, rude, and disgusting institution! I recall nothing more humiliating during the whole of my sojourn in various prisons.

I was surprised at the indifference with which the officers and the physician witnessed this moral torture. How could they so quietly look on at such a revolting offense to human feelings?

## II

I was taken into cell Number 23, the fourth from the end, situated in the southeastern corner of the building.

After the casemates of the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul, the cell appeared very small. A little iron table, an iron stool chained to the wall, an iron bedstead turned up against the opposite wall and securely fastened to it, a closet, and a shell-shaped basin with a tap, constituted the entire furniture of my cell. The window, with its thick, dark glass, was almost directly under the roof, so that it was

scarcely possible to reach even the steeply sloping window-sill. Against the wall in one corner was a small wooden icon of the Virgin Mother, and a little lower, in a more conspicuous place, was a printed declaration from the prison director, informing the prisoner that any attempt on his part to insult the jailers would bring capital punishment in its wake. The posting up of these printed words, the only ones the prisoner has to read in a solitary cell, showed an utter ignorance of the human soul on the part of the authorities. These printed lines, constantly before the eyes of the prisoner, gradually set his brain working without intermission on one and the same subject, so that in the end the hypnotized prisoner often threw himself either on the prison director or the prison doctor, demanding capital punishment "in accordance with the law." In many prisons abroad this mental process has long ago been observed, and such printed posters have been replaced by large placards containing passages from the New Testament.

The director, an elderly captain of gendarmes, addressed me in the following words: "I am obliged to address every prisoner with 'thou'; the law ordains it. Please, therefore, not to feel offended when I say 'thou.' And thus, dost thou wish to eat?"

I cast a glance at the director's Hebrew type of face, read in it his past, his list of services, and at once understood everything. And to understand everything, people say, means to forgive everything.

I understood that before me, upright as if on duty, stood a soldier in an officer's uniform. He looked fifty years old. To judge from the St. George's Cross on his breast, he had been to the wars. He had perhaps subdued the Poles in the insurrection of 1863. He had evidently afterward been incorporated in the regiment of gendarmes, had shown his zeal and ardor in service, obeying the commands of his superiors to the letter, never deviating to the right or to the left. No doubt he was often ordered to make arrests in which he risked his own life, in acknowledgment of which he had been raised to the rank of officer and appointed director of a political prison. He most probably still continued to execute all the orders of the authorities as minutely and as faithfully as before. The authorities relied on him as on a stone wall; they had faith in his incorruptibility, and in recompense for his services had created him captain.

Could I feel offended by such a man?

Before leaving the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul, I had already decided upon the line of conduct I would adopt toward my jailers. To

make violent protestations meant to engage in an unequal fight with these rough, uneducated men, and to provoke them to even crueler insults. An attitude of rebellion on the part of the prisoner, maintained with any insistence, usually led to his violent death. I decided that rather than enter upon a struggle in which I was sure to be defeated, it would be better to place myself on a height unattainable by the jailers. I made up my mind to have as little communication with them as possible: never to ask anything of them, to enter into no conversation with them, never to oppose or protest, to bear everything in silence, and, above all, never to complain to them. Whether I felt cold or suffered hunger, or the soles of my boots were trodden out, I remained silent. This attitude on my part soon proved to be the best I could have adopted toward my insolent jailers. They became more attentive, even polite, and found out for themselves what I needed.

In my new prison the director kept the prison keys in his own possession. Whenever tea, dinner, or supper was distributed, whenever a medical inspection took place, or the prisoners were taken out for a walk or led to the baths — in every instance the director always opened and locked the doors himself, and the soldiers accompanying him, being under the eye of their officer, were thus prevented from overstepping the bounds of humanity. Some prisoners chose a different line of conduct toward their jailers. They set themselves in determined opposition to them, contradicted them, demanded and insisted upon things, and, at the same time, endeavored to shield themselves by all possible means against insults and impertinences. This often led to encounters exceedingly humiliating for the prisoners. It is possible that, by behaving in this way, the prisoners helped to break the monotony of their lives: it enabled them to play a part in a small drama, and thus gave them a sense of still fighting — of still living, and not being morally dead. But personally I preferred to look on in silence at all these prison trifles, bearing them with all the physical and moral powers at my disposal.

### III

I was left alone in my cell. The heavy oaken, iron-lined door was shut noisily upon me. The lock snapped. The small cell, five feet long and four feet wide, suddenly appeared smaller and narrower still.

In the door there was the well-known aperture or casement window, which could be shut, and through which the food was handed in, and above it the "eyehole," as large as a two-copeck



piece, through which the prisoner could be constantly watched.

It was a new place, yet it seemed old and familiar to me. There were the same ceiling, the same cold floor, the same walls. The only difference consisted in the changed condition under which I now found myself. In the prison of St. Peter and St. Paul, before my trial, I had received a few rare visits from my relatives, and could hope that I would soon leave my cell and again look upon God's world — the green fields, forests, and waters; whilst now, isolated as I was from the whole world, there was nothing left to me but the prospect of being buried alive for a few years — "to abandon everything and forget everything."

I sat down on the iron footstool chained to the wall, and began to listen for any noises that might come from the outside. No sound penetrated the window with its double frames; and where, indeed, should any sounds come from, considering that in front of the prison ran an immensely high, thick wall, behind which only the sea roared? All I could hear from time to time on the farther side of the door was the faint noise of the squeaking of the jailer's boots as he stealthily approached my cell. I began to watch the hole in the door, through which the eye of the jailer was continually reappearing.

And here was again a remarkable combination. Although I was in this close confinement, passing the days in unbroken and painful solitude, yet I was never left to myself. I could do absolutely nothing without a witness; I was all the time in the company of an unknown gendarme, whose watchful eye was constantly tormenting and haunting me. I had to behave, consequently, as if the whole world were watching me. I resolved, therefore, to follow out a program of conduct which was novel to me — to act in such a manner that I should have no occasion to blush for my transgressions before any one. Living in society, one is often obliged to make compromises with one's conscience; but here, in solitary confinement, there was no necessity to adapt one's self to the requirements of social life and to the character of other people. I preferred to arm myself, Christ-like, with a divine silence and an imperturbable patience. It is true that it was somewhat difficult at first to play the magnanimous toward the jailers, but I was rewarded by the comparative peace and tranquillity of soul which I afterward enjoyed.

I passed the first day in walking to and fro across my cell, reflecting upon the limits of human thought. It is remarkable that the numerous recent impressions produced upon me

by my trial, which lasted a week, by the interviews with my relatives, and my transfer from one prison to another, seemed as if suddenly wiped out. I did not even care to try to recall them, whilst my brain was ready to occupy itself with absolutely abstract subjects. Eighteen months had passed since I had been torn away from my family and friends. At first I had been able to think of nothing but them. Gradually, however, it seemed as if they had passed into some Nirvana, and a fog of forgetfulness appeared to envelop all my previous life. The more I freed myself from reminiscences, the more my intellect thirsted for new ideas. Never in my life, neither before nor after my confinement, have I noticed in myself such a faculty for reflection as while in prison.

If the prisoner is deprived of the freedom of movement and space, he at least has time at his disposal. But of what use is time in prison? Unfortunately, the prisoner is not allowed to forget it. As if of set purpose to remind him of it, every hour, every half-hour, and even every quarter of an hour makes itself intrusively known either by the striking of the clocks or the changing of the sentries. People are accustomed to measure time in various ways, but the unfortunate prisoner measures it chiefly by the stages of his suffering. He does not pass his time in prison: he *suffers* his time, just as people suffer something disagreeable, something tedious and heavy.

Bedtime came. The soldiers hastily entered my cell, unfastened the bedstead, and pulled it from the wall. It was already made up for the night, and I hastened to get into it.

I do not know whether it was the light of the lamp, or whether my nerves had been overwrought; in any case, I could find no sleep for some time. I listened involuntarily for the stealthy approach of the sentry, and watched for his eye at the hole. I soon, however, grew tired of that, and, shutting my eyes, I began, in the hope of fatiguing my brain, to count how many days and hours I had passed since the moment of my arrest. At last I fell into a doze. "A-a-a-ah!" A loud, prolonged cry of horror resounded through the prison. My hair stood on end; I trembled as if shaken by fever. The cry was succeeded by an oppressive silence. Even the sound of the sentry's step had ceased. Evidently one of the prisoners had been suffering from nightmare. I had often heard similar cries in my first prison, but never did they echo so loudly and hideously as here.

I wrapped myself still closer in my bedclothes, but could find no rest. Sleep had gone from me entirely.

The little board covering the aperture in the

door of my cell again moved, and the eye of the sentry reappeared, and so it went on at regular intervals all through the night.

How unbearable it all was!

All at once comes a loud sound of footsteps on the stone floor of the corridor. "It must be the change of sentries," I think. Suddenly the door of a distant cell is heard to open. What can it be? Has the prison director arrived? Why should he visit the cells at this hour of the night? I listen attentively. Yes, it is he, making the round of the cells. He comes to mine. He opens the eyehole and looks in.

I must admit he was a most faithful servant. All day long he had been on his legs, and now, in the middle of the night, he again made his rounds.

Another hour passed. Some one in the distance was now crying hysterically. At first the sounds were muffled (the sufferer was evidently endeavoring to suppress his cries), but gradually they became louder and louder, and at last the poor man could not restrain himself any longer, and wept aloud in all the strength of his grief and suffering.

An hour or two passed, and the cries not only did not cease, but increased until they were hysterical, absolutely feminine in character.

How long would this last?

I tossed about in agony until the dawn, when at last I had an interval of rest.

#### IV

Loud knocks at the doors of the cells awoke me. It was day. Scarcely had I risen, and put on the gray trousers and the gray gown, when the soldiers entered my cell, fastened up my bedstead, and, putting a piece of bread on my table, left as quickly as they had entered.

Exhausted by sleeplessness and the horrors of the night, I had no inclination to eat, and sadly sat down on the footstool. I was no longer in yesterday's state of mind, and the desire to reflect on abstract matters had passed away. My head was aching as from charcoal fumes. I longed to lie down again and go to sleep, but my bedstead was put back. What was I to do?

A feeling of mental weakness and despair crept over me. I could resist no longer, and, laying my head on my hands, I burst into tears.

As I did not wish the sentry to be a witness of my tears, I squeezed myself into the corner near the door.

A loud knock at the door called me out. The sentry wished to draw my attention to the fact that I must not hide, but remain all the time visible to him.

"What strange people!" I thought to myself.

"They guard the prisoner, fearing that he may lay hands on himself. But who needs his life, after he has been crossed off the list of the living?"

In order to give no opportunity to the prisoner to commit suicide, the prison authorities allowed him neither knife nor scissors. After the bath his nails were cut by the soldiers, whilst the meat for dinner was cut into small pieces before it was distributed.

Suddenly the director walked into my cell and proposed to me to go out for a walk. I put on my gray cap without a vizor, with a large black cross on the crown, and, with a feeling of curiosity, left my cell. A soldier went in front of me and another followed behind, whilst the director himself brought up the rear of our procession. Turning round the prison building, we arrived at a wooden watch-tower, full of soldiers. Underneath were a few doors, side by side. One of these doors was opened, and I was led into a narrow cage about seven feet in length, surrounded by a high wooden wall; under my feet was the naked sand, and above me the gray, sad sky and the watch-tower with soldiers.

After a while another prisoner was led into the next cage, and so on, one by one. Separated from each other by impenetrable walls, we walked about in our cages in silence. There was not a sign of anything green under my feet. I bent down and lifted up a little white stone, not larger than a pea, when a soldier abruptly entered my cage, and rudely ordered me to hand him over the object I had just picked up. I obeyed. With a look of disappointment at the little stone, he threw it away.

"You are not allowed to do anything; you must neither pick up nor take anything into your hands," he observed severely.

I cannot say that under such circumstances the walk was a pleasant one. Anyhow, the pleasure did not last long, for at the end of a quarter of an hour the director led me back to my cell, escorted, as before, by two soldiers.

Great heavens! What a killing smell there was in the cell after the fresh open air! How was it possible to live in such a horrible atmosphere?

As if in reply to my question came the sound of the shutting of doors.

After walking about for a while in my cell, I sat down on the footstool, placed my hands on the table, laid my head on my hands, and remained thus until dinner-time arrived, which was announced by the opening of the little flaps in the doors. When the prison director opened one with his key, it fell back with a noise, thus forming a small table, about seven *vershok* long and four wide.\* On it was placed a tin basin full

\*About twelve inches long and seven wide.

of sour-cabbage soup, covered with a plate of *kasha*. I took my food and carried it to my iron table. Lovers of hot food had to eat their prison dinner very hastily; the metal dishes and the iron table made it grow cold quickly. The *kasha* had, under any circumstances, to be eaten cold.

There came into my mind a prophetic observation of the staff officer on duty, when we cadets used to throw bread balls at one another at table.

"Gentlemen," he said, "be more attentive and respectful to your food, especially to your bread. Heaven knows whether you may not one day find yourselves in a position which will teach you the full value of a piece of bread."

To my own surprise, I soon grew accustomed to the *kasha*, as well as to the soup, whilst the black bread given us for breakfast tasted more delicious than the sugar-rolls that I used to eat when I was free. It needed a great effort of will power on my part not to eat my entire daily ration of bread, about one pound and a half, when it was first brought me in the morning, and so leave none of it for dinner.

How relative everything is in the world! This is a lesson that we learn best in prison.

Having finished my dinner, I had now got through the first half-day. I had to live through the second half, to pass it somehow. My headache was nearly gone, but my general feeling was one of heaviness.

About three hours after dinner, the director, unlocking the aperture in my door, handed me a book, an illustrated History of Art by Lübke. I was overcome with delight; and, as if wishing to overwhelm me with his attentions, he also brought me a Bible, printed by the Lay Press, and a small Prayer Book with a calendar. What riches all at once! In prison one learns how to value things. In my joy I forgot my headache and the sentry with his watchful eye, and, methinks, even the very prison.

## V

The gloomy autumn days passed, winter followed, the monotonous life within four walls being interrupted only by the receipt of books from the prison library. But they soon became valueless to me, my cell being almost in darkness, as the small window with the dull panes, at a distance of five *arsheen*\* from my table, lent only a feeble light. After three months of solitary confinement, my eyes as I was reading began to be suddenly obscured at intervals by dark patches, and if I strained my eyesight

ever so little, I seemed to see golden sparks — a thing that had never happened to me before. I conceived the idea of bathing my eyes in cold water. Daily, therefore, mornings and evenings, I filled my washing-basin with cold water, and, plunging my head into it, kept it there for ten or twenty minutes. The result was unexpected. My eyesight was soon so strengthened that I could read even the smallest print in my half-dark cell.

The care for my physical health I carried farther. I made it an invariable rule to go through certain exercises before sitting down to my meals. I waved my arms and legs, bent and twisted my body, sat down, and even ran about from corner to corner, gathering up the skirts of my prison gown. I imagine that my bent figure, thus clad, must have offered at once a pitiful and a ridiculous spectacle. In course of time prison life makes one grow inert and slow. The extremely limited space and the absence of any necessity for hurry are the chief causes of this deterioration, and, one may add, the natural desire which gradually arises to prolong every action so as to make the time appear shorter.

In order to have more exercise, I decided to wash the stone floor of my cell every morning. But how? As soon as I heard the first sounds of the opening and shutting of doors, I seized the rag which was given to the prisoners to preserve cleanliness in their cells, and hastened through the task before the director had reached my door. The time at my disposal being very short, my pulse began to beat faster, and I felt a little more life in me.

The prisoners constantly complained of the lack of manual labor in the open air. After repeated requests, heaps of sand were thrown into the several cages where we used to pass our recreation-time, and we were told to transfer it with a wooden spade from one corner to another. At first I energetically occupied myself with this useless task, but at last I grew tired of this Sisyphean labor, and found it more amusing to trace relief maps of well-known localities in the sand. This occupation was not unlike a childish game, but it could not be looked upon as physical labor.

In spite of the care I took about my health, I nevertheless grew very feeble and thin. When, after a time, permission was granted to me to have a slate, and, dipping it in water, I used it as a mirror, a terribly emaciated and entirely bloodless face of a grayish color stared back at me. How, indeed, was it possible to keep a healthier color, considering that one was constantly living inside a lavatory? How else can I designate this casemate, where the dirty iron

\* Nearly twelve feet.

pail placed in a wooden box remained for twenty-four hours, poisoning the already viciated and unbearable atmosphere? Matters were slightly better in my present prison than they had been in the former. Here a little more civilized system had been adopted in the construction of these boxes. In any case, however, they were wholly unfit to be left standing in a small living-room.

The basin with sour-cabbage soup being the heaviest thing that I had to lift in the course of twenty-four hours, my muscles, for want of exercise, grew flaccid and weak. When I first met my own people, after a three years' silence in prison, my jaw-bones were almost paralyzed from long disuse in speech, and in like manner my hearing had also suffered; this was noticeable at once to my relatives. Only with difficulty could I detect the words of people in the same room. As for singing, my capacity for this did not return till six months after I had left the prison. Once while in prison I tried to read a book half aloud, when the door suddenly opened, and I was reprimanded for doing so.

"I am only reading to myself," I observed.

"It is all the same. You must not do it; it is audible."

Like other prisoners, I naturally did not escape attacks of nervous exhaustion and anemia. There were periods when I could scarcely sit down for five minutes without jumping up on account of the nervous spasms in my legs. I could not lie still even in bed; I writhed about, the convulsive twitching often spreading from my legs and arms over half my body.

The action of my heart had evidently grown very weak. Although I noticed no symptoms of actual illness in myself, I was subject to a terrible malady, which remained with me long after I had left the prison: I suffered from nightmare. I had no sooner fallen asleep at night than I felt as if somebody threw himself upon me, paralyzing my whole body; I could move neither hand nor foot, and although my consciousness seemed to return, I could not stir nor open an eye, and thus I remained, for I cannot tell how long, as if fettered. At last, after a desperate struggle, with a violent effort, I awoke thoroughly, horribly frightened and breathing heavily.

I grew to feel a dread of these nightmares, as of some impending evil. I would be longing to sleep, would undress, and then be afraid to lie down; and often, in the anticipation of the inevitable, I used to weep in my helplessness. Sometimes, as soon as the nightmare began, I awoke at once, quite self-possessed; but this never saved me from a second attack. And

thus, during the time I remained in solitary confinement, I hardly ever fell asleep without at first going through this interval of torture. Nothing told upon me more than this fruitless struggle with nightmare, and, in fact, it left its mark on my face. I never, however, cried out like that prisoner who had so frightened me on the first night. He continued to suffer from his hideous dreams and to shriek aloud, but I never grew accustomed to hearing his soul-piercing cries.

We suffered terribly from want of fresh air. In winter the little windows were kept shut, and were only occasionally opened for ten or fifteen minutes whilst we were outside for recreation.

Not long before my arrest I happened to talk to a medical practitioner concerning solitary confinement. He categorically declared that after three months of solitary confinement a man was bound to lose his reason. He was wrong, but his words engendered within me the fear of losing my reason. I decided to struggle against this evil, and from the very first day endeavored to control my intellect by a strict discipline — by not allowing it, for any length of time, to remain idle. I used, therefore, mentally to deliver lectures to imaginary audiences on my favorite subjects, such as mathematics, physics, and astronomy. I made verses, French and English translations, occupied myself with classical languages, etc.

On my obtaining permission to have books, a number of classics were given to me. I threw myself upon the Greek grammar with avidity, literally devouring its pages.

Sometimes when the director opened my door, briefly inviting me to go out for a walk, I used to reply: "I am so busy." But, noticing his smile, I laughed myself.

In prison — and busy!

I thought of the young students in colleges: how surprised they would be at the attention I paid to the various aorists, metathesis, and prolepsis. Never did student open his Greek book with such a feeling of delight as I did in prison. It is remarkable that the very objects which ordinarily cause us boredom and impatience are, in prison, the cause of an inexplicable happiness and of a sincere childish joy. Once, during my solitary confinement, the prison librarian sent me an algebra by Bertrand. I selected the most difficult problems, and my ecstasy knew no bounds when I succeeded in solving them with ease, and quite sincerely I naïvely exclaimed: "I wonder whether there are any mathematics in the heavenly kingdom?"

Thus nourishing my intellect, I was not, however, forgetful of the duty I owed to my feelings. In a scarcely audible whisper I used to sing

arias from some well-known opera, at the same time imagining various stage decorations. These imaginary operas I greatly enjoyed, and some of them, such as "The Huguenots," often brought tears to my eyes.

But whatever I did, whether I was mentally reading lectures or singing favorite arias, I was all the time like a pendulum, going from one corner of my cell to the other, accelerating or moderating my step according to the state of my mind. The movement served as rhythm to my song and speech.

## VI

After nine months' solitary confinement in Schluesselburg, Fate seemed to smile on me — unexpectedly sending me a friend.

The prison director, suddenly entering my cell one summer day in 1885, asked me whether I would like to pass my recreation-time in the company of a fellow prisoner.

"Of course I should like it."

An inexpressible joy, not entirely free from a feeling of confusion, came over me. I feared that I had grown strange to the society of my fellow men.

That summer a quantity of large-winged water insects (a kind of *Sialis lutaria*) had appeared. The entire prison yard was covered with them, and the red brick walls of the building, on which they had settled in large numbers, looked gray from their innumerable wings. They were as uncountable as the locusts of the South. But the thought of an expected meeting with a fellow creature put the consideration of this interesting phenomenon into the background. I was still in ignorance as to who my companion was to be.

Three or four minutes later he was brought in. As the door opened, I perceived a tall, frightfully pale and emaciated young man with a small reddish beard, clad in the same prison garb as myself — this was my colleague in confinement and general suffering.

But, heavens! how ill he looked! pale, with eyes from which all the light had faded, his prison gown hanging loosely on him in folds as if on a peg, the heels of his boots trodden down. Instead of raising his feet as he walked, he dragged them after him like an old man. He came forward a step or two, and then stopped, as if searching for a small space on which to stand without treading on the insects.

I looked at him in surprise. How could he, I thought, occupy himself at this moment with the insects, when before him stood a fellow sufferer? But perhaps he, too, was confused, and was only awkwardly trying to hide his feelings.

"One hardly knows where to walk without killing them; they are everywhere." These were his first words.

We gave our names to one another. The door of the cage was left open. During the first moments of our conversation, the director and the soldiers stood watching our meeting with evident curiosity.

My new friend was Nicolai Alexandrovitch Morozov, one of the editors of the *Popular Will*. While still a college student he had been attracted by the liberal movement, in consequence of which the young man left his family and "went among the people." He was arrested and kept for three years in solitary confinement. After the famous trial of the 193,\* Nicolai Alexandrovitch was released under the condition of making his appearance every day at the police station. He later left for Geneva, where he attended lectures on mathematics and natural science. In 1881 Morozov could not resist the temptation of returning to Russia. Scarcely, however, had he passed the frontier when he was arrested by the police and taken to St. Petersburg. After a second trial he was sent to the Alexis ravelin, where he remained till 1884, when he was transferred to Schluesselburg.

We used to meet twice weekly. Each of us came to the meeting primed with a number of questions, but we scarcely ever found time enough to put them to each other. We at last adopted the following system: As soon as we met we began without delay with the questions that we had prepared beforehand. Some of them were answered at once, whilst others, the answers to which required some time, had to wait until our next meeting. And what a number of subjects we managed to talk about in those few minutes! To my great satisfaction, I found Morozov a man who also took a great interest in mathematics and astronomy. Whilst in prison he had conceived the idea of changing the irrational numbers into rational ones. He told me that all the unsolved problems in definite numbers could easily be solved if, instead of the ordinary unit of one dimension, we were to take the cubic unit — that is, the unit of three dimensions. And so, "being free" here, as one prisoner quite seriously expressed himself, Nicolai Alexandrovitch occupied himself with many difficult solutions.

To our regret, his eyesight was so weak that he could neither read nor write. Sometimes he used to bring a book with him, asking me to read the passages that were of most interest to him. And to think that he had

\* One hundred and ninety-three political prisoners accused of conspiracy against the Government.

once been a handsome, healthy, red-cheeked youth!

Nicolai Alexandrovitch cherished the intention of opening a school as soon as he should be released, and of employing his riches, strength, and capacities for the education of children. In our solitary confinement we all of us, even those who had been sentenced to many years' imprisonment, thought a great deal about the time when we should be free again, making many plans as to our future life; and, as far as I could see, all of us had peaceful, idyllic inclinations and a love for Nature.

## VII

As far as I could observe, all the healthy individuals who had passed their lives in villages, amidst meadows and forests, grew ill very quickly, and died in prison. Urban inhabitants, whose organism had from very childhood been accustomed to inhale vitiated air in our gigantic stone buildings, could, on the contrary, stand the confinement much longer. It was perhaps due to this fact that I, who had grown up in this capital, could remain shut up for four years in a stuffy stone box, and yet leave it alive.

Soon after the Schluesselburg prison was opened, Minakov and Myshkin were shot, whilst Klimenko, brought to the verge of despair, hanged himself on a window-hook.

It was during my sojourn in Schluesselburg that a memorable drama was enacted — on Christmas day, 1884. In the evening we usually received for supper a soup made from the remains of dinner. The prison director had, on that day, made his round of the cells, and, as usual, after visiting the lower ones, he mounted the staircase to the upper cells. He came to my door; the soldiers put a tin basin of soup on my table, and left. I tasted it; it was absolutely cold and watery. A few leaves of sour-cabbage were floating on the surface.

"They might have given us something better in honor of a festival," I thought. "But they evidently had no time to think of us, and have not even made the soup warm."

I had scarcely formulated my thought when there came from a distant cell the noise of plates thrown on the floor, followed by shouts, angry voices, stamping of feet, and sounds of struggle, the whole noise being almost drowned by the cries and knocking at the doors by all the other prisoners. I stood horrified. What was happening?

As it appeared later, it was Myshkin, brought here after his escape from Kara, who had broken out. He could not stand the severe régime, and, throwing himself on the prison director,

demanded to be executed in accordance with the printed menace which was constantly staring him in the face from the wall. It was not long before he was put to death.

The new prison in Schluesselburg being constructed upon the most recent plans by prison experts, the Government imagined that the prisoners would find there almost a paradise. But, as the proverb runs, *Il n'y a point de belles prisons*, and, however gilded the cage, it still remains a prison for its inmates.

Although the death of Gratshevsky occurred after my transfer from Schluesselburg to Sakhalin, I nevertheless consider it necessary to relate it, as I have since learned particulars about it from two opposite sources.

Gratshevsky, arrested in 1882, was put in the Alexis ravelin, and transferred in August, 1884, to Schluesselburg. He was witness of all the horrors of the first years of this prison. The director thought him mentally deranged. "He stands in the middle of his cell declaiming; he is constantly talking in rhyme —" Thus ran his report.

In the evening of October 26, Gratshevsky began to undress. The gendarme on duty, believing that he was going to wash his body in cold water, as was his daily habit, left the cell and walked down the corridor. Suddenly the strong smell of burning reached his nostrils. He hastened to Gratshevsky's door and looked through the eyehole. The cell was wrapped in darkness. The gendarme rang the bell of the guard-room. The director arrived and opened the door of the cell (he always carried the keys on him), which was full of stinking smoke. The gendarme was scarcely able to cross it and open the window. The unhappy Gratshevsky was lying on the floor. Under him, on the mat made of rope, the fire was still glimmering. Having extinguished it, and noticed that the prisoner was still alive, the doctor was quickly sent for. The latter, however, delayed, and before he arrived Gratshevsky had expired. Gratshevsky is supposed to have availed himself of the inattention of the gendarme on duty, and, soaking his linen in the petroleum of the lamp which had been granted him, on his request, by the director, put it on again and then set it on fire. What a horrible death! And yet, how horrible must have been the conditions of the Schluesselburg fortress if prisoners preferred to take their life in such a manner!

On the third day after the sad end of Gratshevsky a Commission of Inquiry arrived from St. Petersburg. The prison director was dismissed. What an irony of fate! As if he ever neglected his duty! Never were the keys out of his hands; with unceasing watchfulness did he

walk about the prison, visit the cells, and see to the ordering of all things. How many times a day did he not have to open and relock the doors! Whenever food was distributed, or the lighted lamps handed in, or linen changed, everything took place under his personal supervision. He used to lead every prisoner personally to the recreation-ground; he remained himself in the bath-room when a prisoner was having a bath; and every week did he carefully search every prisoner. In a word, this man had devoted his entire life to the service of the prisoners, and now — he was suddenly found to be unfit. This disillusion did not remain without consequences for the director: he was shortly after seized with a paralytic stroke.

There is nothing for which we need envy the unhappy men, such as the inspector of the prison in my time, who, I hear, lost his reason, or the assistant public prosecutor in my trial, who went blind.

The isolation of some people from society may be a necessity, but why torture them? Might not the prisoners on this very island of Schluesselburg enjoy a certain independence? They should be able to choose their respective occupations, according to their various tastes — a handicraft, science, or art. They should be allowed to come together and to read newspapers. In a word, they should constitute a small colony of "intellectuals" to whom some necessities of life, at least, ought to be accessible. But how is it in reality? The prison walls inclose a gigantic vault wherein human beings, half alive, still capable, however, of feeling the torture of a slow death, are heaped together.

### VIII

One day, instead of being given the morning exercise, I was taken out for a walk in the afternoon about four o'clock. It was beautiful warm weather. The sky was blue and the air serene. I felt no inclination to leave the courtyard. For fifteen or twenty minutes only I enjoyed the fresh air. With a feeling of sadness I followed the two soldiers back to my cell.

On entering my cell, I at once perceived that the skylight was open. It was usually closed before the return of a prisoner. What did it signify? Could they have forgotten it? I wondered, mightily pleased. I could not reach it myself: it was so high. I could only just touch the first row of the window-panes with my finger-tips. But no, they forgot nothing here. The skylight had purposely been left open on account of the warm weather. I stood beneath this window, unable to tear my eyes away from the tiny piece of blue sky, where,

from time to time, I saw a pair of pigeons flitting across.

"A tiny piece of sky," I thought, "and what feelings it calls forth in the breast of the prisoner, and with how much food for reflection it furnishes him!"

I remembered how, three years ago, I was lying upon my back in company with my brother, a college student, in the green meadows, basking in the sun and peering up at the blue sky. My brother was quite calm, his soul as clear as the blue sky which spread in a vast cupola above us. A sweet sleep was creeping over him and he was shutting his eyes like a lazy cat.

"Listen, my brother," I said. "Suppose you had to write a composition about your impressions at the present moment, what would you say?"

"What is there to say?" he replied lazily. "A blue sky, and that is all."

I was pleased at that time to avail myself of the opportunity to show off my knowledge. I remember with what fire, animation, and pride I seized upon the subject, first pointed out to him the beauty of the blue sky from a poetical and mythological point of view, and then, passing over to my favorite subject, astronomy, I gave free vent to my thoughts, feeling like an eagle on the heights. I talked and talked until we were called home.

And now I was again standing looking up at the blue sky, and my thoughts were chasing one another like a running brook. I felt as if inspiration were coming from the very sky.

Oh, if they would leave the skylight open overnight! I longed for it as for an inexpressible happiness. Then the lovely stars would shine on me. How long it was since I last beheld them! The last time I enjoyed their splendor had been two years before, when I was being taken back to prison late at night after a trial. I had just stepped out of the carriage, and, looking up, I felt a thrill of enchantment; the whole sky was studded with bright stars. How wonderful they appear when one has not seen them for some time! Oh, if only I could see them to-night!

It soon grew dark. The sky took a greenish shade. I was still standing beneath my window, imagining how the stars would look that night, when I suddenly heard the soft, slightly trembling sound of a key-bugle. What a delight! How wonderfully the familiar melody harmonized with the silent summer evening!

Home to our | moun-tains  
Let us re- | turn, Love,  
There in thy | young days  
Peace had its | reign.

But who was playing? Evidently some one in a boat was passing under the prison walls. I had often played and sung this song in my youth. Who did not know it? And I conjured up in my imagination the last scene from "Il Trovatore." I saw the stone arches of the prison in the fortress and the iron grating at the window. The exhausted mother of the Troubadour was lying on the straw, and, half asleep, with prophetic voice she sang to him the sweet airs of a free life.

"Great God!" I thought, trembling for joyful agitation, "it is for us, for us prisoners, that he is playing this lovely aria! He has purposely come near us to inspire us, by means of these delicate tones, with the sweet hope of our return home to our own people, to our mothers and friends."

An unusual agitation took possession of me. I should have liked to call out to him, to tell him that we heard his invitation to happiness, and to sing with him. I excitedly seized the table, touched the wall, went to the door, and then again went to the window, lifting up my hands to the sky. I was eager to communicate to some one all my fancies, my impressions and feelings. And the alluring voice, as if of a troubadour come down from heaven, continued to sing of sweet things:

Théré shall thy | swéet song  
Fáll on my | slúm-bers,  
Théré shall thy | lute  
Máke me | jóy-ous a- | gain.

Tears rolled down my cheeks, and, moved by the music, tired and exhausted by my deep emotion, I sat down on my stool. In those happy minutes, fearful lest I should lose one of the sounds, I was ready to pray with Manrico, and I thought I heard his answering voice: "Have confidence in me; your trust will not be in vain; I shall implore Heaven for you."

Trrr . . . trrr! The door of my cell was suddenly opened, and two soldiers entered; one of them placed the lamp on the table, whilst the other shut the barred window by means of a hook at the end of a long stick. The illusion was gone. They had deprived me of the sky, the stars, and the heavenly sounds.

Soon afterward I again enjoyed a few heavenly moments beneath the open lattice window. It was very hot on August 24. The director evidently thought that it must be very stifling in my cell, for he himself suggested that the window should be left open overnight.

"If you please, if you please!" I hastened to reply. "Oh, how happy I am!" I mentally exclaimed, enjoying in anticipation the pleasure of gazing at the stars.

How dear the most ordinary things grow to us when we have been deprived of them! No one appreciates freedom so well as he who has been without it; no one so well appreciates fresh air as he who has been a prisoner.

About eight o'clock the first star appeared to the northeast of the sky.

"It must be Capella," I thought.

A short while later two more small stars appeared to the right of it. I at once mentally made a note of their respective positions, and again peered into the dark sky.

"Stars, you have always been a favorite subject with those who dream of love and happiness. You, who are the emblems of freedom, will you not foretell for me a speedy release? You, beautiful Capella! you first became visible to me through this window. Be thou my guiding star, and lead me forth from here." Thus I prayed in holy rapture, looking up at the twinkling stars.

Notwithstanding that I was so enraptured, and no doubt in consequence of the fresh air, I fell asleep toward midnight, sitting on my stool. I awoke at about three, and again looked through the window. The picture had changed. In the eastern sky I perceived the classic brothers Dioscuri, the two bright stars Castor and Pollux, and to their right the brilliant planet Saturn.

Castor and Pollux, those two ancient protectors of navigators, were considered by the Greeks to be true indicators of a quiet and hospitable shore. They also attributed to them those electric fires which in calm weather sometimes appear at the masthead. I, as a mariner, felt doubly pleased to note down in my copy-book these pleasant messengers of a happy sea voyage.

Many years have since passed, but I still religiously keep the faded leaf upon which I drew those stars, as a precious souvenir of that night in prison when from the depth of the sky there shone forth the first beacon-light on my way toward freedom.

## IX

My first prison in the Troubetzkoy bastion had been more accessible to the animated world. Not only insects, but also birds, came to me through my barred window. Twice or three times a pair of pigeons even started building a nest at my window, in spite of the pitiless hands of the jailers, who took away the heap of twigs they had dragged together. In the present prison, however, my guests consisted only of flies and spiders. The latter occupied my attention in the evening, when they started chasing and catching one another on the ceiling



— and here I for the first time noticed the fact that the females sometimes devoured the males.

During the last days of August a yellow butterfly flew into my cell through the skylight and got in between the frames. Restlessly it beat against the glass, but did not make an attempt to fly toward the open *vasistas*. For a whole day I watched it, sympathizing with its desire to get out.

Whence do you come, inhabitant of ether?  
Tell me, unexpected guest from the skies,  
What zephyr brought you hither  
Into my gloomy habitation?

I recalled Zhukovsky's "Prisoner," which I had loved to read in my youth.

"I am sorry for you, weak butterfly, but what can I do for you? I have myself been knocking against the window-bars for four years, longing for freedom. All that remains for me is to share with you my solitude and my scanty viands."

I soaked tiny pieces of sugar and threw them between the bars. To my satisfaction, the butterfly alighted on the sugar and began to suck it with its long proboscis.

In the night I had a new idea — I would catch the butterfly and set it free. I tore a few thin threads out of the sheeting, and impatiently awaited the moment when I should be taken out for a walk. On my way to the fence I mustered courage, and picked three yellow dandelions. The jailers looked askance at me, but said nothing. I heaved a sigh of relief, and, pressing the flowers in my hand, I was rejoicing, thinking to myself how I was going to release the butterfly. I would attach the flowers to the thread, and throw them between the double frames; the butterfly would settle on the flowers, and I would softly pull it up to the *vasistas*, and then the dear butterfly might fly wherever it liked.

But what was this? The soldiers were taking me toward a different part of the prison.

They conducted me to the old part of the building, where I could see no trace of a living soul. The stillness of the grave reigned there, and a damp air blew all around. A number of doors led into a small corridor. One of these doors was opened, and I was ushered into a half-lit cell. I had scarcely had time to look round me and grasp the meaning of it when the commandant of the prison entered and solemnly informed me that my solitary confinement was at an end and that a long journey was before me.

"Whither?" I asked. "To Siberia?"

"No; a little farther."

I understood, and sighed heavily.

"Well, what does it matter?" I consoled my-

self. "Anyhow, it is better in Sakhalin than in solitary confinement. There I shall enjoy pure air; I shall have movement and useful work; and, above all, I shall meet other human beings. Anywhere, as long as one is to live among one's fellow creatures — let them even be the inhabitants of Sakhalin."

In the evening the director came to congratulate me upon my release.

"God grant," he said, "that your stay there may also be a short one. There are various grades of exiles — exiles on trial, reformed exiles, convict settlers, and peasants, and, in virtue of manifestos, they are quickly being transferred from one list to another. I wish with all my heart that you may soon return home."

This attention paid to me by the director somewhat surprised me. Usually reserved, taciturn, and strictly fulfilling the orders of the higher authorities, he now suddenly could not resist the temptation of exchanging with me a few words in an unofficial capacity and without the presence of soldiers.

When on the next day the prison director handed me over to the officer who had come for me, he asked him not to put me in irons.

"Don't fear; he will not run away," he added.

And thus the iron prison gates were opened for me.

I thought of the lines from "The Prisoner of Chillon":

My very chains and I grew friends,  
So much a long communion tends  
To make us what we are: — even I  
Regain'd my freedom with a sigh.

The prison director accompanied me to the landing-place, where a large barge was waiting. An hour later I was in a post-carriage drawn by three horses, on my way to St. Petersburg, whence I was going to be taken to the other end of the world, where prisoners usually went with tears in their eyes and despair in their souls. But I was happy. And how could I help being glad when I again beheld the animated villages, the green meadows, and the yellow fields? How could I help being in ecstasies when my eye was embracing the vast space of the earth and the blue sky? I greeted every hamlet, every bush, and every bird as something dear, something I had not seen for some time.

The peasants whom we passed looked at me with astonishment. I was gay and smiling among the grim soldiers, whose faces evidently appeared even more severe and gloomy by comparison.

How relative everything is in the world!

# SEVEN COINS

BY

M. GAUSS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WORTH BREHM

THE seven coins were all in Dixie's little pocket-book when she took the downtown car—a dollar, a fifty-cent piece, a nickel, and four pennies. And doubtless it was because it seemed better to increase than to diminish their number that she selected the half dollar when the conductor approached. She looked long and soberly at the coin, for her conscience told her it was very imprudent for her to take the trolley at all.

However, as every sensible person knows, it is a long lane that has no turning. At this reflection, Dixie's face broke into such a smile that it was as if a morning-glory had suddenly opened. She began to play "peep" with a baby opposite in a way to make every one forget to notice the shabby skirt she wore, her worn-out gloves, and the brassy chain on her pocket-book. She held out her money without looking at the conductor.

On its way to his change pocket, his hand stopped, and he looked hard at the coin Dixie had given him. "I can't take this, lady," he said snappishly; but after a glance at her bright, puzzled face, he changed his tone. "This money isn't good," he explained kindly. "Somebody has gave you a bad half dollar."

All the color dropped out of the morning-glory face; it became pale and big-eyed, and proclaimed to the carful that the shabby skirt and the gloves, the thin pocket-book with its brassy chain, had a meaning: that the loss of a half dollar was tragedy. Holding by a strap near Dixie stood the man who had given her a seat when she came aboard—a well-clad, well-fed business man, with a newspaper. At sight of her distress, he put his hand into his pocket, with a quiet nod to the conductor.

And Dixie realized with shame that he meant to pay her fare; he supposed she had no nickel of her own. She hastened to produce the coin; but when she received back from the conductor her lead half dollar, she looked at it awhile, very soberly. The car

lurched around a corner, and stopped to take on passengers. When she looked up, the business man who had given her a seat was watching her.

"Do you know where you got it?" he asked. He had a nice face, and he had lifted his hat when he gave Dixie his seat. This pleased her.

So she smiled again, as she answered, "From an Italian with a push-cart."

"Too bad!" the man laughed, and shook his head; then he began to read his paper. The conductor came through and told him to move toward the front, as a crowd of working-women got on; and Dixie did not see him again.

At Ninth and Larrimore she left the car. She really felt that her tide was about turning. It was such a nice, cheery day, after a week of rain and snow—her absurdly high spirits went up again. A dollar and four cents was really a great deal of money, she thought; and winding the chain about her purse, she clutched it tightly, as she took her way through the morning crowd. Overhead, along Ninth, was a tangled skein of wires; underfoot, slush and mud. But in the florist's windows were daffodils and Parma violets, and all about her was stir and noise, the pleasant, friendly voice of the big town.

Smiling and expectant, she presented herself at the Ninth Street employment agency.

"You are Miss Jones?" asked the agent. "You've been out of work a long time——"

Dixie assented, suddenly sober.

"Well, I got you placed last night."

"Oh—*where?*" A million-dollar bequest could not have called out a more radiant smile.

"Go down to Phelps & Harding, the wholesale stationers, and tell them you are Miss Jones, to help in the rush order. It'll be a month's work, eight a week, and one week's pay in advance. They always do that for help."

"Oh, I've *heard* they are the very *niciest* people in *town* to work for!" The language was inadequate to express her joy.

"Yes, they're nice people, all right. That will be one dollar, Miss Jones." He held out a fat, dirty palm.

In spite of her good fortune, Dixie felt a bit serious as she gave him her dollar; for it seemed, even though she had a place, rather terrifying to be out by one's self in the city, with only four cents in one's purse. The pennies looked small and inefficient, and the bad company they were in — the big, cheap fifty-cent piece — robbed them of respectability. And yet, she was afraid to throw the lead coin away, because so very little would be left.

She was soon happy again, as she took her

The girl clerk turned her head, calling, "Mr. Fisher!" and a bald-headed man appeared from the rear.

"I came to work a month in your store," said Dixie, with a smile that must have melted the snow remaining in the gutters, if it might have reached them. The head clerk looked at her, surprised. "I am Miss Jones," she informed him — and, when the information elicited no reply, "I was employed to help with a big rush order you had."

"I am sorry," said the head clerk, "but those positions are all filled. We wanted seven girls, and over three hundred applied."



"'I CAN'T TAKE THIS, LADY,' HE SAID"

way to the Larrimore Street office of the big firm — her firm now. She knew where the Phelps home was, out Liberty Park way, and she had seen the more modest establishment of the Hardings. On one occasion a girl had pointed out Mrs. Harding to her — in a white broadcloth coat which Dixie greatly admired. At the big church to which she went on Sundays, to hear the organ, Mr. Harding taught a Bible class of young men. The girls at the business college had told her about him, and everybody said he was "so kind," when one worked for him. There are many people in the world who are not kind at all. "There isn't a firm in town," reflected Dixie, "that I'd as soon work for."

A month's work, the man had said; but Dixie's plans extended far beyond anything of that kind. She intended to remain permanently with the firm, and have straw sleeve-protectors to keep her shirt-waist nice. She entered the Larrimore Street store.

"Did you want something?" asked a pleasant-featured girl who was stacking envelopes in boxes.

"I want to see the man who hires help."

Again the color dropped out of Dixie's face, again her eyes grew large and her lips trembled. But she rallied. "There is some mistake," she insisted. "I've been employed — I have the job."

He shook his head.

"Isn't this Phelps & Harding's?"

She glanced toward the door. Two men were coming in from the street. "Mr. Harding may have employed you," said Fisher. "Mr. Harding, step here a minute, please."

Harding came toward them — he was the man who had given Dixie a seat on the trolley. "Did you employ this young lady to help us with that rush order?" asked the head clerk.

Harding shook his head, and his face no longer looked kind, to Dixie, but hard and sharp-eyed. "Do you need any more girls, Mr. Fisher?" he asked.

The head clerk shook his head. "I had three hundred applicants."

"See here — did some agent send you to us?" Harding asked.

"Yes. I paid him a dollar." She choked on the word "dollar," and swallowed hastily, then smiled a little.



“SEE HERE — DID SOME AGENT SEND YOU TO US?” HARDING ASKED”

“What was his name? Oh, the Ninth Street man! Do you see, Mr. Fisher? She’s been buncoed. The police ought to close some of those fellows out.”

Old Mr. Phelps called Harding impatiently; he dismissed Dixie’s matters with a nod, and went away — as why shouldn’t he, since he was not a whit responsible? Dixie realized, with a sinking heart, that he wasn’t — that nobody in the wide world was, for her.

But, somehow, she was afraid to go back into the street, with only four pennies; she remained standing by the long stock counter. “You ought to go to that agent and demand your fee back,” said Mr. Fisher, by way of wholesome advice. “That’s what I’d do.” And as Dixie did not move, he added affably, “Leave your name and address,— here, I’ll write it down,— and if I have anything, I’ll let you know.”

So Dixie returned to the street. Its voice no longer seemed friendly, but big and menacing, hoarse with fog from the river. For the sun was dimmed again, and the spring wind felt chilly, blowing up the slushy streets.

At the Ninth Street agency, the proprietor’s wife was in charge — a thin, sickly woman, who scowled at Dixie, and then shouted, “John!”

“John” lumbered in. “Why,” he said, smiling greasily at sight of Dixie, “I thought I had you fixed in a job.”

Tremulously Dixie explained. “I came to get my dollar back,” she finished, with a sharp sound in her voice.

“Your dollar?” The smile broadened. “You didn’t pay me no fee, lady. You was to do that out of your first week’s money — don’t you remember?”

“You are thinking of some other girl,” insisted Dixie. “I paid.”

“There was another lady in,” acknowledged the agent. “Well, I’ll get the book on it.” Dixie’s heart pounded savagely, as his fat finger traveled down a list, and stopped. “You didn’t pay me anything yet,” he asserted.

“But I did — I know I did!”

At this the employment agent was in a fine storm of rage. Did she accuse him of cheating her? His was an honest place, he’d have her know.

She could not bear rude words; she turned and hurried out of the agency.

It was a long walk uptown. Dixie's rubbers let in much water; her feet were cold, and her limbs ached, before she reached her lodgings. Near the red brick house with "Furnished Rooms" over its shabby lower porch was a little depot for "home-cooked foods." When she got a whiff of its steam, and saw the people going in and out with paper buckets, she knew that she was very hungry. A sharp sob surprised her, clutching at her throat, and breaking, without tears.

She toiled upstairs, threw herself on the bed in her room, and lay still for a while. All through the lodging-house, people who lived in "light housekeeping" rooms were cooking and eating their dinners; in all her life, she had not been hungry till now. Again the dry sob of self-pity came.

By and by she sat up and looked through her purse, turning the lining out — there was nothing new or different in it: only four cents, an old, unused transfer for the trolley line, and a bad — very bad — fifty-cent piece.

The afternoon went slowly; at last supper smells began to come from the "home cooking" place, and she took her purse and went out into the foggy street.

"What shall I buy?" she thought. "What will be the cheapest?"

"Beans," she decided. Beans have the highest food value for the money — it says so on the cans. And Dixie wasn't a great eater: a can of beans would give her a supper and breakfast. Her spirits came up again: all was

not lost, while she had a prospect of canned beans, warmed over the gas-jet. Doubtless before she was actually faced by the wolf—before luncheon-time to-morrow — somebody would give her a place to work.

She had gone half a block before she recalled the price of one can of beans. The street was full of women hurrying to and from bakeries and cook-shops. Here and there lights shone through the fog, blurred into long, rainy streaks. Dixie walked slowly into the little depot for cooked foods, and stood in a brown study by the counter till a woman spoke to her.

"Do you want a girl to wash dishes or anything?" she asked.

"Me? No; I'm pestered to death with help."

The sharp words brought Dixie's tears, so that she could not see about her very well. She looked hard at a glass show-case. "Did you want to buy something?" asked the proprietress.

Under the glass were some doughy-looking things, which Dixie took for graham gems, labeled in pencil, "One cent each." She indicated these, laying down her four pennies; four of them were whisked into a paper bag, and the proprietress turned to another customer.

As she stepped into the street, Dixie noticed that her bag felt very light, and peeped in. She had bought four "kisses," of white of egg and sugar, so unsubstantial that one could eat a dozen after a roast-beef dinner. This last misfortune bewildered her. She had no heart to turn back into the store, but walked slowly home. There



- WORTH-BREEM -  
1909

"YOU DIDN'T PAY ME NO FEE, LADY"



she sat down and ate her four white-of-egg kisses.

Her purse lay on her lap — quite empty now, for the bad fifty-cent piece had rolled away under the wash-stand. Outside, the cars went back and forth, the scream of wires breaking the sullen roar of the city. Within the lodging-house, doors slammed, and the smell of a dozen suppers came in over the sill of the door.

She was so hungry that she could not sit still, so she left her room, went softly downstairs, through the smells of ham and fried things,— new odors, banishing the ghosts of forgotten suppers which haunted the place,— to stand in the doorway in the downstairs hall. Grimy people, tired with their day's work, went by her, but nobody spoke, for nobody knew her; not to stand in the way, she slipped outside and sat down in a porch chair.

A trolley car stopped at the corner, and the usual stream of people left it, flowing in four directions, sluggishly, for everybody was tired. One man came toward the lodging-house, and Dixie watched absently till his figure grew out of the mist. It was Harding, of Phelps & Harding, Wholesale Stationers.

In her despair, an idea presented itself: he looked kind, he *was* kind —

“DO YOU WANT A GIRL TO WASH DISHES OR ANYTHING?” DIXIE ASKED”

But the mere thought of approaching a stranger, of asking help from a man who was not responsible for her, overwhelmed her with shame; she could bear hunger much better than such a humiliation.

He stopped in front of the house and looked hard at its number, then stepped on the porch — and Dixie stood up.

“This is Miss Jones, is it not?” asked the stationer.

Dixie swallowed hastily, all in a shiver; and he put his hand into his pocket. "Miss Jones, I stopped to see that Ninth Street agent — and he returned your fee."

Dixie stared at him whitely for a moment, before she found her breath. Then—"Oh, thank you, thank you!" she cried, her face illumined.

"No, don't thank me. I went after the man, you see, because I couldn't have him using our name that way; it would look as if we had gone back on a promise." Dixie turned the coin on her cold hand, looking at the face of the Goddess of Liberty. Harding turned away, and replaced his purse.

But he hesitated — glanced back — hesitated again. "Miss Jones," he said.

Dixie turned on the threshold.

"One of our extra girls left this afternoon. If you will be at the office at eight to-morrow morning, I will see that you have a month's work."

And then — hastily, for he saw a yellow car turning the corner — he left.

The street lights shone softly, blurred by the fog, which chilled him where he sat in the open car. He was tired from a hard day's work. The employment agent had been ugly to deal with, and this lodging-house was far out of his way. "And perhaps," he reflected, "it was not a real case of need at all; perhaps the girl has a home, and is working for pin-money. And even granting I did right to get after the bunco man, it is not good business

for me to hire help; Fisher doesn't like it, and I had no business doing it again."

An old woman got on, and he gave her a seat. The car lurched forward again. "No," he reflected, "I really shouldn't have taken that girl on. It was like me to do it on impulse; I am always doing just such things. Why do I? Why does a face follow — and follow me, till I am compelled to go back and help? I wonder if I don't pass the real want by, and worry myself about people who don't need my meddling. Is it sentimentality that makes me do it, or is it God?"

There was no answer to his question. He left the car at his transfer point, and stood in the mist, thinking. The clergyman used to say, "Harding, you ought to be a preacher, not a business man." Ought he? Sometimes he thought his Christianity was worth something, where he was; sometimes he didn't know.

Home was still miles away. He pictured the little domestic scene. His wife was telling the baby to watch for him — the baby would have a long while yet to wait. In the dining-room, the Swede girl was hurrying back and forth, savory odors getting in from the kitchen in spite of the well-contrived fan-leaved doors. And he was hungry, having got a wretched lunch at noon.

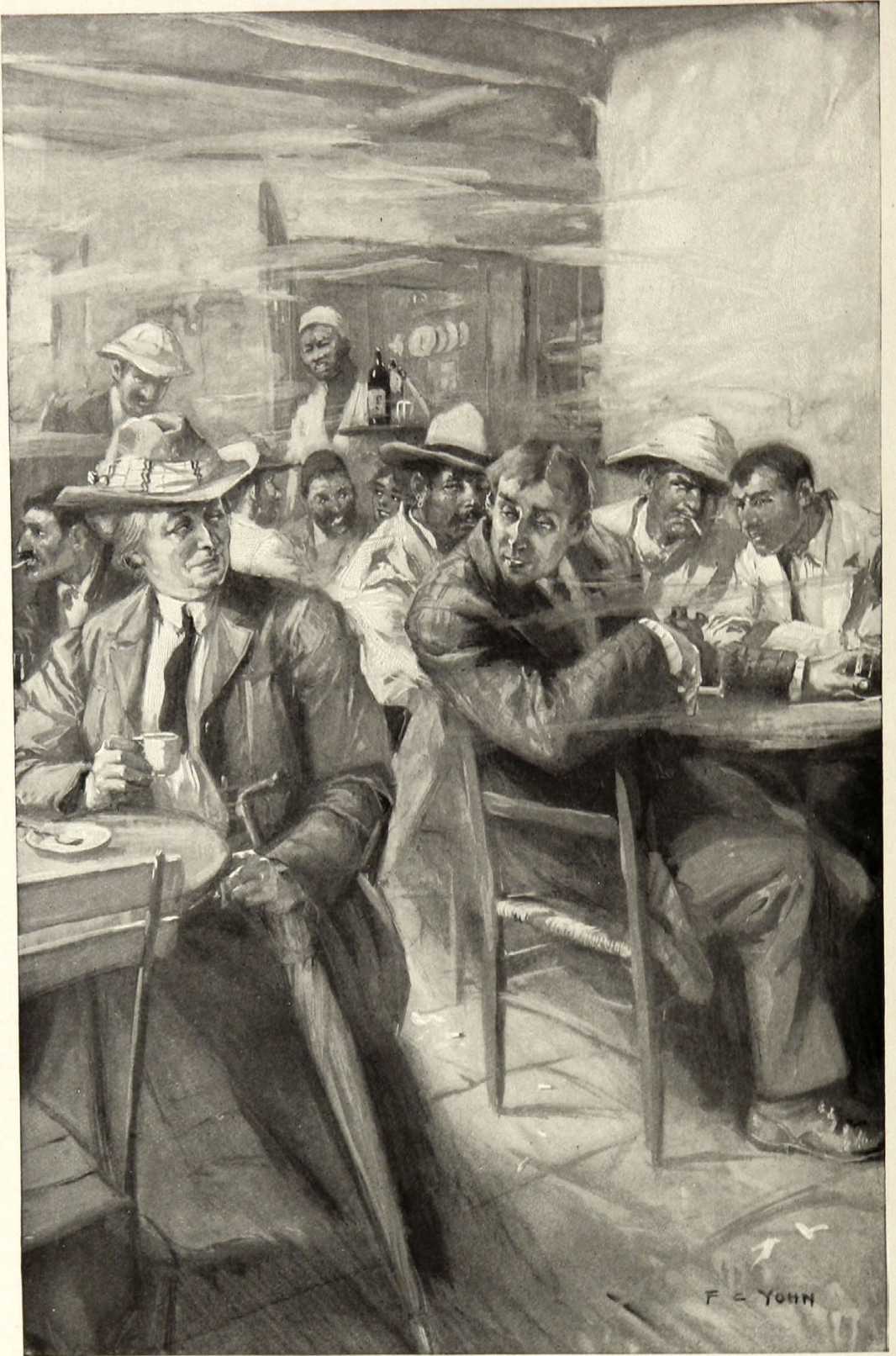
Now a car was coming — nearly empty, for the evening crowd had got home. He hailed it, and took a seat inside. "Anyhow, I am glad I did it," he reflected; and a delicious content spread through him.

## "I PASSED AN ANCIENT WAY"

BY GEORGIANA GODDARD KING

I PASSED an ancient way:  
 Twilight hung in the air;  
 My feet followed the gray  
 Pavement around the square;

The city's bitter reek  
 Reached to the source of tears:  
 I thought you had died last week,  
 My dear — and 'tis seven years.



"PARDON ME, BUT THE SIGHT OF AN ENGLISH LADY—"



# BETWEEN THE LIGHTS

BY

PERCEVAL GIBBON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. YOHN

THESE was but one hotel in that somber town of East Africa, and Miss Gregory, fronting the proprietor of it squarely, noted that he looked at her with something like amusement. She was a short woman of fifty, gray-haired and composed, and her pleasant face had a quiet and almost masculine strength and assurance. In her gray flannel jacket and short skirt and felt hat, with a sun-umbrella carried like a walking-stick, she looked adequate and worthy. Hers was a presence that earned respect and deference in the highways of travel; she had the air of a veteran voyager.

"I have managed to lose the boat," she said evenly; "and my luggage, of course, has been carried on to Zanzibar."

The hotel proprietor had not risen from his chair. He shrugged and smiled as he looked up at her.

"Vat you vant?" he asked.

Miss Gregory frowned. "I want a room for the night," she answered. "A room and dinner, please."

The man smiled again and bit his nails. He was a lean creature, unshaven and sidelong, and he had the furtive and self-conscious air of one who perpetrates a practical joke. Miss Gregory watched him with some impatience; she had yet to learn that a Portuguese of the Coast will even lose money to inconvenience an English man or woman.

"You got money?" he asked.

Miss Gregory squared her shoulders. "I shall pay in the morning," she said. "You need have no fear. The consul will be back to-morrow; I inquired at the consulate." She paused. He wore still his narrow grin of malice. "Man!" she said contemptuously, "do you keep a hotel and not know a lady when you see one?"

"No money?" he suggested insinuatingly.

Miss Gregory sank a hand in her big pocket and brought forth her purse. There was a slight flush on her healthy, broad face, but she governed her voice admirably.

"Here are three English shillings," she said, tilting them into her hand. "You can take these as a — as a deposit; and the rest will be paid in the morning. Now show me to my room."

The landlord uncoiled himself and rose from his chair to look at the money. He peered at it in her hand, then straightened up and faced her. Suddenly he had become hostile, lividly vicious; he laughed a shrill cackle in her face, his nose wrinkled like a dog's.

"No good-a me," he said. "T'ree shillin' — poof! For t'ree shillin' here you buy-a t'ree drink. For room — an' dinner — you pay-a one pound. Take-a your t'ree shillin' away; I don't vant-a you an' your t'ree shillin'. You get out — go walk-a in da street." His eyes traveled swiftly about the place as though to make sure that no one overheard; then he spat a foul epithet at her. His lean, unbuttoned body writhed as he babbled; his hands whirled in gestures; he seemed to be seeking courage to be violent.

Miss Gregory, with a little frown of consideration, watched him. She buttoned the flannel jacket across her breast and restored her three shillings to her pocket. It was all done very deliberately, and through it all her formidable gaze held the Portuguese at arm's length till his gabbled insults died out and left him armed only with scowls. Miss Gregory waited; but he had no more to say.

"I shall call on you to-morrow, my man," she said significantly, and walked at a leisurely gait through the door to the grave street without, where the quick evening was already giving place to night.

The sky overhead was deep blue and clear, powdered with a multitude of stars, and over the sea to the east a crescent of moon floated low. The night was fresh, but not cold; Miss Gregory, pacing tranquilly along the cobbled street, found it agreeable after the sterile heat of the afternoon. A faint breeze stirred the acacias which were planted along the middle of the way, and they murmured secretly. The prospect of a



"THE MAN ON THE BED STARTED UP ON HIS ELBOW, WITH WIDE EYES"

night without shelter did not greatly disturb her; she was already conscious that when she came to look back on it, it would take a high rank among her experiences.

A turning brought her to the Praça, the little square of the town, its heart and center. Here there were lights, the signal that the place had waked up for the evening. Two or three low-browed cafés abutted on the pavement, each lively with folk who drank and talked; the open doors of a church showed an interior faintly luminous with candles; and men and a few women stood about in groups or moved here and there at their ease. With her deliberate step, Miss Gregory passed among them, looking about her with the ready interest of the old traveler who sees without criticizing. There was a flavor in the place and its people that struck her like something pungent: they had individuality; they belonged to each other. There was a sinister character in the faces and bearing of the men, a formidable directness in the women; not one but had the air of carrying a hidden weapon. It was the commonplace evening population of an East African town that has never lived down the traditions of its pirate founders, and Miss Gregory marked its fine picturesqueness with appreciation. Every one turned to look at her as she passed; she, clean, sane, assured, with her little air of good breeding, was no less novel to them than they to her. A thin, dark woman, with arms and breasts bare, took a quick step forward to look into her face; Miss Gregory paused in her walk to return the scrutiny. The woman's wide lips curled in a sudden laughter; Miss Gregory smiled patronizingly, nodded to her, and passed on.

She made a tour of the square and even explored the mouth of a dark lane that led out of it. But it seemed to lead nowhere; it was a mere burrow between high, silent houses, twisting abruptly among them with no purpose of direction, and she turned back to the lights. She was conscious by now that she had been on her feet since early in the afternoon, and she crossed to one of the cafés, where a tinkling band added its allurements to the yellow lights, and sat down at a small table. With one accord, the customers at the place turned to look at her. A barefoot waiter received her order for coffee; she found herself a cigarette, lit it, and looked about her. The café was a low, whitewashed room, open to the pavement at one side; it was crowded with little tables, and at one end an orchestra of four sallow girls smoked and fiddled and strummed. All about her were the hard, keen men and women she had seen in the square, more men

than women. They talked to each other earnestly, in guarded voices, with eyes alert for eavesdroppers; nearly every one had an air of secrecy and caution. They were of all the racial types she had ever seen: Teuton, Latin, and Slav, and variants and mixtures of these, murmured and whispered among themselves; only one of them was unmistakably English.

Miss Gregory had noticed him as soon as she entered, and her table was next to the one at which he sat with three others, who watched him while he talked, and said little. He was a fair youth, with a bland, rather vacant face and a weak, slack mouth. Miss Gregory knew such faces among footmen and hair-dressers, creatures fitted by their deficiencies to serve their betters. He had evidently been drinking a good deal; the table before him was sloppy and foul, and there was the glaze of intoxication in his eyes. But what arrested her was a touch of exaltation in him, a manner as of triumph. For some reason or other, he seemed radiant and glad. The cause soon became apparent, for he fixed his unsure gaze on her, smiled ingeniously, and attempted a bow.

"Pardon me," he said, leaning carefully toward her. "Pardon me, but the sight of an English lady —"

Miss Gregory nodded. "All right," she said.

He hitched his chair closer to her; his three companions exchanged glances, and one of them made as though to nudge him, but hesitated and finally forbore.

"In a general way," said the youth confidentially, "I wouldn't venture to speak to you. But —" and he broke into smiles — "I'm on me way home, myself."

"I see," answered Miss Gregory.

He beamed at her, fatuous and full of pride. "On me way home," he repeated. "For good! No more Africa for me. I've 'ad just upon eight years of it — eight years of sun an' bugs an' fever, and now I'm going home." He paused and looked at her impressively. "I've made my pile," he said.

"That's good," said Miss Gregory. She saw the three others exchange another glance.

The English youth was rapt; for some moments his eyes were unseeing and his lips moved without sound. It was not difficult to see what home meant for him — a goal achieved at hazard, something familiar and sympathetic, worth all the rest of the world. He came back to his surroundings with a long sigh.

"You don't happen to know Clapham Junction, ma'am?" he suggested. "Not the station, I don't mean, but the place? No? Well, that's where I'm off to. I 'aven't seen a tram-car for eight years; it'll be queer at first, I expect."

He looked round him slowly at the low, bare room, and the men in white clothes, and the whispering night without. "My mother takes lodgers," he added inconsequently.

"She will be glad to see you," said Miss Gregory.

"She will that," he agreed. He dropped his voice to the tones of confidence. "I got an idea," he said. "Give her a surprise. I'll go along to the house just about dark and say I'm lookin' for a room. Eh? And she'll begin about terms. Then I'll begin. 'Never you mind about terms,' I'll say. 'Ere's the price of eight years' sweatin', and God bless you, old lady!'" He blinked rapidly, for his eyes were wet. "What do you think of that for a surprise?"

"Capital!" agreed Miss Gregory. "Are you going down to the Coast by the boat tomorrow?"

"That's it," he cried. "I'm going second-class, like a gentleman. Home, by gosh!"

"Then," suggested Miss Gregory, eying his sullen companions, "don't you think it would be best if you went and got some sleep now? You wouldn't care to miss the boat, I suppose."

He stared at her. "No!" he said, as if the contingency had just occurred to him. He sat back; his mild, insignificant face wore a look of alarm. "No, I shouldn't. It wouldn't do." His voice dropped again. "It wouldn't do," he repeated. "I've got it on me, an' this ain't what you call a moral place."

Miss Gregory nodded comprehendingly. "I know," she said. "So wouldn't it be as well, on all accounts, to get to bed, behind a locked door?"

"You've hit it," he said. "That's what I got to do — and lock the door. That's common sense, that is." He stared at her for an instant, then rose with care and deliberation to his feet. He had altogether forgotten his companions; he did not even see them.

"That is, if it'll lock," he added, and held out his hand to Miss Gregory.

"Good-by," she said, taking it heartily. "I'm glad to hear of your good fortune."

He gulped, and left her, walking forth between the little tables with the uncanny straightness of the man "in liquor." Miss Gregory drank up her coffee and sat where she was.

She could see the men at the next table out of the corner of her eye; their heads were together, and they were whispering excitedly. The whole affair was plain enough to a veteran of the world's byways like Miss Gregory: the plan had been to make the youth drunk, help him forth, and rob him easily in some convenient corner. He was the kind of man who lends himself to being robbed; the real wonder

was that it had not been done already. But, mingled with her contempt for his helplessness, Miss Gregory felt a certain softening. His homing instinct, as blind as that of a domestic animal, his rejoicing in his return, his childish plan for taking his mother by surprise, even his loyalty to the tram-cars and all the busy littleness of Clapham Junction — these touched something in her akin to the goodness of motherhood. It occurred to her that perhaps he had been better off under the lights of the café than alone on his way to his bed; and at that moment the three men at the next table, their conference over, rose and went out. She sat still till they were clear; then, on an impulse of officiousness, got up and went out after them.

Their white clothes shone in the darkness to guide her. They cut across the square and vanished in one of those dark alleys she had already remarked. Miss Gregory straightened her felt hat, took a fresh grip of the stout umbrella, and followed determinedly. The corner of the alley shut out the lights behind her; tall walls, with scarce windows fast shuttered, hemmed her in; the vast night of the tropics dropped its shadow over her. Through it all she plodded at the gait familiar to many varieties of men from Poughkeepsie to Pekin, a squat, resolute figure, reckless alike of risk and ridicule, an unheroic heroine. There reached her from time to time the noises that prevail in those places — noises filtering thinly through shutters, the pad of footsteps, and once — it seemed to come from some roof invisible above her — the sound of sobbing, abandoned, strangled, heart-shaking sobs. She frowned and went on.

A spot where the way forked made her hesitate; the men she was following were no longer in sight. But as she pondered, there came to guide her a sudden cry, clear and poignant, the shout of a startled man. It was from the right-hand path; and promptly, as though on a summons, she bent her gray head and broke into a run in the direction of it. As she ran, pounding valiantly, she groped in her pocket for a dog-whistle she had with her, took it in her lips, and, never ceasing to run, blew shrill call upon call. Her umbrella was poised for war. but, rounding a corner, she saw that her whistling had done its work; three white jackets were making off at top speed. It takes little to alarm a thief; Miss Gregory had counted on that.

It was not till she fell over him that she was aware of the man on the ground, who rolled over and cried out at the movement. She put a steady hand on him.

"Are you hurt?" she asked eagerly.

He groaned; his face was a pale blur against the earth.

"They've got me," he said. "They stuck a knife in my back. I'm bleeding; I'm bleeding."  
 "Get up," bade Miss Gregory. "Bleeding or not, we must get away from here. Up you get!"

She pulled him to a sitting position, and he screamed and resisted, but Miss Gregory was his master. By voice and force she brought him upright; he could stand alone, and seemed surprised to find it out.

"Take my arm," she ordered him. "Lean on it; don't be afraid. Now, where are your rooms?"

"On this way," he replied.

Evidently he had an ugly wound, for at each few steps he had to stop and rest, and sometimes he swayed, and Miss Gregory had to hold him up. His breath came hastily; he was soft with terror. "They'll come back; they'll come back!" he gabbled, tottering on his feet.

"They're coming now; I can hear them," replied Miss Gregory grimly. "Here, lean in this doorway behind me, man. Stop that whimpering, will you! Now, keep close."

She propped him against the nail-studded door and placed herself before him, and the three robbers bunched together in a group, stealing along the middle of the way, might almost have gone past without seeing them. But it was not a chance to trust to. Miss Gregory let them come abreast of her; her whole honest body was tense to the occasion. On the due moment she flung herself forward and the brandished umbrella rained loud blows on aghast heads; and at the same time she summoned to her aid her one accomplishment — she shrieked! She was a strong woman, deep-chested, full-lunged. Her raw yell shattered the stillness of the night like some crazy trumpet; it broke from her with the suddenness of a catastrophe, nerve-snapping, ear-scaring, heart-striking. Before it and the assault of the stout umbrella, the robbers broke; a panic captured them; they squealed, clasped at each other, and ran in mere senseless amaze. The Latin blood, diluted with Coast mixtures, is never remarkable for courage; but braver men might have scattered at the alarm of that mighty discordancy attacking from behind.

Fortunately, the door they sought was not far off. Through it they entered a big untidy room, stone-floored, as the custom is, and littered with all the various trifles a man gathers about him on the Coast. Miss Gregory put her patient on the narrow bed and turned to the door; true to his fears, it would not lock. The youth was very pale and in much fear; blood stained the back of his clothes; and his eyes followed her about in appeal.

"You must wait a little," Miss Gregory told him. "I'll look at that wound of yours when I've seen to the door. No lock, of course." She pondered frowningly. "It's a childish thing at the best," she added thoughtfully, "but it may be a novelty in these parts. Have you ever arranged a booby trap, my boy?"

"No," he answered wonderingly.

Miss Gregory shook her head. "The lower classes are getting worse and worse," she observed. She put a chair by the door, which stood a little ajar, and looked about her.

"As you are going away, you won't want this china." It was his ewer and wash-hand basin. "I don't see anything better, and it'll make a smash, at any rate."

"What you goin' to do, ma'am?" asked the man on the bed.

"Watch," she bade him. It was not easy, but with care she managed to poise the basin, and the ewer in it, on top of the door, so that it leaned on the lintel and must fall as soon as the door was pushed wider.

"Now," she said, when it was done, "let's have a look at that cut."

It was an ugly gash high in the back, to the left of the spine — a bungler's or a coward's attempt at the terrible heart-stab. Miss Gregory, examining it carefully, was of opinion that she could have done it better; it had bled copiously, but she judged it not to be dangerous. She washed it and made a bandage for it out of a couple of the patient's shirts; and he found himself a good deal more comfortable. He lay back on his bed with some of the color restored to his face, and watched her, as she moved here and there about the room, with eyes that were trustful and slavish.

"Well," said Miss Gregory, when she had completed an examination of the apartment, "there doesn't seem to be much more one can do. They'll come back, I suppose? But of course they will. How much money have you got about you?"

"About two thousand pounds, ma'am," he said meekly.

"H'm!" Miss Gregory thought a moment. "And they know it? Of course." She nodded her little sharp nod of certainty. "Well, when they come, we'll attend to them."

There was a tiny mirror hanging from a nail, and she went to it, patted her gray hair to neatness, and reëstablished her felt hat on top of it. The place was still as the grave; no noise reached it from without. The one candle at the bedside threw her shadow monstrously up the wall; while she fumbled with her hat-pins, it pictured a looming giantess brandishing weapons.

She was still at the mirror, with hat-pins held in her mouth, when the steps of the robbers made themselves heard. The man on the bed started up on his elbow, with wide eyes and a sagging mouth. Miss Gregory quelled him with a glance; then crossed the floor and blew out the candle. In the darkness, she laid her hat down, that it might not come to harm, and put a reassuring hand on the youth's shoulder. It was quaking, and she murmured him a caution to keep quiet. Together, with breath withheld, they heard the men in the entry of the house, three of them coming guardedly. Miss Gregory realized that this was the real onslaught; they would be nerved for shrieks this time. She took her hand from the youth's shoulder with another whispered word, and stepped to the middle of the room, and stood motionless. The noise of breathing reached her, then a foot shuffled, and on the instant somebody sprang forward and shoved the door wide.

The jug and basin smashed splendidly; whoever it fell on uttered a little shrill yelp, and paused, confounded by the darkness. Miss Gregory, her eyes more tuned to it, could make out the blur of white clothes. With noiseless feet she moved toward them. She was all purpose and directness; no tremor disturbed her; as calmly as she would have shaken hands with the consul, she reached forward, felt her enemy, and delivered a cool and well-directed thrust. An appalling yell answered her, and she stepped back a space, the hat-pin held ready for another attack. There was a tense instant of inaction, and then the three rushed, and one bowled her over on the floor and fell with her.

Miss Gregory fell on her side, and before she was well down, the steel hat-pin, eight inches long, of good Paris metal, plunged and found its prey. The man roared and wallowed clear, and she rose. The big room was wild with stamping feet and throaty noises, such as dogs make. The bedside chair, kicked aside, struck her ankles. She picked it up and threw it at the sounds. It seemed to complicate matters. The place was as dark as a well, and she moved, groping with her hands, toward the bed. Some one backed into her. Another yell and a jump, and, as she stepped back, the swish of a blow aimed toward her that barely missed her. Then she was by the bed, feeling over it; it was empty.

She had some moments of rest. Every one was still, save for harsh breathing. But she dared not stand long, lest their eyes, too, should adapt themselves to the dark. It was evident that nobody had firearms; there was that much to be thankful for. She gathered herself for an

attack, a rush at the enemy with an active hat-pin, when something touched her foot. She bent, swiftly alert for war, but arrested the pin on its way. It was a hand from under the bed; her protégé had taken refuge there. She took his wrist and pulled. He whimpered, and there was a grunt from the middle of the room at the sound, but he came crawling. She dared not whisper, for those others were moving already; but, with her cool, firm hand on his wrist, she sank down on all fours and drew him on toward the door. It was impossible to make no noise, but, at any rate, their noises were disconcerting; the robbers could not guess what it betokened. Each of them had his stab, a tingling, unaccountable wound, a hurt to daunt a man, and they were separately each standing guard over his own life.

They encountered one half way across the room. He felt them near him, and sent a smashing blow with a knife into the empty air. Miss Gregory, always with that considered and careful swiftness that was so like deliberation, reared to her knees, her left hand still holding the youth's wrist, and lunged. Another yell, and the man, leaping back, fouled a comrade, who stabbed and sprang away. They heard the man fall and move upon the floor like a dying fish, with sounds of choking. Then the door was before them, and, crawling still, with infinite pains to be noiseless, they passed through it. From within the room the choking noises followed them till they gained the open air.

The tortuous alley received them like a refuge; they fled along it with lightened hearts, taking all turnings that might baffle a chase, till at last Miss Gregory smelt acacias and they issued again into the little square. To Miss Gregory, it was almost amazing that the cafés should still be lighted, their tables thronged, the music insistent. While history had raced for her, the world had stood still. She stood and looked across at the lights thoughtfully.

The youth at her side coughed. "The least I can do," he suggested inanely, "is ask you to 'ave a cup of coffee, ma'am."

Miss Gregory turned on him sharply.

"And then?" she asked. "After the coffee, what then?"

He shuffled his feet uneasily. "Well, ma'am," he said, "this hole in my back is more 'n a bit painful; so, I thought I'd get along to the hotel an' have a lie-down."

She looked at him thoughtfully. Her head was bare, and the night breeze from the sea whipped a strand of gray hair across her brow. She brushed it away a little wearily.

"Unless there's anything more I can do for you," suggested the young man smoothly.

Anything more *he* could do for *her!* She smiled, considering him. The events of the night had not ruffled him; his blond face was still mild, insignificant, plebeian. Of such men slaves are made; their part is to obey orders, to be without responsibility, to be guided, governed, and protected by their betters. Miss Gregory, sister of a major-general, friend of colonial governors, aunt of a member of Parliament, author of "The Saharan Solitudes," and woman of the world, saw that she had served her purpose, her work was done.

"Thank you," she said; "there is nothing more. You had better go to bed at once."

There was a broken fountain in the middle of the square, overgrown with sickly lichen, and

round it ran a stone bench. The acacias sheltered it, and a dribble of water from the conduit sounded always, fitting itself to one's thoughts in a murmuring cadence. Here Miss Gregory disposed herself, and here the dawn found her, a little disheveled, and looking rather old with the chill of that bleak hour before the sun rises. But her gray head was erect, her broad back straight, and the regard of her eyes serene and untroubled always. She was waiting for the hour when the consul would be accessible; he was the son of her dearest friend.

"And I must not forget," she told herself, "I really must not forget to attend to that hotel man."

## THE PALACE

(*Castelho da Pena, Cintra, Portugal*)

BY FLORENCE WILKINSON

HIGH up above the village,  
 Too far for voice to fall,  
 Crag-crowning, crowned with sunset,  
 Floats out a palace tall.  
 Below, the deep-gorged highroad  
 Plunged in swift twilight gloom,  
 Two peasants dragging homeward  
 From barren hills of broom;  
 Two burdened donkeys creeping,  
 Their brotherly brown gaze,  
 Unhopeful, undespairing,  
 Symbol of years of days;  
 Sum total of the earth-toil,  
 Huge, immemorial.  
 Above, the soaring palace,  
 A dream-Escorial,

Impossible, faint and splendid,  
 Built for a fabulous breed,  
 Bubbles and shapes of spray.  
 Is this your dream, slow peasants,  
 Conceição and José?  
 Night on the stolid laborers;  
 The palace, carved in flame,  
 Pinnacle, dome, and turret,  
 (Oh, peasants, I aver it!)  
 Sings, dome and golden turret,  
 Like joy, the child of flame,  
 Like love that ever, always,  
 Mounted and overcame.

# THE STORY OF AN ALCOHOL SLAVE

## AS TOLD BY HIMSELF

**I**T was at New Orleans that Lincoln, brought face to face with a black slave market, is said to have remarked to a companion, "If I ever get a chance to hit this damnable business, I'll hit it good and hard."

In my humble way, nowise comparable to the immortal Lincoln's, I hope to jolt the alcoholic liquor slave business.

At fourteen years of age I developed a love of statistics, accounts, and bookkeeping. Since I was fifteen, I have kept an accurate account of my expenditures in saloons, covering a period from January 1, 1878, to April 27, 1908. The total debit balance of my personal "saloon account" for thirty years is \$17,364.60. This amount covers alcoholic beverages, mixed or straight, purchased by me in saloons, drug-stores, blind pigs, bars, buffets, cafés, restaurants, hotels, dining-cars, steamers, and theaters. It also covers slight losses at playing saloon slot-machines; losses at dice-shaking in saloons for drinks; losses at card-playing in saloons for drinks; one gun hold-up in a saloon; three gun hold-ups in saloon districts; and two chloral-hydrate robberies at saloon bars.

### *The Time I Have Spent in Bar-rooms*

I estimate that my drink-mates bought fully as much alcoholic liquor for me as I for them. I estimate that saloonkeepers and bartenders have given me enough alcoholic drinks to offset my losses by the robberies I have mentioned. Therefore my average daily saloon expense was \$1.57 for every calendar day of the thirty-year period named. Reduced to drinks, this is an average of more than ten separate drinks of fifteen cents a drink per calendar day. The reader will comprehend that I must have spent considerable time in saloons to have acquired this drinking average.

My records show that the total time spent in buying drinks in eighteen hundred and sixty

saloons in fifty-eight cities of nineteen States was 32,874 hours — 1,369 days — nearly four years.

My experience and observation for a period of twenty-nine years in the United States leads me to believe that saloon drinkers over forty years of age are five per cent of the total number; that drinkers between thirty and forty years of age are ten per cent of the total number; that drinkers between twenty-one and thirty years of age are thirty-five per cent of the total number; and that *fifty per cent of the total number of drinkers in saloons are minors.*

I believe the so-called "best" people of our saloon-licensing States are not aware of the fact that drinkers and drunkards are *originally* made by illegal liquor-selling to minors. I know the perpetuation of the saloon business is based on minors forming the habit of liquor-drinking at the earliest possible age. I know that certain saloonkeepers and bartenders sell intoxicating liquors over their bars to minors at the earliest moment they can do so without risking legal prosecution.

I wish to emphasize the fact that I have had the inclination, money, time, and opportunity to observe saloon patronage, from outside the bar, for thirty years. Ordinary saloonkeepers and bartenders consider that a person who pays an average of forty cents a day across the bar is a "good customer." Consequently I have been much praised many times, for many years, by my masters. "There's a boy that always buys when he has the price with him"; "Jack's a live wire"; "You're a jim-dandy drinker, and always with the coin"; "I wish I had a hundred like you"—these were some of the commendatory expressions that they used concerning me.

### *Learning Saloon Life as a Newsboy*

At nine years of age I lived in a middle Western city that licensed one hundred and eight saloons. Outside of school hours I sold daily papers in the business district. At first I felt a horror of saloons, pity and fear for drunkards, due to home and church teaching. Darting in and out of saloons selling papers, I began to feel a curiosity as to what peculiar

NOTE.—Evidence gathered in a careful investigation of the career of the author of this article shows that he has been just what he says he has been. It is obviously impossible to corroborate his testimony as to the money he has spent for drink, but we can say in his behalf that in the course of our inquiry none of his acquaintances has charged him with untruthfulness. If one credits the story of his career, his figures do not seem at all improbable. Out of respect for his family the author asks that his name be withheld.—EDITOR.



quality lurked in the liquids consumed by saloon customers. I soon comprehended that saloon patrons lived mentally in a make-believe world. It tickled my sense of humor to see grown-ups playing pool, billiards, and cards with youthful zest, animation, and noise. It was fun for me to loiter a minute and watch saloon life. Pool fascinated me, and I longed for the time to come when I should be big enough to play.

Five years of keen-eyed observation taught me that saloonkeepers and bartenders were business men no different, as individuals, from grocers; and that the saloon drinker had to look out for himself. I noticed that some drinkers drank themselves sodden, quarrelsome, staggering, or nauseated, while other drinkers became joyful and amiable.

### *My First Glass of Beer*

At fourteen years of age I drank my first glass of beer in a saloon in the most natural way. Seeing me hot and perspiring one summer afternoon, a saloonkeeper offered me a glass of bottled beer, saying, "You're big enough to drink beer now." I then comprehended that my school, home, and church teaching of the evils of drinking were inconsistent with licensed liquor saloons. I figured that it was all right for me to drink a glass of beer, if I drank like a gentleman, as I saw sober and sedate business men doing. I was big, physically, and saloonkeepers and bartenders would grin amiably at my beer-drinking, as I came around to their business places on my paper route.

In my sixteenth year I entered a corporation office as an office boy. The back doors of this office and those of a big saloon were only a few feet apart, and certain officers and clerks, including myself, drank in the saloon while on duty.

At this time I came to the conclusion that becoming a drunkard lay entirely with the individual, and that there was no chance of ultimate personal harm in my taking a drink of ale or beer. I knew that no one could make me drink unless I wanted to drink. I knew that no one could make me drink against my will. I was cocksure of my strength of muscle and mind. I became a pool and billiard player, and enjoyed evening saloon life as a patron. The human animation and life in a saloon gave me great pleasure. There was always a delightful uncertainty as to whether it would be fight or frolic from one moment to another in a crowded bar-room. In my seventeenth year I began railroading, and in a few years drew a man's salary every month from the pay car. During the next three years I was a favorite customer with saloonkeepers and bartenders.

I bought freely; shook dice for drinks; played cards, pool, and billiards for drinks.

### *I Influence Twenty of my Friends to Drink*

My high-school and gymnasium friends, now working for a living like myself, became drinkers with me. At this time I influenced directly twenty young men, my contemporary associates, in beginning saloon drinking. The saloons were open, and all we had to do was to go in and be welcomed.

I was good-natured, never quarreled or talked loudly, was apparently never influenced by alcoholic drink, was always well-dressed, well-groomed, and well-mannered. I was healthy and athletic, earned good wages, and spent as much in saloons as I saw fit. The local retail liquor-dealer smiled and flattered me. Life was joyous for me and my friends. We laughed about virtually supporting three different saloons by our patronage. We were minors. "No minors allowed" signs stared impotently in our faces in every saloon. I was never questioned, during my minority, by saloonkeeper or bartender as to my legal right to drink intoxicating liquors. I was made welcome in saloons. My patronage was profitable to them.

### *I Become a Daily Moderate Drinker*

At twenty years of age I believed myself innately incapable of getting drunk through ordinary drinking, and was very proud that I was so constituted. Saloonkeepers and bartenders complimented me because I could drink without showing the ordinary effects of indulgence in intoxicating liquors. Occasionally I felt exhilarated, while drinking, but, having an established reputation for cool-headedness, I managed not to show it.

In my twenty-first year a trip to Europe resulted in my becoming an habitual daily moderate drinker. I fell in with the Continental style, and got to prefer to eat while drinking intoxicating liquors. For a time I detested the American perpendicular glutton-drinking standing at saloon bars, as I perceived that our crude method hastened intoxication. On my return home I noticed that my former intimate friends and associates drank more heavily than I remembered. I was introduced to a younger set of saloon drinkers that had come on during my year's absence. My example of drinking helped this younger set to continue drinking, just as the example of drinking business men upheld me in my own drinking habits.

During the next five years I was on the payroll of a large railway company, and traveled in a position of trust, honor, and responsibility, in eight States of the middle West. My evening

diversions were pool, billiards, and card-playing in saloons, with a moderate amount of drinking. I saw thousands of boys, from seventeen to twenty years of age, drinking in saloons during this period. As I saw but one minor refused alcoholic drink in this five-year period, it has remained in my recollection. A red-headed bartender at the old Enos Hotel in Fremont, Nebraska, Gregory by name, and hailing originally from Iowa, was the law-abiding phenomenon. At the end of five years I was promoted to an official position in Chicago.

I had never kept my drinking habits secret. Saloons were part of my life. I walked in and out, head up, self-respecting and self-reliant. I had never been what is termed under the influence of intoxicating liquor. I had always been able to handle myself mentally and physically in a normal manner.

#### *I Lose a Job through my First Case of Drunkenness*

After several months in a Chicago business district, two of my business colleagues warned me that in drinking I was setting a bad example to employees. I felt humiliated that my personal habits should be criticized and condemned by business friends, and resented the warning as coming from an inconsistent source, both men being circumspect drinkers at preferred saloons.

I had never tried to stop drinking from the time I began, for I knew I could stop any time I desired. I now made the attempt to stop drinking entirely, purely as a business measure. I was successful in not drinking for a week, then naturally gravitated into evening saloon life with drink-mates again. In a few months a downtown drunken affair with a party of friends from the country brought me into some publicity; and I was "let out" for public drunkenness. I was more disheartened at finding conclusively that my boasted moderate drinking for twelve years had made me a drunkard, than I was at losing my reputation in the railway world, and my salary of two hundred dollars a month.

During the following year I developed a certain grade of intoxication. I would temporarily forget that I was working for a living and stick around saloons until I drank myself sober. I usually lost my jobs from not being on duty, rather than from incompetency while on duty.

#### *Five of my Friends Become Alcohol Slaves*

In 1890 Robert Giddings, one of the friends of my minor drinking days, one of the twenty young men influenced by my drinking habits

to join me in drinking, shot himself at a saloon bar. He was a successful business man of fine character and ability. The retail liquor trade suffered a financial loss estimated at a minimum of sixty dollars a month by the suicide of alcoholic liquor slave Bob. Bob began drinking at seventeen years of age; he lasted ten years in saloons.

In 1893 William Jaques, one of the friends of my minor drinking days, one of the twenty young men influenced by my drinking habits to join me in drinking, cut his throat at a saloon bar. He was a successful business man of fine character and ability. The retail liquor trade suffered a financial loss estimated at a minimum of forty dollars a month by the suicide of alcoholic liquor slave Billy. Billy began drinking at sixteen years of age, and lasted thirteen years in saloons. Immediately after Billy's death I was excessively annoyed by a persistent hallucination of Billy's presence with me when drinking at saloon bars. Once Billy appeared to have "jumped" my body and got a drink for himself. I was standing at a saloon bar talking with a friend, but conscious of Billy's presence. Suddenly the "I and I" part of me was several feet from my body, attached to it by a tenuous cord at the solar plexus. Then I was jerked back into my body, and my friend was asking me, "Don't you think so, Jack?" I replied, "I don't know." He insisted, "You do. Say, come out of it! There was an expression on your face just now, when you took your drink, like Billy's. Poor old Billy! I bet he would like a good drink about now." I then noticed that I had drunk my liquor without knowing I had done so. Perhaps being in the same saloon where Billy had killed himself aided in this hallucination. It gradually faded, and in a year entirely disappeared.

In 1895 Cornelius Matthews, one of the friends of my minor drinking days, one of the twenty young men influenced by my drinking habits to join me in drinking, was burned to death in a hotel fire. The night clerk, knowing that I was a personal friend of the dead man, told me whisperingly that Con had been carried to his room from the bar-room at midnight, a couple of hours before the fire. The retail liquor trade suffered a financial loss estimated at a minimum of forty-five dollars a month by the death of alcoholic liquor slave Con. Con began drinking at sixteen years of age, and lasted fifteen years in saloons.

In 1897 Daniel Hobbs, one of the friends of my minor drinking days, one of the twenty young men influenced by my drinking habits to join me in drinking, killed himself by morphine-

poisoning in a saloon wine-room. Dan was the most successful business man of the old bunch—successful in every way but one. The retail liquor trade suffered a financial loss estimated at a minimum of one hundred dollars a month by the suicide of alcoholic liquor slave Dan. Dan began drinking at eighteen years of age, and lasted seventeen years in saloons.

In 1905 Samuel Edwards, one of the friends of my minor drinking days, one of the twenty young men influenced by my drinking habits to join me in drinking, killed himself by falling, fracturing his skull, while very drunk in a saloon. The retail liquor trade suffered a financial loss estimated at a minimum of fifty dollars a month by the death of alcoholic liquor slave Sam. Sam began drinking at seventeen years of age, and lasted twenty-seven years in saloons.

In 1909 the twenty young men of whom I have spoken were distributed as follows:

Married under twenty-five years of age; paternity and family duties first checked, then stopped alcoholic liquor drinking.	9
Suicides in saloons while drinking (bachelors).....	3
Burned to death while incapacitated by drink (bachelor).....	1
Accidentally fell while in saloon very drunk and killed by fall (bachelor)....	1
Supposed accident by leaky gas-jet; no reason for suicide other than tired of drinking (bachelor).....	1
Died from pneumonia at twenty-nine years of age (bachelor) .....	1
Died from tuberculosis of lungs at twenty-seven years of age (bachelor).....	1
Bartender in Chicago West Side saloon (married).....	1
Street peddler in Chicago South Side (bachelor).....	1
Not heard from since 1904; then a tramp.	1

My statistics go to show that matrimony under the age of twenty-five years tends to check and stop incipient inebriety.

Ten of the twenty young men did not marry, presumably because their saloon slavery occupied their time and means to such an extent that there was no time or inclination for courtship and marriage. I have personal knowledge that four of the ten bachelors were refused marriage by intelligent young women on account of the boys' drinking habits.

#### *In Nineteen Years I am Discharged from Twenty-four Jobs*

From 1889 to 1908 I have been variously employed by different individuals, firms, and corporations, in factories, yards, and offices. In this period of nineteen years I have held twenty-eight different jobs, and been discharged from twenty-four of them, mainly because I

remained away from duty while under the influence of intoxicating liquors. I found it easier to get work in the larger cities, and the twenty-eight jobs were in eighteen cities of the metropolitan class. The character of my work ranged from shoveling snow for a week, at twenty cents an hour, to the chief clerkship of a railway office employing one hundred and twenty-five men.

In the saloons of the eighteen larger cities, in this period, liquor-drinking conditions were the same as in my own minority. Fifty per cent of the saloon drinkers were minors. In Kansas City, Missouri, in 1897, in my thirty-fifth year, I was shocked to have a seventeen-year-old drinker say, "Daddy, what'll you have?" Since then hundreds of minor saloon drinkers have joyously and generously asked me the same question.

Respectable moderate drinkers cannot verify my estimate that fifty per cent of saloon drinkers are minors, at the onyx bars where they drink. Nor can my statement be verified at various metropolitan buffets, where sober bartenders, sober cashiers, sober managers, sober porters, and sober waiters refuse to serve drinks to ill-dressed, down-and-out appearing persons, or to well-dressed persons showing the influence of liquor in looks, speech, or action. In the alleged respectable saloons no drunkards, minors, sleepers, loungers, or panhandlers are allowed. The jails, bridewells, workhouses, pens, asylums, and reformatories hold alcoholic liquor slaves who at one time drank among the well-dressed and well-groomed at "swell" places. To get my percentages one must go all the way down the line, from the Pompeian Pool Room of the Chicago Auditorium Annex to the village bar-room with its pool-table. All saloons do not sell to the minor trade. The saloonkeeper decides his minor trade. Certain city saloons are so situated that they attract only business and professional men. To clarify my point, I know of a large saloon in Chicago, on La Salle Street, near the Board of Trade Building, that does not sell one per cent of its entire trade over the bar to minors; but on West Van Buren Street—a mile from the Loop district—I know of a saloon that one year ago sold to twelve minors whom I knew personally, and sixty per cent of its entire trade was to minors. Another saloon on West Madison Street sold ninety per cent to minors; it was known as a "kid joint," and shunned by adult drinkers.

#### *I am Imprisoned for Drunkenness*

The first time and every time I was arrested for drunkenness and put behind the bars like a

caged animal, I lost self-respect, and became temporarily disheartened as to the prospect of ultimately freeing myself from alcoholic liquor slavery. The police-court system of arrest and fining drunkards is perfectly logical on the assumption that a slave should not be allowed his physical liberty when he becomes a public nuisance. My own experience of being jailed for drunkenness in 1890, 1896, 1898, 1904, 1905 (twice), and 1907 leads me to believe that jailing for drunkenness either disheartens or makes desperate the liquor slave. Six of the seven times I was jailed I was discharged without being fined by the police judge. Six of the seven times that I was jailed, I was working. I lost my job each time, not so much because of the notoriety as owing to the fact that I was temporarily too disheartened to do anything but continue drinking, without going near my place of business. I would go to saloons that I knew were sanctuaries for drunkards. I like my masters the saloonkeepers and bartenders, for they have afforded me succor, protection, and uplift to my self-respect after the most humiliating moments of my life, when I have had to say, "Yes, sir," like a whipped slave, to the police judge's inquiry, "Were you drunk?"

Chief of Police Kohler of Cleveland, Ohio, has the right idea of chaperoning drunken men to their homes, instead of putting them under arrest at station-houses. I repeat, after being jailed for drunkenness, a drinker is never the same again. It brings either disheartenment or desperation.

#### *\$60,000 the Cost of my Slavery*

In 1889, at twenty-six years of age, I held an official railroad position scheduled on the payroll at two hundred dollars a month, good during good health and good behavior till the occupant was sixty years of age, and for a pension later. My public drunk lost me that position. The total of my wages received during the subsequent period of twenty years, according to my private personal ledgers, is \$18,060. Subtracting this sum from the amount I would have received in the twenty years, had I kept my two-hundred-dollar job, I find that my loss in wages alone amounts to \$29,940. The interest on this loss, and on my

"saloon account," reckoned at four per cent, would be \$14,686.28. Thus my total loss in money for the thirty years between January, 1878, and April, 1908, is \$61,990.88. With this \$61,990.88 in bank at four per cent, I should be in possession of an annual income of \$2,479.63. It gives me pain to put down the figures.

The inexperienced and impressionable young man in a saloon village, town, or city does not get a square deal. My definition of a square deal is *no saloons*. If there are to be saloons, teaching the evils of alcoholic drink at school, home, and church ought to be discontinued. The youngster detects the inconsistency between preaching and practice. In my high-school days I drank beer, while studying the effects of alcohol on the human body. I did not believe the text-books, for it seemed inconceivable, to my ignorance, that such poison as it was alleged to be should be licensed to be sold to one group of human beings by another group of human beings.

Saloons must have fresh drinking boys every day, or they must go out of business for lack of patronage. The saloonkeeper cares nothing for the ultimate effect on his customer of the goods purchased. A fresh drinking boy every day is necessary to make the saloon cash register ring musically in the saloon proprietor's ears. A saloonkeeper getting a fresh drinking boy every day is willing to let old liquor slaves fill graves, jails, pens, and asylums.

Every day that the saloons are open in saloon-licensing States, some saloonkeeper or bartender shoves across the bar a glass of cool, refreshing beer to a young man, and says, "You're big enough to drink beer now." Then there is started a fresh minor drinker, who can outdrink a relay of old-timers. If the fresh minor drinker is a boy leader, twenty more minors are started, and half the twenty become alcoholic liquor slaves.

Personally, as an alcoholic liquor slave, from whom eighteen hundred and sixty saloonkeepers took twenty-four good paying jobs during twenty years of my drinking life, I should like to see all saloons legislated out of existence, for the purpose of protecting the growing youth of our nation. Old slaves like myself soon pass out of the material world.



## MRS. PIPER'S LIMIT

BY GEORGE ELMER McCULLOCH

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. GLACKENS

**H**OW old is your baby?" asked Mrs. Piper of the little black-eyed woman who sat on the seat beside her.

The little woman was holding a big, fat, crowing baby that twisted and turned in her arms, trying to see everything at once. The mail hack, a three-seated affair, was loaded heavier than usual that afternoon, and had just started on a twenty-five-mile trip to the interior. Spavinaw was the end of its route, the proverbial "wide place" in the road, with a mill, a blacksmith shop, and a couple of stores.

"Four months last Friday," replied the little woman, withdrawing enough of her attention from the squirms of the baby to look into Mrs. Piper's face. "He's heavy enough for a six-months-old," she went on. "Things are

strange here, and he wants to see all that is going on. He always was a great baby to look round."

"He's sure a fine one," said Mrs. Piper, taking her old clay pipe out of a little satchel she was carrying and stuffing some hand-made twist into it. "I suppose it's a boy; it looks like one," she added, and leaning forward she said some words to the child that made it crow and laugh. "Goin' fur?" she asked, as she lit her pipe.

"Going to Spavinaw," said the little woman. "Do you know any one round there?"

"Know any one round Spavinaw?" asked Mrs. Piper, with a conscious smile. "Law, I know 'em all. I've lived in that country fur th' last forty-two years, an' most of th' time in ur round Spavinaw. I ort t' know a few of 'em in that time. Who are yo' goin' t' see?"

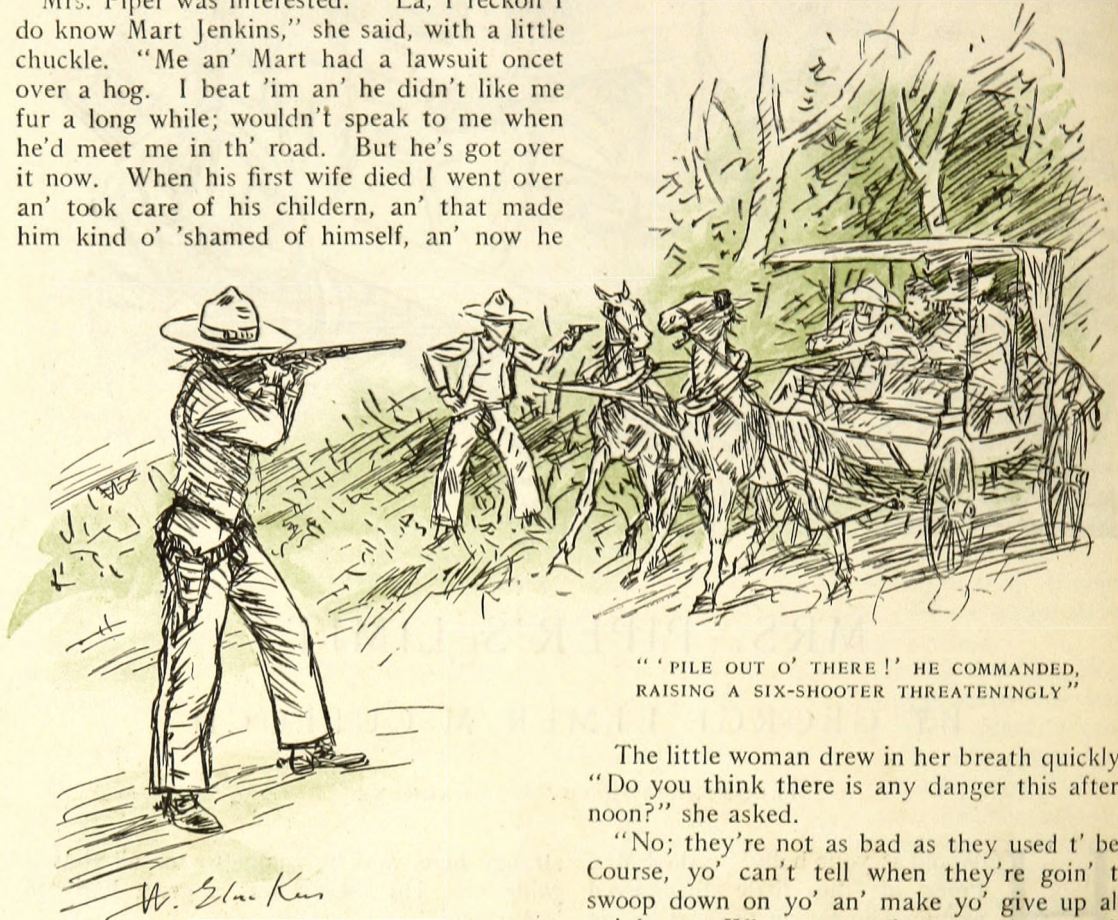
"Jenkins — Mart Jenkins," said the little woman. "Mart Jenkins is my uncle, and they have been wanting me, for a long time, to come and see them. My husband died two months ago and just left me alone, and as soon as the baby got big enough so that I thought it wouldn't hurt him to travel, I scraped together what money I could and thought I'd come down and make my home with Mart if he'd let me."

Mrs. Piper was interested. "La, I reckon I do know Mart Jenkins," she said, with a little chuckle. "Me an' Mart had a lawsuit onced over a hog. I beat 'im an' he didn't like me fur a long while; wouldn't speak to me when he'd meet me in th' road. But he's got over it now. When his first wife died I went over an' took care of his childern, an' that made him kind o' 'shamed of himself, an' now he

a Missourian, are yo'? I'd think you'd be afeerd t' be travelin' down here in th' Indian Territory all by yourself, among these wild cowboys, an' train-robbers, an' horse-thieves, an' th' like."

"Oh, my!" exclaimed the little woman. "Are they dangerous?"

"They are if they git after yo'," replied Mrs. Piper. "I've been on this hack several times when they held it up."



"'PILE OUT O' THERE!' HE COMMANDED, RAISING A SIX-SHOOTER THREATENINGLY"

The little woman drew in her breath quickly. "Do you think there is any danger this afternoon?" she asked.

"No; they're not as bad as they used t' be. Course, yo' can't tell when they're goin' t' swoop down on yo' an' make yo' give up all yo' have. When some o' these cowboys git broke an' out of a job, they're liable t' light on 'most any one. It's bin over a year since they bothered this hack. There usually ain't 'nough people on it t' tempt 'em. Yo' can't tell, though, when a passel of 'em is goin' t' stop yo'."

"Would they shoot a person?" asked the Jew peddler.

"Would if yo' didn't mind what they told yo' t' do," said Mrs. Piper. "They don't stand any foolin'."

The drummer behind her gave a little gasp.

"Well, I'd mind 'em," said the Jew peddler.

"Here too," said the drummer.

"You'd better, if they git after yo'," said Mrs. Piper. "Somethin' over a year ago I

speaks every time we meet. Yes, Mart's all right. He's got his second wife now, an' she's a mighty good woman. Yo' say he's kin to yo'?"

"Yes; uncle."

"Own uncle?"

"Yes; he and my mother were brother and sister."

"Huh," said Mrs. Piper reflectively, pushing the fire in her pipe harder down on the tobacco. "Well, Mart 'll treat you all right. He's purty well fixed, an' his wife's a bully cook." Then she looked at the little woman again. "Where did yo' say your home was at?" she asked.

"In Missouri — Dade County," replied the little woman.

"Missouri," repeated Mrs. Piper. "You're

was on th' hack when three of 'em held us up an' made us git out an' git in a row. One o' th' fellers got smart an' begun t' sass 'em. They didn't do a thing but step th' gentleman a little off t' one side an' tell 'im t' dance. He said damned if he'd dance fur any man, an' one of 'em shot a hole in th' ground about an inch from the feller's toes. He begun t' dance a little, an' they said, 'Faster!' an' shot 'nother hole in th' ground right at his feet. Then he danced faster, an' every time he slacked up a little, they'd plow up the ground round his toes with their six-shooters. Why, fur a time they jist had that poor feller dancin' in a fog o' dust, an' yo' couldn't hear nothin' fur th' crack o' their pistols. Th' poor feller jist danced till he fell down in a faint, an' then one o' th' robbers went up an' give him a kick an' told 'im that after this not to git smarter'n other people. After they left, we worked with the feller an' brought him to, but, I tell yo', we had a time. Oh, I tell yo', he was about dead," and she gave a hearty laugh that shook her immense form, and seemed to recall the whole affair as a great joke.

"Gee!" said the Jew peddler, shaking his head.

"None of that for me, if you please," said the drummer.

The little woman was pale with fright. The baby had kept still through the recital, as if seized with the contagion of fear, but when the story was over it gave a crow that broke the ice of suspense and made them all laugh.

"Oh, you needn't be afeerd," said Mrs. Piper to the little woman. "They wouldn't hurt you. All yo' got t' do is do as they tell yo' an' yeu're all right. They'd jist take what money yo' had an' let yo' go."

The little woman gave a sigh and looked out along the road.

"Where would they be most liable to hold one up?" asked the drummer.

"Yo' can't tell," said Mrs. Piper. "Just any old place. Usually in th' timber, but I knowed 'em t' hold us up once when we was only two miles out o' Vinita. That time there was 'bout half a dozen men on' th' hack, an' th' robbers made 'em all git in a row out on th' ground, an' then one o' th' robbers — there was three of 'em — went along an' asked each man if he was right- ur left-handed. An' whichever a man was, they made him hold out that hand an' show th' palm. If the skin on it was hard, an' had blisters, an' showed th' owner was a workin'-man, they didn't take anything from 'im, but if his hand was soft an'



"BEGAN TO RELIEVE THE JEW PEDDLER OF HIS POCKET-BOOK AND VALUABLES"

white they made him dig up. Out o' them six men, four of 'em had soft, white hands, an' they took everything th' poor fellers had.

"My, my!" said the little woman.

The Jew peddler, when he thought no one was looking, quietly rubbed his hands round the waistband of his trousers. The drummer very carefully slipped off one of his shoes and shoved a pad of green-backs down inside his stocking.

"Well, I haven't very much," said the little woman, "if they should hold us up this evening. But it's all I have, and I don't know what I should do if they should get it. Just let them keep it, I suppose."

"Let 'em keep it? O' course yo' would," replied Mrs. Piper, pushing down the ashes in her pipe. After you'd looked in th' muzzle o' one o' them big six-shooters fur about a half a second, you'd jist shell out an' not say a word, an' you'd keep quiet, too. You know you would. But then, I don't think there's any danger t'-night. They don't make a hold-up except when they think they're goin' t' git a good haul. Don't usually. Yo' can't tell, though. When some o' these poor cowboys git out of a job they still got t' live, an' they got t' have a little money someway, an' when they are real hard up they'll hold up th' hack any time. Can't hardly blame 'em sometimes, poor fellers. Some o' these cattlemen treat their men awful mean. Jist turn 'em off sometimes without a minit's warnin', an' mebbe they hain't a cent in their pockets, so what's th' poor fellers goin' t' do? They hain't th' real professionals, an' at times I think they're t' be pitied."

The little woman drew a long breath, and the Jew peddler closed his mouth and looked out up and down the road. The drummer sat up and looked straight ahead. The driver was humming to himself, sub-attentive to Mrs. Piper's little talk. He reached forward and struck the off horse with his whip and "clacked" a couple of times. "I want t' git through this



"SHE WRESTED THE SIX-SHOOTER FROM HIS HAND AND LAMMED HIM OVER THE HEAD WITH IT"

timber before dark," he said. "I don't like t' drive in th' timber in th' dark."

They had just reached the edge of the timber. They all remarked, as they entered it, how much cooler it was, and how much pleasanter. The soft green of the foliage gave relief to their eyes after the glare of the sun from the brown prairie-grass and the white dust of the roads.

"Well, I must say this is fine," remarked the drummer. "This makes me —"

"Halt!" rang out sharp and clear from the right. There was a shot, and a man stepped into the middle of the road with a Winchester. The driver reined the horses on their haunches, and the hack stopped so quickly that the passengers pitched forward against the backs of the seats. It was at a sharp turn in the road, and a big fallen tree had concealed the highwayman. Another man stepped around the opposite end of the tree near the hack.

"Pile out o' there!" he commanded, raising a six-shooter threateningly.

"By Jocks, we're held up!" exclaimed Mrs. Piper, and she raised her great, bulky form of about three hundred pounds from the seat and began to clamber out. "We might as well git out an' save trouble," she said.

The rest followed her example, and all were strung out in a row along the road.

"It won't take yo' very long t' git what little I have," said Mrs. Piper, "an' I want yo' t' hurry up about it, fur I want t' git home to th' childern. It's gittin' late, an' they're all alone," and she held her little hand-satchel out toward the highwayman.

"Don't fret, madam, don't be in a hurry," he replied. "I'll get to you in plenty of time. Did you hear me?" he added to the driver.

"Ike," said Mrs. Piper to the driver, "throw that mail-sack out and don't be all night about it. Do yo' want t' git us all shot?"

The driver dumped the mail-sack out in the road and took his place beside Mrs. Piper.



This last might have been a matter of precaution on his part.

The highwayman in the road discharged a couple of shots up through the branches of the trees, which cut off a few leaves and twigs and made the horses shy a little. This finished the subjugation of the party.

Then the other man began to relieve the Jew peddler of his pocket-book and valuables. The drummer was next, and he disgorged without a murmur. Then came the little woman. She was holding her baby with one arm, while with the other she held out her little hand-bag to the robber.

"Oh, my!" she said. "I've only got twenty-eight dollars, and it's all I have in the world. I don't know what me and the baby will do if you take it! I'm a stranger here."

"You'll have to write back to your friends for more," he said as he took the hand-bag with a kind of leer.

"I haven't any one to write to," she replied, as he began taking out the money. "I don't know what I'll do."

"Yo' might leave her part of it," suggested Mrs. Piper. "Don't take all th' poor woman has, with that little baby."

"We never make change," he replied, with a show at smartness, as he emptied the little hand-bag.

"Ain't yo' goin' t' leave her anything?" asked Mrs. Piper, in a threatening tone, dropping her little satchel to the ground.

"Just keep quiet, madam, please, if yo' don't want any trouble," he replied. "I'm running this, and I don't want t' kill any one," and he gripped the handle of his six-shooter a little harder and tried to look "bad."

"Trouble!" she exclaimed, lunging toward him; and before he knew it she had wrested the six-shooter from his hand and lammed him over the head with it. "Trouble!" she re-

peated. "It 'ill be worse 'n trouble fur you if yo' don't give that there woman her money back, every cent of it. Hear?" and she raised the six-shooter again as if to strike. "Yo' lazy lout, takin' a poor little woman's money — all she has — her an' that little baby. Put that there money back in that there hand-bag, 'n' put it durned quick."

The highwayman in the road, recovering from this quick onslaught on his companion, fired a couple of shots at Mrs. Piper and with an oath started toward her.

"Stop that shootin', yo' loafer!" she said, looking calmly at him, "ur I'll come out there an' do business with you. Oh, I know yo' — I've

spanked yo' many a time. You shoot round here an' hurt this baby, an' things 'ill be doin' out there in your vicinity. Coward, shootin' round women!"

The other highwayman had put his loot in a grain-sack. He stooped and began putting the little woman's money back into her hand-bag. He stopped and said he had put back all he had taken from her, he guessed.

"Yo' guess?" repeated Mrs. Piper. "Well, we're not goin' t' have any guessin' in this. Put back some more so we'll be sure of it. You're not goin' t' take a cent from this woman an' that baby."

He stooped and stuffed the hand-bag full and handed it back to the little woman.

"Now," said Mrs. Piper, taking him by the back of his shirt-collar and turning his face to the timber, "you skin out o' here, and skin durned hard," and she kicked the seat of his jumpers a couple of times and gave him a shove into the underbrush.

"Don't you ever try t' rob a woman with a baby ag'in where I am, ur I'll hurt yo'," she added.

Mrs. Piper had pulled his mask off and



"PUT BACK SOME MORE SO WE'LL BE SURE OF IT"

tousled him pretty badly, and he quickly sneaked to cover when once released.

The other one still stood in a threatening manner, with his Winchester raised. He seemed a little in doubt as to what he was up against.

"Don't yo' hear?" she said, turning to him. "Take to th' brush now, you onery rascal, an' don't yo' bother us any more t'-night. You've kept us here now till 'bout dark. Skip!" she added, as he hesitated, and he, too, disappeared in the bushes.

"Ike," she said, turning to the driver, "throw that mail-sack back in there, and hurry up about it. What yo' foolin' 'bout? D' yo' want t' stay here all night? If yo' do, me an' this woman an' th' baby 'ill jist take this team an' drive on. Git in th' hack, all of yo'."

Ike, who had stood paralyzed with fear, his hair standing out like a bushman's, recovered under these soothing words, and, throwing the mail-sack back into the hack, took his place on the seat. The others got into the hack, and they were soon on their way again.

Mrs. Piper was still puffing from her great exertions and rage. The six-shooter was still in her hand. After she had recovered a little, she laid it down on the hack floor and laughed.

"I guess th' baby's all right, ain't he?" she asked, bending over and looking into his chubby face. It smiled at her, and she patted its cheek.

"I was kind o' 'fraid he might git hurt if we had too much fuss," she said, "ur I'd 'a' booted that first feller right fur doin' like he done. If he'd jist 'a' left yo' part of it I wouldn't 'a' said anything, but when it come t' jist strippin' yo', that riled me. Did he take his sack?" she asked, turning to the men on the rear seat.

"No, here it is; I got it," said the Jew peddler, holding it up.

"Well, I'll swear," she said, laughing heartily. "Yo' can't beat a Jew, kin yo'?" and she laughed again.

Taking out her pipe, she filled it and lit it and gave a few puffs. "Never

thought o' havin' any trouble with 'em at all," she said. "I was jist goin' t' let 'em have my little dab an' go on. They might 'a' shot some of us, fur they're bad, they are. I know 'em. It's them Fannin boys. La, don't I know 'em? Ike, watch out an' don't run over all th' stumps. It 'u'd be a purty how-de-do if you'd upset us an' kill us after we got away from them robbers.

"But that riled me, when they was jist takin' all you had. That was jist pure robbery, t' take all that a woman with a little baby has. It made me so mad that I didn't know what I was doin'. I wouldn't 'a' cared if they had shot me, I was just plum foolish mad."

She began to peer out at the trees and to look at places along the road.

"Well," she said, "I see I'm gittin' purty close t' home. I'm glad I helped yo'. Now you must bring that baby an' come an' see me. Goin' near Spavinaw, yo' said, didn't yo'? Yes, I know them people," and she knocked the ashes out of her pipe and began to get together her bundles.

Ike turned off on a little branch road and stopped in front of her cabin.

"Well, this is my stoppin'-place," she said, getting out and putting down her things. "Good-by; take good care o' that baby," and she patted the little one's head and looked into his eyes. "Hope yo' kin raise 'im all right. Got t' watch babies that yo' raise keerfully, ur they won't live. We people out here what jist rough it don't have any trouble raisin' babies. All we do is jist have 'em, an' they grow up. Strange 'bout raisin' childern. Well, good-by." And, picking up her bundles, she started up toward the house.

"Good old woman, isn't she?" remarked the drummer.

"That's what she is," replied the Jew peddler.

"Kindest-hearted woman in th' whole country," said Ike. "She jist waits on lots o' sick people an' keeps 'em from dyin'. Knows more'n th' doctors."

The little woman never said a word, but she hugged her baby closer to her bosom as Ike turned again into the woods and struck the main road.



# MATTHEW

BY

ADELIN KNAPP

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANKLIN BOOTH

IT was the year we camped in a cañon on the long slope of Diablo that Matthew bestowed his society upon us. We established ourselves somewhat luxuriously, that summer, in a four-roomed redwood shack; for Greek Roots was busy with a volume that was to increase the world's knowledge of his specialty, and he had found in that locality immunity from the asthma that scourged him on the plains. As for Kate and myself, we were puttering with a microscope and the slime-molds, and may have fancied that we, too, were bringing contributions to the world's granaried wisdom.

We were down in the deep bottom, one morning, where a quiet pool promised treasures for our study. As we clambered over the mossy rocks, amid still depths of redwood and laurel shade, we suddenly heard the noise of a baby crying. It sounded like the wail of a very young baby; such a wee human morsel as can only lie upon its back and fist at life without knowing why. Kate and I looked at each other with blanched faces.

"Indians!" I said at last. "There must be a family of Diggers about, and the baby is crying."

"But it seems so near," Kate replied. "I should think we should hear other sounds of them, as well."

The cry was apparently at our very elbows, but a search of several minutes failed to locate its source, and Kate announced her intention of going back after G. R.

Then she exclaimed sharply, and gave a startled jump; for as we climbed to a higher level, the cry sounded close at our feet. Just above a ledge, where the rock had broken recently, a long little bear-like nose was thrust, and from the open mouth beneath it sounded the wail that had so distressed us.

Peering over the edge, we saw a broad, flat body, with long, beautiful tawny hair, striped black and white. One short fore leg, its foot armed with formidable claws, was braced against

the rock; the other was doubled beneath the tawny breast. It was easy to see what had happened: the creature was wedged tight in a cleft of the rock, and held there by a broken stone that had rolled upon its broad, flat back.

"It's a coon!" Kate cried; but I was familiar with coons, and knew better. Whatever it was, however, it must be rescued. It snapped at me as I came nearer, feebly, but with an earnestness, and a sharp click of meeting jaws, that promised mischief. Then its cry sounded again, fretful and insistent, like that of a peevish baby.

We got a sapling, and with tenderest pains pried out the boulder that held the poor thing prisoner. All the energy left in the gray head, with its pretty stripings of black and white, seemed to have exhausted itself in that ugly snap at me. When at last the confining stone went bounding down the ravine, the released body fell forward, inert and still, as though the creature were dead.

The thing, whatever it might be, was so beautiful that we decided to carry it up to the house. In any event, we wanted to know its name. After much manoeuvring we got it into our emptied basket, which we slung by the handle from the sapling; for our find still breathed, and we had no notion of risking possible encounter with those terrible black claws. Thus we bore him up the trail and into the cabin.

"Why!" G. R. exclaimed, when he saw him. "It's a badger! What a little beauty!"

The creature stirred a little and moaned feebly when he was turned out upon the floor, and we got our first good look at him. He was then a little more than half grown, and measured eighteen or twenty inches from nose to tail; but he was almost as broad as long, and scarcely six inches high. His long soft fur was a tawny gray, shading from brownish yellow to white on the under parts. Down his back went a beautiful stripe of pure black, flanked by two perfectly white stripes. His head was long and pointed, broad between the short, erect ears, and

tapering to an inquisitive, exquisitely sensitive black nose. His legs were very short, and his feet were armed with strong black claws, fully two inches long.

"Hairs on a tortoise's back," said G. R., looking down at him and quoting from "Hudibras."

"He looks more like a door-mat than an animal," was Kate's comment. "Is he as flat as that by nature, or has the rock crushed him?"

He seemed to be hurt across the hind quarters,—if a creature nearly circular can be said to have hind quarters,—so we gave him some hot milk with a bit of brandy in it, and he revived a little. G. R. fixed him a bed in a corner of the shed, and we ministered to him out of the depths of our sympathetic ignorance. That gray little head was not wide between the ears for nothing; by night he seemed to realize that our intentions were friendly, and he ceased to menace us when we approached.

Next morning he appeared to be quite at home with the higher companionship, and ate a hearty breakfast of bread and milk. Some of his meek submission may have been due to weakness and pain, but our subsequent experience with him led me to believe that it was largely native intelligence that led him to accept so quietly G. R.'s vigorous applications of liniment to his injuries. He may never have felt its smart. His long, beautiful fur was almost impervious to any application; but the rubbing may have felt good to him.

Our treatment was so successful that within a week he was creeping about the place, looking more than ever like an animated door-mat. Indeed, "Mat" was the name we gave him from the first. He never responded to it, but one day G. R., who had called him several times without gaining his attention, said whimsically, "Matthew! Come here this instant!" and the badger came, lifting up an inquiring black nose from between G. R.'s feet. After that he was "Matthew," and in time he learned his name.

The day of his complete recovery was a memorable one in the history of our camp. Kate and I had returned from an exploring trip, laden with plunder, which we were exhibiting to G. R., who was writing in the living-room of the cabin. Suddenly the water in the dish wherein I was arranging some mosses began to pour over the edge of the bowl. It ran in a brisk stream across the table and down to the floor. Then the house began to sway with long, gentle oscillations. We looked at one another.

"Earthquake," G. R. said unconcernedly.

The house swung again, and began to settle. Then a picture fell.

"Hullo!" cried G. R. "This is the real thing, girls! Get outside!"

He forced the door open, and out we rushed, followed with scant ceremony by our protector. The earth was firm enough now, but the house had taken a decided cant to the north. From one corner dirt was flying rapidly, and there, digging away as if for a wager, was Matthew, grunting contentedly the while. He had entirely undermined the redwood posts that supported the sills at the corner, and they had given way. Fortunately, he had chosen the north side of our dwelling for his operations. The structure stood on the hillside, and toward the south the sills were some six feet above the ground, while the supporting posts on the north side were but two feet high.

G. R. secured the mistaken miner, and incontinently turned him over on his back, turtle fashion; whereupon, with much indignant chattering, he righted himself — not by rolling over sidewise, as any well-regulated animal might be expected to do, but by rising upright upon his hind legs, and dropping to all fours. The act was as amazing as though a door-mat had suddenly up-ended itself and flopped over; we came to recognize it, however, as Matthew's usual way of rising from his back. He *could* roll over in the ordinary fashion, but he seldom did so.

The house was secure enough for the night, although the interior was at a rather curious angle.

"I've lived on nearly every sort of plane in the course of my life," G. R. said, surveying the kitchen floor. "Now we can try living on an inclined plane."

We took the precaution to coax Matthew into a packing-box, which we fastened securely before retiring. There we left him. He had plenty to eat and to drink, but he could not dig. He did not like his quarters, and he vociferated the fact to us during the greater part of the night.

Early next morning we all turned out to shore up our dwelling, and by noon we had it restored to equilibrium. The faint water-line of the Golden Gate, visible in the blue distance, served us for a level in getting the building plumb again. G. R. and I, with long, heavily weighted scantlings, pried and jacked up, while Kate, from her perch in a near-by laurel, sighted across the ridge-poles toward where, miles away, the water met the sky. With this for her level line, she directed our efforts.

Matthew, released from duress, showed the greatest interest in our movements. We left him free in the hope that he would take to the woods again, and relieve us of his somewhat



"WE GOT A SAPLING AND PRIED OUT THE BOULDER THAT HELD  
THE POOR THING PRISONER"

dangerous proximity. He showed no disposition to do this, however, and so, the house restored to rights, G. R. spent the afternoon in fitting up our little-used side porch for the badger's occupancy. The packing-box, turned on one side, formed a sheltered corner for the night, and a close gate across the open end kept our guest secure. He could not dig on the board floor of the porch, and his fondness for digging was the only danger we had to guard against with him.

He was very uneasy during his first day or two on the porch. He showed no disposition to escape, but a knot in the floor gave him great concern. He dug at it with his strong claws, and worried it with his teeth, until he succeeded at last in working it loose, when he triumphantly thrust it under the gate and off the porch. Thereafter, every bit of refuse from his house-keeping was cast forth by way of that knot-hole. If G. R., as he often did when he went hunting, brought the badger a ground-squirrel, it was daintily eaten beside the knot-hole, and fur and bones were thrust through the aperture. Matthew would sit there and peel a peach or a plum as fastidiously as any society dandy, eat the fruit, and dispose of stone and peel down the knot-hole. Every bone or scrap left from his meals went that way, as went, also, any bits of paper, or string, or other small matters of disorder such as we were wont to drop on the porch for the sake of seeing him tidy up.

"I declare," Kate said one morning when we had all lain abed late. "The badger's house-keeping puts me to shame. Come and see what he is doing now."

We left the breakfast-table and came to watch. Matthew had dragged the piece of blanket which served him for a bed forth from the packing-box, and was spreading it out in the sun.

"By all that's uncanny," cried G. R., as we gazed, "he's airing his blanket."

"Of course he's airing his blanket, isn't he, Matthew?" Kate replied, and picking up the woolen fragment she hung it over the porch-rail. The badger, standing on his hind feet, surveyed it critically. Apparently he was satisfied with Kate's improvement on his own method; for, next morning, and every succeeding morning while we had the pleasure of his society, Matthew dragged that blanket out from his sleeping-box, and hung it over the porch-rail. At night he always dragged it back to sleep on.

The door opening upon the porch was of the Dutch variety. The lower half fastened with a latch, and Matthew soon learned to stand on his hind legs and paw the thumbpiece until the

door opened. Then he would hunt up Kate, and lie at her feet, looking like a particularly handsome fur rug. So closely, indeed, did he resemble a fur mat, that it was really disconcerting, at times, to see him set his short legs in motion and walk off.

The spirit of mischief, inherent in all the bear tribe, was rampant in the badger.

"I do wish, G. R.," Kate said one evening at dinner, "that when you pull out the big trunk you would put it back. It is so heavy."

"I haven't touched the big trunk in a week," G. R. declared in mild surprise.

Kate and I looked at each other. We had found the trunk, an hour before, in the middle of the room. It was so heavy that the two of us could scarcely move it, but together we had succeeded in getting it back against the wall.

A day or two later, essaying to enter my own room, I found the door from the living-room barred on the inside. Much perplexed, I entered by another door, opening from the kitchen, and saw that my little iron bedstead had been shoved across the first door.

"You must have moved it and forgotten about it," was G. R.'s final declaration, after our mystified consultation over the matter; and bewilderment silenced further discussion.

It was perhaps a week later — I remember that I was cook this week — that, coming in with an armful of stove-wood, while the others were absent, I beheld what made me sink into the nearest chair and gasp from sheer fright. I am free to admit that my hair felt a strong inclination to rise, and my heart beat furiously against my ribs as, with a bright fire crackling cheerfully in its iron depths and the smoke pouring from its yawning pipe, the kitchen range moved toward me across the floor.

Just before my reason departed entirely, I heard a familiar little grunting sound, and a rattling that I knew to be of long claws against the floor. I sprang up and bent over in time to see Matthew just getting a fresh hold with his claws in a crack of the plank flooring. His next move was to brace himself and thrust out vigorously with his hind feet against the zinc platform, and the stove moved forward.

His method was very simple. When he wished to move a heavy object,—and he seemed to delight in such feats of strength,—he would worry it out from the wall, then get behind it and brace his back for a strong push. Then, as I caught him doing with the stove, he would stick his claws into a crack and kick backward. He was just about to repeat this performance with the smoking stove, when I fell upon him with the broom, and drove him away. He went reluctantly enough, traveling backward,



"HE HAD ENTIRELY UNDERMINED THE REDWOOD POSTS"

which he could do about as readily as he moved forward, scolding at me, in his queer baby fashion, all the way. I could not move the stove back alone; so I poured water on the fire, and cooked dinner on a little sheet-iron camp-stove in the shed.

When Kate and G. R. returned I had hard work to make them accept my story. The water-drenched range in the middle of the floor was not to be disputed, however, and Matthew's still manifest resentment toward me was collateral testimony of an unimpeachable sort. The little scamp did not take me back into his good graces until I had fed him six large slices of bread and brown sugar, a delicacy of which he was particularly fond until an occasion on which he at last had all he desired of it.

It was Kate's inadvertence that brought about this occasion. Our intention, after the stove episode, was always to lock the lower half of the Dutch door that gave upon the porch. One day, however, Kate forgot it, and, her baking completed, she left a loaf of cake and two dozen biscuits to cool on the kitchen table, while we all went for a tramp. Incidentally she neglected to put away the paper bag of brown sugar from which she had taken sweetening for her cake.

Two hours later, hungry as hunters, we returned to camp. At the kitchen table, on his hind feet, stood the badger, one black, long-clawed fore paw holding by the edge. He could just reach the biscuits and the bag of sugar; the cake was beyond his reach. We arrived exactly in time to see him push the last biscuit into his mouth, and lick up from the table what was left of the brown sugar.

He dropped to all fours when he saw us, and retreated backward, scolding outrageously at Kate, who seized the only thing of which he stood in awe—the kitchen broom—and swept him ignominiously forth to bed. If he was sick after that performance, we never knew it; but never again could he be induced to taste anything even remotely resembling a biscuit; so we drew our own conclusions.

We had promised one another, that summer, to abstain from the menagerie habit, to which we were all addicted; so, besides the badger, our only four-footed companion was a small terrier, with whom Matthew speedily made friends, though from first to last he teased her inordinately. The badger had been with us a month when Topsy had her first offspring, a single puppy, of which she was exceedingly proud. Matthew accepted the little thing as a new toy, and the strangely assorted friends became very sociable over the wee dogkin.

Matthew shared with the pair every possession except his bed.

It was by means of the puppy that he found an entirely new way to tease Topsy. Hearing a great commotion on the porch one morning, we rushed to the door to find the terrier dancing frantically about the badger, who was rolled up into a solid, compact ball which Topsy seemed possessed to unwind. But even her sharp teeth could make no impression on that impenetrable fur. Matthew submitted to be pounced upon and rolled about, but it would have taken a much larger creature than Topsy to shake him out of his coil.

At last, exhausted with barking and worrying, the terrier stood silent, watching her chance. The silence tricked Matthew into poking out his wicked little nose to see what Topsy was up to, and in a twinkling the dog had sprung upon him and had that nose in her teeth. She held it until he unrolled himself and disclosed the puppy, snugly nestled against the badger's yellow-white breast, unhurt and wholly unafraid. Matthew never hurt the little thing by this trick, but it always drove Topsy into an ecstasy of fury.

We were in the soft, warm days of late September, and Kate and I had found Matthew early in April. By now he was sleek and fat and, with us, always the soul of good-natured contentment. He seemed such an invariably contented creature, very much like a particularly well-fed and happy pig. Although he was friendly and playful with us, he did not take kindly to strangers, and none but us three ever dared venture on his porch. He could be trusted to treat civilly any one whom he saw in the house, but he would not allow strangers in his own special domain.

One warm, moonlight night, when the little world about us seemed peculiarly peaceful, we noticed that the badger was full of disquiet. He had the freedom of the house, as we were all at home; but he kept wandering about, always returning to stand on his hind legs by the porch-rail and gaze restlessly up the mountain. He kept up a constant snarling and scolding to himself as he snuffed the air, and it was evident that something was exciting him.

"He knows something that we do not," G. R. said, observing him wistfully.

It was growing very late, and we were about to retire, when a sharp yelp of terror came from the kennel under the laurel, where Topsy and her puppy, now well grown, were sleeping. The cry of terror was answered by a savage growl, and then came a shriek of pain from Topsy.

G. R. caught his gun and, flinging open the



gate of the porch, ran down the path to the rescue. Kate and I followed, and as we rushed out I saw the badger, close at G. R.'s heels, running as I had not dreamed the creature could run.

Tipsy's shrieks were piteous now, and in the moonlight we could see some huge creature shaking the life out of her. G. R. dropped his gun and snatched up a mattock that lay beside the path. But before he could strike, Matthew darted forward with a snarl wholly unlike his usual whining cry, and caught the strange beast just between the tip of the shoulder and the neck. The great brute dropped Tipsy to meet his new assailant, and we saw that it was a mountain lion.

For the next five minutes pandemonium reigned. Matthew held on like a bull-dog — a badger's jaw has an extra condyle, of curious construction, which locks the teeth upon anything they seize, and the puma could not shake him loose; neither could it reach him with its teeth, and its claws made no impression on that impenetrable armor of beautiful fur.

Over and over they rolled, a snarling, growling, horrible mass of fur and claws and teeth, with G. R. hovering near, watching for a chance to strike in with his mattock and kill the lion. It seemed an age before the chance came, and when it did present itself Kate and I were busy with Tipsy and did not see the end. G. R. told us, however, that he had never before seen such an embodied fury as the badger was that night.

He was still raging when G. R. at last got him away from the puma and back upon the porch. All night long we heard him outside the door, snarling and scolding to himself in the queer baby voice that contrasted so strangely with his new fierceness. So wrought upon was he by rage and excitement, that he never once turned around, as he walked, but traveled first forward, then backward, like a tin lion on wheels.

It was he who really saved our little Tipsy; for G. R. could never have got in his blow in time to rescue her. Even as it happened, she was cruelly hurt, and it took a month of careful nursing to win her back to health.

By that time the summer was over and unmistakable signs of the approaching rains were plentiful. The air was full of chill in the mornings and the evenings, though it was still warm at noonday. Over everything was the beautiful golden glow of late October, and the seaward sky was shot across with torn stretches of high fog.

The badger was no longer the funny, jolly companion he had been all summer. Ever since that night of the puma's visit he had shown occasional signs of ugliness, and there were times when only Kate ventured to approach him. That chance encounter seemed to have awakened the latent savagery of his nature, and he was restless and uneasy most of the time. At last, one morning when we awoke and went out, he was gone. The porch gate was broken, and beyond the hard path we found his tracks, directed toward the woods; so we concluded that he had gone wandering.

"He'll come back, depend upon it," G. R. said; but we waited a fortnight and saw no signs of him, so we gave up hope. We missed him sorely, and wondered often how it might be faring with our foxy little whilom housemate. My companions had to spend the winter in the mountainside. G. R.'s work was progressing, and the climate still agreed with him. My own work was calling me below, and so, one gray morning, I reluctantly turned my back on Arcady.

Many months afterward, on an island in mid-Pacific, I received later word of Matthew. The letter was from Kate.

"Early this spring," she wrote, "I was botanizing in the little cañon over beyond 'Three Pines,' when I heard a familiar little whining cry. You may believe I began to search, and presently, in the brush, digging for roots, I came upon Matthew, with two tiny badgers just able to travel! It was unmistakably Matthew. He knew me, and let me pat his head, but he would not let me touch the little badgers. Yes; it was unmistakably Matthew, and Matthew's relation to the small badgers was unmistakably maternal!"

Poor Matthew! What an injustice we unwittingly did you, after all!

# ACCORDING TO MEREDITH

BY

MRS. BELLOC LOWNDES

*Certainly, however, one day these present conditions of marriage will be changed. Marriage will be allowed for a certain period, say ten years.*

MR. GEORGE MEREDITH, in the *Daily Mail* of September 24, 1904.

“GIVE you some heads? My dear fellow, there need be no question of heads! This is to be a model will. You need simply put down, in as few words as are legally permissible,— I know nothing of such things,— that I leave all of which I die possessed to my wife.”

Philip Dering threw his head back and gave the man to whom he was speaking a confident, smiling glance. Then he turned and walked quickly over to the narrow, old-fashioned, balconied window which, commanding the wide, wind-blown expanse of Abingdon Street, exactly faced the great cavity formed by the arch of the Victoria Tower.

To the right lay the riverside garden, a bright patch of delicate spring colouring and green verdure, bounded by the slow-moving grey waters of the Thames; and Dering's eager eyes travelled on till he saw, detaching itself against an April afternoon horizon, the irregular mass of building formed by Lambeth Palace and the Lollards' Tower.

“You wish everything to go to Louise? All right, I'll make a note of that.” The speaker, a round-faced, slightly bald, shrewd-looking lawyer, looked indulgently at his friend as he added: “But wait a bit—I promise that yours shall be a model will; only, you seem to have forgotten, my dear fellow, that you may outlive your wife. Now, should you have the misfortune to lose Louise, to whom would you wish to devise this fifteen thousand pounds? It's possible, too, though not very probable, I admit, that you may both die at the same time—both be killed in a railway accident, for instance.”

“Such good fortune may befall us——” Dering spoke quite simply, and accepted the other's short laugh with great good humour. “Oh! you know what I mean—I always *have*

thought husbands and wives—who care, I mean—ought to die on the same day. That they don't do so is one of the many strange mysteries which complicate life. But look here, Wingfield——”

The speaker had turned away from the window. He had again taken up his stand opposite the other's broad writing-table, and not even the cheap, ill-made clothes could hide the graceful lines of the tall, active figure, not even the turned-down collar and orange silk tie could destroy the young man's look of rather subtle distinction.

“Failing Louise, I should like this money, at my death, to be divided equally between the young Hintons and your kids”; and as the other made a gesture of protest, Dering added quickly: “What better could I do? Louise is devoted to Jack Hinton's children, and I've always regarded you—I have indeed, old man—as my one real friend. Of course it's possible now,”—an awkward, shy break came into his voice—“it's possible now, I say, that we may have children of our own; I don't suppose you've ever realised how poor, how horribly poor, we've been all these years.”

He looked away, avoiding the other man's eyes; then, picking up his hat and stick with a quick, nervous gesture, was gone.

After the door had shut on his friend, Wingfield remained standing for a while. His hands mechanically sorted the papers and letters lying on his table into neat little heaps; but his thoughts were travelling backward through his and Dering's past lives.

The friends had first met at the City of London School, for they were much of an age, though the lawyer looked the elder of the two. Then Dering had gone to Cambridge, and Wingfield, more humbly, to take up life as an articled clerk to a good firm of old-established

attorneys. Again, later, they had come together once more, sharing a modest lodging, while Dering earned a small, uncertain income by contributing to the literary weeklies, by ghosting writers more fortunate than himself, by tutoring whenever he got the chance — in a word, by resorting to the few expedients open to the honest educated Londoner lacking a definite profession. The two men had not parted company till Dering, enabled to do so by the help of a small legacy, had chosen to marry a Danish girl as good-looking, as high-minded, as unpractical as himself.

But had Louise Dering proved herself so unpractical during the early years of her married life? Wingfield, standing there, his mind steeped in memories, compared her, with an unconscious critical sigh, with his own stolid, unimaginative wife, Kate. As he did so he wondered whether, after all, Dering had not known how to make the best of both worlds. True, he and his Louise had gone through some bad times together. Wingfield had been the one intimate of the young couple when they began their married life in a three-roomed flat in Gray's Inn, and he had been aware, painfully so, of the incessant watchful struggle with money difficulties, never mentioned while the struggle was in being; for only the rich can afford to complain of poverty. He had admired, with all his heart, the high courage then shown by his friend's wife.

During those first difficult years, when he, Wingfield, could do nothing for them, Louise had gone without the help of even the least adequate servant. The women of her nation are taught housewifery as an indispensable feminine accomplishment, and so she had scrubbed and sung, cooked and read, made and mended for Philip and herself.

Wingfield was glad to remember that it was he who had at last found Dering regular employment; he who had so far thrown prudence aside as to persuade one of his first and most valuable clients to appoint his clever if eccentric friend secretary to a company formed to exploit a new invention. The work had proved congenial: Dering had done admirably well, and now, when his salary had just been raised to four hundred a year, a distant cousin of his dead mother's had left him fifteen thousand pounds!

At last James Wingfield sat down. He began making notes of the instructions he had just received, though as he did so he knew well enough that he could not bring himself to draw up a will by which his own children might so greatly benefit. Suddenly came a sound of hurrying feet up the shallow oak staircase, and

through the door, flung open quickly and unceremoniously, strode once more Philip Dering.

"I say, I've forgotten something!" he exclaimed, and then, as Wingfield instinctively looked round the bare, spacious room — "No, I didn't leave anything behind me. I simply forgot to ask you one very important question —"

He took off his hat, put it down with a certain deliberation, then drew up a chair, and placed himself astride on it, an action which to the other suddenly seemed to blot out the years which had gone by since they had been house-mates together. "As I went down your jolly old staircase, Wingfield, it suddenly occurred to me that making a will may not be quite so simple a matter as I once thought it." He hesitated a moment, then went on: "So I've come back to ask you the meaning of the term 'proving a will.' What I really want to get at, old man, is whether my wife, if she became a widow, would have to give any actual legal proof of our marriage? Would she be compelled, I mean, to show her 'marriage lines'?"

Wingfield hesitated. The question took him by surprise. "I fancy that would depend," he said, "on the actual wording of the will; but all that sort of thing is a mere formality, and of course any solicitor employed by her would see to it. By the way, I suppose you were married in Denmark?" He frowned, annoyed with himself for having forgotten a fact with which he must once have been well acquainted. "If you had asked me to be your best man," he added with a vexed laugh, "I shouldn't have forgotten the circumstances."

Dering tipped the chair which he was bestriding a little nearer to the edge of the table which stood between himself and Wingfield; a curious look, a look half humorous, half deprecating, but in no sense ashamed, came over his sensitive, mobile face.

"No," he said, at length, "we were not married in Denmark. Neither were we married in England. In fact, there was no ceremony at all."

The eyes of the two men, of the speaker and of his listener, met for a moment; but Wingfield, to the other's sudden uneasy surprise, made no comment on what he had just heard.

Dering sprang up, and during the rest of their talk he walked, with short, quick strides, from the door to the window, from the window to the door. "I wanted to tell you at the time. But Louise would not have it; though I told her that in principle — not, of course, in practice — you thoroughly agreed with me — I mean with us. Nay, more, that you, with your clear, legal mind, had always realised,

even more than I could do, the utter absurdity of making such a contract as that of marriage — which of all contracts is the most intimately personal, and which least affects the interests of those outside the contracting parties — the only legal contract which can't be rescinded or dissolved by mutual agreement! Then again, you must admit that there was one really good reason why we should not tell you the truth: you already liked Kate, and Louise, don't you remember, used to play chaperon. Now, Kate's people, you know —!" All the humour had gone out of Dering's face, but the deprecating look had deepened.

The lawyer made a strong effort over himself. He had felt for a moment keenly hurt, and not a little angry. "I don't think," he said quietly, "that there is any need of explanations or apologies between us. Of course, I can't help feeling very much surprised, and that in spite of our old theoretical talks and discussions concerning — well, this subject. But I don't doubt that in the circumstances you did quite right. Mind you, I don't mean about the marriage," he quickly corrected himself, "but only as to the concealment from me." He waited a moment, and then went on, hesitatingly: "But even now I don't really understand what happened; I should like to know a little more —"

Dering stayed his walk across the room, and stood opposite his friend. He felt a great wish to justify himself, and to win Wingfield's retrospective sympathy. "I will tell you everything there is to tell!" he cried eagerly. "Indeed, it can all be told in a moment. My wife and I entered into a personal contract together, which we arranged, provisionally, of course, should last ten years. Louise was quite willing, absolutely willing. . . ." For the first time there came a defensive note in the eager voice. "You see the idea — that of leasehold marriage? We used to talk about it, you and I, of course only as a Utopian possibility. All I can say is that I had the good fortune to meet with a woman with whom I was able to try the experiment; and all I can tell you is — well, I need not tell *you*, Wingfield, that there has never been a happier marriage than ours." Again Dering started to pace up and down the room. "Louise has been everything — everything — everything — that such a man as myself could have looked for in a wife!"

"And has no one ever guessed — has no one ever known?" asked the other, rather sternly.

"Absolutely no one! Yes, wait a moment — there has been one exception. Louise told Gerda Hinton. You know, they became very intimate after we went to Bedford Park, and

Louise thought Gerda ought to know. But it made no difference — no difference at all!" he added emphatically. "In fact, poor Gerda practically left her baby to Louise's care."

"And that worthless creature, Jack Hinton — does he know, too?"

"No, I don't think so; in fact, I may say most decidedly not — but of course Gerda may have told him, though, for my part, I don't believe that husbands and wives share their friends' secrets. Still, you are quite at liberty to tell Kate."

"No," said Wingfield, "I don't intend to tell Kate; and there will be no reason to do so if you will take my advice — which is, I need hardly tell you, to go and get married at once. Now that you have come into this money, your doing so becomes a positive duty. Are you aware that if you were run over on your way home to-day, Louise would have no standing? that she would not have a right to a penny of this money, or even to any of the furniture which is in your house? Let me see, how long is it that you have been" — he hesitated awkwardly — "together?"

Dering looked round at him rather fiercely. "We have been *married* nine years and a half," he said. "Our wedding day was the first of September. We spent our honeymoon in Denmark. You remember my little legacy?" Wingfield nodded his head. His heart suddenly went out to his friend — the prosperous lawyer had reason to remember that hundred-pound legacy, for ten pounds of it had gone to help him out of some foolish scrape. But Dering had forgotten all that; he went on speaking, but more slowly: "And then, as you know, we came back and settled down in Gray's Inn, and though we were horribly poor, perhaps poorer than even you ever guessed, we were divinely happy." He turned his back to the room and stared out once more at the greyness opposite. "But you're quite right, old man, it's time we did like our betters! We'll be married at once, and I'll take her off for another and a longer honeymoon, and we'll come back and be even happier than we were before." Then again, as abruptly as before, he was gone, shutting the door behind him, and leaving Wingfield staring thoughtfully after him.

That his friend, that the Philip Dering of ten years ago, should have done such a thing, was in no way remarkable; but that Louise, the thoughtful, well-balanced, intelligent woman, who, coming as a mere girl from Denmark, had known how to work her way up to a position of great trust and responsibility in a City house, — that she should have consented to such — to such . . . Wingfield even in

his own mind hesitated for the right word . . . to such an arrangement — seemed to the lawyer an astounding thing. No, no; he would certainly not tell Kate anything about it. Why should he? He knew very well how his wife would regard the matter, and how her condemnation would fall, not on Louise, — Kate had become excessively fond of Louise, — but on Dering. No, there was no reason why Kate should be told a word of this extraordinary, this amazing story.

On leaving Abingdon Street, Philip Dering swung across the broad roadway, and made his way, almost instinctively, to the garden which lay nearly opposite his friend's office windows. He wanted to calm down, to think things over, and to recover full possession of himself before going home.

It had cost him a considerable effort to tell Wingfield this thing. Not that he was in the least ashamed of what he and Louise had done, — on the contrary, he was very proud of it, — but he had often felt, during all those years, that he was being treacherous to the man who was, after all, his best friend; and there was in Dering enough of the feminine element to make him feel sorry and ashamed.

However, Wingfield had taken it very well, just as he would have wished him to take it, and no doubt the lawyer had given thoroughly sound advice. This unexpected, this huge legacy made all the difference. Besides, Dering knew well enough, when he examined his own heart and conscience, that he felt very differently about all manner of things from what he had been wont to feel ten years ago. After all, he was following in the footsteps of men greater and wiser than he. It is impossible to be wholly consistent. If he had been consistent, he would have refused to pay certain taxes — in fact, to have been wholly consistent during the last ten years would probably have landed him, England being what it is, in a lunatic asylum! He shuddered, suddenly remembering that for a while his own mother had been insane. Still, as he strode along the primly kept paths of the Thames-side garden, he felt a great and, as he thought, a legitimate pride in the knowledge that in this one all-important matter, so deeply affecting his own and Louise's life, he and she had triumphantly defied convention, and had come out victorious.

The young man's thoughts suddenly took a softer, a more intimate turn: he told himself, with intense secret satisfaction, that Louise was dearer, aye, far dearer and more indispensable to him now than she had been during

the days when she was still the "sweet stranger whom he called his wife." From the day when they had first met and made unconventional acquaintance, he had found her full of ever recurrent and enchanting surprises. Her foreign birth and upbringing gave her both original and unsuspected points of view about everything English, and he had often thought, with good-humoured pity, of all those unfortunate friends of his, Wingfield included, whose lot it had perforce been to choose their wives among their own countrywomen.

Of course it was not always as easy as it seemed to be to-day. Lately Louise had been listless and tired, utterly unlike herself — even, he had once or twice thought with dismay, slightly hysterical! But all that would disappear utterly during the first few days of their coming travels; and even he, so he now reminded himself, had felt quite unlike his usual sensible self — Dering was very proud of his good sense — since had come the news of this wonderful, this fairy-gift-like legacy.

The young man passed out of the garden, his feet stepping from the soft shell-strewn gravel on to the wide pavement which borders the Houses of Parliament. He made his way round swiftly, each buoyant step a challenge to fate, to the Members' Entrance, and so across the road to the gate which leads into what was once the old parish churchyard of Westminster. It was still too cold to sit out of doors, and after a momentary hesitation he turned into Westminster Abbey by the great north door.

Dering had not been in the Abbey since he was a child, and the spirit of quietude which fills the broad nave and narrow aisles on early spring days soothed his restlessness. Suddenly he saw, at right angles with himself, and moving across the choir, a group of four people, consisting of a man, a woman, and two children. The man was Jack Hinton, the idle, ill-conditioned artist neighbour of his in Bedford Park, to whom there had been more than one reference in his talk with Wingfield; the children were Agatha and Mary Hinton, the motherless girls of the Danish woman to whom Louise had been so much devoted; and the fourth figure was that of Louise herself. His wife's back was turned to Dering, but even without the other three he would have known the tall, graceful figure, if only by the masses of fair, almost lint-white hair, arranged in low coils below her neat hat.

Dering felt no wish to join the little party. He was still too excited, too interested in his own affairs, to care for making and hearing

small talk. Still, a look of satisfaction came over his face as he watched the four familiar figures finally disappear round a pillar. How pleased Louise would be when he told her of his latest scheme, that of commissioning the unfortunate Hinton to paint her portrait! If only the man could be induced to work, he might really make something of his life, after all. Dering meant to give the artist one hundred pounds, and his heart glowed at the thought of what such a sum would mean in the untidy, womanless little house in which his wife took so tender and kindly an interest.

Dering and Jack Hinton had never exactly hit it off together, though they had known each other for many years, and though they had both married Danish wives. The one felt for the other the worker's wordless contempt for the incorrigible idler. Yet, Dering had been very sorry for Hinton at the time of poor Mrs. Hinton's death, and he liked to think that now he would be able to do the artist a good turn. He had even thought very seriously of offering to adopt the youngest Hinton child, a baby now nearly a year old; but a certain belated feeling of prudence, of that common sense which often tempers the wind to the reckless enthusiast, had given him pause. After all, he and Louise might have children of their own, and then the position of this little interloper might be an awkward one.

Dering left the Abbey by the door which gives access to the cloisters. There he spent half an hour in pleasant meditation before he started home. The contrast between the stir and unceasing sound of the broad Bath Road and the stillness of Lady Rich Road struck Dering with a sense of unwonted pleasure. As he put his latch-key in the front door, he remembered that his wife had told him that their young Danish servant was to have that day her evening out. Well, so much the better: they would have their talk, their discussion concerning their future plans, without fear of eavesdropping or interruption.

Various little signs showed that Louise was already back from town. Dering went straight upstairs, and, as he began taking off his boots, he called out to her, though the door between his room and hers was shut: "Do come in here, for I have so much to tell you!" But there came no answering word, and after a moment he heard his wife's soft footsteps going down the house.

When he entered the dining-room, he found Louise standing by the table on which lay spread their simple supper.

She gave him a quick, questioning glance,

then: "I saw you in the Abbey," she said in a constrained, hesitating voice; "why did you not come up and speak to us? Mr. Hinton was on his way to some office, and I brought the children back alone."

"If I had known that was going to be the case," said Dering frankly, "I should have joined you; but I had just been spending an hour with Wingfield, and — well, I didn't feel in the mood to make small talk for Hinton!"

He waited a moment, but she made no comment. Louise had always been a silent, listening woman, and this had made her seem to eager, ardent Philip a singularly restful companion. He went on, happily at first, rather nervously toward the close of his sentence, "Well, everything is settled — even to my will. But I found Wingfield had to know — I mean about our old arrangement."

"Then you told him? I do not think you should have done that." Louise spoke very slowly, and in a low voice. "I asked you if I might do so before telling Gerda Hinton."

Dering looked at her deprecatingly. He felt both surprised and sorry. It was almost the first time in their life together that she had uttered to him anything savouring of a rebuke.

"Please forgive my having told Wingfield without first consulting with you," he said at once; "but, you see, the absurd, the abominable state of the English law is such that in case of my sudden death you would have no right to any of this money. Besides, apart from that fact, if I trusted to my own small legal knowledge and made a will in which you were mentioned, you would probably have trouble with those odious relations of mine. So I simply had to tell him."

Dering saw that the discussion was beginning to be very painful and disagreeable; he felt a pang of impatient regret that he had spoken to his wife now, instead of waiting until she had had a thorough change and holiday.

Louise was still standing opposite to him, looking straight before her and avoiding his anxious glances. Suddenly he became aware that her lip was trembling, and that her eyes were full of tears; quickly he walked round to where she was standing, and put his hand on her shoulder.

"I am sorry, very sorry, that I had to tell Wingfield," he said; "but, darling, why should you mind so much? He was quite sympathetic: he thoroughly understood."

Dering's hand travelled from his wife's shoulder to her waist, and he held her to him, unresisting but strangely passive, as he added: "You can guess, my dearest, what Wingfield, in his character of solicitor, advises us to do?"

Of course, in a sense it will be a fall from grace — but, after all, we sha'n't love one another the less because we have been to a registry office, or spent a quarter of an hour in a church! I do think that we should follow his advice. He will let me know to-morrow what formalities have to be fulfilled to carry the thing through, and then, dear heart, we will go off for a second honeymoon. Sometimes I wonder if you realise what this money means to us both — I mean in the way of freedom and of added joy."

But Louise still turned from him, and, as she disengaged herself, he could see the slow, reluctant tears rolling down her cheek.

Dering felt keenly distressed. The long strain, the gallantly endured poverty, the constant anxiety, had evidently told on his wife more than he had known. "Don't let's talk about it any more!" he exclaimed. "There's no hurry about it now, after all."

"I would rather talk about it now, Philip. I don't — I don't at all understand what you mean. It is surely too late for us now to talk of marriage? The time remaining to us is too short to make it worth while."

Dering looked at her bewildered. Well as she spoke the language, she had remained very ignorant of England and of English law. "I will try and explain to you," he said gently, "why Wingfield has made it quite clear to me that we shall have to go through some kind of legal ceremony —"

"But there are so few months," she repeated, and he felt her trembling; "it is not as if you were likely to die before September; besides, if you were to do so, I should not care about the money."

For the first time a glimmer of what she meant, of what she was thinking, came into Dering's mind. He felt strongly moved and deeply touched. This, then, was why she had seemed so preoccupied, so unlike herself, of late. "My darling, surely you do not imagine — that I am thinking — of leaving you?"

"No," and for the first time Louise, as she uttered the word, looked up straight into Dering's face. "No, it was not of you that I was thinking — but of myself . . ."

"Let us sit down." Dering's voice was so changed, so uneager, so cold, that Louise, for the first time during their long partnership, felt as if she were with a stranger. "I want thoroughly to understand your point of view. Do you mean to say that when we first arranged matters you intended our — our marriage to be, in any case, only a temporary union?" He waited for her answer, looking at her with a

still grimness, an unfamiliar antagonism, that raised in her a feeling of resentment, and renewed her courage. "Please tell me," he said again; "I think you owe me the truth, and I really wish to know."

Then she spoke, and though her hands still trembled, her voice was quite steady. "Yes, Philip, I will tell you the truth, though I fear you will not like to hear it. When I first accepted the proposal you made to me, I felt convinced that, as regarded myself, the feeling which brought us together would be eternal, but I as fully believed that with you that same feeling would be only temporary. I was ready to remain with you as long as you would have me do so; but I felt sure that you would grow tired of me some day, and I told myself — secretly, of course, for I could not have insulted you or myself by saying such a thing to you then — I told myself, I say, that when that day came, the day of your weariness of me, I would go away, and make no further demand upon you."

"You really believed that I should grow tired of you, that I should wish to leave you?" Dering looked at her as a man might look at a stranger who has suddenly revealed some sinister and grotesque peculiarity of appearance or manner.

"Certainly I did so. How could I divine that you alone would be different from all the men of whom I had ever heard? Still, I loved you so well — ah, Philip, I did love you so — that I would have come to you on any terms, as indeed I did come on terms very injurious to myself. But what matters now what I then thought? I see that I was wrong — you have been faithful to me in word, thought, and deed —"

"Yes," said Dering fiercely, "that is so! Go on!"

"I also have been faithful to you —" she hesitated. "Yes, I think I may truly say it — in thought, word, and deed." Dering drew a long breath, and she went slowly on. "But I have realised, and that for some time past, that the day would come when I should no longer wish to be so — when I should wish to be free. I have gradually regained possession of myself, and, though I know I must fulfil all my obligations to you for the time I promised, I long for the moment of release, for the moment when I shall at last have the right to forget, as much as such things can ever be forgotten, these ten years of my life."

As she spoke, pronouncing each word clearly, in the foreign fashion, her voice gained a certain sombre confidence, and a flood of awful, hopeless bitterness filled the heart of the man

sitting opposite to her. "And have you thought," he asked in a constrained voice, "what you are going to do? I know you have sometimes regretted your work; do you intend — or perhaps you have already applied to Mr. Farningham?"

"No," she answered, and, unobserved by him, for he was staring down at the table-cloth with unseeing eyes, a deep pink flush made her look suddenly girlish; "that will not be necessary. I have, as you know, regretted my work, and of late I have sometimes thought that, things being as they were, you acted with cruel thoughtlessness in compelling me to give it all up. But in my new life there will be much for me to do."

"I do not ask you," he said suddenly, hoarsely; "I could not insult you by asking . . ."

"I do not think" — she spoke slowly, answering the look, the intonation, rather than the words — "that I am going to do anything unworthy."

But Dering, with sharp suspicion, suddenly became aware that she had changed colour. His mind glanced quickly over their comparatively small circle of friends and acquaintances — first one, then another familiar figure rose, hideously vivid, before him. He felt helpless, bewildered, fettered. "Do you contemplate leaving me for another man?" he asked quietly.

Again Louise hesitated a moment. "Yes," she said at length, "that is what I am going to do. I did not mean to tell you now — though I admit that later, before the end, you would have had a right to know. The man to whom I am going, and who is not only willing, but anxious, to make me his wife, I mean his legal wife," — she gave Dering a quick, strange look, — "has great need of me, far more so than you ever had. My feeling for him is not in any way akin to what was once my feeling for you; that does not come twice; but my affection, my — my — regard will be, in this case, I believe, more enduring; and, as you know, I dearly love his children, and promised their mother to take care of them."

While she spoke, Dering, looking fixedly at her, seemed to see a shadowy group of shabby, forlorn human beings form itself and take up its stand by her side — Jack Hinton, with his weak, handsome face and shifty, pleading eyes, his two plain, neglected-looking little girls, and then, cradled as he had so often seen it in Louise's arms, the ugly and to him repulsive-looking baby.

What chance had he, what memories had their common barren past, to fight this intangible appealing vision?

He raised his hand and held it for a moment over his eyes, in a vain attempt to shut out both that which he had evoked and the sight of the woman whose repudiation of himself only seemed to make more plainly visible the bonds which linked them the one to the other. Then he turned away with a certain deliberation, and, having closed the door, walked quickly through the little hall, flinging himself bareheaded into the open air.

For the second time that day Philip Dering felt an urgent need of solitude in which to hold communion with himself. And yet, when striding along the dimly lighted, solitary thoroughfares, the stillness about him seemed oppressive, and the knowledge that he was encompassed by commonplace, contented folk intolerable.

And so, scarcely knowing where his feet were leading him, he made his way at last into the broad, brilliantly lighted Bath Road, now full of glare, of sound, and of movement, for throngs of workers, passing to and fro, were seeking the amusement and excitement of the street after their long, dull working day.

Very soon Dering's brain became abnormally active; his busy thoughts took the shape of completed, half-uttered sentences, and he argued with himself, not so loudly that those about him could hear, but still with moving lips, as to the outcome of what Louise had told him that evening.

He was annoyed to find that his thoughts refused to marshal themselves in due sequence. Thus, when trying to concentrate his mind on the question of the immediate future, memories of Gerda Hinton, of the dead woman with whom he had never felt in sympathy, perhaps because Louise had been so fond of her, persistently intervened, and refused to be thrust away. His own present intolerable anguish made him, against his will, retrospectively understand Gerda's long-drawn-out agony. He remembered, with new, sharp-edged concern and pity, her quiet endurance of those times of ignoble poverty brought about by Hinton's fits of idleness; he realised for the first time what must have meant, in anguish of body and mind, the woman's perpetual child-bearing, and the death of two of her children, followed by her own within a fortnight of her last baby's birth.

Then, with sudden irritation, he asked himself why he, Philip Dering, should waste his short time for thought in sorrowing over this poor dead woman? And, in swift answer, there came to him the knowledge why this sad drab ghost had thus thrust herself upon him to-night.



A feeling of furious anger, of revolt against the very existence of Jack Hinton, swept over him. So base, so treacherous, so selfish a creature fulfilled no useful purpose in the universe. Men hung murderers; and was Hinton, who had done his wife to death with refinement of cruelty, to go free — free to murder, in the same slow way, another woman, and one who actually belonged to Dering's own self?

He now recognised, with bewilderment, that had Louise become his legal wife ten years ago, the thought of what she proposed to do would never have even crossed her mind.

The conviction that Hinton was not fit to live soon formed itself into a stable background to all Dering's subsequent thoughts, to his short hesitations, and to his final determination.

After a while he looked at his watch, and found, with some surprise, that he had been walking up and down for over an hour; he also became aware, for the first time, that his bare, hatless head provoked, now and again, good-natured comment from those among whom he was walking. He turned into a side street, and taking from his pocket a small note-book, wrote the few lines which later played an important part in determining, to the satisfaction of his friends, the fact that he was, when writing them, most probably of unsound mind.

What Dering wrote down in his pocket-book ran as follows:

1. I buy a hat at Dunn's, if Dunn be still open (which is probable).

2. I call on the doctor who was so kind to the Hintons last year and settle his account. It is doubtful if Hinton ever paid him — in fact, there can be no doubt that Hinton did *not* pay him. I there make my will and inform the doctor that he will certainly be wanted shortly at Number 8 Lady Rich Road.

3. I buy that revolver (if guaranteed in perfect working order) which I have so frequently noticed in the pawnbroker's window, and I give him five shillings for showing me how to manage it. Mem. Remember to make him load it, so that there may be no mistake.

4. I wire to Wingfield. This is important. It may save Louise a shock.

5. I go to Hinton's place, and if the children are already in bed I lock the door, and quietly kill him and then kill myself. If the children are still up, I must, of course, wait awhile. In any case the business will be well over before the doctor can arrive.

Dering shut the note-book with a sigh of relief. The way now seemed clear before him, for he had put down exactly what he meant to do, and in case of doubt or forgetfulness he need only glance at his notes to be set again in the right way.

As he walked slowly along the unlovely narrow streets which run parallel to the Bath

Road, his emotional memory brought his wife vividly before him. He began wondering painfully if she would ever understand, if she would ever realise from what he had saved her by that which he was about to do. His knowledge of her character made him feel sure — and there was infinite comfort in the thought — that she would remain silent, that she would never yield to any foolish impulse to tell Wingfield the truth. It was good to feel so sure that his old friend would never know of his failure, of his great and desolate humiliation.

Dering spent the next hour exactly as he had planned; in fact, at no point of the programme did his good fortune desert him. Thus, even the doctor, a man called Johnstone, who might so easily have been out, was at home; and, though actually giving a little stag party, he good-naturedly consented to leave his guests for a few moments, in spite of the fact that the stranger waiting in the surgery had refused to state his business.

"My name is Dering. I think you must often have met my wife when you were attending the late Mrs. Hinton. In fact, I've come to-night to settle the Hintons' account. I fancy it is still owing?"

Dering spoke with abrupt energy, looking straight, and almost with a frown, as he spoke, into the other's kindly florid face.

"Oh, yes, the account is still owing." Dr. Johnstone spoke with a certain eagerness. "Then do I understand that you are acting for Mr. Hinton in the matter? The amount is exactly ten pounds." He paused awkwardly, and not till the two bank-notes were actually lying on his surgery table before him did he believe in his good fortune. The Hintons' account had long since passed into that class of doctor's bill which is only kept on the books with a view to the ultimate sale of the practice, and this last quarter the young man had not even troubled to send it in again.

Johnstone remembered poor Mrs. Hinton's friend very well; Mrs. Dering had been splendid, perfectly splendid, as nurse and comforter to the distracted household. And then, such a pretty woman, too, the very type — quiet, sensible, self-contained, and yet feminine — that Dr. Johnstone admired; he was always pleased when he met her walking about the neighbourhood.

This, then, was her husband? The doctor stared across at Dering with some curiosity. Well, he also, though, of course, in quite another way, was uncommon and attractive-looking. What was it he had heard about these people quite lately? Why, of course!

One of his old lady patients in Bedford Park had told him that her opposite neighbours, this Mr. and Mrs. Dering, had come into a large fortune — something like fifty thousand pounds!

Dr. Johnstone looked at his visitor with a sudden accession of respect. If he could have foreseen this interview, he might have made his account with Mr. Hinton bear rather more relation to the actual number of visits he had been compelled to pay to that unfortunate household. Still, he reminded himself that even ten pounds was very welcome just now, and his heart warmed to Mr. Hinton's generous friend.

Suddenly Dering began speaking: "I forget if I told you that I am starting this very night for a long journey, and before doing so I want to ask you to do me a favour —"

His host became all pleased attention.

"Would you kindly witness my will? I have just come into a sum of money, and — and, though my will is actually being drawn up by a friend, who is also a lawyer, I have felt uneasy —"

"I quite understand. You have thought it wise to make a provisional will? Well, that's a very sensible thing to do! We medical men see much trouble caused by foolish postponement in such matters. Some men seem to think that making a will is tantamount to signing their own death-warrant!"

But no answering smile brightened Dering's fiercely set face: he did not seem to have heard what the doctor had said. "If I might ask you for a sheet of note-paper. I see a pen and blotting-pad over there —"

A sudden, instinctive misgiving crossed the other's mind. "This is rather informal, isn't it? Of course, I have no call to interfere, Mr. Dering; but if a large sum is involved, might it not be better to wait?"

Dering looked up. For the first time he smiled. "I don't wish to make any mystery about it, Dr. Johnstone. I am leaving everything to my wife, and after her to sundry young people in whom we are both interested. If I die intestate, I understand that distant relatives of my own — people whom I don't like, and who have never done anything for me — are bound to benefit." Even as he spoke he was busy writing the words, "To Louise Larsen (commonly known as Mrs. Philip Dering), of 9 Lady Rich Road, Bedford Park, and after her death to be divided equally between the children of my esteemed friend, James Wingfield, solicitor, of 24 Abingdon Street, Westminster, and the children of the late Mrs. John Hinton, of 8 Lady Rich Road, Bedford Park."

Short as was Dering's will, the last portion of it was written on the inner sheet of the piece of note-paper bearing the doctor's address, and the two witnesses, Johnstone himself, and a friend whom he fetched out of his smoking-room for the purpose, could not help seeing what generous provision the testator had made for the younger generation.

As the doctor opened the front door for him, as he hoped, new friend, Dering suddenly pulled a note-book out of his breast pocket. "I have forgotten a most important thing," — there was real dismay in his fresh, still youthful voice — "and that is to ask you kindly to look round at No. 8 Lady Rich Road after your friends have left you to-night. I should think about twelve o'clock would do very well. In fact, Hinton won't be ready for you before. And, Dr. Johnstone, in view of the trouble to which you may be put" — Dering thrust another bank-note into the other man's hand. "I know you ought to have charged a lot more than that ten pounds —" And then, before words of thanks could be uttered, he had turned and gone down the steps, along the little path, through the iron gate which swung under the red lamp, into the darkness beyond.

Down the broad and now solitary Bath Road, filled with the strange, brooding stillness of a spring dawn, clattered discordantly a hansom cab.

There was promise of a bright, warm day, such a day as yesterday had been; but Wingfield, leaning forward, unconsciously willing the horse to go faster, felt very cold. Not for the first time during this interminable journey, he took from his breast pocket the unsigned telegram which was the cause of his being here, driving, oh! how slowly, along this fantastically empty thoroughfare.

*"Philip Dering is dead please come at once at once at once to eight Lady Rich Road."*

Wingfield, steadying the slip of paper as it fluttered in his hand, looked down with frowning, puzzled eyes at the pencilled words.

The message had been sent off just before midnight, and had reached his house, he supposed, an hour and a half later, for the persistent knocking at his front door had gone on for some time before he or his wife realised that the loud hammering sound concerned themselves. Even then it had been Kate who had at last roused herself and gone downstairs; Kate who had rushed up breathless, whispering, as she thrust the orange envelope into his hand: "Oh, James, what can it be? Thank God, all the children are safe at home!"

No time had been lost. While he was dressing, his wife had made him a cup of tea, kind and solicitous of his comfort, but driving him nearly distracted by her eager, excited talk and aimless conjectures. It had seemed long before he found a derelict cab willing to drive him from Regent's Terrace to Bedford Park, but now — well, thank God, he was at last nearing the place where he would learn what had befallen the man who had been, next to his own elder boy, the creature he had loved best in his calm, phlegmatic life.

Wingfield went on staring down at the mysterious and yet explicit message, of which the wording seemed to him so odd — in some ways recalling Dering's familiar trick of reiteration. Then suddenly he thought of Hinton. With a sudden revulsion of feeling, the lawyer folded up the telegram and put it back into his breast pocket — this mysterious, unsigned request for his immediate presence had obviously been despatched by Hinton. How stupid of him not to have realised this at once, the more so that No. 8 Lady Rich Road was Hinton's address, not that of Dering. Quickly he raised his hand to the trap-door above his head. "Pull up at Number 8, not, as I told you, at Number 9, Lady Rich Road," he shouted.

The radiance of an early spring morning, so kind to everything in nature, is pitiless to that which owes its being to the ingenuity and industry of human hands. Dr. Johnstone, standing opposite a police inspector in what had been poor Mrs. Hinton's cherished, if untidy and shabby, little sitting-room, felt his wretchedness and shame — for he felt very deeply ashamed — perceptibly increased by the dust-laden sunbeams dancing slantwise about him.

The inspector was really sorry for him, though a little contemptuous perhaps of a medical man capable of showing such emotion and horror in the face of death. "Why, doctor, you mustn't take on so! How could you possibly have told what was in the man's mind? You weren't upset like this last year over that business in Angle Alley, and that was a sight worse than this, eh?"

But Johnstone had turned away, and was staring out of the bow window. "It isn't that poor wretch Hinton that's upset me," he muttered. "I don't mind death. It's — it's — Dering — Dering and Mrs. Dering." Reluctant tears filled his tired, red-rimmed eyes.

"I'm sorry, too. Very sorry for the lady, that is; as for the other — well, I'm pretty sure he'll cheat Broadmoor, and that without much

delay, eh, doctor? Hullo! who's this coming now?" The tone suddenly changed, became at once official and alert in quality, as the sound of wheels stopped opposite the little gate. When the front door bell pealed through the house he added, "You go to the door, doctor; whoever it is had better not see me at first." And Johnstone found himself suddenly pushed out of the room and into the little hall.

There he hesitated for a moment, looking furtively round at the half-open door which led into the back room fitted up as a studio, where still lay, in dreadful juxtaposition, the dead and the dying, Hinton and his murderer, alone, save for the indifferent watchful presence of a trained nurse.

Another impatient peal of sound echoed through the house, and the doctor, walking slowly forward, opened the front door.

"Can I see Mr. Hinton? Or is he next door? I have driven down from town in response to this telegram. I was Mr. Philip Dering's oldest friend and solicitor —"

"Then — then it was *you* who were making his will?"

The question struck Wingfield as unseemly. How had this young man, whom he took to be one of Hinton's dissipated friends, learned even this one fact concerning poor Dering's affairs? "Yes," he said shortly, as he walked through into the hall, "that was the case. But, of course — well, perhaps you will kindly inform me where I can see Mr. Hinton?" he repeated impatiently. "I suppose he is with Mrs. Dering, at Number 9?" And the other noticed that he left the door open behind him, evidently intending to leave Hinton's house as soon as he had obtained a reply to his question.

For a moment the two men looked at one another in exasperated silence. Then, very suddenly, Johnstone did that of which he was afterward sorry and self-reproachful. But his nerve was completely gone; for hours he had been engaged in what had proved both a terrible and a futile task, that of attempting to relieve the physical agony of a man for whose state he partly held himself to be responsible. He wished to avoid, at any rate for the present, the repetition to the stranger of what had happened the night before, and so, "Please come this way," he muttered hoarsely. "I ought perhaps to warn you — to prepare you for something of a shock." And, turning round, beckoning to the other to follow him, he opened the door of the studio, stepping aside to allow Wingfield to pass in before him. But once through the doorway the lawyer suddenly recoiled and stopped short, so dreadful

and so unexpected was the sight which then met his eyes.

Focussed against a blurred background made up of distempered light-green walls, a curtainless open window, and various plain deal studio properties pushed back against the wall, lay, stretched out on some kind of low couch brought forward into the middle of the room, a rigid, motionless figure. The lower half of the figure, including the feet, which rested on a chair placed at the bottom of the couch, was entirely covered by a blanket; but the chest and head, slightly raised by pillows, seemed swathed and bound up in broad strips of white linen, which concealed chin and forehead, hair and ears, while the head was oddly supported by a broad band or sling fastened with safety-pins — Wingfield's eyes took note of every detail — to the side of the couch. Under the blanket, which was stretched tightly across the man's breast, could be seen the feeble twitching of fingers, but, even so, the only sense of life and feeling seemed to the on-looker centred in the eyes, whose glance Wingfield found himself fearing yet longing to meet.

To the right of the couch a large Japanese screen had been so placed as to hide some object spread out on the floor. To the left, watching every movement of the still, recumbent figure, stood a powerful-looking woman in nursing dress. Wingfield's gaze, after wandering round the large, bare room, returned and again clung to the sinister, immobile form which he longed to be told was that of Hinton, and as he gazed he forced himself to feel a fierce gladness and relief in the knowledge that Dering was dead, — that in his pocket lay the telegram which proved it.

At last, to gain courage and to stifle a horrible doubt, he compelled himself to meet those at once indifferent and appealing eyes, which seemed to stare fixedly beyond the group of men by the door; and suddenly the lawyer became aware that just behind him hurried whispered words were being uttered.

"This gentleman is Mr. Dering's solicitor; perhaps he will be able to throw some light on the whole affair," and he felt himself being plucked by the sleeve and gently pulled back into the hall.

"It is — isn't it? — poor Hinton?" and he looked imploringly from one man to the other.

"Hinton?" said the doctor sharply. "He's there, sure enough — but you didn't see him, for we put him under a sheet, behind that screen. Your friend shot him dead first, and then cut his own throat, but he didn't set about that in quite the right way, so he's alive still, as you can see."

"And where is Mrs. Dering?" Wingfield spoke in a quiet, mechanical voice; and Johnstone felt angered by his callousness.

"We've just sent her back into the next house," he answered curtly, "and made her take the Hinton children with her. For — well, it often is so in such cases, you know — the presence of his wife seems positively to distress Mr. Dering; besides, the nurse and I can do, and have done, all that is possible."

"And have you no clue to what has happened? Has Dering been able to give no explanation of this — this — horrible business?"

Johnstone shook his head. "Of course he can't speak. He will never speak again. He wrote a few words to his wife, but they amounted to nothing save regret that he had bungled the last half of the affair."

"And what do you yourself think?" Wingfield spoke calmly and authoritatively. He had suddenly become aware, during the last few moments, that he was speaking to a medical man.

"I haven't had time to think much about it"; the tone was rough and sore. "Mr. Dering seems to have come into a large sum of money, and such things have been known to upset men's brains before now."

"Still, he might write something of consequence now that this gentleman has come," interposed the inspector.

But when Wingfield, standing by that which he now knew was indeed his friend, watched the painful, laboured moving of the pencil across the slate which had been hurriedly fetched some two hours before from the young Hintons' nursery, all he saw, traced again and again, were the words: "Look after Louise. Look after Louise . . ." and then at last: "I mean to die. I mean to die. I mean to die."

# EDITORIAL

## THE MASTERY OF THE AIR

THE aërial battleship, described in the first article in this magazine, is a new conception to the American people. In Europe, especially among the students of aërial navigation, it has been a matter of common expectancy for some time.

More than two years ago Pierre C. C. Janssen, the famous French astronomer and student of the atmosphere, made this statement:

"We have seen what superiority a country has acquired by the power of a navy that rules the seas. How great, then, will be the power of the nation that will soar to be master of the atmosphere! The sea has borders and limits; the atmosphere has none; the aëronaut commands the whole depth of the aërial ocean. The sea separates, the atmosphere unites continents. The master of the air is therefore master of the world.

"We are seeing to-day an extremely rapid growth in the mechanical arts. What appeared to be impossible yesterday becomes a reality overnight. I believe that I may say, without any risk, that we are now at the beginning of a new epoch, which started with the balloon *Lebaudy*, and is hurrying with great strides toward a development, of which no human mind can say where it will ultimately take us."

The first step in the problem, not yet taken when this statement was made, was the securing of a safe, fast, and stable airship — with a considerable carrying power. There was no more essential mechanical difficulty in securing this than in building an iron steamship. In December, 1907, Major Herman Hoernes, of the Austrian army, for twenty years an expert of European fame on aëronautics, described the technical situation clearly in a lecture before the Society of Military Science in Vienna.

"The ultimate type of airship," he said, "will be motor balloons, on the Zeppelin model, which, in the coming decade, will travel from Europe to America in the space of three days. If we consider theoretically a balloon of 133 feet in diameter and 1,000 feet long, the calculation shows that such a craft would carry 99 tons of useful load. A balloon 166 feet in diameter and 1,333 feet long, would carry over 275 tons of useful load.

"To-day such figures appear Utopian. However, as we approach this subject the figures soon lose the startling character which they possess at first sight. We must remember that the giants of the ocean, like the *Kronprinzessin Cecilie*, or the *Lusitania*, which move in the water — that is, in an element nearly 800 times heavier than the air — have lengths of over 700 feet, and a height, including funnels and masts, of over 190 feet. Isn't it common sense that airships that swim in a medium so much lighter than water must be built with greater dimensions?"

Since this lecture, the performance of Count Zeppelin's new ships has been bearing out in practice what the technical experts have said must be inevitable. The great airship has arrived, and, having arrived, it requires but one more quality to make it a war machine — that is, inaccessibility to gun fire. It has already developed high speed, a wide radius of action, and a very considerable carrying power — constantly growing greater — for supplies of war. That it could carry and discharge fire-arms was not to be doubted, even before Germany's experiments. But if the great structure cannot attack without being destroyed, it will be useless.

The one standpoint from which the safety of the dirigible balloon must be considered is that of actual artillery practice; for already these craft are built to manoeuvre out of the reach of rifle bullets, leaving artillery the only weapon against them. The opinion of a leading European student of the problem is given in the book, "The Conquest of the Air," published in 1907 by L. Sazerac de Forge, the French expert in aërial navigation, who is himself an active captain of artillery in the French army. He holds that dirigible balloons will be practically inaccessible to the wheeled artillery, which alone can be used against them in battle, for the simple reason that airships will easily avoid any fixed guns prepared to shoot them. Captain de Forge states the essential inadequacy of field artillery for shooting airships as follows:

"Artillery practice at captive balloons at Poitiers and the camp of Chalons, in France, has demonstrated that beyond 6,000 meters (four miles) firing at captive balloons, even with cannon of long range, gives small results; and

that at between 4,000 and 5,000 meters (from two and one half to three miles) the balloon is not easily hit. Besides, twenty minutes are needed to bring it down.

"At Port Arthur the Russians often relied upon the services of captive balloons, and the Japanese never shot down one of them. At the battle of Liao-Yang and on many other occasions, a balloon on each side remained in the air several hours at a time. They were struck by shots, but these failed to bring down one of them.

"Now, it is evident that aiming at dirigibles is entirely different from aiming at immovable captive balloons, or even moving balloons, for the dirigible can at any moment modify its direction as well as its speed and altitude. . . .

"It is admitted that in practice the French field gun — the '75' — is not suitable for aiming at balloons more than 5,000 meters (three miles) away, and for heights above 440 yards.

"When the tail of the carriage is fastened into the ground, giving the cannon the greatest practical angle, the barrel reaches an elevation of twenty degrees, which gives an extreme height of trajectory of 1,055 yards. But it must be noted that the cannon, driven into the earth by the first discharge, does not preserve the ability to follow an object moving sideways, excepting in a very narrow limit. . . .

"Let us imagine — to place conditions against the airship — that the battery commander is on the *qui vive*, and that he has some practical and rapid means — as yet unknown — of judging the range; and that he opens fire at the proper moment, without hesitation or loss of time. He starts by discharging his four guns at an angle that he hopes is correct. It would be an unheard-of accident if the airship should be hit by a first volley. After this, how long would the battery be able to aim at the airship at all? The calculation is very simple.

"Our rapid-fire guns have a movement upon a swivel, which allows them to aim to the right and left — with the ends of their carriages fixed in the ground — over an angle whose tangent is one twentieth. This corresponds, at a distance of 5,000 meters (three miles), to a lateral movement on the target of 250 meters (800 feet). The *Lebaudy* makes 11 meters a second (25 miles an hour); the *Patrie* still more. It is evident, therefore, that in less than half a minute (twenty-two seconds) the dirigible will be out of the danger zone. During this time the battery will not have been able to shoot more than twenty or twenty-four projectiles, and it will have had to discharge them haphazard, without any rectification of aim. If the artillerists wish to rectify their aim, as

they do with ordinary targets — that is, by observing the relative position of the bursting shells to the target, and modifying the direction and angle of the aim according to these observations — the airship will have left the artillerists' field of action before the second volley can be expected to reach the target."

There can, in fact, be no question about the inadequacy of present field artillery for shooting airships. The present question is, Is its weakness fundamental, or can it be overcome? The gun factories of Europe are now working hard on this problem.

The recently invented Krupp gun for defense against airships is the most efficient arm for the purpose yet produced. One of the most thorough analyses of the work of this gun was made recently by the *Swiss Military Review*. This discusses its possibilities as follows:

"Let us see whether the advance made by the Krupp gun is of a kind to revolutionize the situation. This gun comprises several interesting improvements. First, an unlimited field of aim sideways; second, the employment of a system that permits high angles of aim; and third, a smoke-producing projectile.

"However, the value of these improvements must not be exaggerated. At the first discharge the spike at the tail of the gun fixes itself rigidly in the ground; and the sideways aim becomes limited to a fraction of the horizon. Besides, the position of the wheels during firing makes them run a serious risk of being broken. The smoke-producing projectile has the advantage of making the whole trajectory visible, and of having the same efficiency at every point of its flight. Counterbalancing this is the necessity of special ammunition. This specializing of ammunition is the more disturbing, as the gun, really to cover columns of troops against dirigibles, will have to be attached to corps cavalry. It will encumber them greatly, without giving them any advantage for their own work.

"Although the new Krupp gun will mean great progress, we do not think that free balloons or dirigibles will find themselves seriously menaced in the field by them; they will simply have to beware of certain points, like forts, or guns installed at other fixed points, which will do no more than keep them out of certain fixed radii.

"The real enemy of the airship, in our opinion, is the dirigible."

The present activity of all European powers — and particularly Germany, France, and England — in starting aerial navies is the best practical confirmation of the belief that the new method of warfare has arrived.



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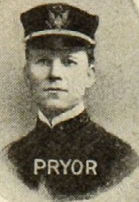
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BLANCHE RING



SOSA



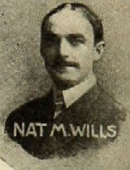
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DIGBY BELL



NAT M. WILLS



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at a popular  
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Blanche Ring sing her greatest song hit, "Yip! I Adeel! I Aye".  
Digby Bell recite his witty baseball narrative, "The Man who Fanned Casey".  
Pryor's Band play Pryor's latest ragtime number, "Frozen Bill".  
Sousa's Band play Sousa's newest march, "Fairest of the Fair".  
Josie Sadler sing her amusing song, "He Falls for the Ladies Every Time".  
Nat M. Wills recite his humorous monologue, "Reformed Love".  
Clarice Vance sing her current success, "It Looks Like a Big Night Tonight".

Any *Victor* dealer will gladly play these or any other *Victor Records* for you.

Write for complete catalogues of the *Victor*, the *Victrola*, and of over 3000 *Victor Records*.

New Victor Records are on sale at all dealers on the 28th of each month.



# New Victor Records

for August

on sale throughout America on July 28

Accompaniments by the Victor Orchestra

10-inch Records—Single-faced 60 cents; Double-faced 75 cents

The doubled-faced records are lettered "(a)" and "(b)".

- 5713 Pickles and Peppers (Ragtime Two-step) Pryor's Band
- 5714 Across the Sands Pryor's Band
- 5709 Good Night, Dear Elizabeth Wheeler
- 5721 Medley from "The Candy Shop" Victor Orchestra
- 52020 Honeymoon March—Ocarina Solo Mose Tapiero
- 5710 Good Bye to Johnnie Clarice Vance
- 5715 Good Bye, Molly Brown Maude Raymond
- 5719 Come and Hear the Orchestra Josie Sadler
- 5711 Hunting Song (from "King Arthur")
- 5712 Sweet Peggy Magee (Irish Specialty) Jones and Spencer
- 5720 Who's Your Friend? Collins and Harlan
- 5716 Googy-oo (from "The Candy Shop") Jones and Murray
- 5718 Take Me Up With You, Dearie Murray and Haydn Quartet

- 16331 (a) "All Together" (Two-step with vocal chorus) Victor Orchestra
- (b) Salute the Flag March Pryor's Band
- 16335 (a) Haymakers Barn Dance Victor Dance Orchestra
- (b) America and Star Spangled Banner Victor Brass Quartet
- 16332 (a) La Veta (Cornet Solo) Herbert L. Clarke
- (b) Tipica Polka (Mandolin-Guitar) Page-Ramsayer
- (a) Make a Noise Like a Hoop and Roll Away
- 16333 (b) In Ireland Ada Jones
- (a) You Can Look and You Can Listen, but Eddie Morton
- 16334 (a) M-U-M's the Word Ada Jones
- (b) Come Take a Swim in My Ocean
- 16329 (a) Julie Murray and Haydn Quartet
- (b) His Day's Work Was Done Ward Barton with guitar
- (a) Don't Be Cross With Me (from "A Stubborn Cinderella") James Devins
- 16330 (b) The Recipe for Love Elizabeth Wheeler
- (a) This Rose Brings My Heart to You Stevenson and Stanley
- 16337 (b) My Little Old Lady Macdonough
- 16336 (a) Liza Frederick Gunther
- (b) Under the Irish Moon Peerless Quartet
- Billy Murray

## A new "Casey at the Bat" record by De Wolf Hopper

(Victor Record 31559, 12-inch, \$1)

Mr. Hopper's famous interpretation of this celebrated baseball classic is so realistic that you readily imagine yourself among the throng of yelling "fans"; you almost see the "mighty Casey" strike out; you all but hear the howls of the disappointed Mudville rooters.

A splendid record that shows the wonderful advance made in *Victor* recording since the former record of the same selection was issued several years ago.



DE WOLF HOPPER

## 12-inch Records

Single-faced \$1; Double-faced \$1.25

- 31741 Bartered Bride Overture (Prodana Nevesta) Prodana
- 31740 The Two Grenadiers Pryor's Band
- 58008 He Was Very Kind to Me Harry Lauder
- 35079 (a) That's the Doctor, Bill Eddie Morton
- (b) At the Comic Opera Nat. M. Willis

## New Victor Red Seal Records

### A Ballad in English by Melba

Nellie Melba, Soprano

- 88182 Oh, Lovely Night (Ronald) 12-inch, \$3—In English

### Brünnhilde's Appeal—by Gadski

Johanna Gadski, Soprano

- 88183 Walkure-Brünnhilde's Bitte (Brünnhilde's Appeal to Wotan, Act III) (Wagner) 12-inch, \$3—In German

### A Samson Air by Gerville-Réache

Jeanne Gerville-Réache, Contralto

- 88184 Samson et Delilah—Mon cœur s'ouvre a ta voix (My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice) (Saint-Saens) 12-inch, \$3—In French

### Two More Pianoforte Records

Wilhelm Backhaus, Pianist

- 71042 Wedding March (Grieg) 12-inch, \$1.50
- 71043 Perpetuum Mobile (Perpetual Motion) (Weber) 12-inch, \$1.50

### Two New Witherspoon Records

Herbert Witherspoon, Bass

- 74137 The Lost Chord (Sullivan) 12-inch, \$1.50—In English
- 74138 The Seasons—With Joy th' Impatient Husbandman (Haydn) 12-inch, \$1.50—In English

### The Favorite Faust Air in English

George Hamlin, Tenor

- 74139 Faust—All Hail Thou Dwelling Pure and Lowly (Cavatina "Salute demeure") (Gounod) 12-inch, \$1.50—In English

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Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors

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The best violin records ever made. Miss Powell is an artist of whom every American may well be proud, and her masterful renditions are so perfectly reproduced—so true to life—that listening to these new *Victor Records* is just like hearing Maud Powell herself.

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Maud Powell, Violinist

- 64104 Mazurka (Zarzycki) 10-inch, acc. by George Falkenstein—\$1
- 64103 At the Brook (Boisdeffre) 10-inch, acc. by George Falkenstein—\$1
- 74135 This—Intermezzo (Meditation Religieuse) (Massenet) 12-inch, acc. by George Falkenstein—\$1.50

### Two New Records by Williams

Evan Williams, Tenor

- 64102 Little Boy Blue (Poem by Eugene Field) (Nevin) 10-inch, \$1—In English
- 74136 St. Paul—Be Thou Faithful (Mendelssohn) 12-inch, \$1.50—In English



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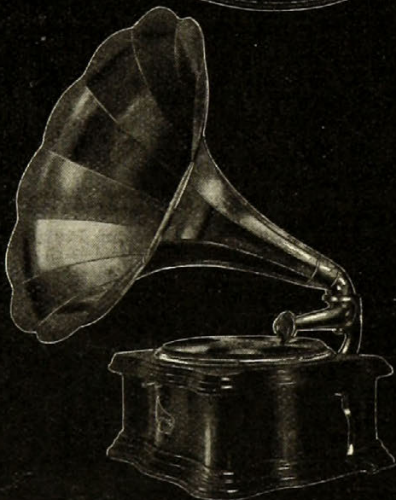
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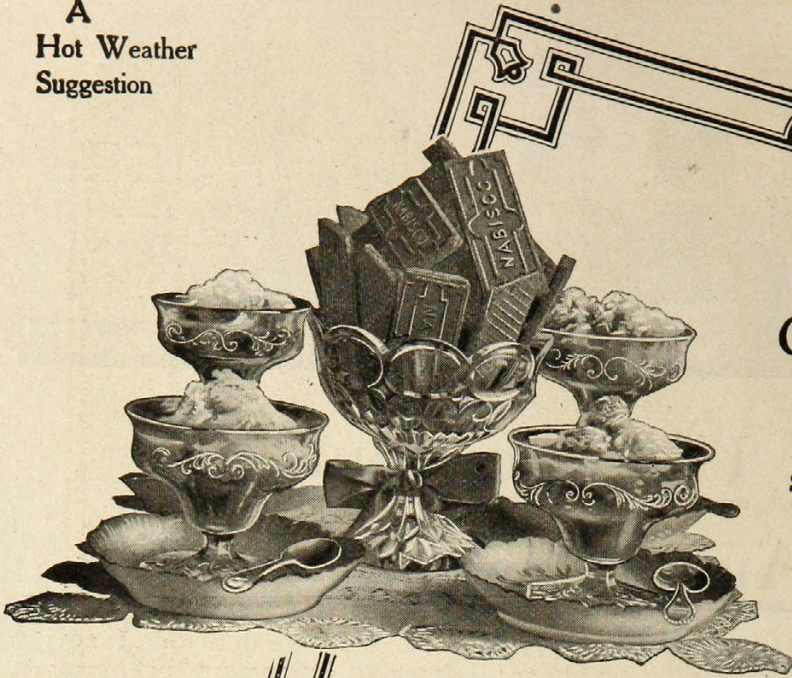
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Summer afternoon five o'clocks will  
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if the beverages and ices be  
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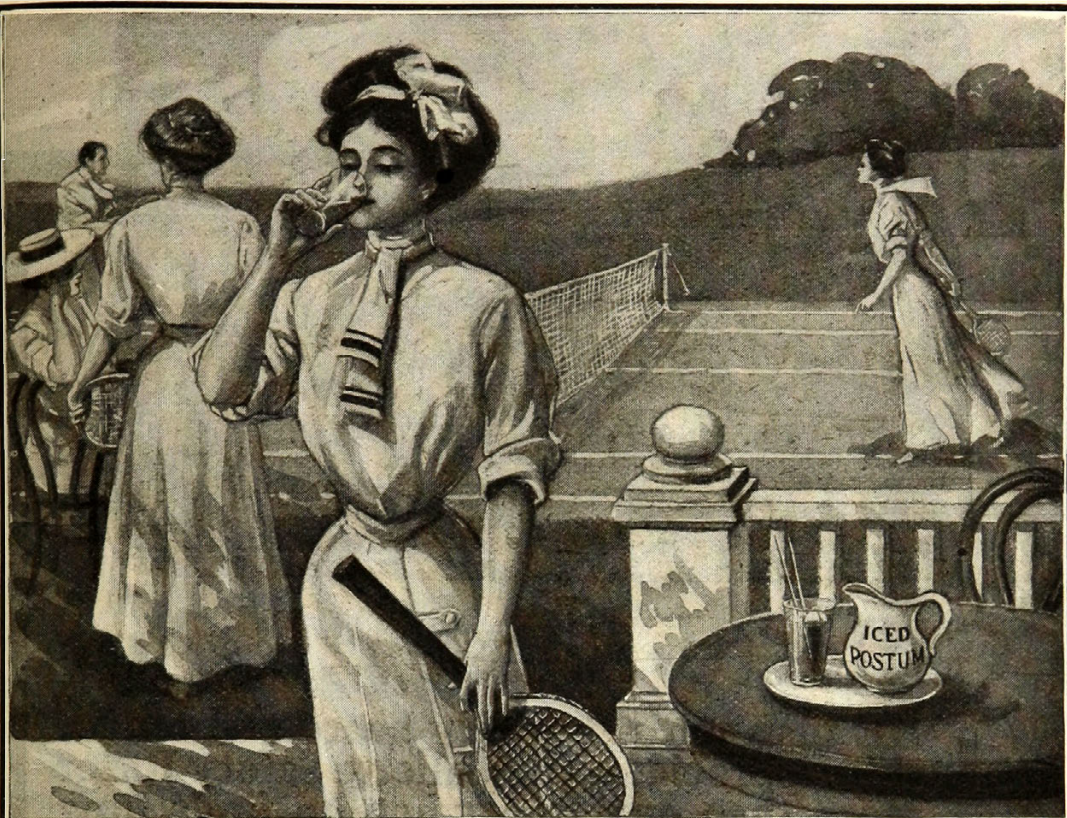
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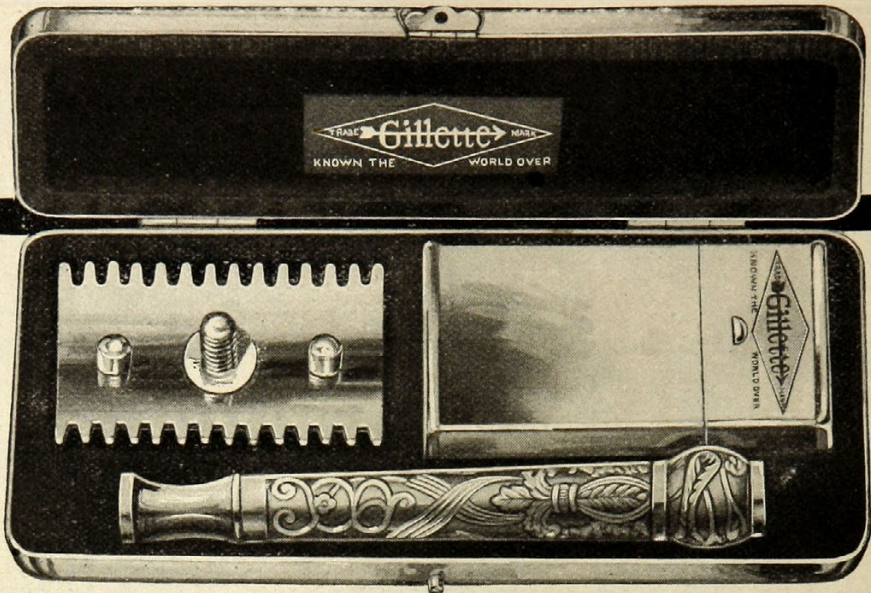
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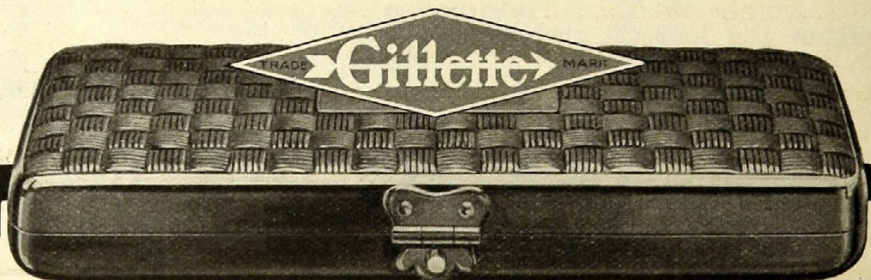
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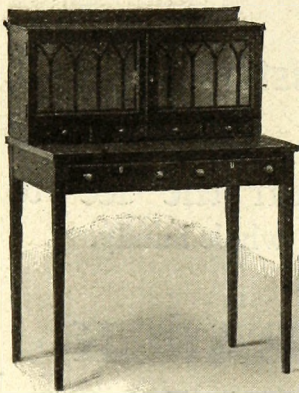
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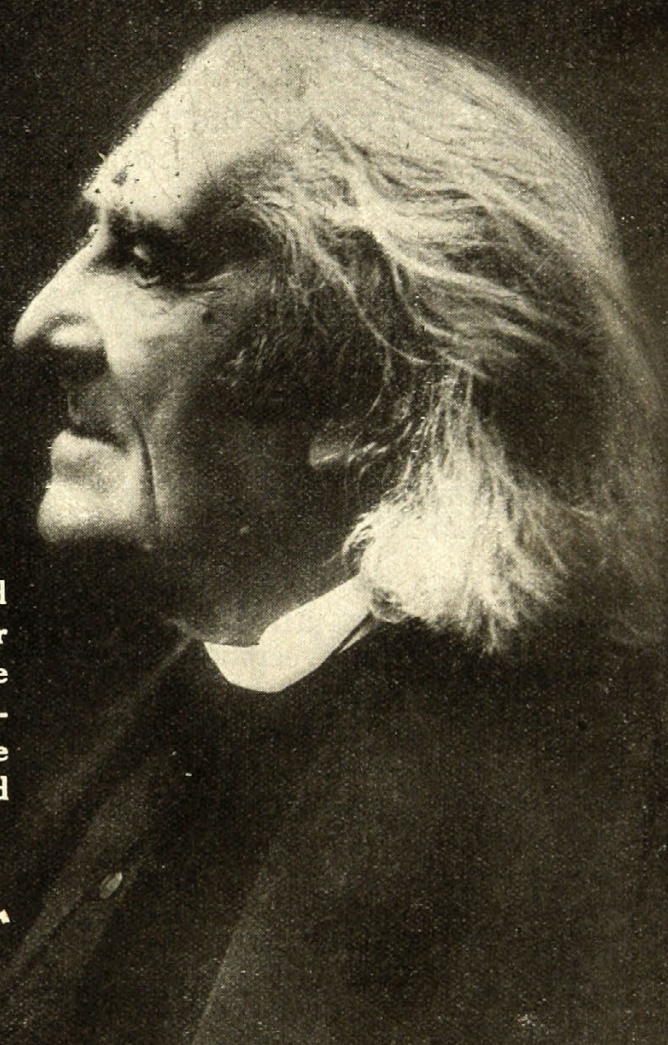
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The vogue of the merely expensive is passing.  
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never has departed from the canons of good  
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The Mayhew line includes a wide range of perfect examples in the Adams, Chippen-  
dale, Sheraton, Hepplewhite, Elizabethan—all the important English periods—also  
American Colonial and luxurious upholstered furniture in Morocco and fabric  
coverings.

We do not distribute any conventional "booklets," because the best  
of conventional illustrations are widely used to advertise inferior  
furniture. We ask, in your interest as well as our own, that you

*See Mayhew Furniture at your Dealer's*



# The Howard Watch

**T**HE Wireless operator prefers a Howard Watch because he must have accurate knowledge and record of the sending and receiving time of messages.

His station is seldom in a comfortable office building—it may be on a Battle Ship—an island—or a rocky point along the coast.

In more than one hundred and fifty highly specialized occupations the operatives will tell you that the

HOWARD is purposely designed and adapted for their work.

Now a HOWARD is a HOWARD wherever you find it—the fact that men take it into the family, so to speak, and make it an honorary member of their trades or professions is the prettiest possible compliment.

A HOWARD Watch is always worth what you pay for it.

The price of each HOWARD from the 17-jewel in a fine gold-filled case (guaranteed for 25 years) at \$35.00; to the 23-jewel in a 14-k. solid gold case at \$150.00—is fixed at the factory, and a printed price ticket attached.

Drop us a postal, Dept. B, and we will send you a HOWARD book of value to the watch buyer.

**E. HOWARD WATCH COMPANY**  
BOSTON, MASS.



## PAINT TALKS—No. 7 Painting Floors

When one thinks of the scraping and scuffing a floor is subjected to, and then considers how fine a paint film is, he wonders that porch or kitchen floors ever look well.

Certainly, none of the cheap paints of chalky, brittle composition can be expected to stand the constant friction—and they do not. The very best pure white lead and pure linseed oil are absolutely necessary. The white lead should be tinted to some neutral color, and a hard foundation laid by adding some turpentine to the white lead and linseed oil.

If you will describe your floor (kind of wood, whether or not previously painted, etc.) we will send exact directions for painting it.

For general painting information, send for our House-owners' Painting Outfit D. It includes color schemes (illustrated) and instrument for detecting adulteration in material—an instrument our white lead (Dutch Boy Painter trade-mark) does not fear.

Buy of your local dealer if possible. If he hasn't it do not accept something else, but write our nearest office.

*For sale through dealers only.*



### NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

*An office in each of the following cities:*

New York, Boston, Buffalo, Cincinnati, Chicago, Cleveland, St. Louis, (John T. Lewis & Bros. Company, Philadelphia), (National Lead & Oil Company, Pittsburgh).

**You Can  
Keep Those  
Coal Bills  
Down!**

Reduce your next year's heating expense 30 to 60%, as thousands of others have done, by installing a

## Spencer

Steam or Hot Water  
**Heater**

The "Spencer" burns No. 1 Buckwheat (\$2 to \$3 less per ton than other sizes), and develops more heat from this cheap fuel than others do from large coal. Has combination water-tube and return tubular boiler—most efficient steaming device known.

Water-jacketed magazine feed; requires attention but once a day in ordinary weather; twice in severe.

*Our Heating Book, free, gives complete information. When writing, please mention your dealer's name.*

**SPENCER HEATER CO.**  
800 Commonwealth Bldg., Scranton, Pa.

## SURBRUG'S ARCADIA MIXTURE

Its aromatic delicacy will surprise you.

It is the most perfect blend of tobacco you ever put in your pipe—the highest class—it stands all by itself, the KING of mixtures.

A tobacco that your women folks will like to have you smoke at home—You may never have known the luxury of a pipe smoke before.

Send **10 CENTS** and we will send a sample

**THE SURBRUG COMPANY**  
132 Reade Street, New York



# Hawes, von Gal HATS

Pay as much attention to the style of your hat as to the cut of your clothes. For the coming season, Hawes, von Gal Hats will be found the style leaders as usual—and remember, they are the hats that are guaranteed. Prices, \$3, \$4 and \$5.

*We are Makers of the **Hawes** Celebrated \$3.00 Hats*

If not at your local dealer's, write for our new Fall Style Book "A." We will fill your order direct from the factory if you will indicate style wanted and give your hat size, your height, weight and waist measure. Add 25 cents to cover cost of expressage.

**Hawes, von Gal**  
INCORPORATED  
1178 Broadway, New York

FACTORY:  
DANBURY, Connecticut

Wholesale Offices:  
CHICAGO BOSTON

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

# Chiclets

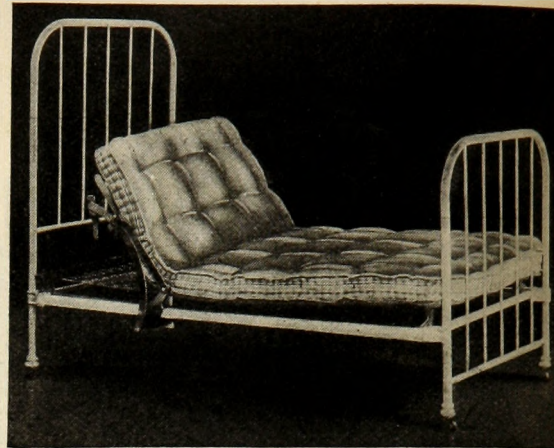
REALLY DELIGHTFUL

## The Dainty Mint Covered Candy Coated Chewing Gum

Particularly Desirable  
after Dinner

**BETTER—STRONGER**  
More lasting in flavor than any other  
A try—a test—Goodbye to the rest!

Sold in 5¢ 10¢ and 25¢ packets  
Frank H. Fleeer & Company Inc.  
Philadelphia, U.S.A. and Toronto, Can.



## Sit up in bed

To read, to eat, to convalesce. If for any reason you want to sit up in bed, here's the only light, practical, out-of-the-way device for the purpose. A child can operate it with a heavy adult on the bed.

It will relieve the hay fever sufferer! Next to a cure for hay fever (which seems impossible) this gives the most delightful relief. Use this and sleep comfortably. For metal beds only.

Send for booklet E, and full explanation.

The Levinger Mfg. Co.  
231 E. Jackson Boulevard, Chicago

**PROTECTIVE  
CLEAN-UP**  
Sun, Wind, Dust.

"On my vacation last summer four of us, two from down South, one from Chicago, and myself from Massachusetts—were badly sunburned while sailing. In repairing damages afterwards we found that all but one had D. & R. Perfect Cold Cream. This speaks well for the popularity and merit of the cream"—(name on request).

### DAGGETT & RAMSDELL'S Perfect Cold Cream

used daily on a hot wet cloth, brings out dust and impurities from the pores and keeps the skin soft, clear and healthy. An excellent after-shaving emollient and hygienic skin cleanser. Travelers' Tubes 10c up; Jars 35c up at the best shops in both Americas. Europe, Egypt, India and the Orient  
Sample Mailed Free.

Daggett & Ramsdell  
Dept. B,  
D. & R. Bldg.,  
West 14th St.,  
NEW YORK.

GOULD

## Wisdom.

As your teeth are wanted to last—for time to come—begin at once their daily antiseptic cleansing with

# Calvert's Carbolic Tooth Powder.

Price from 15cts. Sample and booklet from Park & Tilford, 927 Broadway, New York.  
Makers: F. C. Calvert & Co., Manchester, England.  
Canadian Depot: 349 Dorchester Street West, Montreal.

## CLARK'S CRUISES OF THE "CLEVELAND"

(Hamburg-American Line)

18,000 tons, brand new  
superbly fitted

# ROUND THE WORLD

From New York October 16, 1909; From San Francisco Feb. 5, 1910, nearly four months, costing only \$650 AND UP, including all expenses afloat and ashore.

**SPECIAL FEATURES.**—Madeira, Egypt, India, Ceylon, Burma, Java, Borneo, Philippines, Japan. An unusual chance to visit unusually attractive places.

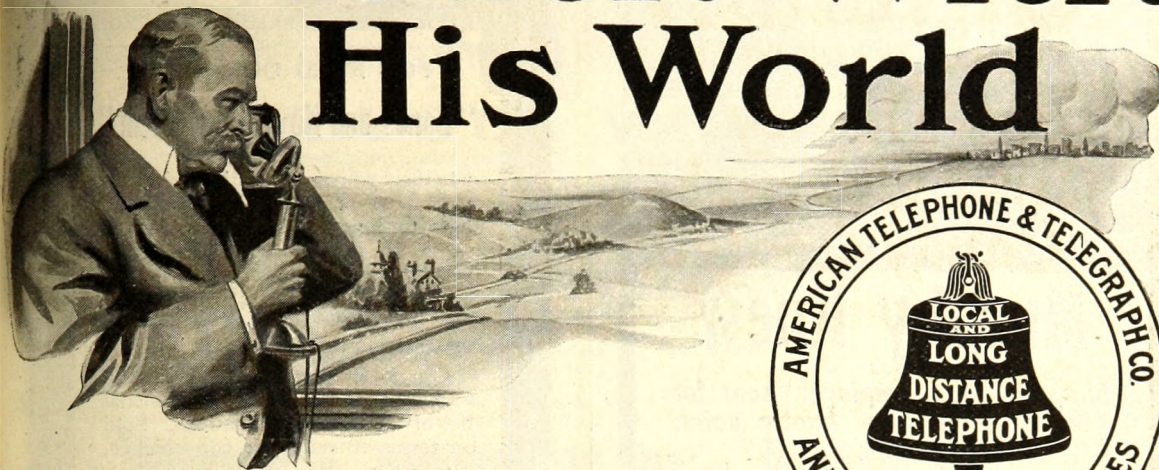
12th Annual Orient Cruise, Feb. 5, '10: by North German Lloyd S. S. "Grosser Kurfuerst," 73 days, including 24 days Egypt and Palestine, \$400 up.

FRANK C. CLARK.

Times Building, N. Y.



# In Touch With His World



The railroad president to-day spends the greater portion of the summer at his country home renewing his energy. He keeps in touch with his railroad system over the telephone.

He may be one hundred miles or more away from headquarters, yet *his office* and the *principal business centers* of the country are *within talking distance*.

He is notified immediately when anything important occurs; his advice and direction are asked and given *over the telephone*; the machinery of the road goes on.

Each day, at the noon hour or in the early morning or late afternoon, he conducts his business over the long distance line.

*He is in touch with his world.*

Through the day he has been renewing his energy—sailing, driving, or playing golf—making himself *more fit for the busier season* and able at all times to handle a larger system and a larger volume of business than the railroad president of two decades ago.

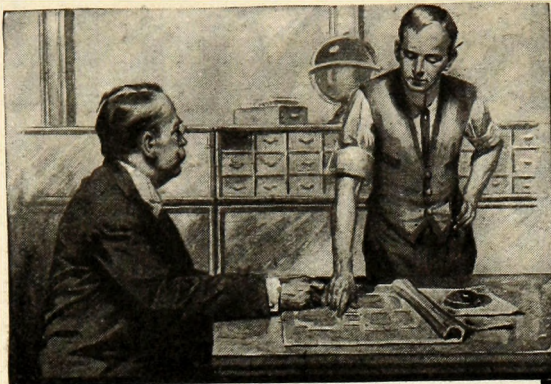
This is simply an illustration which applies to every busy man, whether he be railroad president, merchant, manufacturer or professional man.

It shows the importance of universal service, which is the constant aim of the Associated Bell Companies—of *one system*, extending to every nook and corner of the United States, keeping *all localities* within speaking distance of one another.

***Long Distance Bell Service is universal in two ways—  
in its extension to all localities and in its application  
to all human activities. Whatever your interests, it  
will advance them economically, certainly, constantly.***

The American Telephone and Telegraph Company  
And Associated Companies

***One Policy, One System, Universal Service***



## Murphy Knew

Suppose your employer sent for YOU to solve some knotty point.  
—COULD YOU DO IT?

Yes—if you had the special training such as the International Correspondence Schools can impart to you *in your spare time*. Such a training will make you invaluable—will insure promotion—will raise your salary.

And the way is easy. To learn what it is mark the attached coupon opposite your *chosen* occupation. Doing this costs only the postage. Besides putting you to no expense and under no obligation, marking the coupon entitles you to six months' free subscription to the I. C. S. illustrated monthly, "Ambition."

On an average, 300 students every month VOLUNTARILY report salary increases due to I. C. S. help. During May the number was 319. YOU join these men by marking the coupon. DO IT NOW.

### International Correspondence Schools, Box 814, SCRANTON, PA.

Please explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for the position before which I have marked X and also send me, absolutely free, "Ambition Magazine" for six months.

Bookkeeper  
Stenographer  
Advertisement Writer  
Show Card Writer  
Window Trimmer  
Commercial Law  
Illustrator  
Civil Service  
Chemist  
Textile Mill Supt.  
Electrician  
Elec. Engineer

Mechanical Draftsman  
Telephone Engineer  
Elec. Lighting Supt.  
Mechan. Engineer  
Plumber & Steam Fitter  
Stationary Engineer  
Civil Engineer  
Building Contractor  
Architect  
Architect  
Structural Engineer  
Banking  
Mining Engineer

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street and No. \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

# BONDS

YOU NEED OUR BOOK

## "Bonds and How to Buy Them"

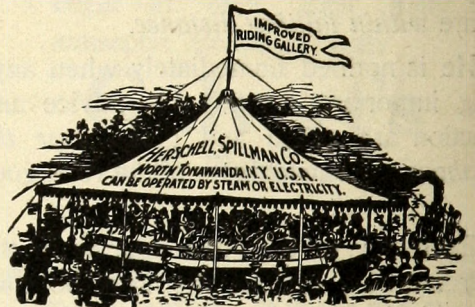
whether you are familiar with investments or not. It shows you how to invest your money in the same safe bonds in which banks invest their trust funds. If your money is not safely earning 4% or 5¾%, you owe it to yourself to get the information this book gives you.

Our selected list of Municipal and Corporation Bonds includes securities of varying denominations. Sold on terms to suit your convenience.

Write for our Bond Book and descriptive circular of our present offerings.

**OTIS AND HOUGH**  
INVESTMENT BANKERS  
800 CUYAHOGA BLDG.  
CLEVELAND.

## MAKE MONEY FROM OTHERS' FUN



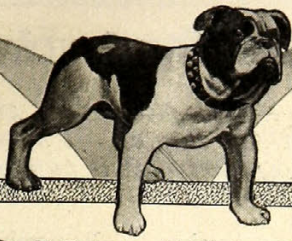
### Pleasing the Public Pays Big Profits

And owners of our famous attractions frequently make from \$8,000 to \$10,000 every year. We make everything in the Riding Gallery line from a hand-power Merry-Go-Round to the highest grade Carouselles. Bring in hundreds of dollars daily. It is a delightful, attractive, big paying, healthful business. Just the thing for the man who can't stand indoor work, or is not fit for heavy work.

Just the business for the man who has some money and wants to invest it to the best advantage. Our goods are the finest appearing, easiest running, and most attractive line manufactured. They are simple in construction and require no special knowledge to operate. If you want to get into a money-making business, write to-day for catalog and particulars.

### HERSCHELL-SPILLMAN CO.

Park Amusement Outfitters  
220 Sweeney Street, N. Tonawanda, N. Y., U. S. A.



## FOR YOUR VACATION

You need plenty of shirts and collars, of course, but if you are wise you will make sure of further comfort by taking along at least one pair of **Stylish, Light Weight, Lisle BULL DOG SUSPENDERS**

Light and cool, elastic and comfortable, especially adapted for warm weather wear. You can walk, row, fish and play ball or golf in them with equal freedom, as they contain more and better rubber, and will positively **OUTWEAR THREE ORDINARY KINDS**. If you require extra long suspenders, ask your dealer for "EXTRA LONG BULL DOGS." He has them at the same price.

50c. at Your Dealer's or by Mail Postpaid if he will not supply you. Look for the "Bull Dog" on buckle. None genuine without it.

**HEWES & POTTER, Dept. 4, 87 LINCOLN ST., BOSTON**  
Largest Makers of Suspenders in the World.

# Bull Dog SUSPENDERS

50¢

50¢

STYLE  
ECONOMY

WATERPROOFED LINEN  
**LITHOLIN**  
COLLARS & CUFFS

FIT  
COMFORT

### Summer Comfort

The Same Collar You've Always Worn—Only WATERPROOFED

ONE of the many reasons why **Litholin Waterproofed Linen Collars and Cuffs** increase in popularity is that, no matter what the weather may be, or the conditions, they hold their shape, do not wilt or fray, and, if soiled, can be wiped white as new with a damp cloth, in a minute. That cuts out the expense of the laundering,—a weekly item which counts heavily in the long run, especially in the hot months. So, you get style, and save, and have real satisfaction. There are imitations. Genuine Litholin Goods are ALWAYS sold in RED boxes—look for the trade-mark.

**COLLARS 25c. CUFFS 50c.**

*If not at your dealer's, send, giving styles, size, number wanted, with remittance, and we will mail, postpaid. Booklet of styles free on request.*

KEEP THIS ADV. FOR FUTURE REFERENCE



DARTMOUTH



CHICAGO



HARVARD



YALE



COLUMBIA



BARNARD



CORNELL



WEST POINT



ANN ARBOR



PRINCETON



PENN.



STEVENS

**THE FIBERLOID COMPANY**  
DEPT. 17 7 WAVERLY PLACE  
NEW YORK

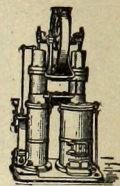
## Half a mile for twelve years

A customer writes us: "I have much pleasure in giving expression to my unqualified appreciation of your Hot-Air Engine. I have used the same engine (6-inch Rider) for twelve years, and the fact that it pumps water 2500 feet is sufficiently indicative of its power."

Our friend's experience is valuable as showing that no matter if the source of supply be at a distance, the **Hot-Air Pump** will deliver water just as satisfactorily in any home. His experience should also appeal to every dweller on high ground, who may be somewhat remote from a well, a spring, or running brook, for a Hot-Air Pump will bring his supply from the valley continuously and in abundance for a long period of years. "2500 feet for twelve years" means a great deal of water, a great deal of time, and a great deal of comfort. It also means that during a dozen years the owner has had no reason to change servants, so far as the pumping of his water supply is concerned. *He is satisfied.*

Remember that these pumps are not steam-engines, but machines of low power which cannot explode, operated solely by hot air, automatic in their action, requiring no skilled attention, so simple that any servant or farmer's boy can start and stop the little flame that gives them life. The cost of operation is almost nil, while the delivery of water is absolutely certain at all times and seasons.

Be sure that the name **"REECO-RIDER"** or **"REECO-ERICSSON"** appears upon the pump you purchase. This name protects you against worthless imitations. When so situated that you cannot personally inspect the pump before ordering, write to our nearest office (see list below) for the name of a reputable dealer in your locality, who will sell you only the genuine pump. Over 40,000 are in use throughout the world to-day



HOT-AIR PUMP

Write for Catalogue G, and ask for reduced price-list.

## RIDER-ERICSSON ENGINE CO.

(Also builders of the new "Reeco" Electric Pump.)

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.

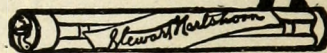
Wood Rollers  
Tin Rollers

*Stewart Hartshorn*

See that the label on each Roller bears this script signature for your protection.

Get "Improved," no tacks required.

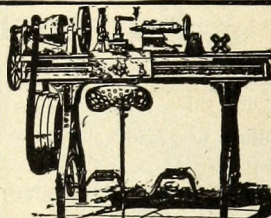
## Hartshorn Shade Rollers



### WATER SUPPLY PLANTS

of any capacity, for all purposes, no expense for power, no attention needed, and low in cost. Get free book, plans and estimates on the **RIFE HYDRAULIC RAM**

Pumps water with water. 30 foot raise for each foot of fall. Satisfaction Guaranteed. 7,000 in use.  
**RIFE ENGINE CO.**  
2171 Trinity Bldg., New York



## LATHES

For Electrical and Experimental Works. For Gunsmiths and Tool Makers. For General Machine Shop Work. For Bicycle Repairing.

Send for Lathe Catalogue and Prices.

**W. F. & JOHN BARNES CO.**  
200 Ruby Street, Rockford, Ill.



## M & M PORTABLE HOUSES & GARAGES

Substantial, beautiful summer and winter Cottages and Bungalows. Inexpensive, complete in every detail. Save labor, worry and material. Wind and weatherproof. Built on Unit Plan—no nails—no carpenter. Everything fits. Anyone can set up.

We are the pioneer reliable portable house builders. Have longest experience, skillfulest labor, latest facilities, keep constantly on our docks and in our yards and dry kilns.

### 50 Million Feet Seasoned White Pine

best weather-resisting timber known—enabling us to make quickest shipments and lowest prices.

Enclose 4 cents for our handsome book of Plans and Designs which also gives names and addresses of those who have owned and occupied our houses for years. Don't buy a Portable House till you know what the largest, oldest makers offer.

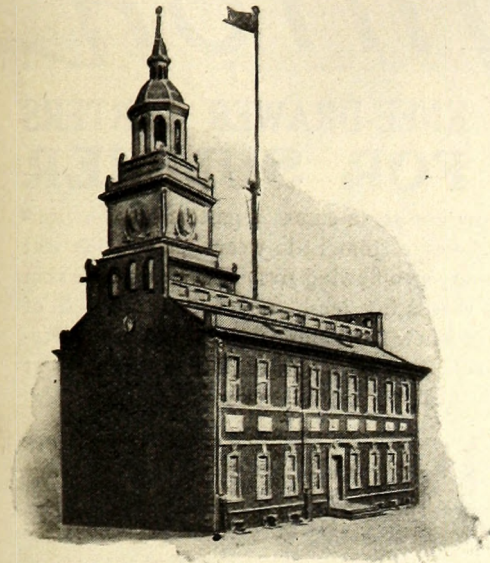
The Original, Reliable and Largest Manufacturers of Portable Houses in United States.

We Pay the Freight and Deliver our Houses to any R. R. Station in U. S.

**MERSHON & MORLEY CO., 610 Main St., Saginaw, Mich.**

NEW YORK OFFICE:  
No. 1 Madison Ave., Room 8102B

# Use Paint made with Oxide of Zinc



Independence Hall  
"The Cradle of Liberty"  
in Philadelphia

Is painted with a modern **Oxide of Zinc** Paint. Other materials were tried and found unsatisfactory, because they would not hold their color and because they "chalked."

**Oxide of Zinc** Paint is the only kind of Paint that retains its original color and lustre.

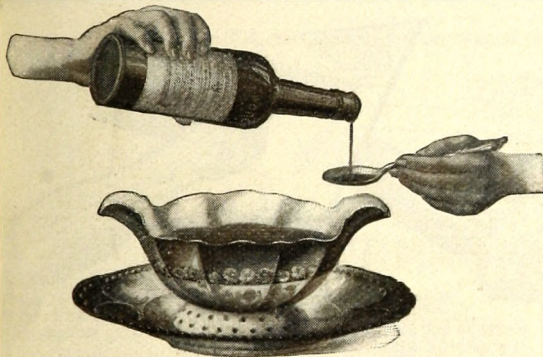
**Does your paint contain Oxide of Zinc?**

**The New Jersey Zinc Co.**

National City Bank Building  
55 Wall Street, New York

**Oxide of Zinc is unalterable even under the blow-pipe**

We do not grind Oxide of Zinc in Oil. A list of manufacturers of Oxide of Zinc Paints mailed on request.



## GRAVIES

test the ability of a cook. To insure success use

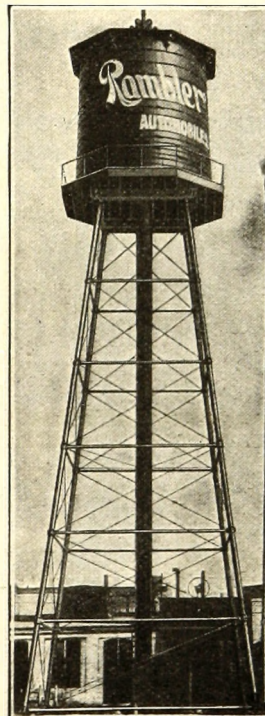
# LEA & PERRINS SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

Soups, Fish, Steaks, Roast Meats, Chops, Game, Gravies, Welsh Rarebits, Chafing Dish Cooking and Salad Dressings are improved by its use. **Try it!**

Shun Substitutes.

JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS,  
Agents, N. Y.



## "The Tanks with a Reputation" EVERYTHING IN TANKS

We build every kind of tank used. This has been our specialty for twenty-five years. We manufacture steel and galvanized iron tanks as well as wood. No matter what size or shape or for what purpose, we can furnish it; and no matter how far away you are, we can cite you to tanks we have made for others in the vicinity. Our wooden tanks are constructed of Louisiana Red Gulf Cypress—the most durable wood known—and of the best and highest priced grade of lumber that can be obtained—not the common, knotty, defective grade, full of sap, that is good enough for other tank manufacturers. Clear Cypress lumber with hoops equal to four times the pressure and perfect joints are what have made the reputation of the **Caldwell Tanks**.

### THE CALDWELL STEEL TOWER

is equally famous. Its Tubular Columns are stronger than any other shape, offer less resistance to the wind, shed water better, hold paint easier, and are more sightly than any other. This tower will stand in any storm.

### 25 YEARS' EXPERIENCE!

We erect anywhere—everywhere. Send for illustrated catalogue X, of wood and steel tanks. We also mail to prospective buyers a 64-page Embossed View Book.

**W. E. Caldwell Co.**

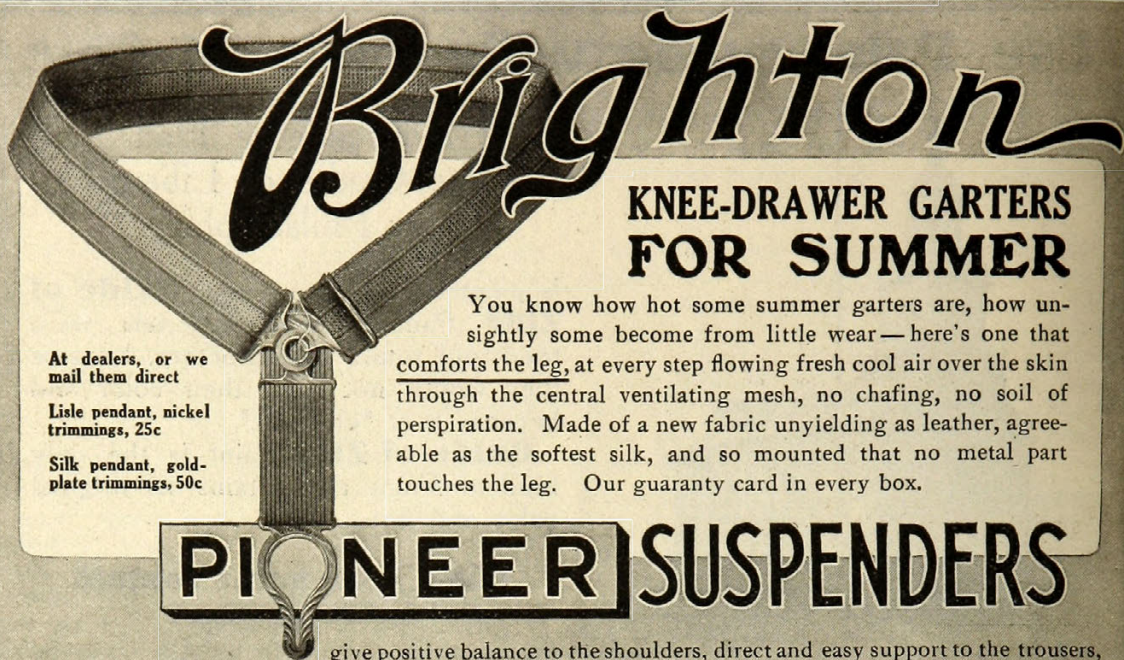
INCORPORATED

Louisville, Ky., U. S. A.

Rambler Automobile Factory,  
Kenosha, Wis.

Tanks—Steel, Wood, Galvanized—Towers

Wind Mills Pumps Gas Engines Niagara Rams



## BRIGHTON KNEE-DRAWER GARTERS FOR SUMMER

At dealers, or we  
mail them direct

Lisle pendant, nickel  
trimmings, 25c

Silk pendant, gold-  
plate trimmings, 50c

You know how hot some summer garters are, how unsightly some become from little wear—here's one that comforts the leg, at every step flowing fresh cool air over the skin through the central ventilating mesh, no chafing, no soil of perspiration. Made of a new fabric unyielding as leather, agreeable as the softest silk, and so mounted that no metal part touches the leg. Our guaranty card in every box.

## PIONEER SUSPENDERS

give positive balance to the shoulders, direct and easy support to the trousers, freedom from all feeling of restraint, comfort in every motion. Longest service—greatest satisfaction—artistic webs, firegilt mountings, elegant finish. At your dealers—50c—or we mail them direct, our guaranty band on every pair.

**PIONEER SUSPENDER CO., 718 Market St., Philadelphia**  
Makers of PIONEER BELTS



**GET THE BEST**



### A SIMPLEX ELECTRIC IRON

Even, reliable heat. Guaranteed. The standard of the market. Write for Booklet "J"

**SIMPLEX ELECTRIC HEATING CO.**  
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Monadnock Building, Chicago

612 Howard Street, San Francisco



### The Best For All Buildings

Whether Cottage, Office or Apartment Building, Factory, Store, or Hotel, the walls and ceilings will be perfect as long as the building stands if plastered with

### Climax Wood Mortar on Sackett Plaster Board

Write and let us tell you why Climax Wood Mortar is far superior to the old style lime mortar—why it is more economical and fire retarding, costs less to apply and does not get out of repair.

TRADE



MARK

"Climax Wood Mortar" is one of the "G. R. P. Quality" brands of plaster. It is made of pure Gypsum Rock and a finely cut wood fibre. It is light, dries quickly and is easy to apply.

"Sackett Plaster Board" is a composition of alternate layers of felt paper and stucco. It is far better than lath—saves fuel—repairs—does away with lath stains.

If you want to know all about the best, most reliable, most durable, most economical material for plastering WRITE US.

**Grand Rapids Plaster Company, Grand Rapids, Mich.**

Makers of

Climax Wood Mortar      Hercules Wall Plaster  
Superior Wood Fibre Plaster      Gypsum Wall Plaster  
Sales Agents for Sackett Plaster Board.

For Sale by all dealers in Builder's Supplies.

**Apologies:**

**Two back advertising pages are missing from the hard copy  
used to produce our digital edition of this issue.**

**Advertising page 41 should appear here.**

**Advertising page 42 should appear here.**



You can readily make  
 doubles  
 with a  
**Marlin**  
 Repeating Shotgun

Because it combines *guaranteed* shooting ability with the simplest and strongest repeating mechanism—handles quicker and shoots harder than any other repeating gun.

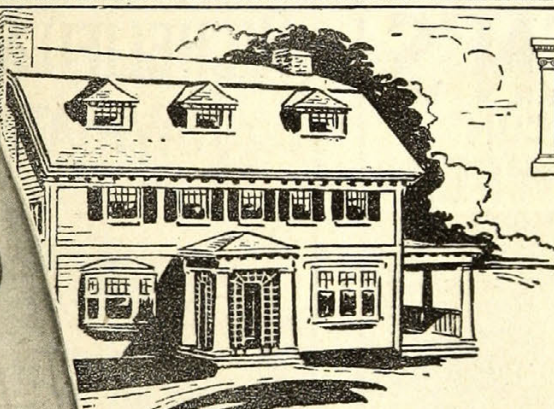
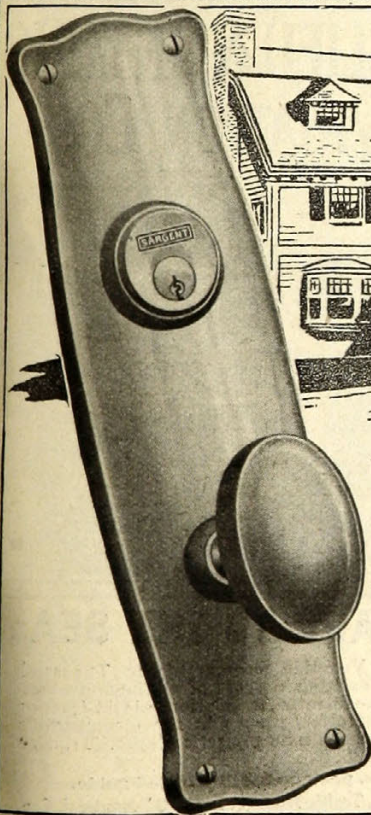
The *Marlin* solid top prevents powder and gases blowing back, the side ejection of shells allows instant repeat shots. The closed-in breechbolt keeps out rain, snow and sleet, and the dirt, leaves, twigs and sand that clog up other repeaters.

The double extractors pull any shell, two special safety devices prevent the explosion of a cartridge while action is unlocked, and the automatic recoil lock removes all danger from hang-fires, making it the safest breech-loading gun built.

From the light-weight (6½ lbs.) 16-gauge to the new 7¾ lbs. 12-gauge, *Marlin* repeaters in all models, grades and styles are well-made, finely-balanced guns, especially designed for hard shooting and quick handling.

Send 3 stamps postage for our complete 136-page catalog of all *Marlin* repeaters, rifles and shotguns. Write to-day.

**The Marlin Firearms Co.,**  
 11 Willow St. NEW HAVEN, CONN.



COLONIAL houses demand simple treatment in hardware ornamentation. A design in French Renaissance or

L'Art Nouveau would be incongruous. For homes of Colonial Architecture, Sargent & Company provide a wide range of choice in hardware trimmings.

**Sargent's**  
 Artistic **Hardware**

adds not only to the artistic beauty of any home, but increases its selling value as well. The vast superiority in appearance and the wearing qualities of Sargent's Hardware more than offset any slight increase in cost over inferior goods. Even if the most expensive goods are selected, the cost of the hardware is but a small proportion of the total cost of building.

**Sargent's Book of Designs—Sent FREE**

illustrates a number of hardware patterns especially for homes of Colonial Design. But among the seventy and more styles pictured can be found designs appropriate for any style, period or architectural motif. In addition to the Book of Designs we will send free to anyone requesting it our COLONIAL BOOK—showing Cut Glass Knobs, Knockers, etc. Address **SARGENT & CO., 159 Leonard St., New York**

# The Thermos Bottle

## Makes Summer Outings Doubly Enjoyable

Whether you're a motoring-enthusiast, yachtsman, golfer, fisherman, hunter—no matter what may be your favorite recreation—if you want to get out of it all the pleasure that's in it—you need the Thermos Bottle. Because—with the Thermos you've the convenience, the comfort, the untold satisfaction of having always at hand, just as you *like* it, just as you *need* it, a freezing-cold or a steaming hot drink, wherever you may be.

The THERMOS keeps freezing-cold liquids cold, *without ice for 3 days*—and steaming-hot liquids hot, *without fire or heat, for 24 hours*.

In the New Model Thermos Bottle, the inner bottle can be easily and cheaply replaced in case of accidental breakage. The Thermos is the only Bottle in which this separable-case feature has been patented. Pints \$3 up; Quarts \$5 up.

Get a Thermos Bottle Today. 30,000 dealers sell and guarantee it. Look for the name "Thermos" stamped on the bottom of the genuine. Don't let a dealer talk you into taking a weak "just-as-good" imitation.

AMER. THERMOS BOTTLE CO.

1163 Broadway  
New York  
City

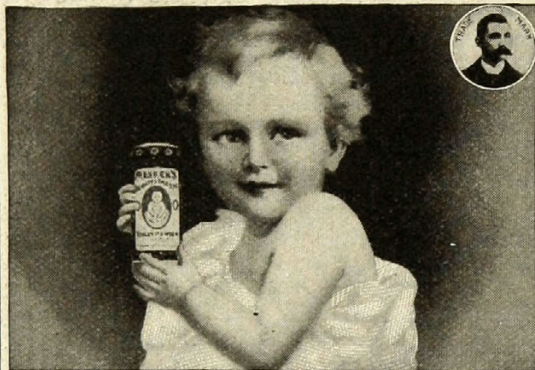
# THERMOS

## THE BOTTLE



# MENNEN'S

## BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER



"Baby's Best Friend"

and Mamma's greatest comfort. Mennen's relieves and prevents Prickly Heat, Chafing and Sunburn.

For your protection the genuine is put up in non-refillable boxes—the "Box that Lox," with Mennen's face on top. Sold everywhere or by mail 25 cents—Sample free.

Guaranteed by the Gerhard Mennen's Chemical Co., under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30, 1906. Serial No. 1542.

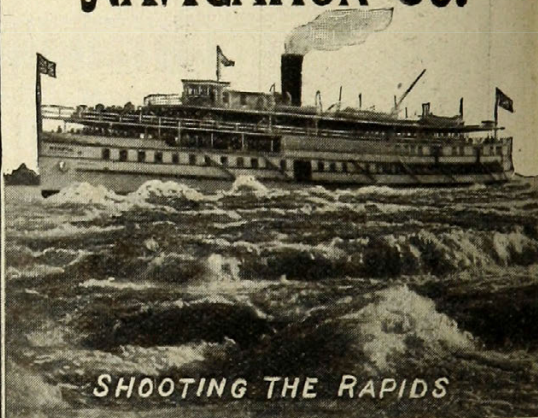
Try Mennen's Violet (Borated) Talcum Toilet Powder—It has the scent of Fresh-cut Parma Violets. Sample free.

GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

Mennen's Borated Skin Soap (blue wrapper) } No Samples.  
Specially prepared for the nursery. }  
Mennen's Sen Yang Toilet Powder, Oriental Odor—Sold only at Stores

# RICHELIEU & ONTARIO

## NAVIGATION CO.



SHOOTING THE RAPIDS

## NIAGARA TO THE SEA

Through the Venetian Scenery of the Thousand Islands, the exciting descent of all the marvelous Rapids and the historic Associations of Old Quebec (America's Gibraltar) thence to the incomparable Saguenay River, with its majestic Capes, "Trinity" and "Eternity."

Send 6c. postage for illustrated guide.  
THOS. HENRY, Traffic Manager Dept. "Q" Montreal, Can.

# Londonderry

## The All 'round Table Water



Never  
an occasion  
of dining where  
Londonderry will not  
enjoyably "fit in."

A veritable fount of health,  
goodness and refreshment,  
whether on the home table, or  
at the cafe, club or feast.

The sparkling (effervescent) in  
the usual three sizes. The still  
(plain) in half-gallon bottles.

**Londonderry Lithia Spring Water Co.**  
**NASHUA, N. H.**

At three months this baby girl weighed but 7 pounds—4 pounds less than at birth. Her mother, Mrs. L. P. Chisholm, Nashville, Ill., writes: "We used several foods and none agreed with her. We had almost given her up when we tried

## ESKAY'S FOOD

She began to improve from the first feeding and is now in perfect health."

If *your* little one is not gaining, his food must be changed, and you can't afford to experiment.

*On request we will gladly send, free, enough Eskay's Food to prove that it is what he needs, and also send our valuable book, "How to Care for the Baby."*

**SMITH, KLINE & FRENCH CO.**  
433 Arch Street, Philadelphia



# To Advertisers—

**A**DVERTISING success is rightly measured by results.

A rightly planned advertising campaign should show results quickly. The other kind is not worth the price.

Mail-Order Advertisers must have good inquiries at minimum cost—then a Selling System that turns them into orders.

General Advertisers should have quick evidence of their advertising “taking hold.”

This evidence—quickenning demand for goods—increase in volume of sales.

It's now a “today” race for business supremacy.

A slow-going advertising campaign may mean prosperity to your grandchildren—most business men want prosperity more for themselves than for posterity.

## **How to get quick results**

—Is a question we've solved for many of our clients—with tremendous success.

A dozen months ago we originated a new product—selling plan—and advertising campaign, for a large Western manufacturer who already had a large volume of business.

In less than a year—at a moderate expenditure for advertising—this new product out-sold in volume the old line of goods that they had spent ten years to build up a trade for—and did it at a handsome profit.

\* \* \*

Three years ago we originated an advertising campaign and selling plan for a small Western mail-order advertiser, practically unknown.

His business has grown until this year his volume was over a million and a half

dollars—his profits over \$150,000.00 net.

\* \* \*

Seven months ago we planned a new advertising campaign, and got up a new distribution plan for a well-known national magazine advertiser.

In six months' time he had increased the already large volume of his business—the largest of its kind in the United States—60% over his biggest year's business—and at an advertising expenditure actually less than the previous year—got 60% increase in volume of sales, and at a less advertising expenditure—please get that point.

\* \* \*

Less than six months ago we originated a selling plan and general campaign for a large manufacturer on an entirely new product, for which he had practically no sale at all.

After our plans were completed, their salesman used them on the trade—and in five weeks' time actually sold enough goods to net over \$40,000.00 profit—and before a line of the advertising appeared in the magazines.

We have ample proof of a great many more of our quick advertising successes that are even more remarkable than the ones mentioned, which we cite merely to show that it is possible to get quick returns from a rightly planned, well executed advertising campaign.

\* \* \*

We are strictly a service agency.

The remarkable successes of our campaigns are due to the fact that ours is an organization of able merchandising and advertising men of vast experience in handling a great variety of accounts in nearly every line.

# Who Want QUICK Results

Our service is unlike that of any other agency in America. We handle accounts in an entirely different manner from any other agency.

We go deeper into selling and merchandising plans—plans for distribution—plans for getting 100% value for every dollar expended—which are made to work both before and after the advertising starts.

We go deeper into the value of media, circulation, territory, trade conditions.

We go deeper into assisting in originating new products, naming products, establishing trade-marks.

We have a large clientele. We handle many accounts for new and small advertisers. We have made some tremendous successes from very small beginnings.

Some of our largest advertising accounts—the largest in their respective lines in the country—have developed from very modest beginnings. We also handle many accounts for large concerns—among our clients are fifty concerns and corporations rated a million dollars and over—many of them the largest of their kind in the country.

It is needless to say that we employ only men of keenest ability in the different departments of our business.

We are working along the line that adver-

tising agents should be more than advertising agents—that they should be, first, merchandisers, and then advertising agents.

## **Merchandising and Selling Plans for Advertisers**

Ten of the trained men of our organization—picked on account of their exceptional ability and experience in merchandising and advertising in various lines of business, devote their time, individually and collectively, to Plans for Advertisers.

(These men, with their superior ability, have made remarkable successes for our clients. These successes have increased our own business over a million dollars in the past twelve months.)

### **Plans**

No. 1—Plans for Magazine Advertisers.

No. 2—Plans for Newspaper, Street Car and Outdoor Advertisers.

No. 3—Plans for Agricultural Advertisers.

No. 4—Plans for Mail Order Advertisers.

We will be glad to furnish, without obligation, information regarding these plans to any advertiser interested in getting better advertising agency service—quicker returns for his expenditure.

In writing please mention Plan interested in, or ask us to have one of our men call.

# **Long-Critchfield**

Corporation

**D. L. Taylor, President**

**The Most Complete Advertising Service in America**

**Corn Exchange Bank Building  
Chicago**

**Flatiron Building  
New York**

# COST being the same, the Permanent Roof is CHEAPER

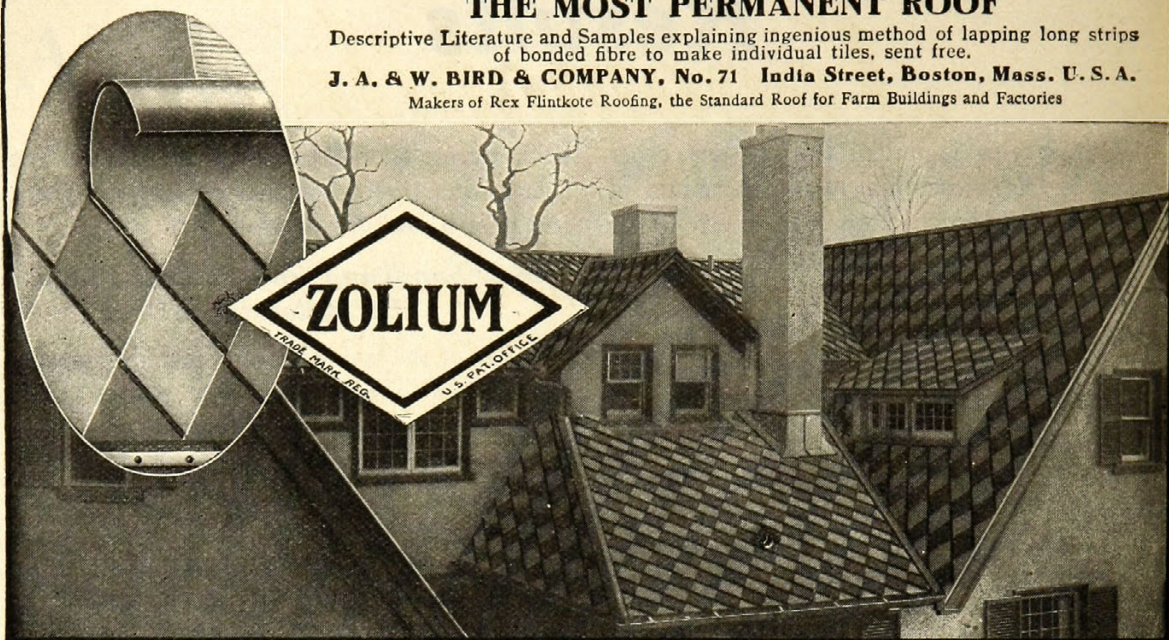
A Zolium roof, laid, costs but little more than the poorest shingle roof—but: after that it calls for neither painting nor repairs, excludes moisture, will not catch fire from sparks or falling brands, keeps out heat or cold, is an artistic Indian Red in two shades, which secures beautiful roof tile effects, and is

## THE MOST PERMANENT ROOF

Descriptive Literature and Samples explaining ingenious method of lapping long strips of bonded fibre to make individual tiles, sent free.

**J. A. & W. BIRD & COMPANY, No. 71 India Street, Boston, Mass. U. S. A.**

Makers of Rex Flintkote Roofing, the Standard Roof for Farm Buildings and Factories



# LUXURIES we would like to have. COMFORTS we try to have. NECESSITIES we must have.

*What is the answer ?*

That a PUBLIC UTILITY CORPORATION supplying necessities of every day life is not likely to be effected by causes which produce dull business and therefore render many ventures in which money is invested EXTREMELY DANGEROUS.

*Again, what is the answer ?*

Invest in **First Mortgage PUBLIC UTILITY BONDS,**

yielding **5 1/2 %** the **SAFE KIND**

Circulars upon application.

**PETRY & COMPANY,**

**BANKERS,**

**The Rookery, CHICAGO**

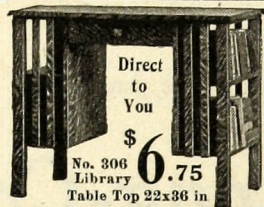
**Penobscot Bldg., DETROIT**



## CONCRETE HOUSES

**Cost Less Than Wood.** More handsome than Brick. Durable as granite. A Pettyjohn \$35.00 concrete block machine, sand, gravel and cement are all that is needed. **Simple, easy and quick.** We furnish full instructions. Save money for yourself or make money by selling blocks. **Write for catalog and suggestions.**

THE PETTYJOHN CO., 667 N. Sixth St., Terre Haute, Ind.



## WHY PAY ANY DEALER \$18?

We ship in complete sections ready to fasten and stain—all quartered oak. You save over half on

Write to-day for free catalog



**INTERNATIONAL MFG. CO.**  
805 Edwin St. Ann Arbor, Mich.

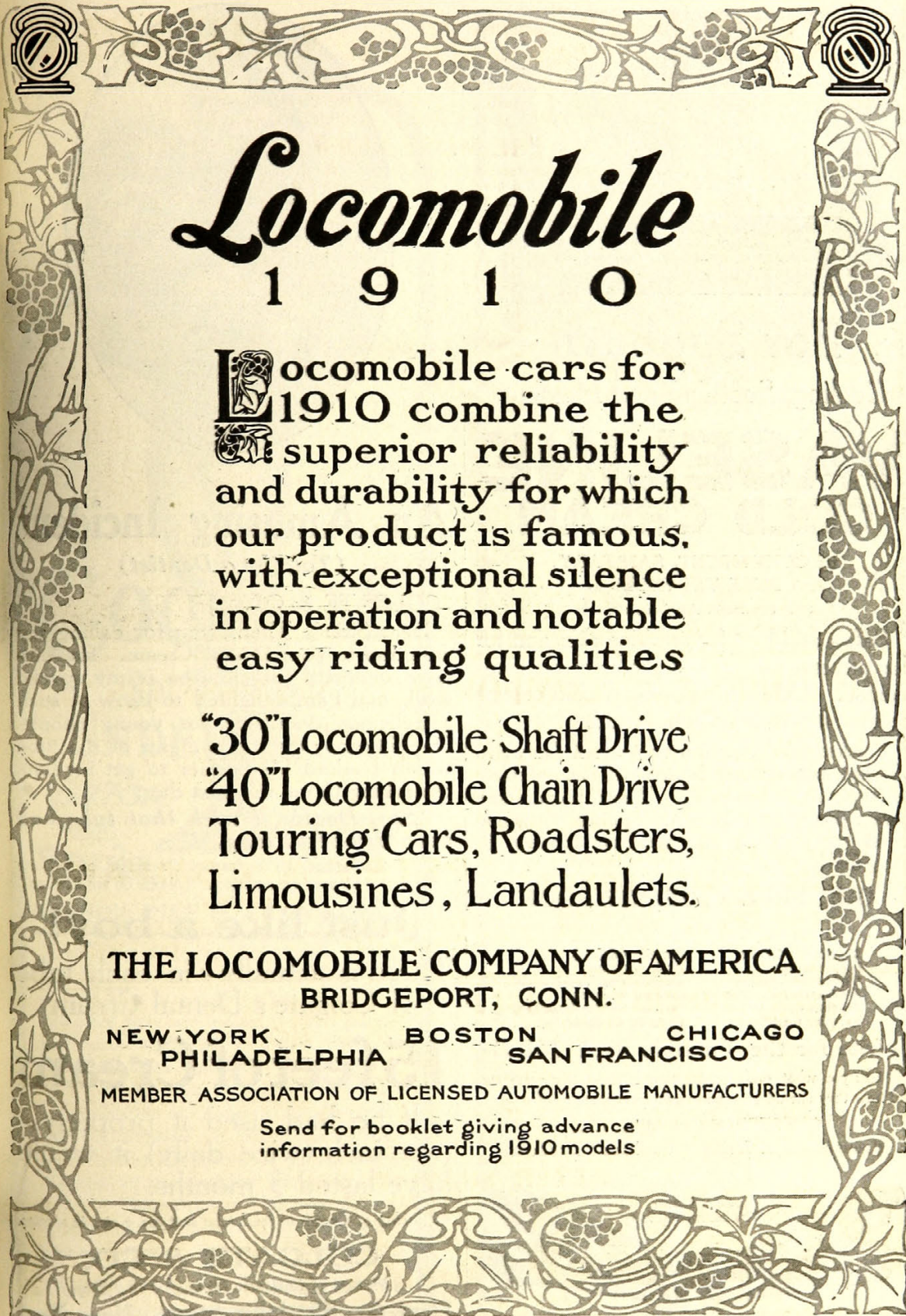
## AFTER SHAVING USE

# PONDS EXTRACT

RELIEVES IRRITATION--PREVENTS INFLAMMATION--ASSURES COMFORT.

Write for Booklet "Shaving Essentials"

LAMONT, CORLISS & CO., Sole Agents, New York, N. Y.



# *Locomobile*

1 9 1 0

**L**ocomobile cars for 1910 combine the superior reliability and durability for which our product is famous, with exceptional silence in operation and notable easy riding qualities

“30” Locomobile Shaft Drive  
“40” Locomobile Chain Drive  
Touring Cars, Roadsters,  
Limousines, Landaulets.

THE LOCOMOBILE COMPANY OF AMERICA  
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

NEW YORK                      BOSTON                      CHICAGO  
PHILADELPHIA                      SAN FRANCISCO

MEMBER ASSOCIATION OF LICENSED AUTOMOBILE MANUFACTURERS

Send for booklet giving advance  
information regarding 1910 models



## For Sunburn

Cooling, Soothing and Healing

# VASELINE COLD CREAM

IN CONVENIENT, SANITARY,  
PURE TIN TUBES

(Contain No Lead)

Safest and best for sensitive skin and for the preservation of a smooth, clear complexion. Differs from ordinary cold creams because it will never turn rancid.

Vaseline Cold Cream is only one of the twelve Vaseline preparations—every one an absolute necessity in the household. These preparations make a practical family medicine chest invaluable for all the petty ills and accidents common in every family.

### OUR FREE VASELINE BOOK

tells you all about

Capsicum Vaseline  
Pure Vaseline  
Carbolated Vaseline  
Mentholated Vaseline  
Vaseline Oxide of Zinc  
Vaseline Cold Cream

Pomade Vaseline  
White Vaseline  
Camphorated Vaseline  
Borated Vaseline  
Perfumed White Vaseline  
Vaseline Camphor Ice

### Write for the Vaseline Book *TODAY*

It tells you what each preparation is especially good for, and how they should be used to gain immediate relief.

CHESEBROUGH MFG. CO.

Proprietors of Every "Vaseline" Product

Dept. C, 17 State Street, New York

London Office:  
42 Holborn Viaduct



## An Amusing Incident

(Told by a Dentist)

"COLGATE & CO.

Dear Sirs: Thank you for calling my attention to your Dental Cream. Preventative dentistry for children is my special work, and I am delighted to know of such a delicious dentifrice for young people. One little boy ate the contents of the tube which I asked his mother to get for him, remarking to me the next day;

*'Say, Doctor, I wish that tube had been three feet long.'*"

Signed by a former President of a State Dental Association. (Name on application.)

## Just like a boy!

There is actually—in each tube of Colgate's Dental Cream

# 15 feet of Cream

If he had used it properly—(one inch twice daily) it would have lasted 3 months.

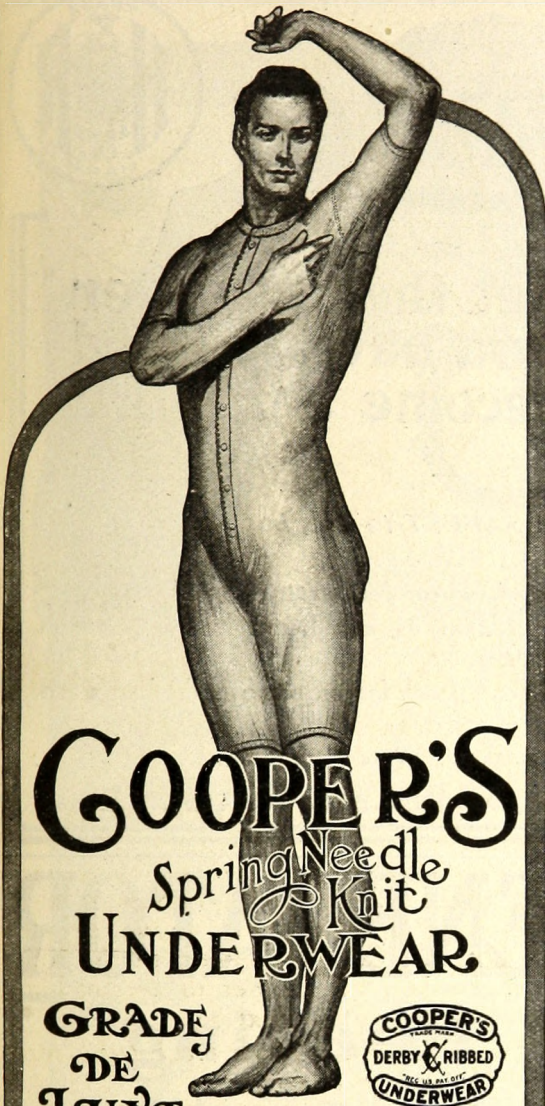
42 inches of Cream in trial tube sent for 4 cts. in stamps.

## COLGATE & CO.

Makers of Cashmere Bouquet Toilet Soap

Dept. G. 55 John Street, New York





# COOPER'S

Spring Needle  
Knit

## UNDERWEAR

GRADE  
DE  
LUXE



NOTHING LIKE IT AT ANY PRICE

Ask your dealer to show you a suit of Silk Lisle. Most dealers sell it for \$3.00 a union suit, or for \$1.50 per garment, if two-piece suits are desired. Don't fail to look for the Trade Mark (shown above) as there are many imitators. We make the machines that make the goods and they are patented in nine countries—and a recent decision from the U. S. Circuit Court of Appeals sustains our claims for infringements. Made in all sizes, weights and colors, two pieces or Union Suits, and all good dealers carry a full line—others substitute. Don't take a substitute. Send for booklet.

COOPER MFG. CO., Bennington, Vt.



Are Your Hoses as Sheer as this?

and

### GUARANTEED to WEAR SIX MONTHS

For Quality, Snap and Style, "Knotair" is the Premier of all Guaranteed Hose. Sheer, fine, gauze-like Quality, Seamless, too—and Shapely. Looks slightly and fits snug.

## Knotair

"The Guaranteed Hose of Quality" comes in all fashionable shades, especially the Pure Silk Lisle.

Triple cross-woven at the vital points where ordinary hose give way.

Thousands of people all over the country are wearing "Knotair" with Comfort and Satisfaction. Are YOU? If not, try our

#### SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER

Clip off attached coupon, mail today with 25c. (in any convenient way) and we will send you, prepaid, One Sample Pair of MEN'S or WOMEN'S Lisle-like Hose, with the privilege that, after you have examined the hose and are pleased with them, you can have the remaining Five Pairs and a guarantee for the Six Pairs again to wear for Six Months for \$1.75. For 35c, we will send you Pure Silk Lisle Hose and the remaining Five Pairs and the guarantee for Six Pairs, Six Months for \$2.65

MEN'S and WOMEN'S lisle-like hose (Black, Tan and Grey), Women's with Interlaced Garter Splicing.

Six Pairs Guaranteed Six Months **\$2.00** the box

WOMEN'S Lisle-like OUTSIZES in Black and Tan **\$3.00** the box

MEN'S and WOMEN'S PURE SILK LISLE hose. MEN'S in Black, Tan, Grey, Navy Blue, Burgundy, Green, Purple and London Smoke. WOMEN'S in Black, White, Tan, Grey, Ox Blood, Copenhagen, Green, Bronze, Old Rose, London Smoke, Heliotrope, Purple, Pink, Navy and Sky Blue, with Interlaced Garter Splicing.

Six Pairs, Guaranteed Six Months **\$3.00** the box

WOMEN'S SILK-LISLE OUT-SIZES in Black and Tan **\$4.50** the box

Send size, color or assorted colors if desired and remittance according to the quality desired. Ask for booklet "Knotair Kinks," it tells you all about "The Guaranteed Hose of Quality." IT'S FREE.

The best dealers wanted everywhere.

**KNOTAIR  
HOSIERY  
COMPANY**

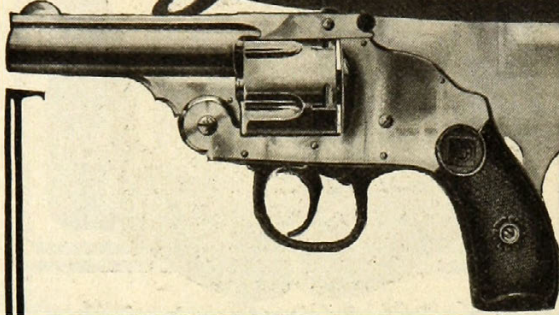
5325 Westminster Ave.  
West Philadelphia  
Pennsylvania  
U. S. A.

—FILL IN—CUT HERE—MAIL TODAY—  
KNOTAIR HOSIERY COMPANY  
5325 Westminster Ave., W. Philadelphia, Pa.  
Please send me...  
Sample pairs Knotair Hosiery...  
Men's... Women's...  
Size... Color...  
Amount enclosed...  
Name...  
Street... City... State...  
Dealer's Name

THE ROBERT R. LAWSON CO. N.Y.



# H&R ARMS CO



Let the revolver  
you have in mind  
become a reality

*A RELIABLE Revolver is not only the SAFEST to use, but the CHEAPEST in the end.*

Buy an H & R to-day—and you'll have it when you want it.

H & R Hammerless (illustrated), 38 caliber, 5 shots, 3¼ inch barrel, nickel, price \$7.00. Made also in 22 and 32 caliber.

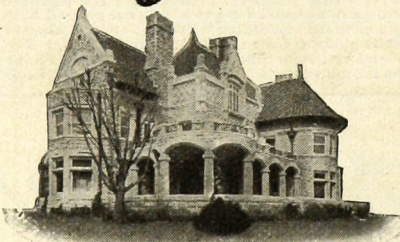
Rather than accept a substitute order from us direct. Look for our name on the barrel and the little target trade-mark on the handle.

We want you to have our beautifully illustrated catalog. Write for it to-day.

HARRINGTON & RICHARDSON ARMS CO., 530 Park Ave., Worcester, Mass.

# KELSEY WARM AIR GENERATOR

## System of Heating



*Residence at Lancaster, Pa. Heated with KELSEY System. W. L. Price, Philadelphia, Architect.*

Heats Every Room Alike  
Heats Economically  
Heats and Ventilates

If you are a home builder you want the KELSEY in your new house because it is the most economical, most hygienic, most perfect heat giving apparatus ever devised for

**Home, School and Church Heating**

The great battery of Zig-Zag Heat Tubes gives more than double the heating surfaces of an ordinary furnace, circulates more than double the amount of fresh, properly warmed air in your house, gives an individual heat generator for a cold or exposed room, and reduces your coal bills 20 to 30 per cent.

Kelsey Heating is better in every way than steam or hot water. It costs less to install, less for fuel and repairs. No leaky, rattling pipes, no unsightly radiators, no stuffy air heated over and over. Kelsey heating is the right kind of heating for small houses or large houses, churches and schools. Kelsey agents everywhere. 35,000 sold in American homes.

Send for 112 page book "Opinions" free.

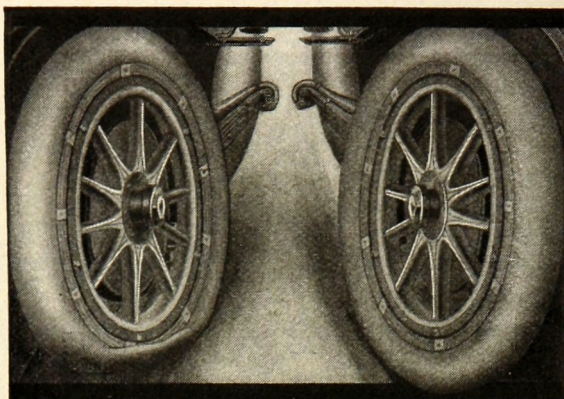
**Kelsey Heating Co.**

Main Office  
60E Fayette St., Syracuse, N. Y.  
New York Office  
156S Fifth Avenue, New York



**F**OR 1910, four types of cars, limousine, touring, miniature tonneau and runabout. Three horse-powers, thirty-six, forty-eight and sixty-six—all six cylinder.

THE PIERCE-ARROW MOTOR CAR CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.  
Members Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers



**3 Minutes vs. 30  
To Work or Not To Work**

*Is there any question?*

## THE FISK REMOVABLE RIM

With the Bolted-On Tire

Is the only equipment which provides for immediate change of tire in case of puncture with no sacrifice to safety. The tire is held in place by bolts instead of air pressure.

Three minutes covers the delay from discovery of puncture to readiness to be on your way again.

It is the only demountable rim which allows the tube to be changed with equal ease when rim is on or off the wheel.

*It is the most practical and desirable equipment on the market. We will demonstrate in competition with ANY OTHER and prove our statement.*

THE FISK RUBBER COMPANY, Chicopee Falls, Mass.

# DUPONT BRUSHES



Made of the best Bristles and Backs, by skilled brush-makers, in a clean and sanitary factory, the largest in the world.

## DUPONT BRUSHES

outlast several ordinary brushes, but cost no more.

*Hundreds of styles in natural Woods, real Ebony, Bone, Pearl, Ivory, etc., for the Hair, Teeth, Face, Hands, Clothes, etc.*

*If not at your dealer's, kindly write us and we will see that you are supplied.*

NAME  
DUPONT  
ON EVERY BRUSH

### OUR FREE BRUSH BOOK

*tells how to choose, how to clean and properly care for your brushes. Send your address and dealer's.*

**E. DUPONT & CO.,**  
PARIS, BEAUVAIS, LONDON  
New York Office, 43-47 West Thirty-third St.

## Get The Indian Girl

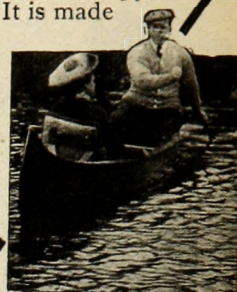
### Canoe

For greatest safety, steadiness and seaworthiness. For most comfort, smartest appearance and longest service. It is made by Rushton. For 36 years that name has been a guaranty of satisfaction to canoe and boat users.

**Canoe Book Free.** Write for it today. It shows the canoe you want—in style, size and price. We'll refer you to a nearby dealer or ship direct if you decide on an Indian Girl.

**J. H. RUSHTON, Inc.**

668 Water St., Canton, New York



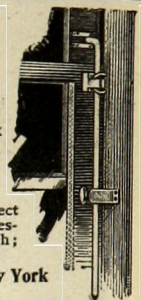
"Breathe fresh air while you sleep"

## Burglar Proof Window Lock and Ventilator

If tired of toys on windows buy a real lock

The Jones Window Lock permits almost double the opening of other burglar locks. Locks automatically on rod, and the whole attachment is fastened by the side screw to the frame, so that windows can be left open at top and bottom with perfect security. Stops rattling. No cutting of sashes necessary. Detaches to allow windows to pass. 50c each; \$5 per doz., prepaid.

**J. E. JONES CO.,** Tower Bldg., 50 Broadway, New York  
Agents Wanted



## TYPEWRITERS ALL MAKES

All the Standard Machines **SOLD** or **RENTED** ANYWHERE at  $\frac{1}{2}$  to  $\frac{3}{4}$  **RETAILER'S** PRICES, allowing **RENTAL TO APPLY ON PRICE.** Shipped with privilege of examination. Write for Illustrated Catalog H.

TYPEWRITER EMPORIUM, 92-94 Lake St., CHICAGO

## WINSLOW'S Skates

THE BEST ICE AND ROLLER SKATES

All styles and grades, each the finest in its class skill can produce.

Sold by dealers everywhere.

## JUDSON Freight Forwarding Co.

Reduced rates on household goods to all Western points.

443 Marquette Building, Chicago; 1501 Wright Building, St. Louis; 736 Old South Building, Boston; 206 Pacific Building, San Francisco; 200 Central Building, Los Angeles.

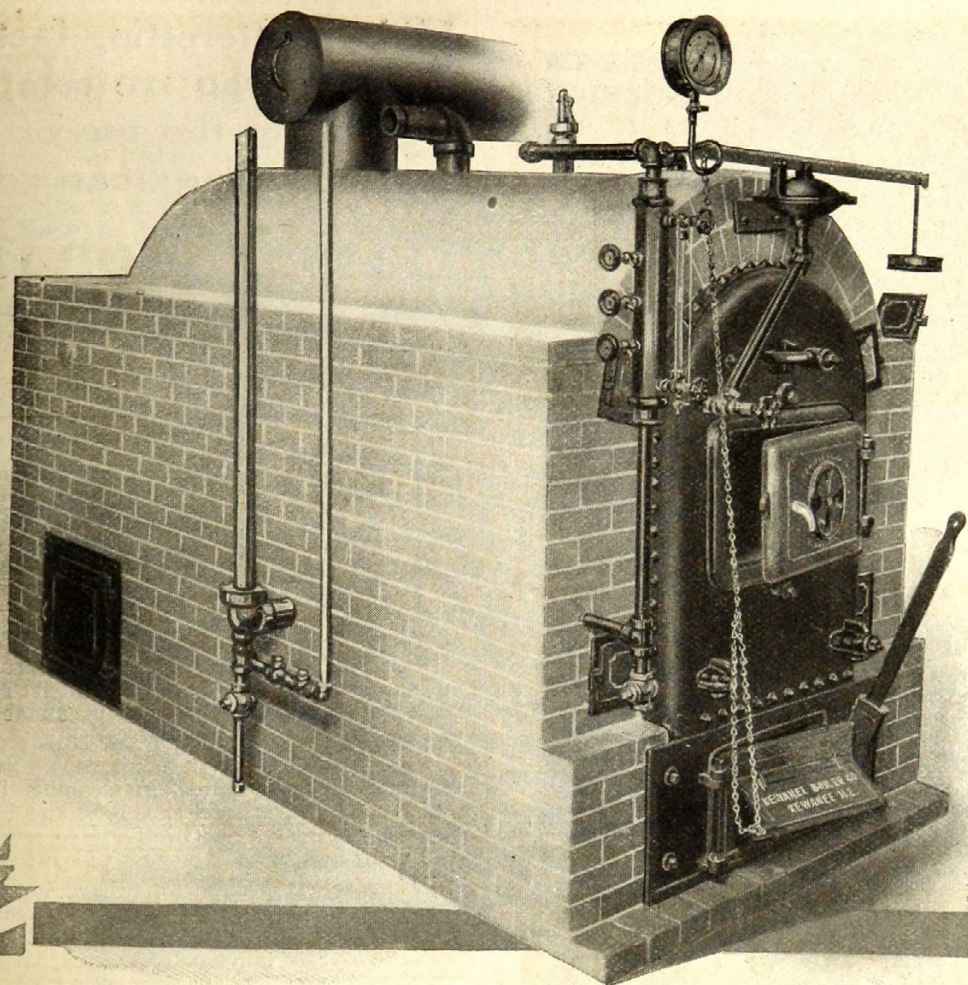
## GINSENG

The most valuable crop in the world. Easily grown throughout the U. S. and Canada. Room in your garden to grow thousands of dollars' worth. Roots and Seeds for sale. Send 4c for postage and get our booklet A-K, telling all about it.  
McDOWELL GINSENG GARDEN, Joplin, Mo.

## A NEW OFFER To Solicitors

We will pay you a regular salary each month—most of it in advance—for procuring new and renewal subscriptions for **McCLURE'S MAGAZINE**. Ask for particulars and equipment. Address

**McCLURE'S MAGAZINE**  
47 East 23d Street New York, N. Y.



# KEWANEE STEEL BOILERS

Are the Salvation of the Modern Flat Building

65 SOLID MILES OF CHICAGO'S BEST

flat buildings are now heated by **KEWANEE** Steel Boilers, likewise thousands of the best office buildings, churches, hospitals, hotels, large residences, clubs, schools, etc., all over America. This means that these boilers are preserving the health and comfort of more than 200,000 people in Chicago alone. This fact should wake up every owner of a flat building in this country. *These boilers are worth more to the owner of a flat building than his architectural design and interior decoration combined.* They preserve the renting value of the building long after it has gone out of style. People all over America who rent flats are beginning to ask the landlords thereof: "Is your building heated by **KEWANEE** Steel Fire-Box Boilers?" and where the answer is "yes" the building rents without further argument. *These **KEWANEE** are the only boilers made in America that will do what they **KEWANEE** are rated to do and which never keep you in bed waiting for repairs.* Average yearly cost for repairs of **KEWANEE** Steel Boilers, 77 cents.

Don't spend all your money on design and decoration.

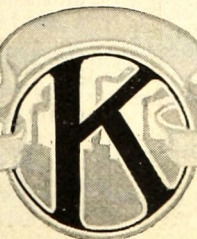
**Look to your heating plant.**

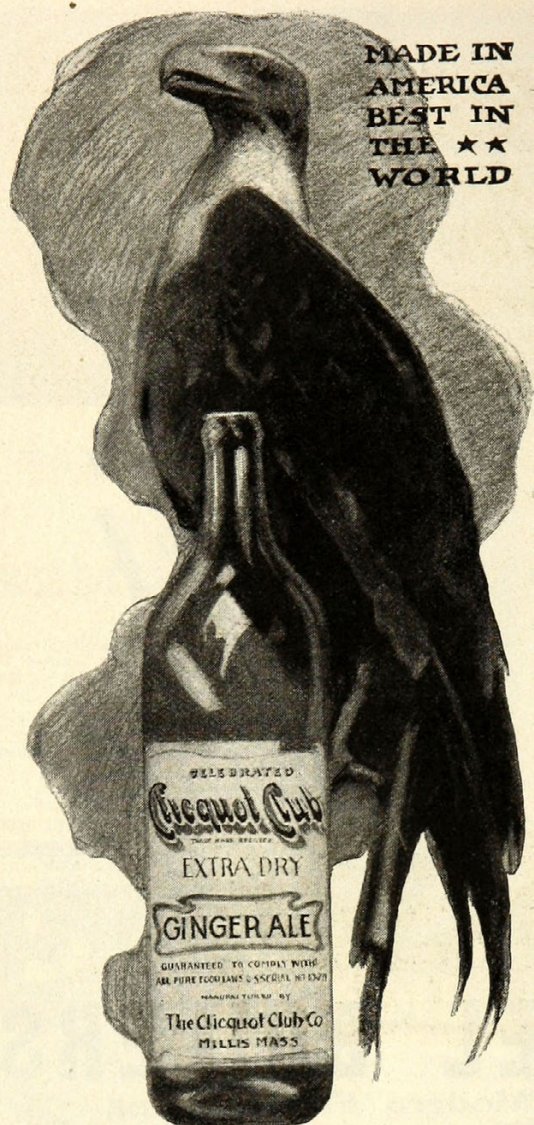
Write for full information and catalogs of **KEWANEE** boilers and radiators. Write while you think of it.

## KEWANEE BOILER COMPANY

Makers of **STEEL FIRE-BOX BOILERS** and **RADIATORS**

29 Franklin Street  
KEWANEE, ILL.





# Clicquot Club Ginger Ale

**Pure Carbonated Spring Water.  
The Best Ginger Root Grown.  
The Purest Sugar Manufactured.**

These combined in the right proportions with just a dash of pure delicious fruit flavor give to Clicquot Club Ginger Ale that distinctive flavor and sparkle for which it is famous. The purity of its ingredients and the light, clean, sanitary conditions under which it is bottled insure its keeping qualities without any added preservative. You'll appreciate its goodness when you've tried it. Insist on Clicquot Club Ginger Ale.

We also make Birch Beer, Sarsaparilla, Blood Orange, Root Beer, Lemon Soda,—all of "Clicquot" quality.

**CLICQUOT CLUB CO., Millis, Mass., U.S.A.**

## IT is an interesting fact that people who are compelled to give up the use of ordi- nary coffee can drink **Barrington Hall** The Bakerized Coffee without ill effects

East Boston, Mass.

Dear Sirs:—I am very fond of coffee, but never have been able to drink it for any length of time, as it distressed me. Since I began using your Barrington Hall Coffee I have been drinking it every morning without any ill effects. I noticed the absence of whatever caused the ill feeling in the first cup I drank. I find the flavor far superior to any that I ever used.

MRS. M. A. F.

Just how Barrington Hall differs from other coffee is fully explained in our booklet sent free on request. We cannot explain all about our process in an advertisement.

Our own particular methods are used in selecting the raw coffee, in cleaning, blending and roasting it, in steel-cutting it and in taking out the bitter skin that detracts so much from the flavor and wholesomeness of coffee.

Manufacturers heretofore have not thought such care in preparation necessary. Our coffee is in a class by itself, therefore, and best distinguished from other coffees as

### "Bakerized Coffee" The Coffee without a regret

**I**N addition to Barrington Hall, which is of medium strength, we now offer a stronger coffee (Vigoro) and a milder (Siesta). Both of the same high quality and prepared in the same way as Barrington Hall, but of distinctly different flavor.

For sale in all cities and most towns. Price, any flavor, 35c to 40c per pound, according to locality. In sealed tins only.

### Special Trial Offer

If your grocer cannot supply you, send us his name and we will send you free, enough Barrington Hall to make eight cups of delicious coffee. Or if you wish to test all three flavors and find out what flavor suits you best, send for a Find-Out Package containing over one-quarter pound each of Barrington Hall, of Vigoro and of Siesta in separate cans. The price of this trial order, 30c delivered at your door. Address nearest office.

### BAKER IMPORTING CO.

New York, N. Y.  
118 Hudson Street

Minneapolis, Minn.  
212 N. 2nd Street



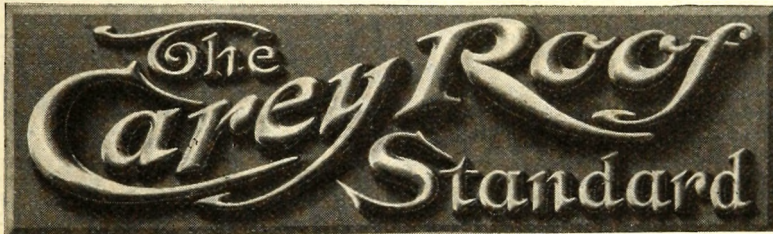
# Carey Roof Quality is best understood by seeing the Roof itself. May we Mail You this Sample?

**W**E want you to know about Carey's Roofing—and why it is in a class by itself—*different and better.*

We want you to understand why this famous roofing has given *perfect protection* on buildings for 18 and 20 years; And, on inspection, proved to be in *better* condition than when first applied; the outer surface a more efficient resistant to wear and weather.

*The wonderful inner compound is so prepared and tempered by our special process that it is permanently live and flexible.*

Extreme heat will not melt The Carey Roof—no tar to run, no paper to crack and crumble. Cold, wind, ice, snow, and soaking rain—sparks and burning brands—will not affect it.



has been the highest type of roof-construction for a quarter-of-a-century.

A compact, indivisible sheet of high-grade materials, scientifically combined. Absolutely *standardized*—uniform in manufacture, quality, thickness and weight.

The most skilled workman cannot produce such a roof upon a building. And with a "Built-up" roof there is no judging the job until it is too late to change it.

You can prove Carey's Roofing *before* it is applied. Anyone can lay it. The Carey Patented Wide Lap insures one perfect, smooth and watertight covering that outlasts the building itself.

It's easy to buy Carey's Roofing—we have 46 distributing points; sold by leading dealers everywhere.

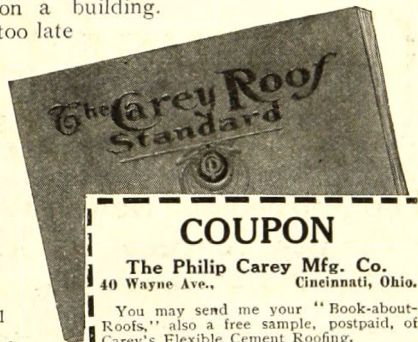
Let us send you a sample of Carey's Roofing to prove its quality. Compare it with every other roofing material.

Judge of its strength and elasticity. And remember that Carey's Roofing actually *improves with age.*

We'll gladly send, also, our "Book-about-Roofs," richly illustrated with photographs of factories, business blocks and other buildings—Carey-roofed. It's full of valuable information.

If you will describe your building, we will send specific information and estimates. We suggest that you use the coupon, and mail it today. Address—

**The Philip Carey Manufacturing Co.**  
40 Wayne Ave., Cincinnati, O.



**COUPON**

**The Philip Carey Mfg. Co.**  
40 Wayne Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

You may send me your "Book-about-Roofs," also a free sample, postpaid, of Carey's Flexible Cement Roofing.

My name.....

Firm name.....

Address.....

**YES MEN** THERE IS A BETTER WAY

Try Our Way FREE

Give us your honest judgment on the

**Never Fail**

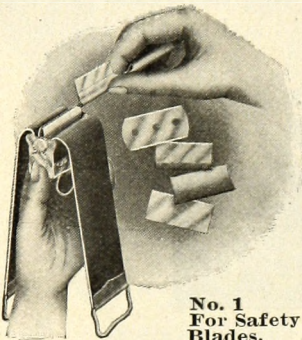
**PERFECT STROPPER** It has cost us \$15,000

to perfect it, and the money was well spent because it has revolutionized the shaving problem.

You want one if this is true—  
Let US take the risk.

We know that if we can prove to every reader of McClure's who shaves himself—or should do so—that the **NEVER FAIL** will give a keener, finer edge than he ever saw before, and will do it in four seconds, he will fight before he gives it up. Just send in the coupon below, and the **NEVER FAIL** will go to you for ten days' **Free Trial**—charges prepaid.

Then if you can't say with perfect truth :  
"Never before have I enjoyed such a shave,"  
SEND THE STROPPER RIGHT BACK.



No. 1 For Safety Blades.

Be sure and state in coupon what kind of blade you use,

tell us the style of the blade you use—we will send the stropper wanted.

Every user of the safety razors knows that mighty few—if any—of his blades are actually fit to use until they are stropped. The **NEVER FAIL** will make every one of them good for from 50 to 150 perfect shaves, so it pays for itself in money as well as time saved.

SEND NO MONEY, BUT SEND THE COUPON TODAY—DON'T MISS ONE NEVER FAIL SHAVE.

**NEVER FAIL CO.,**  
1027 Nicholas Bldg.,  
Toledo, Ohio,  
U. S. A.

No. 2 For Old Style Razor. Don't forget to mention the kind of razor you use.



**NEVER FAIL CO.,** 1027 Nicholas Bldg., Toledo, O. Please send, without any cost whatever to me, one **NEVER FAIL** Stroppler for ..... blades. At the end of 10 days I will send you \$3 or the stropper.

Name .....  
Address .....  
City ..... State .....

**Are you deaf?**

If your hearing is affected in any way or to any degree you are sure to find great relief with the aid of the lately perfected scientific hearing device, The

**AUROPHONE**

You cannot judge the value of the Aurophone by what you have seen of any other hearing device, and many of the present owners of these instruments have found absolute relief after all others had failed.

The Aurophone is practically invisible. It is extremely Simple, being a powerful miniature telephone which magnifies sound waves a hundred fold, and in many instances

actually improves the natural hearing.

Many of the most prominent men and women throughout the world are wearing the Aurophone. We have their letters telling how pleased they are with it. We will gladly send you some of them.

**A SPECIAL REQUEST TO YOU**

Whether you are interested in the Aurophone or not, and whether you answer this advertisement or not, we beg of you not to confound this instrument with the much advertised worthless variety. We want you at any rate to believe us and our claims for the Aurophone. We wish to make you who are deaf hear again. If we cannot enable you to hear we do not want your patronage.

We would like to tell you more about it  
Write to-day for booklet and terms of trial

**MEARS EAR PHONE COMPANY, Inc.**

Suite 845, Monolith Building, 34th St., New York City

BRANCHES: CHICAGO, 65 E. Randolph St. PHILADELPHIA, Whitespoon Bldg. BOSTON, Walker Bldg. BALTIMORE, 310 N. Hofman St. LOS ANGELES, A. Hamburger & Sons. SAN FRANCISCO, Baldwin Drug Co. WILMINGTON, DEL., Lawton Store. TORONTO, T. Eaton Co. MONTREAL, 234 E. Sherbrook St. BUENOS AYRES, S. A. Saxe Medicine Co. PARIS, FRANCE, 27 Boulevard Des Capucines.

**ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE**

Shake Into Your Shoes



Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It relieves painful, swollen, smarting, nervous feet, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for ingrowing nails, sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. We have over 30,000 testimonials. **TRY IT TO-DAY.** Sold by all Druggists, 25c. Do not accept any substitute. Sent by mail for 25c. in stamps.

"In a pinch, use Allen's Foot-Ease."

**FREE TRIAL PACKAGE** sent by mail. Address **ALLEN S. OLMSTED, Le Roy, N.Y.**



**Educate Your Child at Home**

Under the direction of **CALVERT SCHOOL, Inc.**

Established 1897

Daily lessons and detailed instruction—the same as given to our pupils in the school's own class rooms—with books and materials, by means of which children from six to twelve years of age may be educated at home by parents, teachers or governesses according to the best modern methods and under the guidance and supervision of a school with a national reputation for training young children. For catalogue and sample lessons address **V. M. HILLYER, Headmaster,** 8 Chase Street, Baltimore, Md.



# No Advertiser Signs a Contract When He Deals With Us

The usual advertising agent—before he shows results—wants a one- to three-year contract.

Then you must cling to that agent—whatever the outcome—for the full term agreed.

It is buying a “pig in the poke.” It is also a poor way to place men on their mettle.

---

We have abandoned contracts.

Our business is solicited on one basis only—on the claim to outsell any other concern in the field.

We expect to be compelled to make good.

That is why we pay our Copy Chief \$1,000 per week. That is why we work in Advisory Boards, each session of which costs us \$1 per minute.

We combine our ability—mass our experience—to invariably fulfill our claim.

---

Then we abide by results.

Advertisers may come to us without any commitment. They may start in a small way, and expand when results are apparent.

They may quit us the moment another concern shows the power to sell more than we.

Thus we are held to the mark. We cannot relax, for our accounts are ours only so long as no better man shows up.

That is the only right way to place advertising, so that is the way we accept.

---

We deal with our men on a similar basis.

Our Copy Staff is made up of the ablest men we know. Each can earn more here than anywhere else, so long as he holds his own.

But, when any man lets another outsell him, the other has his place.

For advertising is war, and expensive war. The stakes are tremendous. There is no room for incompetents.

Men or agencies must rise or fall by their victories or their defeats.

So, we make no contracts with our brilliant men, and we ask none from any client.

---

There is a way to know if your advertising brings the utmost results that are possible.

There is a way to prove—easily and quickly—if we can sell more than others.

The proof can be given without any commitment on your part. It will be such that no man can dispute it.

The result may be worth thousands of dollars to you. We have made it worth millions to some.

If you are interested, ask us to state the way.

## **LORD & THOMAS** Newspaper, Magazine and Outdoor ADVERTISING

Second National Bank Building  
Fifth Ave. and Twenty-eighth St., New York  
Trude Bldg., 67 Wabash Ave., Chicago

Address either office. They are equally equipped.



# Is Your Face Smooth?

Use the

## AutoStrop SAFETY RAZOR

A shave like a caress.

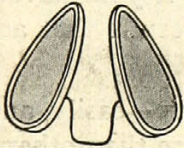
**Automatically stropped correctly without removing the blade, the stropping mechanism being contained within the razor itself.**

Not taken apart to strop or clean.  
Saves constant blade expense.

Sold on 30 days' trial wherever men shop.  
Send for Booklet.

**AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., 347 Fifth Ave., New York**  
14 St. Helen Street, Montreal. 61 Oxford Street, London.

### ACT PROMPTLY AND AVOID SUFFERING FROM HAYFEVER



The **Nasalfilter** prevents you from breathing pollen or dust, the causes of hay-fever. Made of Sterling Silver, fitted with fine mesh cloth, changeable at will. Order a Nasalfilter at once and save suffering all the season.

PRICE \$2.00

Write for booklet

UNIVERSAL SUPPLY COMPANY, 435 Globe Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.



### POWER In The A. B. C. AUTO

Power to go up the steepest hills or run at 30 miles an hour. Yet **Simple, Practical, Safe and Durable.** Easy to operate—not complicated—no repairs. The most perfect type of reliable, low-priced automobile. 16 to 35 h. p.; air or water cooled engine; 2, 3, or 4 passenger bodies. Write today for FREE Catalogue. Address



AHEAD OF ALL OTHERS

Solid or Pneumatic Tires

A. B. C. MOTOR VEHICLE MFG. CO., 3917 Morgan St., St. Louis, Mo.

## GRAYMOTORS

**6 HORSE POWER COMPLETE \$ 89.50 IMMEDIATE DELIVERY.**

1, 2 & 3 Cylinders, 3 to 30 Horse Power

Price—\$80 and upwards. Write for color catalog today—with beautiful color print of yacht Grayling—fastest cruising motor boat of its length and beam in the world—most complete marine catalog ever published. Gray Motor Co., 82 Leib St., Detroit, Mich.

## “Enter Our Order”

The Shortest and Sweetest Sentence In Business

Orders make the wheels go round—fill the employee's dinner pail and enlarge the employer's bank roll. Nobody kicks on orders—**they are in constant demand—there's no substitute.** But orders must have proper attention—must be acknowledged, entered, filled, shipped and billed promptly and correctly—this requires from two to a dozen different entries according to the kind of business and the methods employed.

## ELLIOTT-FISHER

will write all of these entries at one operation, although all of the entries are different and for different purposes or departments and give only the information wanted on each sheet. Thousands and thousands of progressive concerns in all lines of business use the Elliott-Fisher for the handling of orders and billing now—have for years—it's not a brand new wrinkle but a mighty fine idea writing a lot of separate entries at one operation, thereby saving time and money as well as avoiding errors—and giving better service to customers.

The Elliott-Fisher will write, add, subtract, tabulate and manifold at one operation as easily as it will do plain billing, and everybody knows Elliott-Fisher is the real billing machine. There is some work in your office that can be done better, easier, faster and more economically with the Elliott-Fisher than it can be done any other way.

“Make Toil Easy”—particulars free for the asking. Suppose you write to-day?

**ELLIOTT-FISHER COMPANY, 821 Cedar Street, Harrisburg, Pa.**

# Let Pope Cigar Sellers Make You Big Profits

Of all the commodities that permit of automatic merchandising none can compare with five-cent and ten-cent cigars in quantity sold, in steady daily demand, or in big profits. No one has ever been able to make an Automatic Cigar Selling Machine that was mechanically or commercially practical until we perfected the Pope Automatic Cigar Selling Machine.

Every time you drop a nickel or a dime in the slot the machine automatically takes a cigar from the original box and deposits it in your hand.

We control and make the only Automatic Cigar Selling Machine in the world. That means a monopoly of the *automatic* selling of 9,000,000,000 (nine billion) cigars sold annually in the United States, with total profits of \$200,000,000 at an estimated average of 2 cents per cigar.

The monopoly of the automatic end of the cigar business is too big for us to handle alone. The local territory in Chicago, which we reserve for our own company, is as much as we can handle.

We are organizing a force of operators who are purchasing the machines to operate them for profit and to control them locally in other cities and states. It takes big men with money, brains and push to carry out our plans. We can't afford to tie up the territory to any man who can not develop its possibilities.

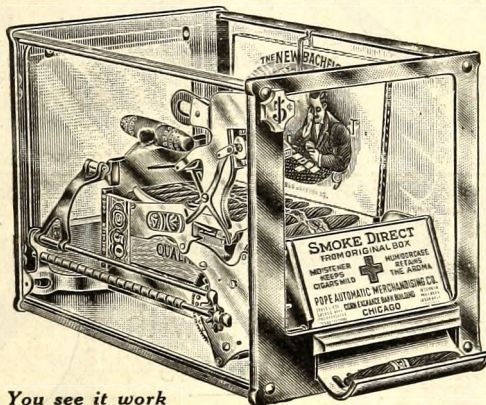
We sell no patent rights—no stock in our company. We sell you the machines and show how to operate them to attract your share of the millions of nickels, dimes and quarters that flow in a constant stream into the cigar business each year.

Big fortunes are made from chewing gum machines that attract mere pennies. If pennies make fortunes, then 5, 10 and 25-cent pieces will make bigger fortunes from Pope Automatic Cigar Selling Machines.

Compare the volume of cigar sales with that of any other article sold or that can be sold in automatic merchandising machines. You will then realize what vastly greater possibilities for profit there are in catering to the million of smokers, with the demand already created.

We will give you exclusive control in your territory of a system of Pope Automatic Cigar Selling Machines that will make you profits from eight to ten times the dividends on ordinary investments. We have complete selling plans that will show you how to get into this new, big money-making business. We show, step by step, how to equip and manage the business to get the biggest possible returns on your investment.

We have already disposed of much territory. Some entire states have been taken. A \$50,000 company controls a large western city. A number of \$5,000, \$10,000 and \$25,000 local organizations of capital control other cities and counties east and west. A lot of smaller cities have been disposed of on a basis of from \$1,000 to \$5,000. Many other important deals are now pending.



You see it work through the Plate Glass Case

"It gets the money!"

If you are interested, write to-day.

***We reserve the rights and control Chicago for our Company***

## **Our Special Proposition "W"**

To the right man we will make a special offer that he cannot afford to pass by. Write to-day for our **Book 4 X**, and ask for a ten days' option to exclusively control your territory. Negotiations are closed for many cities—others are pending. Yours may be taken unless you act quickly.

Write at once.

**POPE AUTOMATIC MERCHANDISING CO.**

Department 40

Corn Exchange Bank Building, CHICAGO

Summer Weight - Fashionable Shades  
Look Neat and Feel Good on the Feet.



Everwear are more than merely "guaranteed" hose

They are unlike any hose you have ever worn—the kind you have been looking for for years.

Better than most hose that sell for twice the price.

Better in fact than any kind of hose, because Everwear are made to wear where the wear comes most. They look as neat—feel as good and fit as well as the most expensive kinds. And they retain their color, shape, and comfort during all their many months of wear and washing.

You pay as much for ordinary guaranteed hose—as much or more for common hose, but you can't get hose as good as Everwear at any price. If holes appear in any or all of six pairs within six months after date of purchase you get new hose free.

Order six pair today and the hose will prove our every claim. Remember the name EVERWEAR, and look for it on the hose and box. Write for free booklet "An Everwear Yarn."

**Everwear**  
TRADE MARK  
Hosiery

Six Pairs of One Size in a Box—Solid or Assorted Colors.

**SILK LISLE**

**MEN'S**—\$3.00 a box. Colors, black, tan, champagne, burgundy, lavender, light and dark shades of blue and gray, hunter green, reseda green, purple and gun metal.

**LADIES'**—\$3.00 a box. Light weight. Colors, black and tan.

**EGYPTIAN COTTON**

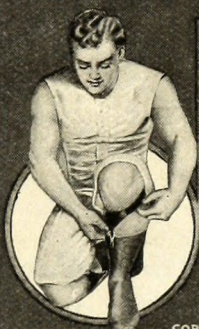
**MEN'S**—\$1.50 a box. Light or medium weight. Colors, black, black with white feet, blue, green, and burgundy, light and dark shades of gray and tan.

**LADIES'**—\$2.00 a box. Colors, black, black with white feet, and tan.

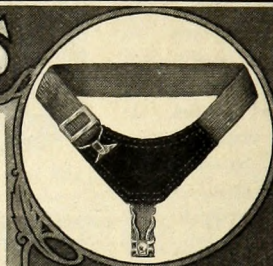
EVERWEAR HOSIERY COMPANY, Dept. 15, MILWAUKEE, WIS

**PARIS GARTERS**

They fit so well you forget they're there



A necessity with Knee-Drawers  
No metal can touch you



You need them the year round

Sold Everywhere

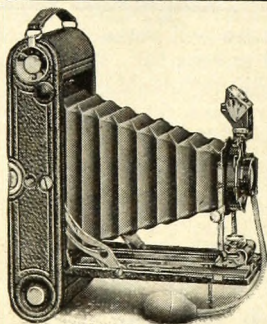
25-50¢

A. STEIN & CO., 152 Center Ave., Chicago

COPYRIGHTED 1908

PATENTED 1906

THE TOP NOTCH IN POCKET PHOTOGRAPHY



No. 3A FOLDING POCKET  
**KODAKS**

PICTURES, 3¼ x 5½. PRICE, \$20.00

Have the new Kodak Ball Bearing silent shutters, Superior rapid rectilinear lenses and every adjustment that is desirable in a hand camera, yet retain the perfect Kodak simplicity.

Catalogue free at the dealers or by mail.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.,  
Rochester, N. Y., The Kodak City.



*Beauty  
and Quality*

The original Rogers Bros. silver-ware has expressed the highest type of silver plate for 62 years.

On forks, spoons, fancy serving pieces, etc., is the mark

**1847**

**ROGERS BROS. X S TRIPLE**

This renowned ware affords long service and satisfaction and is the choice of purchasers who desire only the best. It may be had in many designs, both simple and ornate. Leading dealers everywhere sell the "Silver Plate that Wears." Send for Catalogue "H-33" showing the many attractive designs.

**MERIDEN  
BRITANNIA COMPANY**  
(International Silver  
Company, Successor)  
**MERIDEN, CONN.**  
NEW YORK  
CHICAGO  
SAN  
FRANCISCO

**CONSERVATISM**

IS AN ESSENTIAL OF WISE INVESTMENT

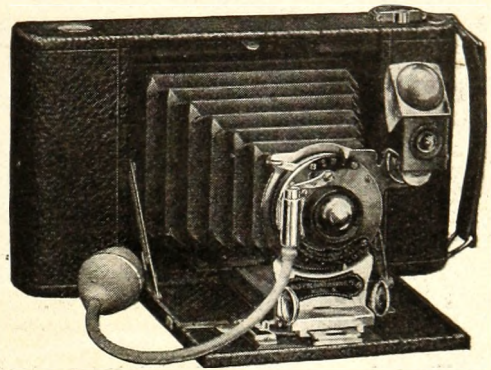
¶ As a general rule the investor should avoid securities which are offered at prices to pay an unusually high rate of income, as an element of risk is usually present.

¶ The bonds of a well established company which has demonstrated a constant and ample earning power should be chosen, provided there is sufficient security and the issue is offered by a reliable bond house. At this time the conservative investor can obtain 5% with excellent security by purchasing carefully selected bonds.

*Circulars descriptive of several desirable bond issues sent on request for circular 26-F.*

**E. H. ROLLINS & SONS**

21 MILK STREET : : BOSTON, MASS.  
CHICAGO DENVER SAN FRANCISCO



The Model 7 No. 3 Folding

**Hawk-Eye**

For Pictures 3 1/4 x 4 1/4

A NEW HIGH GRADE  
POCKET CAMERA  
MADE ESPECIALLY  
FOR THE BEGINNER.

Requires no judgment as to distances—all objects 8 feet distant or over being in sharp focus.

Fits the pocket—less than two inches thick.

Daylight loading—uses Eastman N. C. Film.

No. 3 Folding Hawk-Eye Model  
7, Single Achromatic Meniscus Lens, Auto. Shutter, . \$13.50

No. 3 Folding Hawk-Eye Model  
7, Rapid Rectilinear Lens and  
Focusing Lock, . . . . 15.00

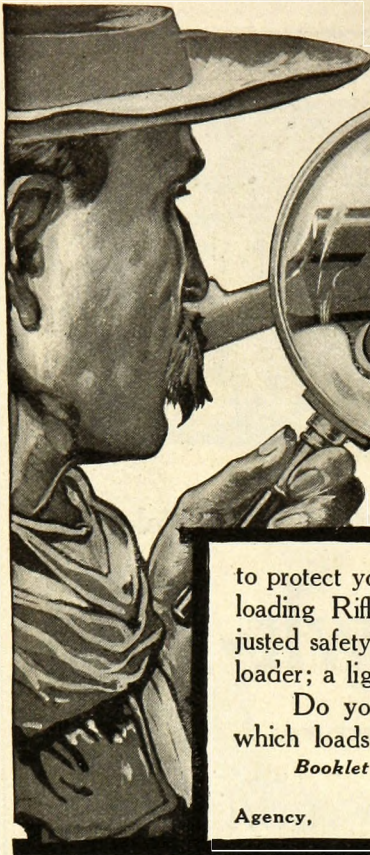
**BLAIR CAMERA DIVISION,**

Eastman Kodak Co.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

*Catalogue free by mail  
or at the dealers.*





Solid-Breech. Hammerless.

Are you for PROGRESS?

**Remington**  
AUTOLOADING RIFLE

Self Operating

YOU can't too greatly magnify the importance of the Remington Solid Breech-Hammerless Idea. That thick wall of steel is *right there*

to protect your face. Think of the other advantages of a Remington Auto-loading Rifle:—reloaded by its recoil; 5-ton blows; broad, flat, easily adjusted safety; loads with clip; can also be loaded quickly and easily as a single-loader; a light trigger pull that won't pull your front sight off the mark.

Do you want *the modern* big game rifle? Then get a Remington which loads itself.

Booklet J tells of Buffalo Jones roping wild cats.

REMINGTON ARMS COMPANY, Ilion, N. Y.

Agency,

315 Broadway,

New York City

**"THE GARTER WITH THE HOLES"**

The

Knee-Drawer Garter  
PAR EXCELLENCE

*Crown Make*

"Perforated"  
Semi-Elastic

**GARTER**

This garter embodies all the best features of The Perforated Leather Garter with the addition of an inserted strip of elastic which gives that elasticity preferred by some. The garter is faced and lined with our perspiration-odor proof fabric, and is metal free.

50 Cents a Pair

For sale at your dealer's, or sent postpaid on receipt of price.

CROWN SUSPENDER COMPANY, Dept. D, 836 Broadway, N. Y.



Three Adjustable Sizes: Small, Medium and Large.

*Crown Make*

**"Coatless" Suspender**

Under the Overshirt—Over the Undershirt.

The only practical and satisfactory **Summer Suspender**, made to be worn under the shirt. Always invisible. Easy to put on and take off. **Cool, comfortable and negligee.**

Beware of imitations—The genuine are stamped "Coatless," patented July 4, 1905

50 Cents a Pair.



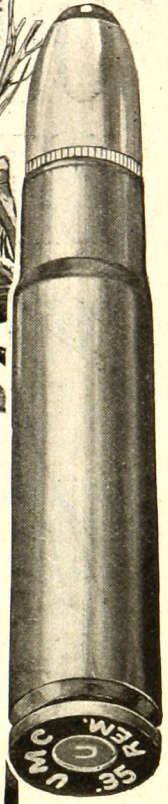
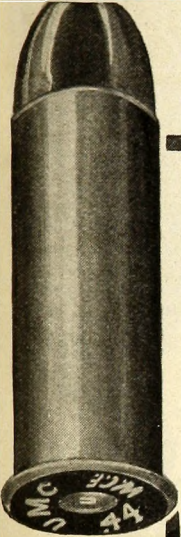
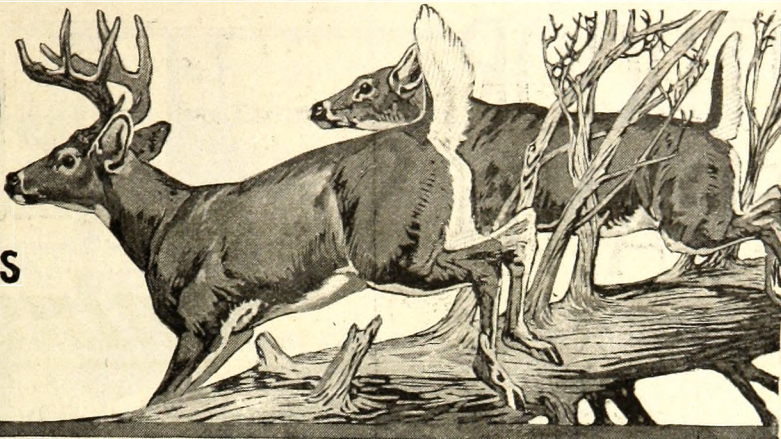
**ROYAL** STANDARD TYPEWRITER **\$65**

You can **PAY** more, but you cannot **BUY** more.

Royal Typewriter Co. Royal Typewriter Bldg. 364-368 Bway. N.Y. City.



**BIG GAME  
CARTRIDGES**



**D**O you know that if your rifle could speak it would ask for **UMC** Cartridges to shoot? You humor every rifle whim and indulge every rifle desire when you give a magazineful of dependable **UMC** Cartridges to that *old favorite* of yours.

**UMC** Cartridges more than merely fit the cartridge chamber—they fit the *personality* of your rifle—make it shoot better. That's the business of the **UMC** Cartridge specialists who do nothing but manufacture and test cartridges for rifles of every make.

**Shoot UMC Cartridges in Remington and all other rifles.**

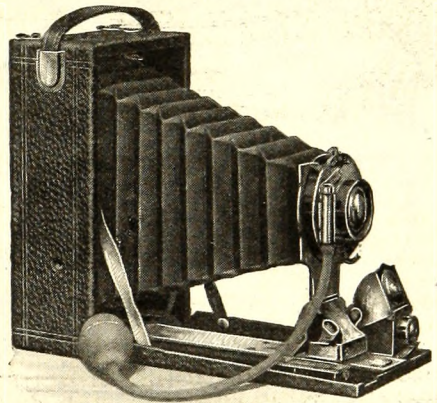
**THE UNION METALLIC CARTRIDGE CO., Bridgeport, Conn.**  
Agency: 315 Broadway, New York City.

*For Lightness*

*For Compactness*

*For Convenience*

*For Results*



# Film Premo No. 1

The smallest and lightest of all cameras for pictures of the popular amateur sizes. Easy to load, easy to operate, easy to carry, it is the vacationist's own camera.

Equipped with single valve, automatic shutter of the highest type, and a special R. R. lens. Loads in daylight. Films may be developed by tray or in the Premo Film Pack Tank. Prices, 3¼ x 4¼, \$10.00; 3¼ x 5½, \$12.50; 4 x 5, \$12.50; 5 x 7, \$20.00.

Catalogue of this and fifty other styles and sizes of Premos at the dealer's, or write us to send it to you, postage free.

**IMPORTANT**—In writing, please be sure to specify **PREMO** catalogue.

**Rochester Optical Division**

**EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY**

59 South Street

Rochester, N. Y.

# OUTDOOR LIFE AND



# CUTICURA

Should be inseparable. For summer eczemas, rashes, itchings, irritations, inflammations, chafings, sunburn, facial eruptions, red, rough and sore hands, and antiseptic cleansing, as well as for all the purposes of the toilet, bath and nursery, Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are invaluable.

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; 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, an Authority on the Treatment and Care of Skin and Hair.



## Cotton from Egypt

That is one reason why Holeproof Hose gives so much wear for the money—why they're so light, soft and attractive and why they have perfect style. See the newest colors in

## FAMOUS Holeproof Hosiery FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Best see that "Holeproof" is stamped on the toe. "Any guaranteed hose" isn't sufficient. You want the genuine "Holeproof"—not an imitation. We have had 31 years of experience. You want the original guaranteed hose—not hose with a name that *sounds* like "Holeproof." Note the guarantee shown above. 6 pair wear 6 months or you get new hose free. The genuine "Holeproof" is sold in your town. We'll tell you the dealers' names on request. Or we'll ship direct where we have no dealer, charges prepaid, on receipt of remittance.

**Holeproof Sox**—6 pairs, \$1.50. Medium and light weight. Black, black with white feet, light and dark tan, navy blue, pearl gray, lavender, light blue, green, gun-metal and mode. Sizes, 9½ to 12. Six pairs of a size and weight in a box. All one color or assorted as desired.

**Holeproof Sox (extra light weight)**—6 pairs, \$2. Made entirely of Sea Island Cotton.

**Holeproof Lustre-Sox**—6 pairs, \$3. Finished like silk. Extra light weight. Black, navy blue, light and dark tan, pearl gray, lavender, light blue, green, gun-metal, flesh color and mode. Sizes, 9½ to 12.

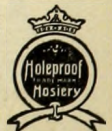
**Holeproof Full-Fashioned Sox**—6 pairs, \$3. Same colors and sizes as Lustre-sox.

**Holeproof Stockings**—6 pairs, \$2. Medium weight. Black, tan, black with white feet, pearl gray, lavender, light blue and navy blue. Sizes, 8 to 11.

**Holeproof Lustre-Stockings**—6 pairs, \$3. Finished like silk. Extra light weight. Tan, black, pearl gray, lavender, light blue and navy blue. Sizes, 8 to 11.

**Boys' Holeproof Stockings**—6 pairs, \$3. Black and tan. Specially reinforced knee, heel and toe. Sizes, 5 to 11.

**Misses' Holeproof Stockings**—6 pairs, \$3. Black and tan. Specially reinforced knee, heel and toe. Sizes, 5 to 9½. These are the best children's hose made today.



Reg. U. S. Pat. Office, 1906.

Write for free book, "How to Make Your Feet Happy."  
HOLEPROOF HOSIERY CO., 338 Fourth St., Milwaukee, Wis.



## The Great Responsibility

who gives the matter thought.

It is a responsibility that can be justified only by this indisputable fact: That the NATIONAL CASKET COMPANY has developed the highest standard of material, design and befitting character in every grade of caskets and accessories occasion can demand.

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### Co-operation

*in the way of suggestion as well as acceptance of improving ideas, on the part of progressive Funeral Directors, has been one of the essential factors of the past ten years' advance in quality manufacture by the National Casket Company.*

*These announcements cannot be made to point too strongly to the individual Funeral Director in every locality whose progressive spirit has made possible the standards of quality that now exist.*

---

assumed in declaring to the public that one certain make of caskets and funeral furnishings represents the highest obtainable quality and value, must impress everyone

It is a simple formality to indicate that NATIONAL CASKET COMPANY'S manufacture is desired. Yet it means the utmost assurance that the highest ideals of all concerned will be fulfilled, regardless of circumstances.

The increasing private use of Bronze Caskets, formerly the tribute to a Nation's great, is made possible by this Company's highly developed facilities of manufacture. The history and character of this Eternal Metal is treated in an appropriate booklet, which can be secured from Funeral Directors.

NATIONAL CASKETS are furnished everywhere by Funeral Directors of highest principle and ability. *You should know by whom in your own locality.*

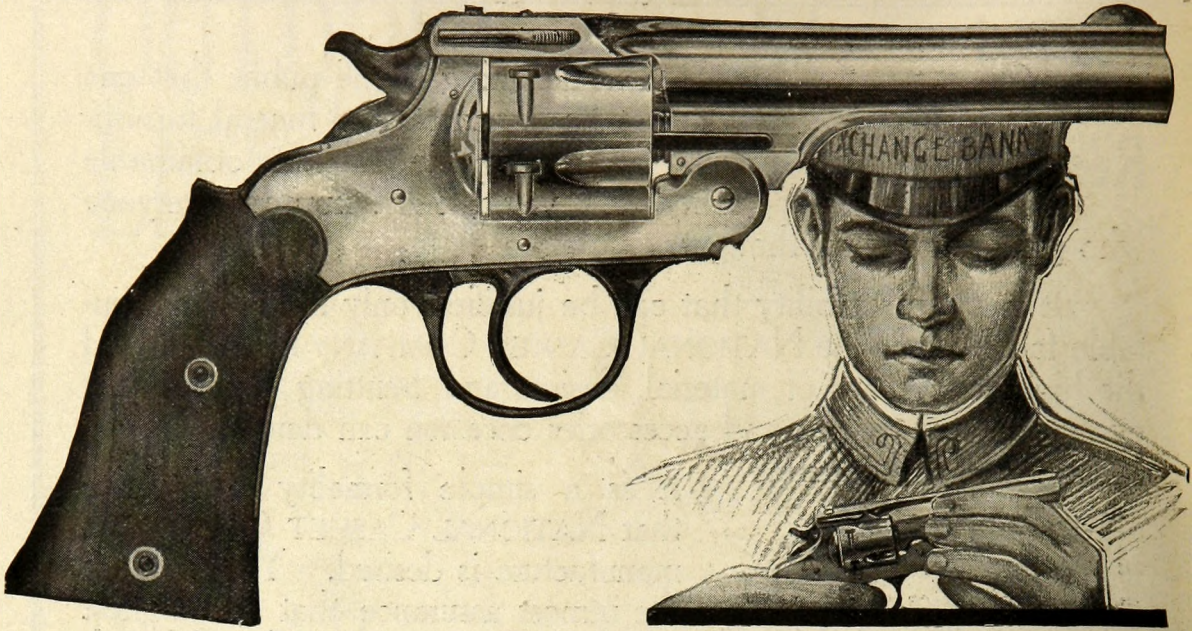
The NATIONAL CASKET COMPANY makes no sales direct, but maintains 23 showrooms in principal cities for the convenience of Funeral Director and purchaser.



## NATIONAL CASKET COMPANY

Albany; Allegheny; Baltimore; Boston; Brooklyn; Buffalo; Chicago; East Cambridge; Harlem; Hoboken; Indianapolis; Louisville; Nashville; New Haven; New York City; Oneida; Philadelphia; Pittsburg; Rochester; Scranton; Syracuse; Washington; Williamsburg

*We sell only through Funeral Directors*



*Absolutely nothing here to get out of order. The*

**HOPKINS & ALLEN Triple Action SAFETY POLICE**

*Is Safe because its Safety is In-built*

When you own a Triple Action Safety Police you have a positively accident-proof revolver. You can see the perfect safety, you can feel it the minute you get this weapon in your hands. You can't help but know it's safe because the evidence is right before your eyes. The triple action is the safety action, and it's built right into the mechanism of the gun. That's why the Triple Action Safety Police is safe, not once or first, but last and always. It can't go off until you deliberately pull the trigger.

The Triple Action just means Triple Safety. The instant you pull the trigger of this weapon the hammer cocks, then lets drive at the firing-pin straight and hard; the second it hits the firing-pin, the instant the shot is fired, the third movement then lifts the hammer up and above the firing-pin, away above it, out of all possible contact with the firing-pin. There it lodges—securely, safely—firm, fixed and immovable against a wall of solid steel. The weapon will not, cannot fire again unless you actually pull the trigger all the way back.

The new Army Grip gives a strong, firm, hand-hold and adds to the effectiveness of the revolver. 32 and 38 calibre, 4 inch barrel, nicked finish, \$9.50; blued finish, \$10.00. For sale at all good hardware and sporting goods stores, but if your dealer does not have it, we will send one to you post-paid on receipt of price.

Send for our 1909 Gun Guide and Catalog. If you ever use a revolver you should know all there is to know about the Triple Action Safety Police. Send for 1909 Catalog and learn more about it. This catalog also shows our other lines—the most complete range of high-grade, low price firearms made anywhere in the world. Write for it today. IT'S FREE.

**The HOPKINS & ALLEN ARMS CO., 12 Chestnut St., NORWICH, CONN.**

# CURRENT IN ALL PARTS OF THE GLOBE TRAVELERS' CHEQUES, of the



## AMERICAN BANKERS' ASSOCIATION

MEMBERSHIP  
10,000 BANKS AND BANKERS

When traveling in America or Abroad, pay your bills at shops, department stores, hotels, and buy your railroad, Pullman and steamship tickets, etc.—with these Travelers' Cheques.

Four denominations: \$10, \$20, \$50 and \$100, with corresponding *fixed values*, in the moneys of the principal countries of the world, (that is, not subject to the fluctuations of foreign exchange). Cashed *everywhere* at full face value.

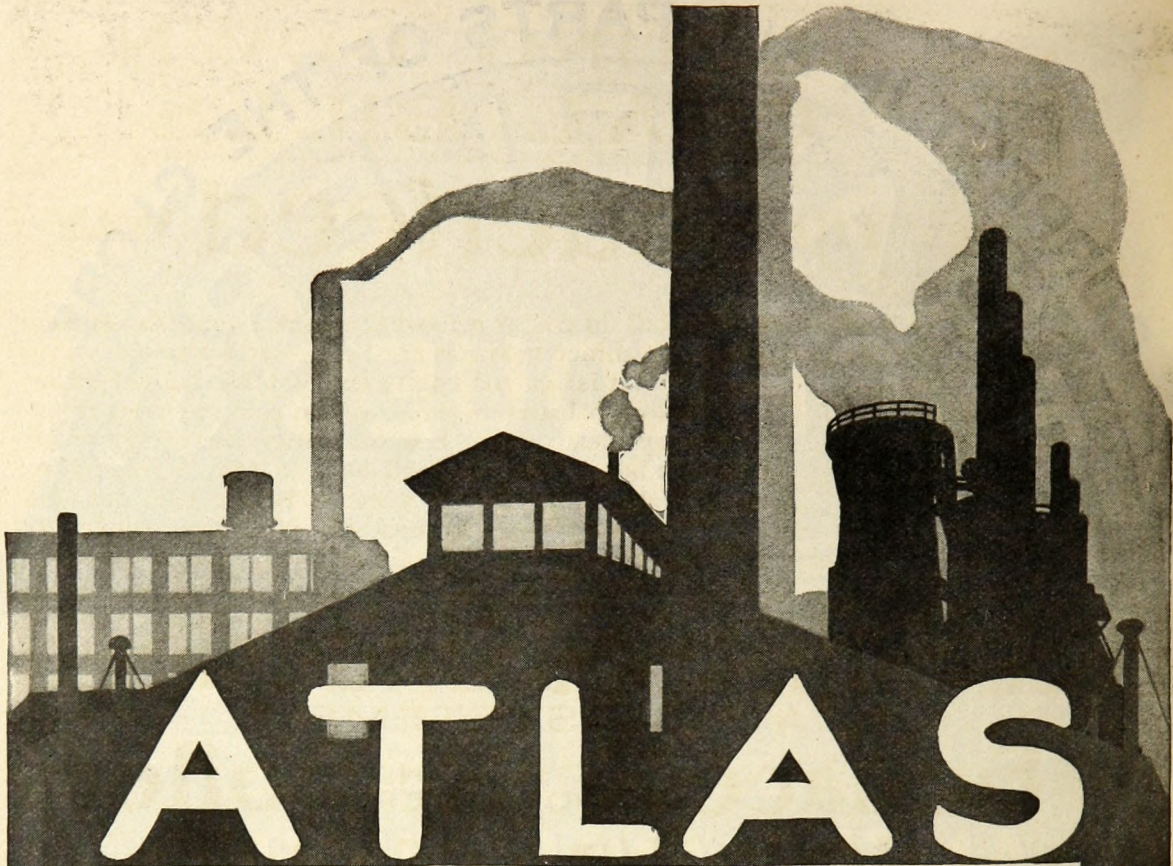
These cheques identify the owner wherever he travels, and are negotiable on his countersignature only. If lost or stolen, they are not available to the finder or thief, and are redeemable by the original owner.

A uniform, universally acceptable form of Travelers' Credit, which has behind it the weight and influence of the bankers of America. Appropriately called "The Perfect International Exchange."

A booklet fully describing these cheques will be sent on request

### Buy Them From Your Own Banker

OR IF MORE CONVENIENT APPLY TO BANKERS TRUST COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY, ACCREDITED AGENT OF THE AMERICAN BANKERS' ASSOCIATION.



# ATLAS

## A part of your visible tangible assets is your plant

As an asset it is more valuable if it is durable, fireproof and perfectly adapted to your needs.

No material offers this combination except concrete, and no concrete offers it

unless it is made with a Portland Cement that gives the best quality of concrete.

Therefore, every man, before planning a factory building, should write for our book,

## “Reinforced Concrete in Factory Construction”

(delivery charges 10 cents), because that book tells him why Atlas Cement Concrete fulfils his requirements better than any other kind of building material.

It will prove to you, first, that the best

building material is concrete, and second, that the best concrete is made with Atlas Portland Cement.

If you are also a home builder, or home owner, there are three other books:

“Concrete Construction About the Home and on the Farm” (sent free)

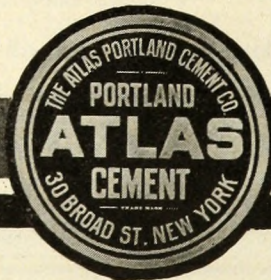
“Concrete Cottages” (sent free)

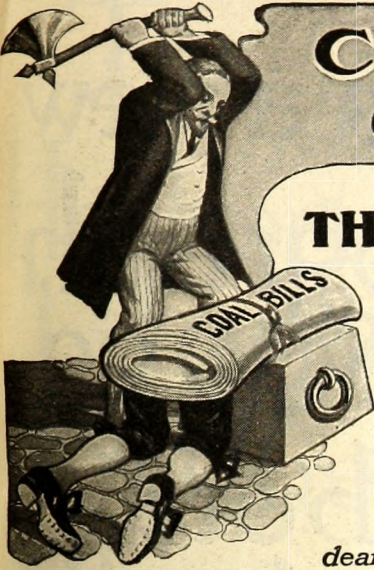
“Concrete Country Residences” (delivery charges 25 cents)

If your dealer cannot supply you with Atlas, write to

**THE ATLAS PORTLAND CEMENT CO., Dept. 56 30 Broad St., New York**

Largest Output of any Cement Company in the World—Over 40,000 Barrels per Day





# CUTTING DOWN COAL BILLS

## THE Underfeed WAY

LAYING in coal is a fixed economic event, for surplus midsummer heat can not be stowed away for winter use. It is *not* too late to cut that big annual expenditure for coal way down. When cold days return you can enjoy clean, even, healthful heat—either warm air, steam or hot water—for from 50% to 66 $\frac{2}{3}$ % less money than you have heretofore spent. Better tear out that old gluttonous furnace or heater. You are paying too dearly for its keep. We want a chance to prove that the

# Peck-Williamson Underfeed

HEATING SYSTEMS

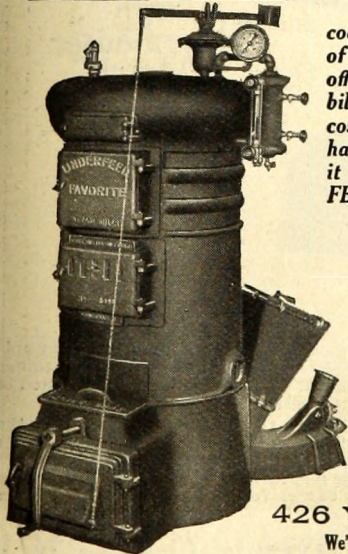
## WARM AIR Furnaces - STEAM AND HOT WATER Boilers

Save  $\frac{1}{2}$  to  $\frac{2}{3}$  of Coal Bills

This is heat-talk as refreshing as an iced lemonade on a sultry day. It is absolutely true. The UNDERFEED coal burning principle—coal fed from below and all the fire on top—prevents wasted heat units. Smoke and gases are consumed by this hygienic wonder, which gets from *cheapest* slack as much clean heat as *highest* priced anthracite will yield. Ashes are few and are removed by shaking the grate bar as in ordinary furnaces and boilers.

Out in Kansas City, our agent, A. Holtman, has shown Missourians and Kansans what the UNDERFEED can do in the way of giving *best* heat at *least* cost. Here's an extract from a letter telling of his own experience:

This illustration shows the Underfeed Boiler.

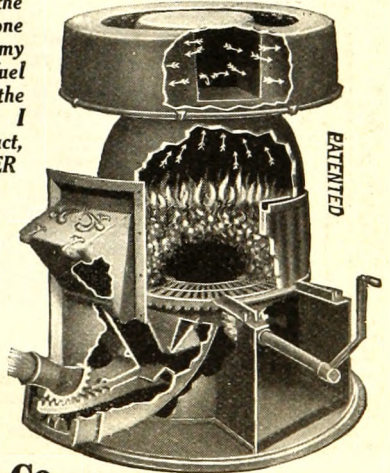


"You ask if I had any kick. No—but the coal man has. Listen. I have been using one of the largest UNDERFEED furnaces to heat my office and shop for the past six years. My fuel bills have been reduced 60% compared with the cost for the old style furnace I used before. I have less ashes and very little smoke. In fact, it did so well at the office that I put the UNDER FEED Furnace in my home."

We'd like to send you a lot of letters in fac simile—just like this—with our UNDERFEED Booklet for Warm Air Furnaces, or our Special Catalog of Steam and Hot Water Boilers.

Heating plans and services of our Engineering Department are yours—ALL FREE. Write today, giving the name of local dealer with whom you prefer to deal.

Illustration shows furnace without casing, cut away to show how coal is forced up under fire, which burns on top.



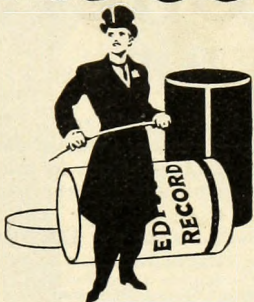
**The Peck-Williamson Co.**

426 West Fifth Street,

CINCINNATI, O

We've a paying proposition to make to Furnace, Hardware Men and Plumbers who want more business. Write for it.

# The "Fireside" is a new Edison Phonograph costing only \$22<sup>00</sup> and playing both Standard, and Amberol Records



Two Minutes with Vesta Tilley



Four Minutes with "Tannhäuser March"



\*The "Fireside" has a silent, long-running motor, a handsome, 19-inch horn and our new Model K reproducer, fitted with two sapphire points, which can be adjusted instantly—for Standard and Amberol Records.

A beautiful phonograph at \$22 (\$28.60 in Canada) makes the wealth of music now on Standard and Amberol Records available in every home. Ask to hear the "Fireside."

If there is no dealer near you, write us for information and our booklet: "The Edison Phonograph and the Home."

†Standard Each month there are 20 new Edison Records of Standard size, embracing the best things of the stage and the musical world, which can be adapted to this size Record without omitting or hurrying any part.

§Amberol Records are the longest-playing and the most perfect Records made. Selections never before offered in Record form, because of their length, are reproduced on Amberols just as they are written. Therefore, most Amberol music is exclusive. 20 new Amberol Records are issued each month.

National Phonograph Company, 20 Lakeside Avenue, Orange, N. J.

# The music of Victor Herbert's orchestra under his personal direction will be reproduced exclusively on Edison Records



**\*Victor Herbert** is now the musical adviser for the National Phonograph Company. He will select much of the music for Edison Records, recommend, in many instances, the singers or musicians best qualified to produce it for reproduction and pass upon the master records.

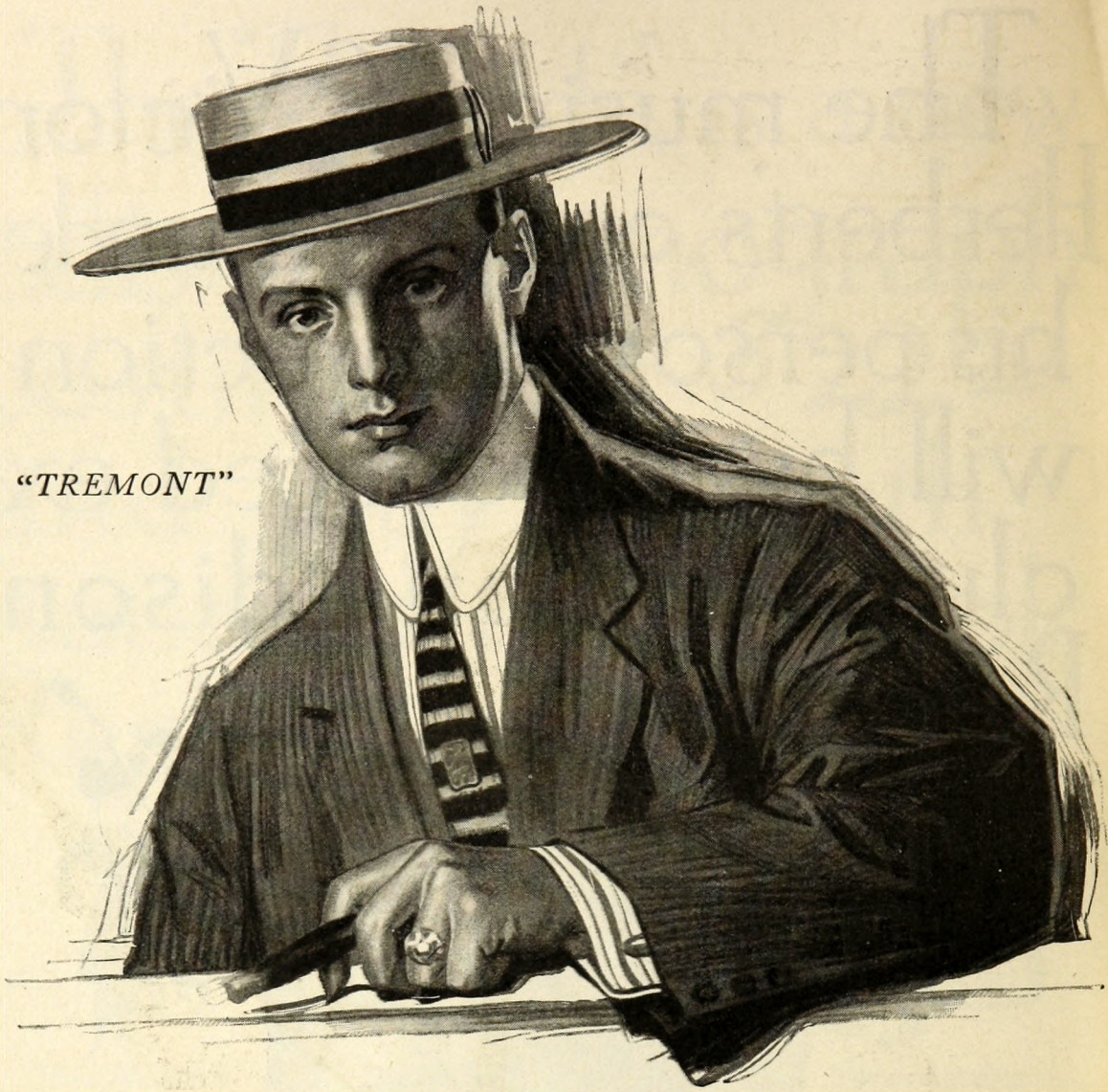
No other man could be found so perfectly fitted for this position. Mr. Herbert has done more to teach Americans to like good music than any other man, because he has made the kind of good music that is likable.

He is a master of music. He has built up and leads one of the best orchestras in the country and has written more successful operas, two-steps, marches and other kinds of music than any other American composer.

He will create, through Edison Records, a distinctly American school of music, good as well as popular, liked by everybody.

Edison Records, by Victor Herbert's orchestra, will be ready in September.

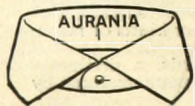
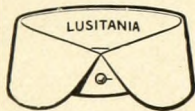
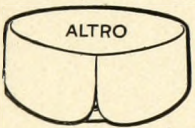
**National Phonograph Company, 20 Lakeside Avenue, Orange, N. J.**



"TREMONT"

AN

# ARROW COLLAR



because of its specially woven shrunk fabric and its graduated cut-out interlinings, **NEITHER SHRINKS NOR CRACKS.**

*15c. each — 2 for 25c.*

Cluett, Peabody & Company, Makers, 449 River Street, Troy, N. Y. Booklet on request Arrow Cuffs, 25c. a pair. In Canada, 35c. Collars, 3 for 50c. in Canada



THE *MARATHON*—a new and distinctive  
*Cluett* **FIELD SHIRT**

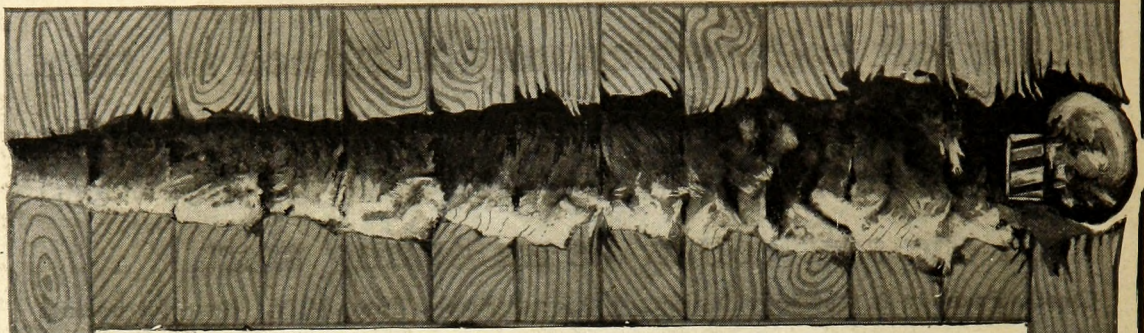
has a soft collar which may be turned in, thus exposing a shirt band on which may be buttoned a white collar. Or it may be worn with the soft collar, as an outing shirt.

Cluett, Peabody & Company, Makers, 449 River Street, Troy, N. Y. Send for booklet



"MARATHON"

# WINCHESTER



*Path of a .351 Caliber Soft-Pointed Bullet in Dry Pine.  
It enters like a needle but tears a hole like a spike.*

## High-Power Self-Loading Rifle .351 Caliber

**IT HITS HARD AND SHOOTS FAST.**

**Q** This new Winchester hits hard because it handles a cartridge which represents the highest development in smokeless powder ammunition. Its 180-grain hunting bullet will penetrate a quarter-inch steel plate or thirteen  $\frac{7}{8}$ -inch dry pine boards and tear a killing path as big as that shown in the illustration.

**Q** It shoots fast because the recoil is utilized to do the reloading. To shoot six times it is only necessary to pull the trigger for each shot. This places reloading as well as firing under the control of the trigger finger, and permits rapid shooting with ease and accuracy. For big game hunting, where the quarry often has to be shot on the run, this makes it a particularly effective rifle.

**Q** The barrel of this rifle does not move back and forth in a jacket, but is stationary like other rifles, and the sights are attached to the barrel itself, which accounts for its superior accuracy. This rifle is safe, strong and simple in action, easy to load and unload, easy to take down, and a handy and handsome gun from butt to muzzle.

*Send for full description of "The Gun That Shoots Through Steel."*

**WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO., NEW HAVEN, CONN.**



“What’s That I Hear—  
*Kellogg’s*

# TOASTED CORN FLAKES?

—Well me for it  
and it for me!”

It’s the delicious flavor that makes you long for it  
Ask your grocer but make sure you get the genuine

LOOK FOR THIS SIGNATURE

*W. K. Kellogg*

TOASTED CORN FLAKE CO., Battle Creek, Mich.

Canadian Trade Supplied by the Battle Creek Toasted Corn Flake Co., L’td., London, Ontario.



# Lenox Chocolates

First Aid  
to the  
Hostess



Whenever you want everything exceptionally nice—whenever you want your guests to remember your table with particular pleasure—serve **NECCO SWEETS**. You may rely absolutely on their unvarying goodness, freshness and delicacy. Be sure you find the **NECCO SEAL** before you buy. It is your protection against inferior goods. A box of

# Lenox Chocolates

will prove a delightful dinner or luncheon treat. There are over 500 varieties of **NECCO SWEETS** to choose from—chocolate coated nuts, crystal fruit drops, crisp brittle-bars, cream pastes, nougatines, chips, fudge and the most delicately conceived bonbons; and never a disappointment in the lot.

**Necco Sweets** are sold everywhere by high grade dealers. If your dealer cannot supply you, send us 25 cents for an attractive package of **Lenox Chocolates**, or, better still, order one of our special \$1 packages in a handsome art box. Either package sent postpaid.

**NEW ENGLAND CONFECTIONERY COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.**