

JANUARY 1910

FIFTEEN CENTS

MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE

**"What the Public
Wants"**

by Arnold Bennett



FRANK X. LEYENDECKER

Stop heating nightmares



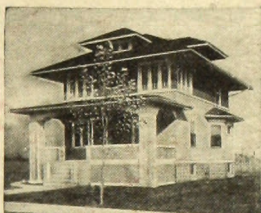
Your dreams about heating may be made blissful or dreadful—as you choose.

It is not the nightmare alone that comes from the work and worries of old-fashioned heating—you find your heating nightmares are realities in the morning. They are real nuisances which spoil your peace of mind by day and wreck your sleep by night. But there's a remedy.

AMERICAN & IDEAL RADIATORS & BOILERS

afford the only means of heating which bring repose and health. These outfits for Hot-Water and Low-Pressure Steam heating produce nothing but cleanly, soft, even temperature—suited to a baby or an athlete. They should be installed in every home. They save their cost by cutting down the coal bills. They do away with ash-dust, soot, and hard work. Their cleanliness saves much wear on household furnishings. They are so built in small sections that they can be easily put in any house—old or new—farm or city.

Any person, no matter how inexperienced, may easily operate an IDEAL Boiler. It requires less care than a parlor stove.



A No. 3-22 IDEAL Boiler and 600 ft. of 38-in. AMERICAN Radiators, costing the owner \$255, were used to Hot-Water heat this cottage.

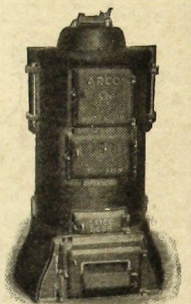


A No. 22 IDEAL Boiler and 240 ft. of 38-in. AMERICAN Radiators, costing the owner \$115, were used to Hot-Water heat this cottage.

At these prices the goods can be bought of any reputable, competent fitter. This did not include cost of labor, pipe, valves, freight, etc., which installation is extra and varies according to climatic and other conditions.

Our book, "Best Ways to Run the Boiler," furnished with each shipment, tells just how to get the best results in mild, cold, or severe weather, and from any kind of fuel. It presents a few simple rules, readily understood, and if followed gives absolute control of the fire, and makes every ounce of fuel yield its full heat.

Our interest in the heating outfit does not cease with its sale, and should any feature in the care or operation of the Boiler not be understood, we most cordially invite correspondence. Write us to-day for our new and valuable catalog—sent free.



Branches in all large cities

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

Write to Dept. 21 CHICAGO



TIFFANY & Co.

Retailers, Manufacturers, and Importers

There are special reasons why Tiffany & Co. are able to offer peculiar advantages in exclusiveness, quality, and value

They are strictly retailers and manufacture and import only for their own trade and never sell their goods through agents or other dealers

Their manufactures of jewelry, silverware, leather goods, stationery, etc., combine originality of design, excellence of material, and the most skilful and artistic craftsmanship

Their importations, from the art centers of the world, through their Paris and London branches, comprise a complete stock of china, glassware, marbles, bronzes, fancy goods, novelties, etc., and include many unique examples of the work of the leading artists

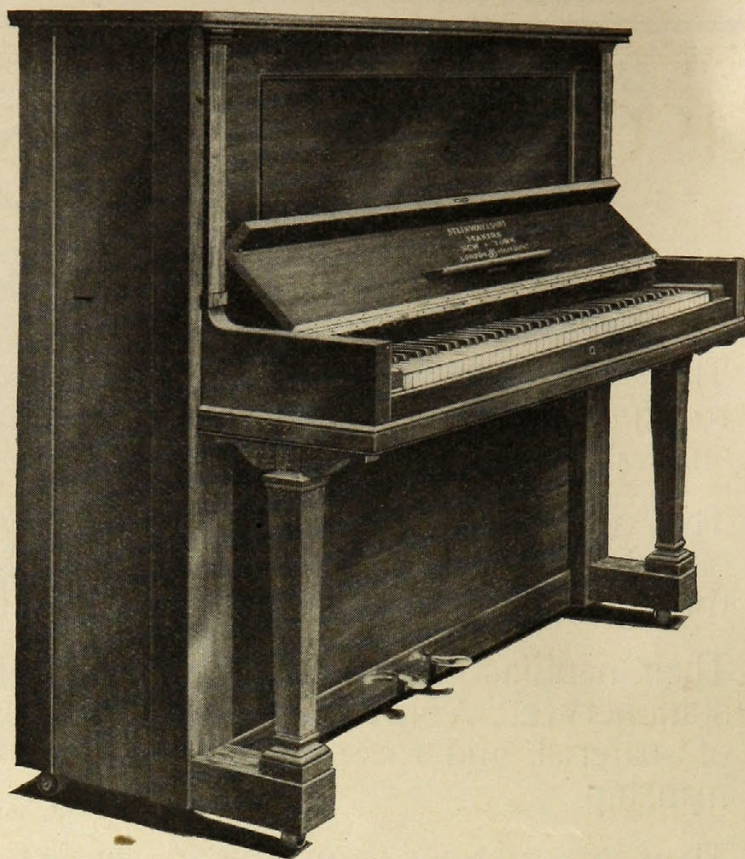
Dealing directly, they are able to sell their wares at prices which will be found particularly attractive when compared with those of similar articles sold elsewhere

These advantages are not only extended to those who can visit the establishment but, through the facilities of a specially organized correspondence department, are equally available to those living at a distance from New York

The Tiffany 1910 Blue Book, a 760-page catalogue, without illustrations, will be mailed upon request

Fifth Avenue & 37th Street, New York

*The
Upright
Piano
of
"Grand"
Value*



STEINWAY VERTEGRAND

The name Steinway is the greatest assurance of piano value, whether the consideration be musical quality, intrinsic worth, or architectural beauty.

The Steinway Vertegrand in an ebonized case at \$550 places the world's standard piano within easy reach of everybody.

Illustrated catalogue will be sent upon request and mention of this magazine.

STEINWAY & SONS,
Steinway Hall

107 and 109 East 14th Street, New York.

Subway Express Station at the Door.

M^CCLURE'S MAGAZINE

S. S. McClure, President; Cameron Mackenzie, Treasurer; Curtis P. Brady, Secretary

Contents for January, 1910

COVER DESIGN BY F. X. LEYENDECKER

- Drawing by Wladyslaw T. Benda *Frontispiece*
- The Heart of an Orphan. A Story . . . Amanda Mathews 245
ILLUSTRATIONS BY WLADYSLAW T. BENDA
- Recollections of the Kings and Queens of Europe
I. Memories of Elizabeth of Austria Xavier Paoli 250
ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS
- The New One. A Story Clara E. Laughlin 266
ILLUSTRATIONS BY THOMAS FOGARTY
- Apparitions. A Poem Mahlon Leonard Fisher 276
- The Galvanizing of Olaf Larsen. A Story. David Henry Day 277
- The Story of Eugene Azeff David Soskice 282
ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS AND DRAWINGS
- What the Public Wants. A Play Arnold Bennett 300
ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG
- A Belated Boom. A Story Stella Wynne Herron 316
ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. SCOTT WILLIAMS
- The Ferrer Trial Perceval Gibbon 327
ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS
- The Neighbors. A Poem Theodosia Garrison 338
- Billions of Treasure John E. Lathrop
ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS and George Kibbe Turner 339

Entered as Second-Class Matter at New York, New York. Copyright, 1909, by

The S. S. McClure Co., New York

44-60 East 23d Street, New York 186 Oxford Street West, London

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS: In the U. S., Mexico, Cuba, and American Possessions \$1.50 per year. In Canada \$2.00 per year. In all other countries in the Postal Union \$2.50 per year

THREE YEARS' SUBSCRIPTION IN U. S. \$3.50

An Order Blank Enclosed with the Magazine is Notice that Your Subscription Has Expired

Steel Will Reign in the Office

just as surely as it is reigning in the railroad bridge, the sky-scraper, the steamship, and in all the newest and up-to-date construction. Nothing can stop it. Ten years hence nothing but steel furniture will be found in any smart office.

We are the pioneers in making everything for the office in steel. Our leader is EVERLAST, the new steel letter file.

We want to send it to you on 30 days' free trial at our entire risk and expense. We want to send it because you won't send it back. It's a sure sale if we can once get it into your office. You won't do without it. And you'll send for more. No convincer like the goods themselves. Will you let us send you an EVERLAST steel file, as per coupon below?

EVERLAST THE NEW STEEL VERTICAL LETTER FILE

EVERLASTING AS STEEL—for it is steel. Pull an EVERLAST drawer out its full length; stand a 200-pound man in the extreme end of the drawer and the weight will not spring it a fraction of an inch.

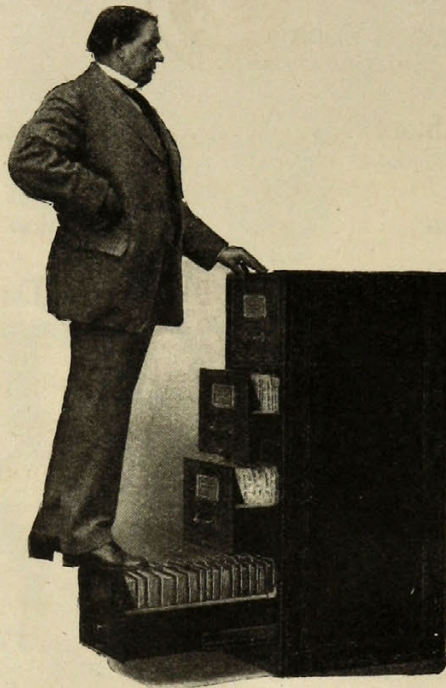
NO DEPRECIATION TO CHARGE OFF—Lasts as long as your business lasts. In fifty years no depreciation, only a few scratches easily repaired.

DRAWERS SLIDE SILENT AND LIGHT—The heavier the load the smoother the action. Loaded full capacity or with fifty pounds, you can pull them out by a silk thread. Being of suspension roller-bearing construction and padded with solid rubber, there's absolutely no noise from sliding of drawers.

DRAWERS CAN'T SWELL AND STICK—Damp weather makes your wood files stick, so do heavy files. You know all this.

EVERLAST drawers can't stick because built of cold rolled steel and because action is on steel rails.

HOW MUCH YOU SAVE by purchasing EVERLASTS instead of other



files is readily apparent. Other files wear out while EVERLASTS don't.

HAS HANDY LOCKING DEVICE—A touch of button locks all drawers. Costs a little extra.

HAS INGENIOUS FOLDER COMPRESSOR which presses letters smoothly and firmly almost as a letter press. Slides sleekly on metal runway—a touch sends it back and forth or sets it solid and rigid at any point.

ROACH, RAT AND VERMIN PROOF because made of steel and fitted as closely as a safe.

FINISHED TO MATCH ANY FURNITURE so that you can't tell which is the mahogany and which the EVERLAST or which is the oak and which the EVERLAST. All woods imitated perfectly. EVERLAST files are olive green. Other finishes a few dollars extra. The beautifully finished enamel is baked on and can't come loose.

ALL SYSTEMS FIT THE EVERLAST—Simply transfer your present folders and guides into the EVERLAST.

GET THIS FREE BOOK ON STEEL OFFICE FURNITURE

YOU not only want EVERLAST vertical files, but you want EVERLAST desks (flat or roll top), EVERLAST tables, document files, etc., etc. They're all made of steel; last forever, cost no more than good wood office furniture and are finished in exact imitation of all woods.

Write for "EVERLAST OFFICE FURNITURE," our new and beautifully illustrated booklet. It will tell you all about all EVERLAST steel office furniture and all about the newest ideas in office furniture. Get your pen and post-card now before you forget it. It's very important to you.

EVERYTHING FOR THE OFFICE IN STEEL

JAMESTOWN METAL FURNITURE COMPANY

Please deliver to our office one EVERLAST Vertical Letter File, freight, cartage and all charges prepaid, for thirty days' free trial. If satisfactory, we are to pay \$32.50 for it. If not, you are to remove it from our office at your expense and free of all charges to us.

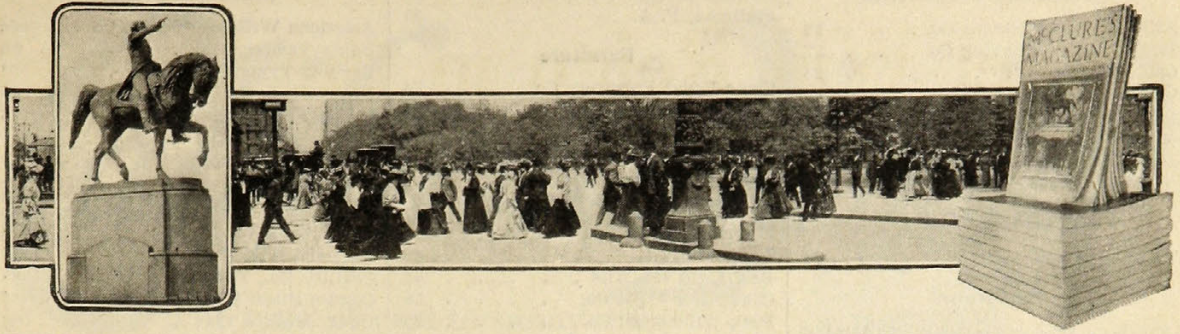
Makers of Special Steel Equipment for Public Buildings, Banks and Corporations. New York Office, 18 West Twenty-seventh Street.

Main Office: 321 Steel Ave., JAMESTOWN, N.Y.

Name.....

Address.....

Our Office Furniture Dealer is



Guide to "The Marketplace of the World"



"Christmas McClure's was a wonderful production, a beautiful book, full of interest and worthy of the Company which produced it. It deserves the success which it sustains as one of the leading and most prosperous magazines in the country.

We have been its patrons in advertising for a number of years, and have always regarded it as one of the strongest sources of advertising which it was our good fortune to be with."

Extract from recent letter from a patron of McClure's for the last five years.

Josiah Judson Hazen

Advertising Manager

Automobiles and Accessories		Standard Tire Protector Co. 52	Rollins & Sons, E. H. 30
Bartholomew Co., The 65		United Manufacturers 59	Trowbridge & Niver Co. 75
Cadillac Motor Car Co. 55		Winton Motor Carriage Co. 53	
Diamond Rubber Co., The 54			Bath Room Fixtures
Elmore Mfg. Co. 51			Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co. 79
Fisk Rubber Co. 50			
National Motor Vehicle Co. 52	Banking and Financial		Boats, Motors, Etc.
Nordyke & Marmon Co. 50	American Real Estate 67		Fay & Bowen Engine Co. 74
Pantasote Co., The 66	Bankers Trust Co. 81		Gray Motor Co. 64
Peerless Motor Car Co. 49	Farson, Son & Co. 42		Truscott Boat Mfg. Co. 54
Pierce-Arrow Motor Car Co. 4th cover	Otis & Hough 39		Tuttle Co., D. M 54
Reo Motor Car Co. 57	Petry & Co. 69		

Building and Construction

Atlas Portland Cement Co. 88
 Barber Asphalt Paving Co. 27
 Cabot, Samuel 24
 Caldwell Co., W. E. 60
 Chicago House Wrecking Co. 61
 Keith Co. 38
 Rider-Ericsson Engine Co. 26
 Sargent & Co. 24

Cameras, Etc.

Eastman Kodak Co. 78

Educational

American Academy of Dramatic Arts 16d
 American School of Correspondence 41
 Bissell College of Photo-Engraving 16a
 Chautauqua School of Nursing 16c
 Chicago Correspondence School Law 16a
 Chicago School of Elocution 16a
 Columbian Correspondence College. 16b
 Cortina Academy of Languages 16d
 Cross Co., The 16c
 Detroit School of Lettering 16b
 Dodge's Institute 16b
 Illinois College of Photography 16a
 International Correspondence School 31
 Marlon Normal College 16a
 Michigan Business Institute 16b
 National Correspondence Institute 16a
 National Salesman's Training Asso. 16d
 Niles Bryant School of Piano Tuning 16e
 N. W. School of Taxidermy 16c
 Page-Davis School 16a
 Ransom, C. W. 16a
 School of Applied Art 16b
 Sprague Corres. School of Law 16b
 St. Louis Trades School 16b
 Swarthmore Prep. School 16a
 Tennessee Military Institute 16a
 Tome School for Boys 16a
 Universal Business Institute 16b
 University of Chicago 16a

Fire Arms

Stevens Arms & Tool Co. 68

Food Products

Atwood Grape Fruit Co., The 62
 Bauer Chemical Co., The 63
 Blooker's Cocoa 34
 Chiclets 64d
 Corn Products Refining Co. 39
 Hawaiian Pineapple 34
 Horlick's Malted Milk 34
 Johnson Educator Food Co. 28
 Knox Gelatine 34
 Liebig Co. 82
 National Biscuit Co. (Nabisco) 83
 National Starch Co. 28
 Peter's Chocolate 64c
 Postum Cereal Co. 29
 The Shredded Wheat Co. 3d cover

Foot Wear

Stetson Shoe Co., The 43

For the Home

Armstrong Mfg. Co., R. 58
 Duntley Mfg. Co. 48
 General Comp. Air & Vacuum Mach.
 Co. 64d
 Hartshorn Shade Rollers 58
 Keller Mfg. Co. 68
 Macbeth 24

Simplex Electric Heating Co. 28
 Stallman, F. A. 36

Furniture

Come-Packt Furniture Co. 74
 Cowan & Co., W. K. 20-21
 Globe-Wernicke Co. 76
 Jamestown Metal Furniture Co. 4

Heating and Lighting Systems

American Radiator Co. 2d cover
 Angle Mfg. Co. 68
 Best Light Co., The 48
 Canchester Light Co. 58
 Peck-Williamson Co. 25
 Richardson & Boynton 64
 U. S. A. Lighting Co. 38

Household Supplies

Bon-Ami 17
 Pearlina 22

Insurance

Fidelity and Casualty Co. 22
 Hartford Insurance Co. 43
 Prudential Insurance Co. 71

Jewelry and Silverware

Gregg Mfg. & Impt. Co., The R. 56
 Loftis Bros. & Co. 58
 Meriden Britannia Co. 73
 Tiffany & Co. 1

Miscellaneous

Ajax Fire Engine Wks. 35
 Allen Mfg. Co., The 48
 American Telephone & Telegraph Co. 23
 Amusement Supply Co. 64
 Arlington St. Church 16b
 Barnes, W. F. & Jno. 56
 Berkshire Hills Sanatorium 40
 Buffalo Lithia Water 40
 Burrowes, E. T. Co. 44
 Chesebrough Mfg. Co. 41
 Chicago Projecting Co. 54
 Collette Mfg. Co. 64d
 Crosman, Henrietta 64
 Electrical Trades Exposition Co. 64
 Evans & Co., Victor J. 16b
 Horton Mfg. Co., The 26
 Mason, Fenwick & Lawrence 16b
 McAllister Mfg. Opt. 48
 Mead Cycle Co. 60
 Nassau as a Winter Resort 38
 National Resources Security Co. 16d
 Ohio Electric Works 16c
 Pine Forest Inn 16c
 Pond's Extract Co. 72
 Press Co. 64
 San Antonio Publicity League 26
 Schieffelin & Co. 30
 Standard Sales Co. 64d
 Thieler, E. R. (Mettlach Ware) 68
 U. S. Playing Card Co. 44
 Vapo-Cresolene Co., The 30
 Von Bergen 16c
 Winslow Skate Mfg. Co., Sam'l. 50

Musical Instruments, Etc.

Estey Piano Co. 33
 Kranich & Bach 16h
 Lyon & Healy 56-64d
 National Phonograph Co. 86-87
 Steinway & Sons 2
 Victor Talking Machine Co. 18-19

Office Equipment

American Writing Machine Co. 16e
 Baker-Vawter Co. 56
 Bennett Typewriter Co. 36
 Dick Co., A. B. 42
 Elliott-Fisher Co. 76
 Spencerian Pen Co. 36
 Typewriter Emporium 56

Publishers

American Photography 16e
 Butterick Pub. Co. 14
 Century Co., The 84-85
 Cosmopolitan Magazine 16f
 Dodd, Mead & Co. 16g
 Doubleday, Page & Co. 15
 Farm Journal 66
 Funk & Wagnalls Co. 16c
 Hampton's Magazine 13
 McClure's Magazine 8-9-10-11-16d
 McClure Co., S. S. 64b-64d
 National Press Assn. 16b
 Phillips Pub. Co. 12
 Puritan Pub. Co. 16b
 St. Nicholas 46-47
 Sprague Pub. Co. 16b

Seeds, Plants, Etc.

Burpee & Co., W. Atlee 39
 Dingee & Conard Co. 64d
 Ferry & Co., D. M. 36
 Kellogg Co., R. M. 60
 Storrs & Harrison Co. 60

Stationery

American Writing Paper Co. 37
 Hampshire Paper Co. 44

Subscription Agencies

Bennett's Sub. Agency 62
 Hanson, J. M., Magazine Agency 16

Toilet Articles

Calvert Tooth Powder 40
 Colgate & Co. 63
 Daggett & Ramsdell 38
 Lablache Face Powder 40
 Lehn & Fink 66
 Mennen's Toilet Powder 48
 Newskin Co. 80
 Pinaud's, Ed., Hair Tonic 33
 Potter Drug & Chemical Co. (Cuticura Soap) 60
 Sheffield Dentifrice Co. 32

Travel

A. T. & S. F. Ry. System 7
 Atlanta Gulf & West Indies S. S. Co. 64a
 Bankers' Trust Co. 81
 Clark, F. C. 58
 Hamburg-American Line 77
 Northern Pacific Ry 56
 Oceanic Steamship Co. 64d
 Raymond & Whitcomb Co. 54
 Southern Pacific Ry. 45
 Union Pacific Railway 70
 Where-To-Go Bureau 16e

Wearing Apparel

Best & Co. 65
 Chalmers Knitting Co. 37
 Cheney Bros. 67
 Hall, Hartwell & Co. 73
 Plymouth Fur Co., The 32
 Presto Co., The 45
 Reversible Collar Co. 32

California Limited

The train of ease to sunny seas.

Why not live on the seashore this winter at Coronado, Santa Barbara or Monterey?

There January is June. The salt air will build you anew.

On the way is the rainbow-hued

Grand Canyon of Arizona

A Pullman takes you to the rim.

The California Limited runs daily between Chicago-Kansas City and Los Angeles-San Diego-San Francisco.

Only Southern California train, via any line, **exclusively for first-class travel.** All others carry tourist sleepers and second-class passengers.

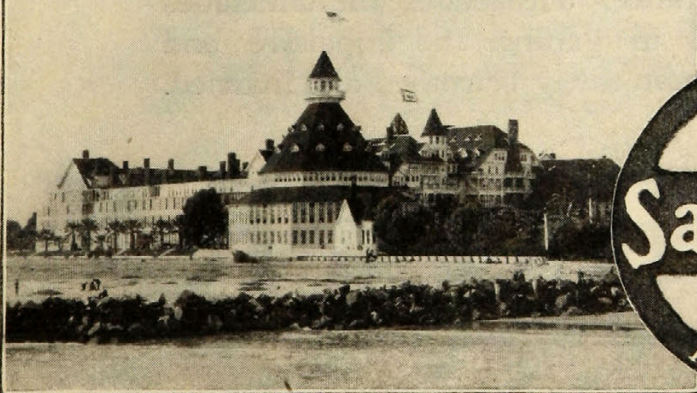
Fred Harvey meals are another distinction.

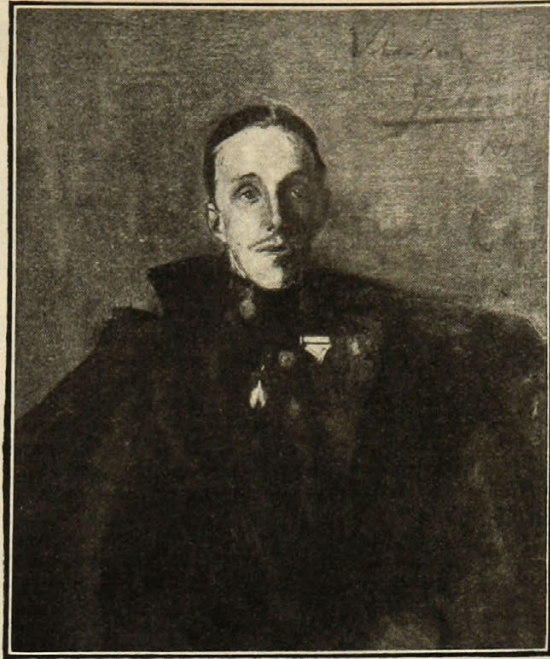
De luxe booklets about the train and trip for the asking.

W. J. Black,
Pass. Traffic Manager,
A. T. & S. F. Ry.
System,
1051 Railway Exchange,
Chicago.



Hotel del Coronado, Coronado Beach



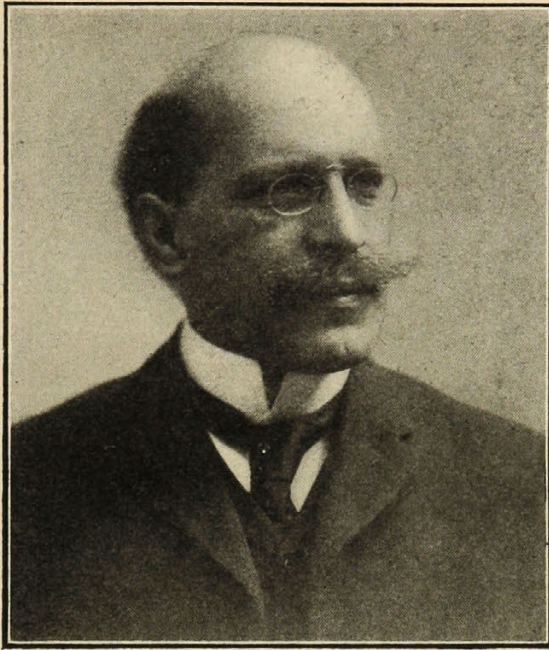


PORTRAIT OF ALFONSO XIII, BY SOROLLA

Alfonso's Courtship By Xavier Paoli

¶ The second installment of Xavier Paoli's "Recollections of the Kings and Queens of Europe" deals with the young King of Spain. Paoli was employed to protect the young King and the Princess Ena during their courtship in the South of France. He relates the difficulties he encountered in getting the impulsive and reckless young man safely betrothed and married.

FEBRUARY



PROFESSOR HUGO MÜNSTERBERG

Finding a Life Work By Hugo Münsterberg

How can the new psychology help a man to select the business or profession for which he is best adapted?

This is the theme of Professor Münsterberg's article. He shows that certain actual laboratory tests can be made to demonstrate the strength or weakness of the various parts of a man's mental machinery; tests which will show him where his greatest ability lies, and in what profession this ability will be most effective.

McCLURE'S



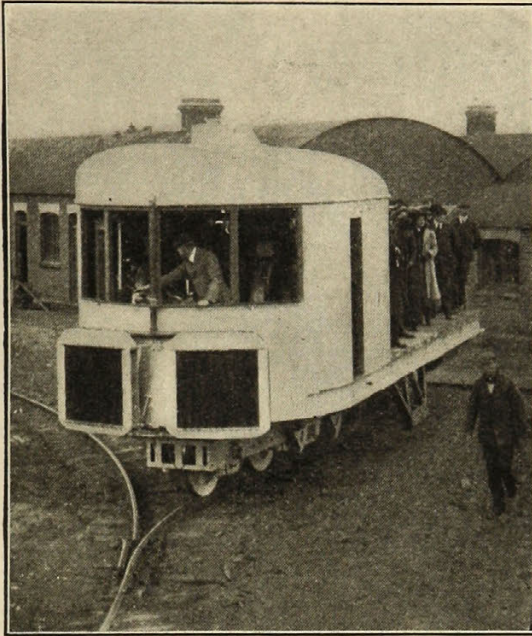
A VICTIM OF OPHTHALMIA NEONATORUM

Unnecessarily Blind

¶ One-third of all the blind people in the United States are *unnecessarily blind*. They are the victims of a disease, Ophthalmia Neonatorum, which afflicts new-born babies who are not properly cared for, and which could be prevented by the use of a drop of 2½ % solution of Nitrate of Silver dropped into the eyes of every new-born infant. The February McClure's takes up the work that is being done to prevent unnecessary blindness.

FEBRUARY





The Brennan Mono-Rail Car

The mono-rail age, when cars will whirl across continents on a single rail at double the speed possible with trains of to-day, has been brought nearer by recent experiments of Louis Brennan. His experiments two years ago with a small model were so satisfactory that the British Government supplied funds for the building of a large car, thirty feet long and ten feet wide, which has been tested with gratifying results. These latest experiments will be described by Perceval Gibbon in the February number.

McCLURE'S

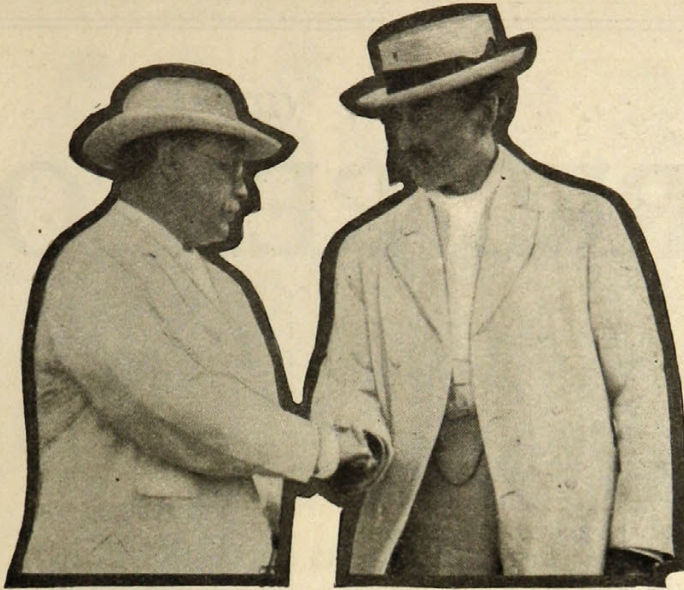
The January
American
MAGAZINE

15
Cts



"BARBAROUS MEXICO"

This month's story fresh from Mexico tells about slave uprisings, political persecutions, imprisonments for free speech, suppression of newspapers — now —



"I am proud beyond measure as an American that this, one of the great feats of the ages, should have been performed by a fellow countryman of ours. We are all Peary's debtors, all of us who belong to civilized mankind. It is the great feat of our generation."—THEODORE ROOSEVELT. Sept. 22, 1909.

PEARY'S OWN STORY

of the Discovery of the North Pole

is a masterpiece among the world's great stories of adventure and discovery; a marvelous document, full of human interest, adventure, grit and the lure of the strange North—a vivid, thrilling narrative of the most astounding feat of modern times.

It is the last of the world's great stories of discovery—the most entertaining, most exciting historical narrative ever published. As a true patriotic American, you simply must read it. Peary's story is the highest-priced editorial feature ever published in any magazine. It

STARTS IN JANUARY

HAMPTON'S

On Sale Now "THE BEST MAGAZINE IN AMERICA" 15 Cents a Copy

The editorial and art material in this one number of HAMPTON'S costs us \$25,000.00. It costs you ONLY 15 CENTS. Peary's story is only one of twenty big features, including Admiral Evans' brilliant article on the Panama Canal. Order from your newsdealer AT ONCE.

If you subscribe now, you'll be sure to get Peary's story complete, and also the biggest, most varied and important features and fiction ever before presented in any one magazine.

FREE to NEW SUBSCRIBERS. Send \$1.50 with attached Coupon *AT ONCE* and we'll start your subscription with January number and send you November HAMPTON'S containing 30 great pictures of Roosevelt's African Hunt and December (Christmas) number — both *FREE*. Through any newsdealer, authorized canvasser; or, if more convenient, send direct to

HAMPTON'S MAGAZINE :: :: New York

AGENTS have a gold mine in HAMPTON'S this year. Write for our offer.

HAMPTON'S MAGAZINE,
72 West 35th Street, New York.

For enclosed \$1.50 send HAMPTON'S for one year commencing with January number, and send November and December numbers *FREE*, to

Name

Street

City

There are
THREE REASONS

Why there is a place in every home for THE DELINEATOR:

—::—

First—Its splendid, persistent, resourceful work for all the great forward movements: municipal and educational reforms; protection of the public health; the Child-Rescue work; the establishment of schools for mothers; the conservation of national resources.

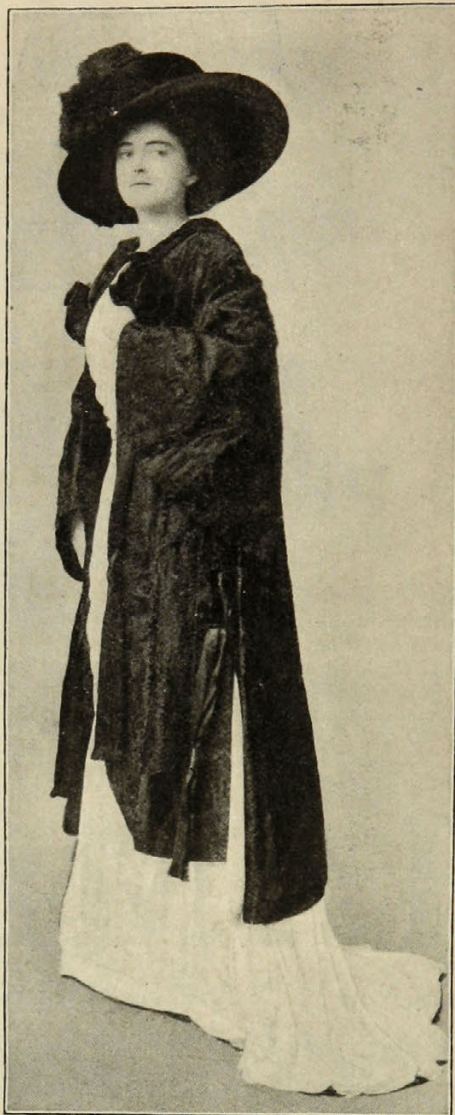
Second—Its unique position as a fashion authority, and its superb way of dealing with smart modes pictorially, make THE DELINEATOR a magazine of the first fashion, not American fashions for American women, but the best fashions in the world for American women.

Third—Its constant, effective encouragement of the highest literary standards; its unceasing quest for authors whose stories and articles both inspire and refresh; for artists whose work is a delight to the eye; for the best work founded on the best ideals. Not merely the best that money can buy, but the best that hopeful brains and hearts can think and feel.

—::—

Your home surely has room for THE DELINEATOR. Open the door. You will find you have welcomed a most entertaining guest.

—::—



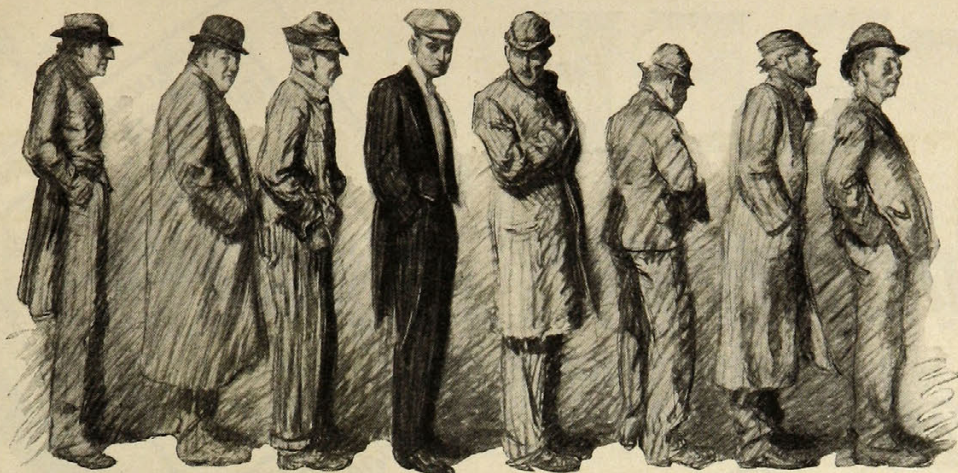
GET THE JANUARY NUMBER OF

THE DELINEATOR

15 Cents a Copy

\$1.00 a Year

THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING COMPANY : : : NEW YORK CITY



Ready in January

Lord Loveland Discovers America

By C. N. AND A. M. WILLIAMSON

*Authors of "Lady Betty across the Water," "The Lightning Conductor,"
"Set in Silver," etc.*

Lady Betty's cousin, the young Marquis of Loveland, sets out from England to discover an American heiress. But his first discovery in America is that his title is discredited, and his money and wardrobe gone; so he is forced to work his own way from the bottom up. From a position one winter's night, without an overcoat, on the "Bread Line" he struggles along until the real man in him comes out on top, fit to discover the real American girl; so that, after all, the "discoveries" of Lord Loveland in America prove him to be a worthy successor to his cousin, "Lady Betty."

*Eight illustrations in color by George Brehm
Fixed price, \$1.20 (postage 12 cents)*

ALSO BY C. N. AND A. M. WILLIAMSON

Set in Silver, \$1.50	The Chaperon, \$1.50	The Car of Destiny, \$1.50
The Princess Virginia, \$1.50	Rosemary in Search of a Father, \$1.50	
My Friend the Chauffeur, \$1.50	Lady Betty across the Water, \$1.50	

COUNTRY LIFE
IN AMERICA



THE WORLD'S WORK



THE GARDEN
MAGAZINE

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO. NEW YORK.

FREE

Our Large Catalog



Write for Our Large Catalogue **FREE**

CONTAINS list of 3,000 magazines, newspapers and Club offers. It is the handsomest and most complete magazine guide ever published. Printed throughout in *two* colors. It is crowded with profitable-to-you suggestions. *You* cannot afford to be without it. The name HANSON is the *accepted* stamp of reliability and promptness in the magazine field. This Catalogue for 1910—FREE for the asking—will

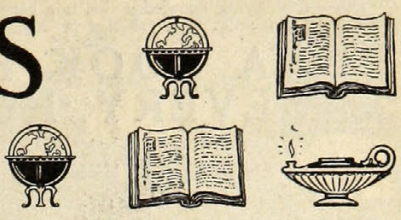
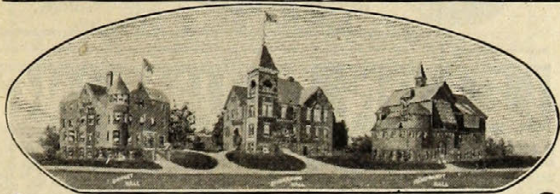
Save You Magazine Money

We have the largest Magazine Agency in the world, and we are known everywhere. Your address on a postal secures this valuable book FREE. *Send us your name and address today. We will do the rest.*

J. M. HANSON'S MAGAZINE AGENCY

175 Hanson Block, Lexington, Ky.

M^c CLURE'S SCHOOL DEPARTMENT

Learn Photography, Photo-Engraving or 3-Color Work

Engravers and Three-Color Operators earn \$20 to \$50 Per Week. Only college in the world where these paying professions are taught successfully. Established 16 years. Endorsed by International Association of Photo-Engravers and Photographers' Association of Illinois. Terms easy; living inexpensive. Graduates placed in good positions. Write for catalogue, and specify course in which you are interested.

Illinois College of Photography or 1945 Wabash Ave.
Bissell College of Photo-Engraving (Effingham, Ill.)
L. H. BISSELL, Pres. NO SALOONS IN EFFINGHAM

The Tome School for Boys

An Endowed Preparatory School

Elaborately illustrated Book on Request.

DR. THOMAS S. BAKER,
Port Deposit, Md.

SWARTHMORE, PENNSYLVANIA.

Swarthmore Preparatory School An excellent home school under the supervision of Friends. Prepares for College, Technical School, and Business. Co-educational. Cottage system; modern buildings. Gymnasium, swimming pool and athletic field. Board and tuition, \$450. Year Book Free. ARTHUR H. TOMLINSON, Principal.

MARION, INDIANA, Box 02.

Marion Normal College A preparatory school for boys and girls that will satisfy the most critical of parents. Its reputation for thorough and careful work is well known. Strong college courses are also offered. \$125 pays tuition, board and room for 48 weeks. For catalogue, address
C. W. BOUCHER, Pres., or Mrs. C. W. BOUCHER, Vice Pres.

SWEETWATER, TENNESSEE.

Tennessee Military Institute The National Military School. Cadets from nearly every state. Most healthful location in Mountains 1200 ft. above sea-level. New \$75,000.00 barracks with up-to-date equipment. Prepares for college, government academies, or business. Charges only \$300. Illustrated catalogue free.

HOME
STUDY

THE
UNIVERSITY of CHICAGO

offers
350 of its class-room courses by correspondence. One may take up High School or College studies at almost any point and do half the work for a Bachelor degree. Courses for Teachers, Writers, Bankers, Accountants, Business Men, Ministers, Parents, and many in other vocations.
The U. of C., Div. B, Chicago, Ill.

STUDY High-Grade LAW Instruction by Correspondence

Established 1892

Prepares for the bar of any State. Three Courses. College, Post-Graduate and Business Law. Improved method of instruction, combining theory and practice.

One student writes "I have learned more law in three months under your instruction than I learned in six months in a law office."


APPROVED BY BENCH AND BAR

Classes begin each month. Uniform rate of tuition. Send for our 48-page catalogue, in which we give a synopsis of the rules for admission to the bar of the several States.

Chicago Correspondence School of Law
507 Reaper Block, Chicago




UNCLE SAM WANTS YOU





for the Census Office, Postal, Railway Mail, Internal Revenue, Customs or Departmental Service. 40,000 appointments made yearly. Full particulars FREE concerning positions, salaries, examinations (to be held soon in every state). Sample questions previously used, etc. Address the originators.
NATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE INSTITUTE
21-40 Second Nat'l Bank Bldg., Washington, D.C.

LEARN TO WRITE ADVERTISEMENTS




EARN a Salary of \$25 to \$100 a Week
If you will study advertising by mail with this school you can positively increase your earning power. Ad writers receive from \$25 to \$100 a week. Send for our beautiful prospectus; it tells you how FREE
PAGE-DAVIS SCHOOL, 1165 Page B'ldg., Chicago or 150 Nassau St., N. Y.

I TEACH Penmanship BY MAIL

I won the World's First Prize in Penmanship. By my new system I can make an expert penman of you by mail. I also teach Book-keeping and Shorthand. Am placing my students as instructors in commercial colleges. If you wish to become a better penman, write me. I will send you FREE one of my Favorite Pens and a copy of the Ransomerian Journal. C. W. RANSON, 239 Reliance Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

BE AN ACTOR

Actress or Orator
Earn \$25 to \$200 Weekly
Our course in Elocution and Dramatic Art is complete, thorough and comprehensive. It enables you in a short time to qualify for a good paying position on the stage or speaker's platform. Learn by correspondence the most fascinating and best paying profession in the world. Illustrated Book on Dramatic Art, free.
CHICAGO SCHOOL OF ELOCUTION, 125 Grand Opera House, Chicago



IGNORANCE of the laws of self and sex will not excuse infraction of Nature's decree. The knowledge vital to a happy, successful life has been collected in "SEXOLOGY."

A BOOK FOR EVERY HOME

(Illustrated)

By William H. Walling, A.M., M.D.

It contains in one volume:

Knowledge a Young Man Should Have.
 Knowledge a Young Husband Should Have.
 Knowledge a Father Should Have.
 Knowledge a Father Should Impart to His Son.
 Medical Knowledge a Husband Should Have.

Knowledge a Young Woman Should Have.
 Knowledge a Young Wife Should Have.
 Knowledge a Mother Should Have.
 Knowledge a Mother Should Impart to Her Daughter.
 Medical Knowledge a Wife Should Have.

"Sexology" is endorsed, and is in the libraries of the heads of our government, and the most eminent physicians, preachers, professors and lawyers throughout the country.

All in one volume. Illustrated, \$2 postpaid
 Write for "Other People's Opinions" and Table of Contents
 PURITAN PUB. CO., 714 Perry Bldg., PHILA., PA.

FOR YOUR BOY



Give him this great boys' magazine. It will quicken his wits, teach him how to think and act for himself, help him in his school work.

The American Boy

Fine stories by noted boys' authors, articles on popular science, practical things for boys to do and make. All finely illustrated.

Give him a Magazine of his own

Send \$1.00 for a full year
 10c. at news-stands.

SPRAGUE PUBLISHING CO.,
 99 MAJESTIC BLDG.,
 DETROIT, MICH.

STUDY LAW AT HOME

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

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



I TEACH SIGN PAINTING

Show Card Writing or lettering by mail and guarantee success. Only field not overcrowded. My instruction is unequalled because practical, personal and thorough. Easy terms. Write for large catalogue.

Chas. J. Strong, Pres.

DETROIT SCHOOL OF LETTERING
 Dept. F. DETROIT, MICH.

"Oldest and Largest School of its Kind."

WHY NOT BE AN ARTIST?



Our Graduates are filling High Salaried Positions. Good artists

EARN \$25 TO \$100 PER WEEK

and upwards, in easy, fascinating work. Our courses of Personal Home Instruction by correspondence, are complete, practical. Twelve years' successful teaching. Expert instructors. Superior equipment. Positions ready for competent workers.

Write for valuable Art Book, Free.
 SCHOOL OF APPLIED ART
 (Founded 1899)

B 11 Fine Art Building
 BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN



Government Positions

45,837 Appointments were made to Civil Service places during the past year. Excellent opportunities for young people. Each year we instruct by mail thousands of persons who pass these examinations and a large share of them receive appointments to life positions at \$840 to \$1,500 a year. If you desire a position of this kind, write for our Civil Service Announcement, containing full information about all government examinations and questions recently used by the Civil Service Commission.

COLUMBIAN CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE, WASHINGTON, D. C.



Learn Telegraphy

MORSE AND WIRELESS

At My Practical School. Demand for operators from Railroads and Wireless Co's. greater than supply. Graduates assisted. We occupy our own large modern building, R. R. train wire and complete wireless station. Endorsed by Railroad and Western Union Officials. Teachers are practical experts. Living expenses earned. Easy payments. Correspondence Courses if desired. Catalogs Free.
 GEORGE M. DODGE, Pres., Dodge's Institute.
 Estab. 1874. 2nd St., Valparaiso, Ind.

LEARN PLUMBING

A trade that will make you independent for life. Hours Shorter—Pay Bigger—Demand Greater than any other trade. You need no previous experience. Our practical methods enable you in a few months to hold position as skilled plumber or conduct your own business. Catalog sent free.

St. Louis Trades School
 4441 Olive St. St. Louis, Mo.

BIG PAY
 SHORT HOURS

CERTIFIED PUBLIC ACCOUNTANT

OST The only professions in which the demand exceeds the supply. We equip you for practice anywhere. No classes; individual instruction. Courses embrace Theory of Accounts, Practical Accounting, Auditing, Commercial Law, Cost Accounting, Bookkeeping and Business Practice. Write for Booklet F.

UNIVERSAL BUSINESS INSTITUTE, DEPT. F.
 27-29 East 22nd Street, New York
 RECOGNIZED ACCOUNTANCY SCHOOL OF THE WORLD.

LEARN TELEGRAPHY BOOKKEEPING OR SHORTHAND BY MAIL--AT YOUR OWN HOME

Anyone can learn it easily in a few weeks. We are unable to supply the demand for telegraph operators, bookkeepers and stenographers. No charge for tuition until position is secured. Write today for particulars, stating course desired.

MICHIGAN BUSINESS INSTITUTE, 854 Institute Building, KALAMAZOO, MICH.

PATENTS SECURED OR FEE RETURNED.

Free opinion as to patentability. Guide Book, List of Inventions Wanted, and 100 Mechanical Movements free to any address. Patents secured by us advertised free in World's Progress. Sample copy free.

VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., Washington, D. C.

MAKE MONEY WRITING SHORT STORIES—1c. to 5c. a Word
 We sell stories, plays, and book MSS. on commission; we criticize and revise them and tell you where to sell them. Story-Writing and Journalism taught by mail. Send for free booklet, "Writing for Profit;" tells how. THE NATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION, 112 The Baldwin, Indianapolis, Ind.

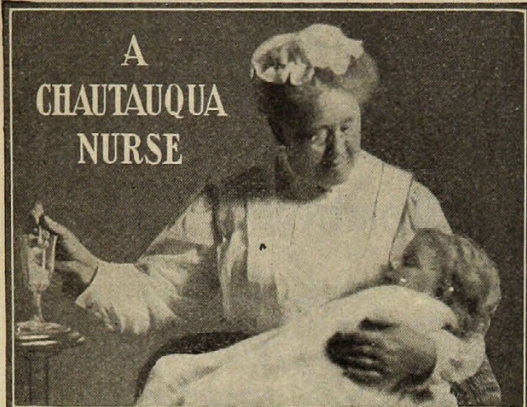
PATENTS

Established 49 years. Best References. Careful Work. Terms Moderate. Booklet and Advice FREE.

Mason, Fenwick & Lawrence, Patent Lawyers, 608 F St., Washington, D. C.

WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST?

by Rev. E. E. HALE, D. D., and other Unitarian literature Sent FREE. Address M. C., Arlington St. Church, Boston, Mass.



A
**CHAUTAQUA
NURSE**

Mrs. Mary H. Passmore of Chicago, a graduate of this school

IF you have the natural attributes of a good nurse we will undertake to teach you to earn \$10 to \$25 a week, as thousands of our graduates are doing.

UNUSUAL OFFER

WE grant every student two months' probationary or trial study—this costs you nothing if you are dissatisfied.

Let us submit to you our plan. Send today for our 9th annual 56-page Blue Book, explaining our method, with stories of successful nurses.

**The Chautauqua School
of Nursing**
272 Main Street, Jamestown New York

**\$3,000 TO \$10,000 A YEAR
IN THE REAL ESTATE BUSINESS**



We teach you by mail every branch of the Real Estate, General Brokerage and Insurance Business and appoint you

SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE

of the oldest and largest co-operative real estate and brokerage company in America. Representatives are making \$3,000 to \$10,000 a year without any investment of capital. Excellent opportunities open to YOU. By our system you can begin making money in a few weeks without interfering with your

present occupation. Our co-operative department will give you more choice, salable property to handle than any other institution in the world. A Thorough Commercial Law Course FREE To Each Representative. Write for 62-page book, free.

THE CROSS COMPANY, 3454 Reaper Block, Chicago

**LEARN TO
Mount Birds**

ANIMALS and GAME HEADS

We teach you by mail to prepare and mount all kinds of Birds, Animals, Heads, Fish; Tan Skins and make Rugs, etc. Our school teaches the latest and best methods. Easily, quickly learned at home by men, women and boys. Taxidermy is a necessity for hunters, trappers and Nature lovers.

Big Profits You can earn from \$25 to \$50 a month, in spare time,

by mounting for others and selling your own specimens, or \$2,000 to \$3,000 a year as a profession. Low rate of tuition, expert instructors. **Success Guaranteed or no cost.** Write today for full particulars.

FREE We send splendid book on Taxidermy for a short time free, also free Taxidermy Magazine and sample Diploma. Don't delay, but write today.

Learn all about our unique school. **WRITE TODAY.**
Northwestern School of Taxidermy, 1021 Elwood Building, Omaha, Neb.



**I Can Make You a
Convincing
Speaker**

says this man, Grenville Kleiser. Will you give him the opportunity?

People always listen to a man who has something to say—if he knows how to say it.

"Ninety-nine men in every hundred in the crowded professions will probably never rise above mediocrity because the training of the voice is entirely neglected and considered of no importance," wrote Gladstone

Isn't there a world of truth in his words?

Haven't there been occasions when you have noted the tremendous advantage possessed by the man who can clearly express himself before one or a thousand people?

If you are lacking in this essential qualification, why not acquire it now?

Let Grenville Kleiser (lately of Yale Faculty) teach you by mail

HOW TO SPEAK

CONFIDENTLY—FLUENTLY—POWERFULLY

- in SALESMANSHIP
- in POLITICS
- in SOCIETY
- at PUBLIC MEETINGS
- at DINNERS
- ANYWHERE

Let Him Teach You

**HOW TO DEVELOP SELF-CONFIDENCE,
POWER AND PERSONALITY**

It will take only fifteen minutes of your time daily for a few months, and the results are assured. Mr. Kleiser's successful students number thousands of men in every profession and business—lawyers, physicians, bankers, clergymen, teachers, salesmen, and other ambitious men who desire to win recognition in fraternal orders and clubs.

A BANKER in Denison, Iowa, who has just finished the course, writes: "Any student who reads your lessons carefully and follows out your instructions, can not fail to be very materially benefited thereby, and to become proficient in the use of language, as well as to acquire that self-confidence which is the bane of amateur speakers."

USE THIS COUPON, PLEASE, NOW

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, 44-60 East 23d St., N. Y.

Without cost or obligation to me, please send full information including your special reduced price of Grenville Kleiser's Correspondence Course in Public Speaking and the Development of Mental Power and Personality.

Mc. 1-10

Name _____

Date _____ P.-O. _____

Local Address _____ State _____

\$25.⁰⁰ A Week

And a Permanent Position

That is what we offer any energetic man or woman. Send us five subscriptions for McClure's Magazine each working day and we will guarantee that your income from us will be at least \$25.00 a week—it may be more. If you send more than five a day we guarantee you more than \$25.00 a week—according to the work you do. This offer will solve your money problems. It has solved them for hundreds of active McClure representatives who are making from \$500 to \$5,000 a year. The position will be **permanent** for any honest person.

Our proposition will pay you liberally for your time, whether you send us one or ten subscriptions a day.

Hundreds of McClure readers are doing this work right now. It can be done in spare hours and requires no investment except your own time. It is a good, liberal offer with a good, big salary. The best offers are open to those who start **now**.

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, 56 E. 23d St., New York City

CORTINAPHONE

"The Original Phonographic Method"

Awarded Medals—Chicago 1893, Buffalo 1901

ENGLISH - GERMAN - FRENCH
ITALIAN - SPANISH

It enables anyone to learn any language in the easiest, simplest, most natural way. The Cortinaphone Method makes language study a pleasure and at the same time gives you a practical speaking knowledge.



IDEAL HOME STUDY METHOD.

Our free booklet tells all about the Cortinaphone Method and the Cortina courses, also our easy payment plan.

Write for it today

CORTINA ACADEMY OF LANGUAGES

Established 1882

242 Cortina Bldg., 44 W. 34th St. N. Y.

CORTINAPHONE

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF DRAMATIC ARTS

FOUNDED IN 1884

Connected with
Mr. Charles
Frohman's Empire
Theatre and
Companies

Its exceptional facilities and complete organization have made it the recognized leading institution for dramatic training in this country.

BOARD OF TRUSTEES

FRANKLIN H. SARGENT, President

DANIEL FROHMAN

JOHN DREW

AUGUSTUS THOMAS

BENJAMIN F. ROEDER

For catalogue and information, apply to

THE SECRETARY, ROOM 146, CARNEGIE HALL, NEW YORK



BE A TRAVELING SALESMAN

Traveling Salesmen Earn the Biggest Salaries of any class of men in the world. Over 600,000 employed in the United States and Canada. The demand for good Salesmen exceeds the supply. We will teach you to be one by mail and assist you to secure a good position through our **FREE EMPLOYMENT BUREAU**. We receive calls for thousands of Salesmen and have assisted thousands of men to secure good positions or better salaries. A great many of our graduates who formerly earned \$25 to \$75 a month, have since earned from \$100 to as high as \$1,000 a month and expenses. Thousands of good positions now open. If you want to secure one of them or increase your earnings our **Free Book "A Knight of The Grip"** will show you how. Write or call for it today. Address nearest office.

DEPT. 413, NATIONAL SALESMEN'S TRAINING ASSOCIATION
Chicago, New York, Kansas City, Minneapolis, San Francisco.

LAST GREAT METROPOLIS

of North America starting on main line of Grand Trunk Pacific Transcontinental Railway. Fort George terminus, or on line of all railways building and projected in Central British Columbia, the land of last great opportunities. Fort George at junction of great waterways on which steamers ply hundreds of miles North, South, East, West. Tens of millions of acres best agricultural land, richest gold, silver, copper, coal mines, and billions feet timber tributary. Fort George geographical and strategic commercial center of greater Inland Empire of Western Canada. Write quick for maps, plans, official data and information of fortune-making opportunities for investment—small or large sums.

NATURAL RESOURCES SECURITY CO. Ltd., Vancouver, B. C.

(?) WHERE-TO-GO Bureau

5 BEACON ST. BOSTON.

BALTIMORE MD.

The Rennet. E. \$1.50. Baltimore's leading hotel. Typical Southern cooking. The kitchen of this hotel has made Maryland cooking famous.

GULFPORT MISS.

The Great Southern Hotel

On the Gulf Coast of Mexico. Finest Hotel and best Resort on the entire Gulf Coast. Booklet on request. F. B. Washington, Gen'l Mgr. *

LONG BEACH CAL.

WARM and DRY in WINTER, cool in summer, at **LONG BEACH SANITARIUM.** Battle Creek methods. Finest and best equipped Sanitarium west of Battle Creek. Winter Booklet FREE.

HOTEL VIRGINIA, California's magnificent *Hostelry.* Am. Plan. FIREPROOF. WINTER BATHING, Automobiling, etc. Every luxury. ILL. BOOKLET FREE. Carl Stanley, Mgr.

NEW ORLEANS LA.

NEW HOTEL DENECHAUD, NEW ORLEANS Centrally located, absolutely fireproof, all outside rooms, fine restaurant, every convenience. European Plan. \$1.50 up per day. Write for Booklet. *

NEW YORK

Hotel Empire. Broadway and 63d St. beautifully situated. A delightful hotel, most excellent cuisine and service. Large rooms \$1.50 per day; with bath \$2 per day. Suites \$3.50 up. * Free Guide. W. Johnson Quinn, Prop.

SAN FRANCISCO CAL.

PALACE HOTEL SAN FRANCISCO REOPENS Dec. 15, 1909, on former Market St. site. John C. Kirkpatrick, Managing Director. *

SEATTLE WASH.

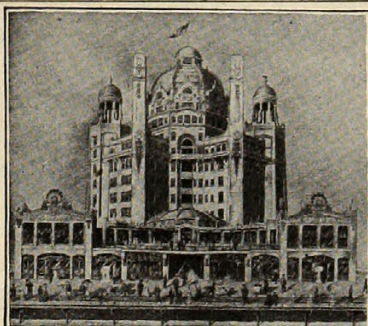
Hotel Savoy. "12 stories of solid concrete, steel & marble. In fashionable shopping district. English grill. Auto-Bus. \$1.50 up. *

WASHINGTON D. C.

HOTEL DRISCOLL New, modern. Facing U. S. Capitol and park. Near Union Station and points of interest. Free baths. Music is a feature. Amer. \$2.50. Eur. \$1.00. Booklet. *



* Write for further information.



Atlantic City. MARLBOROUGH-BLENHEIM

Above illustration shows but one section of this magnificent and sumptuously fitted house—the Open Air Plaza and Enclosed Solarium overlook the Board-walk and the Ocean. The environment, convenience and comforts of the Marlborough-Blenheim and the invigorating climate at Atlantic City make this the ideal place for a Winter sojourn. Always open, always busy. Table and attendance unsurpassed. *

Galen Hall. ATLANTIC CITY, N. J. Hotel and Sanatorium. New stone, brick & steel building. Always open, always ready, always busy. Table and attendance unsurpassed. *

ASHEVILLE N. C.

Biggs Sanitarium. Paralysis, Neurasthenia, Dyspepsia, and other chronic ailments. *No consumptives.* Complete equipment, natural methods, ideal climate, *satisfaction guaranteed.* Pamphlets. *

FLORIDA—CUBA NASSAU—THE CAROLINAS

Send for our illustrated booklet, containing hotel directory, map and general information regarding quickest train service and shortest routes.

W. E. CONKLYN, G. E. P. A. 1183 Broadway, New York.

SEABOARD AIR LINE EUROPE and ORIENT

29th Season—Limited Parties Exceptional Advantages DR. and MRS. HOWARD S. PAINE, 148 Ridge St., Glens Falls, N. Y.



HOTEL CHAMBERLIN Old Point Comfort, Va.

Situated on Historic Hampton Roads, Old Point combines every feature which goes to make up a perfect place for real rest and recuperation. THE CLIMATE is unsurpassed the year round. THE CUISINE of the Chamberlin is perfect. THE HISTORIC SURROUNDINGS are unique.

THE MEDICINAL BATHS AT HOTEL CHAMBERLIN

The Baths and Sea Pool at the Chamberlin are the finest in America. The pool is so perfectly ventilated and radiant with sunlight that you are really bathing out of doors. The Medicinal Department is complete in every detail—Nauheim Baths, Electric Cabinets, Massage and Tonic Baths of every description. These are especially recommended for Insomnia, Nervousness, Rheumatism, Gout and kindred disorders, and are endorsed by the most eminent practitioners in America.

For further information and interesting illustrated booklets, address **GEORGE F. ADAMS, Mgr.,** Fortress Monroe Va.

BATTLE CREEK MICH.

The Battle Creek Sanitarium

The ideal place to rest; to accurately learn your exact physical condition, to have applied the physiological and dietetic methods necessary to eliminate the causes of your illness and

REST Hygienic modern appointments, moderate rates, delicious health cuisine, 200 kinds of baths, electricity, swimming pools, indoor palm garden, tonic Michigan climate, 860 feet above sea level; 300 trained nurses, 30 physicians; accommodations for 1,000 guests. Illus. Catalogue free. **The Sanitarium, Box 109, Battle Creek, Mich.**

MAGNOLIA SPRINGS FLA.

MAGNOLIA SPRINGS HOTEL O. D. SEAVEY, Mgr. 28 miles south of Jacksonville. Ideal climate; free from mosquitoes. Boating, fishing, shooting, golf, swimming. Soft pure water. *

MINERAL WELLS TEX.

MINERAL WELLS A resort that cures Rheumatism, Bright's Disease, Stomach, Nervous & kindred ills. 50 hotels and bath houses. No malaria. Arge. winter temp. (7. *Best water in U. S.*, C. W. Wilson, Prest.

PALM BEACH FLA.

"PALM BEACH HOTEL," \$3 up. Accom 400. Select. Weekly rates as low as home. Write now for illus. booklet. Address "Propr."

PINE FOREST INN

WINTER RESORT SUMMERVILLE, S. C.

Open December 1. High Class Hotel. Strictly in the Pines, catering to a select clientele. Rooms ensuite with Bath, Elevator, Electric Lights, Steam Heat and Open Fireplaces; Pure Water from our own Artesian Well one thousand feet deep and perfect sanitary conditions. Fine Golf Links recently enlarged, Saddle and Harness Horses, Fine Hunting, Boulevard for Automobiles to Charleston about thirty miles.

Address **Manager, Pine Forest Inn, Summerville, S. C.,** or F. W. Wagener & Co., Charleston, S. C.

Certain coins, stamps and paper money of recent issues bring enormous prices. A New York collector paid \$10,000 each for certain coins of 1877, and others brought \$100 to \$6,200. Mr. Castle paid

\$10,000

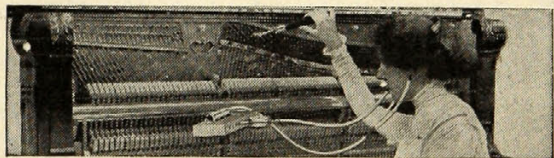
\$4,400 for a stamp, and Mr. Ayer got \$250,000 for his collection. If interested in large legitimate profits send a stamp for an illustrated circular. Address: **VONBERGEN, the Coin Dealer, Dept. 16 BOSTON, MASS.**

FOR A COIN

ELECTRIC GOODS for CHRISTMAS

World's headquarters for Dynamos, Motors, Fans, Toys, Batteries, Belts, Bells, Pocket Lamps, Toy Railways, Books, Xmas Tree Lights, etc. We undersell All Fortune for Agents. If it's electric we have it. Big catalogue, 3 Cents.

OHIO ELECTRIC WORKS, CLEVELAND, OHIO



LEARN PIANO TUNING AT HOME by the aid of the TUNE-A-PHONE. A Profession that can be converted into money at any time or place in the civilized world at an hour's notice. Earn \$5.00 to \$15.00 per day. Valuable illustrated book FREE. Write **NILES BRYANT SCHOOL OF PIANO TUNING, 44 Music Hall, Battle Creek, Mich.**

HAVE YOU A CAMERA?

Send 25 cents for three latest numbers of the best photographic magazine published. Monthly prizes; your pictures criticized. \$1.50 per year. Sample free.

American Photography, 1203 Beacon Bldg., Boston, Mass.

ALL REBUILT TYPEWRITERS

ALL PRICES. QUALITY UNSURPASSED.

Send for booklet.

AMERICAN WRITING MACHINE CO., 345 Broadway, New York



Hounded to Death by the Sugar Trust

More Inside Commercial History

The fact-lurid story of one man's marvelously cunning intrigues with the American Sugar Refining Company—official title of the Sugar Trust—and how this same man hypnotized the president of a great and powerful financial institution, driving him ultimately to ruin and suicide!

Eight of the "eminently respectable" members of the Trust were indicted by the Government and dragged down from their high pedestals of smug gentility.

In the end the over-cunning individual was himself driven into bankruptcy. All this makes a present-day narrative beside which the deeds of Captain Kidd and his band of cut-throats becomes a mere nursery tale.

For the first time in the long, black history of the Sugar Trust the facts are now laid bare to the public eye, the whole mass of corruption, fraud, intrigue and criminal procedure presented in plain, every-day language.

These facts are as fascinating as fiction, shameful though they be, and horrifying to the clean manhood of the nation.

Big figures move through the narrative—unsuspected personalities, smirched by the mud-spatter of this battle of Titan crook against Titan crook.

Cringing in the shadow of an ex-Secretary of War and State and a present Senator from New York the whole disreputable gang of malefactors hides.

Not a pretty picture—this tableau of an eminent statesman shielding and advising the most conscienceless group of commercial cut-purses that ever infested the avenues of trade.

This tale of business villainy is now told to the whole world, told with a backing of incontrovertible proof—letters, contracts, records—and the crimes of a set of smooth and polished rascals given to all who read, and who revile dishonesty.

Almost unbelievable are these simple facts, almost incredible the low methods and petty schemes of a giant corporation that dared everything and stopped at nothing.

To-day the chief factors in the great Sugar Combine are at the bar of justice; to-morrow, those who have not resorted to self-destruction or taken to their heels will be wearing prison stripes.

You will find news of them every day, from now on, but the whole story, the complete record of their rascality, you can read only in the big story of "Tragedies of the Sugar Trust," by Charles P. Norcross, in the

Cosmopolitan Magazine

2 DUANE STREET Dept. M, NEW YORK CITY

SPECIAL OFFER

This story of the villainy of the Sugar Trust has run through three numbers of *Cosmopolitan Magazine*. Send us 25c (stamps or coin) and we will send you all three issues containing the complete series of articles.

THE NEW Year

INTERNATIONAL ENCYCLOPAEDIA

Begin the New Year with a determination to improve your condition and prospects in Life, by improving your education.

You can most easily do this through the possession and use of

THE NEW INTERNATIONAL ENCYCLOPAEDIA

THE GREATEST TEACHER: In what realm do you wish to shine? In Public Affairs, in Business, Science, Law, Literature, Art? YOU can have with But Very Little Money, the Greatest Teachers in the World, in every domain of human knowledge, constantly at your side, ready to advance you quickly along your chosen way.

RAPID ADVANCEMENT: So splendidly planned; so thorough, plain, and easily understood, is the New International Encyclopaedia, that you can acquire the information you seek, Completely and At Once. It is a Great Library condensed—all the essential facts, in every department of Knowledge, concisely but thoroughly stated.

THE AUTHORITY OF THE DAY: The New International Encyclopaedia is now universally accepted as the One Undisputed Authority—the Empire of Learning, a work which rivals in accuracy and completeness the great German encyclopaedias of Brockhaus and Meyer and far exceeds in number of subjects treated and the amount of its matter and fullness of illustration any similar book in the English language. The names of its editors form a Trinity of Scholarship unmatched in our day, and alone sufficient to guarantee supremacy:—Daniel Coit Gilman, LL.D., Harry Thurston Peck, Ph. D., L. H. D., and Frank Moore Colby, M. A.

THE NEW INTERNATIONAL ENCYCLOPAEDIA COMPRISES

22 Volumes

17,312 Pages

100,000 Subjects

7,000 Illustrations

DISTINCTIVE FEATURES: By an ingenious arrangement, every place mentioned in the text can be instantly located on the map. There are physical maps, besides those showing political divisions; historical charts illustrating the growth or decline of nations; special maps of mineral deposits—coal, iron, copper, silver, lead, etc. Others showing average rainfall and other data resulting from scientific observation and of vital interest to mankind. Special attention is paid to municipal affairs and, in the articles on cities and towns, full information regarding their government is given.

INEXHAUSTIBLE KNOWLEDGE: The New International Encyclopaedia is a modern magic carpet, a short cut to learning; it tells how things are made; it helps good citizenship; it is a guide alike to pulpit and pew; it tells how to preserve health; it is a book for women; it is a legal adviser; it weaves anew the glowing romances of the past; it chronicles the lives of great men; it is of living interest and help to the boy and the girl; it is the Nestor of good taste, art, architecture, sculpture; it charmingly describes all life—of the land, the sea, the air; it epitomizes and illustrates sports a-field, a-float and a-wing. It thoroughly treats of electricity, physics, chemistry, astronomy, mineralogy, and the making of the earth; the armies and navies of the world are amply itemized. In short, "it is the library of libraries," the most USABLE Encyclopaedia in existence.

MAGNIFICENT WORKMANSHIP: The bindings are highly artistic, yet thoroughly substantial—an encyclopaedia built to stand hardest daily use. Each one of its seven thousand illustrations is a perfect type of the reproduction process it represents and teaches some particular lesson in the most direct and effective way. Yet this great work is sold at a MODERATE PRICE and on terms so easy that no one need be without its matchless help and absorbing interest.

FILL OUT THE COUPON and send it today. Sending it does not bind you in the slightest degree and it may mean benefits to you which are incalculable. In return for your name and address on the coupon we will send you absolutely FREE, our beautiful and expensive 80-page book, describing the New International Encyclopaedia, containing specimen pages of type and sample illustrations; also the very favorable terms of purchase.

The New International Encyclopaedia has been given the Highest Award of Merit at the following world's expositions:

- Louisiana Purchase Exposition, St. Louis
- Lewis & Clarke Exposition, Portland
- Jamestown Ter-Centennial Exposition, Norfolk
- Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition, Seattle

DODD, MEAD & COMPANY
Publishers

372 Fifth Avenue,

New York City

McC
129

Fill out and return this coupon to

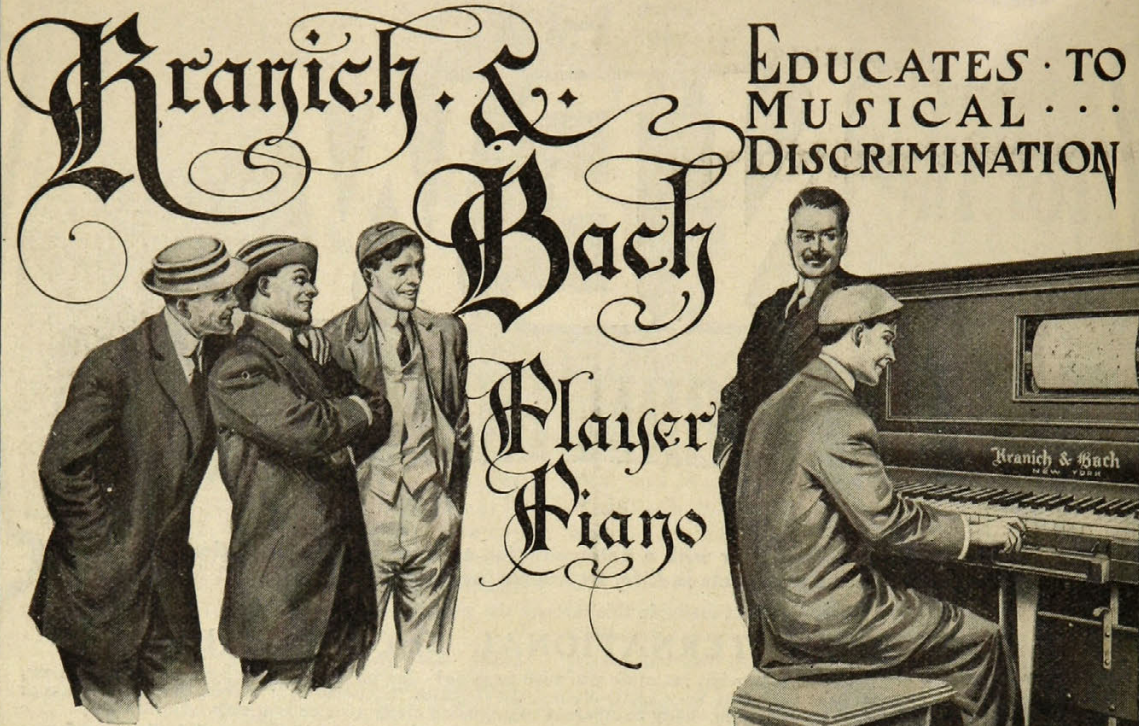
DODD MEAD & COMPANY,
372 Fifth Avenue,
New York City.

Send me, without expense, your handsome eighty-page book of specimen pages and illustrations regarding the NEW INTERNATIONAL ENCYCLOPAEDIA. I have..... Encyclopaedia. If you take it in exchange name best allowance.

Name.....
Occupation.....
Business Address.....
Residence.....
Town.....State.....

Kranich & Bach Player Piano

EDUCATES TO
MUSICAL . . .
DISCRIMINATION

An illustration showing four men in suits and hats. Three men on the left are looking towards the right. One man on the right is seated at a piano, playing. The piano has 'Kranich & Bach' and 'MADE IN U.S.A.' written on it.

The advantages of an education, whether musical, classical, literary, or scientific, are enhanced by intimate acquaintance with the works and the faithful exponents of recognized standards.

The Kranich & Bach Player Piano is a combination in one complete instrument of the highest development of the modern Standard Upright Piano, with the most marvelous, sensitive, and musically-satisfying interior self-playing mechanism that has ever been devised.

For the student, the virtuoso, and the ABSOLUTELY INEXPERIENCED, this piano is supreme in its wealth of musical possibilities, its perfectly balanced touch, delightful beauty and great power of tone, flexibility of action and positive control—possessing all those vitally essential qualities which have made the Kranich & Bach piano world famous, and without being in the slightest degree affected or disturbed by the player mechanism. These important qualities guarantee an instrument that will permit the rendition of any composition for the piano, responding to every shade of musical phrasing and interpreting with absolute fidelity the motifs of the composers and the performances of the greatest pianists.

Made in 88 note models or 65-88 combinations

Write for pamphlet fully describing this supreme PLAYER PIANO, also for pamphlets describing the "ISOTONIC" Pedal and "VIOLYN" Metal Plate—they will be sent with our new catalogue

FAVORABLE INSTALMENT TERMS. OLD PIANOS IN EXCHANGE

KRANICH & BACH, 233-45 East 23d Street
NEW YORK

IN HONOUR OF SAINT JOHN

(FOR SAINT JOHN'S DAY)

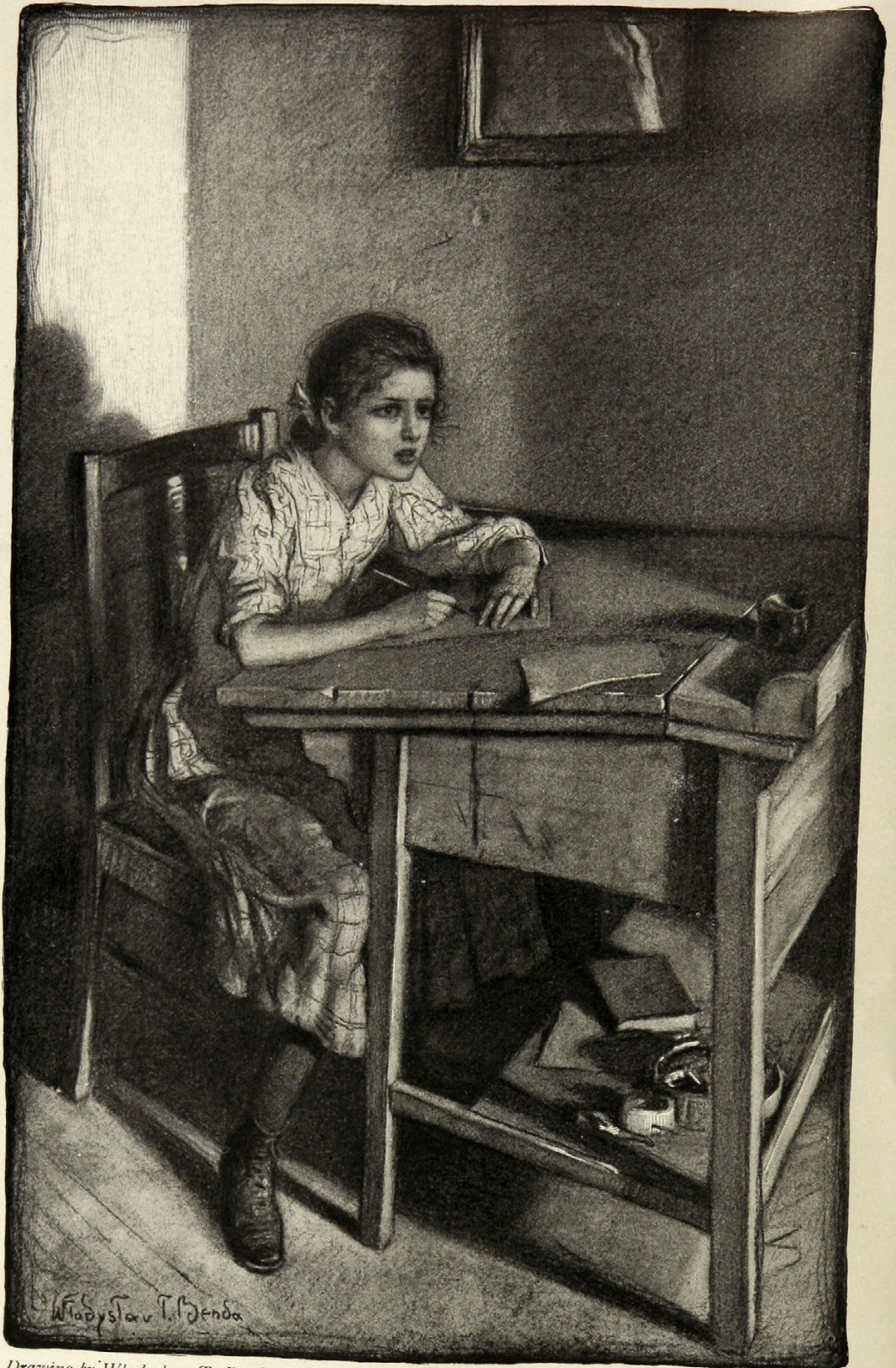
I N honour of Saint John we thus
Do keep good Christmas cheer ;
And he that comes to dine with us,
I think he need not spare.
The butcher he hath killed good beef,
The caterer brings it in ;
But Christmas pies are still the chief,
If that I durst begin.

Our bacon hogs are full and fat
To make us brawn and souse ;
Full well may I rejoice thereat
To see them in the house.
But yet the mincèd pie it is
That sets my teeth on water ;
Good mistress, let me have a bit,
For I do long thereafter.

The cloves and mace and gallant plums
That here on heaps do lie,
And prunes as big as both my thumbs,
Enticeth much mine eye.
Oh, let me eat my belly-full
Of your good Christmas-pie ;
Except thereat I have a pull,
I think I sure shall die.

Good master, stand my loving friend,
For Christmas-time is short,
And when it comes unto an end
I may no longer sport ;
Then while it doth continue here
Let me such labour find,
To eat my fill of that good cheer
That best doth please my mind.

Jeremy Taylor, Festival Hymns



Drawing by Wladyslaw T. Benda

"DEAR MOTHER OF MY HART,—"

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXIV JANUARY, 1910

No. 3

THE HEART OF AN ORPHAN

BY

AMANDA MATHEWS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WLADYSLAW T. BENDA

DEAR Mother of my hart,—
I hope you don't mind my putting that name on you when I aint nothing to you any more than some little cat you patted once. I don't know where you are at and you don't know where I am at so it don't matter much what I call you.

We aint all hole orfun in this sylum. Lots of us is halves and the halves write to their whichever they got left every wensday. The holes can write too if they got anybody and a stamp. I am a hole and I aint got the stamp or anybody so I will take my pen in hand to let you know I am well and hope you are the same.

This letter will surprise you only you won't never get it so it can't surprise you much. I aint seen you for so long about 3 years I gess. I was a little girl then do you remember me in the Busy Bee Sewing Club at the coledge setelment? I sat at the end of the row and got tangels on purpus so you would come and lift them out. You had a smile on you like anything and I loved you. So did the other girls but not like me. I always knew in my hart when it was the day to sew in the Busy Bee Club.

O I would I had a picksure of you dear one and swete but why do I say that because I have your picksure in my head. You were

not old or kidish or tall or sawdoff you were just right.

Do you remember that day you went to my house that was a better day than any since. We laughed because you sat on the busted chair by misssteak. Do you remember how my mama she coffd and coffd something awfool. Well she died in 1 year and 3 weeks. There was Tony and Isabella and me. Tony died in the ospittle poor Tony. My papa died. It seemed like we had the habbit in our family. I said I wunder if me or Isabella will die next time. I do not care much for to be an orfun is a hard life for anybody but I did not die.

Me and Isabella come to live at this sylum but Isabella was pretty and little so a kind lady took her for her own. I cried and cried and said to the maytrun O keep her till I get big enufh to adop her myself but she said no you are too yung. I beged for them to let me see her not awfun but some times 2 or 3 in a yere but the kind lady said no I want her to forget you and all her passed. I no not where the kind lady has her or if she is dead by this time.

Nobody wants to adop me because I am long and black in my hair and eyes. They do not like orfun to be long and black. I know because I heard them say when they never knew I did. Can I help that mama and papa was daygoes? I gess not. But



ISABELLA

Isabella the kind lady said was a little brunet buty so she took her for her own.

Dear Mother of my hart, I heard the maytrun tell the halves it is not polite to write about me and nun about you but what can I write of you when you went away before my mother died and I know not where you may be.

O dear mother what can I call you more than dear and swete? O dear dear dear mother I love you for papa and mama and Tony poor Tony and Isabella the kind lady took her for her own. When a family is only 2 like me and you mother we must love very much don't you think? I will close with 9,000,000,000 kisses and some more.

Your long black dawter, Giovanna.

Mother of my hart,

You will be glad to hear your dear dawter is treeted first rayte in this sylum. It is a Christian sylum, we have prayers every day and py on satterday. The peaces are small but what does that matter? I would not like to be a beggar on the street.

There are 95 orfuns counting holes and halves. The maytrun is not mean but O I want some person to love me. The maytrun can not do that no wuman can love 95 orfuns how could she?

We have school but not satterday and sunday for the Lord said let us take a rest so he hollered it. I like reading but not rithmetick, what is the good of xampels about money and apples and oranges when you have nun? I like to draw and sing. I usto hate goggerfry but now no more for when I study of any place I say who knows but the mother of my hart is there? When the teacher tells point E. and W. and N. and S. I say which way do I point at my

dear but I get no ans. My teacher does not like me too much because my temper is bad so is my writing. We must be as neat as we are able and never speak when at the table.

Why I made some potry I never knew I could.

Mother of my hart I hate my close. I know that is very bad but how would you like to look like 95 orfuns? so nobody could tell which one you are. I am long and black like I said and blue is not my culler. I feel my legs like any thing and my arms too but I think it is better than rags. I am thank full I am not a beggar on the street. So I am great full to the maytrun and the ladsy of the board.

I sleep in a dormit I can not spell it with 20 orfuns no 19 it is no fare to count myself. The girls wash the dishes and spred up the beds and we have a bath in the tub 2 times a month and our neckeneres washt ever week.

Sunday afternune is for visitors only nobody comes to visit me. It aint that candy is not swete to me as to others but a loving word would give me much more joy but that is not for me I did not cry last sunday like I awfun do because I thot of you mother dear dear dear thofaraway. I played you come in the door in your pink dress the same you usto wear. A lady said onct but not to me she came to stair at the Busy Bees when we sewed. She said you hadn awt to wear a dress we could never hope to own but what is the matter with hoping anything? It dont cost nuthing even an orfun can hope. You come in like I said and when you see me you cried out why if here aint my little Giovanna and you set down on the bench by me and I lened over to you with my head and the maytrun says Giovanna have you



W. H. T. B. B. B.

"I RAN FOR THE LETTERS AND PUT THEM IN YOUR HAND"



"WHEN I GOT TO HER HOUSE I NEVER SAW SUCH A DURTY KITSHEN"



"YOU TOOK ME ON YOUR LAP LIKE I WAS A LITTLE ORFUN"

gotta crick in your neck and you don't like her to say that so you go away.

If you love me as I love you no nife can cut our love into. I didn make that a girl told it to me.

We say our prayers at night kneeling by our beds every body at once like a big song up to God. I prayed Lord bless my dear mother but the girl next she is a half and she said shut up you hole you aint got nun so I slapt her good for I got you darlling even if you dont know it.

All the orfuns are putting up their pens and I must do the same.

Your loving long black dawter,
Giovanna.

Mother of my hart,

Since I rote last I had a hard time. I have been out in the cold crule world. Give me a sylum every time. There was a wuman looking over the orfuns and she wanted a big one and

she found falt with me for not being bigger now what do you think of that? She wanted some body to help with the dishes and such she called it light work and the maytrun said if she would send me to school and not work me hevly she could have me.

I didn like her looks but I thot praps she would do for sorta plane mother not the sunday mother of my hart so do not be jellus dear one I love but you and that is true and our secret.

When I got to her house I never saw such a durty kitshen and she made me clean it good and her mop was something fearce it smelt like garbige. I gess she hadn washt her dishes most never. I washt and washt and I washt and her dish rag it smelt the same.

She had a little boy and he walkt on the floor when it was wet and I told him no and he kickt me and I slapt him good and his ma slapt me gooder on the eres.

Finely she said I could go to bed and the sheets

was durty and I cried for back at the sylum but it was far on 2 street cars so I didn know the way. I cried and I cried but I said whats the use she gotta take me back if I am bad enufh. I will be bad like — no I didn say it out loud so it was no sware.

The next day I busted dishes like anything I sast her fearce and all I dun was missteaks and such. Her little boy was much a frade. She said she would brake me but she coodn. She said much more I must not write for it was sware and I can not spell it anyway. She slapt me 100 times on my head and eres but I would not cry. I bit her good and she screamed. Finely she said you durty brat I take you back where I got you and I was glad but I said nuthing for fere she wouldn.

The maytrun was not mad on me for she told the wuman I was not vishus when treeted well. The wuman wanted to trade me for a better orfun but the maytrun wouldn let her goody!

I seem more near to you mother of my hart now I am back at the sylum. I lost your picksure outa my head when I was bad. I will be good for you, darlling, so you can be proud of your dawter. If I have thinks of you allways praps the thinks will fly to you like little birds. I will pray God to put wings to them.

Goodby with fond regards, Giovanna.

Swete mother of my hart,

Was it a dream you was here today? You lookt a little older and your dress was gray trimmed in pink. How funy I was that I could not speak. I guess you said she is a quere one. I was like a dum orfun they took her off to an other sylum. I was so full inside there couldn nun of it get out so you thot I did not remember you as if that could be.

I can not forget any word you said to me. You told you was happy which makes me glad you bet. You said you had thots of me and ast and ast till you come where I was. I bleve that was because I had them thots of you and God gave them wings like I prayed. I am writing all so you won't think I am dum like I ack.

Now you are a goner and praps aint coming back for you didn say nuthing but I ran for the letters safe and tite under my matres and put them in your hand and you stuff them in your little bag made of silver chanes and you kist me goodby that is no dream.

Maybe praps you will write me a letter O there

wont be a orfun in the wurld happy same as me! I won't be eggspecting it and Ile play I aint watching for the post man and when he comes and gives letters to the maytrun and she speaks my name Ile play I aint sure she menes me and Ile say did you call me maam and Ile run with the letter and hide under my bed in the dormit I can not spell it and Ile read and read. O you will write wont you dear dear darlling dear mother of my hart or I guess I will die I want you to so bad.

Your big old long black dawter,
Giovanna.

Mother of my hart,

I got spots all over me from bunting in to the furnishure when Ime trying to know is it true or not. I can't never tell you how I felt inside when you took me on your lap like I was a little orfun and my legs hung down most to the floor and I am too hevy for you.

You said to think you had a dawter like me and you never knew it and I was awful chokt and couldn find my hanky and you gave me yours and you needed it too and had to swipe up your tears on the other corner.

I said I guess you will write me a leter and you said letter nuthing I was your own preshus dawter and should go with you and I cried so hard you ast me didn I want to go and I was scared for fere you would leve me agen.

You said my letters was full of puns. I am sorry but I don't see how it could be for the maytrun is very care full and kepes dope to kill them dead.

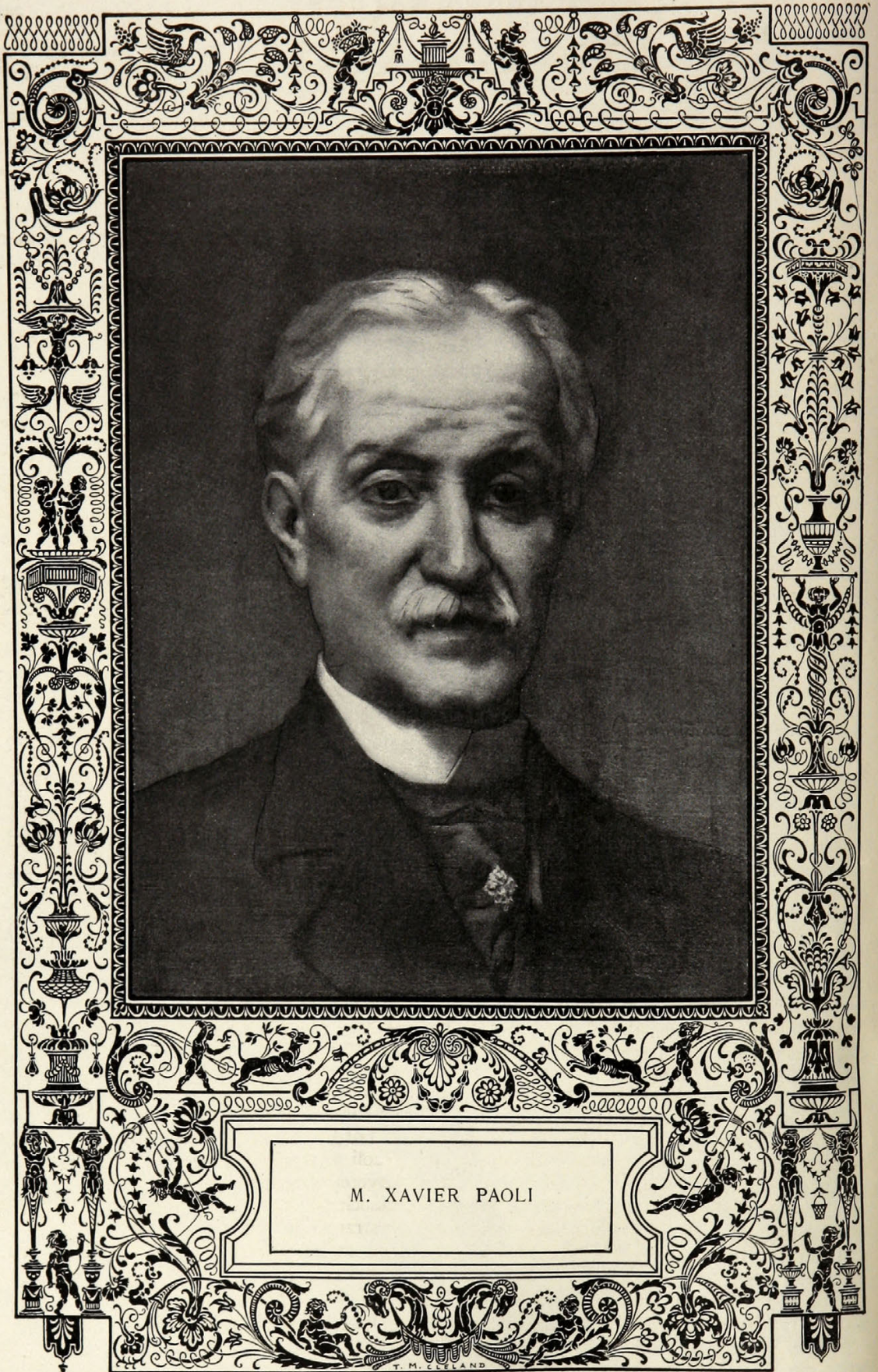
When ever I think of you down on my knees I flop and I think so awfun it would be cheeper to just walk round on my knees but it would ware out my stockings and the maytrun would be mad at me and I can't bare to make anybody mad when I am so happy.

O I will be good to you mother of my hart. When you are poor I work for you. When you get sick I sit all night by your bed. I get crazy with the clock and I like nights best for I can sleep or eles ly on my pillo and make picksures of you in my head.

O don't be long gone dear angle mother of my hart and don't let me be ever away from you one day all my life any more.

Your own dawter,
Giovanna.

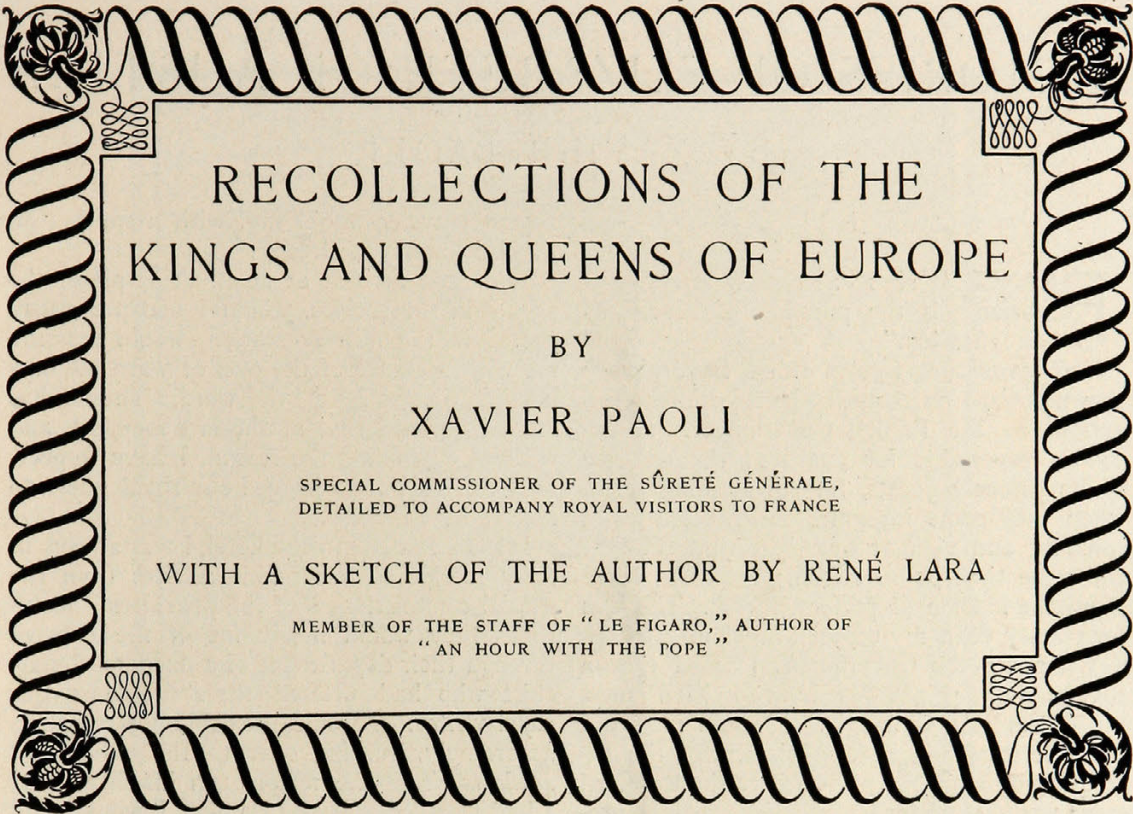




M. XAVIER PAOLI

T. M. CLAND

I
po
Et
ple
ere
sibi
Pac
dut
to
in
the
A
Wii
in
Em
Y
vica
the
gar
the
Fr
suc
her
of
no



RECOLLECTIONS OF THE KINGS AND QUEENS OF EUROPE

BY

XAVIER PAOLI

SPECIAL COMMISSIONER OF THE SÛRETÉ GÉNÉRALE,
DETAILED TO ACCOMPANY ROYAL VISITORS TO FRANCE

WITH A SKETCH OF THE AUTHOR BY RENÉ LARA

MEMBER OF THE STAFF OF "LE FIGARO," AUTHOR OF
"AN HOUR WITH THE POPE"

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

FOR twenty-five years M. Xavier Paoli has been intrusted with one of the most delicate and difficult duties of the French police—that of guarding the persons of the European monarchs who come to France for pleasure and recreation. While a foreign sovereign is upon French soil, M. Paoli is responsible for his personal safety. Although M. Paoli is attached to the political police, his duties are of the highest diplomatic nature: to watch over foreign princes during their stay in France and to facilitate their relations with the French Government.

A little King of no importance—the King of Württemberg—was the first to risk himself in Republican France after the fall of the Empire. He was M. Paoli's first client.

When the Queen of England, upon the advice of her physicians, decided to exchange the damp banks of the Thames for the sunny gardens of the Riviera, it was to M. Paoli that the Government of the Republic intrusted the duty of assuring her a safe sojourn in France. He discharged this delicate task with such success that the venerable Queen desired her ambassador to write to the French Minister of Foreign Affairs that thenceforth she wished no official but Paoli to watch over her during

her visits in the South. Each year, therefore, she found him faithful to his charge, awaiting her arrival either at Cherbourg or at Calais.

From this time M. Paoli became the indispensable intermediary between the Republican Government and the foreign princes whom he escorted to the famous watering-places and seashore resorts of France. In the course of twenty-five years Paoli has been responsible for the personal safety of fifteen emperors and kings, half a dozen empresses and queens, and countless numbers of grand dukes and princes of the blood. He was admitted to their confidences, understood their impressions. France, indeed, profited by Paoli's friendships. "He is a model functionary; he has made the Republic beloved by kings," exclaimed President Faure one day.

For years French publishers have been urging Paoli to write his personal recollections of the sovereigns with whom he has been so closely associated, but before his retirement he was restrained by diplomatic considerations. He has at last yielded to the persuasions of an American publisher, and has written for *McCLURE'S MAGAZINE* his *Recollections of the Kings and Queens of Europe*.

RENÉ LARA.

MEMORIES OF ELIZABETH OF AUSTRIA

BY XAVIER PAOLI

I

"FRANCE," says a contemporary historian, "is the paradise of sovereigns on vacation."

The favor that foreign rulers have always shown toward our country lays peculiar obligations on the French Government. It becomes responsible for guarding the security of its princely guests, for surrounding them, when they come incognito to France, with a constant and vigilant oversight that shall at the same time be so circumspect as to leave them the illusion of perfect liberty. This was for twenty years my especial mission.

Whenever the Government learned that a sovereign or a prince was about to visit France, my duties at once began. I would receive a "service letter" from the Minister of the Interior, indicating the place where the expected guest would stop, the name under which he proposed to travel, the number and identity of the persons who were to accompany him, and, finally, the exact hour of his arrival on French soil. Furnished with these data, I would at once pack my valise and start for the watering-place or health resort that he was to visit. There I would immediately put myself into communication with the Prefect of the Department, the Mayor of the Commune, and the local Chief of Police, and would procure detailed information as to the persons chosen to be near the royal visitor, especially the servants of the hotel where he was to stop; I would examine the identification papers of each one of these, submitting him to a minute interrogatory. I would next undertake an inquiry as to the strangers in the locality; and, finally, I would study the topography of the country—a precaution I considered to be of the utmost importance.

When my investigations were finished, I would set out to meet our guest at the frontier station. Those little railway stations are intimately associated with my memories. Often hidden away in lonely country-sides, dull and melancholy, yet with a life all their own,—how many times have I paced their deserted platforms, watching for the sudden apparition of a white signal and a plume of smoke!

The moment the special train came to a halt, I would be asked to enter the royal car. The presentation would be brief, the reception almost always kindly, and almost always the

august traveler would say, with a smile, "M. Paoli, I know you already."

When we arrived at any halting-place, the agents in my service, whom I had previously posted in the railway station, would reassure me with a glance of the eye, or warn me of a possible danger by a brief word. Thus it has often happened that at the last moment, and without explaining the reason, I have respectfully but resolutely begged our royal guest to change his itinerary.

Installed at last in the hotel, I was always in daily receipt of telegraphic advices from the special commissioners of the provinces. Sometimes they would notify me of the passage through their department of a dangerous anarchist who had uttered threats against our royal visitor. I would then take my measures accordingly, turning over to the police and *gendarmerie* of the region such intelligence as I had received. Every evening I would send to the Minister of the Interior a despatch in cipher, in which I informed him in minute detail of all the incidents of the day.

As will be seen, my functions were various. The incessant activity that they required was largely rewarded by the interesting memories that they have left with me. For twenty-five years I lived in a gallery of sovereigns, and I have seen and observed them in all the intimacy of family life. The impressions that I have collected during this quarter of a century are what I desire to put down here.

If I first of all evoke the incomparably melancholy and touching figure of the Empress of Austria, it is because, of all the sovereigns to whose service I have had the honor to be attached, hers is the most striking, so truly was her life a romance, her death a tragedy.

The first time that I saw her was at Geneva. It was in August, 1895, that the French Government had been advised by the Government of Vienna that the Empress was about to visit Aix-les-Bains in Savoy. As was usual in such cases, I had received my "service letter," enjoining me to meet the sovereign at the international station of Geneva. The letter was thus drawn up:

FRENCH REPUBLIC,
PARIS, August 29, 1895.

MINISTRY OF THE INTERIOR.

The Director of the General Safety to M. Paoli, Special Commissioner attached to the Direction of General Safety.



THE EMPRESS ELIZABETH

FROM ONE OF THE VERY FEW PHOTOGRAPHS OF HER THAT WERE EVER MADE; TAKEN BY A FRIEND SHORTLY AFTER HER MARRIAGE

I have the honor to inform you that Her Majesty the Empress of Austria, Queen of Hungary, traveling in the strictest incognito under the name of Countess Hohenembs, on her way to Aix-les-Bains, will arrive at the station at Geneva on September 10, 1895, at 8.45 in the morning.

The imperial suite will be composed of the following persons:

- I. Countess Irma Sztaray, Lady of Honor.
- II. His Excellency Major-General von Berzeviczy, (Oberstabel Minister) Grand Master of the Horse.
- III. M. Mercati, Greek Reader.
- IV. M. Petrowsky, Secretary.

V. Mlle de Meissel, Lady of the Bedchamber.

VI. Mme von Henike, Lady of the Bedchamber.

VII. Five men servants.

The greater part of the imperial baggage, consisting of sixty-three pieces, will be in charge of the footman, Melchior Marz, who, having been provided by the French Embassy at Vienna with a passport and a permit, will precede Her Majesty by several hours. I commission you to secure the safety of Her Majesty during her sojourn in French territory, taking all proper measures to this end, and at the same time to make sure that her incognito be scrupulously respected.

THE DIRECTOR OF THE GENERAL SAFETY.

I confess that I took the train with a feeling of eager anticipation at the thought of meeting this woman, who already moved in an atmosphere of legend, being known as the "Empress Errant." I had heard many more or less credible anecdotes of her restless and romantic life; it was said that she spoke little, smiled seldom, and seemed always to be in pursuit of some far-off dream.

My first impression, however, on seeing her descend from the railway carriage at Geneva, was very different from what I had expected. The Empress was at that time fifty-eight years old, but she looked like a young girl, with a young girl's figure and all a young girl's lightness and grace. She was tall and slender, with a vivid color, extraordinarily bright, dark, and deeply set eyes, and abundant chestnut hair. I afterward learned that she owed her fine color to the long walks that she took daily. She was wearing an elegant black "tailor-made" costume that emphasized the slenderness of her figure, of which she was always a little vain — an innocent vanity, which she made no effort to conceal. She weighed herself every day.

I was struck also with the smallness of her hands, and with the musical quality of her voice and the purity with which she expressed herself in French, though always with a slightly guttural accent.

One disappointment, however, awaited me: her reception of me was glacial. With all the experience that I had gained in the exercise of my special functions, I could not help feeling disconcerted. My disquietude was increased when, on arriving at Aix-les-Bains, and asking for an interview with the Empress, in order to come to an understanding as to the organization of my service, General von Berzeviczy, acting Chamberlain, to whom I had addressed myself, replied dryly:

"We have no need of any one."

This reception put me in a singularly embar-

assing position. Invested with a confidential mission, I had begun by arousing suspicion in the very persons to whom my mission was addressed. Charged to keep watch, to guard against "suspects," it seemed that I was the one most of all suspected!

Nevertheless, I resolved not to be turned aside from my duty. I organized my service without the knowledge of our guests. Each morning I paid a visit to General von Berzeviczy, in the course of which I made every effort to temper his coldness. The General was at bottom a good-natured man and a charming companion. I would give him the news of the day, the doings in Paris, the gossip of Aix. I would advise him as to excursions, falling back on my special knowledge of the country in order to act the part of a Baedeker — and when I carelessly asked him how the Empress intended to spend the day, he would so far forget himself as to tell me her plans. That was all I wanted.

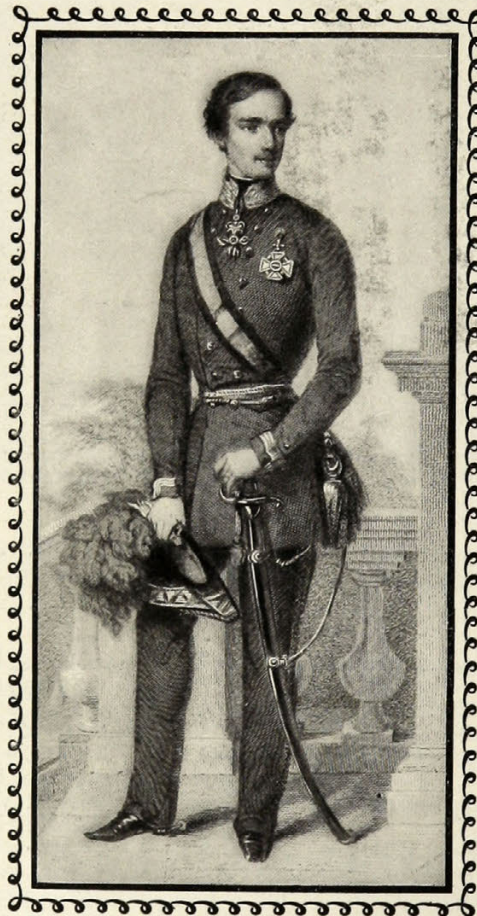
By the end of a week we had become the best friends in the world. The Empress expressed her appreciation of my courtesy in daily sending newspapers and magazines to her table. Little

by little she became accustomed to seeing me appear upon the scene just in time to anticipate her wishes. The game was won, and when, later, curious to understand the causes of what had seemed to me a misunderstanding, I one day asked General von Berzeviczy to explain the secret of my disconcerting reception, he replied:

"It was because, in general when we travel in foreign parts, the functionaries who are sent to us under the pretext of our protection simply terrorize us. They come before us like Banquo's ghost, solemn-faced, restless-eyed, seeing assassins on every side. They poison all our pleasure. That is why we were at first so suspicious of you."

"And now?"

"Now," he replied, smiling, "experience has taught us. You have broken the vexatious



THE EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH
IN HIS YOUTH



THE EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH
AT THE AGE OF SIXTY

tradition. In you we forget the functionary and see only the friend."

II

In the course of three visits of the Empress to France between 1895 and 1898 I had abundant opportunity to study that little wandering court which was dominated by the melancholy and touching figure of the sovereign.

She led an active and a solitary life. Rising at five o'clock in winter and summer, she began her day by a plunge into a bath of tepid distilled water, followed by an electric massage, after which, even if it was still dark, she would go out, without disturbing her household.

Clad in a simple dress of black woolen stuff, with laced boots on her feet, sometimes wearing a straw hat trimmed with black, sometimes wrapping her head in a scarf, she would rapidly pace the alleys of the garden, or, in case of rain, the long galleries of the hotel. Frequently she

would venture out along the roadside, seeking some high rock from which she might watch the sunrise.

She would be back again by seven o'clock, would breakfast lightly upon a cup of tea and a single biscuit, and would disappear into her own room, where two hours would be consecrated to her toilet.

The second breakfast was at eleven, and consisted of a cup of bouillon, an egg, and one or two glasses of meat juice extracted every morning from several pounds of filet of beef by means of a special apparatus which went with her on all her travels. Immediately after this meal she would walk out again, this time accompanied by her Greek Reader.

The Greek Reader was a personage of importance, and accompanied her on all her travels. He was selected from among the young pundits of the University of Athens, often being designated by the Greek Government, and was changed every year. I myself knew three. Their office was to converse with the Empress in Greek, either modern or ancient, both of



THE EMPRESS ELIZABETH IN
BALL-ROOM COSTUME

which she spoke with equal facility. The Empress took a passionate delight in the study of Greek art and antiquity, and the conversation of the young Greek savants seemed to afford her a refuge from her intense melancholy. She always took her Reader with her on her afternoon walks, which frequently lasted till twilight, and generally covered from fifteen to twenty-four miles. She invariably dressed in black, and carried in all weathers a sun-umbrella and a fan. In the last twenty years of her life she had obstinately refused to be photographed; as soon as she saw a camera leveled in her direction, she would quickly unfurl her fan of large black feathers and hold it before her face, showing only her great eyes, melancholy and unforgettable, in which there still shone the splendor and flame of former days.

The Greek Reader always carried a dark-colored skirt on these walks, for it was the habit of the Empress to exchange the heavy skirt that she wore on setting out for another of lighter material. She would disappear behind a rock or a tree, while the Reader, accustomed to this rapid manoeuvre, waited by the roadside, discreetly gazing in the opposite direction. The Empress would then hand him the skirt that she had just taken off, and the walk would be continued.

On returning to the hotel she would eat a frugal dinner, sometimes merely a bowl of iced milk, or raw eggs in a glass of Tokay — an almost barbarous diet, to which she confined herself in order to preserve that slender figure of which she was so proud.

Of her various places of resort in France, the Empress was most fond of Cape Martin, lying between the Bay of Monaco and that of Mentone. She went there three successive years, stopping at the immense hotel that stands at the end of the promontory, amid great pines, fields of rosemary, and groves of myrtle and arbutus. The Empress Elizabeth occupied the ground floor of the right wing, her apartment consisting of six rooms, reached by a private passageway.

The royal apartments were furnished with extreme simplicity, in the English style; the bedroom of the Empress was like any other hotel bedroom — a bed of gilded brass, surmounted by a mosquito-curtain, a mahogany dressing-table, and a few etchings on the walls. Though she was not generally exacting, she was extremely rigorous in the matter of cleanliness; in particular, she could not endure that water should be brought her, even for her toilet, in anything except decanters with crystal stoppers. She was waited upon exclusively by her two women of the bedchamber, Mlle de Meissel and Mme von Henike.

In addition to her apartments, one other room was always reserved for her use on Sunday — the billiard-room.

On that day the billiard-room was transformed into a chapel. When the Empress first came to Cape Martin she asked about a church, for she was extremely pious. There was none in the near neighborhood, and the Empress therefore decided that a chapel must be improvised for her in the hotel, and selected the billiard-room, which she could reach unobserved. But the laws of the Church require that any room in which divine service is to be celebrated must first be consecrated, and only the archbishop of the diocese is qualified to perform the consecration. Such a service in a hotel, and of all places in a billiard-room, would be not a little embarrassing.

The difficulty was overcome in a most curious and unexpected manner. It seems that there is an ancient rule of the Church, never rescinded, that the high dignitaries of the Order of Malta enjoy the privilege of rendering sacred any room in which they may drop their mantle. It was suddenly remembered that General von Berzeviczy occupied one of the highest ranks among the Knights of Malta. He was therefore begged to drop his mantle in the billiard-room. Thenceforth, every Sunday morning, the Empress' footman would set up a portable altar before the great oak chimney, place gilded chairs in order before it, and the old curé of Roquebrune would come to celebrate mass.

The Empress was extremely generous, and her generosity was manifested in the most delicate ways. Wherever, on her walks, she found a humble cottage hidden away among the olives in some corner of the mountain, she would enter, question the peasants who lived there, take the little children on her knee, and, fearing that the bold offer of money might wound her hosts, she would think up some charming subterfuge: she would ask to taste their fruit, and would then pay royally, or she would buy several quarts of milk or dozens of eggs, asking to have them brought to the hotel the next morning.

By degrees she came to know all the walks about Cape Martin and the region around. She would go out every day, accompanied by the Greek Reader, sometimes clambering over the rocks of the shore, sometimes mounting the steep hillsides, climbing "up to the goats," as the shepherds say. She would never tell where she was going, and this gave me much disquietude, although I had had the whole region thoroughly explored in advance.

"Calm your anxieties, my dear Paoli," she would say to me, laughing; "nothing will hap-



THE EMPRESS ELIZABETH AT SEVENTEEN,
AT THE TIME OF HER MARRIAGE
TO FRANCIS JOSEPH

pen to me. What would any one want to do to a poor woman?"

All the same, I was never easy, so long as she obstinately refused to permit one of my men to follow her, even at a distance. Once, however, having learned that the Italian laborers who were mending the road to Mentone had spoken in a threatening way of the sovereigns who were always coming to the country, I begged the Empress to be kind enough not to walk in that direction. She was much displeased.

"Always afraid!" she exclaimed. "I say again that I have no fear of them — and I will promise nothing."

I was as determined as she. I doubled my watchfulness, and took it upon myself to send over the Mentone road one of my Corsican



M. BARCKER, THE GREEK READER
OF THE EMPRESS ELIZABETH

agents, dressed like a road-mender, but thoroughly armed beneath his clothes, with directions to mingle with the Italian laborers. Wearing a pair of velveteen trousers and a cotton jumper, and "made up" to look old and wrinkled, he was quite unrecognizable. As he spoke Italian fluently, he disarmed all suspicion, his companions taking him for a newly hired comrade.

He was breaking stones as well as he could, when suddenly a well-known figure appeared at the turn of the road: darkness had begun to

fall, and the Empress with her Reader was returning to Cape Martin. The false road-mender waited anxiously. When she came opposite his group, she stopped, hesitated a moment, then, singling him out, no doubt because he seemed



THE HOTEL OF CAPE MARTIN
WHERE THE EMPRESS ELIZABETH STAYED DURING MOST OF HER VISITS IN FRANCE.
THE EMPRESS OCCUPIED THE GROUND FLOOR OF THE RIGHT WING,
SHOWN IN THE PICTURE



THE EMPRESS ELIZABETH AT ABOUT THE AGE OF FORTY

to be the oldest, she approached him, saying gently:

"That is a hard trade of yours, my good fellow."

Not daring to raise his head, he stammered a few words in Italian.

"You do not speak French?"

"No, Signora."

"You have children?"

"Yes, Signora."

"Then here is something for them," and she slipped a gold piece into his hand. "Tell them it is from a lady who loves children very much."

And the Empress walked on.

That evening at the hotel, she came to me with laughing eyes.

"Well, M. Paoli, scold me! I have disobeyed you! I have been on the Mentone road. I have talked with a road-mender, and I am still alive, you see!"

I never dared to confess to her that the worthy road-mender was my faithful Corsican.

One day, on her return from her morning walk, she sent for me and said:

"M. Paoli, you are to be my cavalier to-day. You are to take me where I have never been — to the Casino at Monte Carlo. For once in my life I must see the inside of a gambling-room."

We therefore set out, the Empress, Countess Sztaray, her lady of honor, and myself. When we arrived at Monte Carlo, she desired to go at once to the Casino, and we entered the roulette hall. She watched the strokes, as full of wonder and delight as a child with a new toy. Suddenly she drew a five-franc piece from her reticule.

"Let's see if I have any luck," she said to us. "I believe in No. 33."

She laid the silver piece upon No. 33. At the first turn she lost. She tried again, and again

lost. At the third turn No. 33 fell, and the croupier with his rake shoved over to her one hundred and seventy-five francs, which she gathered up. Then, turning joyfully to us, "Let's go away quick," she exclaimed. "I never earned so much money in my life!"

The Emperor joined the Empress three times during her visits at Cape Martin, generally spending a fortnight with her on these occasions. While the Emperor was there the Empress would emerge to some degree from her rigid isolation. They would go out together, sometimes walking, sometimes driving, would receive such princes as might be visiting the Riviera, especially the Prince of Wales, the Czarevitch, the Prince of Monaco, the King and Queen of Saxony, and the Grand Duke Michael Michaelowitch. Sometimes they would make visits, either upon the Queen of England, who was at that time at Nice, or upon their neighbor, the Empress Eugénie. It was like a section of the Court of Vienna transported to Cape Martin.

Francis Joseph, always faithful to his habits, used to rise at five and work with his secretaries, at half past six pausing long enough to take a cup of coffee, and resuming his work until ten o'clock. The telegraph lines between Cape Martin and Vienna were kept almost continually busy. Between ten o'clock and noon the Emperor would saunter along the alleys of the park in company with the Empress, and one might almost have taken them for a young couple on their wedding journey, so young did they both seem — she graceful, slender, fragile, he wiry, alert, elegant, his figure still that of a cavalry lieutenant, emphasized by the cut of his blue suit and the way he wore his black felt hat, slightly tipped over one ear.

I was present at a memorable meeting on the



THE DUCHESS D'ALENÇON
THE EMPRESS ELIZABETH'S SISTER, WHO
WAS BURNED TO DEATH IN THE
CHARITY BAZAAR FIRE IN PARIS

day that Francis Joseph quitted Cape Martin after his last visit there with the Empress. Both were leaving at the same time, he for Vienna, she for Corfu. Their carriage had started from the hotel and was rapidly crossing a pine grove, when suddenly there appeared before them at a turn of the road, under the green plumes of a palm tree, a woman in mourning, erect under her white hair, and still bearing traces of great beauty. Leaning upon a gold-headed cane, she appeared to be waiting for them; in fact, she made a sign to them. The Emperor and Empress at once got out of the carriage, and the Emperor, taking off his hat, bowed very low and kissed her hand. Then they took a few steps in the heather, conversing the while. Finally the Empress kissed her with tender respect, the Emperor once more bowed, and the carriage rolled rapidly away, while the old lady stood motionless, leaning on her tall cane, and followed them with her eyes until they had disappeared from sight.

It was the Empress Eugénie, who never dreamed that in the kiss of the Empress Elizabeth she had received a last farewell.

III

The singular nervous restlessness from which the Empress suffered, far from yielding with time, as had been hoped, seemed to become more inveterate and agonizing as the years went on. Little by little her health gave way. She had no particular malady; she simply felt an infinite lassitude, a perpetual weariness. She fought it with wonderful energy, continually keeping up her active life, her constant travels, and her long daily walks.

She had a horror of medicines, and was con-

vinced that a simple and sound hygiene was better than any doctor's prescriptions. One day, however, seeing her more languid than usual, I begged her to let me procure for her a few bottles of vin Mariani, of which I had myself experienced the strengthening virtues.

"If it will please you," she replied, smiling, "I consent. But, in return, I shall present you with some of our famous Tokay wine. It is equally strengthening and far more agreeable."

Not long after, in fact, Count Wolkenstein Trostburg brought me, in the name of the Empress, a superb liquor-case, containing six flagons of Tokay. I was proposing to myself to take it after dinner as a simple dessert wine, when the Count said:

"Do you know how valuable a gift this is? The wine comes directly from the Emperor's estates. Just to give you an idea of its worth, I may tell you that at a recent sale at Frankfort six bottles brought eleven thousand francs. There's none like it."

I at once ceased to look upon it as an ordinary Madeira. The hotel proprietor, who meanwhile had heard of the royal present, offered me five thousand francs for the six flagons. Naturally I refused. I still have four of them, and I shall keep them.

During the last days of 1897, while she was making a visit to Biarritz, the Empress, who was more restless and melancholy than ever, resolved to take a Mediterranean cruise on her yacht, the *Miramar*. But she wished first to spend a few days in Paris.

An apartment had been taken for her in a hotel in the Rue Castiglione, and naturally she desired to preserve the strictest incognito. Still, it was known that she was in Paris, and the service of protection with which I was charged had to be only the more rigorous. She was out from morning till night, going on foot to visit churches, monuments, museums.

Then, about four o'clock, she would invariably stop at a *laiterie* (milk depot) in the Rue de Surène, to drink a glass of ass's milk — her favorite beverage; after which she would return to the hotel.

One day we had a great fright: seven o'clock had come and she had not yet returned. In great anxiety, I sent to the residence of her sister, the Queen of Naples, whom she liked to surprise with a visit. She had not been there. The worst of it was, she had managed to elude the watch of the detective who was charged to follow her. We had lost the Empress in Paris!

I was about to set out myself in search of her, when suddenly she appeared.

"I have been looking at Notre Dame by moonlight," she observed, with the utmost calmness. "It was exquisite! I came back to the hotel by way of the quays. There was a great crowd of people hurrying home, and no one noticed me."

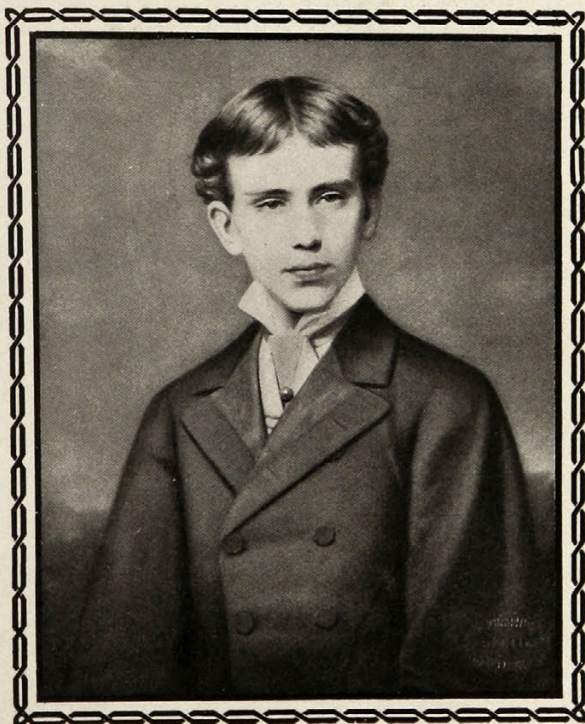
I remember that her Greek Reader (at that time M. Barcker) having confided to me that he would like to see the picturesque and characteristic features of Paris, I took him one evening to the Halles Centrales (Central Market). The visit ended, I invited him, according to custom, to partake of onion soup in one of the little restaurants of the quarter.

Enchanted with this modest dissipation, he described his excursion to the Empress the next morning, especially praising our famous national soup, which she had never tasted.

"M. Paoli," she exclaimed, all enthusiasm, "I positively must know what onion soup is like. M. Barcker has given me a most tempting description of it."

"Nothing can be easier, Madame. I will speak to the hotel people to have some made for you."

"Not for the world! They will give me some curiously made concoction which will certainly not have the same taste as yours.



AN EARLY PICTURE OF CROWN PRINCE RUDOLPH THE EMPRESS ELIZABETH'S ONLY SON, WHO SHOT HIMSELF IN HIS HUNTING-LODGE BECAUSE OF AN UNHAPPY LOVE AFFAIR

I want some brought from the restaurant where you were last evening, and served in the same dishes. I want all the local color."

Here I must make a confession. As I am personally very tenacious in questions of patriotic pride, and would not have had the sovereign disappointed in the soup, I judged it prudent to apply to the hotel people, who, lending themselves most amicably to my innocent subterfuge, prepared the onion soup, and procured at the nearest bazar a tureen and soup plate of "local color," in which our imperial visitor so greatly delighted. The illusion was perfect; the Empress found the soup excellent, and the dishes — which we had nicked a little — deliciously picturesque.

The Empress left Paris on the 30th of December for Marseilles, where her yacht awaited her. When, on New Year's morning, I presented my wishes for a long life, she seemed to be sadder and more preoccupied than usual.

"I too," she said, "wish happiness and health to you and yours." Then, with a sudden expression of infinite bitterness, "As for me, I have no confidence in the future."

I had received orders to meet the King and Queen of Saxony at Nice, and at San Remo I was obliged to take leave of the Empress and my pleasant traveling companions.

"Good-by for a short time, for I shall return to France," she said as I left her. And while the yacht's launch was carrying me ashore I gazed back at the figure leaning against the rail, standing out against the red sunset, until, little by little, it was lost in the distance and the night.

IV

Seven months had passed when I learned through the newspapers that the Empress had returned from her Mediterranean cruise, and was at Caux, a picturesque summer resort south of Montreux. I at once hastened to write, at a venture, to M. Barcker, her Greek Reader, to ask about her, and on the evening of September 9 I received M. Barcker's reply:



COUNTESS SZTARAY
WHO WAS WITH THE EMPRESS AT THE
TIME OF HER ASSASSINATION

CAUX, September 8, 1898.

MY DEAR M. PAOLI: I was very happy to receive your esteemed favor of the 6th instant, for which I heartily thank you. Her Majesty proposes to pass the month of September at Caux, but after that I do not know what Her Majesty will do. Her Majesty greets you cordially and charges me to say to you that she will be happy to see you here, in case business calls you to Geneva. Her Majesty intends to go to Nice (Cimiez), the first of December, and she hopes that the Ministry will attach you to her personal service.

I must thank you now for all the news you have given me concerning yourself. As for myself, I am very well, and enjoying our stay at Caux.

Her Majesty will go to Geneva to-morrow, where she expects to spend two days. Countess Sztaray accompanies Her Majesty to the Hotel Beau Rivage; General von Berzeviczy remains at Caux with me.

I do not know whether I have written you that the General has lately been created Field Marshal.

Begging you, dear M. Paoli, to greet your amiable son from me, I remain,

Yours most sincerely,

FREDERIC G. BARCKER.

The Empress, M. Barcker said, was to spend forty-eight hours in Geneva. As I was on leave of absence, I determined to pay my respects to her, since she had so kindly expressed the wish to see me. The next morning I took the express train for Geneva. I had calculated that by arriving in the evening I still had a chance of finding the Empress at the Hotel Beau Rivage, but, if not, there was nothing to hinder my going to Caux the next day. There I should be sure of seeing her, and at the same time could grasp the hand of General von Berzeviczy and M. Barcker.

Arriving at the Geneva station, I observed an unusual stir on the platform. There were groups in animated discussion; consternation was on every face. Yet it all made little impression upon me, for I was in haste. I hailed a carriage and gave the order:

"To the Hotel Beau Rivage."

We had not gone twenty yards when the driver, turning, said:

"What a terrible crime!"

"What crime?"

"What! You don't know? The Empress has just been assassinated."

"Assassinated!"

Pale, terrified, I hardly heard the man's story. The Empress had been struck to the heart by the dagger of an Italian anarchist at the very moment when she was about to take the boat for Territet. She had sunk down upon the Mont Blanc quay. It was thought that she had merely fainted; they carried her to the deck of the boat, and when they looked at her, she was dead.

Dead! It was true, it was indeed true, or else why this great, silent crowd motionless on Place Brunswick? It was innumerable, that crowd; it increased all through the night, gazing fixedly, unweariedly, upon the windows with closed blinds.

I sprang from the carriage at the door of the hotel, rushed into the hall,—thronged with people,—flew up the crowded staircase, and found myself in a corridor where English, German, Russian travelers, all with frightened faces, were crowding, anxious to see. Perceiving at last a servant,

"Countess Sztaray," I said.

"There," he answered, pointing to a half-open door.

I knocked, the door opened, and Countess Sztaray, greatly agitated, her eyes wet with tears, looked at me in distress; then, with a sob:

"Our poor Empress!"

"Where is she?"

"Come." And, taking me by the hand, she led me to the next room, General von Berzeviczy, who had just entered, going with us. She lay there, covered with a veil of white tulle, rigid and already cold. Her countenance, in the



THE EMPRESS ELIZABETH AT THE TIME OF HER CORONATION AS QUEEN OF HUNGARY

flickering light of two tall candles, showed no trace of suffering. A melancholy smile seemed still to stray around her pale, half-opened lips; two heavy braids of hair fell over her frail shoulders; her delicate features seemed emaciated; two purple shadows under her eyelashes gave emphasis to the fine outlines of her nose and the whiteness of her cheeks. She seemed to be sunk in peaceful, happy sleep. Her little hands were crossed over an ivory crucifix; half-withered roses, roses that she herself had gathered that very morning,

and which she was holding in her arms when she received the mortal blow, were scattered around her feet.

I gazed long upon her. Before her dead body my self-possession left me; in spite of myself, tears rose to my eyes, and I wept like a child.

The Empress had stopped for the night at Geneva, intending to go on to Caux the next day. She had risen at five o'clock, and, after devoting a part of the morning to her correspondence, had taken a walk along the shady quays that border the Rhone. Returning to her hotel at one, she hastily drank a cup of milk, and then, accompanied by her lady of honor, Countess Sztaray, walked with rapid steps to the steamboat landing, intending to take the 1.40 boat for Territet. She was within two hundred yards of the foot-bridge connecting the boat with the Mont Blanc quay, when Luccheni rushed upon her, and, with a three-cornered file roughly fastened in a wooden handle, struck her a violent blow in the left side, breaking the fourth rib. Death was not instantaneous. She had



THE EMPRESS ELIZABETH AS A GIRL
FROM A PORTRAIT GIVEN BY HER TO M. PAOLI

strength to walk to the boat. The weapon had pierced the left ventricle of the heart from top to bottom, passing entirely through the organ. But the blade was very thin and very sharp, and the effusion of blood had at first been almost imperceptible. The drops had oozed very slowly from the heart, and its activity was not disturbed so long as the pericardium into which they fell was not filled up. Thus it was that she was able to drag herself to the boat before she collapsed.

As she reached the deck, she swooned. Countess Sztaray, who thought her simply giddy from the effect of the blow,— for no one had seen the weapon in the assassin's hand,—

tried to revive her with smelling-salts. In fact, she came to herself, uttered a few words, gave a long, surprised, bewildered gaze around her, then suddenly fell back, dead.

If the weapon had been left in the wound she might have lived much longer. The Duke de Berry, who was stabbed in precisely the same way as the empress, lived four hours, because Louvel had not drawn the poniard from the wound.

One may judge of the emotion. The boat at once returned to the wharf, and, as no bier was at hand, the body was wrapped in the sails of the vessel and carried on crossed oars to the hotel.

Had the Empress ever felt a presentiment of the dramatic death which a gypsy at Wiesbaden and a fortune-teller at Corfu had both predicted? Two singular incidents give some reason for supposing that she had. The evening before her departure, she had asked M. Barcker to read her a few chapters from a volume by Marion Crawford, entitled "Corleone," in which the author describes the abominable murder perpetrated by the Mafia in Sicily. While she was listening to the reading of these tragic incidents, a crow came and circled around her, attracted by the odor of some fruit she was eating. Much disturbed, she had vainly tried to drive him away, but he constantly came back, awakening all the echoes around with his croakings. Then she hastily left the place, for she knew that crows announce death whenever their ill-omened wings persist in flapping around a living person.

Countess Sztaray told me that, the very morning of the assassination, going, as usual, into the Empress' room to ask how she had passed the night, she had found the sovereign pale and depressed.

"I have had a strange feeling," she said. "I was awakened in the night by the moonlight which flooded the room, for they had forgotten to close the curtains. I saw the moon from my bed, and it seemed to be a human face looking at me and weeping. Is that a presentiment? I have an idea that some misfortune is coming upon me."

During the three days that preceded the removal of her mortal remains to Vienna, I remained near her, sharing with the little court the watch around her corpse. I went to see the assassin in his cell, and found a perfectly lucid

creature who boasted of his crime as a heroic act. When I asked him what motive had induced him to choose for his victim a woman, and one who as far as possible kept aloof from politics and from the throne, who was so compassionate to the humble and afflicted, he replied:

"I took the first crowned head that came to hand, it made little difference which: I wanted to make a manifestation, and I have succeeded."

The body of the Empress began its journey to Austria without pomp, but surrounded by an immense and silent multitude. The Swiss Government had not had time to levy a regiment to pay her military honors, and that was best, for her escort was a sorrowful people, and her salute the church bells of every city and village through which her funeral train passed. And I am sure that this simple and poetic homage was precisely what her heart would have desired.

A few days after the tragedy, the Emperor Joseph deigned to recall the respectful attachment with which I had served her, and ordered the following despatch to be sent to me:

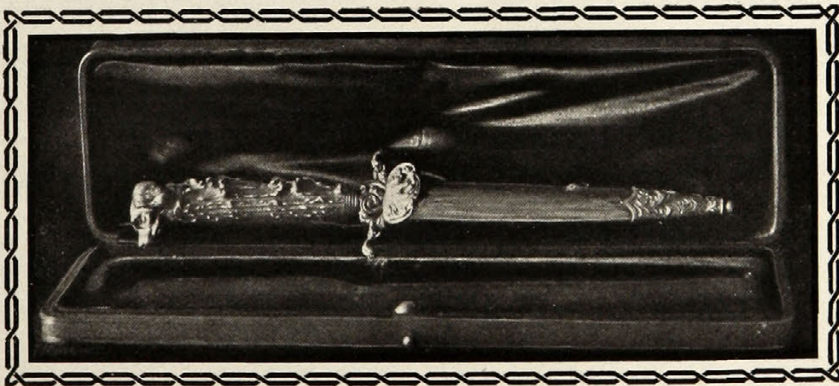
WEISSBURG, September 15.

His Majesty the Emperor, profoundly touched by your sincere service, recalls with deep emotion your devoted care of the late Empress, and thanks you again with all his heart.

PAAR

Aide-de-Camp General of His Majesty
the Emperor of Austria.

I also received from his daughters a hunting-knife of which their mother had been particularly fond. I keep it with pious care in my little museum; I sometimes look at it, and it recalls to me one of the most precious and touching memories of my life.



THE HUNTING-KNIFE SENT TO M. PAOLI BY THE DAUGHTERS OF THE
EMPERESS ELIZABETH AFTER HER DEATH



“WHAT’S THE MATTER WID THE LIGHT?”

THE NEW ONE

BY

CLARA E. LAUGHLIN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THOMAS FOGARTY

IN the Casey kitchen, shrouded in the gloom of a late November afternoon, Midget and Mollie Casey were “playin’ school” with Rachel and Rosie Rubovitz. It had been a sodden, rainy day, and the air was full of chill dampness. On the kitchen floor, and scarcely distinguishable from it in color, rolled Abey Rubovitz, the infant of the flock across the hall; and about him, in a nice, anxious, motherly way, toddled wee Annie Casey, “mindin’” him with all the superiority of her two and a half years.

One lid of the big cook-stove was off, and from the hole protruded a long piece of rotten sidewalk plank, evidently acquired by Johnny from some place where a new wooden walk was being

laid, and as evidently *not* chopped by Johnny into stove-lengths, as directed by his Ma. In her mother’s absence, Midget had replenished the fire with this stick, which she could neither break nor poke into the stove; and it stuck out, smoldering and giving forth a depressing odor.

The school was not going well. Mollie was “bein’ teacher,” and the Rubovitzes declared she gave Midget the littlest and easiest words and sums, to keep her at the head of the class—which, truth to tell, was a novel place for Midget. Protest against Mollie’s despotic rule having failed, the Rubovitzes took another tack.

“Id’s cold by your house,” said Rachel, looking scornfully at the smoldering sidewalk.

“I bet yourn’s colder,” answered Mollie with

chill dignity, going to the stove and trying in vain to poke the plank in far enough to admit of the lid's going on.

"It aind't, iss it, Rachel?" Rosie chimed in shrilly. "Ve got two stoves goin'!"

"I niver seen 'em," said Mollie tauntingly.

"Ve joost a new von fer our frondt room got," cried Rachel, waxing in her excitement more Yiddish than usual.

Mollie and Midget looked at each other. There was sad, shamed silence for a second, but for a second only. Then, "We're goin' t' git wan fer our front room, too," said Mollie bravely.

"Ah, you ain' got no furn'ture by your frondt room," reminded Rosie.

"But we're fixin' t' git it — better'n yourn, too," answered Midget, coming to Mollie's rescue.

Rachel and Rosie didn't take any stock in what the Caseys were "fixin'" to do; the Caseys were always and always "fixin'" to do something and never doing it. But children think less of that than do other people; for are not they themselves always doing the same? So Rachel's retort passed this point by. "Anyway," she said, "ve ain' got no brudder by de bad boys' workhouse, like you got! An' my pa an' my ma says, s'posin' our Benny was like your Mikey, dey vould vish to be dead first."

"Our Mikey's all right, an' you can just l'ave 'im be!" cried Mollie angrily. "We'd ruther have 'im be in de bean-house than have him be a Sheeny!"

"Sure we would!" echoed Midget dutifully.

"Rachel," said Rosie, "ve should to go home."

"G'wan!" jeered Mollie, "that's like a Sheeny. Irish'd stay an' fight."

"Micks is cheap fightin' peoples, an' you got nodding! Jewss is fer peace und gettin' along. Come, Rosie." And snatching the astonished Abey off the floor, she took her leave, slamming the door behind her.

"I'll pay thim fer that — fer what they said about our Mikey," declared Mollie, ready to cry with rage.

"Ah," comforted Midget philosophically, "wot do we care wot Sheenies say? What I'm carin' 'bout is, will Aunt Maggie lind Ma a half a dollar to buy us some supper wid? Here she come now," she finished, as footsteps were heard outside the back door. But an instant later a loud knock on the door startled them both.

Mollie went to the door and opened it. When she saw who was there, an expression of frank disgust came over her shrewd little face. "Ma ain't to home," she said, without waiting for the man to speak.

The man viewed Mollie with no more favor than she eyed him with. "Well," he said insolently, "I ain't callin' on yer ma! Didn' she leave no money fer the stove?"

Mollie, who was holding the door only partly open and standing staunchly in the breach, cast one anxious look behind her as if to measure the chances of the stove's "bein' took" against her protest. "No," she said, "she didn'."

There was nothing apologetic in Mollie's tone or manner: rather was it resentful. The stove man was mad. "You haven' paid in three weeks," he said sharply, "an' my instructions is to git a paymint to-day er to git the stove."

Midget began to cry. "Shut up, you!" Mollie ordered, looking at her scathingly. Then she turned again to the man. "How kin we pay wot we ain't got?" she demanded of him.

"That's no business o' mine," he retorted. "My instructions is t' git —"

"You said it wanst, an' wanst is enough," Mollie interrupted impudently.

"Mollie, don't sass 'im!" pleaded Midget, tugging fearfully at her belligerent sister's elbow.

The collector for a Blue Island Avenue emporium that sold furniture and stoves "be aisy paymints" had had a hard day: everywhere he went, tramping from back door to back door, up and down steep, dirty stairs, he had met with the same story — no work, no money. Some had entreated him; some had abused him. He was callous to both kinds of treatment, but he was not callous to what the boss would say when he got back to the store. He didn't believe all these people were as poor as they said they were. He believed they were lying to him. But lying to his boss wouldn't do him any good. He'd lose his job — that's what! "I bet," he charged angrily, "you got money in the house an' won't pay it!"

"We ain't," shrilled Mollie.

"Ixcipt th' insur'nce," put in Midget.

The collector knew all about the burial insurance of the poor — had, in fact, once been a collector of that, and often wished now that he was back at it: for the poor folk would pay their insurance money if they could pay anything at all, even if they had to starve to do it. "I told ye!" he cried, when Midget mentioned the insurance.

But Mollie's scorn knew no bounds. "I bet you'd take the buryin' money off of us," she almost sobbed, "an' l'ave us be buried be the county —"

"You ain't needin' no fun'ral, that I kin see," the man answered unfeelingly. "An' 'twon't do you no good to have a fun'ral that you don' need an' lose a stove that you do need. You better gi' me them nickels you got laid by, an' mebbe

when I show 'em to the boss he'll leave you go another week before he takes the stove. Come, now, are you goin' t' give 'em to me, or ain't you?"

"We ain't!" said Mollie promptly.

"Then you kin tell yer Ma that I'll call to-morrer fer the las' time."

"To-morrer's Sunday," ventured Midget, catching gratefully at that saving straw.

"Well, then, Monday; an' if she don't pay then, I'll have the men here in an hour to take the stove." And with that he was gone, into the black November murk of the oozy yard and the narrow passageway.

Mollie made a saucy face after him when the door had closed, but it was the merest bravado; her poor little mouth was trembling pitifully at the corners. "I wish Ma'd come," she said forlornly, poking again at the smoldering sidewalk.

It was very black in the kitchen now, and Mollie felt her way to the sink and reached up for the lamp on the iron bracket. She struck a match, but the wick wouldn't light; she shook the glass lamp. "This's impty!" she said. "Git the oil-can, Midget."

Midget fetched the oil-can from the closet, shaking it as she came. "Not a drop," she said forlornly.

So Mollie lighted matches and hunted till she found a bit of candle; she had just set this, feebly flickering, on the kitchen table, when the back door opened and Dewey came in. Dewey had been christened William Francis, but re-christened, in deference to his warlike proclivities, after the hero of Manila Bay. In the dim light, the other children could see something with him, and, knowing Dewey of old, Mollie promptly asked, "Whose dog?"

"Mine," said Dewey, with a fine proprietary air.

"Wait till Pa see 'im!" reminded Mollie.

Dewey bridled. "I s'pose ye kin *hardly* wait!" he charged.

"I bet the dog'll l'ave of 'is own will when he see what kind of a place ye've brought 'im to," tittered Midget.

Dewey looked at the candle and at the sidewalk in the stove. "Wheer's Ma?" he said.

"Gone t' Aunt Maggie's t' see won' she lind 'er a half a dollar fer some supper," Mollie told him.

"I bet she don't," opined Dewey bitterly.

"I bet she don't neither," agreed Mollie.

And just then the door opened and Mary Casey came in. Four pairs of childish eyes turned to her in eager questioning. It was useless to ask, but a feeble little question slipped almost unaware from Midget. "Wouldn' she lind ye nothin'?" she said.

Mary was hanging up her shawl and "fascinator" on a hook near the door. "No," she said,

and the children wondered to see her so dispirited. Mollie and Midget dreaded to tell her about the stove man.

"Was annybody here?" Mary Casey asked; she had gone at once to the fire and was overhauling it from its foundations.

Mollie looked at Midget and Midget looked at Mollie. "The Rubovitzes was here," said Midget. Then, by a divine intuition, Mollie added: "They made shame o' our Mikey —"

Mary Casey straightened up; her eyes flashed; dejection had gone in a twinkling before righteous ire. "Thim Sheenies!" she said wrathfully. "If thim little devils comes in here anny more, I'm goin' t' t'row water on thim — an' if I do, it'll be the first that iver r'ached thim, I'll bet!"

The children giggled. They enjoyed the thrust at the Rubovitzes, and they were relieved at their mother's return to her normal mood; they weren't used to her despondent.

When she had got the fire burning, Mary set on a saucepan half full of water, and went into the pantry and brought out a paper sack that was nearly empty; in it were about two cupfuls of yellow corn meal.

"Oh, Ma!" wailed the children in chorus. They hated corn-meal mush at any time, but they hated it for supper most of all.

"Well," she answered them patiently, "what kin I do? Unless we wait an' see will Ang'la Ann git home pritty soon an' bring her wages? But she may be havin' t' work late to-night —"

It was Mollie who was struck by a bright idea. "I know, Ma," she said. "L'ave us take the insur'nce money! He won' come fer it no more to-night, an' ye kin pay it back whin Ang'la Ann come home."

"Sure," cried Mary, brightening, "I niver t'ought o' that! Ye've the gran' hid on ye, Mollie Casey — ye take after yer Pa."

She carried the despised and rejected meal back into the pantry, and down from a high shelf she brought a handleless, noseless pitcher. "Thirty-five cints," she said, counting out the nickels. "Git a little oil —"

"An' a jelly roll!" cried Dewey.

"An' a lemon pie!" begged Midget.

"An' some fried eggs! An' some bologny!" Mollie entreated.

Mary smiled. "Thim nickels is not *rubber*," she said; "they won' stretch over no lemon pies an' fried eggs. But ye kin buy a jelly roll — git yisterday's, fer half price — an' some pitaties, an' two loaves o' bread fer a nickel —"

"Oh," Mollie begged, "can't we git it frish — jus' this wanst?"

Mary considered. "If ye do, ye won' have



“‘ANOTHER DOG?’ HE SAID. ‘D’YE IXPICT HIM T’ LAY, TOO?’”

enough fer bologny,” she said. “Well, away wid ye, an’ do the bist ye kin.”

Happy, excited, arguing, the children started; but at the door Midget hung back, and when the other two had gone out, she closed the door after them and stood with her back against it, looking at her mother with distress in her big, dark eyes.

“What ails ye, child?” asked Mary.

Midget hesitated a moment. Then, “The man was here t’ c’lect fer the stove,” she said, “an’ he’s goin’ t’ take it off of us Monday unless we pay.” And, with that, she opened the door quickly and went out after the others.

II

When Midget was gone, her mother stood staring into the gloom of the kitchen. On her face was an expression that Midget would not have understood. Darkness and cold and hunger were familiar to Mary Casey; familiar to her, too, was the threat of “being set out” for non-payment of rent and having her “things took” for failure to meet payments which, somehow, were never “aisy” except in her buoyant mind

at the exciting time of the purchase. She seldom gave way before any of these things; but to-night —

Her attention was attracted by wee Annie climbing toward the candle on the kitchen table. “No, no, darlin’!” she said, and caught the little thing, who had been a sickly baby and was “backward,” up in her arms and held her tight. “No, no!” repeated Mary crooningly. With the child hugged to her breast, she sat down close by the threatened stove, where now the damp sidewalk was burning — smoking miserably, it is true, but giving out a little heat. Annie was cold, and the warmth of her mother’s embrace was grateful, so she lay quiet. And presently something dropped on Annie’s face — something warm and wet. Baby as she was, Annie knew; the first thing in this world we know is tears. She put up a little hand and touched her mother’s rough cheek. “Pitty, pitty,” she said; “nice, nice.” Mary caught up the caressing baby hand and covered it with kisses. “Nobody know what ye mane t’ yer Ma,” she whispered to the baby; “no wan — not avin thim that’s been mothers thimsilves, it seem.”

The back door opened, and for an instant a man stood framed in the doorway; then he came inside and closed the door.

"What's the matter wid the light?" he said. He seemed cross at finding his home so dark.

"We've no oil," his wife replied.

Pa hung his hat on a peg by the door, took off his coat and shoes, and drew up a chair preparatory to putting his feet in the oven. "I'm goin' t' move out o' this shanty," he said in a disgusted tone, "an' git wan wheer there's gas."

"'Twould be all the same," his wife rejoined wearily; "the gas'd niver be paid — we'd always be gittin' it took off of us."

Pa said nothing. "Git anny work to-day?" Mary asked him presently.

"No; but a man's after tellin' me of a gran' job I kin get on Monda'."

"Monda'!" cried Mary bitterly. "To-morrer! It's been to-morrer, or Monda', or nixt wake, fer twenty years!"

"Stone-cuttin'," observed Pa gravely, "have been a bad trade fer twenty years. What wid this here new-fangled cimint, an' wid bosses imployn' scabs (which I c'd niver be, though I'd staarve!), 'tis a bad trade fer anny man."

Mary had been hearing this arraignment of the stone-cutting industry for twenty years. "Theer ain' no law," she said now, "compellin' ye t' cut stone er do nothin'."

Pa's tone as he replied was full of severity. "Stone-cuttin's me trade," he said with dignity, "an' I ain' got no caard to no other trade. You'd have me work at some trade I ain' got no caard to, I suppose? Well, I'll not be a darty scab fer anny wan! I got better pride ner that! 'Tis agin my princ'ples."

"Pride?" echoed Mary scornfully. "Seems a quare pride whin a man can't support his fam'ly because he's so proud — has t' l'ave thim take charity because he's so proud — has t' sind his childern t' work the minute they kin lie t' the law about their ages (an' git quare in the hid, like poor Mikey, gittin' th' paint-poisonin' in that wall-paper place whin he was elivin!) because he've such gran' princ'ples. Seem like a quare pride in a man that'll l'ave his wife go to her rilatives t' beg the loan of a half a dollar to buy supper fer his kids, an' not git it because her folks say they're tired o' feedin' her *loafer*! Quare pride in a man, I call that!"

Pa took this arraignment with a gentle resignation. "'Tain't in Maggie ner Pete Kavanagh t' understan' me an' my princ'ples," he said. "No, ner in you, nayther, I'm thinkin'. But I'm not su'prised. Min wid princ'ples has niver been understood by theer fam'lies — ner by the world. The world have always gone haard wid

the best min — have always driven thim t' drink wid its onfeelin'ness."

"If ye're a sample o' thim, it was aisy drivin', I bet," was his wife's retort.

Pa smiled good-naturedly at this reference to his "failin'." "I wish some wan'd drive me up to a couple o' hot drinks right now," he said. "I'm that cold, I'm all rheumaticky."

"Ye'll be colder nixt wake," she hastened to tell him. "The man was here to-day t' take the stove — it's goin' Monda'."

"'Tis nothin' of the sort," assured Pa grandly. "Nixt wake I'm goin' t' pay the whole balance on the stove an' see 'bout gittin' wan for the parlie." And his tone was so confident, his manner so inspiring, that as he went on and on, unfolding to Mary what he meant to do "nixt wake," she fell once more into the easy hopefulness that had sustained her for twenty years. Providence develops in each of its creatures, great and small, those qualities that they most need to keep them alive; and in Mary Casey Providence had developed hope and patience — perhaps they are the same thing! Under the "hope-beggetingness" of Pa's talk, Mary gradually lost her irony; and by and by, holding the sleeping child in her lap, she opened her heart to Pa about the tears that had been wee Annie's lullaby.

"I was to see Maggie to-day," she said, "an' she's tur-ble put out wid me, 'count o' the — the new wan. She woul'dn' lind me no money t' buy supper, not avin whin I promised her I'd pay it back out o' Ang'la Ann's wages to-morrer. An' after I was theer, I wint over t' the charity place wheer they've helped us sometimes, t' see could the young lady that's there maybe help me t' git a few little clo'es. An' she says, 'I mus' say, Mrs. Casey,' she says, 'it's very discouragin'. You wid all the trouble you got — not able t' kape the sivin childern you got from starvin', an' a new wan comin' — I mus' say it's very discouragin'.' I dunno if she'll try t' do annythin' fer me — she seemed tur'ble provoked. Seem like everybody do be blamin' me, an' I'm sure whin I t'ink o' what it's comin' to, I ought t' be weepin' tears o' sorrer fer the poor little t'ing. But I got that foolish mother heart in me that kape singin' wid joy t' think how lovely it'll be to have a new wan to cuddle an' set store by. This'll be the tinth time I've known the feel o' thim little searchin' han's on me breast, but seem like I niver looked for'ard no more'n I do now to the t'rill of it. I don' git many t'rills in my life — seem kind o' hard folks that has none o' the pains to bear should grudge me that wan!"

Pa was indignant. "I'll have none o' theer baby clo'es!" he cried, "an' none o' Maggie Kavanagh's advice! I intind t' raise this new wan meself! I ain' got a child yit that suit me,

but I'm goin' t' take a han' airly wid this new wan an' git him started right."

Mary ignored the implied fault with her training. The candle-light was very dim, and in it the grime and stubble on Pa's face showed hardly at all; and his voice had the same Irish sweetness it had had years before when Pa was not yet Pa, and had come to court her in her fine, comfortable home where she was "workin' out" — to woo her away with his soft words, and the look in his big blue eyes, and the dimples that played round his mouth when he smiled; with his glowing word-pictures of the "little home" he was going to make for her, with his blushing hints about the children that might some day be theirs, with the awkward caresses of his big stone-cutter's hands. She had gone gladly, full of sweet, fluttering hopes — gone from her comfortable "place" to a home that was "little" indeed, and that grew more and more squalid as each year went over their heads. And she had never been sorry for going — not even in the blackest hours of her children's want and her husband's insufficiency. Always something kept her from looking back regretfully — always something kept her expectant. Perhaps it was the memory — and the hope — of those tiny

baby hands searching, groping toward her breast. Perhaps it was the memory — and the hope — of times like this, when her winsome Irish lad came back to her for a few tender moments. . . . She heard the footsteps of the returning children coming along the board walk, and as she rose to lay baby Annie on the bed, she stooped over and kissed Pa and whispered: "Ye're glad fer the new wan — ain't you, Patsy, b'y?"

"I am that," he answered her, holding her cheek for a moment close to his own, "an' I'm goin' t' do fine by 'im."

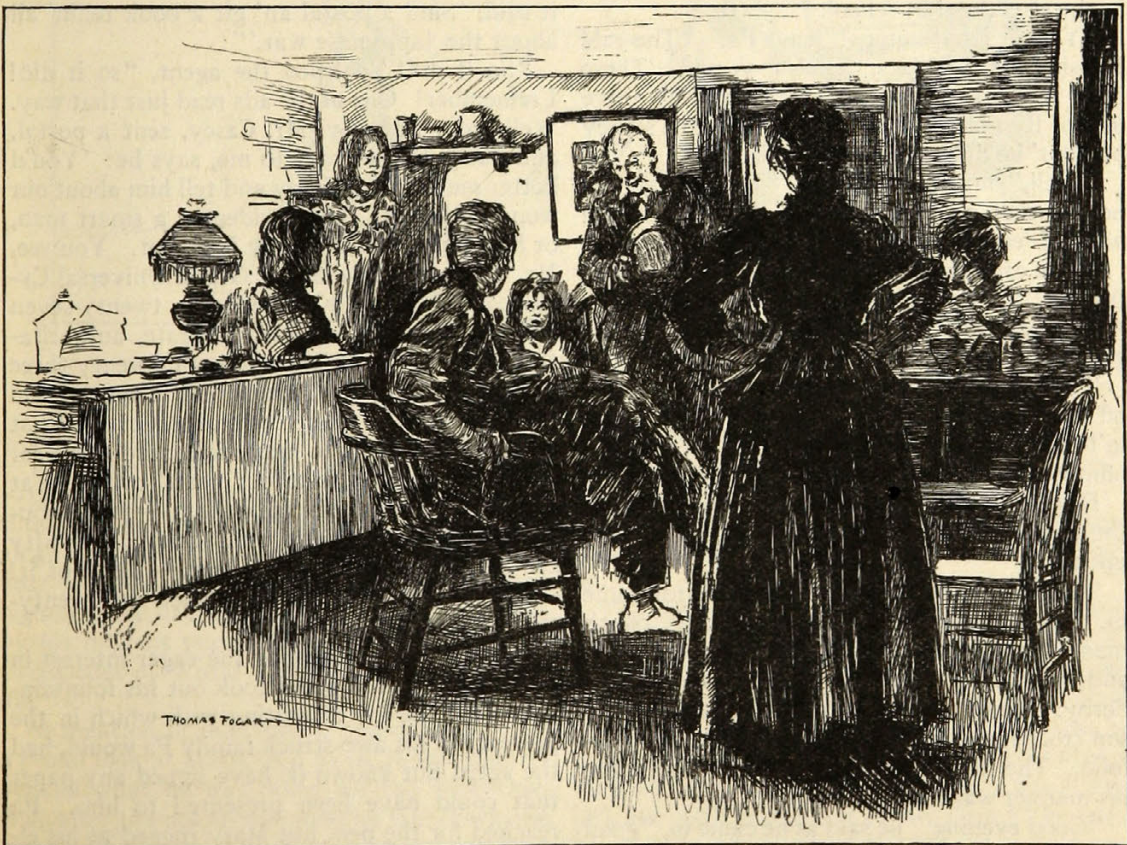
Then the door opened and the three children came trooping noisily in. They dumped their purchases on the table and began tearing open the packages. Mary took up the oil-can and was about to fill the lamp, when her glance fell on something Mollie was leading by a string. "Fer the love o' Hiven, what's that?" cried Mary.

Pridefully Mollie responded, "'Tis a hin."

"Wheer'd ye git it?"

"Off a b'y in the alley, fer tin cints; he said 'twas a fine *layer*, an' we t'ought it'd be gran' t' have frish iggs iv'ry day."

Mary was dubious, but she hadn't the heart to cloud the children's hopefulness. "Well, I



"COME IN!" SAID PA. AND THE VISITOR CAME IN"

dunno," she said, "but ye kin try. What'd ye give up t' git it — the jelly roll?"

"No — the pitaties."

Mary laughed. "Fer the love of!" she cried; "ye can't live on bologny an' jelly roll an' a hin behind the stove."

"Well," said Mollie, with cheerful resignation, "we couldn' fin' that boy now no more, an' git the dime back."

"All right — I don' keer; ye kin tie up yer hin an' see what'll she do t' take the place o' pitaties."

It was while Mollie was tethering her sorry-looking fowl to a stove leg that Pa first noticed Dewey's dog. "Another dog?" he said. "D'ye ixpict him t' lay, too? Didn' I tell you I'm tired o' supportin' dogs? Maybe ye'll tell me ye bought him fer sausage?"

Pa's tone was scathing, and fearing harm to his pup, Dewey decided to offer him the cold hospitality of the back yard. "Here, Togo, Togo," he called sullenly.

"What's that?" cried Pa. "Togo? Togo? I'll have no dog in my house called Togo! Thim Jappynase is haythins — they belave nothin' at all."

"The Roosians is Sheenies," retorted Dewey, who waged a perennial war with the "Roosians" in the street and at school.

"Yer an ignyrammus!" said Pa. "The rale Roosians is Cath'lics, same's yersilf. These here Roosians on Hinry Strate was drove out o' Roosia fer *bein'* Sheenies — same's they ought t' be drove out o' iv'ry place."

"Well," muttered Dewey, "I can't call 'im no Roosian name, because I can't pernounce none of 'em."

"You can't, can't you?" Pa thundered wrathfully. "Very well, thin — ye kin call him an American name, I guess. Jarge Washin'ton's a good enough name fer anny dog, I guess."

"Theer, theer," said Mary pacifically, cutting off a piece of bologna, "you take Jarge Washin'ton an' kape out o' the way a bit till yer Pa's offinded princ'ples kin raycover."

Dewey took the sausage, and was making for the door with "Jarge" when there came a rap upon it.

"Come in!" said Pa. And the visitor came in. He was a small, withered-looking, oldish man; his skin had a curious parchment look, and was almost the shade of his mode-color derby. He wore a brown plaid suit and a crimson crochet tie, and carried a book-agent's portfolio. The little man's movements were brisk, his manner was breezy.

"Good evening," he said as he came in, "good evening. Have I," bowing to Pa, "the honor to address Mr. Casey?"

Pa admitted that he had. "Won't ye come in?" he invited, and set a chair.

"Thank you, sir — thank you; I will! And is this your fine little family, Mr. Casey?"

"Part of 'em," said Pa; "the rist's not home yit."

"Well," said the agent, "I'm sure it's a family for any man to be proud of."

Pa shrugged. "Theer well enough, but theer's none o' thim as smart as I hoped they would be."

"Ah!" cried the little agent eagerly, "that's the proud, ambitious father, Mr. Casey. You aspire so high for them, it's hard for them to reach your fond expectations. That's just precisely why I called, Mr. Casey — just *pre*-cisely why I called. I know it's a little late for a business call, but I always like to catch the gentleman of the house when he's at home for supper. One of your children, Mr. Casey — this one, I think," laying his hand on Dewey's shoulder, "sent a postal to the publisher of our glorious paper, the *Daily Mercury*, answering an advertisement which said: 'Send a postal and get a book telling you how to obtain a grand education —'"

"That ain' what it said!" objected Dewey. "It had a pitcher of battleships blowin' up, an' it said, 'Send a postal an' git a book tellin' all about the Jappynase war.'"

"So it did!" chirped the agent, "so it did! I remember! One of the ads read just that way. Well, your fine boy, Mr. Casey, sent a postal, and our publisher says to me, says he: 'You'd better see that Mr. Casey and tell him about our wonderful offer. He's evidently a smart man, or he wouldn't have a boy like that. You see, Mr. Casey, we have a new Grand Universal Cyclopeda of World Knowledge, in twenty-seven volumes, giving complete, accurate, authoritative, up-to-date information on twenty-three thousand subjects. Think of it! Suppose you send your boy to a university, Mr. Casey. What does he get? At the most, four studies a year — sixteen studies in a four years' course — at the cost of hundreds of dollars — yes, thousands! Now, for fifty cents down, and fifty cents a week for one little year, — think of it! — we will give him an education in twenty-three thousand subjects!'"

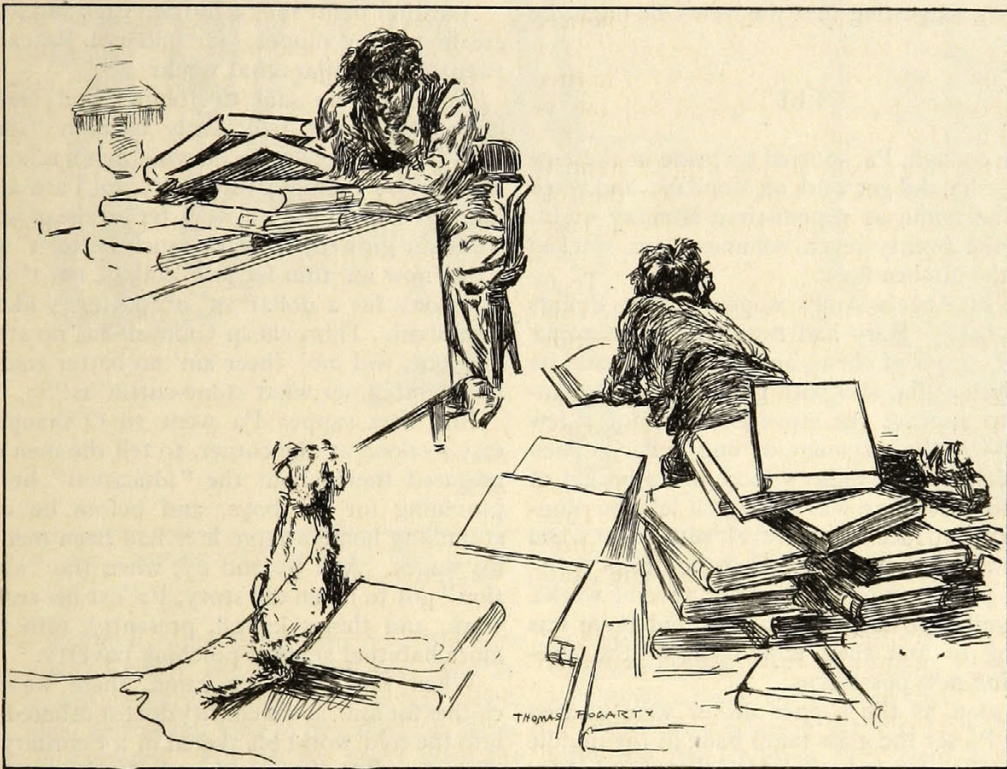
There was no mistaking the eager interest in Pa's face, and the agent took out his fountain-pen — for the joy of writing with which in the presence of his awe-struck family Pa would, had the agent but known it, have signed any paper that could have been presented to him. Pa reached for the pen, but Mary tugged at his elbow and whispered in his ear. Nodding to her to reassure her, Pa said to the agent: "Would

it be convanyent t' git the first paymint on Monda', sir?"

"Certainly, Mr. Casey — most certainly." Pa looked at Mary as if to shame her for her doubts, and began the laborious business of signing his name.

"There!" said the agent, when Pa's cramped fingers laid the pen carefully down again, "I hope these little ones appreciate what you have done for them! On Monday, Mr. Casey, the twenty-seven volumes become yours and your heirs' forever. Henceforth you have but to turn

and Dewey, ignoring the girls, for whom he felt an "ixpensive" education to be unnecessary. "Now," he said, "ye heard what th' agint said about th' Prisident. I niver see annythin' in ayther o' ye, much less in Mikey, that looked t' me like a buddin' Prisident; but I'm after buyin' this here ixpensive education in the hopes that some day I may git a son that'll be like me, wid ambition t' have th' bist or none at all. Manewhile, though, you two can be learnin' off it. Soon's it git here, you, Johnny, will begin at wolume wan, page wan, an' l'arn ye a page



"PA HUNTED OUT A FOR JOHNNY AND M FOR DEWEY, AND SET THEM TO WORK"

to them to learn all you wish to know about, er — astronomy, Mr. Casey — about, er, geology — or theology — or about any one of twenty-three thousand subjects. Good evening to you all — delighted to have met you. I expect to hear of a future President Casey, rising to the highest office in the gift of the American people by his diligent perusal of the Great Universal Cyclopeda of World Knowledge. Good evening."

At mention of that future President, Pa shot a proud look at Mary, as if to see if she comprehended what he was doing for the New One. And after the agent was gone he laid down the law to his family. By that time Johnny had come in, and Pa addressed himself to Johnny

iv'ry night, an' Dewey'll do the same —"

"It'll take about t'ree years to a wolume," said Johnny, who was pretty good at figures.

"An' I'll prob'bly die without knowin' the *ind*!" wailed Dewey; "I'll niver git past Pay an' Q!"

Pa's look of scorn was scathing. "O' course ye can't l'arn iv'rything!" he said. "Who'd wish t' live wid ye if ye *did*? I don't know iv'rything mesilf! But if you l'arn up to Pay an' Q time you die, ye'll be no slouch — which is more'n I kin say of ye now. But t' avin t'ings up a bit, Johnny kin begin at A an' l'arn t' *Im* [M], an' you kin begin at *Im* an' l'arn t' the *ind*. Then, betwane ye, whin ye're growed, ye'll know it all. 'Tis the gran' princ'ple av all labor t'

pick yer job an' stick to 't, an' not meddle wid no other felly's job whativ'er. An' in l'arnin', be all I hear, 'tis just the same. So 'tis you," to Johnny, "from A t' *Im*; an' Dewey from *Im* t' the ind o' the book."

"I don't ixpict thim t' do much at it," he told Mary later, when he had a chance, "but they might's well be l'arnin' what they kin off of it till the new wan git so he kin rade. They've got a start of him," he admitted, "but I bet he gits caught up wid thim before they know it."

And Mary hadn't the heart to spoil his enthusiasm by suggesting that the New One might be a girl.

III

Sure enough, Pa, spurred by pride in the new Cyclopedia, did get work on Monday; and when he came home at supper-time Monday night, there the twenty-seven volumes were, stacked upon the kitchen floor.

Out of Angela Ann's wages — three dollars and a half — Mary had restored the insurance nickels, seven of them, and paid fifty cents on the Cyclopedia, and with great difficulty managed to appease the stove collector for a few days with the payment of one dollar. Then there had been Sunday's food and a basket of coal, so that there was not much left, on Monday night, to face another week with. But when Pa came home and announced the "gran' job," which promised to be good for several weeks, the family spirits rose sky-high, and there was nothing to mar their enjoyment of the awe-inspiring new possession.

As soon as the supper dishes were cleared away, Pa set the glass lamp back in the middle of the table, hunted out A for Johnny and M for Dewey, and set them to work.

"Aw!" said Dewey, after a few moments of intense application, while his parents and sisters looked on admiringly, "this here's some furrin lang'widge." And he pointed to "Maas, an affluent of the Rhine," and "Maasin, a seaport of Leyte," and "Maass, a German classical philologist," and "Maassen, an Austrian jurist," and "Maastricht, a city of the Netherlands."

"Well, wot d'ye t'ink o' dis?" cried Johnny, inviting sympathy for himself as he struggled with "Aalborg, on the south shore of the Limfjord," and "Aard-vark, a burrowing, nocturnal, insect-eating mammal," and "Abacus, a calculating machine, occasionally employed to make the elementary operations of arithmetic pal-pable."

But Pa was inexorable. "Most all l'arnin' is in furrin tongues," he said. "Sure, anny fool

kin know English, but 'tis t' know what thim quare furrin words mane that fellies goes t' college."

On Saturday, when he got his week's pay, Pa bought a book-case, "be aisy paymints" — a "mahogany" book-case, smelling quite frankly of pine through its coats of sanguinary red paint, the tears of varnish trickling forlornly in places, as if in mortification at being so poor a sham. Two dollars had to go "down" for this; and thereafter the collector would call once in two weeks for a dollar more, until nine dollars and sixty-nine cents had been paid.

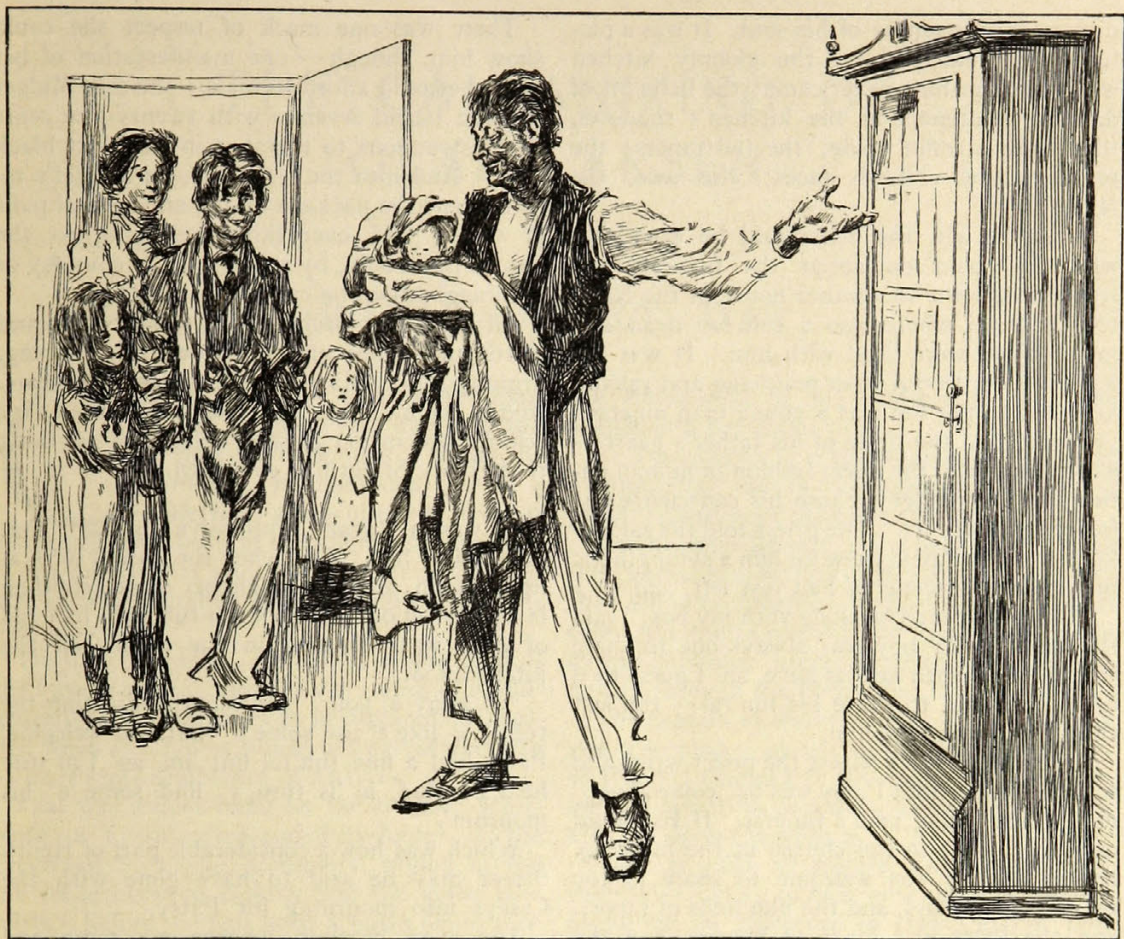
And that night they had fried eggs and lemon cream pie for supper; for had not Pa earned twenty-four dollars that week?

"Ye see," he said to Johnny and Dewey, when they went reluctantly to their "iducation," "what a man kin do whin he's a scholar. That's why I want youse t' try an' l'arn all ye kin, so ye won't have t' work fer no cheap wages whin yer growed. Fer 'tis much better t' work a day now an' thin fer four dollars, ner t' work iv'ry day fer a dollar an' a quarter — like an Eyetalian. Thim cheap Guineas has no stand-in'; but, wid me! their ain' no better trade in the country ner what stone-cuttin' is!"

But after supper Pa went to O'Shaughan-essy's saloon at the corner, to tell the men congregated there about the "iducation" he was providing for his boys, and before he came stumbling home a large hole had been made in his wages. And by and by, when the "iducation" got to be an old story, Pa lost his zest for work, and things lapsed, presently, into their more habitual state of pinching poverty.

When the New One came, there were no clothes for him, and a charity doctor ushered him into the cold world blanketed in a February fall of snow. But there was no lack of warmth in the welcome the New One got. The children acclaimed him rapturously, and even Angela Ann, who had been inclined to be bitterly resentful when she knew he was coming to add to her responsibility, softened at sight of him, and "took a-hold" like a real little mother to help Mary care for him. As for Pa! He could discern from the first, in the New One, abundant promise of all those high traits he hoped for, and he carried the mite to the book-case, adjuring him to "see the l'arnin' yer Pa have laid by fer ye" — this with scathing looks at Johnny and Dewey, who had long since abandoned the pursuit of scholarship.

When he was four days old the New One was christened. His aunt Maggie Kavanagh lent a dress for the occasion, and O'Shaughanessy contributed a bottle of wine to celebrate it. An older brother who had briefly borne his father's



"HE CARRIED THE MITE TO THE BOOK-CASE, ADJURING HIM TO 'SEE THE L'ARNIN' YER PA HAVE LAID BY FER YE'"

name was long since dead, and now the New One was to have it, and to do it honor. So Patrick he was christened, and Patsy he was called, but, alas! he was not long to be called anything, save in memory. For on the night after the christening poor little Patsy began to "wheeze" and to burn, and in two days he was gone whither he had but just come — dead of "ammonia on the lungs."

There are people in this world who seem to think it's comparatively easy to give up a little tiny baby you've only had a few days — especially if you have seven other children; but that's because they don't know how many hopes are builded about each New One, how many fair dreams die when the little New One slips away again. There were people who thought Patsy's coming and going was just a matter of "a baby more or less" to the Caseys; but it was much, much more than that. It seemed, somehow, that when he went, the promise of splendidly better things went, too.

And, what made the going harder still, there was no money to bury him with! "Me scrimpin'

and pinchin' t' pay fer insur'nce all along," wept poor Mary, "an' whin I nade a fun'ral, 'tis fer the wan child that's not insured."

They owned a single grave in Calvary; in it were the two children that were dead these many years — little Mamie and little Patsy — and the law would allow them to put a third tiny body in with the others. But there was a coffin to be bought, and an interment fee to be paid, and somehow or other Patsy must be got to his burial.

Pa went to the priest who had christened Patsy, and told of Patsy's death. The priest was Irish — a big, kindly young fellow who had been a peasant boy in County Kerry and knew the sorrows of the poor. He went over to Henry Street an hour or two afterward, carrying a tiny white coffin in which he helped to lay Patsy; and out of the pockets of his overcoat the priest brought candles for Patsy's head and feet. They made a bier of two yellow-painted kitchen chairs, and laid Patsy in his little white coffin upon it, and lighted the tapers, and the other children knelt around Patsy, murmuring their

prayers for the repose of his soul. It was a picture — a great picture: the gloomy kitchen where the sunshine never came; the little bit of dazzling whiteness in the kitchen's shadows, that Patsy's coffin made; the tall tapers; the tear-drenched childish faces; the awe, the Mystery.

When he left, the priest said he would see what he could do about the funeral; and straight he went to another house in the Nineteenth Ward where also a son lay dead and many hopes were dead with him. It was the house of a powerful Irish politician and saloon-keeper, and the son was a young man nineteen years old and the pride of his father's heart — which was, after the queer fashion of human nature, no less tender because his conscience was full of callous spots. The priest told the saloon-keeper about Patsy, drew for him a sympathetic picture of the scene he had just left, and —

"Sure, he can come along with my boy," said the Boss. "My boy was always one to share what he had when he was alive, an' I guess he'd be more'n glad to share his fun'ral — the last thing I can ever give him."

So, back to Henry Street the priest went, and told the Caseys that Patsy was to "come along" in the rich young man's funeral. If Pa would carry him over to the church in the morning, before ten, he was welcome to share in the requiem high mass, and the hundreds of tapers, and the loads and loads of flowers, and the grand, expensive singing. He was welcome, too, to ride to Calvary in the rich young man's hearse; and there'd be two carriages for the parents and children to ride in.

When Mary heard this, her tears flowed afresh. "Poor little Patsy!" she sobbed. "Seem like he was born t' be lucky, an' he died before he had a chance t' find it out."

There was one mark of respect she could show him, though — one manifestation of her grief she could afford to make: she sent Midget to Blue Island Avenue with twenty-five cents and instructions to invest it in "th' bist black dye." And into the wash-tub, on Midget's return, went the package of dye and several pails of water, and everything belonging to the Caseys that could, by any stretch of courtesy or the imagination, be called a garment.

All night the kitchen hung full of coats and skirts and capes and pinafores, all dripping, dripping, like Mary's slow, unceasing tears. And in the morning there issued from the Casey cellar a procession as sable-solemn as anything that Henry Street had ever seen.

It was a "gran', imprissive fun'ral" that little Patsy had. And when the Caseys were at home again, and the neighbors came crowding in to hear about it, the wash-tub, still half full of dye, was standing in the corner on the kitchen floor.

"If anny o' you," said Mary, indicating the tub, "'d like t' use some o' that, yer welcome. Patsy had a fine fun'ral lint 'im, an' I'm sure he'd be glad, in 'is turn, t' lind some o' his mournin'."

Which was how a considerable part of Henry Street may be said to have gone with the Caseys into mourning for Patsy.

The span between whence we come and whither we go is brief at best. And Patsy managed to bring with him a good deal of the tender glory of the place whence he came, and to take with him a great deal of new hope of the place whither he was gone. And, when all is said and done, what immortal spirit can, in its mortal span, do more than that for itself or for the rest of mortality?

APPARITIONS

BY

MAHLON LEONARD FISHER

WHICH oftener, on Helena's rock,
At midnight came, with phantom knock:
The field un-won — the cast-off Queen —
Which? — Waterloo or Josephine?

THE GALVANIZING OF OLAF LARSEN

BY

DAVID HENRY DAY

OLAF LARSEN was six feet four, and weighed two hundred and thirty-five pounds. When he moved, he reminded one of a derrick, a mogul locomotive, or a steam-shovel, both in the mighty sluggishness of his movements and in the utter absence of any apparent guiding force emanating from his own mind.

He had the stolid, insensate, stupid face of the human animal; with never a flash of intelligence illuminating it, even in moments of danger, when the dullest brains are galvanized into at least some semblance of activity.

Olaf was a deck-hand on the steamer *Marinesta*, a five-hundred-and-sixty-footer of the Cleveland Steamship Company, plying in the ore trade between Duluth and the lower lake ports. Before, he had been a north shore fisherman, and yet before that, he had helped his father haul his nets along the coast of Norway. But his utter lack of initiative and ability to think for himself had rendered his life as a fisherman an unprofitable one; and when, one day, the *Marinesta*, taking on a cargo of ore at Two Harbors, found herself short of hands, and the mate, making the round of the saloons, came upon Olaf and offered him the job, he had followed him to the boat, walking like some dumb animal at the mate's heels.

A month of work on the big freighter, and he was as much a part of her as her great triple-expansion engines, her steam winches and hoists, and he was fully as reliable and about as intelligent in his work as they.

He became known to the officers and crew as "the big Swede," although he had never been in Sweden. So quiet and unobtrusive was he that he seemed to make neither friends nor enemies. He did what he was told to do—no more, no less; and when it was done, he sat down and stolidly waited, like an engine with its throttle closed, until some one should move the levers that set him going again.

One cold, damp, foggy morning late in November, the *Marinesta* was lying at the great ore docks at Duluth, her hatches off and the

ore thundering in red streams through the spouts into her hold.

Olaf was standing at the Number Eight hatch, manipulating one of the ropes that regulated the distribution of the ore in the hold.

On the opposite side of the open hatch, three men were doing, with evident exertion, the work that, alone and unaided, he was performing with ease. At the starboard rail the second mate stood, shouting directions that came to him faintly through the thunder of the falling ore.

The captain of the boat, with a party of men and a woman,—guests of the boat, evidently,—stopped to speak to the mate, and Olaf, noting the cessation of orders, looked up, and his eyes fell upon the woman.

Now, to Olaf all women were—well, just women—just as all men were simply men. He could see no difference in them, except that some were large and some were small, some were weak and some were strong.

But this woman—there was something different about her. He, who had never looked twice at a woman before, could not keep his eyes off this one.

As she laughed lightly at something the captain said to her, and passed on aft, he wanted to follow her, to look at her, to listen to the music of her voice when she laughed again. He had never heard a woman laugh like that before. It gave him a strange feeling inside which he could not define. At first he thought it might be hunger, until he remembered that it was still a long time till dinner.

The mate thundered an order to him to slack up his line, and he hauled it in with a vigor that almost pulled the three men on the opposite side into the open hatchway. A burst of profanity brought him to his senses, and he did better for a time; but always his thoughts were with the woman who had laughed.

That night he slept badly, waking many times, thinking he heard her laugh, and wondering if the sea would be too rough for her to come aft in the morning.

He was watching for her bright and early; and, sure enough, she made the trip aft, assisted

by both mates and a young man; and she and the young man went down into the engine-room, while the mates returned forward, for the sea was rising, and the decks were being swept by an occasional wave.

Olaf's duties occasionally took him to the engine-room, and always he stole a glance at her out of the corner of his sleepy eyes, as she chatted and laughed with the engineers, and watched the great engines as they rhythmically throbbed and whirled the great propeller.

Gradually the wind increased, and with it the sea. From the engine-room they could hear the waves as they thundered across the decks above. The second engineer climbed to the door and looked forward in time to see the second mate trying to make his way aft. He was going carefully along the lee rail, holding tightly to the life-lines as he went.

The boat rose on the crest of a wave, and, rolling to starboard, plunged her nose viciously into the trough of the sea, and a solid six-foot wall of water mounted her decks, and came roaring aft and to port.

The mate, glancing back over his shoulder, saw it coming, and sat down on the deck, with his feet braced firmly against the rail and both hands firmly gripping the life-line, his back to the wave, and his head drawn down grotesquely between his shoulders.

Another instant, and he was engulfed in the seething mass of water that swept across the deck and poured like a cataract over the rail.

The second engineer, standing breathless in the doorway, gave a cry of joy as he saw the mate emerge, wet and half choked, from his perilous position, and make his way back forward. Closing the door, the engineer descended to the engine-room, and went up to the chief, who was standing with his hand on the throttle, choking down the engines when they started to race as the propeller was lifted clear of the water by the gigantic seas.

"I rather guess nobody'll get for'ard — or aft, either — until this sea goes down," he said, with a half smile. "The mate just tried it, and he come within one of goin' over. Six feet of solid green water went over him, but he knew how to handle himself all right, an' he stayed."

The chief nodded silently and jammed the throttle shut with a vicious thrust of his arm as the engines started to race madly; then, as the screw took hold again, he pulled the lever out carefully, watching the engines as a trainer of wild animals watches a dangerous lion.

And still the storm increased in fury. The great boat pounded her way through the seas, reeling and staggering like a drunken sailor.

Gradually the conversation in the engine-

room flagged, and the men's faces began to show the effect of the strain. They were listening to the sound of every wave that came aboard — listening for the crash of a broken hatchway, of a gangway giving way, for any one of the many noises that mean that something has gone wrong.

And so it came at last that there were but two faces among them all that showed no concern — the face of the woman, who still laughed as she clung to a stanchion in a vain effort to keep her balance, and the round, red face of Olaf, the big deck-hand, who listened only to hear her laugh, and to wonder dully at the strange hunger that still possessed him.

The second engineer again climbed to the door for a cautious look. A blinding whirl of wet, heavy snow came in. He muttered under his breath, "That's bad." The rest of the crew were silent.

Up forward, the captain, standing on the bridge, bellowed in the mate's ear:

"It's no use bucking into this thing any longer. She'll not stand it another hour. The second mate reports that the hatchway coamings are buckling, and once the hatches are off, she's done for in this sea. There's nothing for it but to turn and run for the harbor at Duluth."

"How about Two Harbors, sir?" said the mate. "It's nearer by twenty-four miles."

"We'd never find it in this blinding snow," replied the captain, as he gave the engineer the signal to "stand by." Then, as the answer came back, he said: "Besides, we could never get her into there with this wind on our beam. No, we'll make for Duluth; and if we can't find the canal, we'll lay her up on the sand on Minnesota Point. She won't hurt herself much there. It's the softest spot I know of — and the life-saving station right at hand. I'll venture to say that many a captain to-night is picking out that same spot in which to beach his boat when there's nothing else left for him to do."

The captain signaled the engineer "full speed ahead," called for the helm hard a-starboard, and the great boat swung slowly into the trough of the sea. Tons of water went over her as she came around. She went over on her beam ends until her keel was bare from stem to stern, and it seemed as though she must roll her masts and funnel out. The spray from the seas went over her funnel, and the captain and mate were almost swept from the bridge by the gigantic combers that curled high over their heads.

Gradually, however, the good boat swung, until at last she drove full before the storm, staggering, plunging, and pitching, but, for the moment at least, safe.

Back in the engine-room, the men heaved a sigh of relief as they felt the boat come about. Thus, for the balance of the day and far into the night they drove before the storm, the woman sitting on the floor of the engine-room, curled up on a pile of blankets the engineer had brought for her, her cheery laugh still ringing out occasionally, though she was getting very tired and sleepy. The men about dozed; the engines turned tirelessly, and the chief engineer almost automatically drew the throttle out and pushed it in, as the engines raced, or caught the pull of the propeller.

The bell of the *Marinesta* clanged harshly, and as every man's eyes instantly sought the dial, the indicator flashed to "full speed astern."

Like a flash the engineer reversed her, not even stopping to shut the throttle; and the great engines answered promptly, groaning and quivering under the strain.

Then came a grinding, rending crash, and every man was thrown from his feet. Hardly had the engineer scrambled back to his post when there came a dull, jarring sound from far astern; the engines stopped dead, and then, a moment later, started to race so madly that it seemed as though they would tear themselves from their bed-plates. They were running free, like a boy's humming top, with no check upon their tremendous energy.

The propeller was gone!

"The stuff's off, boys," said the engineer, jamming the throttle tightly shut, with a muttered curse. "There's nothin' more doin' in this end of the boat. The wheel's gone."

He signaled back to the bridge, "Engines disabled," and opened the port door of the engine-room. A gigantic wave rushed growlingly over the sill, almost sweeping the men from their feet before they could get the door closed and fastened. The engineer tried the starboard door cautiously. No water came in there: it was evidently the lee side. Only a wall of blackness could be seen, with a whirling mass of snow showing in the glare of light that streamed a few feet from the open door.

The boat pounded viciously on the rocks, rapidly settling by the stern. The firemen were beginning to come up the ladders, driven from their posts by the encroaching water. The engines would soon stop, and then they would be in darkness.

The stern of the boat began to work around a little, bringing her broadside to the sea. Windows began to crash in; doors gave way, bulging inward, and then bursting from their hinges with the mighty impact of the solid seas that came aboard.

The life-boats, hurled from their fastenings,

splintered themselves against the deck-house, while the life-raft was ground to bits and disappeared, swallowed by the sea.

The men, with blanched faces, huddled about the woman, to give what protection they could against the force of the seas that ripped through the engine-room, filling it so that at times they stood waist-deep in water.

The woman no longer laughed, but clung quietly to the arm of the young man who had brought her aft that morning. Her face was white, yet she showed no fear, only hope and trust in those about her.

And now the snow, which so long had been wet and sticky, with dashes of rain and sleet, became powdery and dry as flour. Tiny icicles commenced to form along the casings of the doors and windows. The lights had gone out and they were in darkness.

The engineer spoke:

"We must get forward. If we stay here we'll freeze to death before morning."

"We can never make it," said a fireman, thinly clad in jumper and overalls, as he had come up from the furnaces below. "The sea must be running over her in a solid wall of water. No man could live in it. He'd be washed overboard by the first wave that struck him."

"It *can* be done," said the second engineer — "that is, if you know how. I saw the mate go through as bad a sea as this, this noon, and at least some of us can make it, but it'll take nerve to tackle it. I'll take the lead, and the rest of you that have got the nerve follow." He glanced out of the door. "The snow has quit for a spell, and we can see a little. We must make a dash between waves. They generally run in threes — the big ones. Keep your eyes on me, and when I drop to the deck, you all do the same. Sit down, put your feet against the rail, and grab the life-lines. Keep your head down and your back to the wave. Get down low, and hold on."

"But the woman, man — the woman!" There was agony in the voice. "How can she ever get across? No man can hold her and keep himself and her from going overboard." It was the chief engineer who spoke, and he gazed in pity at the woman, clinging trustingly to the man who, unused to the dangers of the water, could do nothing to help her, though one glance at his determined face was evidence enough that he would willingly die trying.

Then Olaf's sluggish brain awoke, and, for the first time in its history, evolved a plan of action.

"I tak care ov vomans, I tank," he said slowly. "I yust tie her to me close in front vit rope. I beeg strong mans. She is little vomans. I tank she don't bodder me none."

"Good!" exclaimed the second engineer, quickly cutting off a piece of heaving line. "Good boy, Olaf! It's a fighting chance; but you're the only man with strength enough to bring her through."

The line was made fast about the woman's waist; then, with about a foot of slack, it was passed about Olaf's gigantic chest and firmly secured.

"Now, then," said the second engineer, speaking to the woman, "when Olaf drops to the deck, he'll have to let go of you. Then you must put your arms around him and hang on like grim death. Don't try to breathe when the water comes over you; it will only last a minute, and then you will have plenty of time to get your breath before the next wave strikes you. Keep your head, and you will be all right. Be careful not to get your arms around Olaf's neck so as to choke him. He'll need all the breath he has, as it is." Then, speaking to Olaf: "Watch me, Olaf, and do just as I do. The rest of you fellows look out for yourselves. You'll die if you stay here; so it's up to you to get forward if you can."

Watching his chance, the second engineer waited until three waves had poured over the ship, and then, in the lull, he started carefully forward across the icy deck.

Olaf, with the woman clasped in his great arms, followed carefully behind him.

For fifty feet they went almost dry-shod, and it seemed as though the sea would stay its murderous hand and let them cross in safety. Then, with a mighty impact, a wave struck, and the deck heaved under them.

"Down!" shrieked the engineer, and Olaf, gripping the life-lines in a grasp of steel, sank to the deck, his feet planted firmly against the rail, his huge bulk bent over the woman, who clung to him desperately.

It seemed an eternity to the woman while the six-foot wall of water rolled over them, tearing and tugging at them in demoniac fury, like a wild beast at its prey. At last it passed, and Olaf, gathering the woman again in his arms, stood upright, dripping.

"Down! Down, you fool! There's more coming!" The second engineer's voice rose above the storm.

Obediently, Olaf resumed his position, while two more waves passed over them. And still he stayed.

When Olaf looked up, the second engineer was on his feet and beckoning him to follow. He got to his feet slowly, and followed on.

This time they made a good two hundred feet before they were caught again.

Once more three waves went over them, and

again they rose to their feet. But, with a roar as of a thousand cataracts, a fourth tremendous sea, following closely on the heels of the third, mounted the weather-rail and rushed down upon them.

The engineer was quick, and dropped in time. Olaf, slower to act, was caught while on his feet, and, with the woman, swept over the side. Yet he had both hands on the life-lines, and he held on, while the sea whirled him straight out like a pennant in a breeze.

When the wave had passed, he drew himself up, "chinning" himself on the life-line, the woman dangling, a dead weight, at his waist.

Gasping, choking, strangling, they gained the deck, and, as he again gathered the woman in his arms, she put her face close up to his and kissed his rough cheek tenderly — and laughed!

And thus Olaf brought the woman through, just as the boat, with a report like the discharge of a siege gun, sheared the rivets from her plates, and broke in two amidships, leaving five poor fellows, who had not had the courage to try to get forward, to perish miserably on the fast-settling stern.

In the wheelman's room, huddled together, they found the rest of the crew. Here, at least, no solid water came aboard, although every sea sent the spray whirling through the windowless and doorless room, to freeze where it fell.

With numbed fingers the captain cut the rope that bound the woman to Olaf, and again she laughed as she said, her teeth chattering so that she could hardly form the words:

"I never was so attached to a man in all my life."

Olaf, not knowing what to say or do, and full of strange emotions which he could not understand, went out on the forward deck in the blinding spray and wash from the surf that was beating in a mad fury on the invisible shore.

The blackness of night was turning to the gray that precedes the dawn, and Olaf could make out indistinctly a wall of rock rising sheer above the boat — how far, he could not tell.

He went forward and peered over the rail.

Below him, he could faintly make out a shelving rock, and he could see that, when the waves receded, it was left bare, clear to the base of the cliff.

He was learning to think now. The woman's laugh had worked some miracle in his sluggish brain.

Picking up a coil of rope, he swung himself over the rail, held on until the rock showed bare, and then dropped. He fell on all fours, but got quickly to his feet and scrambled shoreward.

This much he knew: if but a single wave caught him, he would be dashed to pieces against

the rocks; and so, for the first time in his life, he hurried.

He felt the woman's soft, round arms about his neck, her warm breath on his cheek; he heard her musical laugh still in his ear; and so he clambered on, with a monstrous wave racing hungrily at his heels. It caught him just as he reached the foot of the cliff, and dashed him against it; but he dug his fingers in the crevices of the rocks and held on.

It was getting lighter now, and he thought he could see a way up the cliff, and carefully worked himself toward it, hanging on when a sea overtook him, and working his way slowly and painfully upward when the wave receded. His fingers were cut to the bone by the sharp rocks; his face was cut and bleeding where the sea had pounded him against the jagged face of the cliff: but he labored upward until at last, his great strength gone, he dropped exhausted on the level ground at the brow of the precipice.

Here he lay until a little of his strength came back to him, and then he leaned over and called to those below. But the roar of the storm whipped the words from his mouth and hurled them into space.

He picked up great boulders from the ground about him, and hurled them to the steel deck beneath where he stood; and at last the captain heard, and came out and looked up and saw him.

Olaf, weighting his line with a stone, let it down to the deck below, where a heavier line was attached, and, the woman coming first, he drew them all to safety.

When at last the captain, the last man to leave the ship, had been safely drawn to the top, the little crowd stood and looked down at the *Marinesta*, beating her brains out, like some insane thing, on the rocks below. From the great rent in her side, where the plates had parted, the water was gushing, dyed red, like a stream of blood, by the iron ore in her hold. It was as though she were bleeding her life away from a mortal wound: and so she was.

A tear mingled with the spray on the captain's cheek as he turned sadly away from his boat. "Does anybody know just where we are?" he inquired. No one spoke until he repeated the question.

Olaf looked about him in the rapidly growing light. It was snowing again; but Olaf knew the north shore as a man knows his own front hall, and it was but a few moments until he had located himself.

"I tank I go to Yonson's," he said briefly. "How far?" asked the captain, as he beat his

arms against his body to get a little feeling into them.

"'Bout half mile to Yonson's. Seventeen mile to Duloot," replied Olaf.

"Come, then," said the captain sharply; "let's be moving while we can. We'll freeze up solid if we stay here."

Many of the men were scarcely able to walk, the woman not at all; and again it fell to Olaf to pick her up in his arms and carry her the half mile to Johnson's cabin, where they found warmth and shelter, but almost no food, for Johnson was just getting ready to make his regular trip to Duluth for supplies when the storm came. But he welcomed them gladly to what he had, and his wife took the woman in charge, while the husband did what he could to thaw out the half-frozen men.

As Olaf, seated on a bench in one corner of the little room, was busily engaged in wrapping up his lacerated fingers in bits of old rags, a man left his place before the fire and came over and sat down on the bench beside him.

"Larsen," said the man kindly, laying his hand affectionately on Olaf's shoulder, "we owe our lives to your bravery and fearlessness."

"Oh, das ol right," said Olaf sheepishly, twisting the bandages clumsily about his bloody fingers.

"No, it isn't all right, Larsen. Nothing can make it all right. We can never pay the debt we owe you."

"Das ol right," repeated Olaf dully, still fumbling with the rags, and wishing the man would talk about something else.

"And my wife, Larsen — she would have been lost but for your strength and coolness. I could not have saved her — though God knows I would have tried. Only a man of your wonderful strength could have done what you did."

The man took a roll of water-soaked bills from his pocket and pressed them into Olaf's hands, saying:

"Take this, Larsen. It's nothing, God knows — but I feel as if I must do something to pay my debt to you. I feel ——"

A woman's laugh, weak but musical, interrupted him.

Olaf drew a bandaged hand tenderly across his cheek, where the woman had kissed him. Then he handed the money back.

"I ban paid," he said simply, rising to his feet and starting for the door. Then, turning to the captain, he said:

"I tank I go to Duloot now," and vanished in the storm.

THE STORY OF EUGENE AZEFF

AN UNMASKING OF RUSSIA'S SECRET POLICE SYSTEM

BY

DAVID SOSKICE

AUTHOR OF "THE SECRETS OF THE SCHLUESSELBURG"

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS AND WITH DRAWINGS BY F. VAN SLOAN
AND WALTER JACK DUNCAN

S EVEN months ago M. Lopukhin, former Director of Police in the Russian Ministry of the Interior, was indicted on the charge of high treason for having betrayed to the Russian Revolutionary Party the fact that Eugene Azeff was an agent provocateur in the employ of the Russian police. Azeff had been for years one of the most aggressive of the Revolutionary leaders, and had the entire confidence of the Revolutionary Party. He had organized many of the most successful plots against the Government, had planned and managed the murder of Plehve and of the Grand Duke Sergius, the Tsar's own uncle.

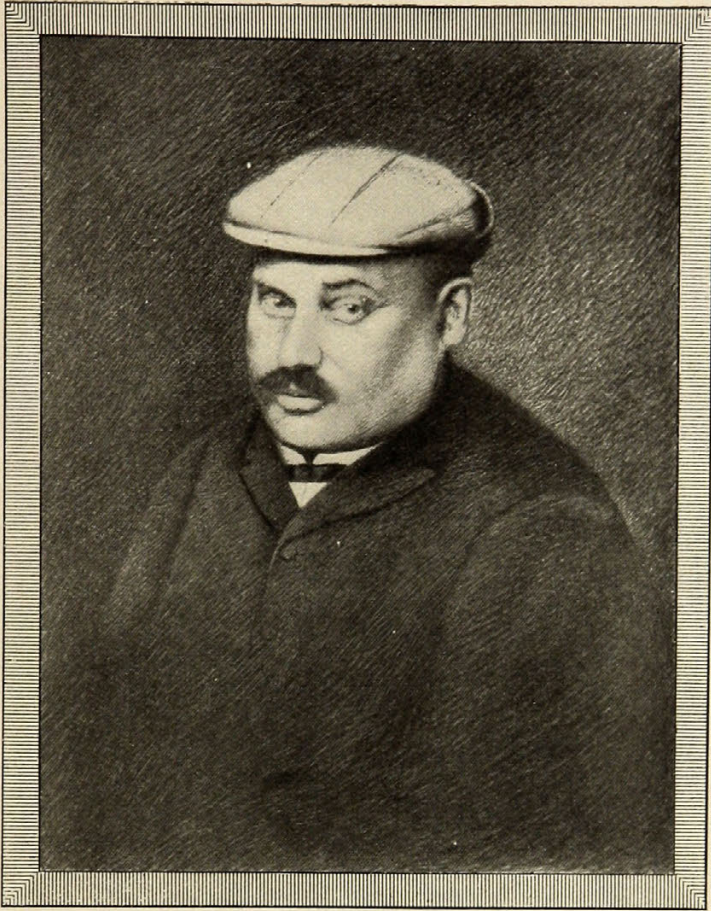
During all this period of his activity as a Revolutionary, Azeff was actually in the employ of the Secret Police, and was respected by them as a man peculiarly successful in winning the confidence of the Socialists. He played one party against the other to further his personal ambitions. The greater the activity of the Revolutionists, the greater Azeff's value to the police. The more plots he could reveal to the Ministry of the Interior, the more valuable he was to the Government. Azeff simplified his business by first making the plots and then betraying them.

The agents provocateurs employed by the Secret Police are spies who are expected to win the confidence of the Revolutionists by professing to be of their political faith and by assisting them, up to a certain point, in their Revolutionary activities. Through these agents provocateurs the Government actually expends money for the purchase of bombs and dynamite which are supplied to Revolutionary societies. The agents provocateurs, by offering to furnish explosives and distribute Revolutionary literature, induce the Revolutionists to commit themselves. Azeff, however, took advantage

of the opportunities of this disreputable calling to such an extent that it is difficult to say in which party he wrought the greater harm. He deliberately sacrificed the lives of some of the most prominent of the Government officials in order to furnish conclusive evidence against the Revolutionists who carried out his plots.

Azeff's principal activities came under the administrations of two Directors of Police: Lopukhin, and after him Ratchkovsky. In September, 1908, Lopukhin, then no longer connected with the police, admitted to Vladimir Burtzeff, a representative of the Revolutionary Party, that during his directorship Azeff was agent provocateur for the Secret Police. For this admission Lopukhin was tried for high treason, on the ground that he had rendered valuable assistance to the enemies of the State. He was sentenced to five years' penal servitude and subsequent deportation for life. This sentence was afterward modified to life-long banishment in the Siberian village of Samodurofka.

By this sentence the Government admitted, not only that it employs such men as Azeff, but that the exposure of such a man amounts to an act of treason. Moreover, it must be inferred that ministers, and even members of the Tsar's own family, may be assassinated with the actual connivance of the agents of the Secret Police, in order that the perpetrators of the crime may be apprehended. This expensive method of bringing a few Revolutionists to justice presents no absurdity to a police department whose system is so largely made up of intrigue and compromises. The methods of the Russian police, like the character of Eugene Azeff himself, are almost incomprehensible to the American mind.—EDITOR.



EUGENE AZEFF

THE RUSSIAN SPY WHO FOR YEARS ACTED AS LEADER OF
THE REVOLUTIONIST PARTY, WHILE TAKING PAY
FROM THE SECRET POLICE

AN old friend of mine, a most honored leader of the Social Revolutionary Party, who has passed seventeen years of his life in Russian prisons and in exile, came one day to my house with two Russians, and introduced them to me.

"Ivan Nicholaevitch; Pavel Ivanovitch."

We shook hands, and I regarded my new acquaintances. Pavel Ivanovitch provoked little curiosity in me. He was an ordinary type of the Russian "Intellectual," with the face of an ascetic, bearing the traces of deep thought and many privations. The other was of an entirely different type, and during our conversation I observed his face intently.

"Why do you look at me like that?" he asked after a time, laughingly, with no sign of discomposure.

"I am thinking," I answered, also smiling, "what luck it is for a conspirator to have a face like yours. I should never take you for a Revolutionist. You are a typical stock-broker or bookmaker."

I had been warned by my friend that both these gentlemen were terrorists of the deepest dye. But, while Pavel Ivanovitch in every movement betrayed the conspirator, I could find in Ivan Nicholaevitch not the slightest suggestion of the man who stakes his life for his ideals. His stout, well-nourished, well-clad figure, short neck, and broad, round face, with its very thick and sensual lips, flat nose, and carefully cropped hair, gave him the appearance of that international type of professional financier that one meets upon every stock exchange in Europe. I tried in vain to find in his eyes that expression of *Weltschmerz*

so characteristic of the Russian idealist. They bore no expression at all. Protrudent, dark, filmy, they reflected as little of his mind as do those of a fish. And yet his narrow, low forehead and heavy jaws showed great strength of will and resolution, as well as insatiable instincts.

"Ivan Nicholaevitch" was the assumed name of this man, known only to a few picked and trusted people. His real name came prominently before the public some months ago. He was Eugene Phillipovitch Azeff, the great agent provocateur, the pillar for many years of Russian despotic rule, and at the

same time one of the most trusted leaders of the bitterest enemy of that despotism, the Social Revolutionary Party.

Azeff's Training for His Career

Azeff's career is astonishing and unique. There are men who, through a spirit of adventure or ambition, have participated in revolutionary activity, and who, later on, when imprisoned and threatened with dire penalties, have become traitors to the cause, and even agents provocateurs, to buy their freedom. Others there are who, in the capacity of spies



NICHOLAS II., TSAR OF RUSSIA



GRAND DUKE MICHAEL. BROTHER
OF THE TSAR

or agents provocateurs, track Revolutionists through sheer incapacity to earn their living by some honest method. Azeff belonged to neither of these categories. He was, so to say, born a **traitor**, ready furnished with the most precious and essential qualifications of a traitor.

The son of a tailor, Azeff was in the habit of inciting his schoolfellows in Rostof-on-the-Don to acts of insubordination, in order to denounce them afterward to the teachers. When a youth of twenty, he carefully weighed the chances of various careers in Russia, and chose that for which his nature was best fitted, and

which justly seemed to him the most promising in Russia—that of agent provocateur.

He stole a few hundred pounds from his employer, forged the necessary diplomas, and went to Germany, where he entered a polytechnic as a student of engineering and electricity. It was there that he learned to the bottom the art of bomb-making, and obtained the grade of scientific engineer. It was in Germany also that Azeff first joined a Russian Revolutionary circle, in which he soon managed to obtain a prominent reputation.

Azeff was not an orator, still less a writer



or theorist. In fact, only with the greatest difficulty could he explain on paper the course of his ideas. He spoke little, but his rare words were significant and to the point. Having finally decided the question of his career, he became, par excellence, a practical business man with a keen knowledge of human nature, indomitable persistence and will, and a rare gift of organization. Supplied with good references by his comrades, he went to Moscow and there joined the Social Revolutionists.

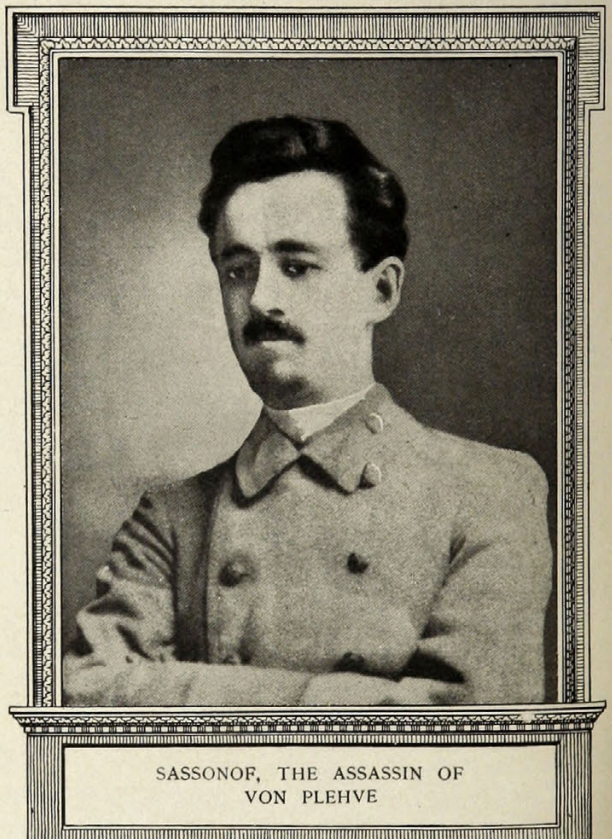
He was then already in close touch with Ratchkovsky, the omnipotent Chief of the Foreign Service of the Russian Political Police. Supplied with plenty of money by Ratchkovsky, and insured by him from arrest, Azeff, with the late Gershuni, a Revolutionist of the highest moral and intellectual type, visited the chief Revolutionary centers in Russia and abroad, and in 1902 they succeeded in uniting the various groups of the Social Revolutionary Party into one strong and well-organized body, which since then has carried on a dramatic

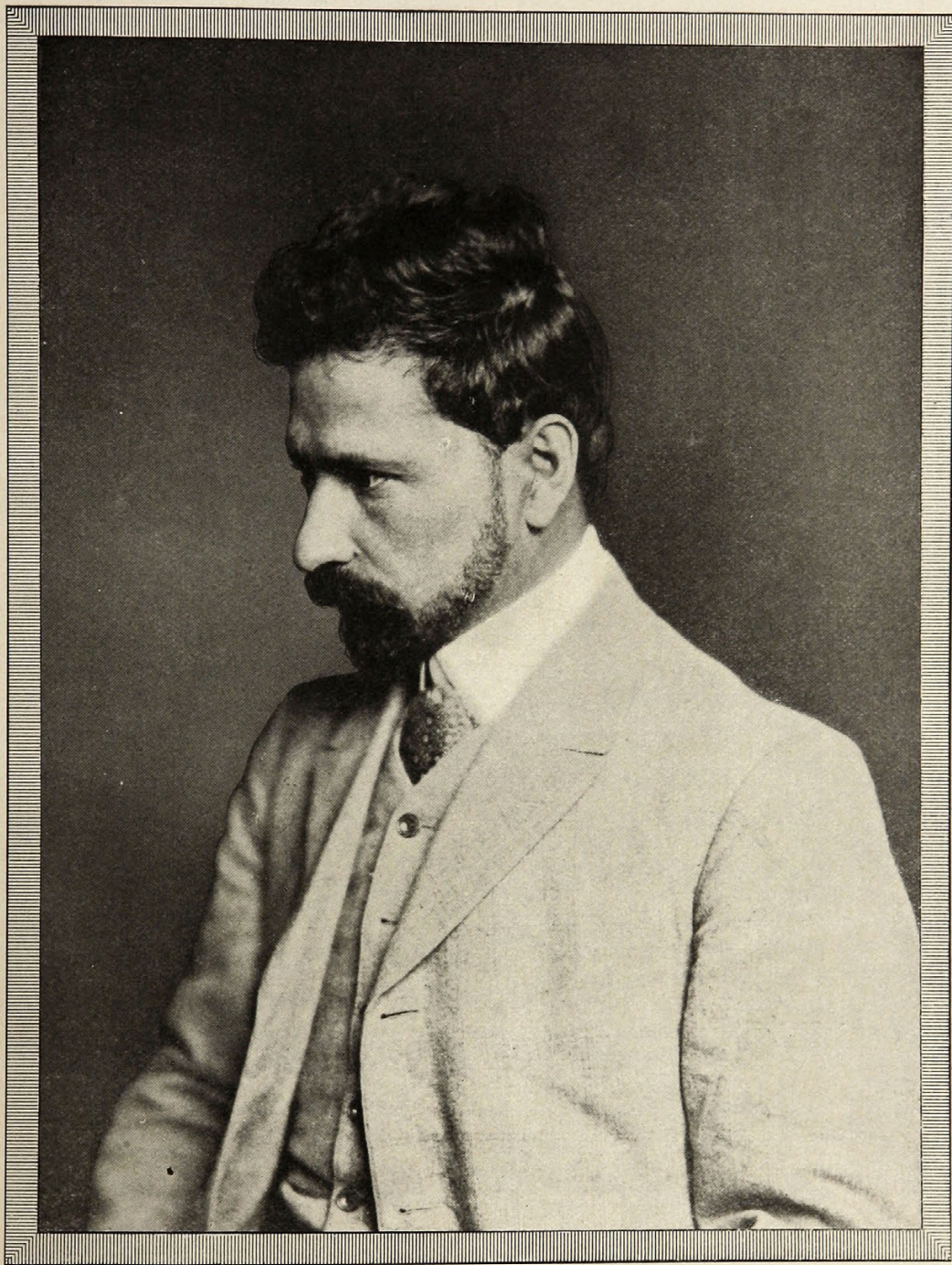
and relentless struggle against Russian despotism.

Azeff's Rapid Rise in the Revolutionary Party

During the last seven years of this struggle Azeff used intermittently the Social Revolutionary Party and the Secret Police as tools for the promotion of one end—his own career. From 1901 till the very end of 1908 Azeff took an active, often a leading part in every scheme of the Party. It would be erroneous to maintain that the Social Revolutionary Party would never have come into prominence without Azeff, or that it would not have achieved what it has achieved. Among the many thousands of its members can be found idealists ready for superhuman efforts of self-abnegation and sacrifice; and even now, after all the imprisonments and executions, there are plenty of leaders of the highest mental and moral capacities.

Yet Azeff contributed greatly to the Party's success. He perhaps beat the record in the slaying of tyrants. He was one of the leading organ-





FATHER GAPON, THE "REVOLUTIONARY POPE"

WHO LED THE PEOPLE OF ST. PETERSBURG ON BLOODY SUNDAY, AND HEADED SOME OF THE MOST DARING PLOTS OF THE REVOLUTIONISTS, BUT LATER BECAME A POLICE SPY, WAS DENOUNCED BY AZEFF, AND WAS HANGED IN AN EMPTY HOUSE BY HIS FORMER COMRADES



ALEXANDRA FEODROVNA, EMPRESS OF RUSSIA

THE ANTAGONISM OF THE DOWAGER EMPRESS TOWARD THE TSARINA, AND THE FAVORITISM THAT SHE SHOWS IN BEHALF OF THE TSAR'S BROTHER, CAUSES THE TSARINA CONSTANTLY TO FEAR FOR THE LIFE OF HER LITTLE SON

izers in the murders of Bogdanovich, Plehve, the Grand Duke Sergius, and many others who were killed during those seven years. And for the last five years Azeff was actually the head of that terrible "Fighting Organization" which for a whole decade held the Tsar and his camarilla in awe and in practical captivity. His nearest Revolutionary comrades, who alone knew of his activity and who repeatedly followed him into battle, cherished toward him a deep affection and boundless confidence. How could they do otherwise, when he showed such marvelous in-

genuity in the formation and execution of Revolutionary projects? His repulsive countenance was illuminated by a strangely attractive fire when he was anxious to convince or to impress, and his manners were so frank and simple that not only mere comradeship but real friendship bound them to him. In Paris and in Italy, where he passed a great part of his time with his wife and children, he lived simply and modestly, and was known as an exemplary husband and father. Azeff, who brought death upon so many youths and young girls, was himself a great lover of children.

Such was Azeff as known until last November to his Revolutionary friends. And when irrefutable proofs of his treachery were brought forward, the members of the Central Committee could not believe their senses.

The List of Azeff's Betrayals

When the Central Committee of the Social Revolutionary Party tried Azeff, it was in possession of a document proving that in 1902 Ratchkovsky, the head of the Foreign Service of Russian Political Police, wrote to the Department of Police asking for five hundred

rubles which his "secret agent" must "subscribe to the funds of the Social Revolutionary Party." The famous Minister Durnovo, in answer, requested that the agent should visit him personally. The agent therefore visited Durnovo. It was Eugene Azeff. At the request of Durnovo, Azeff delivered to him the names of the members of the Central Committee of the Party. Other documents prove that Azeff at about the same time betrayed the existence of a secret printing press at Penza, and many arrests were made. He invented and realized a plan of smuggling the



MARIA FEODROVNA, DOWAGER EMPRESS OF RUSSIA
WHOSE JEALOUSY OF HER DAUGHTER-IN-LAW, ALEXANDRA, HAS RESULTED IN AN ESTRANGEMENT BETWEEN THE TSAR AND HIS MOTHER, AND HAS LED TO THE LATTER'S PARTIZANSHIP OF HER YOUNGER SON, MICHAEL



Published by courtesy of Collier's Weekly

NICHOLAS II, "MOST HIGH"

AT THE LEFT IS GENERAL TREPOFF, THE TSAR'S BODY-GUARD, AGAINST WHOSE LIFE A PLOT WAS ORGANIZED BY THE REVOLUTIONISTS, BUT WAS BETRAYED BY AZEFF

literature of the Party into Russia in refrigerators of foreign make. And when this ingenious plan began to work successfully, he denounced it to the police, and many of the Party perished.

He then organized another method of smuggling literature by placing it in cleverly constructed double-bottomed oil-barrels. A special workshop was set up in London for the construction of these barrels, and a mock trading company for their importation was established in a Baltic port. Everything went on smoothly until Azeff denounced the scheme to the police.

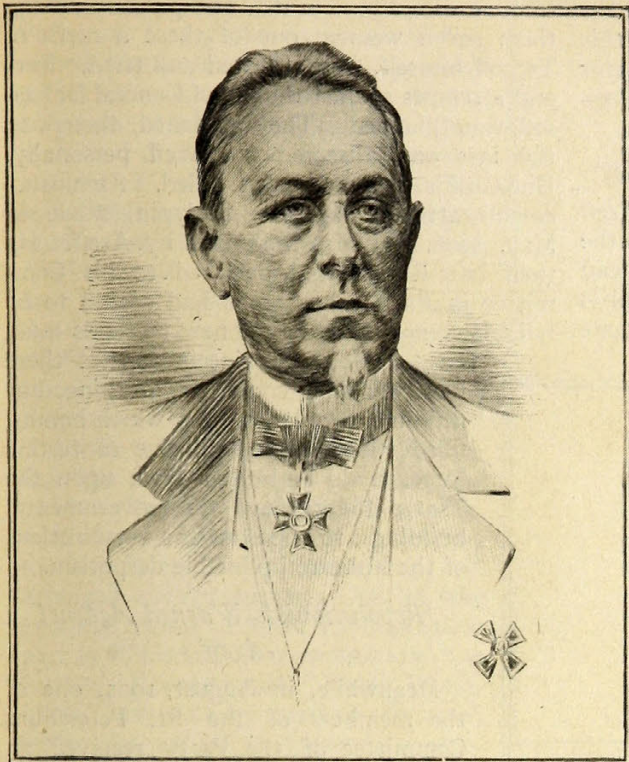
The Russian police were scrupulously careful to follow up Azeff's denunciations in such a manner as to shield him from suspicion in the eyes of his Revolutionary companions. In the case of the oil-barrels, the manager of the trading company was suddenly arrested upon an entirely different charge having nothing to do with the smuggling of literature. The cargo of oil-barrels, therefore, for many months remained unclaimed, and only when the term for claiming them had passed were they sold by public auction, the police still feigning ignorance of their contents. A disguised agent

of the Secret Police bought in the cargo, and some time later, as if by accident, found the literature hidden in them, and informed the police of his discovery. Then an inquiry was instituted, and various persons in Russia connected with the case were arrested. By such methods Azeff continued to escape suspicion.

In the beginning of 1904 a circle of Revolutionists, led by a young girl, Sophie Klichcglu, elaborated a plan for the destruction of the then dictator of Russia, Plehve. The group worked independently of the Fighting Organization, of which Azeff was the head. Azeff gave away the organizers of the attempt, and they were all arrested and perished.

Assassination of Plehve

A few months later Azeff himself elaborated a scheme for the blowing up of Plehve by bombs. He arranged the fabrication of the bombs and himself worked out the smallest details of the conspiracy. He personally directed the group of Revolutionists upon whom he imposed the task of watching Plehve's movements. He distributed the various functions, appointing Sassonof as first bomb-thrower,



Drawn by F. Van Sloan

PRINCE HILKOF, THE INTIMATE FRIEND OF TOLSTOY,
WHO WAS BETRAYED BY AZEFF

and are safe at this moment, although they have since repeatedly visited Russia.

Assassination of the Tsar's Uncle

A few months later the Tsar's favorite uncle, the Grand Duke Sergius, was killed by a bomb in broad daylight. In this event, also, Azeff, as head of the Fighting Organization, played a leading part. He elaborated every detail of the attempt several months before it actually took place. He appointed the above-mentioned Kalyaev and a young girl, Dora Brilliant, as bomb-throwers. He knew the assumed names under which they lived in Moscow, and was kept continually informed of their preparations. He even provided them with the dynamite. Kalyaev was ready at his post on the appointed day, when the Grand Duke's carriage was to pass by. But in the carriage beside the Grand Duke sat his wife, the Duchess Elizabeth, and Kalyaev did not wish to kill an innocent woman. Therefore the carriage was allowed

while Sikorsky, Kalyaev, and Savinkov, the "Pavel Ivanovitch" I mentioned in the first part of this article, were to follow if the first bomb should fail.

The attempt took place on July 21, 1904. Sassonof and Kalyaev were stationed at their posts, both armed with their bombs, and waiting for the passing of Plehve's carriage. Azeff was awaiting the result of the attempt at Vilna, which is a few hours distant from St. Petersburg. An unexpected hitch in the traffic on this occasion stopped the Minister's carriage, and the bomb was not thrown for fear of injuring many innocent persons. Sassonof and Kalyaev immediately went to Vilna and, together with Azeff, deplored the failure, and decided to make another attempt on July 28, the day when Plehve would go to report to the Tsar. On July 28 the four Revolutionists were again upon the spot, while Azeff awaited news in Warsaw. This time Plehve was killed. But, apart from the two bomb-throwers, Sassonof and Sikorsky, who were taken on the spot, the participants in the plot escaped,



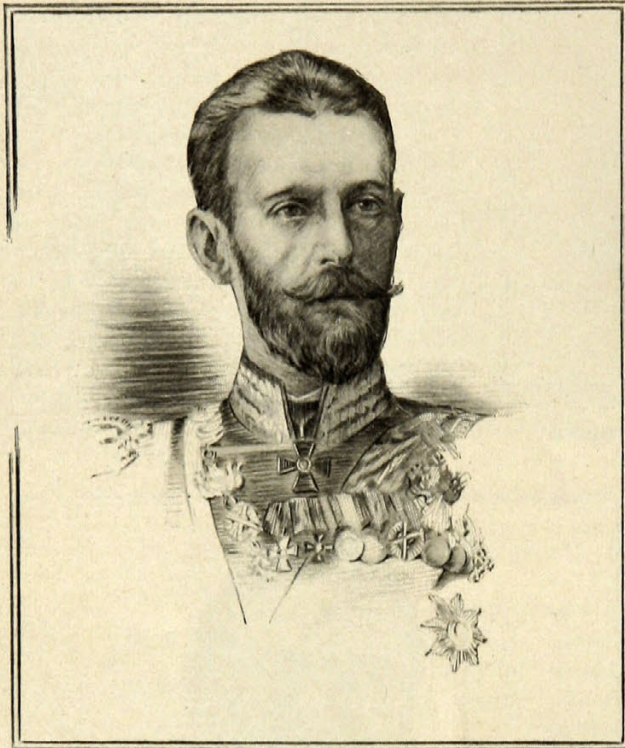
Drawn by F. Van Sloan

LOPUKHIN, LATE CHIEF OF POLICE, NOW EXILED TO
SIBERIA FOR DENOUNCING AZEFF IN HIS DUAL
RÔLE OF SPY AND REVOLUTIONIST

to pass unmolested. Several days elapsed before another opportunity occurred, and this time the Grand Duke fell. The assassinator was hanged, but the other participants escaped, as in the case of Plehve's murder.

Attempts upon the Lives of High Officials

Directly after the murder of Plehve, Azeff busied himself in sending denunciations to the police. He betrayed Prince Hilkof, the friend of Tolstoy, and several other Revolutionists with whom he was upon the most intimate



Drawn by F. Van Sloan

GRAND DUKE SERGIUS

UNCLE OF THE CZAR, KILLED BY A BOMB THROWN
AT AZEFF'S INSTIGATION

terms. As a representative of the Social Revolutionists, he took part in a conference of all the opposition parties, held in Paris in 1904, and immediately sent to the then Director of Police, Lopukhin, the full report of the conference, which had been intrusted to him for transmission to the Revolutionists. He then returned to Russia, and there, guarded by agents of the Secret Police, traveled from town to town, participating in various Revolutionary conferences. Then followed a number of attempts, mostly unsuccessful, on the lives of high officials. In St. Petersburg an attempt was planned against General Trepoff, the body-guard of the Tsar. This plot was clumsily organized, and was denounced by Azeff, who

took no direct part in it. Ten persons, among them seven women, one of these a niece of Trepoff himself, were arrested and tried. Several attempts against the life of General Dubassoff were planned. They all failed, though in the last one, directed by Azeff personally, Dubassoff's lieutenant was killed. An unsuccessful attempt against Stolypin, made in May, 1906, was also organized by Azeff. He then left Russia, and declared to his Committee in Paris that bombs had ceased to be reliable weapons, and that new methods must be tried. He maintained that these new weapons could be nothing but dirigible aeroplanes, from which bombs, filled with a new explosive of terrific force, could be hurled down upon the Tsar's Palace and the governmental buildings, to wipe out the very nucleus of the hitherto invincible despotism.

Revolutionists Warned Against Azeff

Meanwhile, in August, 1905, one of the members of the St. Petersburg Committee of the Party received an anonymous letter in which a certain "Azyeff" and a former exile with the initial "T" were denounced as betraying the Party to the police.* It happened that when the letter arrived Azeff was in the room, together with the doctor to whom the letter was addressed, and his wife. The doctor opened the letter, and began to read it aloud. He was not aware of the real name of his guest, knowing him only as "Ivan Nicholaevitch." When he had finished reading the letter, he remarked musingly:

"I wonder who this 'Azyeff' can be."

"I am Azeff," declared Ivan Nicholaevitch.

They looked at him in astonishment. His face was deathly pale and distorted. The doctor and his wife embraced him, and with the greatest emotion endeavored to console him.

"Dear friend," they said, "don't be upset by these calumnies. They are the work of spies."

But Azeff said firmly:

"When such a letter comes, however trusted may be the person it accuses, it is the duty of the Party to make a thorough inquiry."

An inquiry was accordingly made, and a

*The author of this letter, as I now learn from private sources, was a colonel who bore a bitter grudge against Ratchkovsky, head of the Foreign Secret Police. Ratchkovsky was then enjoying great popularity and confidence at Court because of the many arrests he had made among Revolutionists. The colonel knew that all Ratchkovsky's information about Revolutionists came from Azeff, and that to expose Azeff's treachery to the Revolutionists would put a stop to Ratchkovsky's extraordinary success.

secret tribunal of the Revolutionary Party sat to try the case. Azeff furnished proofs that "T," who appeared to be Tatarov, had really, upon several occasions, betrayed Revolutionists. And in the end the trial was that of Tatarov, but not of Azeff. In vain Tatarov asserted that he was only the subordinate agent; that the real great traitor was Azeff himself. The judges would not hear these "ridiculous libels." Azeff, the fearless organizer of the murder of Plehve, that greatest of Russian tyrants! Azeff, the "eagle," who had slain the Grand Duke Sergius, Bogdanovich, and so many others! He was like the wife of Caesar—above suspicion. Tatarov was condemned to death by the tribunal; Azeff himself was the first to sign the death-warrant, and arranged the execution. One of the greatest friends of Azeff, who had taken part in all his famous assassinations, the fearless Revolutionist "Pavel Ivanovitch," was sent by Azeff to Warsaw, where he called at Tatarov's rooms, and there stabbed Tatarov to death. The whereabouts of Tatarov was re-



Drawn by F. Van Sloan

VON PLEHVE, AT ONE TIME DICTATOR OF RUSSIA, WHOSE ASSASSINATION, PLANNED BY AZEFF, GAVE THE LATTER THE COMPLETE CONFIDENCE OF THE REVOLUTIONISTS

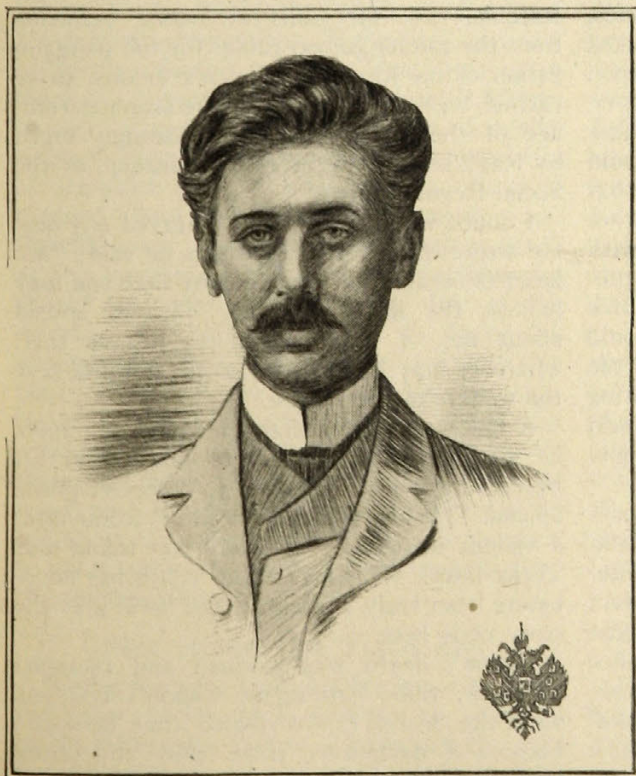
vealed to Azeff by his chief Ratchkovsky, the head of the Secret Police, who was probably only too glad to sacrifice the smaller fry in order to preserve the more valuable Azeff.

A year later Azeff in a similar manner "removed" a man of far higher importance than himself—the famous "Revolutionary Pope," Father Gapon.

Father Gapon and the "John Grafton"

The world still remembers how the people of St. Petersburg were met on "Bloody Sunday," when, led by Gapon, they went to the Winter Palace to present their monster petition for mercy to the "Tsar—Little Father." Thousands of them were shot by the troops, and Gapon himself escaped with his life, thanks to the loyalty of an admirer of his, a certain engineer, Rutenberg.

Gapon fled abroad, burning with hatred toward the "venomous brood, the Tsar and his family," as he called them in a subsequent proclamation. Though he had formerly worked among



Drawn by F. Van Sloan

STIFFTAR, A REVOLUTIONIST, BETRAYED AND CONVICTED ON NO FURTHER EVIDENCE THAN THE WORD OF AZEFF

the laboring classes under the patronage of the police, he was, at this time, undoubtedly and absolutely sincere. He joined first the Social Democratic Party and afterward the Social Revolutionists, in order to organize an armed insurrection in St. Petersburg. But he soon had to leave both these parties; being of an autocratic disposition, he was unable to work on equal terms with other leaders. He then decided to organize a party of his own, to consist of the working classes, with himself as sole leader of unlimited powers. He was then staying with me in my London house, and kept me fully acquainted with all his movements.

A little group not belonging to the Social Revolutionary Party was just then engaged on the Continent in arming the celebrated gun-runner, the *John Grafton*. With astonishing skill, energy, and resourcefulness their leader armed the *John Grafton* with 17,000 Swiss military rifles, several thousand revolvers of the British military pattern, several tons of explosives, three machine-guns, a great quantity of Mausers, etc. Azeff, of course, was in the secret, and warmly supported the scheme. The gun-runner, according to the plan, was to rush the port of St. Petersburg, and to be met there by a few hundred armed workmen, who would overcome the resistance of the police, seize the *John Grafton*, and arm the picked crowd that would immediately gather upon the banks of the Neva. It was, however, necessary to assure the presence of a leader whom the population of St. Petersburg would obey. The Social Revolutionists knew that this leader could be none other than Father Gapon. An offer was therefore made, with the approval of Azeff, that Gapon should prepare beforehand the necessary body of reliable armed workmen in St. Petersburg, and should himself sail upon the *John Grafton* to lead the people. Gapon readily agreed, stipulating only that some concrete plan of action should be drawn up for him. This was done, and Gapon approved it.

I am not at liberty now to publish this document. Azeff, as I have said, was in the secret. The Central Committee of the Social Revolutionary Party later publicly admitted the fact of Azeff's participation in the *John Grafton* affair. Whether he informed the Secret Police of all the details of the conspiracy will probably never be known. The fact remains that the gun-runner arrived safely in Finnish waters, and would probably have made its way to St. Petersburg had not a storm arisen and wrecked it. The ship was lost, with some of its cargo; but the Finnish fishermen picked

out of the water a great many cases in which were arms, hermetically sealed, so that thousands of Finns became possessed of excellent rifles. This fact, which in a greatly exaggerated form became known to the Russian Government, caused the Tsar in 1905 to grant to Finland all the concessions it demanded, for fear of an effective insurrection. Gapon saved his life by swimming, and after a short stay in Finland returned abroad again.

At that time political events in Russia began to develop with such lightning rapidity that Gapon, Azeff, and even the Revolutionary parties were left behind. The whole country had turned against the Government, and several million workmen arranged a general strike. The October Manifesto followed, together with the sanguinary "pogroms" arranged by Trepoff and the Black Hundred. Witte was then Premier.

Gapon's decline then began. He was temporarily carried away by the pleasures of lay life, and gradually became estranged from the Revolutionists, who lost every confidence in him.

Azeff Arranges Gapon's Death

When Gapon returned to Russia and found that the Revolutionists distrusted him, he entered into communication with Witte and Ratchkovsky, the Chief of Police, receiving from the former 30,000 rubles for the reorganization of his former workmen's unions, to be carried on, as before, under the secret patronage of the police, and being strongly urged by Ratchkovsky to betray the leaders of the Social Revolutionists.

I doubt whether he really betrayed any one. He wrote me a letter in which he said: "My heart is breaking at the thought that you may believe the libels that my enemies spread about me. I implore you to believe that, whatever may happen, I care for nothing save the welfare of the People."

A few weeks after that, on March 28, 1906, he was hanged in an empty house near St. Petersburg, which belonged to a former police official. He had evidently been overcome after a violent struggle. His body was found four weeks later. This mysterious death has never before been truly explained, and I will give the story of it here.

Gapon's death was planned and arranged by Azeff, who, learning of Gapon's relations with the Secret Police, feared that he might become a dangerous rival, and still more that he might discover Azeff's own connection with the police. Two things were of immense importance to Azeff: that the confidence reposed in him by the Social Revo-

lutionists should be in no way weakened, and that he should remain of first importance in the eyes of Ratchkovsky and the Secret Police. These two things being assured, his position in the world of conspiracy was practically omnipotent, and, needless to add, eminently lucrative. He had been informed by Ratchkovsky that Gapon had agreed to betray him — Azeff — and another leader of the Social Revolutionists for a large sum of money. Acting on the strength of this, in the spring of 1906 he prepared a fictitious plan and laid it before the Party. Informing the Party that he had heard that Gapon had promised to betray him and another to Ratchkovsky, he proposed that Ratchkovsky should be murdered. His real object was to rid himself of Gapon. But the suggestion to kill Ratchkovsky was, of course, calculated to strengthen his prestige with the Social Revolutionary Party.

In the meantime Gapon, with the object of keeping his promise to Ratchkovsky, had approached his old and formerly devoted friend, the engineer Rutenberg, offering him 50,000 rubles to help in the betrayal of Azeff and the other leader. Gapon evidently believed that his personal influence with Rutenberg, coupled with the great devotion that the latter had formerly felt toward him, would overcome his loyalty to the Social Revolutionary Party, of which he was a member. Rutenberg, inwardly indignant, affected to agree, and, bearing in mind the proposal of Azeff to murder Ratchkovsky, suggested that the details of Azeff's betrayal should be arranged in the presence of Ratchkovsky. A meeting was therefore planned between Gapon, Rutenberg, and Ratchkovsky. Azeff thereupon proposed that at this meeting both Gapon and Ratchkovsky should be killed. But on the day of the meeting Ratchkovsky failed to keep the appointment, and Gapon alone fell into the trap. Upon Gapon's body was found a visiting card of Ratchkovsky, excusing himself for non-appearance. Needless to say, the whole thing had been previously arranged between Azeff and Ratchkovsky. Azeff's prestige in the Party was increased both by his proposal to kill Ratchkovsky and by the latter's anxiety to apprehend him.

Plots Against the Tsar's Life

During the year 1906 Azeff worked hard for the police, obviously to improve his situation in the Okhranka (Secret Police), which, with the triumph of reaction, had again become omnipotent. He betrayed a great number of Revolutionists, among them Stiffar, Ronsky, Lieutenant Nikitenko, together with his com-

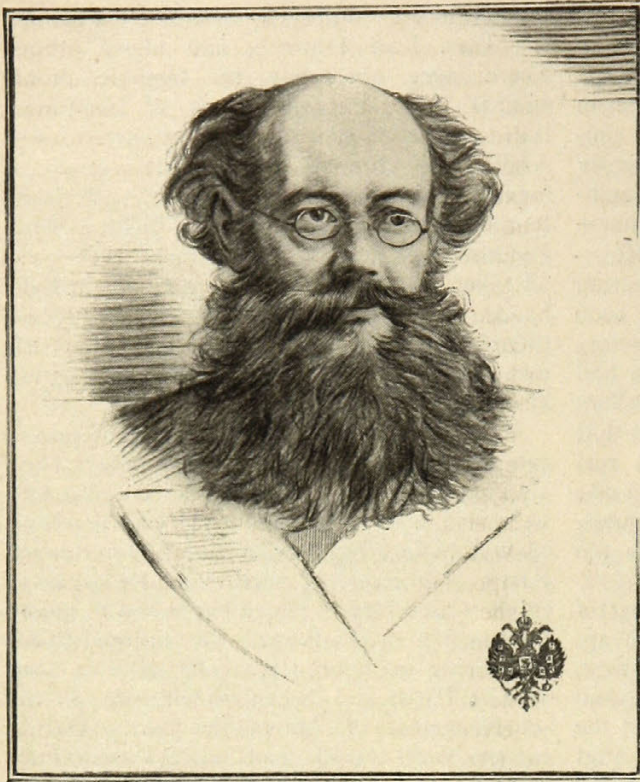
rades who were supposed to be plotting against the Tsar, Karl Trauberg and many others. There were absolutely no tangible proofs against them; but they were all court-martialed, and hanged or shot, on the bare word of Azeff. In February, 1908, a little group of men and women were induced by Azeff to attempt the life of the Minister of Justice, Scheglovitoff. At the critical moment they were all taken with bombs or other weapons in their hands, tried, and hanged. A person who saw them a few hours before their execution told me that they had not the slightest notion who had betrayed them.

But warnings of Azeff's rôle as agent provocateur became more and more frequent. They always came from agents of the Secret Police who were jealous of Azeff's influence, and therefore carried little weight with the Revolutionary Party. Nevertheless, Azeff evidently began to think it necessary to play a big trump to insure his position in the Party. He returned to St. Petersburg in February, 1908, after a long stay in Paris, and began to prepare an attempt against the life of the Tsar. During earlier years Azeff had always scornfully rejected any such suggestion. "It is impossible," he used to say; "the Tsar is inaccessible." He severely criticized every plan proposed by other members, and, thanks to his great authority as the slayer of Plehve, he always succeeded in defeating them. If one may believe the correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, who seems at times to be inspired by Ratchkovsky, there was an understanding between Azeff and the Secret Police that, whatever happened, the Tsar's person was to be inviolate. Be that as it may, I have good reasons for maintaining that at this time Azeff found it feasible to attempt the assassination of Nicholas II. Several attempts were arranged, and, though they failed, it was through no fault of Azeff. The police did not arrest the persons involved in these plots. The last attempt, of which Azeff had full knowledge, failed exclusively through want of firmness on the part of the person who was to be the actual perpetrator. Twice he had the Tsar entirely at his mercy, and twice his courage failed.*

Factions in the Tsar's Court and Family

Perhaps in time history will throw a searching light upon the part played by Ratchkovsky in

* During the sittings in Paris of the secret tribunal which tried Azeff, the details of one of the attempts were revealed by a member of the Fighting Organization: the names of the conspirators were given, all the plot was recounted, and the causes were related that prevented the success of the attempt. He made it perfectly clear that Azeff was the organizer of the plot, and that he did not denounce the conspirators.



Drawn by F. Van Sloan

PRINCE KROPOTKIN

A CELEBRATED REVOLUTIONIST, ONE OF THE TRIBUNAL THAT MET IN PARIS TO TRY AZEFF'S CASE

these latest attempts upon the life of the Tsar. I personally believe that Ratchkovsky was fully informed about them by Azeff, as he was of the contemplated murder of Plehve. Ratchkovsky had been for the last two years practically the head of the Secret Police in charge of the Tsar's personal safety. Though, officially, he is only one of Stolypin's secretaries, he really occupies an entirely independent position, being responsible only to the Tsar, and having the right to try personally any political case he chooses. Without Ratchkovsky the assassination of the Tsar could only have been unprofitable to Azeff, as Ratchkovsky, his patron, would have blamed him for allowing the Party to accomplish it. And only Ratchkovsky could have informed Azeff that there was a party at Court that would not be displeased by such an event.

The relations between the Empress Dowager, Maria Feodrovna, and the reigning Empress, Alexandra Feodrovna, are very unpleasant, as are those between Nicholas II. and his younger brother Michael. In old times Nicholas was the pet of his mother, the Dowager Empress, and her influence over him was supreme. But since his marriage she has gradually become estranged from him through the jealousy of

the young Empress, who could not stand constant interference in her domestic affairs, and her mother-in-law's power over her husband. The incessant friction between the two royal ladies at last developed into open quarrels. When the young Empress at last had the good fortune to give birth to an heir, she definitely insisted upon the complete emancipation of Nicholas II. and the royal nursery from the tutelage of the Dowager Empress. When, after that, Maria Feodrovna visited the St. Petersburg "College for the Daughters of Noblemen," which is under her patronage, she did not hesitate, in the presence of the girls, bitterly to lament the fact that her daughter-in-law had forbidden her to play with her grandchildren.

Estrangement of Nicholas from His Mother

Thus Maria Feodrovna gradually transferred her maternal affections from Nicholas II. to her younger son, Michael. Her favor toward Michael and her grudge toward Nicholas were perhaps augmented by the exceedingly haughty manner in which Nicholas is wont to treat his brother Michael.

Though Nicholas II. is a narrow autocrat in heart and creed, and though he is not conspicuous for special gifts of intellect or appearance, or for personal charm, he is in many ways superior to his brother, who is actually dull-witted and spiteful. The exalted position of Nicholas fills his brother's heart with a jealousy he is not always able to conceal. Michael frequently criticizes the Emperor's policy toward the members of the Court, declaring that, were he in power, he would quickly apply such stringent measures as would stamp out the Revolution forever. This kind of talk agreeably tickles the extreme reactionaries at the Court, who know very well that in case of the death of Nicholas II., the heir presumptive being still an infant, Michael would become the Regent. During his Regency, who knows but what the infant heir presumptive might fall ill and die, from diphtheria or some other childish ailment?

So there is a party at the Court that would be highly contented to see Michael in the place of his brother Nicholas. The reigning Empress knows this very well, and constantly trembles for the life of her little son. As a result of this she has developed a veritable mania of persecution. Her fears were aroused

first over three years ago, by a sudden seizure of her son, which really seemed to be of a suspicious nature. During the last eighteen months she has suffered from several nervous breakdowns due to this constantly increasing fear.

Such is the position of affairs at the Court, well known to Ratchkovsky, who throughout his whole career has shown so great an inclination to fish in troubled waters. Who can tell what might have been, had Azeff continued in his dual rôle of terrorist and agent provocateur?

Azeff Unmasked

Toward the close of 1908 Vladimir Burtzeff, editor of the historical review *Byloe*, and a strong member of the Revolutionary Party, succeeded in gathering together conclusive evidence of Azeff's alliance with the police and his treachery to the Revolutionists. In September of that year Burtzeff, who was returning from the Rhine, accidentally met Lopukhin in the railway train between Cologne and Berlin. When Burtzeff entered the compartment in which Lopukhin was seated, he immediately began to talk to him about the proofs against Azeff, which were already in his hands. Lopukhin had been Director of Police under Plehve, and Burtzeff was determined to get from him an admission that Azeff had been in the employ of the police during his directorship. This was the final evidence against Azeff that he needed to present before the Central Committee of Revolutionists in Paris. He told M. Lopukhin that Azeff had become head of the Social Revolutionary Party after the arrest of Gershuni, and that in that capacity the choice of both victims and perpetrators of terroristic outrages rested with him. Azeff had organized the murders of the Grand Duke Sergius and M. Plehve, and also an attempt made on the Tsar's life in the summer of 1908.

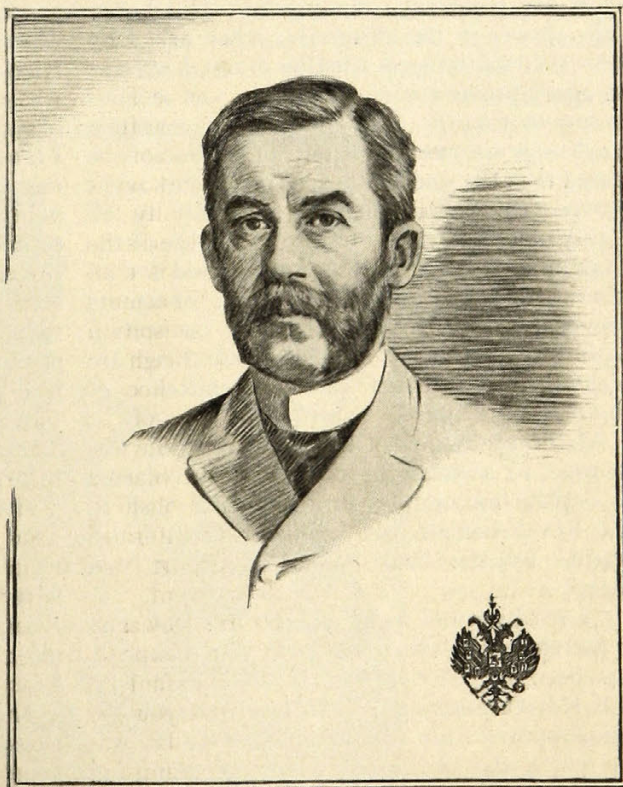
M. Lopukhin was at first skeptical regarding Burtzeff's statements, but was eventually convinced of their accuracy. Burtzeff asked him whether he knew that Azeff was an agent of the Russian police, saying that he wanted the information for himself, and not for communication to the Revolutionary tribunal. Burtzeff added that if M. Lopukhin gave a false denial he would be morally responsible for the future victims of

terrorism and the hangman. M. Lopukhin thereupon gave Burtzeff an affirmative answer, but on the understanding that his name should not be mentioned before the Revolutionary tribunal without his receiving previous warning. He also urged that Azeff should not be "executed" in consequence of his denunciation. The interview then terminated.

Two months later—that is, November of 1908—Azeff came to see Lopukhin, and begged him to deny that he had said anything about his (Azeff's) connection with the police. M. Lopukhin, in reply, promised that he would not give evidence before any Revolutionary tribunal, but he refused to authorize Azeff to cite his name in his own justification, saying that if he did so, he (M. Lopukhin) would be compelled to speak the truth.

At the end of December a secret tribunal, composed of the three most famous members of the Revolutionary Party, Prince Kropotkin, Herman Lopatin, and Mme. Vera Figner, met in Paris to try Azeff's case.

M. Gerassimoff, Chief of the Secret Police, received a letter from Azeff informing him that he (Azeff) had been finally compromised by M. Lopukhin. He was irrevocably undone, owing to the visits paid by himself and



Drawn by F. Van Sloan

MINISTER DURNOVO
TO WHOM AZEFF MADE MANY OF HIS BETRAYALS

M. Gerassimoff to M. Lopukhin. M. Lopukhin had given the Revolutionaries an account of these visits—"our fatal error," Azeff called them. Azeff endeavored to prove an alibi, and with this object produced his alleged bill at a Berlin hotel. The attempt failed, however, owing to his inability to give an accurate description of the room in which he was supposed to have been staying. There was, therefore, no chance of his acquittal by the Revolutionary tribunal, and, with death facing him, he sought refuge in flight.

After Azeff's disappearance his wife, a faithful Revolutionist, still continued to believe in him. So did many of his old friends. It was only after Lopukhin was tried and sentenced for revealing Azeff's connections with the police that they were convinced that their friend and leader was a Government spy, whom the Government had thus avenged.

Lopukhin's trial occurred in May, seven months ago. The indictment against him charged Lopukhin with having furnished valuable information to the Revolutionists by betraying to them Azeff's connection with the Secret Police, and set forth an enumeration of Azeff's services. The Judge appointed to preside at Lopukhin's trial absolutely forbade either Lopukhin or his counsel to utter a word upon any point save the question, Did Lopukhin answer in the affirmative when asked by some political refugees whether or not Azeff was an agent provocateur? Lopukhin was anxious to prove that his only motive for revealing Azeff's rôle was one of pure patriotism, because he feared that the audacious activity of this agent provocateur was a menace, not only to all highly placed officials, but also to the life of the Tsar himself. But he was not allowed for an instant to touch upon the subject of agents provocateurs, or to hint at their connection with the Government, although these things are realities that threaten the very existence of the Russian Empire.

At the conclusion of his trial Lopukhin was allowed to address the court. He attempted to explain his motives in denouncing Azeff to the Revolutionists, but was continually interrupted by the court. Accordingly he said merely:

"I see I am not to be allowed to speak, and I therefore say these words in conclusion: It has been said that I was in coöperation with the Revolutionaries. That is a lie. My political opinions are well known. My duty was to rescue the victims of terroristic plots and save hundreds from the gallows. I affirm that even the Tsar's life was in danger, and that His Majesty would eventually have fallen a

victim at Azeff's hands. Azeff was an agent provocateur. I could not be silent. You may judge and convict me, but I know I acted in the interests of humanity."

Burtzeff's Exposure of Harting

After the editor Vladimir Burtzeff had unmasked Azeff, he succeeded in exposing an equally dangerous man in Gekelman, alias Landesén, alias Harting. Harting's career is a typical product of the Secret Police, and its parallel could scarcely be found outside of Russia.

Harting's real name was Gekelman. In 1884 he was an agent provocateur in the service of the St. Petersburg police. In 1889, with the consent of Ratchkovsky and the Police Department, he provided the Russian refugees in Paris with bombs, inciting them to an attempt to murder the Tsar, then Alexander III. Harting then betrayed the whole company of Revolutionists whom he had drawn into this plot. They were tried in the French courts, and sentenced to three years' imprisonment. Harting was sentenced to five years' penal servitude, but he escaped back into Russia, where, under a new name, he received many rewards and decorations from the Russian Government for his valuable services as agent provocateur in Paris. This condemned criminal became a personal friend of Nicholas II., the son of Alexander III., and was charged, in 1896, with the special mission of safeguarding the Tsar during his visit to France. By gradual steps of promotion Harting became assistant chief of the Russian political police in Germany. At last he was provided with false documents by the Russian Government and appointed chief of the Russian political police in Paris. At the special request of the Tsar, he received the decoration of the *Legion d'Honneur*. Thus the responsible powers of Russia did not hesitate to place in Paris, as one of the most influential officials, a man actually condemned, twenty years before, to penal servitude in that very city.

Harting was appointed to safeguard the Tsar during his recent visit to Cherbourg, in France, in 1909, when Burtzeff sent an official letter to the French Minister of Justice, M. Briand (now Premier), formally denouncing Harting as the condemned convict, Gekelman-Landesén, and submitting proofs of his statement.

The American public has learned from the newspapers how Harting immediately disappeared from France, and how the Russian Government, unable to refute Burtzeff's revelations, formally promised to expel every member of the Secret Police from France.

Azeff and Harting in Hiding

The disappearance of both Azeff and Harting was shrouded in mystery. They seemed to have vanished from the face of the earth. There were theories of suicide or flight to remote parts of Asia. But it seems that the Russian Government is looking after its own. Harting's whereabouts was discovered last July by the Russian writer, Komkov. Harting was then living in a house in the Italyanska Ulitza, in St. Petersburg, and whenever he went out was accompanied by a gendarme officer. Komkov succeeded at last in meeting Harting alone, and managed to get him into conversation. Harting believed Komkov, whom he had several times noticed watching his house, to be an agent of the Secret Police charged with his protection, and therefore spoke more or less frankly with him. He admitted that at one time he had called himself Landesen, and was a member of a circle of terrorists. He said that, in spite of his expulsion from France, the Government was pleased with him, and was not going to try him. On the contrary, he had received many expressions of gratitude, and a pension of five thousand rubles a year. When Komkov asked him whether he knew Azeff, he replied:

"I knew him well for many years. I knew that he had penetrated into the very heart of the Revolutionary Party, and had extensive connections there, and that he was very highly appreciated in St. Petersburg. He was my right hand."

"Is he now in Russia?" asked Komkov.

"Yes, he is in Russia, and in a good post," was the answer.

"What kind of a post?"

"That I cannot disclose," said Harting.

The Azeff-Lopukhin scandals thus came

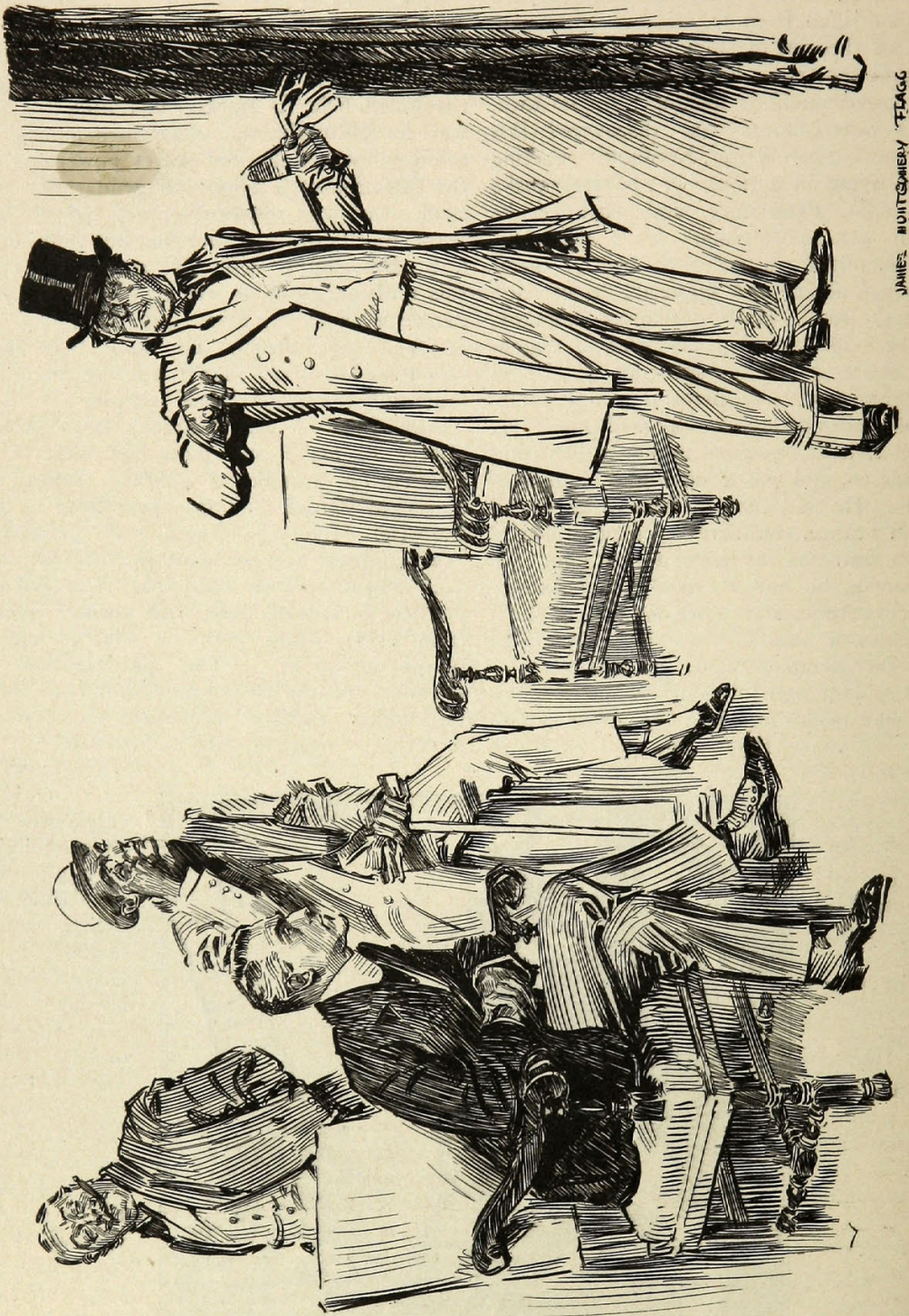
to nothing. They resulted in no reform of the fathomless corruption of the Secret Police.

The desire to preserve the old régime, autocratic bureaucracy, oppresses every branch of the Governmental activity—legislative, judicial, administrative, and military. Even upon the battle-field in Manchuria during the last war, an Okhranka was established among the soldiery, with unlimited secret powers, under the direction of a colonel of gendarmes, Vassileff, who was responsible, not to the field marshal or military authorities, but to his chief in St. Petersburg. The evils consequent upon this multiplicity of government are a standing danger even to the lives of the ministers and of the Tsar himself. Lopukhin may have saved the life of the Tsar by causing the fall of Azeff, but the Secret Police remains.

Any Chief of the Okhranka is at perfect liberty to make any plots he likes, or to provoke any number of political crimes; nobody but himself and his agent need be any the wiser. Every policeman, every gendarme, every political spy or agent provocateur, acts according to his own discretion. The civil and political police are filled with persons ejected from every other path of life as opprobrious characters. The participation of members of the secret and common police in various murders, robberies, and criminal plots has become of daily occurrence.

Russia, more than ever, is divided into two irreconcilable camps. On one side the nation, reduced temporarily to sullen silence by gallows and prison; on the other side the Court, the bureaucrats, and the greater landowners. And the wise man who will build the bridge between the camps has not, as yet, been born.





JAMIE HUITSMERY FLAGG

MACQUOID [furious]. GET ANOTHER DRAMATIC CRITIC. I'VE DONE WITH YOU. GOOD DAY

WHAT THE PUBLIC WANTS*

A PLAY IN FOUR ACTS

BY ARNOLD BENNETT

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

CHARACTERS

SIR CHARLES WORGAN, Newspaper Proprietor.	} Brothers.	EDWARD BRINDLEY, His Son.
FRANCIS WORGAN, Wanderer.		PAGE-BOY.
JOHN WORGAN, Provincial Doctor.		EMILY VERNON, Widow.
SAUL KENDRICK, Manager of Worgans, Ltd.		MRS. CLELAND (Henrietta Blackwood).
HOLT ST. JOHN, Theatrical Manager.		ANNIE WORGAN, Wife of John Worgan.
SAMUEL CLELAND, His Stage Manager.		MRS. WORGAN, Mother of the Worgans.
SIMON MACQUOID, Dramatic Critic.		MRS. DOWNES.
JAMES BRINDLEY, Earthenware Manufacturer.		SERVANT at John Worgan's.

TIME: To-day.

ACT I

NOTES ON CHARACTERS IN THIS ACT

SIR CHARLES WORGAN.—Brusqué. Accustomed to power. With rare flashes of humour and of charm. Well dressed, but not too carefully. Strong frame. Decided gestures. Age 40.

FRANCIS WORGAN.—A traveller, a philosopher, and something of a dilettante; rather afraid of coming to grips with life. Very well dressed, but with a touch of the unusual—for example, a quite fashionable collar with a soft necktie tied in a rather obtrusive bow. Talks quietly. Always punctiliously polite. Age 41.

SAUL KENDRICK.—Gross, stoutish, sporting. Dressed correctly, but without taste. Loud. His cigar is several sizes too large. His gestures are vulgar. Not gentlemanly, though by fits and starts he seems to remember that he is a gentleman. Age 50.

EMILY VERNON.—Beautiful; but conscious that her youth is passing. Charming. Her moods change rapidly. She is dressed with distinguished taste, but not expensively. Her face is sad when she isn't alert. She has been through sorrow and through hard times. Age 29.

SIMON MACQUOID.—The only thing to note is that he is angry throughout his scene. Age 45.

Private office of SIR CHARLES WORGAN. Doors R., L., and back centre. Utmost possible richness of office furniture. Grand central desk, with dictaphone and telephone. Side tables, full of papers, correspondence, etc. Large date-calendar prominent. A red disk showing on wall at back. General air of orderliness and great activity. SIR CHARLES WORGAN and KENDRICK are opposite each other at central desk, with two piles of assorted magazines and journals on the desk. KENDRICK is smoking a large cigar. Time, afternoon, November.

KENDRICK. Now, then, there's this con-founded Sabbath Chimes! [*picking up a periodical from the pile at his left hand*].

SIR C. Well, what's it doing?

KENDRICK [*referring to a list of figures*]. Eighteen thousand.

SIR C. It's dropping, then.

KENDRICK. Dropping? I should say it was! But it never was any real good. We bought it for a song and —

SIR C. [*interrupting him sharply*]. That's no reason! We bought the *Evening Courier* when its shares were at sixpence, and now it's earning a thousand pounds a week.

*See page 326.

KENDRICK. Yes, but the *Courier* isn't religious. You wouldn't call a halfpenny evening paper exactly religious, would you?

SIR C. What's that got to do with it? Do you mean to say there isn't a religious public?

KENDRICK. I've never met it [*flicking ash off his cigar*].

SIR C. [*very slightly nettled*]. Now look here, Kendrick, we don't want to waste time in facetiousness. We still have quite twenty papers to go through [*fingering pile*].

KENDRICK [*very slightly more deferential*]. I'm not joking, Sir Charles. What I say is, there are two things that are absolutely U.P. in this country: one is limericks and the other is religion.

SIR C. That be damned! No one ever expected limericks to last; but let me tell you there's a lot of money in religion yet. [KENDRICK *shrugs his shoulders*.] Let's have a squint at *Chimes* [*he turns the pages over*]. Hm! No! It isn't crisp enough. I ask you—does it look snappy? . . . [*Reading from it in a startled tone*]. "Problems of the Day: Are we growing less spiritual?" [*Angry*]. Great heavens! Whose idiotic notion was that?

KENDRICK. Haliburton's.

SIR C. Well, that really is a bit too thick! You know, seriously, you ought to keep an eye on things better than that.

KENDRICK [*hurt*]. I've been giving all my time to the sporting department. Think of the trouble I've had with the *Billiard Ball* alone, to say nothing of putting the *Racecourse* on its legs. I can't attend to everything, Sir Charles.

SIR C. [*still fuming*]. "Are we growing less spiritual?" As if anybody cared a tuppenny curse whether we are growing less spiritual or not! No wonder the thing's dropping! What does the Reverend Mr. Haliburton get?

KENDRICK. Fifty pounds a month.

SIR C. Does he imagine he's going to earn fifty pounds a month *here* by asking the British public if it's growing less spiritual? Sack the fool. Where did you pick him up?

KENDRICK. Religious Tract Society. Fished him out myself.

SIR C. Well, you'd better return him with thanks.

KENDRICK. That's all very fine. Where shall we find some one to take his place? It isn't the first starving curate that comes along who will be able to run Haliburton's department. He's a worker.

SIR C. What's the good of his being a worker if he's never got the hang of our style? [*Holding out periodical*]. Look at it!

KENDRICK. I'm not defending him. I'm only saying that to find ideas for *Sabbath Chimes*, *The Sunday Comrade*, *The Pleasant*

Sunday Afternoon Record, *Sunday Tales*, *The Sunday School Teacher's Friend*, and *Golden Words* is none so much of a blooming picnic. I wouldn't like to have to do it myself.

SIR C. [*less angry, persuasively*]. All right; as you please. You're responsible. But wake him up.

KENDRICK. Why can't *you* give him a lead, Sir Charles?

SIR C. Me! You know perfectly well I have all I can do for at least a couple of months, shoving the *Mercury*.

KENDRICK. I was forgetting that for the moment.

SIR C. It must not be forgotten even for a moment that the *Daily Mercury* is the leading line of this company. It must also not be forgotten that the circulation of the *Mercury* must touch a million before the Annual Meeting—even if the country has to go to war for it. No, my boy; you've done wonders in the sporting department; and I'm sure you can do wonders in the religious department, once you really give your mind to it. [*Voices outside the door, back*].

KENDRICK. It doesn't seem to come so natural.

SIR C. Oh, nonsense! The first thing you have to do is to make Haliburton understand what snap is. Take him out to lunch. Pour it into him. And tell him, from me, that if every one of those papers doesn't show a satisfactory profit in six months' time he will be at liberty to go into the mission field, and the farther off the better. Of course that "Are we growing less spiritual?" rubbish must be stopped in the next number. [*Turning casually*]. What's going on outside?

KENDRICK [*ignoring the question*]. Yes, and supposing he asks me what's to take its place?

SIR C. It's his business to find out [*handing paper to KENDRICK*].

KENDRICK. But what *sort* of thing?

SIR C. Well, now. Here's a good idea. What's the series called?

KENDRICK. "Problems of the Day."

SIR C. What about this, then: "Ought curates to receive presents from lady parishioners?"

KENDRICK [*enthusiastic*]. By Jove! That's a great idea, that is! I wish you had a bit more time to spare, Sir Charles. [*Nods his head approvingly*].

SIR C. [*pleased with himself*]. That ought to give him a start, anyhow.

FRANCIS WORGAN [*off*]. Open that door, or you are a doomed boy. This dagger is tipped with a deadly poison.

SIR C. What in the name of — [*Goes quietly to door, back, and opens it. The figures of*

FRANCIS WORGAN and PAGE-BOY are seen. *A slight pause.*

FRANCIS [*entering, a sword-cane in his hand, very quietly*]. How d'ye do, Charlie? [*A pause.*]

SIR C. How do, Frank? [*They shake hands.*]
Excuse me, will you, Kendrick?

KENDRICK. Certainly, Sir Charles. [*Exit KENDRICK R. PAGE-BOY closes the door from outside.*]

FRANCIS. Well, Charlie, I sympathise with you. I feel just the same as you do—very nervous.

SIR C. Nervous? What about?

FRANCIS [*shutting up the sword-cane*]. About my demeanour. How ought brothers to behave who haven't seen each other for nineteen years?

SIR C. I perceive you aren't altered. [*They sit.*]

FRANCIS. That's a hard thing to say. While I was waiting in your waiting-room I saw, in a magazine called *Golden Words*, under the heading "Pregnant Utterances of the Month": "We should all strive to do a little better every day.—Archbishop of Canterbury." That is what I've been doing for nineteen years—and you tell me I haven't altered!

SIR C. You know what I mean. I mean that you still make people wonder what the devil you will say next.

FRANCIS. You've altered, anyhow. You couldn't have said anything as clever as that nineteen years ago.

SIR C. [*pleased*]. Think so? [*Pause.*]

FRANCIS. However, physically you're astoundingly the same.

SIR C. So are you. [*A pause.*] I should have known you anywhere. When did you arrive?

FRANCIS. Yesterday.

SIR C. Then I'm the first to see you. And where have you turned up from?

FRANCIS. I've "turned up" from Japan, *via* New York.

SIR C. What do you think of New York?

FRANCIS. I don't think of it, except by inadvertence. [*Rising and going to disk, in a puzzled tone.*] What is that? I saw something like it outside the door, and downstairs in the den of the commissionaire.

SIR C. [*rising*]. That? It's an apparatus that shows whether I can be seen or not. The red disk is up now. That means I'm engaged and can't be seen by any one, appointment or no appointment! Putting it up here puts it up outside the door and in the commissionaire's room. Here's the green disk—that means that I'm engaged but can be disturbed. Blue means that I'm here, alone. Yellow means that I'm not in my office, but somewhere in the building. And white means that I'm out. Ingenious, eh? [*In a serious tone.*] Absolutely necessary, you know.

FRANCIS [*as they both sit down again*]. So that explains why I had such an exciting time in getting to see you.

SIR C. [*smiling*]. I'm supposed to be the most difficult man to see in London.

FRANCIS. Yes. I noticed the commissionaire was wearing several medals. Doubtless for valor. First he made me fill up a form as inquisitive as an income-tax paper. When I told him I had an appointment, he instructed me to sit down. So I sat down and read *Golden Words* for ten minutes. Then I thought it would be a good idea to tell him I was your brother, and not merely some one of the same name.

SIR C. What did he say then?

FRANCIS. He told me to sit down, and gave me a sceptical look, as much as to say: "You're his brother, are you? Well, so am I!" So I sat down and read *The Lad's Own Budget* for ten minutes. Then, while he was busy torturing another applicant, I nipped into the lift just as it was going up, and began wandering about passages. I managed to catch a boy. What a lot of boys you have!

SIR C. By the way, is that stick really poisoned?

FRANCIS. No. It was a notion I got out of *The Lad's Own Budget*. I was determined to see you, or perish in the attempt. I felt sure you couldn't be coming the great man over me, especially as I'd made an appointment. I'll say this for our family, at any rate—there's no affected nonsense about any of us.

SIR C. My dear chap, I hadn't the slightest notion you were in London. But how did you make an appointment? With my secretary?

FRANCIS. Secretary! Didn't know you had one! No, I dropped you a line last night, and marked the letter "Private and Immediate."

SIR C. That's just where you made a mistake. We get about five thousand letters a day here. A van brings the first post every morning direct from St. Martin's-le-Grand. [*Going to a side-table and fingering a large batch of letters.*] Our sorting clerks have instructions to put aside all letters addressed to me personally and marked private or urgent, and they are always opened last. [*Opening a letter.*] Yes, here's yours.

FRANCIS. Why are they opened last?

SIR C. It's the dodge of every begging-letter writer in England to mark his envelope "Private and Urgent." [*Throws letter into waste-paper basket, after glancing at it.*]

FRANCIS. I see. You may be said to have an organisation here!

SIR C. [*putting his hands in his pockets and smiling superiorly*]. You bet! Considerably

over a thousand people earn their bread and butter in this building, and wages run from five bob on to a hundred pounds a week. What price that, eh?

FRANCIS. Well, Charlie, we were never given to praising each other, but I'll go this far—you're a caution!

SIR C. I believe I am. In fact, I must be. I've revolutionised journalism, and I'm only forty. [*A pause.*] You're forty-one.

FRANCIS. And the staid Johnny is forty-three. I was asking the mater the other day, in a letter, what she thought of having three sons all over forty.

SIR C. Does she make you write to her every week?

FRANCIS. Yes.

SIR C. So she does me, too. - I never know what to say to her.

FRANCIS. Been down to the Five Towns lately?

SIR C. No—not lately. No time, you know.

FRANCIS. And Johnny? Does he come much to London?

SIR C. Not often, I think. I imagine, from what the mater says, that his practice must be growing pretty rapidly.

FRANCIS. What's his wife like?

SIR C. Oh, very decent woman, I should imagine.

FRANCIS. Your relations with the family appear to be chiefly a work of imagination, my boy?

SIR C. And what about yours? Seeing that not a single member of the family has set eyes on you for nineteen years—

FRANCIS. But I'm different. I'm a wanderer. I'm one of those people who seem to have no pressing need of a home, or a national anthem, or relatives, or things of that kind. Of course one likes to meet one's relatives, sometimes.

SIR C. No home? But what on earth do you do with yourself?

FRANCIS. I just go about and keep my eyes open—and try to understand what I see.

SIR C. Nothing else?

FRANCIS. That takes me all my time.

SIR C. [*staring at him*]. It's you that's the caution, not me!

FRANCIS. We're getting over it rather well, I think.

SIR C. Getting over what? What *do* you—

FRANCIS. Over the awkwardness of this first interview. I hope I'm not interfering with business.

SIR C. [*heartily*]. Not in the least. My theory is that if a really big concern is properly

organised, the boss ought to be absolutely independent of all routine. He ought to be free for anything that turns up unexpectedly. Anyhow, I am.

FRANCIS. Well, I candidly confess that this business of yours is just a size larger than I expected.

SIR C. Yes, it's big—big. We own about forty different publications: two London dailies, three provincial dailies, five popular penny weeklies, two sixpenny weeklies, three illustrated monthlies, four ladies' papers, six sporting and athletic, five religious papers, two Sunday papers—

FRANCIS. What's the subtle difference between a religious paper and a Sunday paper?

SIR C. Oh, they're—well, they're quite different!

FRANCIS. Really!

SIR C. Four halfpenny comic papers, four boys' papers, and I don't know what else.

FRANCIS. I distinctly remember your saying once at school there wasn't a schoolboys' paper fit to wipe your feet on—you were always buying them to see.

SIR C. And there wasn't! It was a boys' paper I began with—*The Lad's Own Budget*. The schoolboy was the foundation of this business. And, let me tell you, our capital is now nearly two and a half millions.

FRANCIS. The deuce it is!

SIR C. Yes, didn't you know?

FRANCIS. No, and I suppose you're the principal proprietor?

SIR C. What do *you* think? Kendrick and I, we control a majority of the shares. Kendrick—that's the man who was here when you came in—gets a salary of five thousand a year.

FRANCIS. Well, this is very interesting. I've had all sorts of disconcerting impressions since I reached Charing Cross twenty-four hours ago—when I saw that Exeter Hall was gone, reason tottered on her throne. But, really, Charlie! Really, Charlie! It sounds a strange thing to say of one's own brother—but you are the most startling phenomenon of the age.

SIR C. That's what I'm beginning to think myself.

FRANCIS. Of course, you're a millionaire.

SIR C. Pooh! I was a millionaire six years ago. Surely you must have got a notion from the mater's letters?

FRANCIS. Very vague! She chiefly writes about Johnny's babies.

SIR C. [*laughs shortly*]. It's true I never give her any precise details, lest the old lady should think I was bragging. She hates that.

FRANCIS. I'm just the least bit in the world staggered.

SIR C. Well, there it is! [*Leans back in his chair.*]

FRANCIS. All this, I suppose, from Uncle Joe's ten thousand.

SIR C. Precisely. What have you done with *your* ten thousand?

FRANCIS. Nothing. Just lived on it.

SIR C. Do you mean to say you can live on the interest of ten thousand and travel?

FRANCIS. Why, of course! All an Englishman has to do is to avoid his compatriots. What puzzles me is how you can get through even a decent fraction of *your* income.

SIR C. Oh! what with one thing and another, I get through a goodish bit. You heard I bought Hindhead Hall?

FRANCIS. Yes. What did you buy it for?

SIR C. Well, I thought I ought to have a place in the country.

FRANCIS. To go with the knighthood?

SIR C. If you like. You must come down and see Hindhead.

FRANCIS. Great joke, that knighthood! What did they give it you for?

SIR C. Well, I'm supposed to be somebody.

FRANCIS. I always thought knighthoods were given to nobodies.

SIR C. [*a little testily*]. That depends! That depends! And let me tell you that the knighthood is only a beginning.

FRANCIS [*shortly*]. Ah! Only a beginning! Really! [*smiling*]. I say, what did Johnny say about the knighthood?

SIR C. Nothing.

FRANCIS. What interests me is, *how* you managed to do it.

SIR C. Do what? Get the knighthood? That's—

FRANCIS [*interrupting him brusquely*]. No. The—the success, the million, the splash.

SIR C. I can tell you this—I did it honestly. That's another thing about me—I'm probably the only millionaire in the world with a clear conscience. What d'ye think of that? People say that no one can make a million in ten years and not be a scoundrel. But I did. I've never tried to form a trust. I've never tried to ruin a competitor. I've never sweated my chaps. They have to work hard, and I give 'em pepper, and I'd sack one as soon as look at him; but they are well paid—some of 'em are handsomely paid. The price of labour in journalism has gone up, and it's thanks to me. Another thing—I give the best value for money that ever was given.

FRANCIS. Yes, but *how* did you do it? What's your principle?

SIR C. I've only got one principle. Give the public what it wants. Don't give the public

what you think it ought to want, or what you think would be good for it; but what it actually does want. I argue like this: Supposing you went into a tobacconist's and asked for a packet of cigarettes, and the tobacconist told you that cigarettes were bad for you, and that he could only sell you a pipe and tobacco—what should you say? [*He rises, excited.*]

FRANCIS. Now what *should* I say? I don't think I should be able to think of anything clever enough until I got outside the shop.

SIR C. [*not laughing, but insisting on his argument*]. You see my point, eh? You see my point? I've got no moral axes to grind. I'm just a business man [*more excitedly*].

FRANCIS. My dear boy, I'm not contradicting you.

SIR C. I know, I know. But some people make me angry. There seems to be a sort of notion about that because it's newspapers I sell, and not soap or flannel, I ought to be a cross between General Booth, H. G. Wells, and the Hague Conference. I'm a manufacturer, just like the fellows that sell soap and flannel; only a damned sight more honest. There's no deception about my goods. You never know what there is in your soap or your flannel, but you know exactly what there is in my papers, and if you aren't pleased you don't buy. I make no pretence to be anything but a business man. And my specialty is what the public wants—in printed matter.

FRANCIS. But how did you find out what it wants? I suppose it wasn't vouchsafed to you in a dream.

SIR C. [*hesitating*]. I—I don't exactly know. . . . I began by thinking about what I should want myself. *The Lad's Own Budget* was the first. I knew well enough what I wanted when I was a boy of twelve, for instance; and as most boys are alike—you see! . . . I put on the market a paper that I actually did want when I was twelve. . . . And you may believe me when I tell you that hot cakes were simply not in it, not in it! . . . And so I went on, always keeping in mind—[*Enter PAGE-BOY with newspaper and letters, etc., on a salver. Exit.*]

FRANCIS. So the red disk doesn't absolutely bar the door to everybody?

SIR C. What do you mean? Oh, the messenger! He always comes in at this time [*looks at clock*]. He's four minutes late, by the way [*looks at his watch*]. No, it's that clock [*glancing at paper and letters, then resuming his discourse*]. Always keeping in mind how I captured the boy of twelve. I've sometimes thought of having an inscription painted over the door there: "Don't forget the boy of

twelve"—[*bastily*] just for a lark, you know. At last I got as far as the *Daily Mercury*, and I don't fancy any newspaper proprietor in my time is likely to get much further. A twelve-page paper for a halfpenny and the most expensive news service on earth! What do you think? [*glancing again at letters*].

FRANCIS. I must confess I've never read the *Mercury*.

SIR C. [*astounded*]. Never read the *Mercury*? Everybody reads the *Mercury*.

FRANCIS. I don't.

SIR C. [*solemnly*]. Do you seriously mean to say you've never read the *Mercury*? Why, man, it's nine years old, and sells over nine hundred thousand copies a day!

FRANCIS. I noticed it about everywhere in the streets this morning, and so I bought a copy and put it in my pocket, intending to have a look at it, but I forgot. Yes, here it is [*taking folded paper from his pocket*].

SIR C. [*still astounded*]. Well, I *said* it was you who were the caution, and, by Jove, it is! What do you read?

FRANCIS. When I'm out of reach of a daily post I read the *Times'* weekly edition. Of course, my first care this morning was to get the *Manchester Guardian*. I always have that when I can.

SIR C. Surprising what a craze there is among you cultured people for the *Manchester Guardian*! I'm always having that thrown at my head. Here! [*tossing over newspaper from salver*]. Here's the fourth edition of the *Evening Courier* just off the machine. Never read that either, I suppose!

FRANCIS. No.

SIR C. [*nodding his head as one with no further capacity for surprise*]. Well, well! It's a sort of evening *Mercury*. Have a look at it! Just excuse me for two minutes, will you? I must dictate one or two things at once. [*Sits down to dictaphone and begins speaking into it*]. Mr. Cookson. Write Medways—you know, the clock people—

FRANCIS [*curious, examining*]. Hello! What's that dodge?

SIR C. It's a dictaphone. Never seen one before? Shorthand clerks get on your nerves so. You blaze away into it, and then it repeats what you've said to the clerk—elsewhere, thank heaven!

FRANCIS. How amusing!

SIR C. [*into dictaphone*].—to cancel their contract for regulating clocks. They've been warned twice. Mine's four minutes fast. Write to Pneumatic Standard Time Company, or whatever its name is, and get an estimate for all the clocks in building. Typewriter.

My dear Lady Calder: Many thanks for your most—

FRANCIS [*looking at "Courier"*]. I say, who's Chate?

SIR C. Chate? He's a convict who got ten years for killing his mother or something. Let off lightly under the First Offenders Act, I suppose. Immensely celebrated for his escape from Dartmoor Prison. They didn't catch him again for a fortnight. . . . Why?

FRANCIS. Only because of this, all across the front page of the *Courier*: [*pointing*] "Chate, now at Holloway, comes out to-morrow."

SIR C. Ah! [*He suddenly gets up and goes to door R. and opens it.*] I say, Kendrick, are you there? Just a second. [*Enter KENDRICK.*]

KENDRICK. Yes?

SIR C. Oh, Francis, this is Mr. Kendrick. Kendrick, my brother.

KENDRICK [*surprised*]. Glad to meet you, sir. [*They shake hands.*]

SIR C. [*to KENDRICK*]. You arranged about Chate? [*FRANCIS returns to study his newspapers.*]

KENDRICK. Chate?

SIR C. I told you three months ago we must have his story written by himself for the *Sunday Morning News*.

KENDRICK. Oh, yes! Well, it couldn't be done!

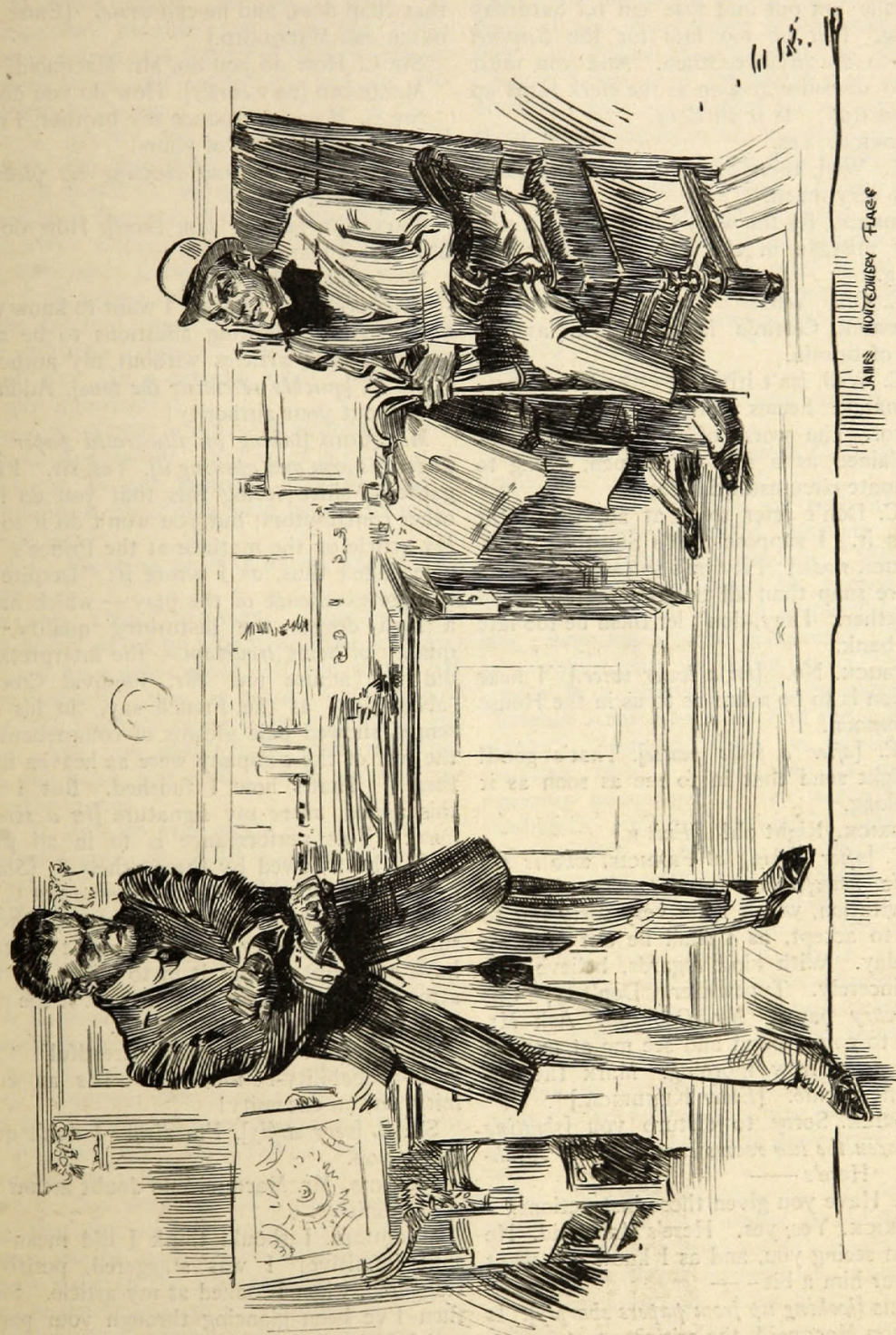
SIR C. Why?

KENDRICK. We found that the *Sentinel* people had been paying his wife a pound a week for years on the understanding that they had his stuff when he came out.

SIR C. What do I care for the *Sentinel* people? If they have been paying a pound a week, that's their lookout. We have got to have the story. If it's worked up properly it'll be—

KENDRICK. Afraid it's too late now.

SIR C. Too late! Not a bit! Look here. Send young Perkins with a shorthand clerk. He must take the Renault car, and be outside Holloway Prison at five-thirty to-morrow morning. Let him have two hundred pounds in gold—gold, mind! You've time before the bank closes. He must be ready for Chate. The wife is certain to be there. Let him make friends with her. Tell her the car is absolutely at their disposal. He can suggest breakfast. They're bound to accept. Anyhow, let him get Chate into some private room somewhere, out of London if possible. Then he can show the money. He must *show* the money. Roll it about the table. Explain to Chate that the money will be handed over to him after he has talked for a couple of hours about his escape and so on, and signed his name. The clerk



JAMES HORTON'S DRAWING

SIR C. [With a furious outburst.] THE CURSED SWINE!

can come back here by train with the stuff; but Perkins must take Chate, and his wife too, if necessary, off to the seaside for a jaunt. He must take 'em out and lose 'em till Saturday morning. It'll be too late for the *Sentinel* people to do anything then. And you must begin to advertise as soon as the clerk turns up with the stuff. Is it all clear?

KENDRICK. Yes.

SIR C. Well, there's just time for the bank. Thanks very much.

KENDRICK. By the way, I find there's a silly sort of mistake in the *Mercury* leader this morning.

SIR C. Oh! What?

KENDRICK. Cettinje is mentioned as the capital of Bosnia.

SIR C. Well, isn't it?

KENDRICK. Seems not. It ought to be Sarajevo. The worst of it is that it can't be explained as a slip of the pen, owing to unfortunate circumstantial details.

SIR C. Don't refer to it at all, then. Sit tight on it. I suppose that's Smythe's fault. [KENDRICK *nods*.] Pity he's so careless — he's got more snap than all the rest of the crowd put together. I say, don't let them be too late for the bank.

KENDRICK. No. [In a lower voice.] I hear a question is to be asked as to us in the House this afternoon.

SIR C. [after a little pause]. That's good! You might send that in to me as soon as it comes along.

KENDRICK. Right oh! [Exit R.]

SIR C. [after looking at FRANCIS, who is absorbed in newspapers, turns to dictaphone] — kind invitation, which I am very sorry not to be able to accept, as I shall be out of town on Sunday. With kind regards, believe me, Yours sincerely. Typewriter. Don't type this on *Mercury* paper. Mr. Cookson. Ask Mr. Smythe to come round and see me at my flat at nine to-morrow morning. Mark the appointment for me. [Enter KENDRICK.]

KENDRICK. Sorry to disturb you [shutting door between the two rooms carefully, and speaking low]. Here's —

SIR C. Have you given those instructions?

KENDRICK. Yes, yes. Here's Macquoid. He insists on seeing you, and as I know you want to humour him a bit —

FRANCIS [looking up from papers sharply]. Is that Simon Macquoid, the critic?

SIR C. Yes. I've just taken him on for *Men and Women* — our best sixpenny weekly. He's pretty good, isn't he?

FRANCIS. Pretty good! He's the finest dramatic critic in Europe. I should like to meet him.

SIR C. Well, you shall. Bring him in, Kendrick, will you? [Exit KENDRICK.]

FRANCIS. He knows what he's talking about, that chap does, and he can write. [Enter KENDRICK and MACQUOID.]

SIR C. How do you do, Mr. Macquoid?

MACQUOID [very curtly]. How do you do?

SIR C. May I introduce my brother, Francis Worgan, an admirer of yours.

FRANCIS [rising, and showing his pleasure]. I'm delighted to —

MACQUOID [cutting him short]. How do you do? [Exit KENDRICK.]

SIR C. Take this chair.

MACQUOID. Sir Charles, I want to know what you mean by allowing additions to be made to my signed articles without my authority.

SIR C. [quickly resenting the tone]. Additions — without your authority!

MACQUOID [taking an illustrated paper from under his arm and opening it]. Yes, sir. I have gathered since seeing this that you do it to other contributors; but you won't do it to me. My article on the *matinée* at the Prince's Theatre ended thus, as I wrote it: "Despite the strange excellence of the play — which has in a high degree the disturbing quality, the quality of being *troublant* — the interpretation did not amuse me. Mr. Percival Crocker, 'abounding,' as the French say, 'in his own sense,' showed pale gleams of comprehension; the rest of the company were as heaven made them." That's how I finished. But I find this added, above my signature [in a shocked tone]: "This performance is to in all probability be followed by three others." [Stands aghast.] Look at it! [hands paper to SIR C.]

SIR C. [stiffly]. Well, Mr. Macquoid, there's surely nothing very dreadful about that. I have no doubt we put it in to oblige the theatre. Moreover, I see that without it the page would have been two lines short.

MACQUOID. Nothing very dreadful? "To-in-all-probability-be-followed." It's an enormity, sir, an enormity!

SIR C. [very stiffly]. I'm afraid I don't quite follow you.

FRANCIS. Mr. Macquoid no doubt means the split infinitive.

MACQUOID. I should think I did mean the split infinitive! I was staggered, positively staggered, when I looked at my article. Since then I've been glancing through your paper, and I find split infinitives all over it! Scarcely a page of the wretched sheet without a portrait of a chorus girl and a split infinitive! Monstrous!

SIR C. I regret the addition, but I'm bound to say I don't understand your annoyance.

MACQUOID. Regret is useless. You must put in an apology, or at any rate an explanation, in next week's issue. I have my reputation to think about. If you imagine, Sir Charles, that because you pay me thirty pounds a month you have the right to plaster my work with split infinitives, you are tremendously mistaken.

SIR C. [*shortly and firmly*]. We shall not apologise, Mr. Macquoid, and we shall not explain. It would be contrary to our practice.

MACQUOID [*furiously*]. You are unscrupulous, Sir Charles. Get another dramatic critic. I've done with you. Good day. [*Exit quickly.*]

SIR C. [*laughing in spite of himself*]. Well, of all the infernal cheek! That's the worst of these cultured johnnies. They're mad, every one of 'em. [*In a different tone.*] I say, what is a split infinitive?

FRANCIS. A split infinitive is a cardinal sin.

SIR C. Apparently. But what is it?

FRANCIS. In our beautiful English tongue, the infinitive mood of a verb begins with the particle "to."

SIR C. [*thinking of MACQUOID*]. Damn the fellow!

FRANCIS. Thus, "to swear." Now the "to" must never, never be separated from its verb, not even by a single word. If you write "To swear foolishly," you are correct. But if you write "To foolishly swear," you commit an infamy. And you didn't split your infinitive with one word, you split it with three. Imagine the crime!

SIR C. And do you mean to say that you cultured people care about that sort of thing?

FRANCIS. You see it's worth thirty pounds a month to Macquoid.

SIR C. Ah! But he's in the Civil Service. Half of them are. [*SIR CHARLES has rung a bell and taken the record out of the dictaphone. Enter PAGE-BOY, to whom he hands the record in silence. Exit PAGE-BOY.*]

FRANCIS [*putting his two newspapers on his knee*]. I suppose the question in Parliament that Mr. What's-his-name mentioned is about the Anglo-German crisis that I see in both these papers.

SIR C. You may depend it is. We're running that for all it's worth. If that two-column special telegram from Constantinople doesn't wake up the B.P. to what Germany is doing in the Near East, then nothing will. The fact is, no Government could ignore that telegram. And I may tell you, strictly between you and me — even Kendrick doesn't know it — I practically arranged for a question to be put.

FRANCIS [*raising his eyebrows*]. Really, you can do that sort of thing, eh?

SIR C. Can I do it! Ah, ah!

FRANCIS. Well, I read both the *Times* and the *Manchester Guardian* this morning, and I hadn't the least idea that there was any war scare at all. Everything seemed calm. But now I've looked at your *Mercury* and your *Courier*, I feel as if the world was tumbling about my ears. I see that not merely is Germany mobilising in secret, but the foundations of Westminster Abbey are in a highly dangerous condition, and according to seven bishops the sanctity of the English home is gravely threatened by the luxury of London restaurants. Also you give on page seven of the *Mercury* — I think it is — a very large portrait of a boy aged eleven who weighs two hundred pounds.

SIR C. No, the *Courier*.

FRANCIS. It's all the same, except for the difference in colour.

SIR C. We paid five pounds for that photograph.

FRANCIS. Well, as you say here, it's amazing. I've counted the word "amazing" twenty-three times [*glancing at papers*]. "Whirlwinds of oratory. Bryan speaks ten million words. Amazing figures." "Gold despised by burglars. Amazing haul of diamonds." "Colonel as co-respondent. Amazing letters." "Child-cruelty in a vicarage. Amazing allegations." "Strange scene in a West-End flat. Amazing pranks." "Sudden crisis in Wall Street. Amazing rush." "Kidnapped at midnight. Amazing adventure." "The unwritten law. Husband's amazing coolness." "The fresh-egg industry. Amazing revelations." And so on, to say nothing of Germany. Do you keep it up to that pitch every day?

SIR C. [*not altogether pleased*]. They like it.

FRANCIS. You ought to serve a liqueur brandy with every copy of these papers.

SIR C. Of course, superior people may laugh — but that's what the public wants. I've proved it.

FRANCIS. I'll only say this, Charlie: if that's what the public wants — how clever you were to find it out! I should never have thought of it!

SIR C. [*rising and taking up the "Mercury," which FRANCIS has dropped on the floor*]. See here, my boy, you think yourself devilish funny, but look at that front-page ad. Look at it!

FRANCIS [*reading*]. "Uric acid. . . . Life's misery. . . . All chemists. . . . A shilling and a halfpenny." Well? What about it?

SIR C. Nothing. Only we get three hundred pounds for that ad. — one insertion. I'm a business man, and that's what I call business. Put that in your pipe and smoke it.

FRANCIS. I suppose the *Mercury* must appeal specially to the uric-acid classes.

SIR C. [*sitting down to dictaphone*]. You may laugh — you may laugh! [*Into dictaphone.*] Mr. Ricketts. Macquoid has ceased to be the dramatic critic of *M. and W.* Before definitely making another appointment you might submit names to me. We want something superior, of course. I notice a number of split infinitives in this week's issue. They are out of place in a high-class illustrated. Watch this.

FRANCIS. I say, Charlie.

SIR C. Well?

FRANCIS. What do you say to giving me a trial as dramatic critic of *Men and Women*?

SIR C. [*after a pause*]. Can you write?

FRANCIS. Can you?

SIR C. [*taken aback and recovering himself*]. Writing is no part of my job. . . . [*Reflectively.*] But I suppose you *can* write. In fact [*as if studying him*], you ought to be able to turn out something pretty smart. You might even be a "find" in journalism.

FRANCIS. There's no knowing. Anyhow, one could try. You may take it from me I can write. I've got an idea that the English theatre must be a great joke.

SIR C. I never go myself. But they say it's a most frantic bore.

FRANCIS. Yes. That's what I meant. I gather that on the whole it must be frantic enough to be worth studying. By the way, I went to a matinée at the Prince's Theatre yesterday.

SIR C. Sort of freak theatre, isn't it? Queer?

FRANCIS. It's one of the most artistic shows I ever saw in my life.

SIR C. [*seriously*]. Artistic! Yes, I was told it was queer.

FRANCIS. Who d'ye think I saw there — on the stage? Little Emily Nixon — you know, from Bursley.

SIR C. What? Sister of Abraham Nixon?

FRANCIS. Yes. Don't you remember when we used to go to Nixon's on Saturday nights? She would be about five then. Don't you remember she used to call you "Tarlie"?

SIR C. Oh! That child! Nice kid, she used to be.

FRANCIS. Nice! She's delightful. I went round to the stage-door after, and took her out to tea. She's a widow. Hasn't a friend in the world, and must be deuced hard up, I should think. But she's charming. And as clever as they make 'em.

SIR C. What's she doing on the stage?

FRANCIS. Oh! St. John took her on. She reads plays for him.

SIR C. St. John? Who's St. John?

FRANCIS. He's the man that's running the Prince's Theatre. *There's* an artist, if you like. . . . In spite of weak acting, the way that chap got what they call the Celtic glamour over the footlights was amazing! [*Laughing at himself, half aside.*] Yes, "amazing," since I'm in the *Mercury* building. By the way, she's coming to see you this afternoon.

SIR C. Who? Emily Nixon? But —

FRANCIS. Now don't be a martyr. It's like this. She's been wanting to come and see you for some time. But she thought it would be no use — she'd heard so much about your being invisible.

SIR C. What does she want to see me for?

FRANCIS. Some business, I suppose. I told her that of course you'd see her — like a shot. Or any one from Bursley. She asked when. So I said I should be here this afternoon and she'd better come then, and I'd arrange it. You might send word downstairs that when she comes she's to be shown up here at once.

SIR C. [*looking at him*]. No, you've not altered. Dispose of me, my boy. I am yours. The entire staff is yours. Your wish is law. [*Into dictaphone.*] Mr. Ricketts. Later. Dramatic critic of *M. and W.* I have appointed Mr. Francis Worgan, 11 Hamilton Place.

FRANCIS. 11 Hamilton Place? I'm at the Golden Cross Hotel.

SIR C. You must leave it, then, and come to my flat. I want you to see my flat. Look here, about screw?

FRANCIS. Oh! that doesn't matter.

SIR C. [*into dictaphone*]. Salary fifteen pounds a month. [*To FRANCIS.*] That's quite fair. You aren't a Macquoid yet. [*Enter PAGE-BOY with letters to sign, on a salver.*]

SIR C. [*taking letters, to Boy*]. Tell the Sergeant that if — [*To FRANCIS.*] What name does she go by, Frank?

FRANCIS. Her husband was Sam Vernon. Mrs. Vernon.

SIR C. [*to Boy*]. Tell the Sergeant that if a Mrs. Vernon calls to see me she is to be shown up at once. [*Exit PAGE-BOY.*] Just let me sign these letters. [*Begins to sign them. Re-enter PAGE-BOY.*] Hello! Oh! it's the tape. Give it to that gentleman. Look at it, Frank. [*FRANCIS takes the slips from the boy. Exit Boy. SIR CHARLES continues to sign letters.*]

FRANCIS [*after looking at the slips*]. The Foreign Secretary seems to have guessed your ideal pretty closely.

SIR C. What do you mean?

FRANCIS. Only instead of the boy of twelve he said the errand-boy.

SIR C. What on earth —

FRANCIS [*reading*]. "In reply Foreign Secretary said no particle of truth in statements of newspaper in question. Our relations with Germany perfectly harmonious. Every one ought to be aware that, after Hong-Kong, Constantinople was the worst manufactory of false news in the world. Every one ought also to be aware that journal referred to was written by errand-boys for errand-boys. Cheers!"

SIR C. [*rising*]. Give it here. [*Takes slip, reads it, and drops it on desk; then goes up to the disk-signal and changes it from red to green, then comes slowly down stage. With a sudden furious outburst.*] The cursed swine!

FRANCIS [*tranquilly*]. But you said yourself —

SIR C. [*savagely*]. Oh! go to hell!

FRANCIS [*tranquilly*]. Very well! Very well! Who is the Foreign Secretary, by the way?

SIR C. Who is he? Lord Henry Godwin!

FRANCIS. Oh, yes. Wrote a book on Dryden.

SIR C. I'd Dryden him if I had him here! [*Still savagely.*] If I had him here I'd —! Whenever he meets me you'd think butter wouldn't melt in his mouth. When his idiotic daughter was married to that braying ass of a duke, he wrote me to say how *pleased* she had been with the *Mercury's* special description of the wedding.

FRANCIS. Wrote to you, did he?

SIR C. No mention of errand-boys then!

FRANCIS. Where do you meet him?

SIR C. Where do I meet him? At the Club — the Whitehall.

FRANCIS. Do you belong to the Whitehall?

SIR C. Considering that I was specially elected by the Committee under Rule 9, I should say I did! Errand-boys! I sent Teddy Marriott specially out to Constantinople. I suppose nobody will deny he's the showiest of the whole gang of specials. Do you know what I pay him? Two thousand a year, all his expenses, and a pension of five hundred a year to his widow if he's killed on duty. What price that? Not much errand-boy about that! Look at his copy. Is it readable, or isn't it?

FRANCIS. But, after all, supposing what he says isn't true?

SIR C. Isn't true! Nobody ever said it was! Look at the thing!

FRANCIS [*looking at paper*]. Well! [*Reads.*] "England and her enemy. Grave situation. Is the Government asleep?" All across two columns.

SIR C. Yes, yes. But what does he say at the end? [*looking over FRANCIS' shoulder*]. "The above facts, which I have no wish to unduly emphasise, and which I give with due reserve, are the staple of current conversation in cer-

tain circles here, and I should be failing in my duty if I did not bring them to the attention of the British public."

FRANCIS. Why didn't he begin by saying that?

SIR C. Oh, rot! You don't know what journalism is. He said it, and that's enough. We've got to give all the news there is going about, and we've got to sell the paper. And, by heaven, we do sell it! We spend money like water, and we have the largest circulation in the country. We please the largest public. We pay the highest prices. We make the largest profits. You may or may not like the paper, but nine hundred thousand of Lord Henry Godwin's esteemed fellow citizens like it. And it's a national institution, let me tell you. It's a national institution! The swine might just as well say at once that the British nation is a nation of errand-boys.

FRANCIS. You may bet he does do, in private.

SIR C. Let him say it in public, then! He daren't. None of 'em dare. I'm the only one that makes no pretences about the British nation. I know what they want, and I give it 'em. And what then? Am I to be insulted? Are they to be insulted? What's the matter with the British nation, anyhow? From the way some of you superior people talk, one might think the British nation ought to be thankful it's alive.

FRANCIS. But —

SIR C. [*carried away*]. I'm told I'm unscrupulous because I "fan the war fever," as it's called, so as to send up my circulation. I'm told I want a war. Damned nonsense! Nothing but damned nonsense! All I want is for the public to have what *it* wants. It's the public that would like a war, not me. The public enjoys the mere thought of a war. Proof: my circulations. I'm told I pander to the passions of the public. Call it that, if you like. It's what everybody is *trying* to do. Only I succeed. . . . Mind you, I *don't* call it that. I call it supplying a legitimate demand. When you've been to the barber to be shaved, do you round on him for pandering to your passions? You superior people make me sick! Sick! Errand-boys, indeed! Cheers! There's a lot of chaps in the House that would like to be errand-boys of my sort. Cheers, eh! I could have scores of the swine to lick my boots clean every morning if I wanted! Scores! I don't make out to be anything except a business man, but that's no reason why I should stand the infernal insolence of a pack of preposterous hypocrites.

FRANCIS. But —

SIR C. If I couldn't organise some of their

departments better than they do, I'd go out and sell my own papers in the Strand! Let 'em come here, let 'em see my counting-house, and my composing-rooms, and my special trains — I'd show 'em.

FRANCIS. But —

SIR C. And I'll tell you another thing. [FRANCIS gets up and approaches the door.] Where are you going to?

FRANCIS. I'm going to hell. I'll come back later, after the monologue.

SIR C. Hold on. What were you going to say?

FRANCIS. I was merely going to ask why, if you're only a business man, you should worry yourself about these superior people. Why not leave them alone? You mentioned flannel; or was it soap? Supposing they do accuse you of having persuaded nine hundred thousand errand-boys to buy soap — dash it, you ought to take it as a compliment! You aren't logical.

SIR C. Yes, I am. Let them leave me alone, and I'll leave them alone. But they won't. And it's getting worse. That's the point. It's getting worse.

FRANCIS [after a pause]. This is really very interesting.

SIR C. [snorting, offended]. Is it? Thanks!

FRANCIS. Now look here, Charlie. Of course we're strangers, but still I'm your brother. Don't be an ass. When I say that this is really very interesting, I mean that it *is*. I'm not laughing at you. My attitude to you — and to everybody, as far as that goes — is entirely sympathetic. Because, after all, we're all in the same boat.

SIR C. All in the same boat? How in the same boat?

FRANCIS. Well, on the same planet. Always getting in one another's way. And death staring all of us in the face! You keep on talking about superior people. There aren't any.

SIR C. There's a lot that think they are.

FRANCIS. And if there are! They can't do you any harm. So why shout? What do you want?

SIR C. I want to give them beans.

FRANCIS. Well, from what I know of you, I would have been ready to wager that if you wanted to give them beans, beans they would instantly get. Now, as regards this Godwin person, for example. What's to prevent you from conferring upon him the gift of beans in the presence of your morning audience of nine hundred thousand, and your afternoon audience of I don't know how many? You've got paper, ink, printing-presses, special trains, writers —

SIR C. That's just where you're wrong. I haven't got a writer in the place that can do what I want doing.

FRANCIS. Didn't you mention some one named Smythe as being very wonderful?

SIR C. Yes, he's the chief of the editorial staff of the *Mercury*. But he couldn't do this. You don't understand. He could give Lord Henry beans for the benefit of our public, and he will! But he couldn't persuade Lord Henry that the swine had got beans. He couldn't do it. It's a different sort of thing that's needed — not *our* snap, something else. Smythe doesn't know enough.

FRANCIS. Well, why don't you go out and get some one who does?

SIR C. Can't. I've tried. I've had several of you superior people in this shop, and at fancy salaries too; but it doesn't work. Either they lose their own snap because they think they must imitate ours, or they come down with stuff that nobody else in the blessed building can make head or tail of, and that would ruin the paper in a fortnight. . . . [In a different tone.] How do I strike you, straight, now?

FRANCIS. How do you strike me?

SIR C. Yes. As a man. Am I a born fool, or something just a bit out of the common in the way of ability?

FRANCIS. Well, it's quite impossible to believe that a man is a genius if you've been to school with him, or even known his father. But I don't mind telling you, in the most unbrotherly way, that if I were meeting you now for the first time, I should say you were something in the nature of a genius — a peculiar kind, of course — but still —

SIR C. [quickly]. Well, let me tell you this: somehow, your intellectual, your superior people won't have anything to do with me — anything serious, that is! There seems to be a sort of boycott among 'em against me! I don't think I have an acquaintance that I don't despise, and I haven't got any pals at all. Mind you, I've never said as much before to any one. I can put it in a nutshell. It's like this. Supposing some people are talking about Swinburne, or theosophy, or social reform, or any of those things, and I come along — well, they immediately change the conversation and begin about motor-cars!

FRANCIS. But do you really care about Swinburne — and those things?

SIR C. I don't know. I've never tried. But that's not the point. The point is that I'm just as good as they are, and I don't like their attitude.

FRANCIS. There's only one thing for you to do, my boy — get married.

SIR C. [continuing his train of thought]. I object to being left out in the cold. They've no right to do it.

FRANCIS [*repeating his own tone*]. There's only one thing for you to do, my boy — get married.

SIR C. [*quietly*]. I know.

FRANCIS. Some nice, charming, intellectual woman. You could have an A1 house — first class, but not stiff. Tiptop dinners, without a lot of silly ceremony. A big drawing-room, and a little one opening off it where they could talk to her — you know the sort of thing. You'd soon see how she'd rope 'em in for you. It would really be very interesting to watch. Once get the right sort of woman —!

SIR C. Exactly. But you rattle on as if these nice, charming, intellectual women were sitting about all over the place waiting for me. They aren't. I've never *seen* one that would do.

FRANCIS. Well, you won't get where you want to be without a woman. So you'd better set to and find one.

SIR C. Where?

FRANCIS. I don't know. . . . Who's Lady Calder, for instance?

SIR C. Lady Calder? Oh! she wouldn't wait to be asked twice.

FRANCIS. What age?

SIR C. Oh! younger than me.

FRANCIS. Much?

SIR C. No! Besides — well, she's a nice woman, but there's too much of the country-family touch about her. Sporting, you see. The late Calder lived for nothing but the abolition of wire fences. Before I knew where I was I should be let in for a steam yacht. She's a widow, of course, and that's in her favour [*hesitatingly*].

FRANCIS. Is she intellectual?

SIR C. She would be if I wanted her to be [*half sheepishly*].

FRANCIS. That's no good, no good at all! [*With a sudden outburst of discovery*]. I know whom you ought to marry.

SIR C. Who?

FRANCIS. Emily Vernon.

SIR C. Me marry an actress! No, thanks!

FRANCIS. She isn't an actress.

SIR C. You said she was.

FRANCIS. No, I said she was on the stage. She can't act for nuts. But she's the very woman for you. Pretty; and awfully decent. Oh! and she can talk, my boy, she can talk. And she knows what she's talking about. Intellectual, eh? I bet she could wipe the floor with some of these women novelists.

SIR C. And I suppose she hasn't a cent.

FRANCIS. What does that matter?

SIR C. Not a bit.

FRANCIS. You'd never guess she was hard up, to look at her. She'd run a big house for

you, and be even with the best of them. And then, she comes from Bursley. She's our sort.

SIR C. Go on! Go on! I shall be married to her in a minute.

FRANCIS. No, but really!

SIR C. What's she coming here for to-day, by the way?

FRANCIS. I gathered that it was a question of — [*Enter PAGE-BOY.*]

PAGE-BOY. Mrs. Vernon.

SIR C. [*after a pause*]. Show her in! [*Enter EMILY VERNON. Exit PAGE-BOY.*]

FRANCIS [*approaching her*]. Well, Emily, I'm here, you see. We were just talking about you. [*Shakes hands.*]

EMILY. Arithmetic, I suppose?

FRANCIS. Arithmetic?

EMILY. Adding up my age. [*Taking SIR CHARLES' hand.*] So it's you? Exactly the same!

SIR C. Really?

EMILY. Yes. I'm quite relieved. I expected something majestic and terrible, something like a battleship. I did, truly. Now, what am I to call you?

SIR C. What you used to call me.

EMILY. Charlie?

FRANCIS. No, you always called him Tarlie.

EMILY. I'm sure I never did. Every one used to say that I talked just like a little woman. The fact is, I was born at the wrong end, and I'm getting more childish every day. I say, Charlie, I do wish I'd known a little earlier that you weren't a battleship. I'd worked myself up into a fine state of nervousness.

SIR C. You don't seem nervous.

EMILY. No. But I am. At least, I was. When I'm amusing and clever, that's a sure sign I'm very nervous. People say, "How bright she is!" And all the time I'm shivering with fright. When I'm quite at my ease I become quite dull. Natural idleness, I expect.

SIR C. Well, suppose we sit down? [*They sit.*]

EMILY. How nice it is of you to see me like this! Now, there was another illusion. I always thought you were most frightfully difficult to see.

SIR C. Not to any one from the Five Towns, and especially from Bursley.

FRANCIS. Don't you believe it! I assure you that I only got at him this afternoon over the dead bodies of a soldier and five office-boys.

EMILY [*to FRANCIS*]. Yes; I guessed it was you who had made straight the pathway. [*To SIR C.*] Francis and I got rather intimate yesterday — didn't we, Francis? — over the Yeats play.

FRANCIS. Very! Very! But the butter-scotch helped, you know.

EMILY. I never asked you how you thought I said my lines, and you never told me.

FRANCIS. Oh, well. I daresay you've seen what Macquoid said of the first performance. He said you were as heaven made you! . . . So you must have been very fine.

EMILY. How horrid he is! He really is horrid! . . . I suppose I oughtn't to say that to you, Charlie, as he's on one of your papers now. Of course I know he's generally right. That's what makes it so annoying.

SIR C. Say anything you choose. He's no longer on our staff.

EMILY. You've dismissed him?

SIR C. It comes to that.

EMILY. Oh! Rejoicing in Zion! A sigh of relief will run through the whole profession. And who's going to take his place?

FRANCIS. Me, madam.

EMILY. Well, it's just like a fairy-tale. But I wonder if our young and untried friendship will stand the awful strain.

FRANCIS. I've decided what I shall do in regard to you. If I can't honestly praise you, I sha'n't mention you at all.

EMILY. Charlie, let me beg you to dispense with his services at once. He'll be more disliked even than Macquoid. [To FRANCIS.] Do you know what we're going to produce next — if we can keep open? Ford's "Broken Heart."

FRANCIS [recites].

"Crowns may flourish and decay;
Beauties shine, but fade away;
Youth may revel, yet it must
Lie down in a bed of dust."

EMILY. Yes, isn't it lovely? Don't you think it's a lovely play, Charlie?

SIR C. Never read it. Ford, did you say? Don't know him. You see, I'm so taken up —

EMILY [sympathetically]. I know how busy you must be. But if you *could* find time to read "The Broken Heart," I'm sure you'd enjoy it. Has Francis told you what I've come about?

FRANCIS. I was just beginning to explain when you arrived and interrupted me.

EMILY. How clumsy of me! [composing her features]. Well, it's like this, Charlie. [Laughs.]

SIR C. What's the joke?

EMILY. Nothing. Only nervousness! Mere hysterics! I was just thinking how absurd I have been to come here and worry you. Francis, do explain.

FRANCIS [to SIR CHARLES]. The creature is after money.

EMILY [with a cry of protest]. You appalling and unprincipled bungler! [To CHARLIE.] It's like this. Our Chief is a very great man.

SIR C. St. John — is it? [Turns to FRANCIS as if for confirmation.]

EMILY. Yes. We always call him the Chief. He's a most fearful brute. He stamps on us and curses us, and pays us miserably, miserably, and we all adore him, and nobody knows why. He simply cares about nothing but his theatre; and of course, for producing a play, there's only him. But as a man of business — well, it would be no use trying to describe what he is as a man of business; an infant in arms could give him lessons in business through the post. Now, only a fortnight ago, when the Chancellor of Oxford University made that appeal for funds, what do you think the Chief did? He sent twenty pounds, just because he rowed once in the boat-race. And he simply hadn't got twenty pounds.

SIR C. Clever chap!

EMILY. Wasn't it splendid of him? The Prince's might be a success if somebody with money would come in and look after the business side, and never let the Chief see a cheque-book.

SIR C. Isn't it a success? I thought I saw an advertisement in the *Mercury* to-day that the new matinées were very successful.

EMILY. Artistically, yes. Artistically, they're a record. But the fact has escaped the public. We are not at the moment what you'd call turning money away. Most of the notices were very bad — of course.

SIR C. Were they? Was the *Mercury* bad? I forget.

EMILY. No, I fancy it was rather nice.

SIR C. They say a good notice in the *Mercury* will keep any theatre open for at least a month.

EMILY. Personally, I love the *Mercury*. It's so exciting. Like bread and jam, without the bread. To me it's a sort of delicious children's paper —

FRANCIS [throwing his head back]. There you are again, Charles.

EMILY [half laughing]. I don't know what you're laughing at. I meant that for a compliment, Charlie. [SIR CHARLES nods good-humouredly.] Its domestic hints are splendid. But somehow the people who would be likely to come to the Prince's don't seem to read the *Mercury* — at any rate, not for its dramatic criticism. The Prince's is a very special theatre, you see.

SIR C. Superior, you mean? Intellectual?

EMILY [half mocking]. Oh, yes! It's almost like a church.

SIR C. And this Chief of yours wants some one to put money into this church?

EMILY. Yes. We're all of us trying to find capital, except him. You see, it's our livelihood. If the theatre were to close, where should I be, for instance? [*Laughs.*] I just happened to think of you, Charlie. The idea ran through my mind — like a mouse.

SIR C. How much would be needed?

EMILY. Oh! I don't know. A thousand.

FRANCIS. You mean five thousand.

EMILY. Didn't I say five? I quite meant to. But my lips went wrong all by themselves.

SIR C. [*shortly.*] Oh! [*A pause.*]

EMILY. Of course. Now that I'm here, I can see how absurd it is. I said the Prince's might be a success — I mean financially — but honestly I don't believe it ever would. It's too good. And the Chief is too much of a genius.

. . . Oh! whenever I think of him sending twenty pounds to Oxford like that, I wonder why millionaires can't attend to those great lumbering University things, instead of men like St. John. The thought of that twenty pounds always makes me perfectly furious. But the Chief's incurable.

SIR C. Well, I don't mind putting five thousand into the thing.

EMILY. Really? But — but — supposing you lost it?

SIR C. Well, I don't mind losing it. Besides, I've never lost any money yet.

FRANCIS. A new sensation for him!

SIR C. [*ignoring FRANCIS' remark.*] If St. John would let me run him a bit.

EMILY [*with a solemn air.*] Charlie, do you mean to say that you'll put five thousand pounds into the Prince's Theatre, just on the strength of me coming here and telling you about it?

SIR C. Yes.

EMILY. When?

SIR C. Now.

EMILY. I never heard of such goings-on. I hadn't the slightest idea it was so easy as that to get five thousand pounds.

SIR C. It isn't, usually. But this is a special case. I should like to help along a really superior — er — intellectual —

EMILY [*heartily.*] It is an honour, isn't it, after all? But people with money never seem to see that. . . . [*Pinches herself.*] Yes, I'm awake. Can I go and tell the Chief now, from you, that you're ready to —

SIR C. You can telephone to him this instant, if you like [*pointing to telephone.*]

EMILY. No, that won't do.

SIR C. Why not?

EMILY. They cut off the theatre telephone this morning [*a brief sobbing catch in her voice.*] St. John would have had to close on Saturday if something hadn't turned up. I — I don't know what I should have done. I've been at the end of my tether once before. [*FRANCIS rises, alarmed by her symptoms.*] I'm all right. I'm all right. [*Laughs.*]

SIR C. Shall I order up some tea?

EMILY. No, no. I must go and tell him. I'm quite all right. I was only thinking how awkward it is to alter one's old frocks to this high-waisted Directoire style.

SIR C. [*lamely.*] Why?

EMILY. Because you can always shorten a skirt, but how are you to lengthen it? Well, I must go and tell him.

FRANCIS. So much hurry as all that?

EMILY. Let me go.

SIR C. But look here. When shall we see you again?

FRANCIS. Yes, when shall we —

EMILY. Can I bring St. John to-morrow morning?

SIR C. Certainly.

EMILY. What time?

SIR C. Any time.

EMILY. Eleven o'clock?

SIR C. All right. [*EMILY shakes hands with SIR CHARLES, appears to be about to speak, but is silent; then shakes hands quickly with FRANCIS, and exit quickly, under emotion. The men look at each other. Pause.*]

FRANCIS. Well! Have a cigarette?

SIR C. [*moved.*] No, thanks. She must have been through a thing or two, by heaven!

FRANCIS. Knocks you about a bit, doesn't it — when it comes out sudden like that? I hadn't a notion. What do you think of her? All right, isn't she?

SIR C. [*nods, after a pause.*] She gave me another idea.

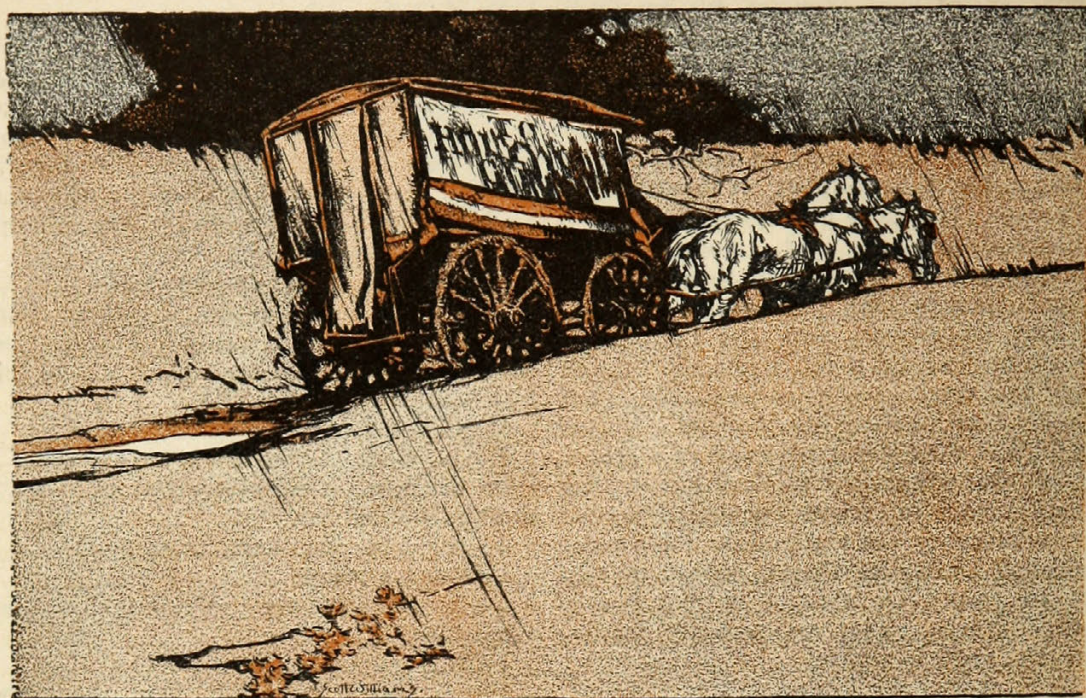
FRANCIS. Oh? [*Lights a cigarette.*]

SIR C. Yes. I'm damned if I don't give a hundred thousand pounds to Oxford University. Never occurred to me! That — and running the Prince's Theatre —

FRANCIS. But you never went to Oxford.

SIR C. Do you think they'll make that an excuse for refusing it?

CURTAIN



A BELATED BOOM

BEING A TALE OF THE WAYSIDE ADVENTURES OF
THE LORD OF THE BARREN STRAND, THE
LADY, AND THE EX-LAND PROMOTER

BY

STELLA WYNNE HERRON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. SCOTT WILLIAMS

IT was clearly a gala-day rig — the huge, canvased-in bus. It had intended to be gay and debonair; its wilted red, white, and blue bunting, its bow on the driver's whip, its white muslin signs bearing the inscription TO HOLLYWOOD COVE in alluring red letters (now beginning to run and discolor the white cloth with sanguine streaks), all bore witness to that. But now, under the pouring sky, it wore that discomfited look of a thing inappropriate to its setting. It was as much out of place in the drenched and sodden landscape as a comedian at a funeral. Indeed, its misplaced gaiety was almost an insult to

nature, who with wailing winds and lugubrious gray lights, weeping over everything, seemed bent on eternal sorrow.

The young man on the seat of the bus, holding slack reins between his fingers, seemed in secret sympathy with the day. His face was overclouded with gloom. This gloom deepened as he saw a girl, who had just alighted from the first train of the day that stopped at the little San Jacinto station, unfurl a neat umbrella and make her way across the mud to his bus — deepened, notwithstanding the fact that she was a very pretty girl.

"Is this the bus," she asked, standing tenta-

tively between it and the station platform, "that it was advertised in the city papers would take excursionists to see the lots at Hollywood Cove to-day?"

"It is," said the young man. "I presume," he added a trifle grimly, "that you are the excursionists. In view of the weather, and the fact that you are only one, and that there are twenty miles of bad road between here and the Cove, I will call the excursion off and refund you any expense you have incurred in getting here, if you wish it."

"No, indeed," said the girl, with quite a little air of determination; "I have come all the way from the city purposely to see those lots, and you have taken the trouble to decorate the bus and everything, and the sun *may* come out——"

The young man glanced up at the unpromising sky and said, a trifle more brusquely than absolute politeness might approve:

"Very well, then — jump in and we will be off."

The girl climbed quickly into the dim interior of the huge bus; the young man hooked the oil-cloth shield in front of him and cracked his whip, and the real-estate excursion to Hollywood Cove was off.

As he drove his solitary passenger over the green, drenched hills toward the sea, young Hollywood's gloom did not lift. Indeed, if anything, it grew deeper and blacker, for it was not the transitory irritation of a morning, but the concentrated grouch of the last half year. As he thought over the events of that time, the principal cause of his grouch stood out clearly — the land boom. The land boom had begun in all its glory six months before. In the great metropolis a hundred miles distant a new railroad had started hesitatingly southward, skirting the coast. It had laid thirty miles of track, then run into financial difficulties out of which it was very doubtful if it would ever come. Whether or not the other seventy miles of track would eventually be laid was one of those highly problematical things that only God and the president of the company knew.

The thirty miles of track, however, were enough for the land-owners — mostly citizens of the thriving little town of New Athens, five miles inland — in the vicinity of Hollywood Cove. There was a land boom. They had their respective beaches surveyed and staked out into twenty-five-foot lots. They rechristened them with flowery names ending in On-the-Sea or By-the-Sea. They inserted huge full-page advertisements in all the papers of the near-by cities. They got out bushels of posters and booklets. They had excursions twice a week. On excursion days they furnished four-horse

buses which met the prospective land-buyers at the San Jacinto station and carried them the twenty miles over the mountains to the beaches. On the way they stopped at New Athens, and every one was provided with a free chicken dinner with unlimited wine and beer. At the beach they were met by a band playing "Hail Something or Other-on-the-Sea" or "The Something or Other-by-the-Sea March." There was dancing on huge platforms erected for the purpose; there were races, and games for the children.

All this merriment and good cheer were the fruit of excellent psychology. They caused the lot-buyers to lose sight of the fact that the only source within twenty miles for a water supply was barely sufficient to furnish water to New Athens; that nothing would grow in the sand; that only thirty miles of the new railroad were actually laid; and that this was about to go into the hands of a receiver. All afternoon long the silver-tongued real-estate men held forth eloquently. There was much enthusiasm. Many lots were sold.

Not so at Hollywood Cove! Young Hollywood had little money. The best he could do was to insert a small advertisement in one of the city papers from time to time, and to hire a bus, which he drove himself, against the day announced for the excursion to Hollywood Cove. He could not think of giving dinners, of hiring a brass band to play "Hail Hollywood Cove"; he could not afford the salary of even one silver-tongued real-estate man. And his beach, like an uncomely woman, needed all the kindly offices of art; for it was, as he himself frankly admitted, the worst and most inaccessible of them all. Each time, as he drove out the meager busful of buyers who had appeared in answer to his advertisement, he rehearsed the arguments he would use. He, too, like the professional real-estate men, would work up enthusiasm. He would talk and talk until he had built up before them on his beach a city out of words.

But when he drew rein and landed his unfed and unbrass-banded busful on the cold gray sea-sands, over which an icy wind was chasing a clammy white ocean fog, his heart failed him. He could not imagine any one fool enough to want to own a lot on this deserted beach. All his eloquence collapsed into a single sentence. He waved his arm over the sand-dunes, out of which the white stakes poked like thin young gravestones, and said:

"There are the lots."

And unconsciously his tone implied what he was thinking: "You can see how rotten they are! Buy them at your peril."

Nobody ever *had* bought one. Young Holly-

wood remained in undisputed possession of the one piece of property he owned, and his real-estate operations became the jest of the surrounding counties. Somebody dubbed him Lord of the Barren Strand, and the name stuck, for it was singularly appropriate. The number of his excursionists had dwindled and dwindled until, this rainy morning, the dwindling process had culminated in the one girl inside.

The Lord of the Strand smiled half bitterly, half humorously as he thought of her.

"Although one swallow does not make a summer, one girl seems to make an excursion," he said softly to himself. "Well, I hope she'll buy a lot for making me take this drive — and that's the worst I can hope of any one."

For the last few miles the road had been going from bad to worse. Now it passed through a sort of scoop between two hills, where, for about two hundred yards, it turned into one unbroken stretch of clayey mud. A sharp bend in the road prevented Hollywood from knowing whether or not the mud continued beyond that. Ordinarily he would have hesitated to embark on that stretch of sticky blackness, but to-day his mood was obstinate and a trifle reckless. He cracked his whip, and the horses waded in. They pulled valiantly, going from side to side like horses working up a hill; but just as they reached the bend where the mud was deepest, the straining bus gave a groan, settled, with a squashing and gurgling, a final six inches into the mud, and refused to budge.

The real-estate expedition to Hollywood Cove was hopelessly stuck.

The Lord of the Strand drew aside the oil-cloth flap and called down into the bus a little triumphantly — for, after all, it was her own fault for wanting to go out on such a day:

"We've stuck!"

"So I see," said the girl placidly. She made her way to the back of the bus and gazed out on the chocolate-colored, semi-liquid sea that surrounded them. "Looks just like fudge before it hardens, doesn't it?" she said gravely.

The Lord of the Strand noticed a little grudgingly that she looked very graceful and pretty, framed in the narrow opening of the bus, between the dimness of the canvased-in interior and the light outside. Her presence seemed, in some subtle way, to make even the inside of a canvas-covered bus homelike and agreeable to a surprising degree.

She went out on the step, and, leaning as far out as she dared, tried to see around the bend in the road. Suddenly she gave a little cry and called out:

"Come here quickly; there is somebody else stuck on the other side of the bend."

The Lord of the Strand slid hastily from his high seat, went to the back of the bus, and poked his head out into the rain. The horses, in their efforts, had drawn the bus almost horizontally across the road, so that its back nearly touched the right bank, while the horses were crowded over toward the left bank. From the steps of the bus it was possible to see completely around the bend. There, in the midst of the mud, stood a grindstone, such as itinerant scissors-grinders use, set up in a rickety old frame. It was raised a little above the level of the road, and rested upon something which, after a careful scrutiny, the Lord of the Strand made out to be the upper part of a battered and ancient wagon. The seat of the wagon, sticking out above the mud, washed by the down-pouring rain, had the ludicrous appearance of a bench placed there to tempt the leisure of a passer-by.

On the left bank of the road, seated against the trunk of an oak tree, trying to get what shelter he might, squatted an old man, with a felt hat pulled down over his ears. At his side stood an ancient horse, his legs caked and swollen with mud, his yellow hide pied with sticky black spots. His head hung down as though bowed by the weight of years; his eye, as he gazed out on the gray, rain-filled world, was fixed and pessimistic. As he stood there shivering in the wash of wind and water, he seemed a sad cartoon of Age and Toil.

"That must be the scissors-grinder," said the girl, pointing to the old man. "Let us ask him in. Goodness knows, there is room enough here — and we will have luncheon presently. I brought three ham sandwiches with me — and he looks awfully hungry."

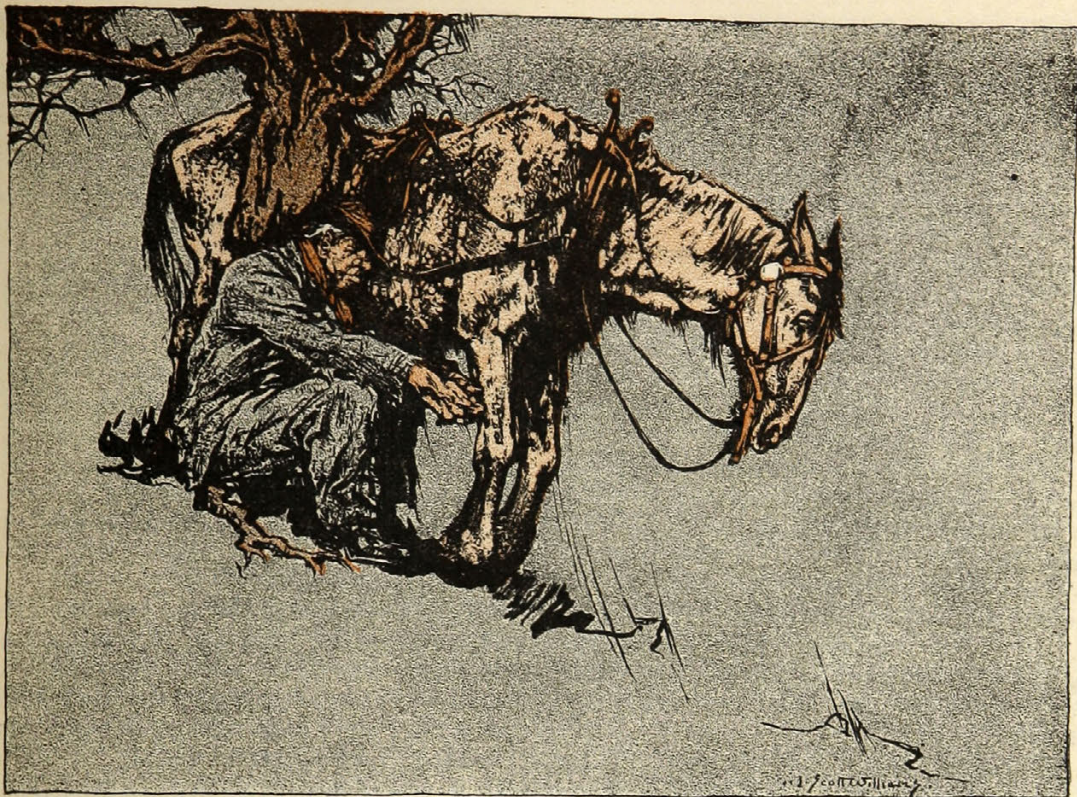
"He looks awfully dissipated, too," said the Lord of the Strand objectingly; "look at his nose. It is always a doubtful venture to make free with these wanderers of the road. This scissors-grinder may prove offensive."

"Goodness," said the girl, with a little laugh, "how aristocratic and un-Christian and un-charitable you are! I admit he looks dissipated, but he looks old and cold and lonesome, too. I am sure he is hungry. Maybe he is starving to death and my ham sandwich would save his life!"

Reaching a determination with this thought, she leaned far out and called a long-drawn "Ou — e — ou — h-o-o — o-o-o — o-o-o-o," such as children use to attract one another's attention.

The old man and the horse both looked up inquiringly.

"Won't you come in and have a sandwich?"



"AT HIS SIDE STOOD AN ANCIENT HORSE"

she asked. "It's dry in here — that is, it's dryer than out there. If you'll go around the curve, you'll find the front end of the bus — it's near enough for you to climb on."

The scissors-grinder, after a long stare of surprise, rose slowly and rheumatically to his feet, and began to walk cautiously along the slippery bank in the direction of the bus. His old horse gazed after him sadly but philosophically, like one who is being deserted by his last friend, yet scarcely expects anything better of the race of man.

The scissors-grinder appeared a moment later opposite the bus. The Lord of the Strand scrambled up to the high seat and held out a helping hand. A moment later the scissors-grinder had bridged the chasm of mud between wheel and bank, and was in the bus.

The girl held out her hand with the manner and smile of one who stands within her own drawing-room, and said, as effusively and hospitably as if she were welcoming a wealthy uncle who contemplated making her his heir:

"So glad you came. I thought that so long as we were both stuck, we might as well lunch together. Lunch will be ready in a moment."

She dived into a little black silk bag she carried, spread a clean napkin on the seat, and began to arrange three sandwiches and two pieces of cake to the best advantage. While

she did this the scissors-grinder watched her in silence, and the Lord of the Strand, in turn, watched him.

The old man's face was deeply ruttled with lines, like a much-traveled road. The wind and sun had tanned and dried him out like an old piece of leather. His nose alone had color, and this, like a high light wrongly placed, shone over-ruddily. His gray hair rimmed this battered physiognomy as a dusty frame an old daguerreotype. Suddenly, as the Lord of the Strand watched him, ready to eject him at a moment's notice, he saw a new expression — as of something long forgotten, called up by an effort of the will — come into the scissors-grinder's eyes. The old man straightened his shoulders, cleared his throat, and, turning to the girl, bowed and said:

"I am delighted to accept your hospitality."

Both the Lord of the Strand and the girl cast quickly veiled, surprised looks at him. The words in his mouth were so unexpected that they startled that subtle instinct of class distinction that is in all of us. His voice, moreover, although hoarse and cracked, had a hint of former unction and polish in its tone — an ancient ceremoniousness. It was like a bell that has some silver in its casting, and that, although cracked and rusted, still sounds a mellow note.

The girl finished the arrangement of her improvised table in silence, then looked up.

"I am sorry," she said, "that we haven't more of a variety than just sandwiches and cake. If I'd thought we were going to be marooned in a bog, I'd have brought something awfully good to cheer us up. However, there is lots of ham between the bread, and I spread the mustard thick. I do hope you like mustard," and she handed a sandwich apiece to the Lord of the Strand and the scissors-grinder.

"May I ask," said the scissors-grinder, "without appearing too curious, if I am assisting at an elopement? I can think of nothing else that would have brought you out on such a day."

"No, indeed," said both the girl and the Lord of the Strand together.

"This is a real-estate excursion," added the girl.

"But where are the excursionists?" asked the old man, with a puzzled look.

"I am the excursionists," said the girl, with dignity. "I am afraid, though," she added, "that I sha'n't see the lots at Hollywood Cove, after all."

"It doesn't matter," said the Lord of the Strand pessimistically. "They're probably washed away by this time, anyway — I mean the stakes. The stakes, you see, are what

make them lots; otherwise they'd be just beach. I expect we'd find just beach."

"Are you the owner of Hollywood Cove — the boy they call the Lord of the Barren Strand around here?" asked the scissors-grinder.

"I am," said young Hollywood grimly. "I have been trying for the last six months to shift my ownership on to the unsuspecting public — but somehow the public seems to suspect. I haven't sold a single lot yet. This expedition is about my last. I haven't money enough left to hire another bus, and, if I had, there probably wouldn't be any people to ride in it."

The old man looked him over gravely.

"I have heard your story," he said. "In traveling from town to town, grinding knives and scissors at the back doors of houses, one hears a great number of things. Your father was once wealthy, wasn't he?"

"He once owned about all the country around here. The whole of the site upon which New Athens now stands was his. About a year before he died, when his judgment was weakened by age and illness, and while I was away at college, Archibald Devin, now the wealthiest man in New Athens, got him to exchange his land holdings for worthless stock in Mexican silver-mines. Oh, it was all done legally



"THE SCISSORS-GRINDER WATCHED HER IN SILENCE, AND THE LORD OF THE STRAND, IN TURN, WATCHED HIM"



— "HERE HE SENT A MESSAGE ADDRESSED TO MR. GEORGE HOLLYWOOD"

enough, so legally that I could not get it undone — but, nevertheless, it was one of the worst frauds ever perpetrated. All that Devin left was Hollywood Cove, and he only left that because he did not think it was worth the notary's fee to witness a deed of it to him. And that is why I became Lord of the Barren Strand when father died."

"I know this Devin," said the scissors-grinder reflectively. "He always tries to jew me down in my price for grinding. With one exception, he is the meanest man in New Athens."

"Who is the exception?" asked the girl.

"James Taggart, the telegraph operator. He is just a shade meaner, I think. They are the same type, though. Either of them would do anything for money. The only difference between them is that Devin has managed to get rich out of his policy, while Taggart is still as poor as a church mouse."

"I see," said Hollywood, "that you keep your eyes open as you go from place to place."

"An old habit — one that was at one time of great use to me. You may be surprised to hear it, but I was once — too many years ago to remember — in your business. I was a land promoter. My name would have been recognized by your father if he were alive, for it was a well-known one."

The old man stopped a moment, lost in

thought, then went on: "It was necessary for me then to be able to read men — to know what pride or passion or prejudice I could best appeal to in them. For instance, if I had to deal with such men as Devin or Taggart, the telegraph operator at New Athens, I should appeal to their greediness and dishonesty — for that is all that is in them to appeal to."

"Why did you give up real-estate work?" asked the girl gently, after a moment's silence. "Why did you — er — adopt your present business?"

The shadow of a smile crossed the scissors-grinder's face.

"I can tell you that in a word — not a very elegant but a very expressive one. *Booze*. A man can travel a long way downhill in twenty years when he has that for company. You see me sober at the present moment solely because it is impossible for me to be otherwise. I have just left New Athens, which is unfortunately a prohibition town, and I attempted this mud-hole in spite of my better judgment and the better judgment of Methuselah (my horse), solely because the next town is not prohibition. The only reason that I am different to-day from my kind is that you have treated me like a human being — and made me remember that I once was one. Usually I prefer to forget it."

The Lord of the Strand and the girl remained

silent, for there did not seem to be anything to be said. The three finished up the last crumbs of their sandwiches and cake without further words. Then Hollywood said suddenly:

"Our two horses ought to be able to pull your wagon out. It is a very different proposition from our heavy bus. Let us try."

The scissors-grinder had some strong rope. They hitched the two horses to the old wagon, and finally succeeded in dislodging it from the deep mud and rolling it out on the comparatively hard road. The two bus horses were unhitched and Methuselah rehitched. The wagon, although oozing black mud from every pore, appeared none the worse for its immersion.

"I am glad that one of us is freed, anyway," said the Lord of the Strand. "We will stay an hour or so longer; then, if no one appears with horses strong enough to drag us out, we will abandon the bus and walk to New Athens — it can't be more than six or seven miles from here at the most."

The scissors-grinder extended a hand to each. Suddenly a quizzical smile lit up his face.

"In the old fairy stories," he said, "when two amiable children met a wretched old man in the woods and shared their crust with him out of the goodness of their hearts, he always turned out to be a powerful magician who gave each of them a wish. As I can't give you

anything else, I might as well be the magician and give you each a wish."

The Lord of the Strand laughed, and the girl clapped her hands gleefully, like a child.

"I will give you a hard one," said the Lord of the Strand. "I wish that I may sell all of my lots before sundown."

The girl thought seriously a moment, then said:

"May I make my wish in my mind, without telling any one?"

"Certainly," said the scissors-grinder; "in fact, they are more powerful that way."

"I have made it," she said after a moment's thought. "It, also, must come true before sundown," she added with an embarrassed little laugh. The old man smiled, and for some reason the girl blushed up to her damp, tightly curling hair.

Bidding them good-by, the scissors-grinder ascended the seat of his wagon and made a chuckling noise in his throat to Methuselah, and the ancient steed started off sadly along a road in which he had no confidence.

"They were kind little ones," said the scissors-grinder, speaking half aloud, as was his custom when driving Methuselah, "and I wish I really had the power to grant their wishes!"

Methuselah swished his tail — gravely, as became a horse of his years — to show that he



"THE TWO IN THE BUGGY RODE ON MILE AFTER MILE IN THE GLOAMING"

was in entire accord with his master, and they jogged on in silence for another half mile.

Suddenly the scissors-grinder gave a terrific jerk to the reins and cried:

"I have it, Methuselah — a plan! And we will use Taggart, the telegraph operator at New Athens, to carry it out for us. If my estimate of him is correct, he is mean enough and dishonest enough to do what I think he will do when he receives the telegram I am going to send to young Hollywood at New Athens. If he isn't, and doesn't do it, no harm will be done; but if he does do it, young Hollywood's wish will be granted."

He jerked the reins and the old steed accelerated his pace.

"Do your best, Methuselah," said his master; "we have no time to lose. They will stay with the bus for an hour or so, and of course nobody will appear to help them,— for who is mad enough to be out on these roads to-day? — then they will set out for New Athens. It will take them at least three or four hours to make it by the beach road, in this weather, on foot. I shall reach Scroggs Corners in an hour and a half, and can send the telegram from there — and it will reach New Athens in time for what I want."

An hour and a quarter later, the scissors-grinder and Methuselah, panting from his unwonted exertions, entered the hamlet of Scroggs Corners. The scissors-grinder alighted and entered the general merchandise store, in one corner of which was the telegraph office. Here he sent a message addressed to Mr. George Hollywood, Hollywood Cove, via New Athens.

"There are not many people," he said, with a chuckle, "who send a telegram and hope it won't reach the person they send it to; but I hope that Taggart will suppress this one. Well, Methuselah," he said to the horse, as he climbed into the wagon, "our work is done, and you know where to go," and he headed him in the direction of the corner groggery.

About the time that the scissors-grinder was sending his telegram, the Lord of the Strand and the Lady were tramping along the road about a quarter of a mile from where the abandoned bus stuck in the mud.

"I am sorry," the Lord of the Strand was saying, "that the direct road over the mountain is impassable — we shall have to cover a much greater distance in making this detour around by the coast."

"Never mind," said the girl, "it has one advantage. I shall have a chance to see Hollywood Cove and those wonderful lots. I feel quite tempted to buy one — even after what I've heard!"

"I wouldn't sell you one," said the Lord of the Strand in the shocked tone of a person to whom one has suggested the robbing of a friend.

"Why, that was what you brought me here for," said the Lady, with a laugh.

"I didn't know you then," said the Lord of the Strand firmly. "By the way, I don't know you yet — by name."

"Fenton — Miss Claudia Fenton."

They plodded on in silence for another half mile, walking in the road where it was hilly and the water had drained off, slushing through the thick wet grass along the bank when the mud made the road impassable. The rain had thinned to a fine, gray drizzle that permeated fabrics and turned them into damp, sodden masses. The Lord of the Strand cast frequent glances at the girl beside him. Her turban was limp, her skirts were dragged and muddy, and her blue tailor coat had lost its trimness and clung to her supinely. But this ruin of perishable things in no way dampened her spirits. Her eyes danced as she trudged along, her cheeks were rosy and damp with the rain, her hair had rolled up into tight little curls which looked as if no comb would ever persuade them to unwind. The Lord of the Strand reflected that she was an excellent companion in adversity, and would probably be as good a one in prosperity. A sudden thought shot across his mind. If he only had his lots sold — if he only had sufficient money to dare to think of such a thing! He would ask no better —

His meditations were interrupted by an exclamation from the girl herself. They had come in sight of the sea. The breakers stretched out in long, cold lines. Everything was unutterably gray, wet, and dismal. For the next half hour they walked along in silence, and even the girl's impregnable good humor seemed in danger of capitulating to the surroundings.

Suddenly the Lord of the Strand stopped and pointed ahead into the blurred distance.

"There," he said, "is Hollywood Cove, otherwise known as the Barren Strand, of which I am sole heir and owner."

"It *isn't* very comfortable-looking," acknowledged the girl. "Some beaches seem just the right background for a little four-room bungalow, but one would have to build a turreted, medieval castle, all in gray stone, to go with this beach. However," she added, afraid that she might have hurt his feelings, "it may look better when there are some people on it."

"There's somebody on it now, if I'm not mistaken. Look! I wonder who it can be?"

Claudia also now saw a solitary black figure on the beach, which was coming toward them in what seemed a hurried manner.

"Maybe it is some one conjured up by the scissors-grinder to buy your lots," she said, with an excited little laugh. "Let us hurry down before he disappears in thin air."

They walked briskly down to the beach. The black figure, instead of disappearing, advanced solidly to meet them. Now that they were near enough to notice details, Hollywood saw that he was a short, pudgy man dressed in a mackintosh and high boots, and that a buggy, which had evidently conveyed him here, was hitched to a tree a little way up from the beach.

"Why, that is Devin!" he exclaimed,— "the man who cheated my father," he added in a hasty aside to the girl.

He had time to say no more, for the pudgy man was upon them with outstretched hand.

"Ah, my dear young Hollywood," he cried with florid and effusive heartiness, "you are the very man I want to see! You are doubtless surprised to see me," he continued, as he caught his breath, which he had lost in his haste to greet the pair, "here upon such a—er—dismal day. I will explain my object as briefly as possible. I have come out to inspect your lots here, the estate your good father left you, with the—er—intention, I may state at once, of buying. We of New Athens feel that our little city is growing, sir, growing like the proverbial bean-stalk. We feel the need of an outlet—a harbor—a—er——" the banker of New Athens dove heroically into the depths of almost forgotten history, and brought up triumphantly—"a Piraeus, sir. I have decided, after a great deal of consideration, that this is the most available site."

"But," said the Lord of the Strand in amazement, as he looked out upon the angry white breakers, which seemed to gnash their teeth in rage at the very thought of navigation, "it would be utterly impossible to make a harbor here. The rocks—the cliffs—the——"

The banker waved a deprecatory hand.

"Ah—ah, my dear young sir—modern methods of construction—the gigantic strides in mechanical science—the recent wonders of civil engineering——"

At each of these potent terms the banker lowered his voice reverently. He spoke in a half-soothing, half-confidential tone, like one who is both a father and a confider. The mere sound of his voice seemed to create a seaport, with its warehouses, wharves, and harbors; the mere wave of his hand was enough to fill the sea with ships of commerce. He stopped a moment to allow the full effect to reach the Lord of the Strand, then said suddenly, with a metallic ring, like the clinking of coins, in his voice:

"And now, to come down to business, how much will you——"

His sentence was cut short by the sound of galloping horses, and a moment later a couple of men in a buggy, drawn by two horses all in a lather of sweat, raced down the beach. They were followed by a wagon in which there were two more men. All of these newcomers hurried over to the Lord of the Strand. Devin watched them with uneasy eyes.

"We heard that you were selling lots to-day, Mr. Hollywood, and we have come to buy," said the first to reach him, without any preliminary remarks.

"We also wish to buy lots," said the men who had come in the wagon, pushing their way to the front.

Before the bewildered Lord of the Strand had time to answer them, more buggies and wagons began to arrive from the direction of New Athens, the occupants of which descended in headlong haste and hurriedly made known their desire to buy lots. All these New Athenians looked at one another with the quick, suspicious glances of men mutually distrustful. The blackest-looking among them was Devin, the earliest arrival. They one and all stared jealously at Hollywood, like a host of suitors at the object of their affections.

"It is your wish coming true," whispered Claudia, with wide eyes. "The scissors-grinder was a magician and has bewitched all these people."

The Lord of the Strand smiled at her, then turned to the waiting buyers and said briefly:

"I am here, gentlemen, to sell lots."

There was a sigh of something akin to relief among those waiting, as if they had almost expected him to refuse.

Devin stepped up and said rapidly in an undertone:

"I will take all your lots—I believe there are thirty-two—at the price you were asking for them, and pay fifty per cent advance on the gross price for the option of buying them all."

"I am sorry," said the Lord of the Strand, aloud, so that all might hear him, "but since there is so great a demand for lots, I don't think it would be fair to sell them in bulk. I might be depriving some worthy citizen of a home on this delightful beach. Give every one a chance, is my motto! I will, therefore, put up the lots one by one at auction. There are thirty-two lots in the tract. You can have your pick, gentlemen, as not a single lot is missing. We will begin with this fine corner lot, equally advantageous for a residence with an unobstructed view of the sea, or a centrally

located business site. What am I offered for this exceptional lot?"

The bidding began a little lower than the original price that Hollywood had been asking for the lots, but it soared up until it was double and treble that. There was a kind of hysterical eagerness among the bidders — a sort of tenacious rivalry that made them slow to give up. Every man present seemed possessed of a mania to own Hollywood Cove real estate.

The first lot, after a hot struggle, was knocked down to Devin. The other lots were rapidly put up, one after another, and in each case Devin outbid all the others. A fever for land accumulation seemed to have seized him. He was not satisfied until the whole tract had passed over to him. The moment the last lot was declared his, he detached himself from the group of his disgruntled townsmen, and seizing the Lord of the Strand and Claudia each by an arm, hurried them over to his buggy, which happened to be a two-seater.

"We will drive at once over to New Athens," he said nervously, — "at once. There the deed can be signed, and I will give you my check immediately."

"I've never seen any one in such a hurry to pay before," whispered Claudia, as the banker unhitched the horses.

"I am too glad to be rid of these lots to inquire closely into any one's reason for wanting them," said young Hollywood gaily. "I prefer to believe that the scissors-grinder bewitched old Devin."

After a five-mile drive, they arrived in the bustling little town of New Athens, and drove at once to the office of Devin's lawyer. Here an iron-bound deed was drawn up, and the banker's check for thirty-four thousand four hundred dollars was given to Hollywood in exchange for the land, comprising thirty-two lots, at Hollywood Cove.

A quarter of an hour later, the Lord of the Strand — now lord no longer — procured a top-buggy and a couple of strong horses for the homeward trip. It was now late afternoon, and Hollywood figured that he could get Claudia back to San Jacinto in time to catch one of the evening trains to the city.

As they drove down the main street of the town, they passed the telegraph office. A hallo from within stopped them. Taggart, the telegraph operator, a wizened little man with beady eyes like a snake's, ran out and handed Hollywood a yellow envelop.

"This just came for you, Mr. Hollywood," he said. Before the Lord of the Strand had time to ask any questions, he disappeared.

Hollywood gave the reins to Claudia, tore

open the envelop, and read the message as they drove along:

Do not sell an inch of Hollywood Cove. Oil has been discovered on your land.

S. GRINDER.

"This," said the Lord of the Strand, as he handed the telegram to Claudia, "explains the boom in Hollywood Cove real estate."

The girl studied the telegram gravely for a few minutes, then asked: "*Who* is S. Grinder?"

"I don't know him from the man in the moon. Never heard the name before," and he bent over and studied the telegram with her. Then suddenly the same thought struck them at the same instant, and they burst into uncontrollable laughter.

"S. Grinder — Scissors-Grinder, of course," said the girl, when she could speak. "He sent that telegram to make your wish come true!"

She stopped, suddenly puzzled.

"But how," she asked, "did he know that his scheme would work? — that the telegraph operator at New Athens here would suppress the telegram long enough to give the people he had told time to buy before you knew anything about it?"

"He didn't know for a certainty," said the Lord of the Strand reflectively. "But what he did know was the weakness of human nature in general, and that of Taggart, the operator here, in particular. He knew that he was both poor and dishonest — a strong combination for unrighteousness when the chance offers — and he provided the bait of an excellent chance. Of course, Taggart had to do the biting. And he seems to have bit pretty hard. Not only did he tip off Devin, who always has ready money on hand to snap up a good thing, but, after Devin had started out, he evidently tipped off a good many more people — thereby increasing his own pocket money."

The Lord of the Strand drove along in silence a few moments, then laughed aloud.

"*This* time," he said, "Devin has overreached himself. By his own act, in trying to cheat me, he has managed to cheat himself. It is the first case of poetic justice I have ever known."

By this time the rain had stopped, and the last of the day gave promise of a fair evening with a little starlight. Even a few rays of watery sunshine slanted down through the dripping tree-branches. The two in the buggy rode on mile after mile in the gloaming in silence, for a certain constraint had fallen upon them. At last the Lord of the Strand turned to Claudia and said:

"Half of this money is yours by right. If it hadn't been for you, I should never have started out to-day. Moreover, it was you who insisted on inviting the scissors-grinder in to lunch. I consider you a partner in this enterprise, and insist on your accepting one half the profits. As the Strand was absolutely worthless, there are nothing but profits."

"Nonsense. Of course, I will not take a cent. You are quixotic. Under no circumstances will I accept a penny of your money."

"Under no circumstances?" said the Lord of the Strand anxiously.

"Under no circumstances."

"Then I suppose there is no use asking you to marry me, since I would have to support you on it, for a time at least. And I'd wanted

to ask you so much! I thought, in the bus, how nice and homelike it all was — not that I wanted to live in a bus, of course —" The Lord of the Strand let his sentence trail off into a confused murmur. For the next few minutes the silence remained unbroken. Then Claudia said in a very little voice, demurely:

"Of course, under the circumstances you mention, I might possibly sometime see my way clear to accept —"

"Me!" said the Lord of the Strand joyously.

"Look!" exclaimed Claudia irrelevantly, pointing to the west, where the orange rim of the sun was just disappearing from view. "I just got my wish in time. I —" But the rest of her sentence was smothered and inaudible.

"WHAT THE PUBLIC WANTS"*

THE publication of an acting play in serial form is perhaps unusual enough to warrant a word of explanation.

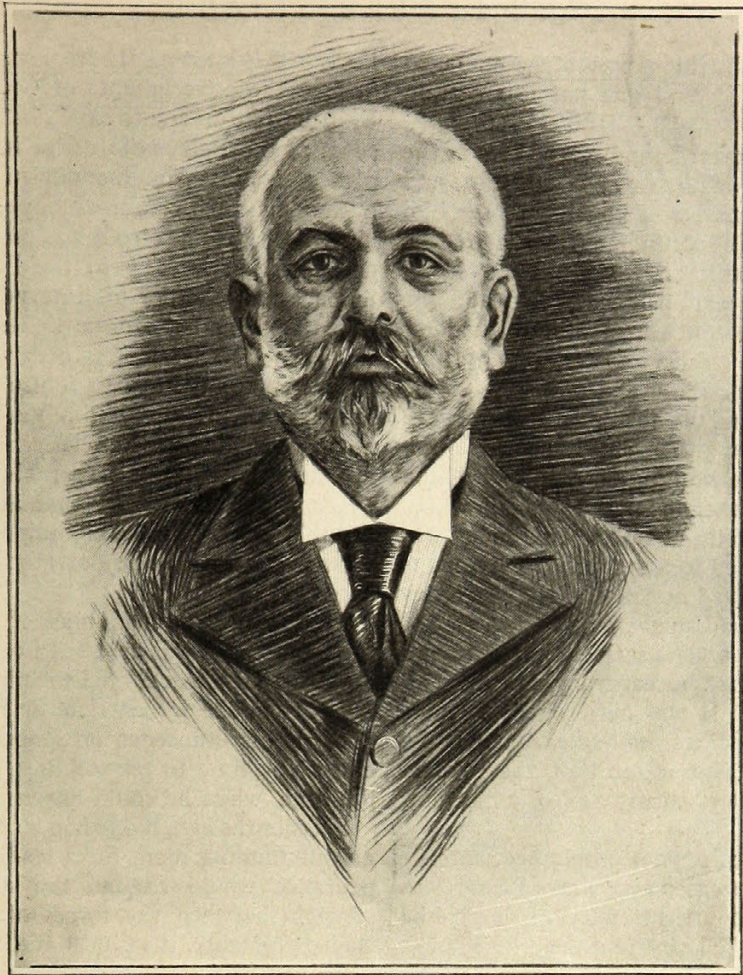
Arnold Bennett's play, "What the Public Wants," is one of very timely interest, not only because it satirizes a characteristic phase of modern journalism, but because it is indicative of the most active form of literary enterprise in England to-day. Unquestionably, for the last ten years the number of good plays written in England has been rapidly on the increase, while the output of good novels has been comparatively small. J. M. Barrie and George Bernard Shaw, both of whom began as novelists, now write plays exclusively. John Galsworthy, perhaps the most accomplished of the younger novelists, has brought out three successful plays, two of which are well known in this country: "The Silver Box," produced by Miss Ethel Barrymore, and "Strife," lately produced with remarkable success at the New Theater in New York.

* See page 301.

Granville Barker's two plays, "The Voysey Inheritance" and "Waste," are among the most notable of recent additions to English literature; and John Masefield, in "Nan," has told in dramatic form a story worthy of Thomas Hardy. The new literature of Ireland, under the leadership of William Butler Yeats, Lady Gregory, and the lamented J. M. Synge, consists almost entirely of plays.

Mr. Arnold Bennett, the author of an unusually successful novel, last summer joined this strong company of successful play-makers with "What the Public Wants." The comedy was first put on by the Stage Society, but because of its popular qualities was quickly transferred to the stage of a commercial theater. The strength of the younger English writers is going so largely into plays, that the serial publication of one of the newest and cleverest of these seems to be but following the main current of England's present literary activity.

EDITOR.



Drawn by F. Van Sloan

SEÑOR FRANCISCO FERRER

THE FERRER TRIAL

AN ACCOUNT OF THE COURT MARTIAL AND EXECUTION
OF FERRER, THE SPANISH RADICAL

BY

PERCEVAL GIBBON

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS AND WITH A DRAWING BY F. VAN SLOAN

THE trial of Francisco Ferrer in the Model Prison at Barcelona was a State function of the highest importance; besides the reporters, only privileged spectators were present to witness an end being made of the Government's enemy. There was a good deal of competition for a place in court; Ferrer was not known by

sight to many people in Spain, and there was curiosity as to the personality and appearance of this powerful Revolutionary, the leader of a school of political thought. A colonel and six captains were appointed to try him, and a captain of engineers was deputed to conduct his defense, with a prospect of arrest and imprisonment if he went too far on the prisoner's

behalf. The whole thing was stage-managed like a drama, and its end was not less certain and foreseen.

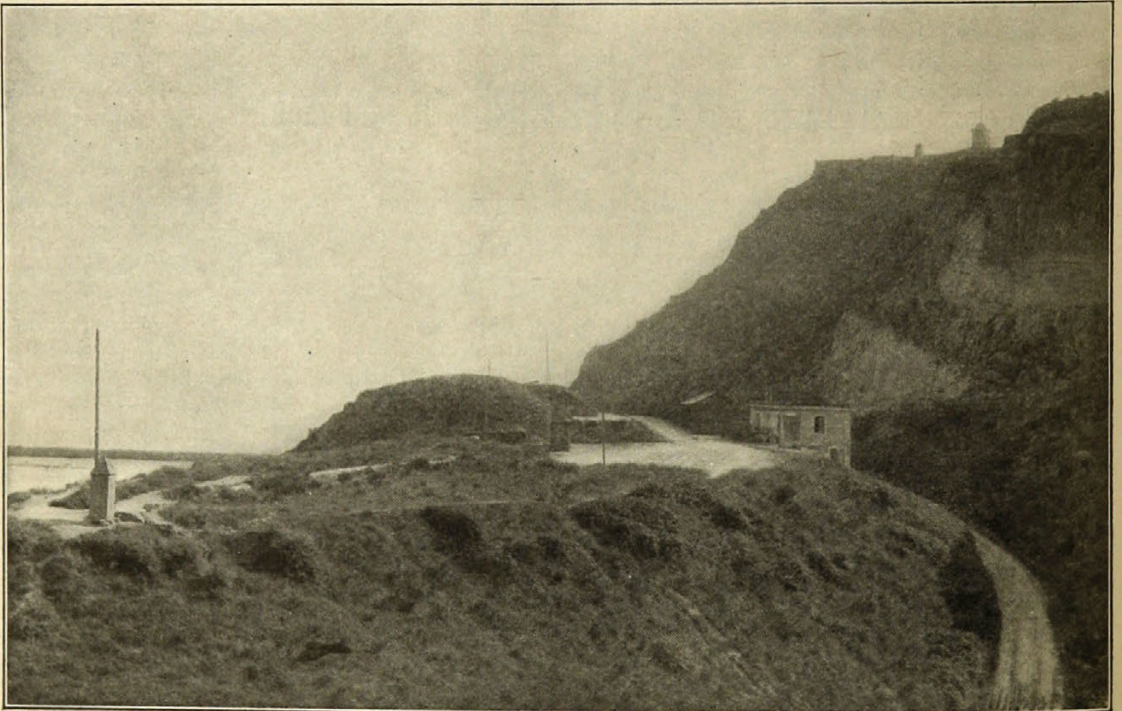
They brought Ferrer in and placed him at the bar of the court, with a sentry beside him; and the spectators rustled and fidgeted to see him close at hand. Under their curious eyes, the doomed man shrank and was uneasy. People saw him with astonishment. He had the manner and all the outward look of an elderly clerk or a country schoolmaster, of anything subordinate and plodding and uninspired. He was middle-aged and of the middle stature, with a round, dull face, and a short, pointed gray beard. There was nothing to distinguish him from thousands of men in Spain to-day, in whom the national character of reserve and incuriousness are exaggerated to a sort of atrophy of the faculties. He showed no trace of that fervency and power that had made him the enemy of the Government, and sustained him through years of war against bureaucracy and clericalism in Catalonia. It was only when, at some turn in the proceedings, he looked up quickly, that people were able to see that the eyes in the patient face were steady and of a peculiar brightness.

A military court does not pronounce sentence at the end of the case, and when Ferrer was taken out from court, no word of death had been spoken. But he knew, and the others knew, that he went forth doomed. In London and in

Paris it was known. There were attempts to influence the governments of Great Britain and France to intervene to save him; and the advocates at the Palace of Justice in Paris signed a protest against the manner in which he had been denied justice and an opportunity to clear himself. In Rome also it was known. The Pope addressed an inquiry to the Papal Nuncio in Spain as to whether his intervention would be taken well, and the date of Ferrer's execution was actually advanced in order that the young King might not have to refuse a request from the Vatican. Those who advise the Pope were not blind to the fact that clericalism in Spain can ill afford to make martyrs; the proof of their wisdom is in the uproar that arose from every capital between St. Petersburg and Montevideo in answer to the volley at Montjuich on October 13.

There is not lacking a mass of proof that from the moment he was arrested Ferrer was as good as dead. He was charged with inciting and taking part in the recent riots at Barcelona. His guilt or his innocence no longer concerns any one. The time to prove him guilty was in his life-time, when he could answer for himself.

Six months ago, if one had sought in Spain for an outstanding man, for a leader whose disappearance would change the destinies of the struggle between the forces of liberalism and their opponents, it would have been hard to fix upon one. In Catalonia, Ferrer's native prov-



MONTJUICH, THE FORTRESS PRISON WHERE FERRER WAS SHOT



SEÑORITA PAZ FERRER, THE DAUGHTER OF SEÑOR FERRER, WHO PETITIONED KING ALPHONSO FOR HER FATHER'S REPRIEVE

ince, as in the rest of Spain, Anti-clericalism is more an instinct of the people than a matter of politics. A man may be a Republican, a Nationalist, a Separatist, a Lerrouxista, but he is an Anti-clerical as well. It is not that he is necessarily hostile to religion, or even to the Church; it is simply that the religious orders have become a heavy burden to the community, and their increase in the face of the law restricting them is making life a difficult matter for thousands of people.

Although I was not personally acquainted with Ferrer, I lived for a considerable time at Barcelona while I was studying the growth of the anarchist movement in Spain, and I was able to follow closely the results of his work there.

To gain a clue to Ferrer's share in Spanish politics, it is necessary to understand the position of the Anti-clericals. The diocese of Barcelona, to select one instance, has a total population of about a million souls. Within this diocese there are not fewer than five hundred religious houses—monasteries and convents—and some six thousand minor institutions forming centers of clerical propaganda and influence. It is not known how many monks, nuns, and priests these figures represent; Spanish statistics are incomplete and inaccurate: but they stand, at any rate, for a very large body of people—individually poor, but collectively controlling enormous wealth—who have no share in the life of the community and the duties of the citizen.

If this were all, it would yet be a serious burden to Spain's most enterprising and prosperous province; but the matter goes further. The orders engage in business. They have special advantages in the way of securing labor and custom, and they are exempt from all taxes. They manufacture liqueurs, chocolates, candy, and linen; they work farms; they undertake printing and laundry work: and they are able to do all this on terms with which the layman cannot compete. They control the schools of Spain, and in politics their influence is paramount. There is a general belief throughout the country that the Queen Mother, the most unpopular figure in Spain, is the tool of the Jesuits. Whether this be true or not, the effect is the same: clerical influence and clerical wealth shut off all hope of reform and progress; and thus it is that in Barcelona all disorders begin with the burning of a convent.

There is a story of a newly appointed Governor whose first report from his district began: "The convents are still being burned quite regularly."

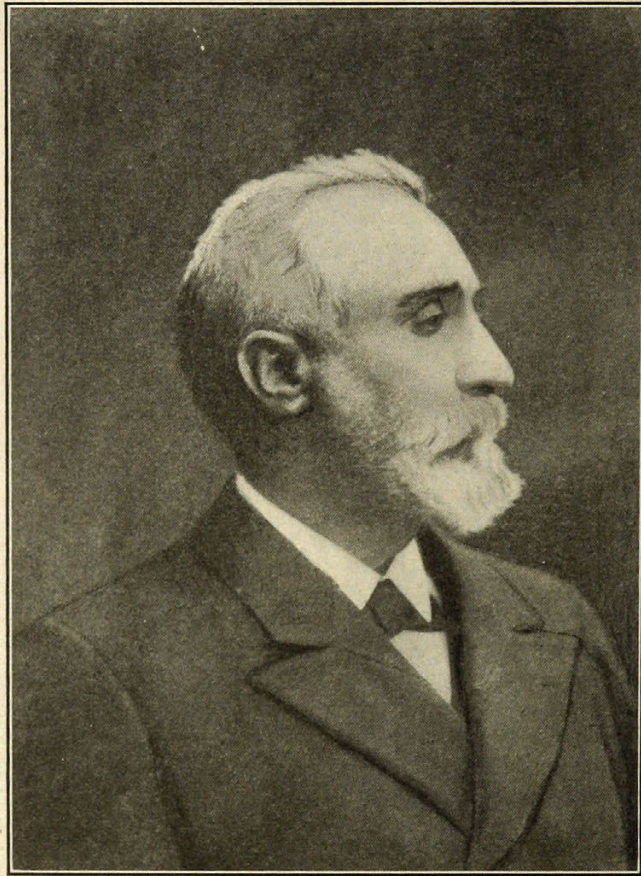
It was to this warfare between the people and the orders that Francisco Ferrer belonged. He was the son of a cooper at Alella, a small town about ten miles from Barcelona, where he was born in 1863. Thus he belonged, as by inheritance and birthright, to the paramount cause in Catalonia. He had little education, save such as a poor boy was able to gain in the Church schools under a system that still leaves seventy-five per cent of the people of Spain illiterate; but he had an aptitude for study, and read largely.

The corrupt and decadent Spain of to-day has lost its old artistic and literary traditions, but there is still a curious

subterranean culture to be found, which is traceable directly to Anarchism. The Anarchist teachers who leavened Spain in the sixties and seventies of last century brought with them the new philosophy of democracy. The ideas of Marx, Bakúnin the Russian, and John Stuart Mill gained currency and acceptance, and these and others were accessible to Ferrer. He grew up, in the faith they inculcated, a Republican, an Anti-clerical, and a philosophical Anarchist—that is to say, accepting the principles of Anarchism as an academic proposition, but withholding himself from their active conclusions. The universities of Europe are full of Anarchists in the same sense; it is the common resource and refuge of political idealists.

But he made no history. He had sufficient dislike for monarchy to leave Spain after the brief experiment of the Spanish Republic. He went to Paris, where he found companionship among others of the same way of thinking as himself, and secured employment as a teacher of Spanish. He was never an imposing figure.

He was a man of the lower classes, without grace of manner, geniality, or wit, and his appearance almost constituted a claim to be overlooked. But, none the less, this awkward, silent Spaniard had something within him that attracted to him the confidence and devotion of women. The record of his life has several instances of women inspired to be his followers and helpers. While he lay in prison, one, Señora Villafranca, the most faithful of his followers, was exhausting every resource to secure his reprieve in Madrid. In Paris there was another, named Mlle Meunier. Little is



DON ANTONIO MAURA
THE FORMER PREMIER OF SPAIN, WHOSE MINISTRY HAS
BEEN OVERTHROWN IN CONSEQUENCE
OF FERRER'S EXECUTION



A MEETING BETWEEN QUEEN VICTORIA OF SPAIN AND SEÑOR MAURA,
THE MAN WHOM SPAIN CHARGES WITH FERRER'S DEATH

established in other parts of Spain, and it has already, in something less than eight years, turned out about four thousand pupils, well equipped to hold their own in illiterate and ignorant Spain. Also, it carried out its founder's intention that it should be a blow at clericalism, and its power was fully recognized by the Government when, in 1906, an opportunity arose to attack Ferrer.

Among the men whom Ferrer had appointed to assist in the conduct of the Escuela Moderna was Mateo Morales, an accom-

plished linguist, who was given the post of librarian. He, too, was an Anarchist, but not of the philosophical and theoretical kind to which Ferrer belonged. He was the man who threw the bomb at King Alphonso and his bride on the day of their wedding.

On June 4, 1906, Ferrer was arrested for complicity in this outrage, apparently for no other reason than that he had known Morales well. Not a shred of evidence could be adduced against him; there was not even enough to bring him to trial. In fact, the case was so

known of her, save that she was a very old woman who believed in Ferrer, and when she died she left him half a million dollars with which to forward his cause in Spain. It made him, for Spain, a very rich man; it put into his hands power such as no other leader had commanded. From that time Ferrer began to be recognized as a formidable figure in Spanish affairs.

He opened his campaign by founding in Barcelona his Escuela Moderna, the only secular school in Spain. Here a child received sound teaching in conventional subjects, and was also trained along the peculiar lines of Ferrer's beliefs. He described the object of the school in these words:

"To make children reflect upon the lies of religion, of government, of patriotism, of justice, of politics, and of militarism; and to prepare their minds for the social revolution."



KING ALPHONSO AND SEÑOR MAURA AT THE GATE OF "LA GRANJA"

utterly feeble that the Judge of First Instance agreed to liberate him on bail, adding that no cause had been shown why Ferrer should be either tried or detained in prison. But Ferrer was not liberated. The Fiscal intervened to prevent it — his authority was higher than that of the Judge.

"You will not be allowed bail," he told Ferrer, "even if the Judge has permitted it, because I will stop it."

So Ferrer went back to jail, and remained there without trial for a full year. At the end of that time a trial was arranged. Ordinarily he should have been brought before the Court of Assize, but there were reasons why the normal course of justice should not be pursued, and therefore a special court was established to try him, without a jury. No means were neglected to secure the judicial murder of the only rich man among the Anti-clericals, and yet the attempt failed. Evidence was offered on two points. It was shown, in the first place, that Anarchists had paid visits to Ferrer. This was not denied. In the second place, there was an attempt to demonstrate that, since Morales was a poor man and Ferrer a rich one, *therefore* Ferrer must have supplied Morales with money to hire rooms in Madrid and make the attempt on the King's life.

Ferrer's counsel wished to call M. Henri Rochefort on his behalf,— he would have been a powerful witness for the defense,— but the court answered this with a refusal to hear foreign witnesses. This, however, could not silence Rochefort in the newspapers, and he published a letter from Morales to a Russian Revolutionary in which he said:

"I have no faith in Ferrer, Tarrida, and Lorenzo, and all the simple-minded folk who think you can do anything with speeches."

The case was absurd from beginning to end. Even a specially constituted court found itself unable to convict on such evidence, and Ferrer was acquitted. The Government and the orders had lost the first round of the fight. But they had gained experience which served them well when Ferrer again fell into their hands. This time they improved on even a special court and no jury: they abolished witnesses and limited the discretion of the man they themselves nominated to conduct the defense.

The first trial took place three years ago, and ever after Ferrer was a marked man. He knew his danger and walked carefully. He conducted the increasing work of his schools, attended a Labor Federation in Paris, and visited London. When, in 1909, Barcelona flamed into open revolt, he was nowhere to be found. It is not

quite clear why he should have been looked for in connection with the disorders. Violence, dynamite, and barricades are as native to Barcelona as steel to Pittsburg. In twenty-five years, to go no farther back, there have been recorded in the city one hundred and fourteen bomb outrages alone, and these figures are incomplete. In the last year fifteen bombs were exploded, and in the last five months there have been eighteen more. Barcelona is forever on the brink of an outrage or an uprising; it does not need a Ferrer to stir it to its peculiar activities. But the police had orders from Madrid to lay hands on Ferrer, and he promptly went into hiding. The city was under martial law, and it was no time for Ferrer, of all people, to risk a trial.

The police effected his capture without much difficulty. Among their prisoners was a woman who was known to be a friend of Ferrer, and she was released, in the hope that she might be followed to his hiding-place. She managed to evade the detectives; but she reappeared in a day or two and tried to cash a draft to Ferrer at the Bank of Barceloña. It was pointed out to her that the draft must bear an authorization from Ferrer to pay the money to her. Next day she was back with the necessary signature. It was clear that Ferrer was near at hand. The police lines drew closer, and it was soon discovered that he was lodging with the Mayor of an adjoining suburb. The police descended on the house at night, but Ferrer had received notice and had escaped. He was recognized at Alella, his birth-place, arrested, and conveyed in a cart to Barcelona on September 1. Señor Ugarte, the Public Prosecutor, announced forthwith that he considered Ferrer to have been the leading spirit in the outrages of July.

Then began Ferrer's second trial, the wretched farce that roused the lawyers of Paris to protest against the procedure. A preliminary examination was held by a Judge of First Instance — one, that is to say, who has power only to examine, and cannot decide or sentence. A search was made of the prisoner's house, and a document was produced that was said to have been discovered there. It was a proclamation, and the authorities alleged that Ferrer was its author. It said:

"We are all agreed upon a revolution. All Revolutionaries must devote themselves to the cause, but we need to have three hundred comrades ready, as we are to risk their necks at Madrid to begin our movement. We await a favorable opportunity, such as after a general strike or on the eve of Labor Day [May 1]."



A FERRER RIOT SCENE BEFORE THE CHURCH OF ST. AUGUSTA IN PARIS



A MEETING HELD IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE TO PROTEST AGAINST FERRER'S EXECUTION

The proclamation went on to discuss the killing of high personages and the destruction of public buildings. It was also alleged that other documents were found, in which Ferrer gave instructions to his comrades for the use of cipher codes, and asked for particulars as to their stores of arms, money, and dynamite. In fact, none of the romantic paraphernalia of the stage Anarchist was lacking. In the light of such documents, Ferrer stood revealed as a bloodthirsty plotter of the most deadly kind, a kind far more complete and more deadly than the history of Anarchism has ever revealed.

But there was an answer to all this. Some of the documents produced had figured in the Madrid trial in 1906 and had been disposed of; they required no further answer. As to the others, Ferrer denied that they had been in his possession, and reminded the judge that it had more than once been proved that the police had placed documents in a prisoner's house for the purpose of discovering them there afterward. He wished to call witnesses to prove his manner of life, his concern with the schools to the exclusion of all else, his freedom from all complicity in the troubles of July. But this was impossible. Most of his witnesses were already in exile, driven there either by the danger of life in Barcelona or by the action of the authorities. He denied that he had been present in Barcelona during the revolt, but there were the same difficulties in the way of substantiating his word.

Against him appeared seventy witnesses, not half of whose number had anything to say that could be held to aid toward a conviction. They swore blithely that they considered Señor Ferrer to be implicated; that their opinion was the general one; that he was a man whose principles made such matters natural to him. This, in fact, was the evidence of several, and others had testimony of equal relevance.

As the case proceeded, Ferrer seemed to lose interest in it. No doubt he recognized that the trial was no more than a form, a preliminary prescribed by etiquette to precede the sentence of death. At the beginning he had watched events shrewdly, and from time to time had spoken briskly and incisively; but long before the last of the seventy witnesses had been heard he had given himself up to thought.

Everything was carried out according to arrangement. Ferrer was committed to take his trial before a court martial, and Captain Galceran, of the Regiment of Engineers, one of the *corps d'élite* of the Spanish Army, was appointed counsel for the defense. This is a part

of no ordinary difficulty, for in such a case the officer must reconcile his duty to his client with a convention as to the lengths an officer of the army may go in defending a man accused of a military crime; and it has often happened that an officer acting as counsel has subsequently been punished for his over-enthusiastic advocacy.

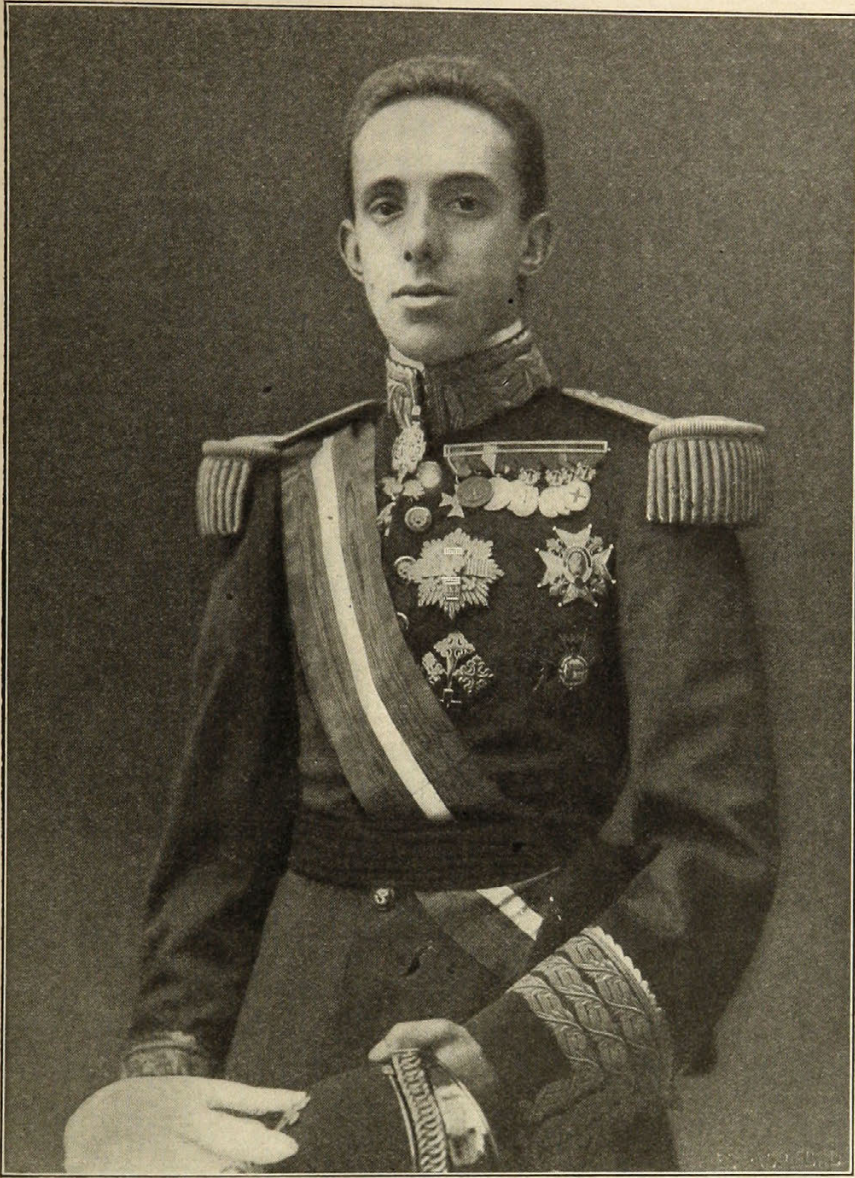
In this case Captain Galceran seems to have acted fearlessly and conscientiously. No witnesses were called, and the proceedings were confined to speeches. Captain Galceran charged the prosecution with burking the trial. Many witnesses for Señor Ferrer had been refused a hearing, on the ground that the time limit had expired; only hostile evidence had been admitted, and statements had been received from persons not qualified to offer testimony; even anonymous denunciations had been suffered to have weight. Ferrer himself spoke, but briefly, and the trial was over. No one was in doubt as to the result.

It is said — with what truth I cannot say — that King Alphonso was willing to reprieve Ferrer. He was inundated with petitions for mercy. One was from Señorita Paz Ferrer, the condemned man's daughter in Paris; and there were others from nearly every country in Europe. The report adds that an interview, with that object, took place between the King and Señor Maura, the Prime Minister. In such an event, the King's purpose can only have been frustrated by Señor Maura. A death sentence, once confirmed by the Cabinet, cannot be revised by the King. This is quoted in support of the charge that Ferrer owed his death directly to Maura.

On the evening of October 12 the Cabinet met and ratified the sentence. Ferrer, who had been removed to the fortress prison of Montjuich, was informed the same night that he was to die next morning. The sentence of the court martial was contained in a long and prolix document, and it took three quarters of an hour to read it to him. His calm as he listened impressed everybody present. One knows that passive, half-melancholy Spanish calm, more than Oriental in its strength.

There were priests to attend him. He had been placed *en capilla* in the little chapel in which a condemned man is made to await the hour of execution. But Ferrer would have none of them. All his life he had seen his country suffer under unworthy priests; and at the end of it he would not turn from his hostility.

"Leave me to die in peace," he said to them. "I have my ideas, and I am as firm in my convictions as you are in yours."



THE LATEST PHOTOGRAPH OF KING ALPHONSO

He spent the night in writing his will. He disposed of his property in a few legacies: one to his faithful friend, Señora Villafranca, with which to carry on his work; another to make provision for his father; and the rest between his children. To them he addressed a request that they would not claim their legacies, but would allow them to go to the upkeep of his schools. He neither ate, drank, nor slept all night.

At nine o'clock in the morning of October 13 they took him forth to be shot in one of the ditches of the fortifications, consecrated to its grim use by many executions. On the hillside at a little distance were groups of spectators from the city; the troops would not allow them

to come nearer. He still preserved his indomitable calm. In that hour his every-day and commonplace aspect must have worn a look of greatness. Two friars would have accompanied him, but he sent them back, and thus he came to the foot of the rampart sloping steeply up against the sky, against which it is the custom to shoot men. Ordinarily a man faces the rampart and is shot from behind; but Ferrer begged that he might see his death.

"It is not allowed," he was answered. "A traitor must either turn his back or be blindfolded."

It was the latter alternative that he selected, and a handkerchief was bound over his eyes.

There were only four men in the firing party, soldiers from the garrison chosen by the drawing of lots. The officers and guards stood away from him, the signal was given, and the volley rang out. Ferrer gave a loud cry and fell forward. It was over.

The Government and the orders had won the second round of the game. The dice were loaded, it is true; the game was not honest: but they won.

And what remains? There remains at least the Escuela Moderna which Ferrer founded, and money to carry it on. In less than eight years its branches have spread from Barcelona over all Spain; and though Ferrer is now absent, the very momentum of its own success will carry it on. It is the most powerful force against clericalism, and it will not become less formidable as time passes. And there remains, further,— what was lacking before,— proof, plain to people of all classes and all grades of intelligence, of the evil influence of the orders on the Government of Spain. France was obliged to expel the orders before the separation of Church and State could be brought about, and did so on provocation not to be compared with that of Spain. It is not merely a name, to be potent as a rallying cry on barricades when Barcelona raves in her periodic fevers, that Ferrer leaves behind him: it is a vital fact of official cruelty, dishonesty, and malice, to which there can be no answer but reform from the root up.

He was not a great man in the sense of a man

whose inward strength would have thrust him to the fore in any environment. Rather, he was a product of his time and country, one of those men who are created as though by an economic demand to meet a need. He was not eloquent nor cultured; he could not move gatherings by speeches, and he wrote little. At his trial, the spectators were surprised to hear him speak the formal Castilian of official procedure "like an ill-educated Frenchman." But, once his interest was strongly taken, he could kindle to vivacity; he could be brisk and downright, and the living force within him would come to the light. He had, what is rare in Spain, a reserve of energy to back the faith that he professed— something akin to fanaticism. It was that, and the fact that he was rich, that made him formidable.

As an Anarchist he hardly counted. Anarchism demands a more strenuous adherence than Ferrer could give to it. Certainly he was never in any sense a member of its councils or a leading figure among the Anarchists of Barcelona. He led an irregular life, but not, as has been charged against him, a loose one. His two daughters are resident in Paris. Señorita Paz, the elder, is an actress. The younger, a widow with two daughters, was supported by her father; since his death she has obtained employment in a biscuit factory. His wife still lives in Spain.

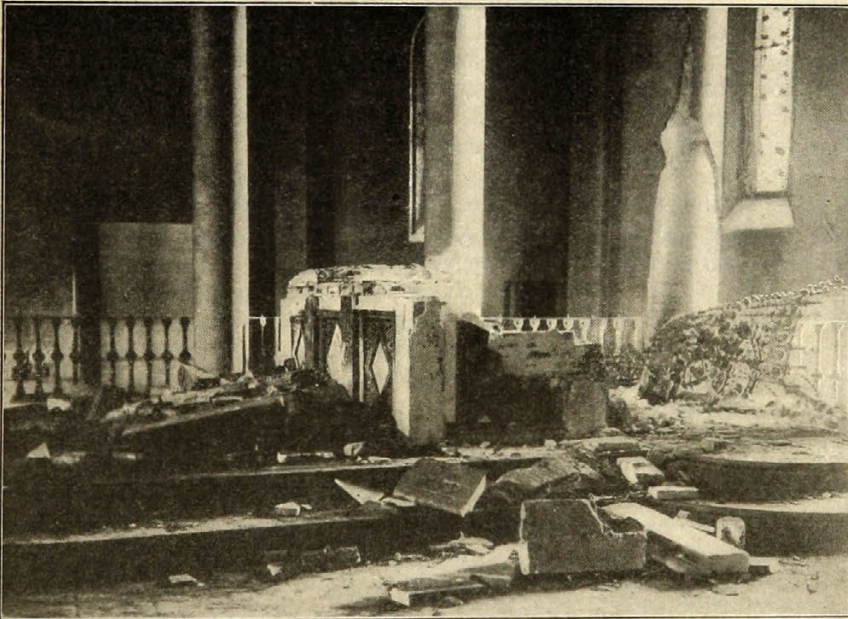
Since Ferrer died, Señor Maura's government has fallen, and has been succeeded by Señor



A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN ALMOST AT THE INSTANT THE BOMB WAS THROWN AT ALPHONSO'S WEDDING PROCESSION; FERRER WAS ACCUSED OF COMPLICITY IN THIS OUTRAGE



THE CUSTOM HOUSE AT BARCELONA, WRECKED BY ANARCHISTS
DURING THE BARCELONA UPRISINGS



ONE OF THE CHURCHES WRECKED DURING THE BARCELONA RIOTS, WHICH
FERRER WAS CHARGED WITH HAVING INCITED AND TAKEN PART IN

Moret's administration. Possibly there is a meaning in this change. Since the death of Ferrer was the issue on which the Government fell, the change may presage reforms. But Spain is used to government by spoliation; to parties that succeed one another in power by mutual arrangement; and hopes are not strong. The real hope is still in Ferrer. The world's voice denounced the system that slaughtered

him; his death is the chief count in the indictment against clericalism and bureaucracy. Not even his own Escuela Moderna could show Spain to the young generation of Spaniards in a harsher light than the tragic farce of his two trials, his condemnation and death.

Meanwhile, the officer who acted for him is to be brought before a court martial for playing too well his part as counsel for the defense.

THE NEIGHBORS

BY

THEODOSIA GARRISON

*At first cock-crow
The ghosts must go
Back to their quiet graves below.*

AGAINST the distant striking of the clock
I heard the crowing cock,
And I arose and threw the window wide —
Ah, long before the setting of the moon.
And yet I knew they must be passing soon —
My neighbors who had died —
Back to their narrow, green-roofed homes that wait
Beyond the church-yard gate.

I leaned far out and waited. All the world
Was like a thing empearled,
Mysterious and beautiful and still;
The crooked road seemed one the moon might lay,
The little village slept in Quaker gray,
And gray and tall the poplars on the hill;
And then far off I heard the cock — and then
My neighbors passed again.

At first it seemed a white cloud, nothing more,
Slow drifting by my door,
Or gardened lilies swaying in the wind;
Then suddenly each separate face I knew —
The tender lovers, drifting two and two;
Old, peaceful folk long since passed out of mind;
And little children — one whose hand held still
An earth-grown daffodil.

And here I saw one pausing for a space
To lift a wistful face
Up to a certain window where there dreamed
A little brood left motherless; and there
One turned to where his unplowed fields lay bare;
And others lingering passed. But one there seemed
So over-glad to haste — she scarce could wait
To reach the church-yard gate.

The farrier's little maid who loved too well
And died — I may not tell
How glad she seemed. My neighbors, young and old,
With backward glances lingered as they went;
Only upon one face was all content,
A sorrow comforted — a peace untold.
I watched them through the swinging gate — the dawn
Stayed till the last had gone.

BILLIONS OF TREASURE

SHALL THE MINERAL WEALTH OF ALASKA ENRICH THE GUGGENHEIM TRUST OR THE UNITED STATES TREASURY?

BY

JOHN E. LATHROP AND GEORGE KIBBE TURNER

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

IN 1901, prospectors for oil found a billion dollars' worth of coal in southern Alaska. They were looking, without much luck, for oil-wells, when the Indians and squaw-men took a few of them back into the glaciers and showed them the mountains of coal along Bering River—known to the local tribes for years. Nowhere else on the face of the earth has anything like these mountains ever been discovered. They are masses of tilted rock from one to four thousand feet high, cut across from one end to the other with seams, from five to fifty feet thick, of the highest class of bituminous and anthracite coal. The people having inside information on this land were naturally anxious to secure title to it away from the United States Government, which owned it.

Just how to do this was a puzzle. The United States has been giving away its coal within its main borders at a nominal price for thirty-five years, as fast as it has been applied for. But, because of pure carelessness on the part of Congress, it was impossible for it to give away this coal land in Alaska. In 1900 Congress had voted to extend the coal-land laws to this district, but no one had taken the trouble to notice that the coal-land laws of the United States only provided for giving away lands that had been surveyed by the Government. As there were no Government-surveyed coal lands in Alaska, and in all human probability would not be for decades to come, this law was useless to any one who wanted to get hold of the Government's coal there. About all that the people who wanted to appropriate these coal mountains at Bering River could do was to take possession of them, hold them physically, and wait till they could get a new law.

The Englishmen Take 200,000,000 Tons

The first people to get their hands on these lands were a syndicate of big English capitalists who in 1901 had an outfit looking for oil in this Bering River district. Being Eng-

lishmen, without experience in getting together large sections of American Government lands, they went to work rather baldly. They had a company—the Pacific Oil and Coal Company. This company made a standing offer of one hundred dollars to anybody in the section who would locate a claim on these coal lands for them. Then the company took over the deeds from these people—mostly miners and company workmen—before the locators had any sign of title to the land. This is not a legal way of getting any kind of United States land. The American land laws have never proposed giving public land to corporations or rich individuals. They were intended primarily to help American citizens of small means to settle and develop the great West. It was quite a joke in the district at that time that the Englishmen were getting locations from foreigners, who, not being or intending to be American citizens, had no right to take Government lands at all. But the Englishmen were energetic. Before they got through they were in possession of some fifteen square miles of this Government coal land, with more than 200,000,000 tons of the finest commercial coal on it. They got it cheap, too; undoubtedly \$12,000 or \$15,000 would cover all they paid their locators.

The Syndicate of Northwestern Millionaires

The English syndicate used local labor in getting their claims. But just after they had started, the news of the coal bonanza began to filter into Seattle—the business and news center of all Alaskan interests—and the man with the powers-of-attorney arrived in the district from the United States. This individual appears, with absolute certainty, in successful new mining districts, and appropriates all the territory he can file on in the names of an indefinite number of relatives and acquaintances in the home country. No character in mining districts is regarded with a more nervous and eager hatred than this power-of-attorney "stampeder." But, being a creature of our

mining laws, his rights are fully protected by our Government.

After the Englishmen, the next group to take a slice of this Bering River coal find was a syndicate of millionaires from Washington and Idaho, operating through a typical power-of-attorney "stampeder" named Clarence Cunningham, from Wallace, Idaho, in the Coeur d'Aléne silver- and lead-mining district. These men were largely bankers, mining operators, and speculators. They were not all millionaires, but they were nearly all rich men, and the group of thirty-three was undoubtedly worth over \$20,000,000. This was probably the most remarkable syndicate that has ever filed on United States coal lands. The almost invariable practice of capitalists, in securing lands of this kind, is to take them over from other locators. In this way there is no danger of prosecution for fraud and perjury. But this syndicate of Western millionaires took the chance of filing on this Bering field in their own names. They got together eight square miles of coal lands. Not less than 90,000,000 tons of high-class commercial coal can be taken out of this; and probably a great deal more. It cost perhaps \$15,000 to get settled on it.

The Politicians Get the Best

But probably the best territory of all was taken up by a group that came after these two. This, in view of its development, may be called the politicians' syndicate. It was engineered, through a power-of-attorney man named M. A. Green, by Harry White. White was at one time mayor of Seattle, but resigned very suddenly, for reasons that have never entirely been made public. He did not retire from practical politics, however, and was one of the most prominent workers in the West for the Republican party during the last presidential campaign. White's political acquaintance extends throughout the entire Pacific Coast, and Republican politicians and office-holders of both local and national prominence appear in his syndicate. Altogether, this political group acquired fifteen or eighteen square miles of territory. The coal on this is anthracite, the finest quality in the district; there is not less than 200,000,000 tons of it; and probably a great deal more.

The Bartenders and Miscellaneous Groups

But by the time these last people filed — in 1903, 1904, and 1905 — it was a general free-for-all race for mining promoters all over the United States to plaster the map of this Bering River coal district with powers-of-attorney from anybody they could get hold of. These

documents went forward to Alaska from all sections, from the Pacific Coast to Washington, D. C., literally by the hundreds. But the center of the speculation was still Seattle — the natural center of all Alaskan interests, and the present capital of the get-rich-quick belt of this continent. No class of society was exempt from taking a chance at these Government coal lands. It was the greatest project to get something for nothing from the United States Government that had ever been proposed in Seattle.

There was one interesting group — the Christopher-Simmonds — made up quite largely of bartenders, theatrical scene-shifters, and men with similar vocations in life. Bartenders, between selling drinks, signed documents they didn't understand, just to "be a good feller"; and got and expected nothing from it. Another prominent syndicate, headed by a former Y. M. C. A. secretary, formed a company and sold stock by mail before it had title to the land at all. It got together five thousand stockholders. Another stock-selling concern operated out of Portland, Oregon, under the management of a bank officer and an owner of the leading newspaper. One "stampeder," with a strong sense of family obligation, tied up more than half of his three square miles of claims in the family name.

Chicago and Detroit Take Another Great Field

In two or three years this Bering River coal field was practically covered by locators. It lies between glaciers, and its boundaries are very definitely marked out. In the meanwhile, the power-of-attorney men were getting to work on a second coal field of about the same size, about two hundred miles up the coast, at Matanuska River. There were two big groups concerned there — one connected with the projected Alaskan Central Railroad, where locators were very largely in the employ of the road in connection with its Chicago headquarters, in positions from stenographers to attorneys. These generally expected to get nothing personally from the claims. The other aggregation — the largest of the entire crowd of syndicates looking for Government coal lands — was the Michigan-Alaska Development Company. There were 175 claimants in this — about a quarter of them women, and nearly all from Detroit, Michigan; practically all from there, in fact, except the steam-laundrymen — that is, the people gathered up by one of its three active promoters, who just before had been a traveling salesman for steam-laundry supplies, and who put a lot of steam-laundrymen from all over the country into this opportunity.

There were, finally, about 950 of these power-of-attorney claimants who were lined up to get these coal-mines on the two Alaska fields from the United States. About 600 of them held the coal mountains at Bering River. Ninety-five per cent of them had never seen the coal-mines; not more than ten per cent had ever been in Alaska, and most of this ten per cent were the power-of-attorney "stampeder." Over 100 of the prospective coal-miners were women. Altogether they had filed upon about a billion and a half dollars' worth of commercial coal, and a billion dollars' worth of this was in the Bering River district. They were in a very tantalizing position. They had their hands on it, but it wasn't worth one cent to them till they could get it away from the Government. They were in much the same position as the waiting heirs in a great contested will case. But the stakes in the famous will controversies of history were trifling affairs compared to this. Each one of these claimants was asking for shares of the public land whose contents were worth from \$500,000 to \$1,500,000 apiece.

The Most Wonderful Coal District on Earth

Now, these people were fighting for the most wonderful coal district in the world. All kinds of experts, private and Government, have looked it over; and the more it is examined, the better it looks. Here are certain and definite things about it: It is the only first-class bituminous and anthracite coal on the Pacific Coast; from the Bering River district railroads can be built to the sea, not more than one hundred and ten miles long, over perfectly level country; and, according to a published statement by Alfred H. Brooks, head of the Government's geological survey work in Alaska, there are six billion tons of it in both fields—more than one and a half times all the coal that has ever been taken out of Pennsylvania. Two thirds of this has been filed upon by these claimants—that is, as much coal as has so far come from the mines of Pennsylvania. Mr. Brooks estimates it to be worth a dollar a ton as it lies; that is, he estimates the coal in the two fields at six billion dollars.

Andrew Kennedy, the coal expert of the Land Office, with an experience of twenty-five years as a practical coal-miner, thinks this estimate of value too high for the Bering River field, which he examined carefully last summer. The amount of coal is there; the field will produce two billion tons of coal for sale, he says. But a dollar a ton is a good deal of money to make

mining coal. Besides, labor is rather high in Alaska. And this Bering River coal is very friable. It will produce fifty per cent fine coal, which sells cheap. Everything considered, it ought to give a mining profit of fifty cents a ton. That would put the Bering River coal at a billion dollars. That much can be relied upon. At the same rate, the part of the Matanuska coal field that has been taken up by these claimants would figure half a billion more.

A billion and a half is something of a prize to fight for. It is half the currency now in circulation in the United States; it is considerably more than the whole national debt. What this billion and a half dollars' worth of Alaskan coal has done in the last five years—the men it has bought, directly and indirectly; the big reputations it has smirched; the policies it has changed—makes the greatest business and political story in America to-day. In the first place, it is the greatest single prize ever played for in this country. Incidentally, it threatens to involve a political administration and the whole trend of future national policies.

Alaska Protests Against Power-of-Attorney Man

Now, the first thing that was necessary was to force new coal laws for Alaska. Up to this time it had been almost impossible to secure legislation for Alaska. The residents of the district were unable to get the attention of Congress. For years it was impossible to get a safe title to farm-land; the mining laws were as bad as possible. In 1903 a committee of the United States Senate made a very careful investigation of the needs of that country, holding hearings all the way across it. One of their chief recommendations was for a correction of the abuse of the location of claims in mining districts by powers of attorney.

"From the time the committee reached Dawson," says their report, "at every place they afterward stopped on the Yukon, at St. Michaels and at Nome, almost every person they came on contact with denounced the abuses which are practised in the location of claims under power-of-attorney by people outside the district."

Virtually no results came from the report of this committee. Congress did not find time for Alaskan legislation. In the spring of 1904, however, when the variegated regiment of power-of-attorney coal claimants—bankers, politicians, stenographers, housewives, and bartenders—went after Alaskan legislation, they got it at once. They went at it right. From this time on the Cunningham group took

the lead, naturally. They were millionaires, captains of industry, and men of large political influence. They broke the way for the other groups, financially and politically.

"Have Agreed with Mr. W. B. Heyburn"

The general business management of this syndicate was in the hands of its promoter, Clarence Cunningham. He kept a ledger, cash-book, and a careful and detailed journal of its accounts. In the journal, under date of September 19, 1903, this memorandum appears:

"Have agreed with Mr. W. B. Heyburn in consideration for his services as attorney to carry him for one claim of 160 acres in the coal, free of cost to him, and he agrees to do all our legal work in procuring titles, etc., free of expense to us."

This arrangement would bring high compensation to Mr. Heyburn, if the Cunningham claims went through. From the present estimate of the value of the coal in this property, each claim would have a value of \$1,500,000 in commercial coal. In 1903 it was perfectly clear that each share would be of great value. It would certainly constitute a great fee, demanding valuable service. In September, 1903, Mr. Heyburn was a United States Senator, having been elected by the Idaho legislature eight months before.

The basic unit in political or legislative oratory concerning Alaska is the "hardy prospector." Everything is done in his name. In the spring of 1904 Mr. Heyburn introduced in the Senate, for the benefit of the "hardy prospector of Alaska," the Alaska coal-land bill of April 28, 1904. This broke the circle in which the law of 1900 had placed the Government's coal in that district, and allowed it to be taken over by persons who had surveyed it at their own expense. It was thought at the time that it placed the Alaska coal lands upon exactly the same footing as the Government coal lands in the body of this country.

Mr. Ballinger Describes a National Scandal

The coal-land laws of the United States were passed in 1873. Under modern conditions, they virtually compel everybody taking coal from the Government to commit perjury and fraud. Coal-mining to-day is invariably done by large corporations operating great tracts of land. By this law the Government can turn over its coal only to individuals or small associations. The thing is very simple. As all coal lands taken from the United States are destined to be mined by large corporations,

and as the persons taking them at first hand from the Government must swear that they are for their own use, practically all persons taking them over must, and do, commit actual or virtual perjury. The general principle of the law is this: Every citizen or prospective citizen of the United States is entitled to take one 160-acre tract of coal land at a nominal price, and no more. No association or company of men can take more than 640 acres of this land—a privilege allowed to four or more men who have spent \$5,000 in improvements on this square mile of land.

Up to 1904 and 1905 it was the simple and usual process for the corporations of the West to secure their coal from individual claimants. Richard A. Ballinger, the present Secretary of the Interior, in his report as Land Commissioner in 1907, described this process, in sharp and ringing language, as a national scandal.

"In the securing of these lands," he said, "the unscrupulous have not hesitated to resort to perjury and fraud, carrying their schemes of fraud and corruption to such an extent as to amount to national scandal. . . . These lands have almost uniformly passed into the hands of speculators or large combinations, controlling the output or the transportation, so that the consumer is at the mercy of both in the greater part of the West."

Mr. Ballinger in his statement scores the custom of taking over the coal lands in the West rather savagely. But at this time it had become so common that it was practically an unconscious habit. The claimants for the Alaskan coal certainly expected to use this standard method, under the law of 1904.

New Affidavits from Senator Heyburn's Office

Legislative carelessness, however, again caused delay. It was thought that at least it would be possible, under this 1904 Alaska law, for four individuals legally to combine to hold 640 acres, as under the law of 1873 for the United States. Mr. Heyburn's bill, however, was so worded as to make this questionable. In view of this, Mr. Heyburn sent a long telegram from his home office at Wallace, Idaho, to the Land Office at Washington on October 8, 1904, to inquire, for the Cunningham claimants, whether four locators could join in taking 640 acres under this bill, as under the general coal land act of 1873.

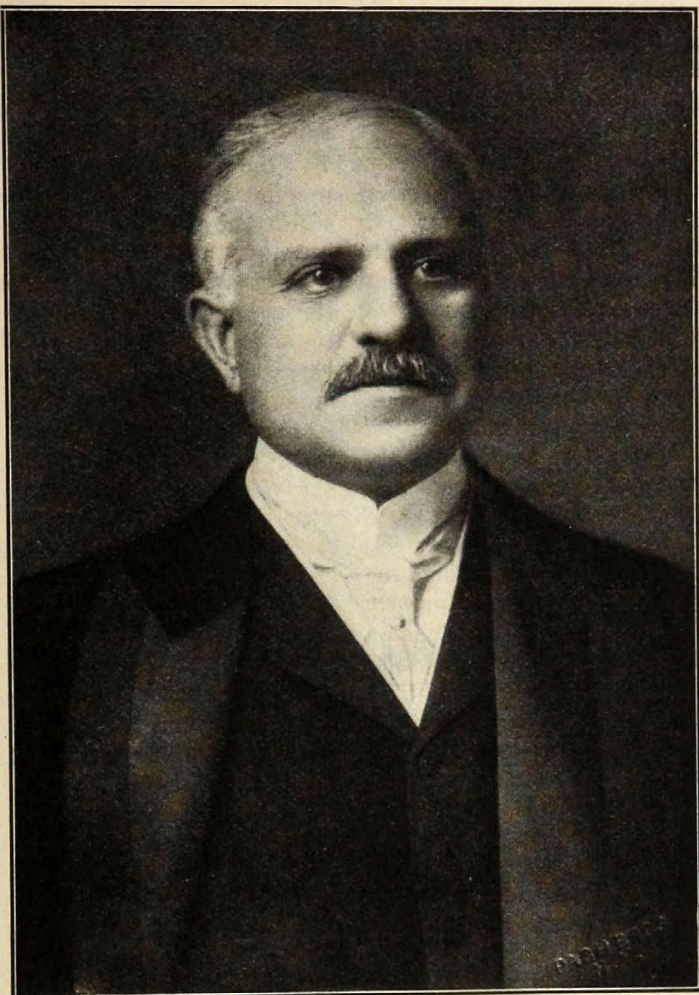
Up to this time the Cunningham claimants had spent a considerable sum of money in developing their claims as a whole. Upon the receipt of an adverse ruling against this association of claimants under the Alaskan law,

J. P. Gray, Mr. Heyburn's associate in his law office at Wallace, made out affidavits for the Cunningham claimants, by which they refiled upon the land as individuals.

Senator Mitchell of Oregon Found Guilty

At the time there was every reason to expect that—after the filing of these affidavits—the Alaskan coal claimants would get their land by swearing what the law required, without further difficulty. Then, without the slightest warning, the Government began to turn its attention to the land frauds of the Northwest. Toward the end of 1904 John H. Mitchell, of Oregon, was indicted for being a party to these frauds while a Senator of the United States, under the following United States statute:

No Senator, Representative, or Delegate, after his election and during his continuance in office, and no head of a department, or other officer or clerk in the employ of the Government, shall receive or agree to receive any compensation whatever, directly or indirectly, for any services rendered, or to be rendered, to any person, either by himself or another, in relation to any proceeding, contract, claim, controversy, charge, accusation, arrest, or other matter or thing in which the United States is a party, or directly or indirectly interested, before any department, court martial, bureau, officer, or any civil, military, or naval commission whatever. Every person offending against this section shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall be imprisoned not more than two years, and fined not more than \$10,000, and shall, moreover, by conviction therefor, be rendered forever thereafter incapable of holding



DANIEL GUGGENHEIM
HEAD OF THE AMERICAN SMELTING AND
REFINING COMPANY

that I did not desire to be interested in the coal lands in Alaska, which you are proceeding to locate and patent. As I have already informed you, I do not desire to participate in, or be interested in any manner, directly or indirectly, in acquiring public lands. I prefer during my official career to be absolutely free and clear from any possible interest in the subject matter of legislation.

Whatever services I may perform properly within my duty as a public official for yourself or any other constituent, I shall cheerfully perform, but not for any consideration, directly or indirectly.

In order that there may be no mistake about this, I desire to say that I do not desire any interests to be carried for me on my account with a view to any present or future profit to myself.

If I can be of service to you within the proper line of my duty, I shall be glad to do so.

With kind regards and best wishes for your enterprise and success, I am,

Sincerely yours,
W. B. HEYBURN.

This letter was written two years and one month after the record in Clarence Cunningham

any office of honor, trust, or profit under the Government of the United States.

Senator Heyburn Writes a Letter

Senator Mitchell was sentenced to prison, under this statute, for his work for persons engaged in securing land from the United States Government, in the summer of 1905. On October 20, 1905, Senator Heyburn wrote the following letter to Clarence Cunningham:

WALLACE, IDAHO.
October 20, 1905,
CLARENCE CUNNINGHAM, ESQ.,
Seattle, Washington.

DEAR SIR: On frequent occasions I have stated to you

ham's journal of Mr. Heyburn's employment. Immediately after it was received, items of cash payments for legal services appear for the first time in this journal.

Roosevelt Holds Up All Coal Claims

The agitation against the taking over of Government lands in 1905 and 1906 made it very difficult for the Alaskan coal claimants to make progress. The millionaire Cunningham syndicate went ahead and spent money on their claims, however. A coal expert, H. L. Hawkins, reported that they could take out 63,000,000 tons of coal from one tunnel. Clarence Cunningham wrote, in transmitting this report to his claim-holders: "I have no doubt the ground not reported on will contain as much more." Both these statements referred alone to the coal lying in the mountain, and took no account of the amount lying below the surface of the valleys, which would add greatly to the total. The expert reported also that a railroad to the coast would be feasible and cheap. All this was encouraging.

But in 1906 the Government began attacking the methods of taking over coal lands in Colorado, Wyoming, and the West generally, which have been characterized in Mr. Ballinger's report. Then suddenly, in the fall of 1906, President Roosevelt withdrew all right to take over coal lands in the United States, on the ground that it was time to make a general revision of the coal-land laws. On November 12, 1906, his order went out holding up all Alaskan coal lands from claimants. The billion-and-a-half-dollar Alaska claims were stopped short.

It was now more than two years since the passage of the Alaskan coal-land act of April 28, 1904, and considerably more than that since many of the claims had been started. The outlook was discouraging. The taking and holding of the coal rights involved considerable expense, and some of the speculative coal-land syndicates had not any great financial backing. By a natural and inevitable process, the coal lands of the Bering River district were beginning to drift toward the ownership of the great Guggenheim syndicate, which was gaining control of Alaska.

The Guggenheim Mining Monopoly

The Guggenheim family had by that time already become — with possibly one exception — the greatest firm of Hebrew financiers in America. Meyer Guggenheim, a Swiss Jew, began his career in Philadelphia, in 1847, as a peddler of glue and shoe-blackening, and later of lace. Through continued success, he be-

came a large lace merchant. In the early eighties he acquired an investment in a Colorado mine, and by the late eighties he and his seven sons had built up a great business in smelting silver and lead ores in that State. By their great business acumen, and the manipulation of railroad privileges, they soon secured a practical monopoly of the smelting business, and, through this, almost absolute control of the product of lead-silver ores throughout the West — the greatest source of these ores in the world. From this they advanced to large control of mining generally, more particularly of copper-mining. By a system of majority control, originating largely with the American Smelting and Refining Company, they built up a pyramid of corporations, with three or four hundred million dollars of capital, all of which are controlled by them. From the West they advanced into Alaska.

Great Syndicates Control New Countries

The control of all newly exploited countries, especially mining countries, in the last twenty years has come inevitably into the hands of great syndicates. For the last ten years, and especially in the last five, the control of Alaska has been drifting steadily into the hands of these Guggenheims — exactly as the diamond and gold fields of South Africa came into the hands of the great diamond speculators, Alfred Beit, Barney Barnato, and their associates. At the present time the Guggenheims' final acquirement of the district seems inevitable. They started there in a small way nearly ten years ago, in the Nome district, through the Northwestern Commercial Company. They now hold the great part of the famous gold district in the Klondike, with their \$17,000,000 Yukon Gold Company; and they have a practical control of the ocean transportation to the district. In all, their companies exploiting Alaska represent capital aggregating forty or fifty million dollars. As in the West, they pay especial attention to the question of control of transportation, which is the key to the control of all mining business.

In 1905 the Guggenheims secured control of the Bonanza Copper Mine in southern Alaska. This mine contains, running to the surface of the ground, a great body of ore from five to fifteen times as rich as the ore in the big copper-mines of the United States. The district in which it lies is believed by the experts who have examined it to contain the richest and greatest deposits of copper in the known world. The trouble with it is simply the inconceivable difficulty of ordinary transportation across the mud and snow of Alaska.

The cost of transporting freight to or from this section runs from thirty cents to a dollar a pound. With copper worth from twelve to twenty cents a pound, a mine of solid copper would now be valueless in that country. The Guggenheims, on buying the Bonanza Mine, started at once to control transportation into the upper district.

Defense by Legislation and Manslaughter

The only practical gateway through the mountains from the coast into this section is the deep-cut valley of the Copper River. The Guggenheims, having bought the Bonanza Mine, in 1905 started immediately to occupy the Copper River valley with a railroad. For four years their possession of it has been defended by every method, from legislation in Congress—where they are represented by one of the family, Senator Simon Guggenheim, of Colorado—to manslaughter.

On July 2, 1907, two men were killed and nine wounded in their successful fight for the right of way out of the harbor of Catalla.

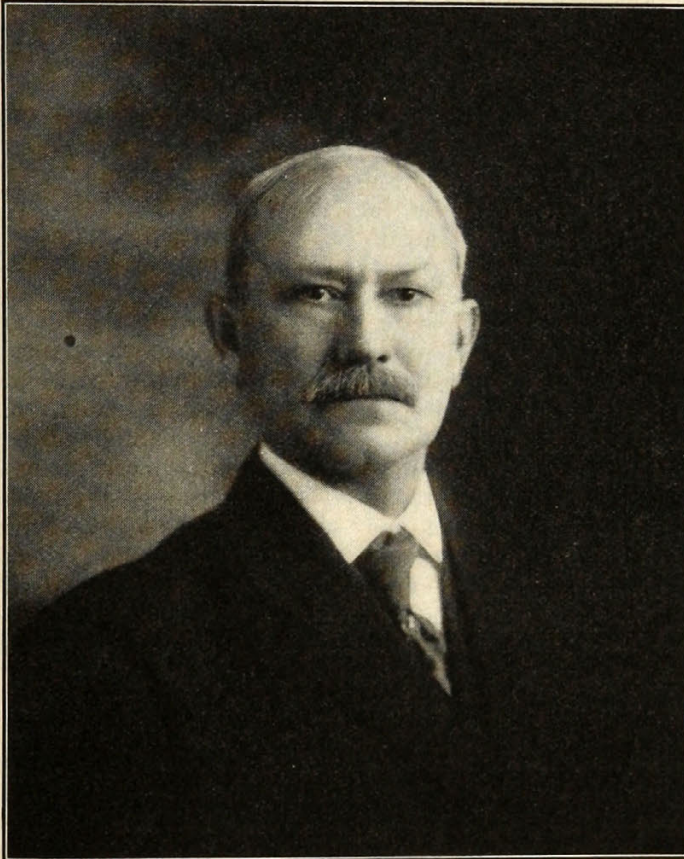
On September 25 of the same year a desperado named Edward Hasey, employed by an agent of their railroad, and one of a party armed with Winchester rifles by this agent, shot and killed one and badly wounded two others of a party of unarmed workmen who were attempting to occupy with another railroad a mountain pass that had been abandoned by the Guggenheims. Great masses of capital will not be denied. The Guggenheims now have, and will continue to have, in all human probability, the only railroad through the Copper River. In this way they have successfully sealed up the great copper district of Alaska.

The interests that control the transportation of the district will eventually obtain their choice of the mines at reasonable prices.

The Guggenheims Begin to Control the Coal

The Guggenheims had scarcely begun their fight for the copper field when their eyes fell upon the billion-dollar coal field of Bering River. The last and greatest contestant immediately came into the great fight. By 1905 the Guggenheims' agent was negotiating to se-

ecure some option upon the Christopher group of claims, although it was clear that any option would itself destroy whatever rights there were. By the fall of 1906 they threw away \$200,000 or \$300,000, which they had expended on a more northerly ocean terminus, and came south to Catalla, locating on the coast twenty-five miles from the Bering River field. The control of this coal field by a railroad depends upon the railway's control of a practical harbor. There is just one such harbor there, experience has



Copyright, Harris and Ewing

RICHARD A. BALLINGER
SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR

now shown—that at Cordova. The Guggenheims started to build at Catalla.

But there were bigger interests concerned in these coal fields than in the copper-mines. The English syndicate, with its claims on 200,000,000 tons of coal, decided to secure a railroad of its own. M. J. Heney, one of these claimants, in the winter of 1906 made a sudden survey, seized a terminus on Cordova Bay, and started building a railroad. The president of the new railroad company was S. H. Graves, president of the Yukon White Pass road, four hundred miles down the coast, for which Mr. Heney had been contractor. The

Cordova road was started with the open purpose of carrying out the English syndicate's coal. Its head, when it was started, naïvely wrote to the authorities at Washington that he and his associates had acquired "thousands and thousands of acres of coal lands" at Bering River.

This English syndicate was too strong to legislate or shoot out of its right of way. In the summer of 1907 the Guggenheims found that their artificial harbor at Catalla was not a success. The great waves, plunging across the sea from the Sandwich Islands, were throwing down its breakwater. The Guggenheims at once threw away a million-dollar investment at Catalla, hurried into Cordova, and bought control of the road of the Englishmen. Mr. Heney is now the contractor for the Guggenheims' Copper River and Northwestern Railroad; E. C. Hawkins, formerly with the White Pass Road, its engineer; and S. H. Graves an associate in the enterprise.

A "Proposal" to Daniel Guggenheim

By this deal in 1907 the Guggenheims could naturally feel that they had the mountains of coal at Bering River cornered in very much the same way as the copper deposits up the Copper River. Whatever rights there were in the "thousands and thousands" of acres controlled by the Englishmen's railroad had come into their hands. They were well along with the negotiations with the Christopher group.

On July 20, 1907, A. B. Campbell, Clarence Cunningham, and M. C. Moore, ex-Governor of Washington, acting as representatives for the Cunningham claimants, signed and delivered to Daniel Guggenheim, the head of the American Smelting and Refining Company, a "representation and proposal" to form a coal company with \$5,000,000 capital, give Guggenheim half of the stock on his payment of \$250,000 working capital into the company's treasury, and to sell to his railroad the company's output of coal at \$1.75 a ton for its own use and \$2.25 a ton for general sale. This document recites that:

"A meeting of said entrymen was recently held at the city of Spokane, in which twenty-five out of the thirty-three participated. At said meeting a resolution was unanimously passed authorizing said committee, or a majority of them, to enter into negotiations with parties with a view to the equipment, development, and operation of the consolidated property, and the sale of its product.

"Acting for themselves and as such committee representing their associates, under such

resolution, they submit to Mr. Guggenheim, for his consideration, the following proposal."

Members and lawyers for the Cunningham claimants deny that this document is an option. Whatever it is, the Guggenheims still have it in their possession, and the long journal of Clarence Cunningham ends abruptly in September, 1907, with a detailed account of the receipt of some three thousand dollars from Daniel Guggenheim, as payment for the examination of the property called for in the claimants' signed proposal.

It is interesting to note, as a practical illustration of the grip of the Guggenheims on this district, that by this proposal they secure a full half interest in this property without payment, excepting that of \$250,000 working capital into its treasury.

Results of the Guggenheim Connection

By December, 1907, the line of the forces moving on these Bering River coal deposits was reinforced by the Guggenheims. They may have had no definite arrangements to secure more than the claims on 300,000,000 or 400,000,000 tons of coal. But the logic of the situation was absolute. A great variety of dead or unborn railroad lines to the coast are sketched in engineers' maps of the district; but they will never go any farther than across the surface of these maps. With possession of the only feasible harbor, that at Cordova, and with their Copper River Railroad already built over a third of the district to the fields, the Guggenheims hold an absolute key to transportation.

Government Land Agents Charge Fraud

As a result of the investigation of the land frauds in the Northwest in 1904 and 1905, there was built up in the United States Land Office a force of special agents to inquire into the question of the validity of claims for Government land, which, for the first time, was both adequate in size and not in collusion with the persons engaged in securing land. In 1905 M. S. Duffield, a resident of Ely, Nevada, wrote a letter to the Land Office, claiming that the Alaska coal lands were being taken up fraudulently. A special service agent, H. K. Love, was detailed to investigate on the ground, and on October 6, 1905, reported a bewildering array of fraudulent schemes that were being practised by the claimants there. The matter then lay dormant in the Land Office until 1907.

In June, 1907, a second agent, Horace T. Jones, was detailed to make a further investigation of the facts in the case. He interviewed a large number of persons in Seattle and in the

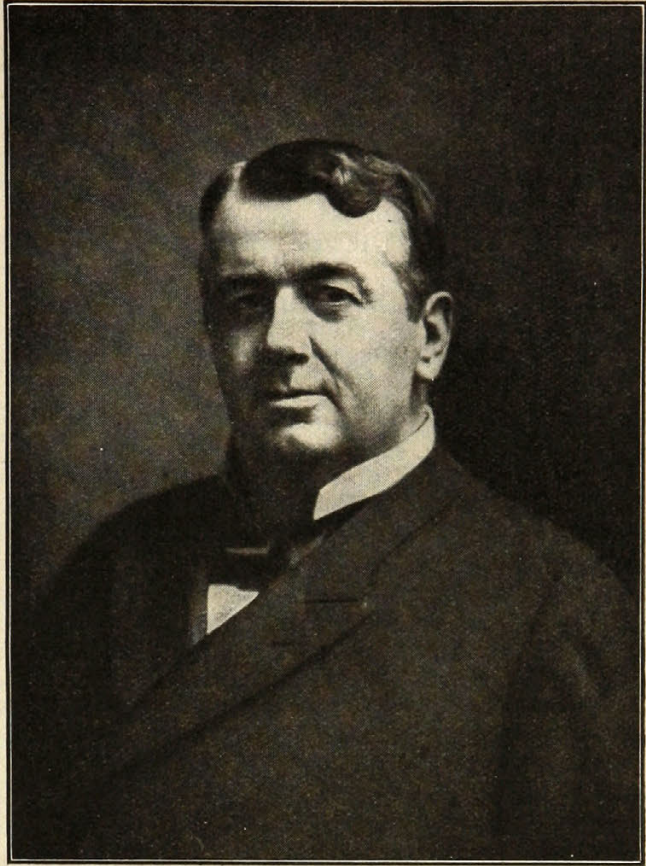
Pacific Coast States who had knowledge of or interest in the Alaska coal claims. In August he strongly advised a thorough investigation of the matter by a competent man. Among the suspicious claims to which he called especial attention in his report were those of the Cunningham, Christopher, Simmonds, Dough-ton, and English syndicate groups.

About a week before this report was received, the Land Department had a short report from H. K. Love, the first agent who had looked into the matter. In this he did not retract the detailed charges he had made before, but merely gave a general recommendation that the claims for the coal be allowed by the Land Office. Love had at this time become an active candidate for appointment by the President as marshal in Alaska.

A Land Office from Seattle

When the reports of these men were made, the Land Office was in the hands of men excellently equipped to give intelligent attention to the questions raised; for it was under the management of Seattle men, and the knowledge of this whole matter focussed in Seattle. Richard A. Ballinger, a successful corporation attorney, a former State judge, and ex-mayor of Seattle, was Land Commissioner for the year March, 1907, to March, 1908. His assistant was Fred Dennett, until that time a special service man, who for the previous two years had been stationed in Seattle; Mr. Ballinger's nephew, "Jack" Ballinger, was his confidential secretary. Commissioner Ballinger early directed his attention to the Alaska coal matter. While the investigation of Jones and Love in Seattle was going on, he indicated very definite opinions on the question. These are described by Jones in his letter turning over the work of investigating the Alaska coal claims to another special agent later in the year.

"About this time" (the summer of 1907), he writes, "I met H. K. Love, and I took him to Judge Ballinger's office [in Seattle] and introduced him to the Judge. He and Love seemed to think it would not be right to disturb the title to any of these lands, upon which large sums of money had been spent and various small investors had risked their money. Judge Ballinger then said that if the law is so construed as to prevent a number of men, with the inten-



W. B. HEYBURN
UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM IDAHO

tion, in good faith, of developing this Alaska coal land, from acquiring title to more than 640 acres in cases of corporations or companies that had expended five thousand dollars in improvements, or 160 in cases of ordinary associations of men, he was going to see what Congress could do about it. He said I should get together the laws relating to coal lands in Alaska (see my report on said lands), so as to enable him to speak intelligently before Congress."

Mr. Ballinger in Doubt

Jones' letter proceeds: "Munday [the manager of the English syndicate], Love, and I had a conference with Judge Ballinger in the Judge's office, and Munday made a plain statement of what he intended to do. He said in so many words that he intended to get as much coal land as possible. He admitted that he had other people file on lands for him, and in one or two instances, if I remember correctly, he had supplied the money himself. He said he wanted to go about this thing the proper way, and did not want to get anything illegally, and that he did not think he was getting anything illegally.

"I said that if the procurement of persons who did not have the money to make the payments required by law, and whose rights were merely being used by Munday and his associates for their own gain, was proceeding in a legal manner, then my knowledge of the spirit of all land law was very defective, as I supposed that one could not barter away his rights or give another an interest therein before getting title to the land.

"The Judge was asked by Munday to say whether or not his scheme for getting these lands was legal, but the Judge refused to commit himself."

In December, 1907, Commissioner Ballinger, in his annual report, made his savage attack, already quoted, upon the methods used by the coal speculators and railroads of the West in securing coal. In the same month he decided to investigate further the validity of the similar transactions in the Alaska coal fields. He called in Louis R. Glavis, the chief of the field division of the special agent service, with headquarters at Seattle, and put the whole matter in his hands, saying that Love, being a candidate for the appointment as marshal, was not in a position to make an investigation of these claims. On December 28 he gave his final instructions to Glavis in Washington. Glavis started for Seattle

What Coal Claimants Must Do

In the meanwhile, the Cunningham claimants, being men of large interests, were restive at the delay that they were meeting in securing their lands. They had pushed their affairs up to the very last action allowed by the Government, showing great energy and acumen in so doing. When President Roosevelt, in November, 1906, had stopped all action in public coal lands, the other groups of claimants were discouraged. But these men kept right on. There are two main actions that must be taken by coal claimants, according to law, each having two parts. The first is the "location and filing" of a claim; the second the "purchase and entry" of the land. The Attorney-General of the United States has defined these terms as follows:

Under the coal-land law, "location," "claims," "purchase," and "entry" have acquired well-defined meanings. A "location" is made by going upon coal land, opening and developing one or more coal-mines thereon, and taking possession of the land. The locator's "claim" is thus initiated. It may be preserved by giving the notice required by law. The "purchase" and "entry" are made at the time of final proof and payment, which in Alaska may be four years after the location is made.

The Cunninghams and the Juneau Land Office

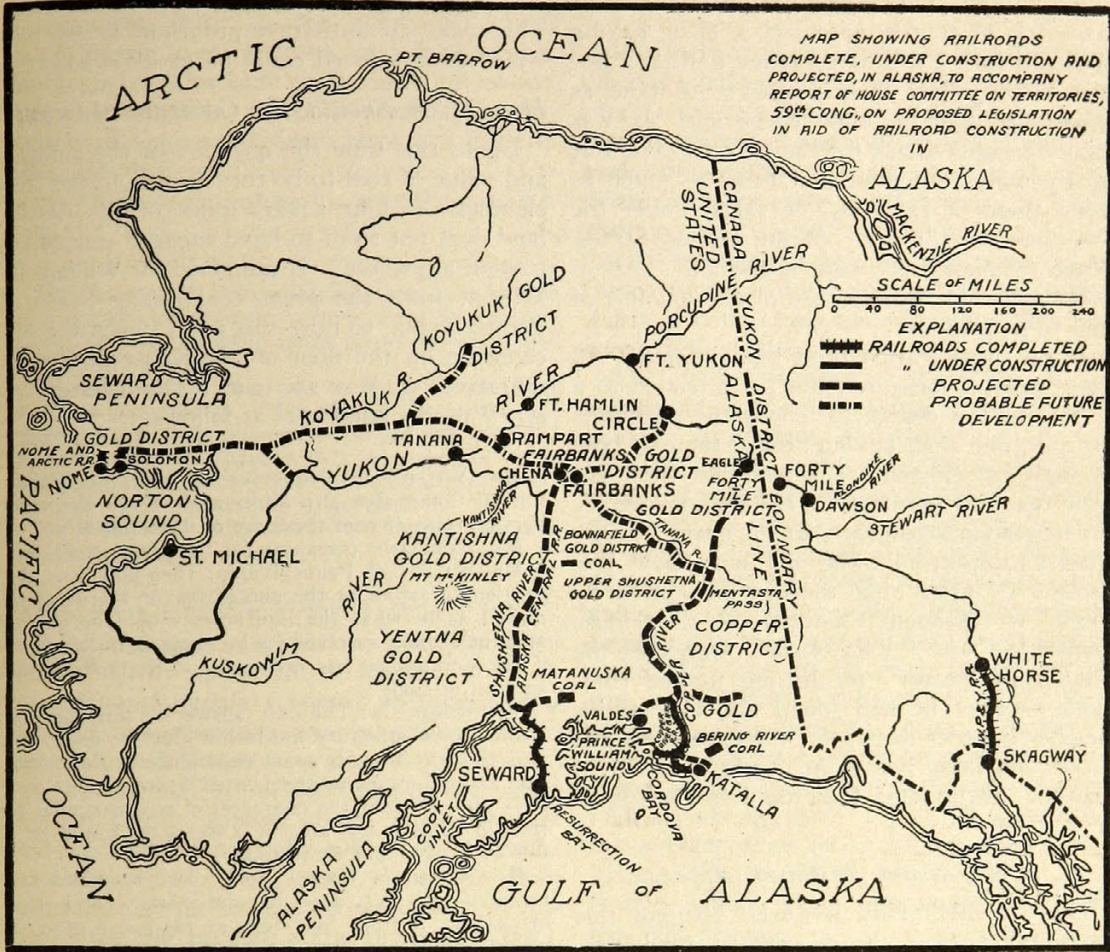
Now, after the Heyburn law of April 28, 1904, and before the President's message stopping all action in Alaska coal lands in November, 1906, virtually all the Alaskan coal claimants had taken the first action required; that is, they had located claims under the new law. After that there seemed, to many of the groups, to be nothing to do. The Cunningham group, however, had associated with themselves, as one of their members, Ignatius Mullen, a young man of small means, but whose father was P. M. Mullen, the Government's receiver at the Land Office for Alaska at Juneau. According to Clarence Cunningham's journal, this young man paid but half the amount due when he took his claim; but Mr. Cunningham adds, "he will pay balance at any time." It was also stated, in the reports of the agents Love and Jones, that his father, the Land Office receiver, said that he himself had advanced the money paid on Ignatius Mullen's claim. This, however, was afterward denied by Mr. Mullen.

In February, 1907, while it was generally believed that the Government would take no money in payment for Alaska coal lands because of President Roosevelt's order, the Cunningham claimants tendered payment for their claims to P. M. Mullen, land receiver at Juneau, with whom they had this close relation, and through him got a special ruling from the Land Office at Washington. Their contention that they could pay their purchase money was right. The Land Office ruled that, while no more coal could be filed upon in Alaska, those who had filed in good faith upon land before the order of November, 1906, could proceed to make "purchase" and "entry" of the land.

Ex-Governor Moore Calls on Mr. Ballinger

The members of the Cunningham group finally swore they made their entries in good faith for their individual benefit; paid in their ten dollars an acre to the Land Office; and received their receipts. One final document remained to be obtained from the Government, the "patent" to the land. During all the summer and fall, while the claims of the Cunningham and other groups were being examined for fraud, these large business men had been held back from completing their enterprise. Finally, in the last of December, 1907, ex-Governor M. C. Moore, of Walla-Walla, one of the claimants, called upon Mr. Ballinger at Washington to see what could be done to expedite matters.

Agent Glavis had been instructed on December 28 to investigate all the Alaska coal cases



MINERAL LANDS AND RAILROADS OF ALASKA

for fraud. On January 4 a telegram, signed by Commissioner Ballinger, was sent to the discredited agent Love in Alaska, asking him to send the plats of the Cunningham claims required for issuing "patent," the last approval still required from the Government for these claims. On January 7 Assistant Commissioner Dennett notified Glavis that the Cunningham claims had been approved for patent on the Love report of August. Glavis, having some knowledge of the evidence against these claims, protested at once by telegram and letter. Immediately after, the order to "clear-list" the Cunningham claims for "patent" was revoked by the Land Office. The incident was closed and the Cunningham claims were still as far from "patent" as before. The attention of the claimants of all the groups was now centered on securing legislation from Congress.

Congressmen and Governors Claimants

These claimants for Alaska coal were now in a much stronger position to secure favorable legislation from Congress than they had been

when the law of 1904 was given them. In the Senate, the friendship of Senators Heyburn and Guggenheim could be counted on.

In the group of politicians managed by Harry White were now included Congressman James McLachlan, and a second Republican Congressman for California; also James N. Gillett, the Republican Governor of California, with his wife. Another Congressman from farther East took an interest in this group of claims at about the time the Alaska coal-land legislation was pending in the spring of 1908. These persons did not appear as original claimants, but took assignments from them. Another Republican Governor, Fred M. Warner of Michigan, had secured an interest in the Michigan-Alaska Development Company. Mr. White was in Washington, looking after his affairs there.

There were two very clear needs for legislation by the Alaska coal claimants in the winter of 1908. The first was the right to wipe off their slate entirely, and secure the ability to take this land regardless of any act committed in the past. The revelations made by the

investigations of their conduct up to this time made this absolutely necessary. Then, having been absolved by Congress, they desired a law that would allow their syndicate to take as much coal land as they could get. It was finally decided to ask for the right to take four square miles — that is, four times as much as could then, or can now, be taken under the coal laws for the body of the United States. Three of these bills were introduced. All of them agreed in this feature of the amount of coal to be allowed.

In the other feature these bills differed. All were curative measures, that is, intended to a greater or less degree to relieve the claimants for coal from their having broken the coal laws as they had existed. The fact that they had done this was admitted by all, but excused by the regulation argument that they were "hardy Alaska prospectors" who did not know any better. Of these bills, the one introduced by Frank W. Mondell, Chairman of the House Committee on Public Lands, forgave the "hardy prospector" for having formed companies — after he had found and located his lands — in order to pay for the expense of the survey required before he could make final "entry," but insisted that the first "location" be a valid one.

Heyburn and Ballinger Appear

The two other bills, however, had not this shortcoming, from the claimants' standpoint. Under their provisions Alaska coal claimants, no matter what they had done in the past, could find a way to locate or re-locate their holdings in blocks of four square miles. Senator Heyburn of Idaho introduced one of these bills; the second was introduced by Delegate Cale of Alaska. The Cale bill conformed to Commissioner Ballinger's idea of legislation on the subject. One of his last acts as head of the Land Office was to appear before the House Committee on Public Lands and warmly advocate it.

James R. Garfield, then Secretary of the Interior, agreed with the position taken by Mr. Mondell, that it was not necessary for the "hardy prospector" of Alaska to form a stock company before finding coal and notifying the Government that he had done so. He was willing to have the bill absolve them for having formed associations or companies to get money to pay for surveying the land, after they had located it. After something of a struggle, this view prevailed, and the Heyburn bill was amended so as to make it impossible for persons who had first located the coal land by "dummy entrymen," hired locators, or as

corporations or associations, to get title to them. There was an anti-trust provision in the bill, which it is believed could be easily evaded.

How Much Should the Government Grant?

Up to this time the question of the amount and value of coal to be turned over to the coal claimants in four square miles of the Alaska land does not seem to have engaged serious attention anywhere. It remained for William B. Wilson, from the great coal-mining State of Pennsylvania, to raise this point, when the bill came up on the floor of the House of Representatives on May 25, 1908. The debate over Mr. Wilson's point was as follows:

MR. WILSON of Pennsylvania: Has the [Public Lands] Committee any information as to the numbers of veins of coal there are on these lands?

MR. ROBINSON (speaking for the Committee): No.

MR. WILSON of Pennsylvania: Then how does the gentleman arrive at the conclusion or the determination as to what the limitation should be on the amount of land involved [to be granted to claimants] if the Committee has no means of estimating the amount of coal?

MR. ROBINSON: The only answer to this question is that some arbitrary limitation must be fixed, but it is thought that, by past experience in the operation of coal-mines in the United States, where surveys indicate that the character of coal is similar to that in Alaska, the area of 2,560 acres would be a fair and reasonable limitation.

MR. WILSON of Pennsylvania: Two thousand five hundred and sixty acres of land, with several veins of coal on it from four feet in thickness upward, would produce an enormous amount of coal. Coal usually produces, after allowing for the waste, about 1,000 tons per foot in thickness per acre. If you have a four-foot vein on your acreage of 2,560 acres, you would have over 10,000,000 tons of coal on that acreage alone. If you have several veins of coal, some of them thicker than that, it runs up to an enormous tonnage.

Single Grants Worth Tens of Millions

The basis of 1,000 tons per foot an acre production, quoted by Mr. Wilson, is a matter of primary, commonplace knowledge to all coal-miners. In these Bering River Alaska fields there are veins of the highest-class coal that run fifty feet in thickness; therefore, acres that will produce 50,000 tons of commercial coal. At the Government expert's allowance of fifty cents a ton as it lies, such an acre is worth \$25,000. The main vein on the Cunningham claims, the most carefully experted property in the district, is twenty-four feet wide, worth \$12,000 an acre, on a basis of fifty cents a ton, without counting the other veins on the land where it appears. The price charged by the Government for this land to the claimants is ten dollars an acre. A tract of 2,560 acres of the Cunningham property would produce at

least 45,000,000 tons, worth \$22,500,000. The Government price to the claimants, under these former liberal Alaska coal laws, would be \$25,600. The coal on it, in other words, will yield a profit, when developed, approximately one thousand times what the Government sells it for.

Mr. Wilson continued his questions as follows:

MR. WILSON of Pennsylvania: Does the gentleman not think we ought to have some information as to the value of those lands before we determine the limit [of grant]?

MR. ROBINSON: I will state to the gentleman that that is a new country. Men who go there, and take their picks on their shoulders, and go into that wild country, take the chances that all explorers take, and you cannot get that information until somebody has gone there and started to develop.

MR. HUMPHREY of (Seattle) Washington: And surveyed it.

For the "Hardy Prospector of Alaska"

With the appearance of the phantom form of the "hardy prospector of Alaska" Mr. Wilson of Pennsylvania persisted no further, and his question remained unanswered. Immediately afterward there were cries of "vote," and the Alaska Coal Bill of 1908 passed the House by 147 to 38. Among those voting for the bill was Congressman McLachlan of California, a claim-holder. The other California Congressman interested was recorded as not voting. The bill became a law three days later, May 28, 1908.

It was no longer necessary now for Alaska coal claimants to show — as all other claimants in the United States must do — that they had intended, up to the time of the final "entry" of the land, to take it for their own use. All that was necessary was to prove that they intended to take it for their individual use, when they found it and drove four stakes at its four corners. This permission to abrogate the coal law in part was secured simply by the continued representation that the "hardy prospector of Alaska" was interested in the bill, when, as a matter of fact, not five per cent of those interested in the coal claims had ever seen the mines. The bill meant a gain in the campaign of the coal claimants, but not nearly so much as was hoped. In most instances, it would be difficult to prove that the coal lands were even located in good faith in the interest of the locator. Having lost their fight to secure from Congress legislation that would validate all claims in Alaska regardless of what had been done before, the coal claimants were now primarily interested in one thing — a loose interpretation of the Alaska coal law.

The Two Ballingers, Land Attorneys

In March, 1908, Mr. Ballinger retired from the office of Land Commissioner, and returned to his private practice in Seattle. As the headquarters of the great majority of the Alaska coal enterprises were in that city, he was at once in demand among them as an attorney to further their claims. "Jack" Ballinger, his nephew, and his confidential secretary while he was Land Commissioner, immediately began to build up a practice in cases coming before the Land Office of the United States.

The ex-Commissioner of the Land Office in September, 1908, made a trip across the continent to Washington as attorney for the Cunningham group, to interview the authorities of the Land Office and the Secretary of the Interior, and to rebut by an affidavit from the promoter Cunningham some very damaging evidence that had been secured against this group in the spring. Mr. Ballinger was also consulted by the Hunt or Lippy-Davis group of claimants. But the Ballinger family was perhaps more closely connected with the White political group than any other. Richard A. Ballinger was attorney for the members of this group, among them one of the Congressmen who took an interest in it. "Jack" Ballinger is at the present time its attorney, and Webster Ballinger, a cousin, is a claim-holder in the Morrow group, which is practically a part of the White group.

There is an old Federal law that says:

It shall not be lawful for any person appointed after the first day of June, 1872, as an officer, clerk or employe in any of the departments, to act as counsel, attorney or agent for prosecuting any claim against the United States which was pending in either of said departments while he was such officer, clerk or employe, nor in any manner, nor by any means to aid in the prosecution of any such claim within two years next after he shall have ceased to be such officer, clerk or employe.

Mr. Ballinger and his nephew have been criticized for taking up these Alaska coal cases as attorneys, on the ground that they have violated this act. This criticism is not accurate. It is true that other departments of the Government enforce this law; and it is true that L. Q. C. Lamar, afterward Justice of the Federal Supreme Court, ruled, while Secretary of the Interior, that the statute applied to claims for land in the Land Office, but his ruling was reversed by Hoke Smith when he was Secretary. Mr. Ballinger was clearly within the letter of the law in taking up, as attorney, the cause of the Alaskan coal cases, as his nephew still is in carrying them on before the officials of the Interior Department, of which his uncle is now head.

The New Commissioner

With Mr. Ballinger's retirement as Land Commissioner in March, 1908, the Alaska coal-land laws' interpretation — in which the claimants were now chiefly concerned — fell into the hands of his former assistant, Fred Dennett, who had succeeded him. Mr. Dennett entered political service as secretary to Senator H. C. Hansborough of North Dakota and clerk of the Senate Committee on Public Lands. He then came into the Land Office, and was stationed at Seattle, as chief of the field division, in charge of the special agents to investigate claims for fraud in the Northwest. Mr. Dennett, while in the latter position, made a considerable fortune in land speculation about Seattle, and is still a large real estate holder there.

When Mr. Dennett took office, he found one aggressive force that was directed against the Alaska coal claimants. This was the agent Glavis, whom Mr. Ballinger had set to work on this matter. Mr. Glavis was an active, ambitious, intelligent young man in whom the Land Office had great confidence. Having recently been appointed chief of the field division in the Northwest, he was eager to make a record for himself in these cases. A few days after Mr. Ballinger's retirement, he secured most damaging evidence against the Cunningham group of claims, including the promoter's journal, which has already been quoted. Glavis not only directed agents to get evidence of fraud, but he himself traveled over the entire country and secured testimony and records, now in the Government's possession, showing a great variety of fraud of the most serious character. Indeed, virtually all the evidence of value against the Alaska claimants was secured by this man.

Dennett's Liberal Interpretation

In May Mr. Dennett decided to take Glavis off the work in the Alaska coal-land frauds, for a time at least. Glavis protested strongly against this, on the plea that the ground of the claims in Alaska should be examined to see whether the claims had been occupied in good faith, according to law. This could only be done in the few summer months, because the remainder of the year the claims are buried in snow. Mr. Dennett, however, did not feel that he could do this, but in October ordered Glavis to take up the work again. The snow was then on the ground in Alaska, and so Glavis' idea of examining the claims had to be given up.

It was soon quite clear that Mr. Dennett took a very liberal view of the law, especially of that of 1908. He indicated clearly, for instance, that he thought the Cunningham claims would be

given their long-desired "patent" by the Government under this law. About the same time, Glavis, who was always anxious to prosecute the coal claimants, felt that he had an excellent plan by which to prosecute the Lippy-Davis group — whose corporate name was the Alaska Petroleum and Coal Company — for selling stock in the venture before they had final title to their land. Mr. Dennett did not feel that he could do this. He was, in fact, placed in an especially awkward position by this proposal, because one of the members of this group was the agent in charge of his real-estate ventures in Seattle.

Mr. Ballinger's Delicacy

In March, 1909, Mr. Ballinger returned to Washington as the Secretary of the Interior of Mr. Taft's Cabinet, and as such was the final authority in the Department dealing with the Alaska coal cases. Mr. Ballinger expressed a delicacy about making decisions on the various claims for which he had acted as attorney, and turned the whole matter over to Mr. Dennett and others in the Department.

Six days after Mr. Ballinger became Secretary of the Interior, Glavis was asked to make complete reports in his examination of the coal cases, and in the last of April he was instructed by the law office in Washington that the Alaska coal investigation must be concluded by July 1. Glavis still insisted that the evidence against the claimants would be only partial until some one went to Alaska when the snow was off the ground and examined the claims, to see whether they had been worked by individual claimants or companies, or had been opened at all as coal-mines. In May, soon after he received the last order, Glavis went to Washington.

When Glavis arrived in Washington, he, his chief in the field service, H. H. Schwartz, and Commissioner Dennett went into conference. In this a discussion arose between them concerning the interpretation of the Alaska coal-land law of 1908. Mr. Schwartz and Mr. Glavis held that the act validated only those claims in which the first "locations" had been made in good faith and in the individual interest of the locator. Mr. Dennett held a more liberal view. By Secretary Ballinger's direction, Schwartz and Glavis prepared a letter to Attorney-General Wickersham, summarizing the evidence obtained against the Alaska coal claimants, and asking for a ruling on it under the law of 1908. In view of the intimate relations of both the Secretary of the Interior and the head of the Land Office to claim-holders, it was natural that they should determine to do this.

Immediately after this, however, Glavis was

notified that the Interior Department would decide on the law in its own legal department, and on May 19, 1909, Frank Pierce, the First Assistant Secretary of the Interior, gave a decision which ended as follows:

"In passing upon entries sought to be perfected under the act of 1908, where the only objection thereto is an arrangement or agreement of the character specifically described in your letter, the same might and should be accepted and passed to patent."

Various groups of coal claimants had by this time started to consolidate under the law of 1908, the larger ones splitting up into the four-square-mile groups required by law. The rest of the groups were waiting. It was felt now that the way was at last clear for the final "patenting" of and release by the Government of the Cunningham claims, and after them of the claims of the entire regiment of claim-holders. Their natural feeling of satisfaction lasted, however, only about a month, for on June 12, 1909, Attorney-General Wickersham rendered a decision sustaining the position of Schwartz and Glavis, and bringing out the evident intention of the Secretary of the Interior, Congressman Mondell, and others active in the framing of the bill, that, although the bill forgave consolidation before the final act of "entry," the first act — the "location" of the land — must have been made in good faith and in the individual interest of the locator. This opinion was secured by a direct appeal of the agent Glavis on his own responsibility to the Attorney-General over the head of the law office of the Department of the Interior.

A Quick Trial for Cunningham Cases

This indiscreet and unusual act eventually cost Glavis his position. It naturally did not tend to promote smooth relations with his superiors. Friction between him and them was from that time on continuous. The Land Office demanded an immediate trial of the Cunningham group of coal claimants. Glavis responded that it would be wrong to try these cases without having the evidence obtainable on the ground at Alaska, which up to that time there had been no opportunity to get. Mr. Dennett insisted on an immediate trial. Moreover, the Land Office directed that such trial should not be taken according to the hitherto invariable custom of having the claimants for coal appear before the Land Office where the coal land belonged. So long as these claimants for Alaska coal were not in any case Alaskans, but were scattered across the United States, it was deemed proper by the Land Office that it should bring its court to them — thus greatly

conveniencing the Cunningham claimants, most of whom were busy men of large interests.

Matters now moved quickly. Mr. Dennett superseded Glavis with a young lawyer, James M. Sheridan, from the Land Office. Glavis, remembering that a part of this Cunningham claim was located on a forest reserve, called this fact to the attention of the Forestry Department. Gifford Pinchot, the National Forester, on examining Glavis' statements, was of the opinion that the cases should not be heard until fall, so that Government agents from both the Land and Forestry divisions might have the opportunity to examine the ground of the claims in Alaska. Mr. Sheridan, the Land Office lawyer, reported the same view.

President Taft Approves Glavis' Discharge

Finally, Glavis, still eager to convict the coal claimants, committed his final indiscretion by laying the whole case before the President of the United States. Mr. Taft felt, upon examining them, that Glavis' documents reflected upon the Secretary of the Interior, Mr. Ballinger. Concentrating his attention upon this phase of their contents, President Taft at once went over the matter with Mr. Ballinger, and issued a statement exonerating him. Mr. Ballinger then asked for permission to discharge Mr. Glavis, which was given, and Mr. Glavis was discharged.

The eagerness of this young man to prosecute the Cunningham claimants for fraud thus cost him a very promising future in the service of the United States. Incidentally, because of this and other differences between the heads of the Forestry and Land offices, Mr. Ballinger conceived so strong a resentment against Mr. Pinchot that it is a question, while this is being written, which one of them must resign from the Government's service. The case of the Government against the Cunningham claims was, through this action of Glavis, supported by Forster Pinchot, held over until the Government could complete its evidence in the Cunningham cases.

Land Office's Disadvantage in the Trial

The publicity attending the differences of two high Government officials like Mr. Ballinger and Mr. Pinchot for the first time made the question whether this billion and a half dollars' worth of coal should be granted away by the United States to speculative syndicates a matter of national interest. The trials of the Cunningham cases began at Seattle in November, after the testimony desired by Mr. Glavis and Mr. Schwartz had been secured by coal experts sent to Alaska during the summer.

In trying these cases the Land Office was under a considerable disadvantage. In the first place, Glavis, the only man in America who knew the evidence, had been discharged by Secretary Ballinger. The case was put in charge of a young lawyer without a very definite knowledge of the evidence or the coal laws. Against him were pitted two of the most adroit and clever lawyers of the Northwest, one of whom, J. P. Gray, had the advantage of having followed the case since he first made out the affidavits for the Cunningham claimants as Senator Heyburn's law associate in the fall of 1904. And, in addition, members of the Land Office field service, sympathizing with Mr. Glavis, were during the progress of the trial resigning or threatening to resign from the office's employment.

It seems most probable, in view of the evidence, that the Land Office will refuse the Cunningham claimants the patent to their 90,000,000 tons of coal. At the same time, it cannot be certain, even if it does, that the United States will retain this property. This claim is only one of a large number seeking an enormous prize. The organization back of this now includes an array of influential Republican politicians and office-holders of all kinds; and the keen self-interest of one of the greatest single financial powers in the country. The influence exerted in this matter in the Northwest is inconceivable in its variety, subtlety, and strength. That there is no place to which it does not extend socially in a perfectly natural way was shown curiously by the fact that, out of the membership of the Country Club of Seattle, during President Taft's recent visit in that city, it was two Cunningham claimants who came forward as his opponents in his favorite game of golf.

Monopoly from Archaic Laws

If the Cunningham and other coal claimants behind them win their suits and force through their claims, the United States will transfer to private hands, practically as a gift, property worth more by some \$200,000,000 than the Federal debt. Of this, sums varying from nothing to three hundred dollars will go into the hands of the men who found the coal; very great profits will go to the speculators who made up the syndicates; and the whole property will almost immediately fall into the hands of one of the ugliest and most dangerous monopolies in the country, which by this means will not only practically complete a monopoly of the mines of Alaska, but have a grip on the whole future development of industry on the Pacific Coast. The process is not

new: it is merely the sudden and spectacular exploitation of a new country along the standard lines that have created coal, lumber, and general mineral monopolies in the United States. It is the familiar old double process of the robbing of the American people — by theft of their property, and the re-sale of it at excessive monopoly prices.

The primary reason for this is our mineral and public-land laws. These have been out of date for a generation; they are the ridicule of every other civilized country; and they are founded on entirely wrong principles. The coal, timber, stone, general minerals, and water powers upon the public lands belong to the United States. They must be worked eventually, not by individuals, but by corporations. There are only two essential parties to the transaction — the Government and the corporation. The United States practically refuses to recognize the second party and will deal — because of laws adapted to conditions forty years old — only with the individual. In the meanwhile, sane and modern laws on this subject — such as exist to an extent in Australia and British Columbia — recognize the corporation, deal with it, and get what the Government is entitled to from it. It is time the United States awoke to modern conditions, and did this. When it does, from the resources of Alaska alone it could secure an income aggregating hundreds of millions of dollars. And Alaska is but one part of its present property.

Minnesota now has an arrangement by which it will secure \$250,000,000 from operators of its mineral resources. This gives a faint idea of what the United States could secure from the minerals in Government lands. To do this would not delay development; it would merely break monopoly.

The Managers of Our Business

Modern government is more and more devoted to economic questions; it is business, speaking in the largest and best sense of that term. There has been a great deal of sentiment in discussing the conservation of the resources of this country. This is not necessary. The United States now holds property of infinite value. It is in the management of officials who are just as responsible for it as are the officials of a bank to their stockholders. The day of rampant individualism on the political platform and of monopoly control in the committee room is coming to an end. And political parties may well recognize it. If one party or administration will not manage our affairs in our own interests, we will get another management. It may not come to-morrow, or next year. But it will come very soon.

Bon Ami

THINK OF IT! Eighteen years on the market and *hasn't scratched yet!* That is a record which means something when you consider the many articles which Bon Ami cleans—glass-ware, mirrors, windows, tin, copper, porcelain and agate-ware, woodwork, sinks, bathtubs and floors.

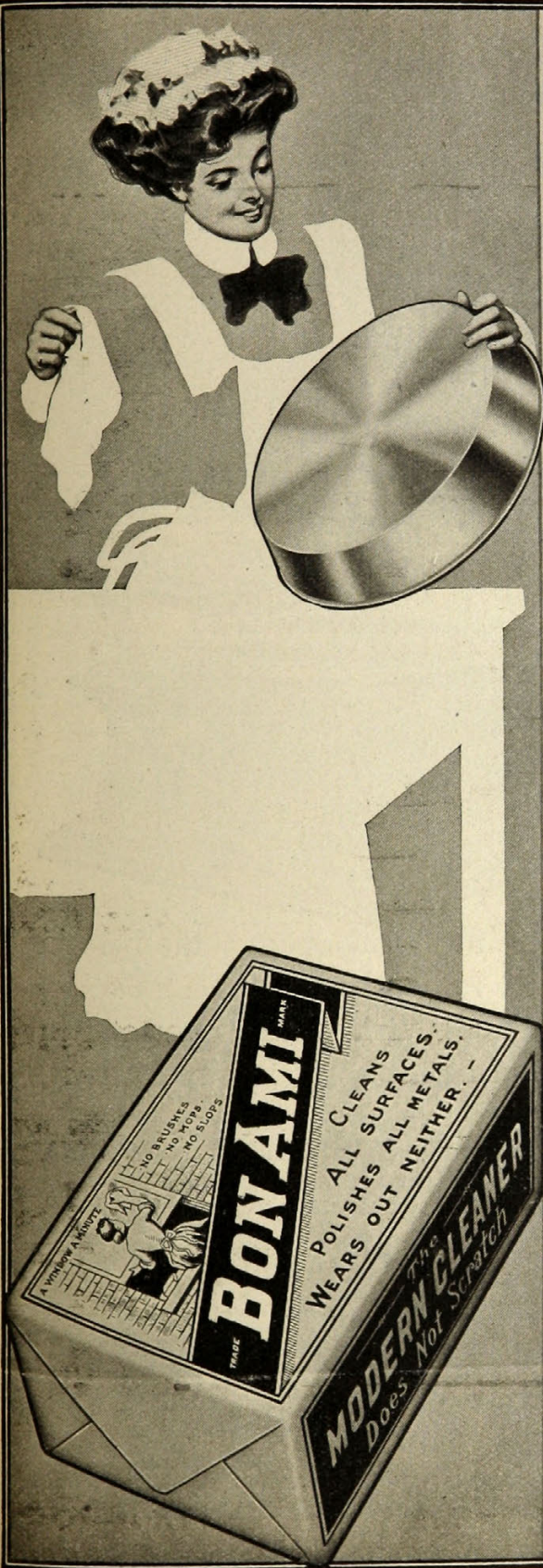
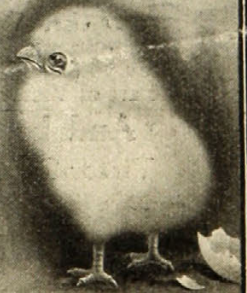
Most cleaning and scouring materials will either injure the hands or scratch the article upon which they are used. Some do both. Bon Ami does neither.

It can be used with perfect freedom and safety on anything that needs to be cleaned.

Soaps or powders that scratch soon wear out the articles on which they are used. They scour away the surface as well as the dirt.

Bon Ami is applied as a fine lather, left to dry a minute—and when you wipe it off, all dirt comes with it, leaving a bright, clean, shining surface.

*"18 years on the market.
Hasn't scratched yet."*



Victor

**The musical
instrument
for everybody**



For those who want the best in grand opera; the best in classical music; in sacred music; in band and orchestra selections; in instrumental solos, duets, trios, and quartets; in old-time ballads; in popular and comic songs; in recitations, minstrelsy and descriptive specialties.

For those who want to pay \$10, \$17.50, \$25, \$32.50, \$40, \$50, \$60, \$100 for a *Victor*, or \$125, \$200, \$250 for a *Victrola*.

Whatever kind of music and entertainment you want, and at the price you want to pay.

Hear the new Victor Records at any dealer's, and note how much sweeter and clearer they are than ever before. Ask him to play Caruso's new "Forza del Destino" solo (88207), and "Mamma mia," the beautiful Neapolitan gondolier song (88206). Then you'll fully realize the wonderful progress recently made in the art of Victor recording.

And be sure to hear the Victrola.

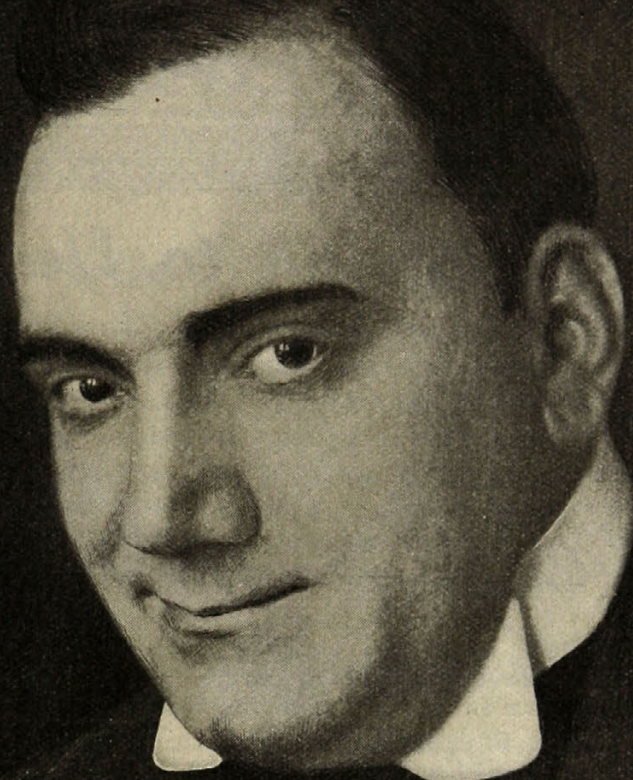
Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.
Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors.

To get best results, use only Victor Needles on Victor Records.



New Victor Records are on sale at all dealers on the 28th of each month

The New Caruso Records



Nov. 15, 1909.

"I have renewed the agreement now existing between the Victor Talking Machine Company and myself for a further period of twenty-five years, giving to this Company the exclusive right to make and sell records of my voice for the entire world."

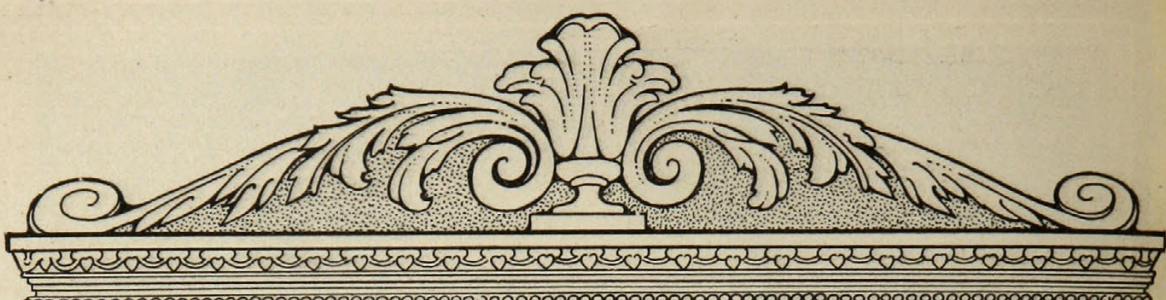
A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Enrico Caruso".

Hear these new Caruso records—especially his new "Forza del Destino" solo (88207), and "Mamma mia", the beautiful Neapolitan gondolier song (88206)—at any dealer's. Then you'll appreciate the wonderful advances recently made in the art of Victor recording.

And be sure to hear the Victrola



To get best results, use only Victor Needles on Victor Records.
New Victor Records are on sale at all dealers on the 28th of each month



Important to Users of and

There are two points of view toward furniture. Some persons consider a chair something to sit on, a table something to eat from, a bed something to sleep in—and there they stop. A constantly increasing number of persons realize that furniture may be not only useful, which it should be first of all, but that it may have esthetic, intellectual and even ethical bearing upon the lives of those who use it.

Esthetic, intellectual and ethical values cannot be measured and sold by the yard, pound or piece, but the thinking world has come to believe that beauty and worth, even in inanimate things like furniture, have an influence worth considering.

We have been pioneers in America in this philosophy of the beautiful and the good as it relates to furniture, and we have lived to see a wide public not only accept but demand these qualities in their surroundings.

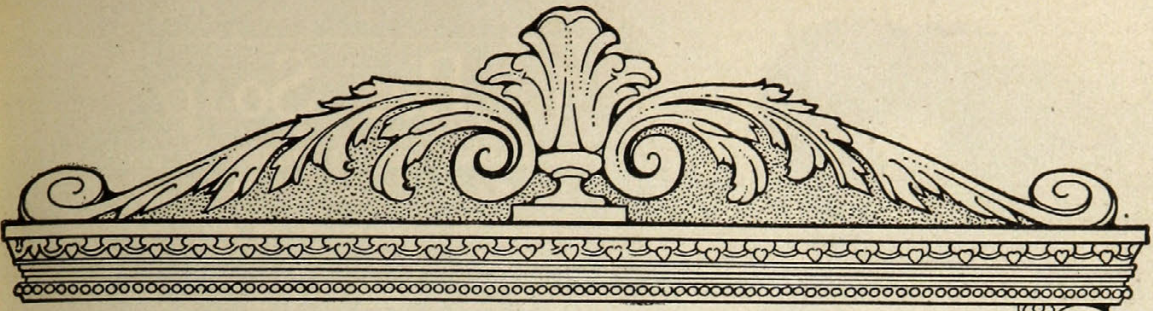
Our problem, in recent years, has been to make enough furniture of the Cowan standard to keep pace with the demand created by the furniture itself. That problem has been solved by the erection of our new Model Workshops, the largest of their kind in the world, covering an entire city block on the Lake Shore Drive in Chicago.

Cowan Cabinet-Work is recognized as the

Our present effort is devoted to making Cowan furniture easily available to all lovers of such furniture, wherever they may live. To that end we are now perfecting a branch sales organization, through exclusive selling agencies in cities and towns throughout the country.

There is a percentage of buyers in every community who appreciate furniture of Cowan quality and character. We invite correspondence from them and from dealers who are equipped to do justice to such buyers and to such furniture in their respective communities.

C **CHICAGO** **N** **W. K. COWAN**
FOR YOUR GUIDANCE, EACH PIECE OF COWAN CABINET WORK



Dealers in Good Furniture

Cowan Furniture is now made in more than a thousand patterns, all in the finest mahogany, and to cover *all* the requirements of the modern home. It is the *only* line of really fine furniture made in a sufficient number and variety of patterns to furnish an entire home, thus insuring harmony in wood, color, finish and quality, while admitting of variety in the decorative *motifs* of different rooms.

In design it is exclusively in authentic reproduction or adaptation of the best models of the "golden periods" of furniture designing. It is not furniture of passing fashion, but of permanent good taste.

In construction it is the acknowledged standard of furniture production. No better furniture is or can be made. We honestly believe there is no other as good.

Our new workshops are not only the largest premises in the world devoted to fine furniture-making, but the most perfectly equipped and appointed for the making and showing of such furniture. Our display room for the trade covers an entire floor the area of a city block, and contains nothing but finished pieces of our own cabinet-making—a showing of fine furniture not equalled elsewhere in the world.

World's Standard in Fine Mahogany Furniture

We do not sell by mail, issue catalogs, or send photographs except to furniture dealers. We will give you, on request, the name of the agency nearest you where Cowan furniture may be had and will see that your wants are supplied.

We urge immediate correspondence from furniture dealers in cities and towns where we have not yet granted exclusive selling privileges. We are establishing agencies upon a basis new to the furniture trade and of distinct advantage to such agencies.

& CO., CHICAGO COWAN

BEARS THE MAKER'S MARK, SHOWN HEREWITH





Bar Soap

probably Kills as many Women as Bar-rooms do Men. Why isn't this Habit of Overwork at the Washtub—the most Unwomanly, Unnatural, Unhealthy kind of Labor—why isn't this Denounced like the Drink Habit? ¶ If you're opposed to needless Hard Work for Women, join PEARLINE'S crusade against it. First, use PEARLINE to help yourself. Then, having satisfied yourself as to the Ease—Quickness and Economy of PEARLINE'S Way, help others by getting them to use it.

PEARLINE Loosens all Dirt Without Rubbing
Lengthens the Life of all Fabrics



FIDELITY AND CASUALTY CO.

OF NEW YORK

1876

1910

GEORGE F. SEWARD, President
ROBERT J. HILLAS, Vice-President and Secretary

FIDELITY
LIABILITY
ACCIDENT
HEALTH
STEAM BOILER
ELEVATOR
PLATE GLASS
BURGLARY
FLY WHEEL

The experience of this Company under its liability policies covering 25,000 accidents a year has been studied in order to determine what industrial accidents are preventable. From such data and from data gathered from other sources, we believe that fully sixty per cent. of all fall within the preventable class.

How these accidents may be prevented is told in a pamphlet of 200 pages or so, prepared by us and now in press.

Thirty thousand copies of this pamphlet to begin with will be sent to a selected list of policy-holders without charge.

The price to the public will be nominal—twenty-five cents.

CAPITAL, \$1,000,000

SURPLUS, \$2,571,734.28

DIRECTORS:

DUMONT CLARKE,
WM. P. DIXON,
ALFRED W. HOYT,

GEO. E. IDE,
W. G. LOW,
FRANK LYMAN,

J. G. McCULLOUGH,
WM. J. MATHESON,
ALEXANDER E. ORR,

HENRY E. PIERREPONT
ANTON A. RAVEN,
JOHN J. RIKER,

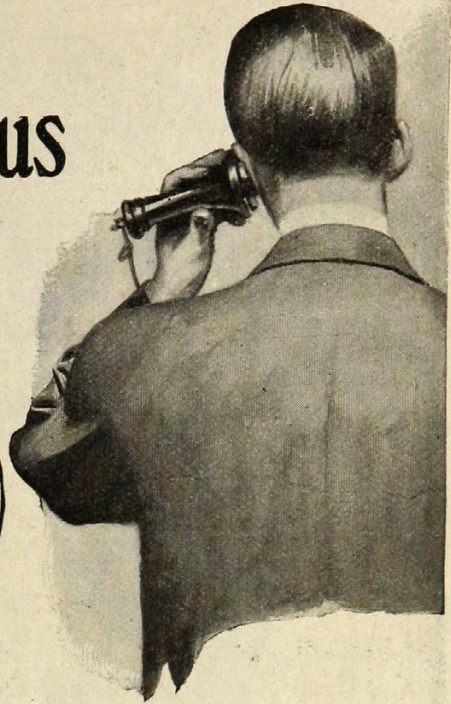
W. EMLÉN ROOSEVELT,

GEO. F. SEWARD.

Principal Offices, Nos. 97-103 Cedar Street, New York

Agents in all considerable towns

The Instantaneous Answer



Sending a message is only half of the transaction. The other, and equally important, half consists in *getting back the answer*.

Sometimes this is a reply to a question, or the acceptance or rejection of a proposal. Sometimes it is simply an acknowledgment that the message has been received.

The value of the message depends upon getting an answer.

When a general manager sends word to a representative in a distant city, he wants to know that his man is *there*, that

he *receives the message*, and that he will act.

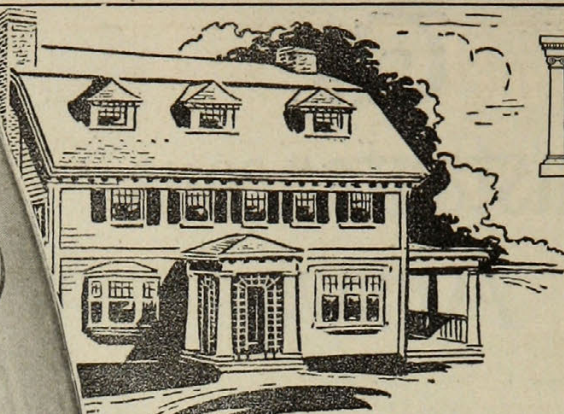
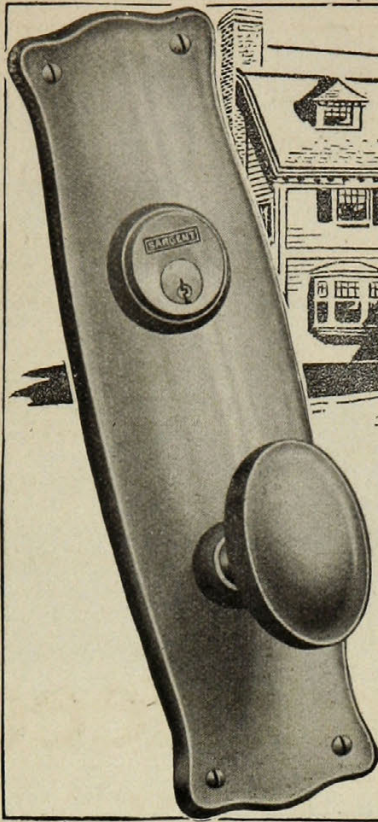
If the answer is not final, but raises another question, there is no delay. The other question can be settled at once. It is possible, in one telephone interview, to come to a decision which could not have been reached without the instantaneous answer.

Each answer is made *instantaneous* by the Bell telephone service.

The Bell system, with its ten million miles of wire, provides the instantaneous answer for anybody, anywhere, at any time.

Increased use of the Long Distance Telephone means greater results in every line of human endeavor. Telephone efficiency means One Policy, One System, Universal Service. Every Bell Telephone is the Center of the System.

**AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES**



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



Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Enough lamp-chimneys break from "accident" to satisfy me, without having them crack and smash every time the light is turned up.

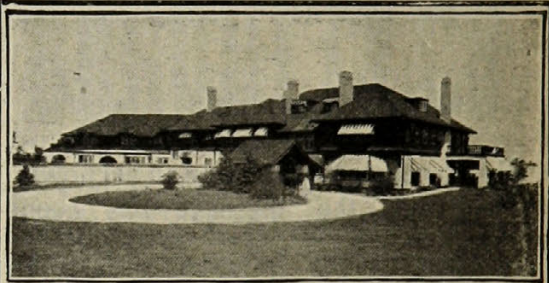
Macbeth lamp-chimneys *never break from heat*. It takes an "accident" to end their usefulness.

They add to the beauty, comfort and usefulness of the lamp—and they fit.

There is a Macbeth lamp-chimney made for every known burner, and my name is on it.

My book will tell which one to get for your lamp. It is free. Address

MACBETH, Pittsburgh.



Residence of the Late A. J. Cassatt, Bar Harbor, stained with Cabot's Shingle Stains, Chapman & Fraser, Arch'ts. Boston

Stain Your Shingles

and also your siding, clapboards, boarding, and other outside wood-work, with

Cabot's Shingle Stains

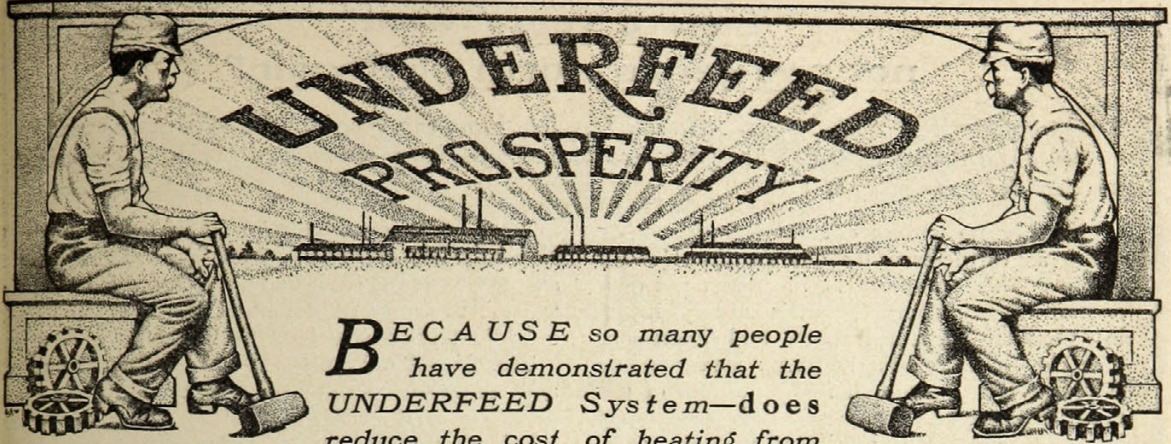
The Creosote thoroughly preserves the wood, the colors are softer, richer, and handsomer, and in both first cost and labor they are

50% Cheaper than Paint

Samples of all colors, on wood, and circulars, sent free on request

SAMUEL CABOT, Inc., 139 Milk St., Boston, Mass.

Agents at all Central Points



BECAUSE so many people have demonstrated that the **UNDERFEED** System—does reduce the cost of heating from 50% to 66⅔%, the words **DULL TIMES** and **IDLE MOMENTS** have been blue pencilled from **UNDERFEED** records. The so-called panic year proved an Underfeed record breaker. This season we have put up a still higher figure. The reason? A child can understand. The

Peck-Williamson Underfeed

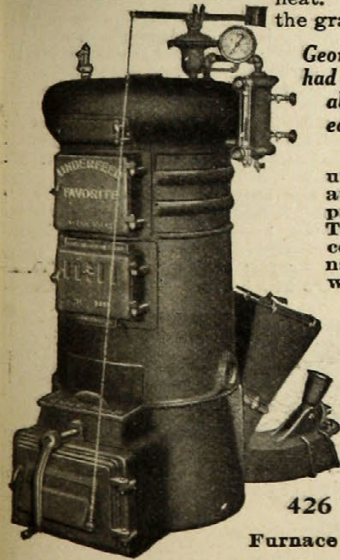
HEATING SYSTEMS

WARM AIR Furnaces - STEAM AND HOT WATER Boilers

Save **1/2** to **2/3** of Coal Bills

You can easily figure it out. **CHEAPEST** slack, the sort which would smother an ordinary furnace or boiler fire, yields in the **UNDERFEED** as much clean, even heat as the **HIGHEST** priced coal. The difference in cost is **YOURS**. This *saving* alone is great enough to soon pay for the **UNDERFEED**. This isn't all. Coal is fed from below and with all fire on top, smoke and gases *wasted* in other furnaces and boilers, must pass thru the flames and are consumed. This is an aid to better health and means *additional* heat. Ashes are few and are removed by shaking the grate bar as in ordinary heaters and boilers.

This illustration shows the Underfeed Boiler.

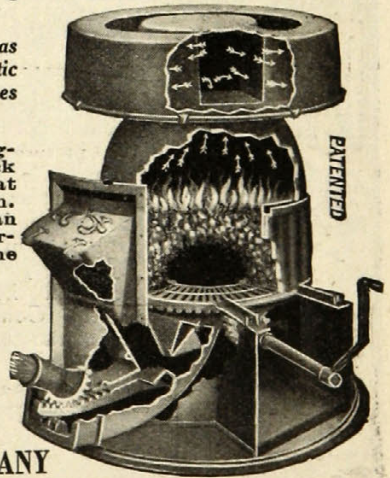


George B. Catlin, of the Detroit Evening News, has had an Underfeed over four years. He's enthusiastic about it. He tells how much money he saves each winter, and writes:

"A very ordinary mathematician can figure the difference between 15 tons of slack at \$2 per ton put in and 22 tons of coal at prices ranging from \$7.25 to \$7.50 put in. The difference in a single year more than compensated for the higher cost of the furnace and we have heat to let out of the windows."

We've hundreds of letters just like this. Let us send you—**FREE**—many fac-simile testimonials with our Underfeed Booklet of Furnaces or Special Catalog of Steam and Hot Water Boilers. Heating plans and services of our Engineering Corps **FREE**. Write today, giving name of local dealer with whom you'd 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 COMPANY

426 West Fifth Street,

Cincinnati, O.

Furnace Dealers, Hardware Men and Plumbers are invited to write Today for Profitable Agency Proposition.

"Twelve years' wear not one cent's worth of Repair."

A customer writes: "The 6-inch Ericsson Hot-Air Pumping Engine furnished to the writer by you about twelve years ago has given excellent satisfaction; not one cent's worth of repairs has ever been needed by it."

Certainly no stronger statement could be made as to the wearing quality of a Hot-Air Pump. This durability is the result not only of care in manufacture, but is largely due to its simplicity of construction and operation. The Hot-Air Pump differs from a steam-engine in that it is a machine of few parts and of low not of high power; the power generated being just sufficient for its particular purpose, i. e., the pumping of water; therefore its parts are subject to no pressure, such as is present in a steam-engine. With ordinary care such as oiling, cleaning occasionally, and the replacing

of worn washers, a Hot-Air Pump will outlast a generation of users. Thus purchasers are assured freedom from expensive repairs, which are the usual accompaniment of all elaborate or intricately constructed machines.

The Hot-Air Pump is small, inconspicuous and portable. It can be tucked away in a corner of your cellar, in the barn or woodshed; no elaborate structure is required, such as a wind-mill tower. You simply lay a pipe to the nearest or most convenient well, spring, or running brook and there you are, with your water delivered in abundance every day in the year.

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. Write for Catalogue G, and ask for reduced price-list.

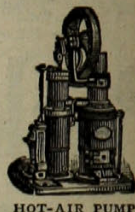
RIDER-ERICSSON ENGINE CO.

35 Warren Street, New York
239 Franklin Street, Boston

40 Dearborn Street, Chicago
40 North 7th Street, Philadelphia

234 West Craig Street, Montreal, P. Q.
22 Pitt Street, Sydney, N. S. W.

(Also builders of the new "Reeco" Electric Pump.)



HOT-AIR PUMP

San Antonio



Says "Come"

FINEST winter climate in America.

The historic Alamo, the ancient Spanish Missions, the picturesque Mexican Quarter, a hundred and eighty miles of boulevard for automobiling, Polo, Golf, Country Club, and the finest, newest, most beautiful hotels in the South. Come to San Antonio the Beautiful.

Superb Tourist Book (edition de luxe), on request. Address,
4 CHAMBER OF COMMERCE San Antonio, Texas.

JOHN B. CARRINGTON
Secretary

"Bristol"


TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Steel Fishing Rods

are "prize winners" for Trout and sporty fishing. So acknowledged by crack anglers as well as by common mortals. Examine a fly-casting "BRISTOL." Note its beautiful finish, its perfect hang, its marvelous tensile strength, its surprising resiliency. You feel as you handle it that it represents the highest art. Its steel is the world's finest clock spring quality, tempered in oil. Every rod is severely tested and *guaranteed for 3 years*. Of course, any thing so fine is imitated. Be on your guard. Look for the trade mark on the reel seat. It is always there on the genuine. Handy fish-hook disgorger sent free with catalogue if you give the name of your dealer.

The season's most artistic fishing calendar (19x30) a reproduction in full colors of N. C. Wyeth's beautiful oil painting, mailed on receipt of 25c. Supply nearly exhausted. Order at once.

THE HORTON MFG. CO.
25 Horton St. Bristol, Conn.



SEND FREE

Disgorger and Catalogue to

Name.....

St. No.....

City.....

State.....

My dealer.....



Trinidad Lake, showing asphalt dug for Genasco Ready Roofing.

Genasco Ready Roofing

Made of real Trinidad Lake asphalt—the water-proofing made by Nature. It has resisted storms for hundreds of years. Oughtn't that to be good for roofs?

It makes Genasco last longer than any other roofing of any other substance.

Write for samples and the Good Roof Guide Book. Mineral and smooth surface. Insist on Genasco—the roofing with a thirty-two-million-dollar guarantee. Look for the hemisphere trademark.



THE BARBER ASPHALT PAVING COMPANY

Largest producers of asphalt, and largest manufacturers of ready roofing in the world.

PHILADELPHIA

New York

San Francisco

Chicago



Mother says: To make good gravy, thicken with Kingsford's Corn Starch, not flour—flour makes lumpy gravy and that raw taste.

Kingsford's Corn Starch is the best thickening for all gravies, soups and sauces.

Send a post card today, and we will mail without charge our remarkable little Cook Book "H."—"What a cook ought to know about corn starch."

It contains one hundred and sixty-eight of the best recipes you ever tried.

T. Kingsford & Son
Oswego, N. Y.
National Starch Co., Successors

Buy Simplex Time Tried Electric Flat-irons, Coffee Percolators, Chafing Dishes, Water Cups and Heating Pads.



SIMPLEX QUALITY
SPEAKS FOR ITSELF

Get one of our New Toasters just out; toasts bread just right, crisp and delicious.

Write for Booklet "J"

SIMPLEX ELECTRIC HEATING CO.
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Monadnock Block, Chicago. 612 Howard Street, San Francisco

Will you try

EDUCATOR CRACKERS

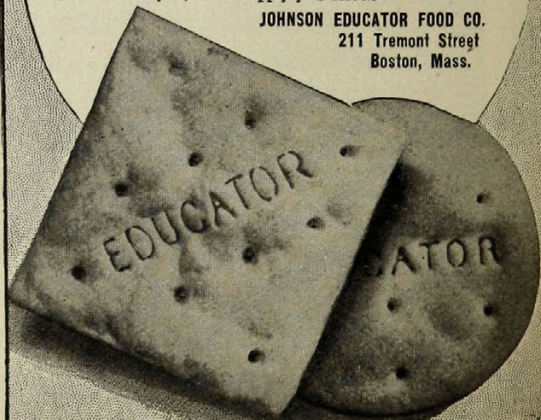
at our expense?

"The proof of the cracker is in the eating." So that you and every member of your family may try them, we want to send you an

Assorted Box FREE

All we ask is your name and address (and, if you don't mind, your grocer's name) and we will send you this sample box containing a number of the most popular kinds. All grocers should have Educator Crackers. If yours hasn't, and won't get them for you, we'll supply you direct.

JOHNSON EDUCATOR FOOD CO.
211 Tremont Street
Boston, Mass.





Mental Dullness

usually comes from *imperfectly nourished* brains.

The man who *thinks clearly* and *acts promptly* wins money and position.

Grape-Nuts

FOOD—

made of whole wheat and barley, is not only promptly digested, but contains the Phosphate of Potash grown in the grains for rebuilding brain and nerves.

The regular use of this world-famed food, makes "clear thinking" easy.

Try a simple breakfast of **Grape-Nuts** and cream, soft boiled eggs, crisp toast, and a steaming cup of well-made Postum—

"There's a Reason"

Postum Cereal Company, Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

How Can I Increase My Income?

We are a saving people. The average American is constantly putting something away for a rainy day. These savings are apt to be deposited where they pay from $3\frac{1}{2}\%$ to 4% , or invested in government or municipal bonds, where they net from 2% to $4\frac{1}{2}\%$.

In days gone by the income from such investments was satisfactory, but within a few years the cost of living has enormously increased and people who considered themselves comfortably well off are finding it hard to pay their bills. The natural tendency of such people is to look about to see how they can increase their income. As a rule they cannot increase their salaries and must look to their invested funds for an increase in income and many of them are turning to **first mortgage public utility bonds** which net a higher rate of interest and, if carefully selected, are among the safest investments for this purpose. We believe these bonds rank next to municipal bonds as safe investments, and it is possible to buy well secured public utility bonds to-day netting from 5% to $5\frac{1}{2}\%$. The additional income produced from such an investment goes a long way in taking care of the increased cost of living.

We have bonds of this character which we have thoroughly investigated and which we can place the intending investor in a way to investigate himself. We should be very glad to forward upon application, free of cost, our booklet describing such bonds in general, and also circulars making special offerings.

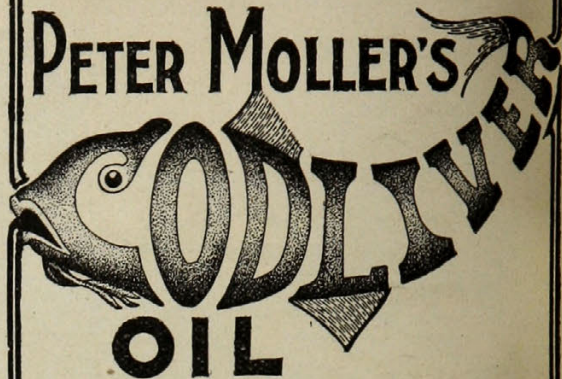
Write for our Public Utility book, also for circular No. 77-F.

E. H. ROLLINS & SONS

21 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO DENVER

It is the *impurity* or *adulteration* in cod liver oil that makes it offensive to taste and smell.



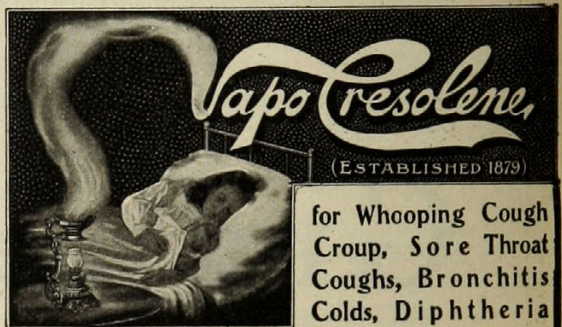
is just pure cod liver oil—free from disguise, because none is needed. The **PURITY** of Moller's Oil makes it

Free from Disagreeable Taste or Odor

It is this purity that makes Moller's Oil so digestible and without that nauseous "repeat."

The genuine is sold ONLY in flat, oval bottles, imported from Norway, bearing the name of

Schiefelin & Co., New York, Sole Agents



for Whooping Cough
Croup, Sore Throat
Coughs, Bronchitis
Colds, Diphtheria
Catarrh.

"Used while you sleep"

Vaporized Cresolene stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough. Ever dreaded Croup cannot exist where Cresolene is used.

It acts directly on the nose and throat making breathing easy in the case of colds; soothes the sore throat and stops the cough.

Cresolene is a powerful germicide acting both as a curative and preventive in contagious diseases.

It is a boon to sufferers from Asthma.

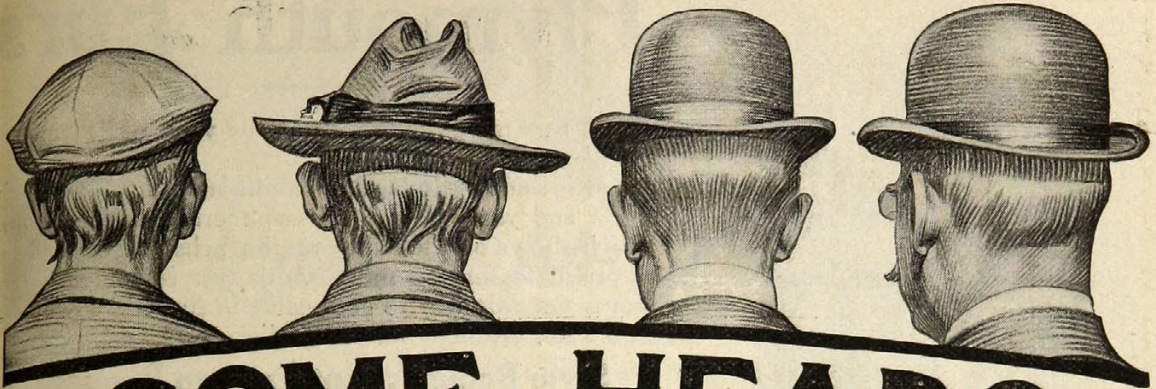
Cresolene's best recommendation is its 30 years of successful use.

For Sale By All Druggists.

Send Postal for Descriptive Booklet

Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat, of your druggist or from us, 10c. in stamps.

THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO., 180 Fulton St., New York
Leeming-Miles Building, Montreal, Canada



SOME HEADS And What They Earn

Statistics show that of 3542 men in various positions, 2803 earn only about \$15.00 a week; 586 earn between that and \$5000 a year; 117 between \$5000 and \$10,000; 36 from \$10,000 to \$15,000. The better qualified the man, the higher the salary.

To command the *right* salary you *must* have the right *training*. If you lack the right training the International Correspondence Schools of Scranton will impart it to you *in your spare time*. If you have a liking for some special line of work the I. C. S. *will make you an expert* in that particular line. You will not have to leave home while qualifying. The only preliminary schooling required *is the ability to read and write*.

The way to find out all about it is most simple. Just mark and mail the attached coupon. Doing so costs you nothing and entails no obligation. If your ambition is worth it—if you want to earn more—if you want congenial employment—if you want to be a *positive success* instead of even a half-hearted one—*mark the coupon*.

The First Step to Success

Marking the coupon will prove to be the first step toward joining the thousands of successful students who at the rate of 300 every month are VOLUNTARILY reporting advancement in salary and position *directly traceable to I. C. S. training*. During October the number was 308.

Mark the coupon *NOW* with the full knowledge that the *Business of This Place is to Raise Salaries—to raise your salary*. Finding out costs nothing. Mark the coupon.

"EARN MORE" COUPON

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.

Bookkeeper	Mechan. Draughtsman
Stenographer	Telephone Engineer
Advertisement Writer	Elec. Lighting Supt.
Show Card Writer	Mech. Engineer
Window Trimmer	Plumber & Steam Fitter
Commercial Law	Stationary Engineer
Illustrator	Civil Engineer
Designer & Craftsman	Building Contractor
Civil Service	Architect Draughtsman
Chemist	Architect
Textile Mill Supt.	Structural Engineer
Electrician	Banking
Elec. Engineer	Mining Engineer

Name _____

Street and No. _____

City _____ State _____

Plymouth Furs

(Trade Mark)



There is no mystery about the value of "Plymouth Furs."

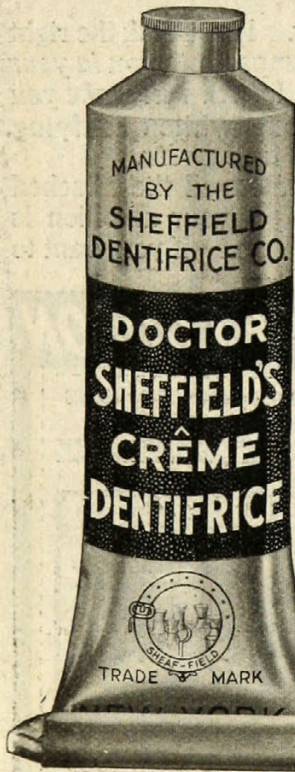
Rip aside the lining and interlining of any "Plymouth Fur" and you will see the wonderful furriers' work which shows on the backs of the pelts. You will be surprised to find so much work that is hidden. But that is the only way to get quality in furs. "Plymouth Furs" are distinctly furs of quality.

Style Book T, Sent Free on Request.

Our new 64 page Style Book, printed in colors is the only complete Fur Book ever published. It shows over 200 styles of furs for Men, Women and Children, in prices from \$5 to \$8,000. The experience of 27 years in the Northwest (America's greatest Fur Market) guarantees the worth of "Plymouth Furs."

Repairs and renovation of furs are done at reasonable prices. We also tan, cure and make up pelts.

The Plymouth
Fur Company
Dept. T
Minneapolis, Minn.



STOPS DECAY

Starch and sugar lodged between, around and in the teeth form an acid in which germs thrive prolifically. The acid eats away the lime of the teeth causing decay. The germs generate poisons which cause bad taste, sourness, and unpleasant odors. Dr. Sheffield's Crème Dentifrice thoroughly cleanses the teeth and gums, and counteracts the acids, thus checking germ activity and decay. Perfectly smooth without an atom of grit. It has a most delicious flavor, pleasing to everyone.

Sold everywhere on both sides of the Atlantic (or by mail 25c.). Every package has ATTACHABLE ECONOMY KEY. Agencies in London and New York.

Sample
Mailed
Free

The Sheffield Dentifrice Co.,
New London, Conn. U. S. A.

REVERSIBLE

Linene

COLLARS
CUFFS
AND
BOSOMS

TRADE MARK

The
Greatest
Comfort

at the
least
expense

Made in
10 styles

66

10 for
25 cents
at stores

By mail
30 cents, or
Sample
6 cents in
U. S. stamps

Give size
and style

REVERSIBLE COLLAR COMPANY,
Dept. P Boston, Mass.

Remarkable Beauty

comes to the hair that is
faithfully cultivated with

ED. PINAUD'S HAIR TONIC

(EAU DE QUININE)

You can prove it yourself. Ask your dealer for a 50 cent bottle
If you would like a liberal testing bottle, send us 4 cents in stamps

PARFUMERIE ED. PINAUD

ED. PINAUD BUILDING :: DEPARTMENT 304 :: NEW YORK

All who enjoy exquisite toilet water should try ED. PINAUD'S
LILAC VEGETAL. Ask your dealer. 75 cents (6 oz. bottle)

*This is an Estey Suggestion;
it wont lead you
astray*

Think Right *about* *a* piano



When you think right about a piano, you will set musical quality above every other consideration.

The endorsement of high-priced musicians adds nothing to the value of a piano. We buy only the materials and the skill to make an equal or better grade piano and save you the price of the musician.

Spend a penny for a postal and write for "The Pocket Estey." Take five minutes' time and read it. It is a guide to right-thinking about pianos generally—with a few pertinent facts about Estey Pianos. It isn't a struggle with superlatives. The Estey is a piano as good as the best and is sold at a fair price. Address, Dept. E, and say: "Please send me 'The Pocket Estey.'"

Estey Piano Company
New York City

Sixty years of honor in musical instrument making.

about
Think Right *an*
Estey

HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE



*Picked
Ripe
Canned
Right*

*It's
Hawaiian*

Sliced also
Crushed or
Grated—

*It's So
Different*

TRY A CAN AND SEE WHY

HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE GROWERS ASSOCIATION
100 Broadway, New York

Dessert Book Free



What shall we have for dessert or salad?—is answered over a hundred times in the new illustrated Knox dessert book. Also many recipes for candies better than "fudge" or "Divinity." For the name and address of your grocer we will send you the book free. If he doesn't sell Knox Gelatine, we will send a full pint sample for 2c. in stamps and his name, or for 15c. a two quart package.

Knox Pure Plain Sparkling Gelatine
201 Knox Ave., Johnstown, N. Y.

Blooker's COCOA

The choicest cocoa beans and scientific manufacture make it superior to other kinds. Besides, it has the finest flavor and aroma to be found in any product of the cocoa bean. Economical and nutritious.

At your grocer, or sample sent postpaid. Dept. D

46 Hudson Street, New York.



HORLICK'S MALTED MILK

Original and Genuine

**A Nutritious Food-Drink
For All Ages**

**Better than Tea or Coffee at Table.
Imparts vitality—quiets the nerves.**

Pure rich milk and malted grain.
All druggists.

Have "Your Own Fire Department on Your Own Premises"

EXTINGUISH a fire within a few moments of the start; without the usual water damage; and without the loss of valuable time in waiting for the arrival of your City Fire Department.

**FIRE FIGHTING
EFFICIENCY
EQUAL TO
9000 PAILS OF
WATER**

AGENTS WANTED

We will be pleased to communicate with persons in a position to act as our agents.

This you can do if you have adequate fire apparatus at hand for immediate use. Apparatus which does not require flooding the premises in order to extinguish a fire.

The Ajax Chemical Fire Engine

for Towns, Mills, Factories, Country Homes, Public Institutions, Stores, Etc.

As you know, nearly every large Fire Department in the Country has been using Chemical Fire Engines for many years. 40 to 90 per cent. of all fires are extinguished by them. (Official statistics by Cities in our catalogue). We now manufacture the AJAX Chemical Fire Engine for private use at buildings and plants of all kinds, and these machines are just like City Department machines, except that they are mounted on a small frame, so they can be wheeled through narrow aisles, doorways, paths, etc. Has about $\frac{2}{3}$ the capacity of a City Fire Department Chemical Engine, and will therefore extinguish nearly as large a fire—yet the cost of the private machine is only a very small fraction of the cost of the City Department machines.

Whether your premises are located in a large City or a small Town, you should have one of our private machines (shown in lower corner) on hand for instant use.

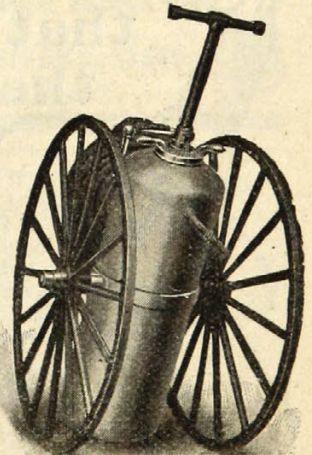
And if you are located in a small Town, with little or no fire protection, you should recommend to your Town Council that they order one of our Town machines (shown in upper corner) for use throughout the Town, in addition to the private machine you should have on your own premises.

As the AJAX throws a powerful chemical stream about 80 feet, it will readily extinguish fires of oil, tar, paint, celluloid, alcohol, turpentine, etc., on which water has little or no effect; it is operated instantly by one man; requires no attention when not in use; and costs practically nothing to maintain. Among the purchasers of the AJAX are the Standard Oil Co., U.S. Steel Corporation, United States Government, Mexican Government, etc.

Free Trial Offer:

We prepay freight charges and allow 30 days approval. If machine is not entirely satisfactory, you may return it at our expense. This gives you an opportunity to build a big test fire—as big as you like—and note how easily, quickly, and effectively the AJAX will extinguish same.

Write us a note, or fill in and mail us the coupon below, and we will send you complete descriptive pamphlet, price and particulars as to our free trial offer. Write *now* before you forget it.

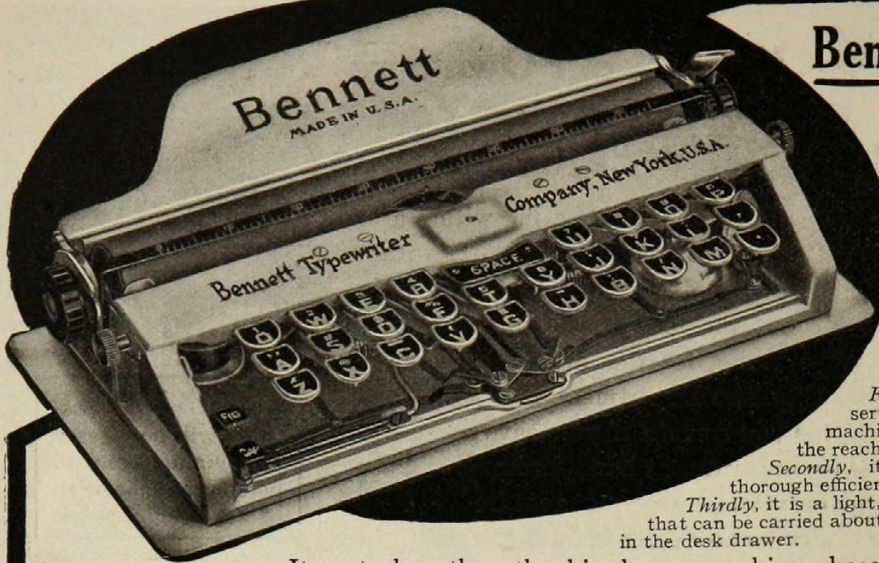


AJAX FIRE ENGINE WORKS 97B Liberty St. NEW YORK CITY

Ajax Fire Engine Works, 97B Liberty Street, New York
Send the undersigned your pamphlet giving full facts regarding the AJAX Chemical Fire Engine, and quote price and free trial offer.

Name
Address.....

The "AJAX" for Factories and private use of all kinds



Bennett Portable Typewriter

Costs \$18.00

But IT Does the Work of a \$100 Machine

The **Bennett** is a new typewriter which solves several old problems.

First, it is the only strong, serviceable, efficient writing-machine that is placed within the reach of all.

Secondly, it combines simplicity with thorough efficiency.

Thirdly, it is a light, compact, portable machine that can be carried about, packed in a grip or slipped in the desk drawer.

It costs less than the big, heavy machines, because their complicated mechanisms are cleverly eliminated in its construction. But the **Bennett** has all parts essential to perfect work.

Suitable for light or heavy work. Its price especially adapts it to the business men whose work is too light to warrant a \$100 expenditure.

It is exactly suited to the needs of Authors, Clergymen, Doctors, Dentists, Lawyers, Traveling Men, Telegraphers, Teachers, Students, Merchants, Bookkeepers—*Everybody*.

Writes Like A \$100 Machine

Standard Keyboard of 28 keys operated with both hands. Prints 84 characters, single or double space with light elastic touch. Same style letter as \$100 machine.

Ribbon Inks Type. Is fed automatically. Makes carbon copies. Takes any size of paper up to 9 inches wide.

Does Perfect Work. Pointer guide assures perfect alignment of copy. Warning bell rings before end of line.

Speed Only Limited by Experience and ability of operator. Writing is always visible.

Built of Hardened Steel. Every part thoroughly tested before assembled. Should a part break, we will replace it—or repair the machine free.

Let Us Send You One On Approval

Limited number for immediate delivery. Order yours to-day. Send draft or money order for \$18 and we will express machine prepaid. If not all we claim, return machine within ten days and your money will be promptly refunded.

If you want more information before ordering your **Bennett** on Approval, write for free Booklet, *now*.

\$18 Bennett

BENNETT TYPEWRITER CO.

ROOM 112, 366 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y., U. S. A.

Pens that Stand the Test



For hard, rapid, continuous writing use a Spencerian Pen. Its great elasticity and smooth points make easy writing.

SPENCERIAN Steel Pens

outlive others because of the fine workmanship and the high quality *Spencerian Pen Steel* from which they are made. Sample card of 12—all different—sent for 6c postage.

SPENCERIAN PEN CO., 349 Broadway, N.Y.

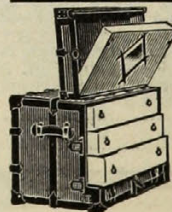
The confidence felt by farmers and gardeners in Ferry's Seeds to-day would have been impossible to feel in any seeds two score of years ago. We have made a science of seed growing.

FERRY'S SEEDS

always do exactly what you expect of them. For sale everywhere.

FERRY'S 1910 SEED ANNUAL
Free on request.

D. M. FERRY & CO., Detroit, Mich.



STALLMAN'S DRESSER TRUNK

Easy to get at everything without disturbing anything. No fatigue in packing and unpacking. Light, strong, roomy drawers. Holds as much and costs no more than a good box trunk. Hand Riveted; strongest trunk made. In small room serves as chiffonier. C.O.D. privilege of examination. 2c. stamp for Catalog.

F. A. STALLMAN, 53 E Spring St., Columbus, O.



Let Us Send You Actual
Samples of these Letter-heads on
COUPON BOND

And Compare Them With Your Own

These specimens are full size letter-sheets with Printed, Lithographed and Die-Stamped headings, just as they are used by prominent firms throughout the country. They illustrate how other big business houses secure dignified, refined, productive business stationery.

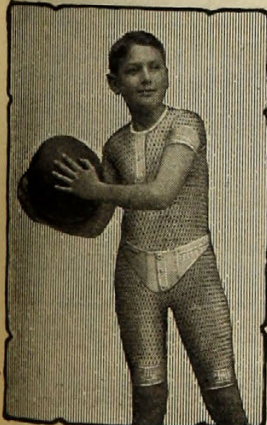
You should have these letter-heads. Send for them. Compare them with your own. Note the beautiful printing and lithographing results here obtained, just as you may obtain them through the use of COUPON BOND; note the quiet, impressive dignity and elegance of a COUPON BOND letter-sheet over that which any other letter-sheet makes possible.

If you want business stationery that is really productive—these samples show you how to get it. They point out in the most convincing way, how you too, may have business stationery that of itself does business.

Send for these samples today. They are free. With them we will also send you samples of Berkshire Text and Arrivé Half-tone paper; two of the best papers for Book or Booklet work.

AMERICAN WRITING PAPER CO., 5 Main St., Holyoke, Mass.

Largest Mfrs. of Writing, Book and Cover, and other Papers for Business Purposes. 29 Mills.



Healthful Comfort and Durability
are successfully combined in

TRADE MARK
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
Prosknit
(This label on every garment)

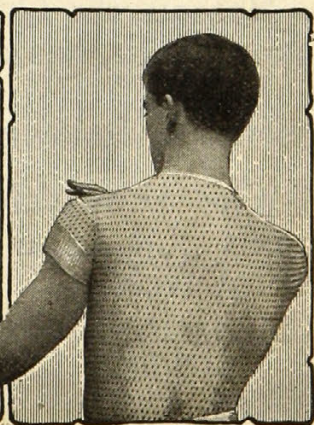
Summer Underwear

a guarantee of perfect comfort—so
neat—so clean and cool—so healthful.

For BOYS 25c per garment 50c **For MEN**
50c Union Suits 1.00

made in all standard styles and Union Suits—sold all
over the United States.

CHALMERS KNITTING CO., Amsterdam, N. Y.





flourish in abundance, especially during December, January and February in beautiful **Nassau** on the West Indian Isle of New Providence, famous for its climate of perpetual June.

Nassau, Bahamas, is less than 3 days from New York, 12 hours from Florida. It can boast of the most equable climate in the world, varying from 68 to 78 degrees during the winter months.

In **Nassau** will be found not only the most sublime climate, but also delightful bathing, perfect roads, most excellent fishing, unsurpassed hotels and every opportunity for all manner of outdoor recreation.

Nassau, the Queen City of a Tropic Sea, has characteristics uniquely foreign, delightful and peculiarly its own.

The reputation of its famous hotel, the Colonial, is world wide.

Full particulars in regard to this most delightful of winter resorts free on request. Address, Florida East Coast Railway, 243 Fifth Ave.; or New York & Cuba Mail Steamship Co., Pier 14, East River, New York, or Local Branch Offices of All Prominent Tourist Agencies.



PARTICULAR PEOPLE

prefer Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream because of its known purity, snowy whiteness, dainty fragrance, unvarying quality and inestimable results. You can find thousands of Particular People in every section of every State in the Union, as well as most European Countries, who have used Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream for years, and are its most enthusiastic advocates. It is so soothing and satisfactory. Try it. You will enjoy it. You will realize how good it is.

Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream

"The Kind That Keeps"

Acts naturally and hygienically. By cleansing the pores of grime, dust and impurities, it both removes and prevents blotches, sallowness, roughness, chapping, pimples, premature wrinkles and other complexion demerits. For daily use it is the favorite of Fair Women and Clean-Cut Men. Especially serviceable after traveling or motoring. Jars 35c up; Travelers' Tubes 10c up. Sold everywhere.

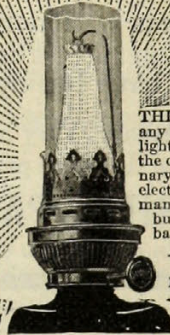
SAMPLE MAILED FREE
A 50 illustrated Booklet "I wear the Finger of Time," or "The Art of Personal Beauty."

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL
Dept. B, D. & R. Bldg.
West 14th Street
N. Y.



SAXONIA

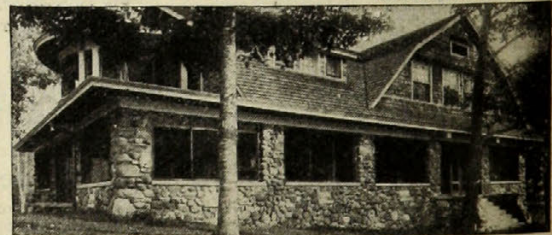
INCANDESCENT KEROSENE OIL LAMP BURNER



THE SAXONIA BURNER lights like any lamp and produces a perfect white gas light from the top of the wick. Burns 1-3 the oil and gives 3 times the light of ordinary lamp. 1-5 cost of gas, 1-10 cost of electricity. Pays for itself. Chimney and mantle of extra strength, with complete burner for \$3, express paid, U.S. Money back if not as represented. Booklet free.

AGENTS WANTED
U. S. A. LIGHTING CO.
102 Taylor St., Springfield, Mass.

KEITH'S No. 1125 AS BUILT AT LAKE MINNETONKA*



Our latest books of plans, giving views, sizes, costs, etc., are:
100 Small Cot. and Bung. .50 226 Cstg. \$2000 to \$2500. 1.00
98 Cstg. \$800 to \$1200 .50 191 " \$2500 to \$3000. 1.00
136 " \$1200 to \$1600 1.00 207 " \$3000 to \$4000. 1.00
186 " \$1600 to \$2000 1.00 *172 " \$4000 and up'd 1.00

THE KEITH CO., Architects, 1640 Hennepin Ave. Minneapolis, Minn.

Come Girls—get together
and have a Taffy Pull. Make the taffy with
Karo. See how smooth and golden it pulls. How
delicious it tastes. How wholesome it is,
Karo Fudge too—simply perfect—
and Caramels and Butter Scotch.

Karo
CORN SYRUP

Eat it on
Griddle Cakes
Hot Biscuit
Waffles

Use it for
Ginger-Bread
Cookies
Candy

★Send your name on a
post card for Karo Cook
Book—fifty pages including thirty
perfect recipes for home candy-making.

CORN PRODUCTS REFINING CO. Dept. H, New York



Burpee's

The Leading American
Seed Catalog for 1910!

AN ELEGANT BOOK OF 178 PAGES,—it is "THE SILENT SALESMAN" of the World's Largest Mail-Order Seed Trade. It tells the plain truth about the Best Seeds that can be grown,—as proved at our famous FORDHOOK FARMS,—the largest, most complete Trial Grounds in America. Handsomely bound with covers lithographed in nine colors it shows, with the six colored plates, Nine Novelties and Specialties in unequaled Vegetables, and five of the finest Beautiful New Flowers, including two superb "Gold Medal" Spencer Sweet Peas.

With hundreds of illustrations from photographs and carefully written descriptions it is a SAFE GUIDE to success in the garden and should be consulted by every one who plants seeds, whether for pleasure or profit. While too costly a book to send unsolicited (except to our regular customers), we are pleased to mail it FREE to every one who has a garden and can appreciate QUALITY IN SEEDS. Shall we mail You a copy? If so, kindly name this paper and write TO-DAY!

W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO.
Burpee Building, Philadelphia.



**Let Us
Send You
This Free
Book**

"Bonds and How To Buy Them," written by one of the best authorities on investments in this country. It is full of information of the greatest value to every one who wants to invest money safely,

either in small or large amounts. You ought to read it.

**BANKS BUY BONDS
BECAUSE THEY ARE SAFE**

You should be as careful about investing your own money as bankers are in investing their funds. Municipal and Corporation Bonds earning 4 to 6 per cent interest with absolute security of the principal, are safe investments. We own and offer for sale carefully selected, gilt-edged Municipal and Corporation Bonds in denominations of \$100 upwards. Write for our booklet and list of bonds we offer for sale.

OTIS AND HOUGH
INVESTMENT BANKERS
800 Cuyahoga Bldg. CLEVELAND, OHIO

BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS WATER

A natural spring water bottled at the springs. It has been before the public for thirty-five years and is offered upon its record of results accomplished. To those who have tested it there is no need to speak; to those who have not we would like to send medical testimony as to its merits in the treatment of Gout, Rheumatism, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria of Pregnancy, Inflammation of the Bladder and all Uric Acid Troubles. There is no "Tablet" or other concentrated form of this water—it is sold as it flows from the earth only. Like every article of merit, this water is counterfeited. Buy only of dealers who are above suspicion.

Voluminous medical testimony on request. For sale by the general drug and mineral water trade.

BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS WATER CO **BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS, VIRGINIA**

"Well begun is half done."

You add considerably to the value of your tooth cleaning by using

CALVERT'S Carbolic Tooth Powder,

The popular English dentifrice—which gives such a thorough antiseptic cleansing to the entire surface of the teeth that are used, and a bright polish, too, for those that show.

15 cents at your druggists. Sample and Booklet free from
Park & Tilford, F. C. Calvert & Co., Calvert's Depot,
Broadway, Manchester, Dorchester-St.,
NEW YORK. ENGLAND. MONTREAL.

LABLACHE FACE POWDER

THE WOMAN WHO KNOWS

that her good looks—her success in society—depend chiefly on her complexion, uses always that greatest of beautifiers, **Lablache**. It keeps the skin smooth and velvety. Prevents redness, roughness and chaps caused by winter winds, and imparts to its users the appearance of perennial youth. *Refuse substitutes.* They may be dangerous. *Flesh, White, Pink, or Cream, 50c. a box, of druggists or by mail.*

Send 10c. for sample box.

BEN. LEVY CO., French Perfumers
Dept. 19 125 Kingston St., Boston, Mass.



The Berkshire Hills Sanatorium

For the Scientific and Effective Treatment of

CANCER

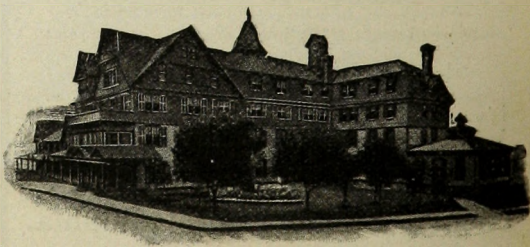
Without Resorting to Surgical Procedure

The only private institution of magnitude in the United States for the exclusive treatment of Cancer and other malignant and benign new growths. Conducted by a physician of standing. Established thirty-two years.

For complete information address

BERKSHIRE HILLS SANATORIUM

North Adams - - - - Massachusetts





Chaps or Chilblains

quickly relieved. Let the children romp outdoors to their hearts' content. Effects of snow and wind on tender skins can be off-set by the application of

VASELINE CAMPHOR ICE

It brings overnight relief to all but the most serious of skin troubles, and is the most effective preparation for rough or irritated skins, cold sores, fever blisters, etc.

Vaseline Camphor Ice is only one of the 12 Vaseline Preparations that together make a complete and safe medicine chest. For each little ailment or accident prevalent in every household, there is a special kind which is best and most effective to use.

Our Free Vaseline Book tells you all about

- | | |
|------------------------|-------------------------|
| Capsicum Vaseline | Pomade Vaseline |
| Pure Vaseline | White Vaseline |
| Carbolated Vaseline | Camphorated Vaseline |
| Mentholated Vaseline | Borated Vaseline |
| Vaseline Oxide of Zinc | Perfumed White Vaseline |
| Vaseline Cold Cream | Vaseline Camphor Ice |

Each one is a necessity. Their everyday usefulness will save you money in doctor's bills, not to mention pains and discomforts.

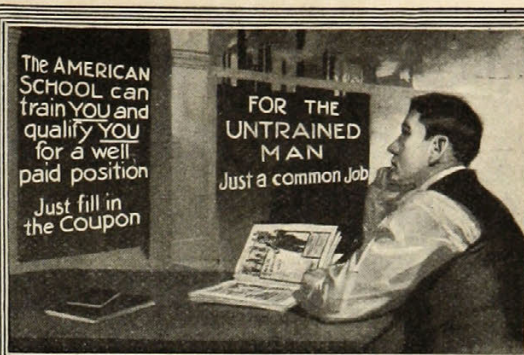
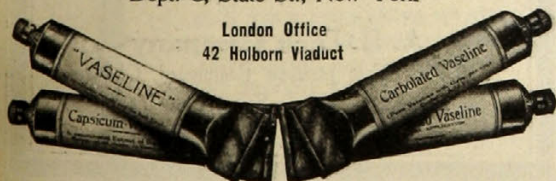
Write for the **FREE BOOK TODAY**

CHESEBROUGH MFG. CO.

Proprietors of Every "Vaseline" Product

Dept. C, State St., New York

London Office
42 Holborn Viaduct



Which Will You Choose?

Will it be "Just a Common Job" at small pay or one of the well paid positions which the American School of Correspondence can train you to fill?

Many poorly paid but ambitious men have over-come greater obstacles than those which confront you—have been trained by the American School to fill a good position at big pay.

It is easy to acquire training. Choose the position you desire to hold by marking and mailing the coupon below. Let us send you a complete solution of your problem.

The American School is the **greatest practical training school** in the world. It will come to you no matter where you live and train you in your spare time—in your own home.

Make your choice today by filling in and mailing the coupon. There is no obligation. The American School sends complete information quietly and promptly by mail—not by an agent to bother you in your home or at your work. We will tell you frankly and honestly just how we can help you. **Mail the free information coupon today.**

American School of Correspondence
CHICAGO, U. S. A.

FREE INFORMATION COUPON

American School of Correspondence:

Please send me your Bulletin and advise me how I can qualify for position marked "X."

- | | |
|----------------------------|---------------------------|
| Book-keeper | Draftsman |
| Stenographer | Architect |
| Accountant | Civil Engineer |
| Cost Accountant | Electrical Engineer |
| Systematizer | Mechanical Engineer |
| Cert'f'd Public Acc't | Sanitary Engineer |
| Auditor | Steam Engineer |
| Business Manager | Fire Insurance Eng'r |
| Commercial Law | College Preparatory |

NAME

ADDRESS

OCCUPATION

McClure's 1-10

Bus.

WHY NOT BUY

6%

Irrigation Bonds

Farson, Son & Co. are the Oldest and Largest Banking House in the United States specializing in Irrigation Bonds. In this connection the intending purchaser should consider the following facts:

- 1—In all our thirty years' experience there has never been a **DEFAULT IN THE INTEREST OR PRINCIPAL PAYMENTS** of bonds of this description sold by us.
- 2—Owing to the long establishment of this house, practically all irrigation projects of the entire country are submitted to us **FIRST**. Our offerings, therefore, contain **ONLY THE BEST OF THESE ISSUES**.
- 3—**WE BUY ALL OUR BONDS OUTRIGHT**
- 4—We are associated with the leading irrigation engineers, and have our own engineering corps, which reports exhaustively upon all offerings before the Bonds are bought by us.
- 5—The recommendation of a house of our character, with facilities and experience, is invaluable to purchasers of these securities.
- 6—We have sold Municipal Irrigation Bonds to Savings Banks, National Banks, Trust Companies, Insurance Companies and Private Investors throughout the country.

We invite your correspondence. Fill out coupon below and mail immediately to

Farson, Son & Co.

Members New York Stock Exchange
Over thirty years' experience

New York Chicago
21 Broad Street First Nat'l Bank Bldg.

DEAR SIR: Please send me Circular 10210,
"Municipal Irrigation Bonds."

Name.....

Address.....

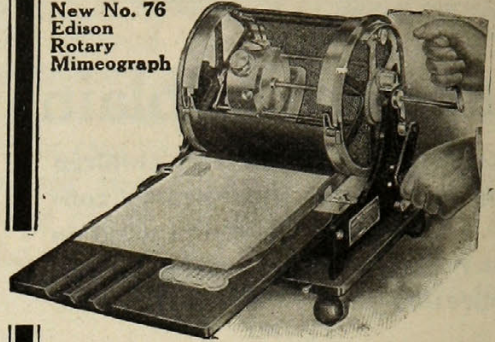
State.....

233

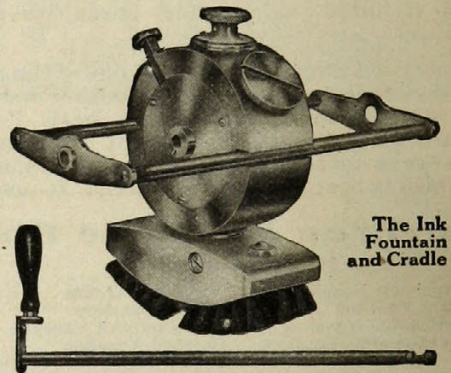
Get a New Mimeograph

with Ink Fountain

New No. 76
Edison
Rotary
Mimeograph



The new **Automatic Fountain** does away with the ink pot and brush. Distributes ink evenly over stencil. Saves time inking up and starting. It means evenly printed work, done in less time. Fountain is locked except when ink is desired.



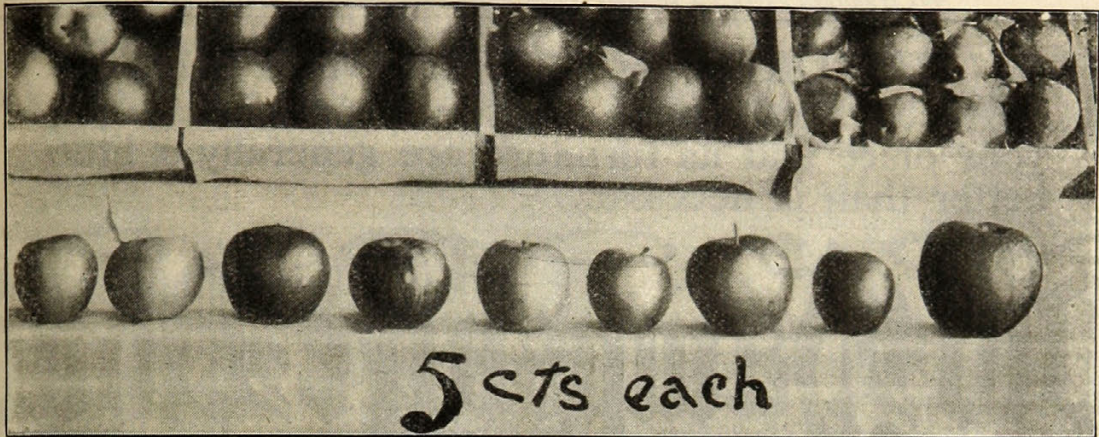
The Ink Fountain and Cradle

Quicker Better Work

This machine contains improvements which place it in a class by itself and make it the simplest, most rapid, practical, economical and best duplicating machine in existence.

Better write us today for further information.

A. B. Dick Company
736-738 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago
Branch: 15 Murray Street, New York

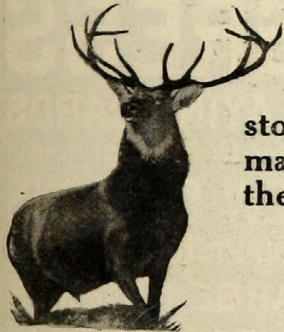


Which Would You Choose?

IF YOU saw a row of apples, every one differing in size, ripeness and color, and all for sale at the same price, wouldn't you choose the best? Why not do the same thing when you buy fire insurance? The cost of insurance is substantially the same in all companies, but what you get for your money varies as much as the apples in this row.

Choose the **Hartford Fire Insurance Company**. For 99 years it has paid every honest loss, big and little. Its reputation is unexcelled. It is the best fire insurance apple of them all, and its policies cost no more than those of inferior quality.

Why not use the same good judgment in buying insurance that you do in buying goods for your store, clothes for your family, or even in such a trivial matter as buying apples from the fruit stand? And the next time you insure,



Insure in the Hartford

Agents Everywhere

An Indication of Character

THE RED DIAMOND SIGN OVER A SHOE STORE MARKS HIGH CHARACTER—BOTH IN THE SHOEMAN, AND IN HIS STOCK. IT MEANS FULL VALUE IN FOOTWEAR.

IT IS YOUR GUARANTEE OF STYLE, FIT AND COMFORT. YOUR ASSURANCE OF GOOD WEAR AND LASTING SHAPE. IN SHORT, IT MEANS THE STETSON SHOE.

THE STETSON SHOE CO., South Weymouth, Mass.

THE RED DIAMOND TRADE MARK



APPEARS ON EVERY STETSON SHOE

THE STANDARD PAPER FOR BUSINESS STATIONERY—"LOOK FOR THE WATER-MARK"

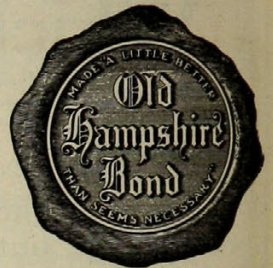
A HUNDRED or a thousand men see your letterhead where one sees your office. Yet, your office and its furniture are generally a little better than is necessary.

Old Hampshire Bond

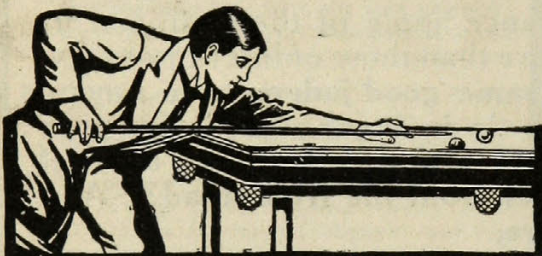
makes a letterhead which suggests your big corner room and your mahogany.

Let us send you the OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND Book of Specimens. It contains suggestive specimens of letterheads and other business forms, printed, lithographed and engraved on the white and fourteen colors of OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND. Write for it on your present letterhead.

Hampshire Paper Company
The only paper makers in the world making bond paper exclusively
South Hadley Falls, Massachusetts



MADE "A LITTLE BETTER THAN SEEMS NECESSARY"—"LOOK FOR THE WATER-MARK"



BURROWES BILLIARD AND POOL TABLES

\$1.00 DOWN

Puts into your home any Table worth from \$6 to \$15. \$2 a month pays balance. Higher priced Tables on correspondingly easy terms. We supply all cues, balls, etc., free.

Become an Expert at Home

The BURROWES HOME BILLIARD AND POOL TABLE is a scientifically built Combination Table, adapted for the most expert play. It may be set on your dining-room or library table, or mounted on legs or stand. When not in use it may be set aside out of the way.

NO RED TAPE—On receipt of first installment we will ship Table. Play on it one week. If unsatisfactory return it, and we will refund money. Write to-day for catalogue.

The E.T. Burrowes Co., 84 Spring St., Portland, Me.

CONGRESS



50 Cents per Pack.

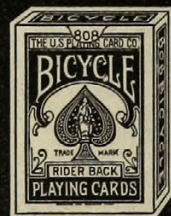
PLAYING CARDS
— Gold Edges. —

NEW DESIGNS

90 Picture Backs

LARGE INDEXES

BICYCLE



PLAYING CARDS

The Most Durable
25c Card Made.

More Sold Than All
Others Combined.

LARGE INDEXES

**OFFICIAL RULES OF CARD GAMES,
HOYLE UP TO DATE.**

SENT FOR 15 c. IN STAMPS, OR 3 SEALS FROM CONGRESS WRAPPERS, OR 6 FLAP ENDS OF BICYCLE CASES
DEPT. 13 THE U.S. PLAYING CARD CO. CINCINNATI, U.S.A.



Patented in United States,
Canada, Great Britain, France,
Germany, Austria and other
Foreign Countries.

"TURN UP THE COLLAR—
THAT'S ALL"

Your Overcoat Collar

Can be changed from the ordinary roll collar into the fashionable and useful military effect, in half an instant—if it is the *Presto*.

The *Presto* collar is a newly discovered tailoring principle, as much a part of the coat as the sleeves—it is beautifully smooth and graceful, turned up for storm and cold; or turned down for mild and sunny winter weather.

The *Presto* Collar is on the best overcoats and raincoats of makers with national reputations. The *Presto* label is on all *Presto* Collar coats. Look for the label and find it before you buy your new overcoat or raincoat.

Ask your clothier for a *Presto* Collar coat. If he hasn't it give us his name and address on a postal and say: "Send the free Prestoscope"—this little device shows by moving pictures just *how* the *Presto* Collar works, and *why* you will like it. Please be sure to give your dealer's name.

THE PRESTO COMPANY

699 Broadway

Desk 8

New York

MARDI GRAS

America's Quaintest Carnival

NEW ORLEANS, FEB. 8, 1910

SOUTHERN PACIFIC

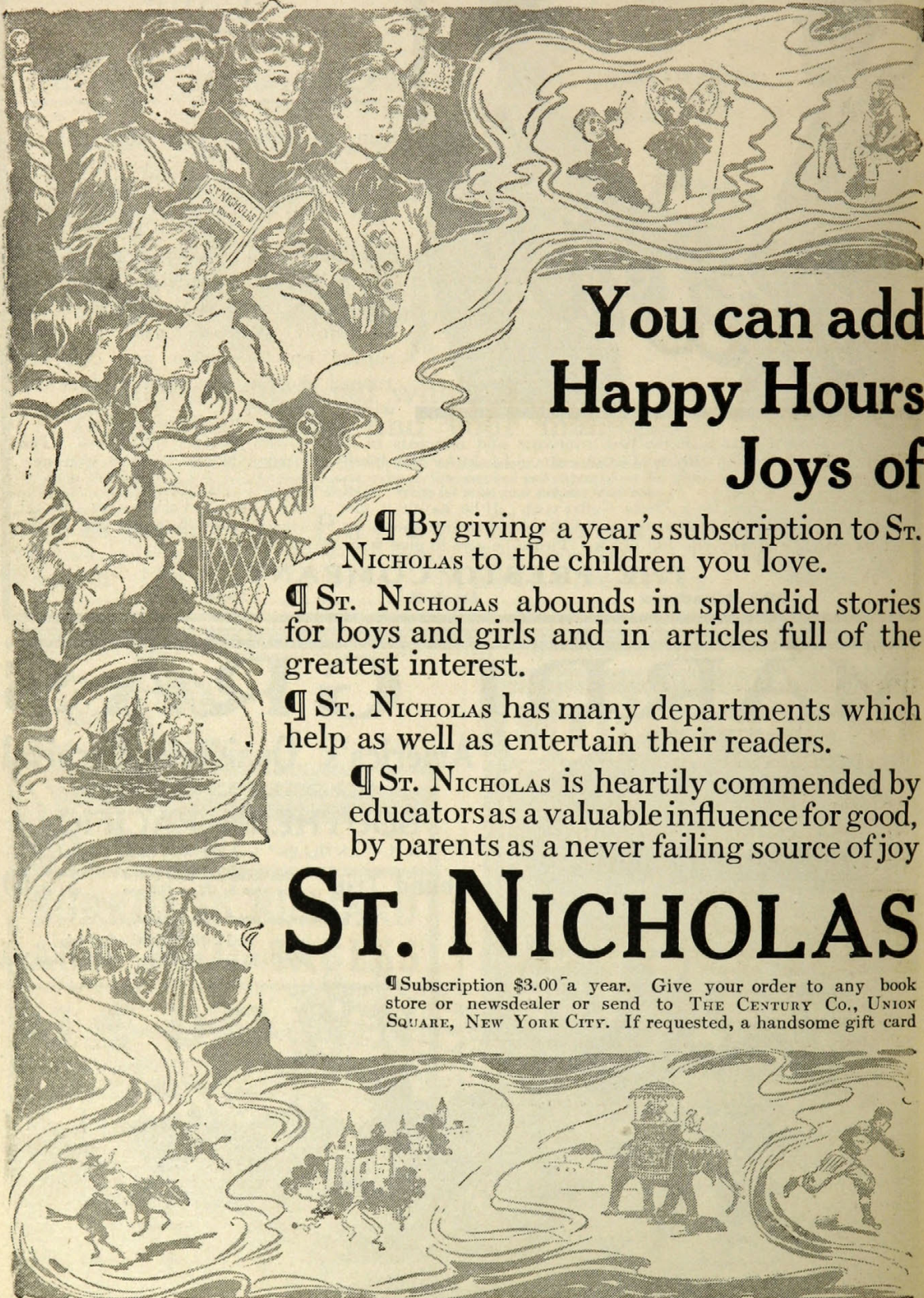
S. S. "ANTILLES" from NEW YORK, Feb. 2d

Round Trip Including two days board on ship in New Orleans **\$75.00**

For stateroom reservations, address,

L. H. NUTTING, G. P. A.,
366-1158 or 1 Broadway, New York





You can add Happy Hours Joys of

¶ By giving a year's subscription to **ST. NICHOLAS** to the children you love.

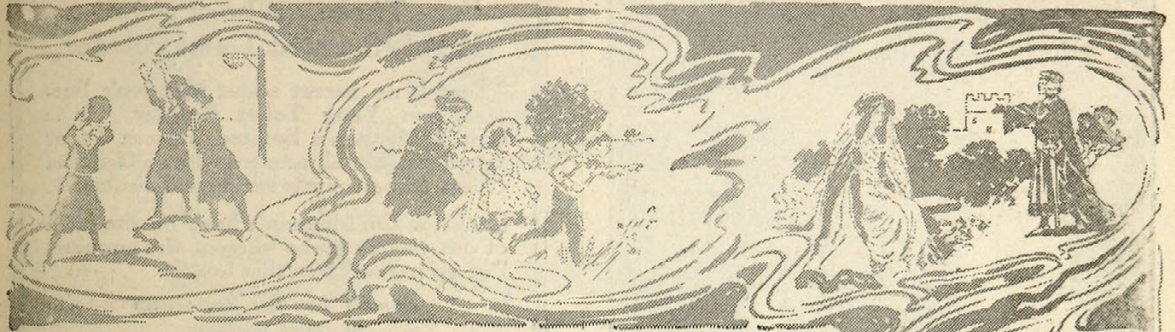
¶ **ST. NICHOLAS** abounds in splendid stories for boys and girls and in articles full of the greatest interest.

¶ **ST. NICHOLAS** has many departments which help as well as entertain their readers.

¶ **ST. NICHOLAS** is heartily commended by educators as a valuable influence for good, by parents as a never failing source of joy

ST. NICHOLAS

¶ Subscription \$3.00 a year. Give your order to any book store or newsdealer or send to **THE CENTURY Co., UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY.** If requested, a handsome gift card



countless to the Wonderful Childhood

¶ Good reading is an essential for good children. It makes them better boys and girls.

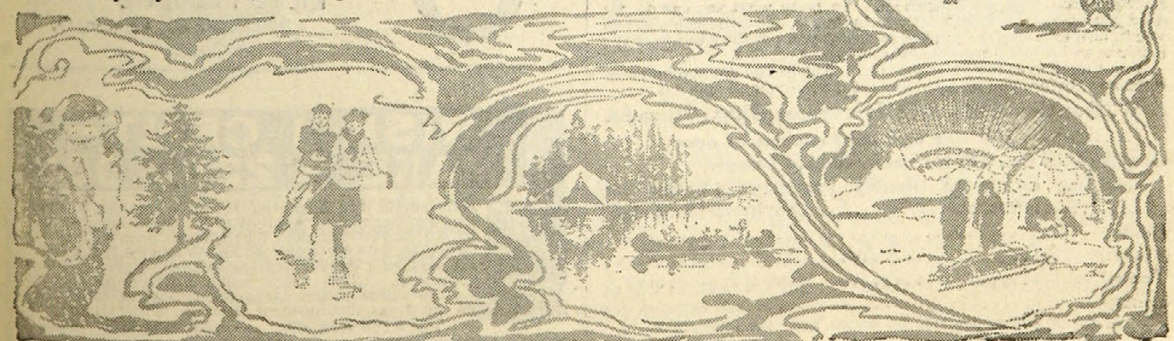
¶ By what they read children may have their lives enriched and ennobled, their tastes made finer, and their appreciations awakened.

¶ By what they read children largely develop their ideals and standards.

and by all its boys and girls as the greatest friend that ever brought happiness into the life of a child.

For Boys^{and} Girls

bearing the name of the donor and of the child will be sent with the first number of the magazine and delivered to the child on any day desired, making a very attractive gift package.





**Madam, You Need Never Sweep nor Dust Again
A Free Demonstration**

of the Duntley Pneumatic Cleaner in your own home will convince you that it will do the work ten times quicker, ten times easier and ten-times better. Rugs and carpets are cleaned on the floor, and the furniture is not disturbed. Think what it will mean to you—day after day—year after year—to have your entire home spotlessly clean and sweet, purged of the disease germs that swarm in the dust—germs of consumption, pneumonia and diphtheria. Not just twice a year, but every day—all the time. And it is so easy to clean house with the Duntley Pneumatic Cleaner. The drudgery and confusion are all gone. There is not enough labor left to tire a child.

And I am willing to prove all this to you at my own expense. I will send you a cleaner for a free demonstration in your home, no matter where you live. You may use it and test it severely. It will speak for itself. I am not afraid to send the Duntley Pneumatic Cleaner a thousand miles away and let it tell its own story. I am willing to do even more. I will rent you a Duntley Pneumatic Cleaner by the month—for as many months as you desire—and when you have decided to buy it outright, all rentals you may have paid will be deducted from the purchase price. I gladly make this offer, because I know the machine is reliable and durable, and that the people who use it on the Rental-Investment basis will wish to own it, for the longer they use it the more they will like it.

Five sizes of electrical Cleaners: \$125, \$115, \$95, \$65, \$49.50. Cost to operate less than 3 cents an hour. Hand-power machine, \$35.00.

Fill out the coupon below, and let me send you our booklet on scientific housecleaning.

**A Business of Your Own with
Duntley
Pneumatic Cleaners
On the Pay-from-Profit Plan**

To those who wish to earn \$5 a day and upwards, by cleaning for others and taking orders for Duntley Cleaners, we offer a fine and permanent arrangement. It enables you to engage in a most profitable business of your own. By this plan you have three separate ways of making money easily and quickly—by cleaning for profit—by renting—and by selling Duntley Cleaners to those who will want to buy after you have done work for them. To prove what you can do, we send you the machine, instruct you in its use, advertise you and put you in business. Before you invest a cent you get the free use of the machine and actually begin making money.

You therefore take no possible risk. Fill in the coupon below—right now, before you forget—and let me tell you all about it.

J. W. Duntley, Pres., 411 Harvester Bldg., Chicago.
..... Cut on this line and mail coupon at once.....
Duntley Mfg. Co., 411 Harvester Bldg., Chicago.

Send me catalog of Duntley Pneumatic Cleaners for household..... pay-from-profit plan.

Name.....
Address.....
Town..... State.....
County.....

Mark X before the use in which you are interested.

**For Those Who Prefer a
Highly Scented Toilet Powder**

There is no secret about Mennen's Borated Sen Yang Toilet Powder. It is simply Mennen's Borated Talcum Toilet Powder delicately scented with an Oriental Odor. Its perfume is lasting and distinctive.

Look for the Mennen's head on the back of the can, to make sure of the genuine. Put up in the "Box that Lox."

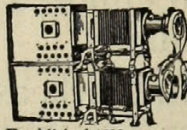
Sample box for 2c. stamp
to cover postage.

Guaranteed by the Gerhard Mennen Company under the Pure Food and Drugs Act, June 30, 1906. Serial 1542.

GERHARD MENNEN CO. Newark, N. J.



**MENNEN'S
BORATED
SEN-YANG
TOILET POWDER**



STEREOPTICONS

With approved equipment for the Lecture Hall, School, Church and Lodge. Views covering all subjects for instruction and amusement. Profits assured in giving public entertainments.

Established 1783

McALLISTER MFG. OPTICIANS, Dept. 10, 49 Nassau St., New York

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE



THE "BEST" LIGHT

Absolutely safe. Makes and burns its own gas. Brilliant 500 candle power light. Casts no shadow. Costs 2 cents per week. No smoke, grease, nor odor. Over 200 styles. Every lamp warranted. Agents wanted. Write for catalog.

THE BEST LIGHT CO.

829 E. 5th St., Canton, O.



**RISK 1 CENT—
MAKE \$ 2200.00!**

Korstad did it in 2 weeks. Hundreds making phenomenal earnings the "Allen Way." Stoneman, \$2,300 in 60 days—Langley, \$115. first day—Reese saw 60 people, sold 55; result, \$320. WE START YOU—Experience don't matter—Credit given. Strange apparatus. Gives every home bathroom for \$6. Energizes water. Cleanses almost automatically. New, exciting business. Risk 1c. (a postal) for proof. **THE ALLEN MFG. CO., 1661 Allen Bldg., Toledo, O.**



Catalogue L will be sent on request

All That The Name Implies

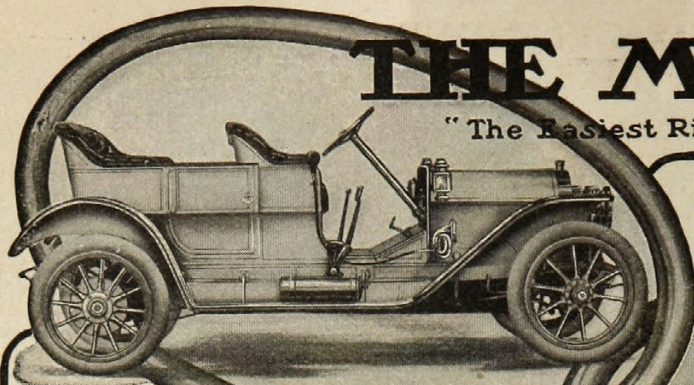
THE PEERLESS MOTOR CAR CO.,

2439 EAST 93RD ST., CLEVELAND, O.

MEMBER ASSOCIATION OF LICENSED AUTOMOBILE MANUFACTURERS
LICENSED UNDER SELDEN PATENT

THE MARMON

"The Easiest Riding Car In The World"



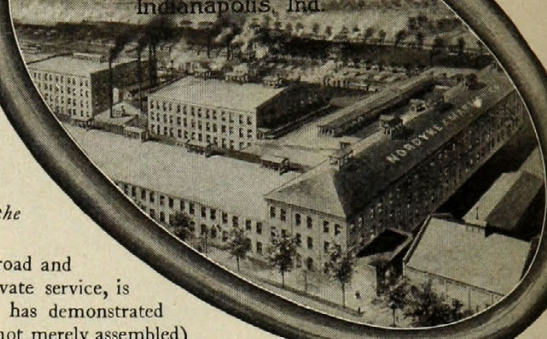
The "Thirty-two," \$2650

32-40 H. P. Weight, 2300 lbs. Complete and highest grade equipment. Option of Suburban (here shown), Touring Car or Roadster.

Manufactured Entirely Here

Nordyke & Marmon Co.

(Estab. 1851)
Indianapolis, Ind.



Off-Proved Stability

Few cars endure the tremendous strain of mile-a-minute speed for any great distance, without stopping.

In the Vanderbilt, the Marmon "Thirty-two" won the Wheatley Hills Trophy, going the 190 miles in 190 minutes, without a stop.

In the Atlanta Races, the Marmon "Thirty-two" won the 120-Mile Race in 109 minutes, without a stop.

The oft-proved stability of Marmon stock cars in long road and track races, Glidden tours, road endurance contests and private service, is vitally important to the careful buyer. The one car which has demonstrated its stability in both races and road contests. Manufactured (not merely assembled) by one of the world's largest and oldest makers of machinery.

FISK

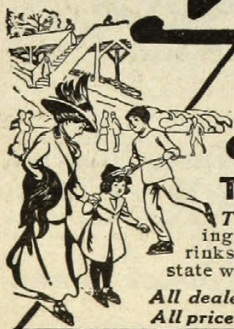
TIRES

are the BEST

The Fisk Rubber Company Chicopee Falls Mass.

WINSLOW'S

Skates



THE BEST ICE AND ROLLER SKATES

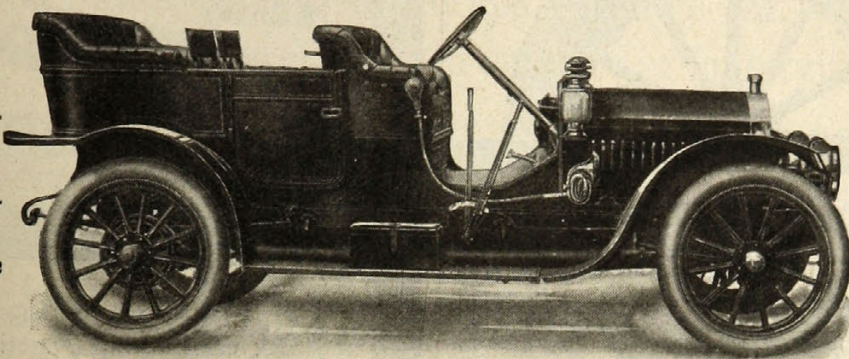
The World's Standard Skate. Backed by over 50 years' experience in skate making, by the largest skate makers in the world. Used by champion skaters and high class rinks everywhere. Please write for our new illustrated catalogues. They are free. Kindly state whether you are interested in ice or roller skates.

All dealers All prices

THE SAMUEL WINSLOW SKATE MFG. CO., Worcester, Mass., U. S. A. 84-86 Chambers St., New York.
8 Long Lane, E. C. London. No. 64 Avenue de la Grande Armee, Paris
Berlin, W. 9. Potsdamer Strasse No. 4.

STUDY THE SIX-CYLINDER—IT WILL LEAD YOU STRAIGHT TO THE

Elmore



Model 46—46 H. P.
Supplied as
4 cyl., 7 pass.
Touring Car
4 cyl., 7 pass.
Limousine

Model 36—36 H. P.
Supplied as
4 cyl., 5 pass.
Touring Car
4 cyl., 4 pass.
Demi-Tonneau
4 cyl. Landaulet
or Doctor's Coupe

MODEL 46—\$2500

Error, once established, is not easily dislodged.

And the dissemination of a truth, when it runs counter to the established order of things, is a slow and arduous process.

The individual, when he investigates, immediately discovers that the principle of the four cycle engine is a mistaken principle.

By natural sequence, he also discovers that the principle of the Elmore valveless two cycle engine is the only correct principle.

Every four cycle manufacturer knows that the four cycle principle is faulty; that continuous power—an absolute necessity to the perfect engine—is possible only to the Elmore valveless two cycle engine.

But he is committed, by the investment of millions, to the four cycle error.

A great army of Elmore owners have grasped the two cycle truth, but this truth is being withheld from thousands because it is contrary to the established order of things.

The universal acceptance of the Elmore valveless two cycle principle is merely being delayed.

The tremendous impetus it has been given in the past five years is being emphasized at this moment from an unexpected source.

Manufacturers of six cylinder cars are filling the public prints with confessions of the inadequacy of the four cylinder, four cycle type.

They justly say that the single cylinder four cycle jerks itself along; and that the four cylinder four cycle differs chiefly in that it has four times as many jerks.

They announce the increase to six cylinders as a cure for the evil—which is tantamount to saying that a man paralyzed in both legs could be made to walk by giving him a pair of artificial legs.

The error of intermittent power is not in the number of cylinders, but in the four cycle principle itself.

And no multiplication of cylinders can cure it; six cylinders as closely approximate absolute continuity of power as any number of cylinders in a four cycle engine can.

No other engine, save the Elmore, can give you continuous power and all that that implies.

Study all the six-cylinder literature you can secure. It points the way toward the great truth of Elmore valveless two cycle superiority.

Or if you would walk straight to the truth itself, secure a demonstration from your Elmore dealer; or write for the literature.

ELMORE MANUFACTURING COMPANY

404 AMANDA STREET

CLYDE, OHIO

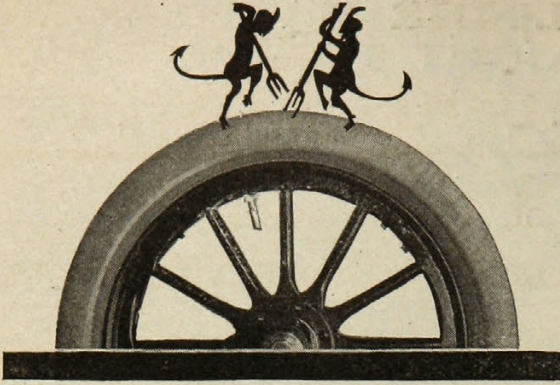
THE
ELMORE
MFG. CO.

404 Amanda Street
Clyde, Ohio

Member Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers.
Licensed under Selden patent No. 549160.

You may send the Elmore literature to

Exhibiting at Madison Square Garden Show, New York, Jan. 8-15.



Impossible To Puncture

that's exactly what our records show. We never had a puncture reported to us. Read how

Standard Tire Protectors

enable you to avoid the

Advanced Tire Prices

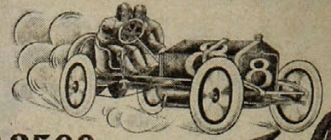
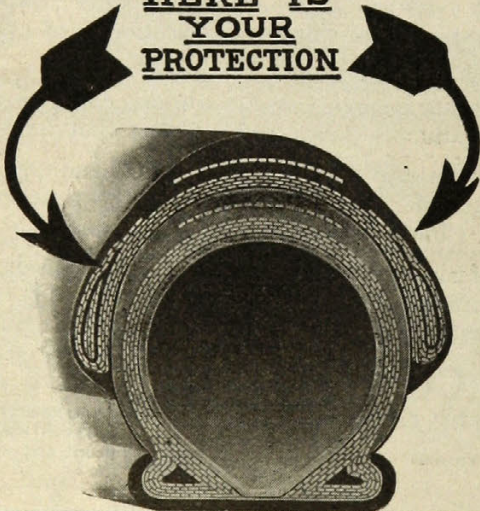
A few months ago all the tire companies advanced prices 15% and very recently another 15% making your tires cost you 30% more than last year. STANDARD TIRE PROTECTORS actually protect you from these extra heavy expenditures, for a set of our protectors on your car will preserve your present tires, thus *eliminating the buying of new tires at the advanced prices.*

Our Prices Will Not Advance. Having long contracts for pure para rubber we are able to continue our present high grade construction at the old prices. Our handsome revised booklet explains how you can save time and money. Send for it today.

Protectors just slip over the tread surface of the tire and the natural inflation holds them firmly and rigidly in place. There are no metal fastenings. Sand or gravel cannot get under. Made for any size or style tire. Our descriptive booklet contains valuable information. Write today.

STANDARD TIRE PROTECTOR CO.
600 S. Water Street SAGINAW, MICH.

**HERE IS
YOUR
PROTECTION**



\$2500

National
"40"

A Record-Breaking Car
A Record-Breaking Price

IT'S the fastest four cylinder stock car built in America—a fact demonstrated in the Atlanta, Indianapolis and other prominent race meets.

It's one of the largest, classiest-looking cars ever built at home or abroad.

It has no superior anywhere in design, in character of materials, or in minute excellence of workmanship.

It sells at \$2,500, yet it makes most high priced cars look small and cheap as it passes them.

Partial Specifications

Motor—Four cylinder, 5x5 11-16 inches vertical, cast in pairs. **Water-cooled**; centrifugal pump. **Clutch**—Self-contained aluminum, cone leather faced, spring cushioned. **Transmission**—Sliding gear, selective type. Three speeds forward and reverse. **Wheel Base**—124 inches. **Drive**—Bevel gear, through propeller shaft. **Oiling**—Crank case, constant level force feed oiler, oiling all working parts of motor. **Ignition**—Two separate complete systems. One a gear-driven, high-tension Bosch magneto. The other a storage battery, single coil and distributor. Each system has a separate set of spark plugs. **Tires**—36x4. **Gasoline Capacity**—20 gallons. **Brakes**—Two systems. Two internal expanding metal to metal hub brakes and two hand brakes on outside of rear wheel drums. **Front Axle**—I-beam steel forging. **Rear Axle**—Compound construction; inner axle used only as a driver. **Body**—Straight line. Carrying capacity, five passengers. **Springs**—Half-elliptic, 40-inch front under frame, 48-inch rear, ¾ scroll elliptic. **PRICE**, \$2,500.

National Sixes

"Fifty"—Six Cylinders, 4½x4¾ - \$4,200
"Sixty"—Six Cylinders, 5x5 - \$5,000

Type of body—Touring, Baby Tonneau or Roadster—optional on all National Cars.

National Motor Vehicle Co.
1012 E. 22d Street, Indianapolis, Ind.

Standard Mfrs. A. M. C. M. A.

See our Exhibit, Grand Central Palace Show,
New York—Opens New Year's Eve.

What is the Merit of Continuous Power?

Continuous Power belongs to the Six-Cylinder car.

Continuous Power is never found in one, two or four-cylinder cars.

These are mechanical facts—facts securely beyond argument, facts so firmly established that no authority doubts them.

Because the Six is the *only* car that does have Continuous Power, it is also the *only* car possessing the *advantages* that result from Continuous Power.

What are these Advantages?

1—A motor operating so smoothly and quietly that *Vibration* and *Noise* are less than in any other car.

2—A motor developing its driving power on a *slower motor speed* than any other type. Hence, the Six can be driven slower on high-gear than can any other car.

3—A motor capable of "*pick-up and getting away*" faster than any other type.

4—A motor whose *range of speed* from slow to fast is great-

er than in any other car. Hence, the Six is greatest of all motors in Flexibility.

5—A motor unequalled in *hill-climbing*, due to the reserve force of Continuous Power.

6—A motor unequalled in *economy* of operation.

7—A car unequalled in economy of *upkeep* (tires included), because Continuous Power eliminates all driving shocks and jerks, and cuts down vibration, thereby reducing wear on parts and tires.

All these advantages belong to the Winton Six, and Winton Six owners enjoy the benefit.

For instance:

Twenty Winton Six cars (see sworn statements of their owners) ran 184,190 miles—more than seven times around the earth—on total upkeep expense of \$142.43.

That averages 77 cents per 1000 miles.

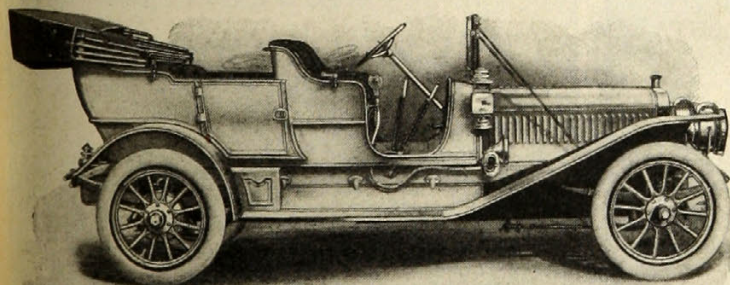
Compare these figures with your own expenses, Mr. Four Owner, and note the difference.

The 1910 Winton Six buyer gets a 48 H. P., six-cylinder motor, four forward speeds, a large-diameter multiple-disc clutch, the liveliest carburetor ever produced, the best magneto on the market, a superb, roomy body, suspended low on semi-elliptical springs, 124-inch wheel-base, and an inswept frame, allowing short turns.

Furthermore, the Winton Six has the only motor that *cranks itself*. Air pressure does it. The simplest, easiest, cleanest and only natural method of starting.

The Winton Six is the best there is, without exception. It has *all the quality* of design, material, workmanship and finish that any car can have, and its price of \$3000 is so much lower than for equal horse-power in other accredited makes that you can buy *gasoline, oil and tires for two years* out of the saving in purchase price.

Our literature is full of facts. Ask for our superb catalog. Clip the coupon and mail it to us today.



WINTON SIX

THE WINTON MOTOR CARRIAGE CO.
Licensed Under Selden Patent.
CLEVELAND, U. S. A.

Branch Houses: Broadway and 70th St., New York; Berkeley and Stanhope Sts., Boston; Broad and Race Sts., Philadelphia; 209 North Liberty St., Baltimore; Baum and Beatty Sts., Pittsburg; 738-740 Woodward Ave., Detroit; Michigan Ave. and 13th St., Chicago; 16-22 Eighth St. N., Minneapolis; 715 East Pine St., Seattle; 300 Van Ness Ave., San Francisco.

THE WINTON MOTOR CARRIAGE CO.
104 Berca Road, Cleveland, Ohio.

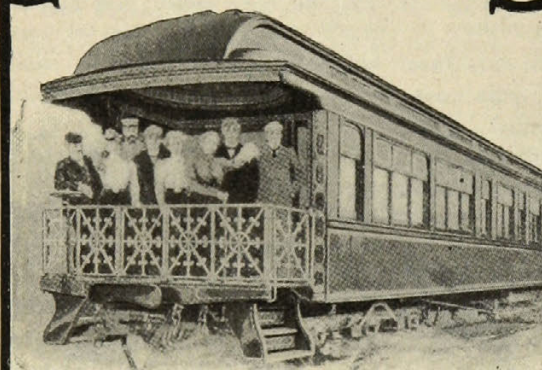
Please send Winton Six literature to

10 YEARS LEADER
Diamond
TIRES

1908 1909 1910

Users Know

OLD MEXICO



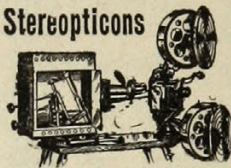
Luxurious PRIVATE PULLMAN TRAINS with DINING and OBSERVATION cars operated on exclusive time schedules (DAYLIGHT TRAVEL EVERYWHERE) reflect and emphasize the comfortableness of modern travel. No other way quite so satisfying—no other country quite so interesting—a wealth of delightful experiences under perfect travel conditions. Trains leave the East FEBRUARY 3d and 24th.

• Write for Booklet •

RAYMOND & WHITCOMB CO.
 NEW YORK, 225 Fifth Ave. BOSTON, 306 Washington St.
 PHILA., 1005 Chestnut Street PITTS., 522 Smithfield Street

MOVING PICTURE MACHINES MAKE BIG MONEY

Stereopticons



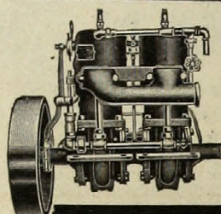
A wonderful opportunity for men with a little money no matter where located to **make big money** entertaining the public. Motion pictures always will pay because they show the public, **life**, funny dramas bubbling over with humor, history, travel, adventure, temperance work and illustrated songs. Almost **no limit** to the profits showing in churches, school houses, lodge halls, theatres, etc., or operating **FIVE CENT THEATRES**. We show you **how to conduct the business**, furnish complete outfit with bills, advertising, posters, etc., so no experience whatever is necessary. We rent films and slides. If you want to make \$15 to \$150 a night send for full particulars. Hundreds of others doing it. You can too. Write today and learn how.

CHICAGO PROJECTING CO., 225 Dearborn St., Dept. Y, Chicago

A NEW FAST TRUSCOTT FAMILY LAUNCH.



22 1/2 FT. SPEED 12 MILES ONE-MAN CONTROL
SPEED, COMFORT and SAFETY COMBINED.
 SEE IT AT NEW YORK, BOSTON AND CHICAGO BRANCHES.
TRUSCOTT BOAT MFG. CO., ST. JOSEPH, MICH.



We have done away with the old-time method of distributing
Tuttle Marine Engines
 and have adopted an up-to-date selling plan which enables us to name the users of gasoline engines a very attractive price. Write for full particulars It will pay you.
D. M. Tuttle Co., 12 State St., Canastota, N.Y.
 Boston Office: 70 Long Wharf.

There are 112 parts of the

Cadillac

“Thirty”

which are accurate to the one-thousandth of an inch

This means that in these 112 parts there is not a variation to exceed one-half the thickness of a hair.

In the assembling of the motors and other essentially accurate parts, the use of files or even emery cloth is not permitted—it is not required.

This is because Cadillac cars are standardized in every detail.

Every part fits exactly in its place. Every part works in perfect harmony with every other part.

It is this thorough standardization that gives the Cadillac that smooth, velvety, noiseless action.

It is this thorough standardization that almost eliminates friction.

It is this thorough standardization that enables the Cadillac motor to develop more power than any motor of its size ever built.

It is this thorough standardization which enables a greater proportion of the motor's power to be delivered to the ground than in any other car the world has ever produced.

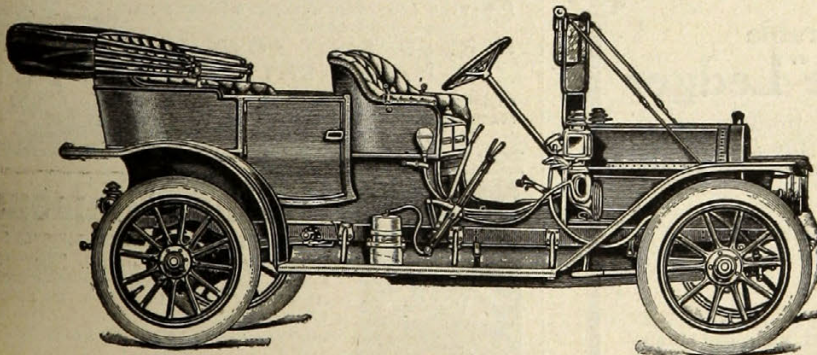
It is this thorough standardization which eliminates the twisting, grinding, racking wear characteristic of the car with illfitting parts and connections.

It is this thorough standardization which has caused the Cadillac to be universally recognized as the most durable and longest lived car ever made.

It is this thorough standardization which has eliminated the causes of many of the most vexatious “automobile troubles.”

It is this thorough standardization that is back of the Cadillac reputation for being the most economical motor car to operate and maintain.

And lastly, there is no motor car, at any price, so thoroughly standardized as is the Cadillac.



Four cylinder
30 horse power
Three speed sliding
gear transmission

\$1600 (F. O. B.
Detroit)

Including the following equipment:—Magnet, four unit coil with dry cells, one pair gas lamps and generator, one pair side oil lamps, one tail lamp, horn, set of tools, pump and tire repair kit, robe rail, tire irons.

Furnished as Touring Car, Demi-Tonneau or Gentleman's Roadster

Cadillac Motor Car Company - - Detroit, Mich.

Member Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers. Licensed under Selden Patent.

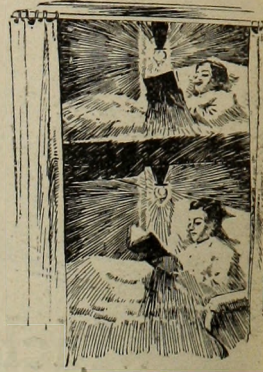
FIVE DAILY TRANSCONTINENTAL TRAINS

All Electric-lighted and Steam Heated

Including solid through service between Chicago and Portland in 72 hours. Through cars in same train between Chicago and Puget Sound. Through daily train between St. Louis and Puget Sound, also. Standard Drawingroom Sleeping Cars, leather upholstered Tourist Sleeping Cars and big, roomy Coaches—all electric-lighted.



Dental Lavatories—a New Convenience



Electric Berth Lamps in Upper and Lower Berths

NORTH COAST LIMITED

Only exclusively first-class all-sleeping-car train to and from the North Pacific Coast. New Drawingroom-Compartment Sleeping Cars with Electric Berth Lamps in upper and lower berths; Dental Lavatories; Observation-Library Car with barber; bath and clothes pressing service. A la carte Dining Cars on all trains for all meals—cuisine famously good.

"SERVICE THAT SETS THE PACE"

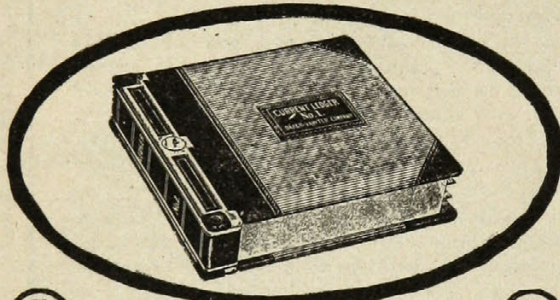
For time table folder, illustrated literature describing route, service, etc., Address

A. M. CLELAND, Gen'l Pass'r Agt., ST. PAUL

"The Scenic Highway Thro' the Land of Fortune"

NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILWAY

YELLOWSTONE PARK SEASON 1910: JUNE 15-SEPTEMBER 15



Incomparable "Best Value" Ledger

This, the perfect product of 15 years' experience, is the *Ledger Par Excellence*, because of its

**Durability
Ease of Operation
Expansion
Beauty**

It is made with a new powerful automatic lock of the best aluminum and steel obtainable. The rubber cushions on corners at locking end are a conspicuous improvement in the art of Ledger making.

Made and Recommended by
"The House of Long Experience"

Baker - Vawter Company
NEW YORK Dept. 32, CHICAGO

LYON & HEALY HARP



is the undisputed Standard of the World. Prices exceedingly reasonable. Catalogue of Lyon & Healy Harps free to anyone interested. Also bargains in Used Harps. Monthly payments may be arranged. **LYON & HEALY, 13 Adams St., Chicago**
(25) Piano and Harp Builders

WORK SHOPS

OF wood and metal workers, without steam power, equipped with **BARNES' FOOT POWER MACHINERY** allow lower bids

on jobs and give greater profit on the work. Machines sent on trial if desired, Catalogue free.

W. F. & JOHN BARNES CO.
200 Ruby Street, Rockford, Ill.



Geisha Diamonds

THE LATEST SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY

Bright, sparkling, beautiful. They are remarkably brilliant and few people besides experts can tell them from the genuine. One twentieth the expense. Sent free with privilege of examination. For particulars, prices, etc., address

THE R. GREGG MFG. & IMPT. CO.
Dept. 12, 517 Jackson Boul. Chicago, Ill.

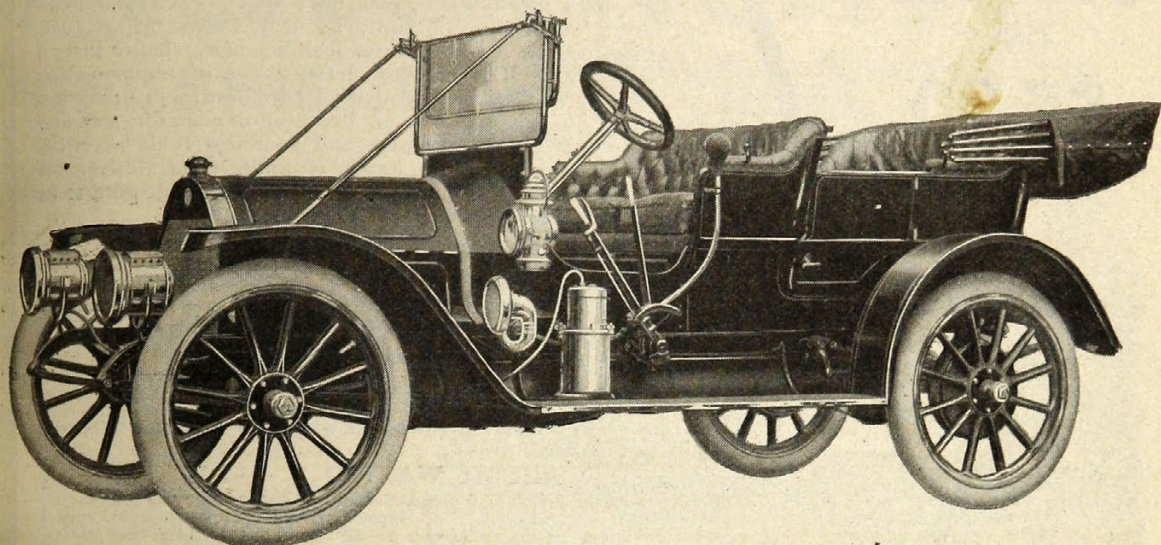


TYPEWRITERS ALL MAKES

All the Standard Machines **SOLD** or **RENTED** ANYWHERE at **40% M.P.P.'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

This is the Reo Four-cylinder Roadster, \$1250—the only car that really won the New York-to-Atlanta reliability contest.



That's what you want to know—which car really proved itself the best?

Twenty-six cars got perfect scores, but you don't want twenty-six cars; you want one car and you want the best *one*.

Here is how the Reo proved itself the best of the thirty-eight cars which competed.

When the contest was over, R M Owen issued a public challenge to all the other perfect-score cars, to submit themselves to an exhaustive and rigid examination, the examiners and judges to be Mr Winthrop E Scarritt, referee of the contest, and the technical committee which checked the cars out at the start. The findings of this committee were to be final and their report made public through the press of the United States.

This committee was to examine every car that finished with a perfect score, charge it with any repairs or replacements that were made en route, or with any that might be necessary to restore each car to perfect condition, and the car which suffered the least penalties under this examination was to be named the real winner of the contest.

What was the result?

A lot of discontent among the challenged cars, but not a single one took up the challenge.

Why? The competitors of the Reo were willing enough to make the run under the rules of the contest—which were fairly easy—because they thought there was a very good chance of getting through, but those who saw how the Reo acted during the run, and how it looked at the end of every day's run, realized that they hadn't a ghost of a show. Therefore, it was announced that no car had accepted the Reo challenge.

Of course, under the rules the Reo was not the only car with a clean score, but every man who has dollars to pay for a car can make up his own mind which car proved itself the best; and every fair-minded American, whatever car he owns, will realize that the confidence of the Reo in issuing this challenge, and lack of confidence of the other cars in not accepting it, are conclusive evidence that the Reo was the real winner of this contest.

The Reo has been built for five years, and all that time (whether 1-cylinder, 2-cylinder or 4-cylinder) it has proved in every endurance contest, and in private use, its get-there-and-back ability. It has entered public contests against cars of all prices up to \$6500, and in every case has been the lowest priced car receiving a perfect score. It has never asked for favors, or allowances on account of price or class, and particularly in this most sweeping challenge it has stated most clearly that it will stand on its own merits without regard to price.

This is no accident or happen-so. It is not dependent upon any particular invention or device, but upon that thorough perfection of material, and workmanship, and design, which is only possible in a car at such a price by taking advantage of all the modern business and factory methods of making and selling.

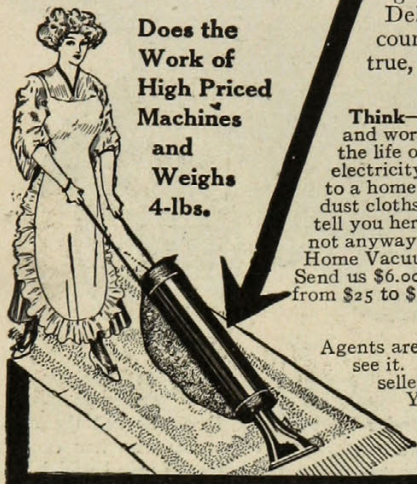
It seems queer to say it—but it is so—there was no car on the run, and there is no car in the world at any price or horse-power which will give the motorist more of what a motorist wants than this \$1250 Reo—unless the motorist wants a great, big, heavy car, with its discomforts on rough roads and very uncomfortable expense bills.



Send for the Reo catalogue, also "Number 31," the story of New York to Atlanta.

R M Owen & Co Lansing Mich Gen'l Sales Ag'ts for the Reo Motor Car Co
Members of the Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers. Licensed under Selden Patent.

HOME
**Vacuum
 Cleaner**
 ONLY
\$6.00



Does the
 Work of
 High Priced
 Machines
 and
 Weighs
 4-lbs.

Cleans, Sweeps, Dusts in One Operation
AIR DOES THE WORK

A Vacuum Cleaner you can pick up and use as easily as a carpet sweeper—a cleaner a child can operate—a cleaner with no expense for power or upkeep of any kind. You can have it. It is here. **It is for everyone for everyone can afford it.** No more back breaking sweeping days—No housecleaning times—no dusting—no drudgery. Just think of it. Cleans carpets, rugs, and matings on floor. Makes them look like new. Better than if taken up and beaten. Raises no dust, hence no dusting required. You just slide the nozzle of Home Vacuum Cleaner over carpets and rugs and the terrific air suction takes up every bit of dust, dirt, grit and germs. Does what days of sweeping and pounding could never do. Delighted women are pouring in letters of praise from all over the country. All are enthusiastic—none dissatisfied. Seems too good to be true, doesn't it? **But it is true—every word.**

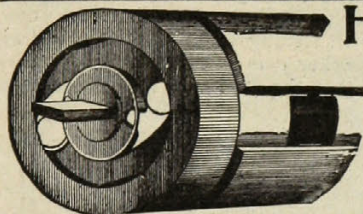
Price \$6.00. Sent Anywhere. Not Sold in Stores

Think—what an insignificant price for such a wonderful invention—how much work and worry it will save—of the time and strength it will save—how it will prolong the life of carpets, rugs and matings. Don't pay \$25, \$50 or \$100—**just \$6.00.** No electricity, no attachments, no tubes or clap traps of any kind. What's \$6.00 compared to a home always clean and neat?—when you can throw away brooms, brushes and dust cloths—when there are no more carpets and rugs to take up and beat? We can't tell you here what a wonderful invention this is. If you could see it you would buy. Why not anyway? You will be delighted—charmed. You take no chance. We guarantee the Home Vacuum Cleaner to be just as represented or your money back. Don't hesitate. Send us \$6.00 today and have the same convenience for which your neighbors have paid from \$25 to \$100. Write your letter now.

AGENTS WANTED

Agents are making enormous profits. Women excited and eager to buy as soon as they see it. No trouble to make sales. John Hensen writes:—"Never handled such a seller. It's immense. So simple, so cheap—all buy and it does the work great." **YOU make money. YOU get these big profits.** Think of the money you can make. Write a card now. Get our liberal proposition. Address

R. ARMSTRONG MFG. CO., 331 Alms Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio



Hartshorn Shade Rollers

Wood Rollers
 Tin Rollers

Bear the script name of
 Stewart Hartshorn on label
 for your protection.
 Get "Improved," no tacks required.

Stewart Hartshorn



\$20.00 A DAY PROFIT

Wonderful Invention!
"Cancheater" Incandescent Kerosene Lamp
 Burns with or without mantle. Ten times brighter than electricity, gas or acetylene at one-tenth the cost. Burner fits all standard lamps. Saves 75% oil. No trimming wicks—no generating. Everybody buys—showing means selling. Agents coin money. Beware of imitations. Write now for exclusive territory. Act quick. Address
CANCHESTER LIGHT CO., Dept. F. CHICAGO, ILL.

ORIENT

**CLARK'S
 TWELFTH
 ANNUAL
 CRUISE
 \$400 UP**

Feb. 5, '10, 73 days, by specially chartered S. S. 3 Cruises Round the World; Tours to Europe.

FRANK C. CLARK, - Times Building, New York

**DIAMONDS ON CREDIT
 WATCHES LOFTIS SYSTEM**

HOLIDAY GIFTS ON EIGHT MONTHS CREDIT

For Holiday Gifts Use the Loftis System. It enables you to make beautiful and valuable presents without the outlay of much money. By giving credit and lowest prices we make \$5 or \$10 do the work that \$50 does in a cash store. A Diamond is the ideal gift for a loved one—it lasts forever and every day reminds the wearer of your regard. Diamonds are a better investment than real estate, banks or stocks. They increase in value 10 to 20 per cent a year. Send for our Holiday Catalog, containing over 1500 illustrations, and in the privacy of your own home select the articles you desire—we will send them to you, all charges prepaid, for your inspection. If you like them, if they are all and more than we claim, pay one-fifth on delivery and balance in eight equal monthly amounts. We guarantee every diamond we sell is a splendid gem—a marvel of brilliancy, purity and color. Not too expensive for the income of salaried people, yet of such beauty as to awaken the admiration of all lovers of Diamonds. Write today. Don't delay.



LOFTIS
 BROS & CO. 1859

Our Great Holiday Special
 WRITE TODAY FOR HOLIDAY CATALOG.
 The Old Reliable Original Diamond and Watch Credit House
 Dept. A-32, 92 to 98 State St., Chicago, Ill.
 BRANCH STORES: Pittsburg, Pa., & St. Louis, Mo.

Write today. Don't delay.

HOLIDAY SPECIAL
 Ladies' and Gentlemen's
 Solitaire Diamond Rings
TERMS: \$10 Down, \$5 a Month

MEZGER Automatic WINDSHIELD

Look for this Automatic device

No Dust
No Goggles
No Wind
No Rattle
Price, \$25.



Keeps Off
Cold Winds

Gives you solid
comfort whatever
season you ride.

Up or down in a jiffy. Don't stop your car

No set-screws to tinker with. You simply lift it up and it locks itself upright. A slight pull with one hand puts it down against the rubber bumpers where it rests—firm, noiseless. It is always ready and always works.

The Mezger Automatic is made of finest polished French plate glass and brass tubing. The glass rests against heavy piano felt inside a bronze channel—free from the vibrating and jolting of the car.

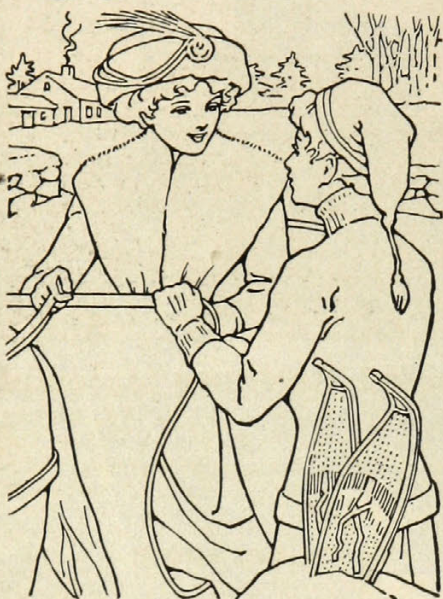
The name Mezger Automatic, is on every Automatic Windshield. 41 inch—\$25; 44-inch—\$27.50—at your dealer's. If he hasn't it, send us the money and we will supply you through him.

Illustrated Descriptive Booklet Mailed on Request

C A Mezger Dept UNITED MANUFACTURERS Broadway and 76th Street New York



WINTER SPORTS



Suggest the Use of CUTICURA Soap and Ointment

For the treatment of winter rashes, eczemas, frost-bites, chappings, chafings, redness and roughness, especially of face and hands, as well as for preserving, purifying and beautifying the skin and hair, and for preventing minor eruptions becoming chronic, Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment have no rivals.

Depots: London, 27, Charterhouse Sq.; Paris, 10, Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin; Australia, R. Towns & Co., Sydney; India, B. K. Paul, Calcutta; China, Hong Kong Drug Co.; Japan, Z. P. Maruya, Ltd.; Tokio; So. Africa, Lennon, Ltd., Cape Town, etc.; U. S. A., Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., 133 Columbus Ave., Boston.
Post-free, 32-page Cuticura Book, a complete Guide to Care and Treatment of Skin and Hair.

"TANKS WITH A REPUTATION"

CALDWELL Tanks and Towers

have twenty-five years' experience behind them. Architects and Engineers recommend them; the Insurance Companies endorse them; our thousands of Customers praise them. Tanks that are tight and durable—Cypress and Steel. Towers that are solid as a rock and last a lifetime.

McCormick Harvesting Machine Co., Chicago, Ill., write us: "The seven 15,000-gallon tanks, together with the towers on which they were erected for us several years ago, were all that we desired them to be. We consider the tanks fine specimens of the coopers' art. No repairs whatever have been required on them. The towers are staunch and have been tested with a seventy-mile gale."

Water Supply Outfits for Factories, Country Homes, Small Towns, etc. Write for Catalogue "D" and delivered prices. Ask for references near you.

W. E. CALDWELL CO.
Louisville, Ky., U.S.A.



Erected for
LIBBY GLASS CO.,
TOLEDO, OHIO.

SEEDS, PLANTS, ROSES,



Bulbs, Vines, Shrubs, etc. Hundreds of car lots of **FRUIT and ORNAMENTAL TREES**. 1200 acres, 50 in hardy **Roses**, none better grown. 44 greenhouses of **Palms, Ferns, Ficus, Geraniums** and other things too numerous to mention. **Seeds, Plants, Bulbs, Roses, Small Trees, etc.**, by mail postpaid. Safe arrival and satisfaction guaranteed. Immense stock of **SUPERB CANNAS**, the queen of bedding plants. 50 choice collections cheap in **Seeds, Plants, Roses, etc.** Elegant 168-page Catalog **FREE**. Send for it today and see what values we give for your money. Direct deal will insure you the best at first cost. 56 years. (4)

THE STORRS & HARRISON CO., Box 23, Painesville, Ohio.

"Once Upon a Time"

If you are interested in advertising I would like to send you this booklet. Address

JOSIAH J. HAZEN

44 East 23d Street,

New York



Government Reports show that STRAWBERRIES

yield more dollars per acre and give quicker returns than any other crop. Our Strawberry text book teaches Kellogg's way to grow big crops of big red berries. IT'S FREE.

FREE BOOK

R. M. KELLOGG CO.
Box 600, Three Rivers, Mich.

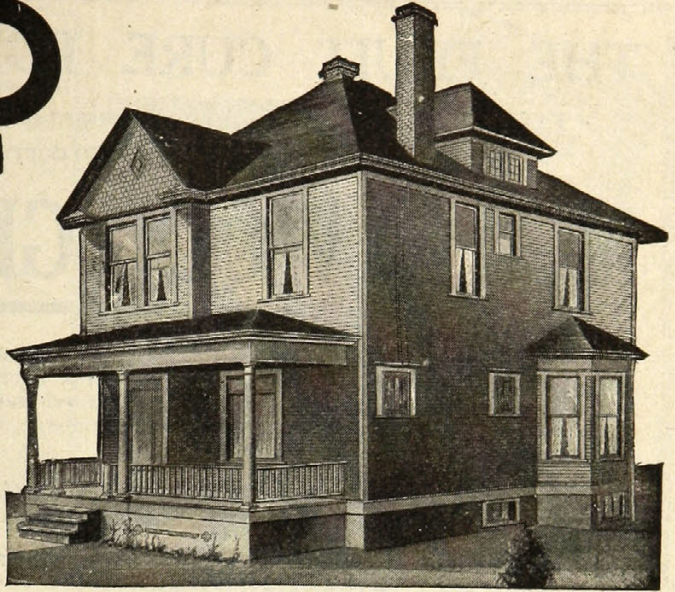
\$790

Buys the Material Needed to Build This Home!

Price Includes Blue Prints; Architect's Specifications; Full Details; Working Plans and Itemized List of Material.

OUR HOUSE DESIGN No. 139

Here is a house that will please the most exacting. It is 29 ft. wide by 29 ft. deep, not including front porch or rear extension. It has eight spacious rooms, bath and large pantry and wash room. The fire-place in the parlor is flanked on either side by casement sash with leaded art glass. Another art glass window is placed in rear of dining room and still another on the stair platform. The rooms are all large, convenient and well lighted. Perfect ventilation throughout. In external appearance it is pleasing and attractive. It is easy to build and easy to sell.



We Save You Big Money on Lumber & Building Material.

The Chicago House Wrecking Co. is the largest concern in the world devoted to the sale of Lumber and Building Material direct to the consumer. No one else can make you an offer like the one shown above. We propose to furnish you everything needed for the construction of this building except Plumbing, Heating and Masonry Material. Write us for exact details of what we furnish. It will be in accordance with our specifications, and gives you the opportunity to save money on your purchase.

How We Operate:

We purchase at Sheriffs' Sales, Receivers' Sales and Manufacturers' Sales, besides owning outright sawmills and lumber yards. If you buy this very same building material elsewhere it will surely cost you a great deal more money. By our "direct to you" methods we eliminate several middlemen's profits. We can prove this to you.

What Our Stock Consists of:

We have everything needed in Building Material for a building of any sort. Lumber, Sash, Doors, Millwork, Structural Iron, Steel and Prepared Roofing. We also have Machinery, Hardware, Furniture, Household Goods, Office Fixtures, Wire Fencing—in fact, anything required to build or equip. Everything for the Home, the Office, the Factory or the Field. Send us your carpenter's or contractor's bill for our low estimate. We will prove our ability to save you money. WRITE US TODAY, giving us a complete list of everything you need.

Our Guarantee.

This company has a capital stock and surplus of over \$1,000,000.00. We guarantee absolute satisfaction in every detail. If you buy any material from us not as represented, we will take it back at our freight expense and return your money. We recognize the virtue of a satisfied customer. We will in every instance "Make Good." Thousands of satisfied customers prove this. We refer you to any bank or banker anywhere. Look us up in the Mercantile Agencies. Ask any Express Company. Our responsibility is unquestioned.

Free Book of Plans.

We publish a handsome, illustrated book containing designs of cottages, Bungalows, Barns, Houses, etc. We can furnish the material complete for any of these designs. This book is mailed free to those who correctly fill in the coupon below. Even if you have no immediate intention of building, we advise that you obtain a copy of our FREE BOOK OF PLANS. It's a valuable book.

\$2.00 Buys a Complete Set of Blue Prints, Plans, Specifications and List of Materials.

We send you a set of plans for the house described above, including the necessary specifications and complete list of materials, transportation charges prepaid, for the low price of \$2.00. This is only a deposit, a guarantee of good faith, and the proposition to you is that after receiving these blue prints, specifications and list of materials, if you place an order with us for complete bill of materials, we will credit your account in full for the \$2.00 received, or we will allow you to return these plans, specifications and list of materials to us and we will refund \$1.50, thereby making the total cost to you 50 cents.

Free Publications.

Fill in the coupon to the right and we will send you such literature as best suits your needs. We publish a 500-page mammoth catalog fully illustrated, giving our business history and showing all the vast lines of merchandise that we have for sale. We buy our goods at Sheriffs', Receivers' and Manufacturers' Sales. Ask for catalog No. 910. Our free "Book of Plans" is described elsewhere in this advertisement.

Chicago House Wrecking Co.

35th and Iron Streets, Chicago

SEND US THIS COUPON

CHICAGO HOUSE WRECKING COMPANY

I saw your advertisement in McClure's Magazine. I am interested in

.....

Name.....

Town.....

County.....State.....

THE FRUIT CURE FOR RHEUMATISM

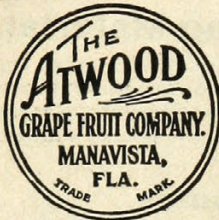
THE OLD "CURE" for rheumatism is some unpalatable compound, "well shaken before taken," given to correct an unduly acid condition.

THE NEW CURE IS **ATWOOD GRAPE FRUIT**

No new principle is involved in this fruit cure. It has been demonstrated by physicians and sufferers from rheumatism that the citric acid of this delicious Florida product accomplishes in the most delightful and natural way what the bottle method too often fails in doing. Says the Bureau of Chemistry of the Department of Agriculture, in speaking of citric acid:

"It combines with certain bases and the resulting combinations in turn are transformed into carbonates, thus rendering an unduly acid urine alkaline."

Thus nature has responded to the world-wide cry for relief from a distressing malady by appealing to the palate in a most seductive way.



ATWOOD GRAPE FRUIT

Is the thin-skinned kind that is filled with juice and has the genuine grape fruit flavor.

Standard Box of 54, 64 or 80, according to size, Six Dollars
Buy of your Dealer. We do not fill retail orders.

THE ATWOOD GRAPE FRUIT COMPANY

Kimball C. Atwood, President

290 Broadway, New York

SAVE MAGAZINE MONEY

Any magazine, periodical, combination or club, at lowest prices—much lower maybe than you believe possible.

Our Large Catalogue FREE

Contains a list of about 3,000 periodicals at lowest prices, tells how our system saves you subscription money, and includes much valuable information that all magazine readers should have.

Our 44-Page Catalogue containing all subscription offers, is sure to interest you. A postal card brings it to your door.

BETTER WRITE TO-DAY

BENNETT'S SUBSCRIPTION AGENCY

171 RANDOLPH ST. — CHICAGO, ILL.



"Just Like Candy"
children say of

COLGATE'S
RIBBON
DENTAL CREAM

"Not Like Candy"
mothers say

because there is not a particle of sugar in it. Your children will delight in its flavor and use it freely, while their teeth will soon prove its wonderful efficiency as a cleanser and preservative.

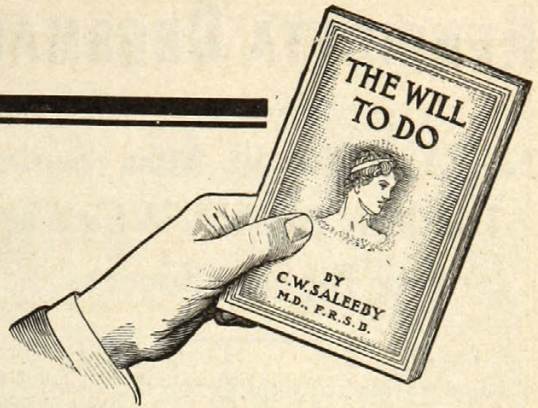
**COMES OUT A RIBBON
LIES FLAT ON THE BRUSH**

Delicious—Antiseptic

42 in. of cream in Trial Tube
Sent for 4 cents in stamps

COLGATE & CO.

Dept. G, 55 John Street, New York



**Let Us Send You
Dr. C. W. Saleeby's Book FREE**

We want you to read this latest book by the noted physician-author, Dr. C. W. Saleeby. In it he makes many new and interesting statements about your nervous system that are surprising. How it controls your success—your health—and that without nervous activity you would be but a "locomotive vegetable." He also tells some mighty interesting things about

Sanatogen
THE FOOD-TONIC

He tells you that Sanatogen is composed of Albumen, the nutritive part of Nature's only true food—milk, and Sodium Glycero-phosphate, the great brain and nerve builder. He tells how Sanatogen builds up the worn-down body—revitalizes the overworked nervous system—restores one to general healthy body and brain activity.

In it he has lost none of his noted interesting style and it is sure to prove a profitable as well as a pleasing half hour's reading.

We will gladly send you a copy with our compliments upon request. Fill in the coupon now.

*Get Sanatogen from your druggist—
if not obtainable from him, write*

THE BAUER CHEMICAL COMPANY
17th Street and 4th Avenue New York

GENTLEMEN:—Please send me a free copy of Dr. C. W. Saleeby's "The Will To Do."

Name
Address
Druggist
Address

HENRIETTA CROSMAN

No One Should Miss Seeing
Her Play SHAM, Which is
Her Biggest Success

In these days of exaggerated press stories about our theaters, one scarcely knows what to believe.

But somehow the public has a way of discriminating and picking its entertainment. An almost universal selection of Sham as the best comedy in years and the best and most entertaining play Henrietta Crosman ever had is not surprising.



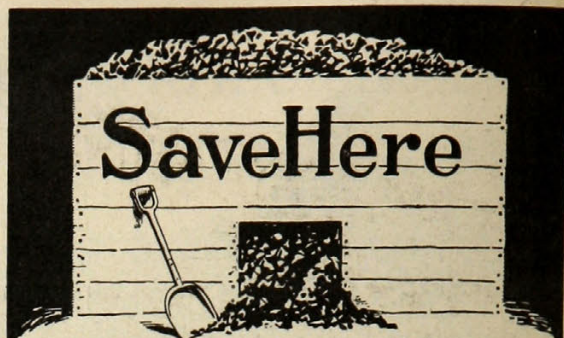
Six months in New York last year, and six weeks in Chicago this fall, proved the popularity of Sham.

This play cannot be too highly recommended. Everybody ought to see it.

It is seldom enough that great praise can be given a play deservingly, but Sham deserves all the good that has been said of it.

It has been delightfully produced and the cast is so far above the average we see today that there is no comparison. In this one thing alone, Miss Crosman shows her wisdom for she has on tour with her the same cast that appeared with her in the runs both in New York and Chicago.

But then, Miss Crosman is one of the few of our players who can afford to have a competent cast surrounding her, for no matter how brilliant her support may be, it cannot outshine her.



Fuel is a big item in running a building. How to keep warm at the least expense is the problem. We have been making Fresh, Warm Air Heaters—Hot Water and Steam Boilers for years.

Richardson & Boynton Co.'s Heating Apparatus

is the most economical and efficient on the market. Richardson & Boynton Co.'s Boilers and Heaters last as long as the house and never fail to give satisfaction.

If you would know why Richardson & Boynton Co.'s Heaters give three times more heat at less fuel expense than any other, write for our latest book—"Truth About Heating." We send it free on request.

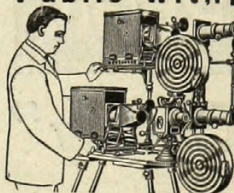
Richardson & Boynton Co.

ESTABLISHED 1837

Manufacturers of Heating Apparatus

New York Chicago Boston


IT PAYS BIG To Amuse The Public With Motion Pictures



NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY as our instruction Book and "Business Guide" tells all. We furnish Complete Outfit with Big Advertising Posters, etc. Humorous dramas brimful of fun, travel, history, religion, temperance work and songs illustrated. One man can do it. Astonishing Opportunity in any locality for a man with a little money to show in churches, school houses, lodge halls, theaters, etc. and to operate **Five Cent Theatres** in store rooms. Motion Picture Films and Song Slides rented. Profits \$10 to over \$100 per night. Others do it, why not you? It's easy; write to us, we'll tell you how. Catalog free.

AMUSEMENT SUPPLY CO., 826 Illinois Bank Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

GRAY MOTORS



6 HORSE POWER COMPLETE \$ **89.50** IMMEDIATE DELIVERY.

1, 2 & 3 Cylinders, 3 to 30 Horse Power

Price—\$60 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 Leih St., Detroit, Mich.

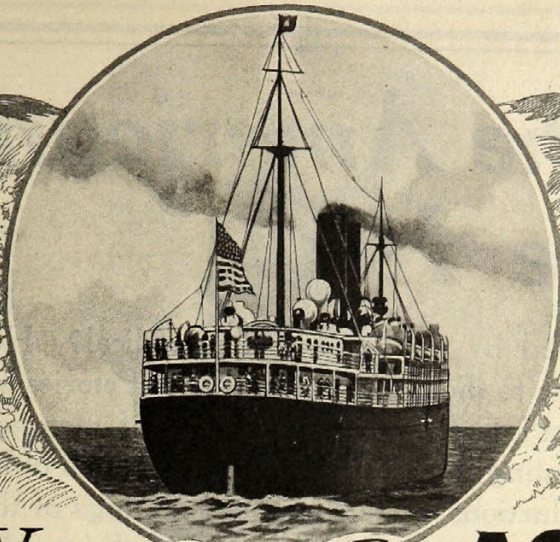
WORLD'S ELECTRICAL EXHIBITION JANUARY 15 TO 29 1910

Arrange to visit Chicago at this time and see **everything** new and wonderful in the field of Electrical Science, Invention and Industry. Manufacturers should reserve space now. ELECTRICAL TRADES EXPOSITION CO., Chicago, U.S.A.



PRINT Your Own

Cards, circulars, book, newspaper. Press \$5. Larger \$18. Rotary \$60. Save money. Print for others, big profit. All easy, rules sent. Write factory for press catalog, TYPE, paper, etc. THE PRESS CO., Meriden, Conn.



Bon Voyage to **AGWI**

Thousands of people this winter will enjoy in **AGWI** (the American Mediterranean) the pleasures of Spain, France, Egypt, Italy and Capri—closer home and at less cost. This country is reached by the palatial steamships of the Atlantic, Gulf & West Indies Steamship Lines

CLYDE LINE FLORIDA

(Jacksonville and East Coast resorts, St. Johns River); **THE CAROLINAS** and **GEORGIA** (through Charleston, S. C.); **SAN DOMINGO** (cruises to and around the island).

MALLORY LINE TEXAS

(Galveston, San Antonio, Brownsville, El Paso); **ARIZONA** (Grand Canyon); **NEW MEXICO**, **CALIFORNIA** and **PACIFIC COAST**; **FLORIDA** (via Key West for Miami and Palm Beach; via TAMPA for St. Petersburg, Sarasota and Gulf Coast Points); **MOBILE** (for New Orleans).

PORTO RICO LINE

PORTO RICO (San Juan, Ponce, Mayaguez), Uncle Sam's new West Indian possession. Cruises to and around the island.

WARD LINE CUBA

(Havana, Santiago, Cienfuegos, etc.); **BAHAMAS** (Nassau); **MEXICO** (Vera Cruz and Tampico, connections for Mexico City and all interior points); **YUCATAN**, the Egypt of America (Progreso, connections for Merida and the celebrated Mayan Ruins).

All Steamships Equipped with Wireless

CIRCLE TOURS BY RAIL AND WATER from and back to your home city with liberal stop-over privileges

WRITE OUR TOUR BUREAU—WE WILL PLAN YOUR TRIP

Tell us how many are in your party, and the length of time and amount of money you contemplate spending. We will gladly propose a few trips for your consideration by both rail and water, giving you complete itineraries, including cost of tickets, meals and berths, what you can see, length of trips, folder and copies of the AGWI News. Address any of the following Tour Bureau representatives: Geo. O. Sheldon, 192 Washington St., Boston, Mass.; S. A. Monteith, 629 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.; H. G. Wenzel, 290 Broadway, New York.

CLYDE LINE
Pier 36, North River
New York

MALLORY LINE
Pier 36, North River
New York

PORTO RICO LINE
12 Broadway
New York

WARD LINE
Pier 14, East River
New York

Does the American Home Realize How

it is being served by the American periodical? How every month there is brought to the library table the best stories by the best story tellers, the most interesting achievements of men and women who are doing interesting things, the finest illustrations of living artists and the best reproductions of the famous paintings of the past? It is a simple fact to say that the modern magazine brings the home into the mighty sweep of progress, keeping it in touch with all the movements and forces of the time, with the fiction and art and letters of the world, with scientific discoveries in all fields, with political discussion from the standpoint of courageous independence—indeed, what is there of wholesome human interest that is not, soon or late, borne on its pages? And all is borne on pages that are kept so scrupulously clean that there is never even thought of censorship before they go direct to family reading.

Many Millions of These Magazines

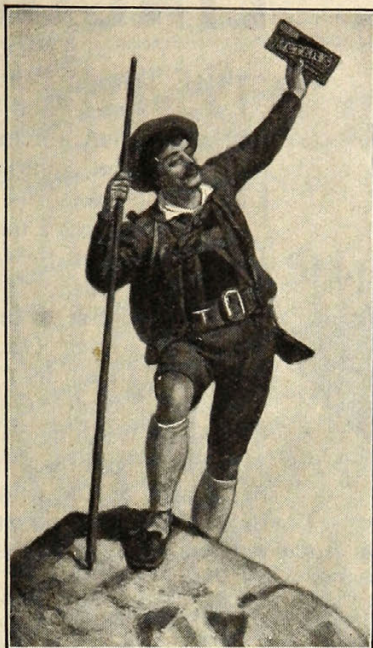
go into homes every month where they are read with deep appreciation of their quality and interest and character. The best way of being sure of these periodicals is to subscribe for them by the year.

<i>A Year</i>		<i>A Year</i>		<i>A Year</i>	
The American Magazine ..	\$1.50	Good Housekeeping, until		Motor	\$3.00
Country Life in America ..	\$4.00	February 1, 1910.....	\$1.00	Motor Boating.....	\$1.00
Cosmopolitan.....	\$1.00	Hampton's Magazine.....	\$1.50	New Idea Woman's Maga-	
Current Literature.....	\$3.00	Harper's Bazaar	\$1.25	zine.....	.50
Delineator.....	\$1.00	Harper's Monthly.....	\$4.00	Review of Reviews.....	\$3.00
Designer.....	.75	Harper's Weekly	\$4.00	Short Stories.....	\$1.50
Everybody's Magazine	\$1.50	Judge.....	\$5.00	Sis Hopkins.....	\$1.00
Garden Magazine—Farming,		Judge's Quarterly.....	\$1.00	Suburban Life	\$3.00
until February 1, 1910.....	\$1.00	Leslie's Weekly.....	\$5.00	Woman's Home Companion	\$1.50
		McClure's Magazine.....	\$1.50	The World's Work.....	\$3.00

May we ask if your home is on the list of these great periodicals? You can order any or all of these periodicals direct from us at the regular subscription rates—and we have a catalogue we shall be glad to send you, showing how savings can be made by ordering magazines in various groups.

S. S. McCLURE COMPANY, NEW YORK

1909
Nothing
Better
in the
Old
Year



1910
Nothing
Better
for the
New
Year

"High as the Alps in Quality"

PETER'S

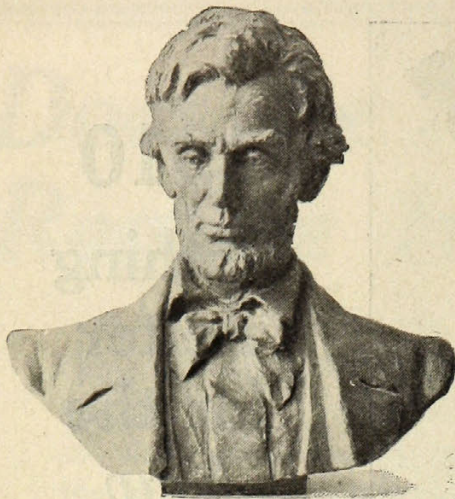
The Original Milk
Chocolate

Composed solely of the finest chocolate and pure, fresh cream-laden milk

The best of all confectionery is chocolate

The best of all chocolate is
Peter's Milk Chocolate

LAMONT, CORLISS & CO., Sole Agents, 78 Hudson Street, New York



Dimensions: Height, 21 inches; width, 21 inches.

LINCOLN BUST

SPECIAL PRICE

THE Lincoln Centenary (February 12, 1909) has aroused a new interest in everything pertaining to Abraham Lincoln and has awakened throughout the country a desire for some permanent and suitable memorial of that great statesman.

We offer such a memorial in this splendid bust of Lincoln by one of the best known American sculptors, Miss Clara Hill.

The original was made in Paris in collaboration with Augustus St. Gaudens, the creator of the great statue of Lincoln in Chicago, on a commission from the United States Government. It is now in the Capitol at Washington.

The original has never before been copied except by Tiffany & Co., who selected it for reproduction in bronze in preference to all other busts of Lincoln.

A special arrangement has been made with the United States Government by which the bust can be reproduced for the schools of America. This reproduction is made by a new method, greatly reducing the cost. The bust is cast solid in plastic cement and by electrolysis covered with a heavy shell of real bronze. The result is a bust as permanent and durable as marble and as artistic as bronze.

In order that as many as possible may avail themselves of this opportunity to secure it for the Lincoln Anniversary the bust will be sold at a special rate to any school or public institution ordering before February 12, 1910. To those so ordering the price will be \$40.00 cash f. o. b. New York. To all others the price is \$60.00.

Photograph and further information on application.

S. S. McCLURE CO. :: :: 44 East 23d Street, New York

Portable Vacuum Cleaner

"BEST BY EVERY TEST"

The THURMAN PORTABLE ELECTRIC
Cleans everything in the home.

YOU NEED IT NOW

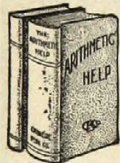


Made by the pioneer manufacturer of all kinds of vacuum cleaning machines, including Portable Wagon, Stationary Plants, and Hand Power Machines.

We are the oldest and largest Company of its kind in the world. Write for particulars.

GENERAL COMPRESSED AIR & VACUUM MACHINERY CO.
Dept. 108 519 No. Taylor Ave., St. Louis, U. S. A.

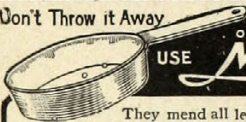
Arithmetic Made Easy



for anyone with a set of Arithmetic Help. Any and all examples and problems in arithmetic, from the easiest to the hardest, are worked out and explained so anyone can understand. For the student or business man. Easy and simple. 2 volumes; 630 pages; over 200 illustrations and color plates; bound in red silk cloth. Most complete ever published. \$2 will bring a set prepaid anywhere. Send for a set. If not pleased return at our expense and get your money back. Order today.

Standard Sales Co., 25 Fifth Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Don't Throw it Away



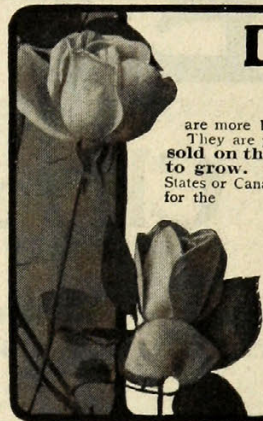
Does Your Granite Dish
or Hot Water Bag Leak?

USE **MENDETS**
A PATENT PATCH

They mend all leaks in all utensils tin, brass, copper, graniteware, hot water bags, etc. No solder, cement or rivet. Any one can use them; fit any surface; three million in use. Send for sample package, 10 cents. Complete package assorted sizes, 25 cents postpaid. Agents wanted
COLLETTE MFG. CO., BOX 154, AMSTERDAM, N. Y.

Chiclets

REALLY DELIGHTFUL



DINGEE Roses

are more beautiful and varied than ever before. They are positively the best grown. Always sold on their own roots and warranted to grow. Plants sent to any point in United States or Canada. Safe arrival guaranteed. Write for the

"Dingee Guide to Rose Culture"
for 1910—the leading rose catalogue of America. 120 pages. Mailed free. Describes over 1,000 varieties. Tells how to grow them and all other desirable flowers. We also sell the best flower and vegetable seeds. Established 1850. 70 greenhouses. Large acreage of the finest rose land in the country.

The Dingee & Conard Co.
Box 15, West Grove, Pa.

WHERE TO GO! THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS } \$375.00 AND NEW ZEALAND

For rest, recreation and pleasure nothing compares with a tour to these tropic isles. The superb climate of New Zealand, together with its world wonders of Hot Lakes, make a combination hard to equal. Sailings Dec. 28, Feb. 2, Mar. 10, etc. **Wellington round trip \$260.00, 1st class. South Sea Islands** including New Zealand and Hawaii, three months' trip, \$375.00. **Honolulu and back \$110.00.** Sailings Jan. 1, Jan. 22, Feb. 12, etc. Write for folder to

OCEANIC STEAMSHIP CO., 673 Market St., San Francisco.

FINE VIOLIN CATALOG

To anyone in the market for a violin, we will send our beautiful catalog. It quotes the lowest prices on old and new violins of fine tone. Send for a copy and study the subject before buying.

Lyon & Healy
26 Adams Street
Chicago

(13)

The Liliputian Bazaar

Best & Co.

60-62 West 23d St., New York

An Expert Children's Shopper At Your Service

Expert shoppers—women trained to buy goods for others—
are well paid in New York.

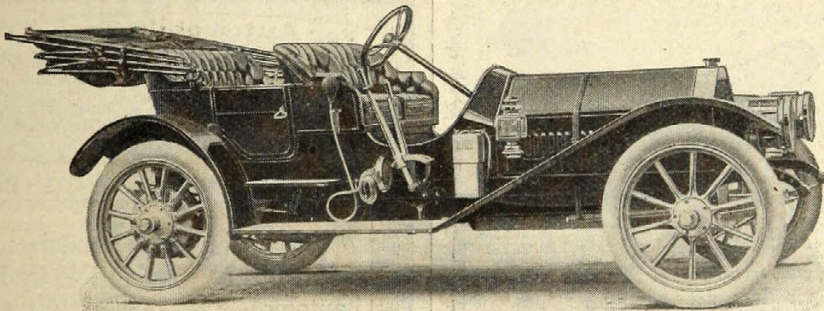
They are said to have raised Shopping to an Art.

Some have become adepts in Shopping for Children only—
chiefly, of course, things to wear for babies, lads and misses.

YOU can have the services of one considered among the best in this
line, and entirely without expense to you, if you will only say the word.

It is all very simple, and fully told in BEST & CO.'s New
Catalogue, which will be mailed at your request. Note illus-
trations and descriptions of this season's modes, follow
instructions as to ordering and remittance—and if not satis-
fied with the result, your money will be returned. In no case do
you run any risk—and the Catalogue is worth having, anyway.

Address Department 5. 60-62 West 23d St. - - - - - New York



The Glide Scout, 40 x 4-inch tires, 45-H. P., Price, \$2500
Special 45 Roadster, 36 x 4-inch tires, 45-H. P., \$2400
Special 45 Touring Car, 36 x 4½-inch tires, \$2500

Forget Price

IT'S no longer even *fashionable* to pay more for
an automobile than it's worth. Take the four
highest-priced cars that suggest themselves
to you. Then put the Glide up against these cars.
Forgive it nothing. Concede it no point it doesn't
prove. Forget price and just compare. Where-
ever Glide Special 45's have not a *better* con-
struction, they've the *self-same* features found
in the highest-priced cars.

- The same type Motor—a *better* oiling system—constant level, self-contained; automatic. Same Eisemann Magneto.
- A Multiple Disc Clutch—more *gripping surface*—takes hold and lets go easier—in a *bath of oil*.
- One Universal Joint—not 3 or 4. It's between motor and transmission—receives and transmits *only first* power of the engine. In an oil-tight, dust-proof, metal housing.
- Extra big and efficient Brakes—with equalizing bars.

The same Timken roller bearings. The same wheels—
front and back wheels equal size—you don't need to carry
two tires.
Double ignition—8 spark plugs, two separate sets.
This year's body lines are handsomer than ever; weight
reduced; extra big steering wheel of Circassian walnut;
frame is lower; road clearance the same—and a dozen
other *real* improvements.

We will send the new Glide catalogue on request. Mail
this coupon.

The Bartholomew Company
607 Glide St., Peoria, Illinois

Kindly mail your 1910 Glide Automobile Catalogue to

Name.....

Town.....State.....

Test Your Mouth for Acid

Test Papers and Trial Tube of Pebeco Sent Free

"Acid-mouth" is the condition which always causes tooth decay—therefore, to preserve your teeth, keep your mouth alkaline (anti-acid), which can easily be done by the regular use of



A Test Paper moistened on the tongue will dry out a pinkish color if the mouth is acid.



PEBECO

TOOTH PASTE

 Exact
Size
Free
Trial
Tube

the dentifrice that corrects acidity immediately, as well as cleans, polishes and whitens the teeth, refreshes and sterilizes the mouth, protects gold fillings, prevents spongy, bleeding gums, and in fact, greatly benefits the entire oral cavity.

Pebeco is a scientific dentifrice, originated in the Hygienic Laboratories of P. Beiersdorf & Co., Hamburg, Germany. It is used and recommended by dentists all over the world.

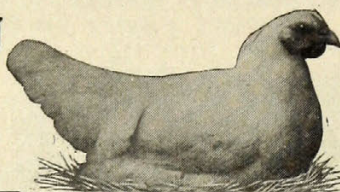
Sold everywhere in large 50c tubes. If your dealer will not supply you, we will mail prepaid on receipt of price.

Pebeco, while not over-scented or flavored to resemble a confection, is extremely pleasant and refreshing to use and is very economical, as only a small quantity is used at each brushing of the teeth.

For free Trial Tube and Test Papers address

LEHN & FINK 117 William Street, New York

CAN YOU RAISE EGGS?



Among people who can afford luxuries, there is great demand for a regular supply of fresh eggs. The few growers who can furnish them **regularly**, winter and summer alike, get very high prices.

The Corning Egg-Book

(entitled "\$6.41 per Hen per Year,") tells how two men, in poor health, starting four years ago with only thirty hens, made from their little egg-farm a clear profit of **over \$12,000** last year. It tells all about their experience, their failures, their methods, and how others, men or women, with good sense, care, and faithful work can make money in the same way.

The Corning Egg-Book is sold in combination with the **FARM JOURNAL**

to raise its circulation to ONE MILLION for 1910. The F. J. is the standard monthly farm, home, and poultry paper, with over 650,000 subscribers.

SPECIAL OFFER:—For \$1.00 (cash, money order, or check) we will send postpaid the Corning Egg-Book, and the Farm Journal for FIVE YEARS. And if you send order and money **WITHIN TEN DAYS**, we will add FREE "Poor Richard Revived," a splendid 48-page farm almanac for 1910.

FARM JOURNAL, 1037 Race St., Philadelphia

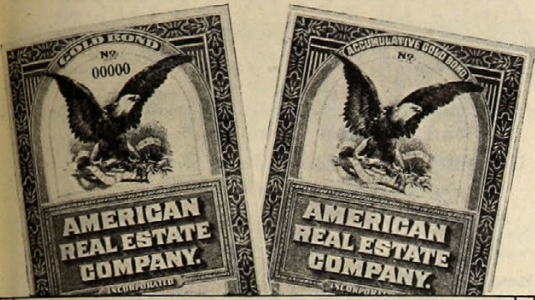
For Automobile Tops



THE unqualified endorsement of **PANTASOTE** by leading automobile makers, exclusively as a water-proof covering for "Tops," is universal. It lasts, keeps its color, stands changes of climate, and is easily cleaned. Anything of "Both-Sides" materials fade, will not clean and the interlining rubber rots. Get the *genuine Pantasote*, for if the dealer tries to force an imitation, he does it to increase his profits at your expense.

Send postal for booklet on top materials, and sample with which to compare when buying, and prevent substitution.

THE PANTASOTE CO.
70 BOWLING GREEN BLDG. NEW YORK.



An A-RE-CO Street



January Dividends and January Savings

WHETHER you are investing *dividends* or *savings*, here are a few things you ought to know about your investment.

Can you get 6% interest? Is the investment free from all fluctuation and speculative risk? Can you easily convert your investment into cash? Have you tangible, visible proof that there is adequate security behind the investment that assures the safety of your principal? Has the Company an absolutely clean record of meeting all obligations promptly during a long period of years?

A-RE 6% Gold Bonds answer every one of these requirements.

A-RE Gold Bonds pay 6%.

A-RE Gold Bonds are absolutely non-fluctuating and non-speculative.

A-RE Gold Bonds are based on the ownership of more than \$12,000,000 of productive New York City real estate—including high-class Apartment Houses and Business Buildings.

Every detail of the business behind the Bonds is a matter of public record. For 22 years the Company has paid 6% to thousands of investors—nearly \$4,000,000 in principal and interest on the due dates—a clean record of reliability that speaks for itself.

A-RE 6% Gold Bonds are issued in these two forms:
6% COUPON BONDS

For those who wish to invest \$100 or more.

For Income Earning, paying interest semi-annually by coupons.

6% ACCUMULATIVE BONDS

For those who wish to save \$25 or more a year.

For Income Saving, purchasable by instalment payments carrying liberal surrender privileges.

The fullest information, including a large map of New York City showing the location of our properties, free, on request.

American Real Estate Company

Capital and Surplus, \$1,753,111.16
 Founded 1888 Assets, \$11,851,866.07
 502 Night and Day Bank Bldg. 527 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

American-Made Silks

Scarcely one-fourth of all the silks sold in this country come from abroad. More than seventy-five per cent. of American-sold silks are actually American-made, and a very large proportion of these are the famous

CHENEY SILKS

The name is, and has been for seventy years, an infallible index to absolute reliability in silks, satins, ribbons, velvets, and, in fact, everything made from silk.

This Spring and Summer, CHENEY "Shower-Proof" Foulards will be in greater vogue than ever among smart dressers. Made in new and original motifs, as well as in the familiar polka dot. These foulards should be demanded by every woman who insists on having the best—the only "Shower-Proof" Foulards.

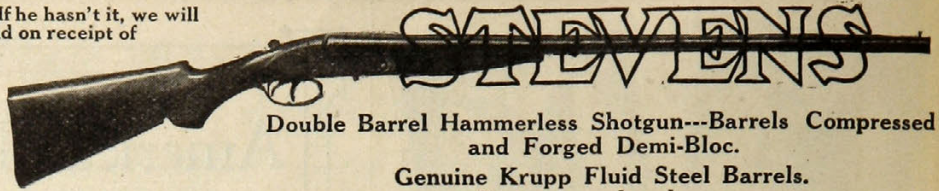
But make sure you are getting "CHENEY SILKS." Every bolt bears the name exactly as shown above, prominently on the label. Ask for them by name.

At leading stores everywhere

CHENEY BROTHERS, SILK MANUFACTURERS

Ask Your Dealer. If he hasn't it, we will send express prepaid on receipt of List Price,

\$32.50



Double Barrel Hammerless Shotgun---Barrels Compressed and Forged Demi-Bloc.
Genuine Krupp Fluid Steel Barrels.
Cost more elsewhere.

Strongest where many Double Guns are weakest—at the breech. This means safety. Other American manufacturers cut away the wall for the lug. By the exclusive Stevens Demi-Bloc System the lug is an integral part of the barrel forging. New Shooters score higher with the Stevens because accurate workmanship makes close shooting and better penetration.

Points for the Sharpshooter and Hunter

If you want expert information on Sharpshooting, Hunting or Trap Shooting, write us a postal telling which subject interests you the most. By return mail comes our letter giving you this valuable information, besides the big Stevens Gun Book—209 illustrations and 160 pages about Rifles, Shotguns, Pistols and Rifle Telescopes. Write today.

J. STEVENS ARMS AND TOOL COMPANY,

Dept. 291,

CHICOPEE FALLS, MASS.

METTLACH WARE



Bowling and Card PRIZES

for both ladies and gentlemen are to be had in great variety in Mettlach. Tankards, Steins, Plaques, Vases, etc., may be found in the best stores throughout the country.

A most interesting booklet, entitled

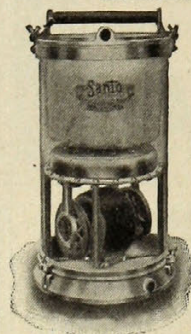
Making Steins in an Old Monastery

will be sent free on request. Kindly mention your dealer's name.

E. R. THIELER, Section E, 66 Park Place, N. Y.

Representing VILLEROY & BOCH in U. S. & Canada

The Santo Vacuum Cleaner



is backed by an Unlimited Guaranty that REALLY MEANS SOMETHING.

Write for copy of this Guaranty.

The Santo makes your home spotlessly clean, sweet, free from disease-laden dust and dirt.

It is used and endorsed by the U. S. Government.

It is included in the list of electrical devices approved by the National Board of Insurance Underwriters for use on lighting circuits.

You will find the Santo more convenient than your Sewing Machine—20 different uses for it.

You'll Own A SANTO Some Day—Get It NOW

WE ALSO GUARANTEE in the Santo a maximum of 7 to 8 inches—mercury and a volume of 25 to 30 cubic feet of air per minute. The Santo cleans through and through.

The accompanying view of the Santo specially mounted in a glass case shows how simple it is—nothing to get out of order—easy to use. Cost of operation less than 2c per hour. It more than saves its cost every year, but best of all—IT SAVES THE WOMAN.

The Santo won't burn out fuses, stall or overheat. It is handsome and durable. The equipment is complete—nothing more to buy.

SEND FOR "THE DUSTLESS HOME"

Our interesting book which tells all about Vacuum Cleaners and Vacuum Cleaning. Beautifully illustrated. It will save you money. It's Free. A postal brings it. Write today.

Representatives wanted for open territory.

KELLER MFG. CO., Dept. 3L, Philadelphia, Pa.

The World's largest makers of sanitary cleaning devices

More Light for Less Money

If we can save you one-third of what your present system costs and give you better light, are you interested? Understand us rightly. We mean we will PROVE saving, PROVE improved illuminating, PROVE increased convenience. That's the proposition we make you.

We will send you any lamp listed in our catalog "D" on trial to prove that The Angle Lamp is the one perfect substitute for gas or electricity. Like gas, it is always ready to light at the turning of a button and the striking of a match. Like gas it can be burned at full height, or left burning dimly without a trace of smoke or odor. Unlike gas it costs even less than the troublesome old style lamp—fully one-third less.

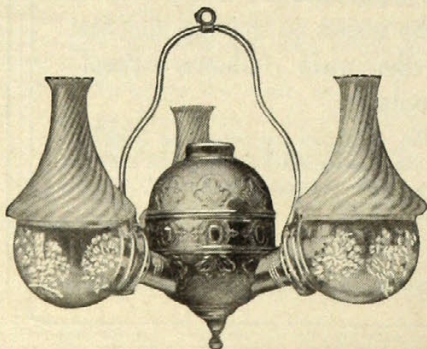
"THE ANGLE LAMP"

is worth all the gas or gasoline lights ever made," writes one user. "Saved 20 times its cost," says another, "in oil, burners, chimneys and cuss words." "It has made me wonder why there are any ordinary lamps left to tell their tale of discomfort," adds a third.

The explanation is - new method. Let us show you what wonders they have worked in oil lighting. WRITE FOR OUR DESCRIPTIVE CATALOG "D" and offer of

30 DAYS' TRIAL

The Angle Lamp is made in 32 varieties from \$2.00 up, a lamp for every purpose. Send for our Catalog "D," showing just the style to suit you and explaining our trial offer, ANGLE MFG. COMPANY, 159-161 West 24th St., New York



JANUARY DIVIDENDS and JANUARY BOND COUPONS WILL GIVE YOU FUNDS

For immediate investment, which is not an easy task, unless you are experienced in such matters or unless you have some one to advise you, in whom you have confidence.

**GOVERNMENT BONDS YIELD TOO LITTLE
MUNICIPAL BONDS NOT MUCH BETTER
MORTGAGES ARE TROUBLESOME**

and

YOU ARE NOT A NOTE SHAVER

Have you ever thought

of

PUBLIC UTILITY BONDS

Secured by

GAS, ELECTRIC and WATER COMPANIES

Such companies supply necessities of life and **FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS** issued by them are desirable.

They are **SAFE** and yield **GOOD INCOME** if honestly and carefully issued.

**WE HAVE THE SAFE KIND
AND CAN PROVE IT**

**YIELDING
OVER 5%**

WRITE FOR CIRCULARS

PETRY & COMPANY BANKERS

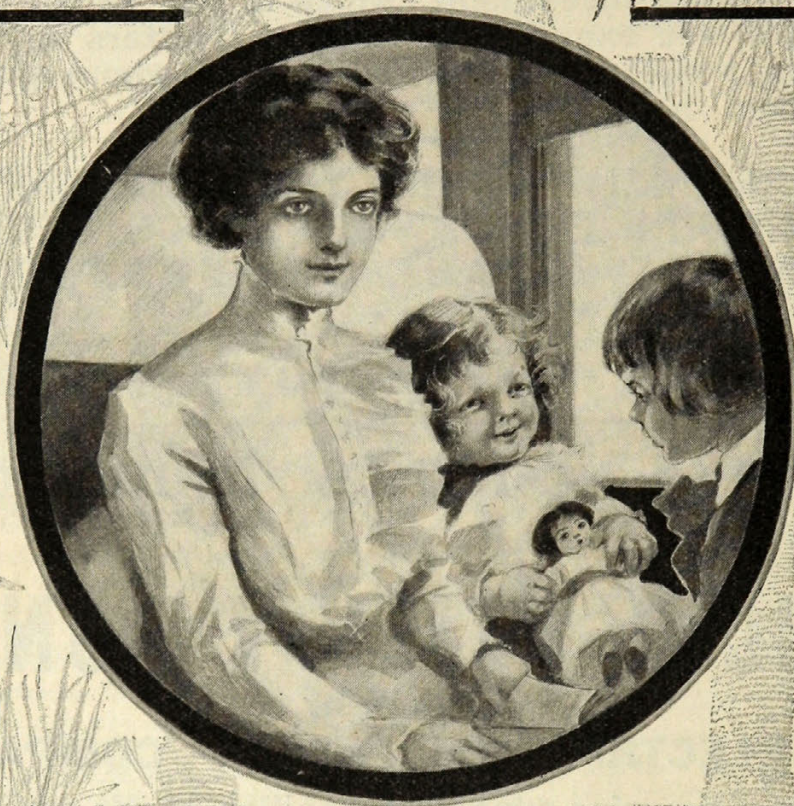
**The Rookery
CHICAGO**

**Penobscot Bldg
DETROIT**

The Los Angeles Limited

Via The Chicago and Northwestern, Union Pacific and Salt Lake Route

for women traveling alone into the Union Pacific Country Southern California



A woman traveling alone, or with children, can board the Los Angeles Limited at Chicago, travel directly to Southern California without any change of cars, and enjoy while en route the comforts of her own home. She is under the protection of reliable conductors.

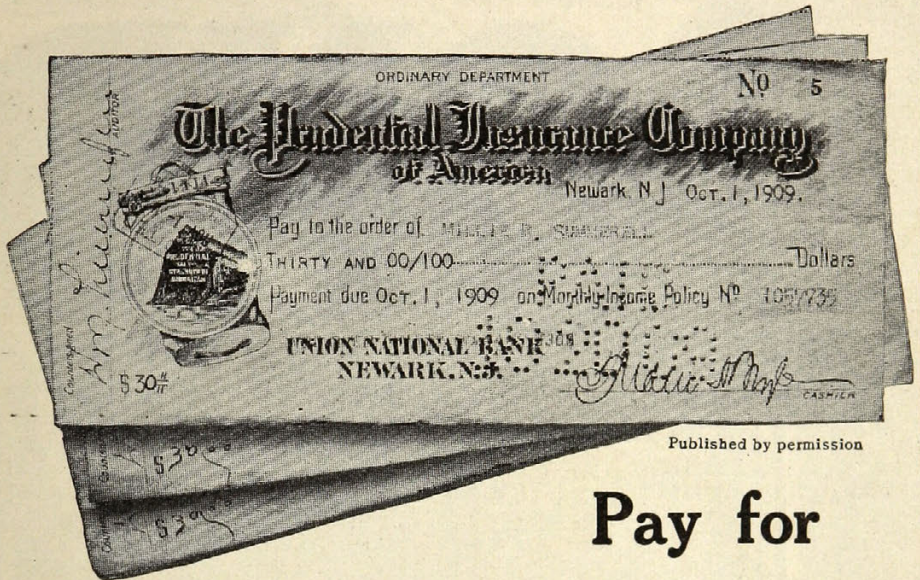
Three days in a luxurious moving hotel. Dining car meals and service "best in the world." New steel passenger equipment. Electric Block signals.

For literature and information address

E. L. LOMAX, General Passenger Agent
Union Pacific Railroad, Omaha, Neb.

Checks Like These

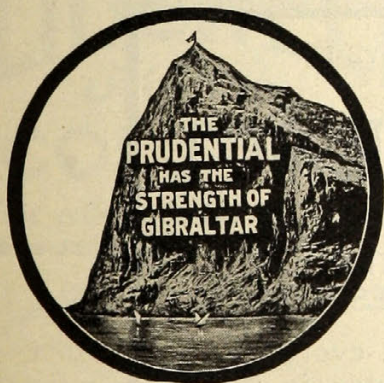
Actual
Monthly
Income
Checks



Published by permission

Pay for
Rent, Food and Clothing
Every Month for Life.

The Prudential



Newest
Monthly
Income
Policy

**The Prudential Insurance Company
of America**

Incorporated as a Stock Company by the State of New Jersey
JOHN F. DRYDEN, President Home Office, Newark, N. J.

Dept.
32

Send this
coupon for
full particu-
lars and cost.

For \$ a Month
with Cash Payment at Death

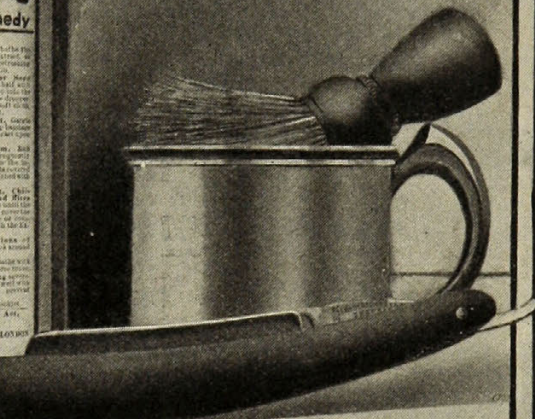
Name
Address
Occupation
My Age Is
Beneficiary's Age

Incomes from \$10 per Month up Guaranteed

After Shaving

POND'S

EXTRACT



THE BEST PART OF THE SHAVE IS
WHEN YOU COME TO

POND'S EXTRACT

RELIEVES IRRITATION
PREVENTS INFLAMMATION
ASSURES COMFORT

Used by men of discrimination everywhere.
Sold only in sealed bottles—never in bulk.

*Write for interesting booklet on
shaving—mailed free on request*

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY
New York City, N. Y.



Durability and Beauty

have made this ware famous for many years.
It affords the longest service
and satisfaction—

The *heaviest* triple plate is guaranteed by
the trade mark

*"Silver Plate that
Wears"*

1847 ROGERS BROS. X S TRIPLE

Sold by leading dealers. Send for catalogue "N-33" showing designs.

MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO., Meriden, Conn.
(International Silver Co., Successor)

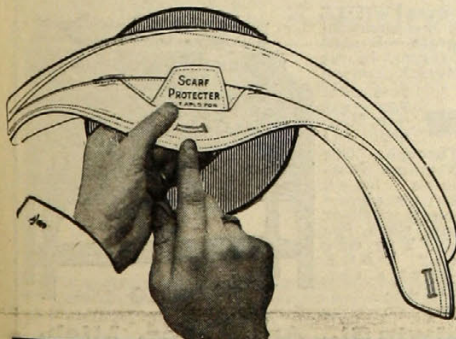
New York
Chicago
San Francisco

R-R-R-RIP!!

goes your collar—or your
tie—or your temper. This
is what happens more or
less, every time you put
on a turn-down collar,—
until you once start wear-
ing *the only kind in which
your tie can't catch—*

SLIDEWELL *H.H.C.* COLLARS

The collar with the tie-and-
time-and-temper-saving shield



The newest and smartest collar-styles are also yours in the *Slidewell*—and many little refinements you've never looked for in a 2-for-25c. collar. Not only does the *Slidewell Shield* keep your tie clear of the back button, but ample space is provided all around to let it always slide easily, quickly in its place. *Slidewell Collars* are "Premako shrunk" and retain correct size through any number of launderings.

Begin wearing SLIDEWELL COLLARS NOW. Most, but not all, dealers sell them, 15c., 2 for 25c. (In Canada 20c., 3 for 50c.) If yours doesn't, write to us for the SLIDEWELL COLLAR Style Book. Select your style and send us 75c. for a box of six, (in Canada, 6 for \$1.00). The SLIDEWELL will be a collar comfort revelation to you. Write now.

HALL, HARTWELL & CO., - Troy, N. Y.

“The Motor of the World”

FAY & BOWEN

Boats and Engines

At Home

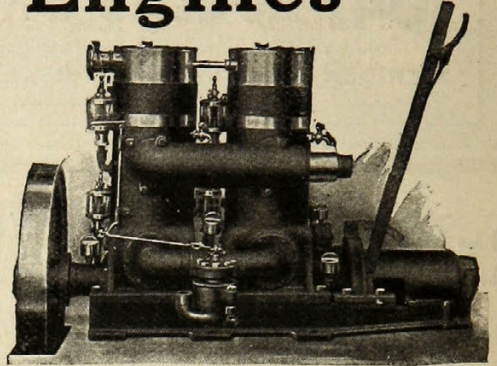
Our boats are plying the lakes, rivers and bays of every section of this country.

They are graceful, speedy, reliable pleasure boats—the kind that *all* builders promise but we guarantee to give.

They cost a trifle more—but they live longer—and keep a-going. Ask us to prove it.

Abroad

From every quarter of the globe—China, England, Brazil, Finland, Australia, Russia, and even from Vladivostock, Siberia, we have grateful expression of the unparalleled satisfaction given for years by the Fay & Bowen boats and motors in foreign service. We'll show proofs.



The Fay & Bowen engine is simple, strong and absolutely reliable.

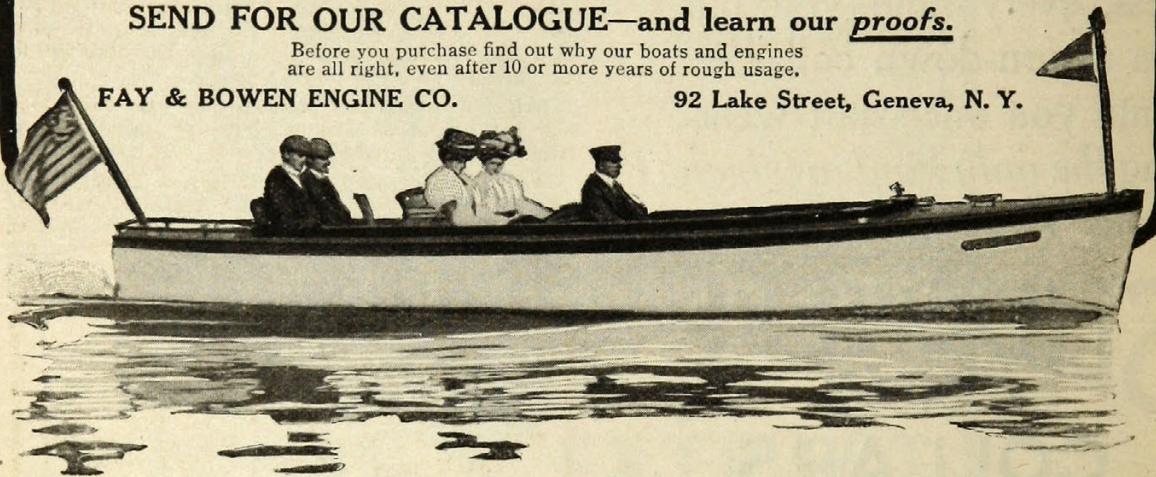
We also build a successful convertible kerosene-gasolene motor.

SEND FOR OUR CATALOGUE—and learn our proofs.

Before you purchase find out why our boats and engines are all right, even after 10 or more years of rough usage.

FAY & BOWEN ENGINE CO.

92 Lake Street, Geneva, N. Y.



You Save over Half on **“COME-PACKT”** and **Honest** all Through



\$9.50 With Cushions

Write Today for beautiful **Catalog Free**

We sell direct only—factory to you—saving you all dealers' and jobbers' profits, expensive packing and $\frac{1}{2}$ the freight. You put the finished sections together and apply your choice of seven stains (sent free)

the result is handsome, substantial furniture of the highest grade at less than half the cost of commonplace.

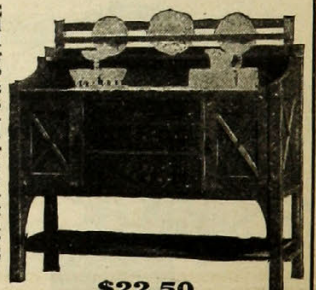
One Hundred other handsome pieces, in rich Quartered Oak (any finish) from \$3 up.



\$10.25 Extends 6 ft.

QUARTER Sawn WHITE OAK—rich in beautiful flake and grain—is used throughout (except in our Porch Furniture). You see just what you get—its Honest All

Through. Our Name and Guarantee back every piece—your money back any time you say. Try our way—**ONCE**—that's the proof.



\$22.50

COME-PACKT FURNITURE CO., 105 Edwin St., Ann Arbor, Mich.

An Exceptional Issue of 6% Bonds Secured by a Thousand Farms

Here are brief facts about one current issue of Irrigation Bonds. They will illustrate what ideal security lies back of such bonds when the issues are rightly selected.

The Bitter Root Valley Irrigation Co. owns one of the largest irrigated fruit land projects in the world. The Company is composed of well known men who are wealthy, experienced and capable. The land to be watered consists of about 40,000 acres in the heart of our greatest fruit belt—in the famous apple region of the Pacific Northwest.

A large part of the valley has been under irrigation for many years, so the possibilities of the land have been demonstrated. Fruit land in the valley has lately sold as high as \$1,000 per acre.

The water rights are unassailable, and the total water supply is more than sufficient for all needs. For the irrigable land is distinctly limited by the mountainous bounds of the valley.

\$2,500,000 Invested

The Irrigation Company has invested in the project about \$2,500,000, or about twice the total bond issue. And the bonds are secured by a first mortgage on all the property which the Irrigation Company owns.

The bonds are additionally secured by first liens on the lands and the orchards watered. These liens are given by individual land owners in payment for the land and the water rights. Forty per cent of the price is paid down, and the balance, secured by the liens, is payable in annual installments.

To secure each \$1,000 bond there are deposited with a Trust Company as trustee \$1,400 of these first liens on farm land.

The average price at which this land has been sold is about \$200 per acre. The minimum price at present is \$250 per acre. Yet the bond issue is limited to \$30 per acre, or to less than one-sixth the average selling price of the land.

Double Security

Thus the bonds have double security. The first is a mortgage on all the property which the Irrigation Company owns, and the Company's investment

is nearly twice the whole bond issue. The second security is these first liens on farm land—on land which is worth more than six times the amount of the bonds which it secures.

One can hardly conceive of more ample security. Yet these bonds pay six per cent interest, because the demand for irrigated land is so great that the projects are very profitable.

Part of these bonds mature each year from 1914 to 1919. One may have his choice of maturities.

Ask for the Facts

In the past 15 years we have purchased 75 separate issues of Reclamation Bonds—Drainage and Irrigation. All have been secured by first liens on good farm land, and not a dollar of loss has resulted to any investor.

Irrigation bonds have now become the most popular bonds that we handle. No other large class of bonds offering equal security now pays six per cent.

We have issued a book on Irrigation Bonds, based on all this experience. Every investor, small or large, owes to himself its perusal. Please write for the book today. Cut out this coupon so you won't forget.

BR	<i>Trowbridge & Niver Co.</i>
	First National Bank Building, Chicago 50 Congress St., Boston 111 Broadway, New York First National Bank Building, San Francisco
	Please send your free book on Irrigation Bonds and list of other securities.
Name.....
City.....	State.....
Name of my Bank.....	741

First National Bank Bldg.,
Chicago

(11)

Trowbridge & Niver Co.

50 Congress St., Boston
111 Broadway, New York
First Nat'l Bank Bldg., San Francisco

Little Differences

Once upon a time a gardener shied a brick and killed a thirty cent hen belonging to his neighbor and the controversy that followed led to a thousand dollar law suit that lasted seven years—it does seem foolish that a little difference of thirty cents could not have been settled without so much expense and waste of time.

Last month a well known concern spent \$351.00 worth of accountants' time and "extra supper money" hunting for a little difference of 92 cents in its trial balance—an item of \$17.68 had been posted on the 6th as \$16.78 and a \$9.23 item had been posted on the 10th as \$9.25—these two errors were "somewhere" among the three thousand odd postings made during the month—it's serious to have such little differences. This little difference was expensive to locate, exasperating to the man who waited for the figures, drudgery to those who hunted at the end of the month for the "needle in the hay stack" errors made on the 6th and 10th.

Thousand dollar law suits over thirty cent hens have been few, but there have been thousands of expensive delays hunting for little differences in the monthly trial balance—there are thousands of them every month and when it has been proved over and over again in thousands of the best business offices in the country and in all lines of business that Elliott-Fisher the Standard Writing-Adding Machine will do all the posting and prove its own work as it goes along—shows up the errors if any on the 6th, 10th or any other day in the month, at the very time the error is made so that they can be corrected then and so that when the last item is posted for the month there is no need of a trial balance; when the Elliott-Fisher does all this, saves its cost in less than a year, doesn't it seem foolish that thousands of individuals and concerns will go on month after month spending hundreds of dollars and waste valuable time locating little errors made last week or the week before? "Make Toil Easy" particulars free for the asking. Suppose you ask to-day?

ELLIOTT-FISHER COMPANY, 121 Cedar Street, Harrisburg, Pa.

Globe-Wernicke Elastic Bookcases

Protect your Holiday Books



Your holiday gift books—if worth preserving at all—deserve to be kept free from dust and beyond the temptative reach of habitual borrowers. Those with rare, delicate, expensive bindings demand such protection from needless handling that **Globe-Wernicke Bookcases** insure.

Almost every household accumulates at least a score or more books every year that, properly housed at the time, would form the nucleus of a permanent home library of never-ending satisfaction and enjoyment to every member of the family.

Globe-Wernicke Elastic Bookcases

Are built in sections or units that interlock and can be built up into stacks of any desired height or width. Purchase a unit for the books received this year and let it be the corner stone for a new library, or an addition to the old.

Look for the **Globe-Wernicke** trade-mark. It is your guarantee of quality—your protection against inferiority—your assurance of being able to obtain duplicates—at **uniform prices, freight prepaid everywhere**—at any future time.

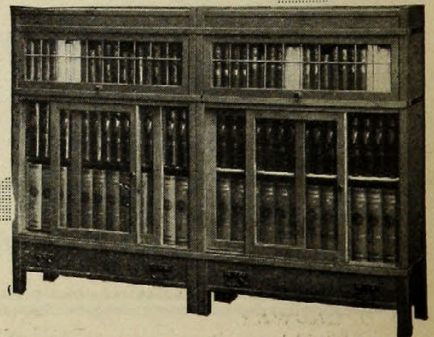
Handsomely Illustrated Book of Designs—Sent Free

Merely tell us where to send our catalogue of 25 original designs for home libraries—describing the distinct styles and finishes of **Globe-Wernicke Bookcases**; quoting prices on every style and finish made—and it, together with lists of the 5, 10, 25, 50 and 100 "World's Best Books"—will be mailed without cost. Simply sign and mail the coupon below.



The Globe-Wernicke Co.
Cincinnati, U. S. A.

Branch Stores:
New York, 380-382 Broadway.
Chicago, 224-228 Wabash Av.
Boston, 91-93 Federal St.



Mail to the address below lists of "The World's Best Books" and your illustrated catalogue of **Globe-Wernicke Bookcases**.

The Globe-Wernicke Co.
Dept. M., Cincinnati, U. S. A.

Name

Address

Town

State

HAMBURG-AMERICAN CRUISES

Our Service
Was Never
So Perfect
As This Year



TO THE WEST INDIES

(By S. S. MOLTKE 12,500 tons)
largest steamship ever sent to the West Indies. 3 cruises
from New York, Jan. 22, Feb. 22, Mar. 24, 16 and 28 days, **\$85-\$150** up. Calling at all
points of interest.
Also cruises and tours by "Prinz" Steamers of our Atlas Service.

TO THE ORIENT

By S. S. CINCINNATI (17,000 tons). Finest and
largest Steamer ever sent to the Orient, leaves New
York Jan. 29, **\$325** up. Itinerary includes Madeira,
1910, 80 days, Spain, Italy, Greece, Turkey,
Egypt, Nile, Holy Land. Covering over 14,000 miles.

TO SOUTH AMERICA

FIRST CRUISE to this virgin country
by S. S. BLUECHER (12,500
tons), leaves New York, Jan. 22,
1910, **\$350** upwards. Duration,
81 days. Calling at
all important Cities enroute.

In addition to the cruises mentioned above, we have other trips sched-
uled to all interesting places in both the Old and New Worlds.

*We have issued new, illustrated booklets giving full par-
ticulars, description, etc., which will be sent upon request.*

HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINE

41-45 BROADWAY

NEW YORK

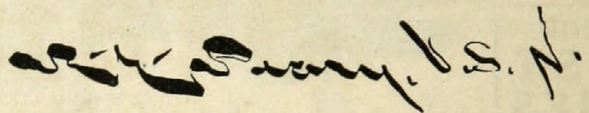
Boston Philadelphia Chicago St. Louis San Francisco

KODAK

at the

North Pole

"Being satisfied since my first expedition in 1891 that the Eastman cameras and films were best suited for this class of work, I have used both exclusively in all of my Arctic expeditions since, and it is to this that I attribute the fact that I have brought back a series of photographs which in quantity and quality probably exceed any other series of photographs obtained from the Arctic regions."



Wherever adverse conditions demand absolute dependability in photographic equipment—there the Kodak goods are chosen. The photographic success of Commander Peary's expedition is fully demonstrated by the pictures—all of them from Kodak films, illustrating his thrilling, historic narrative now running in HAMPTON'S MAGAZINE.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY

ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

*Catalogue free at the
dealers or by mail.*

Make the first cost of your bathroom the first and last cost. Look for the "Standard" Guarantee Label on the Bath you buy.



In Installing the Genuine Guaranteed "Standard" Plumbing Fixtures, you insure the life of your Bathroom.

"Standard" GUARANTEED BATHS

The cost of a good bathtub is insignificant when compared with its health and comfort value to the home. Its first cost should be its last. You should plan that your children and your children's children will enjoy the bathroom equipment you install this year, in as good and serviceable condition as the day you put it in.

There is practically little difference in cost between a bathtub properly made and the undependable, unreliable kind—between the "Standard" Guaranteed bathtub that's built to last, to retain its smooth, cleanly surface, and the tub made of inferior material, which may look well when first bought but when once installed, is not dependable.

There is but one way only to make certain that your bathroom equipment is all that it ought to be. And that is—look for the "Standard" Guarantee label. Assure yourself that it is on the bathtub you buy. The

Send for your copy of "Modera Bathrooms." It will prove of invaluable assistance in the planning of your bathroom. Many model rooms are illustrated. This valuable 100 - page book is sent for six cents postage.

"Standard" Guaranteed label is insurance on the low cost of bathroom up-keep. It protects you against the necessity of tearing out a cheaply constructed, inferior equipment. It is the certificate that means bathtub satisfaction for all time.

There are two classes of "Standard" Guaranteed baths. The "Standard" Green and Gold label bath is triple enameled. *It carries the five-year guarantee.* The "Standard" Red and Black label bath is double enameled. *It carries the two-year guarantee.* And each at its price is the best and most thoroughly dependable bathtub it is possible to purchase.

When you buy your bathroom fixtures let the "Standard" Guarantee label be your guide. And, to avoid unscrupulous substitution make sure that every fixture bears the label *both before and after* its installation in your home.

Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co.

Dept. E.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

Offices and Showrooms

New York: 35-37 W. 31st St.
Chicago: 415 Ashland Block.
Philadelphia: 1128 Walnut St.
Toronto, Can.: 59 Richmond St. E.

Pittsburgh: 949 Penn Ave.
St. Louis: 100-102 N. Fourth St.
New Orleans: Cor. Baronne & St. Joseph Sts.
Montreal, Can.: 215 Coristine Bldg.

Boston: 712 Paddock Building.
Louisville: 319-323 W. Main St.
Cleveland: 648-652 Huron Road, S. E.
London E. C.: 59 Holborn Viaduct

NEW-SKIN

INSTEAD OF COURT PLASTER



THE busiest article in the medicine closet is *New-Skin*.

Everybody in the house needs it occasionally.

Paint the little cut or scratch with *New-Skin* and the thing is done.

It dries instantly, forming a tough, rubber-like, transparent film that will not come off even when you wash with soap and water.

The wound is kept under an air-tight covering, so that neither germs nor dirt can get into it.

The *New-Skin* film is so tough that it really takes the place of the real skin.

A knock that would otherwise hurt the damaged spot is felt no more than if the natural cuticle were there.

New-Skin is also the best remedy for burns, insect stings, hang nails, split lips, blisters, chafed feet, chapped hands.

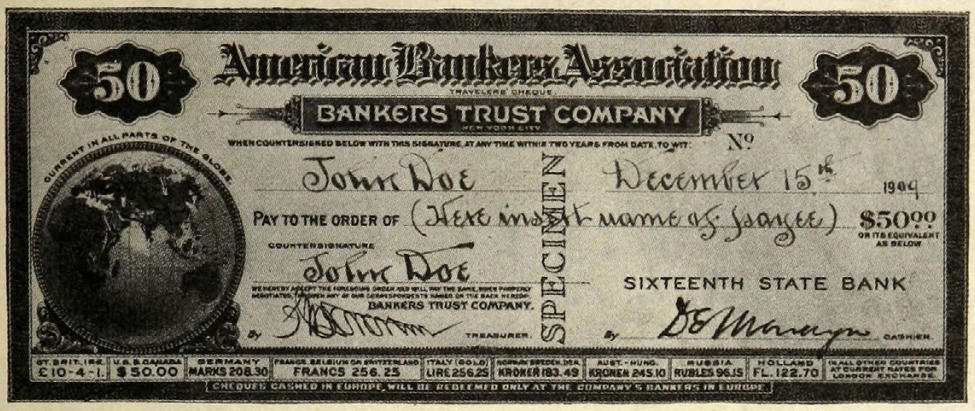
For any small accident to the skin—"Paint it with *New-Skin* and forget it."

Be sure to get the genuine.

For sale by druggists everywhere, 10, 25 and 50 cents, or by mail. Stamps taken.

Dept. H
NEWSKIN COMPANY
New York

THE Cheque
To Travel With



"The Perfect International
Exchange"

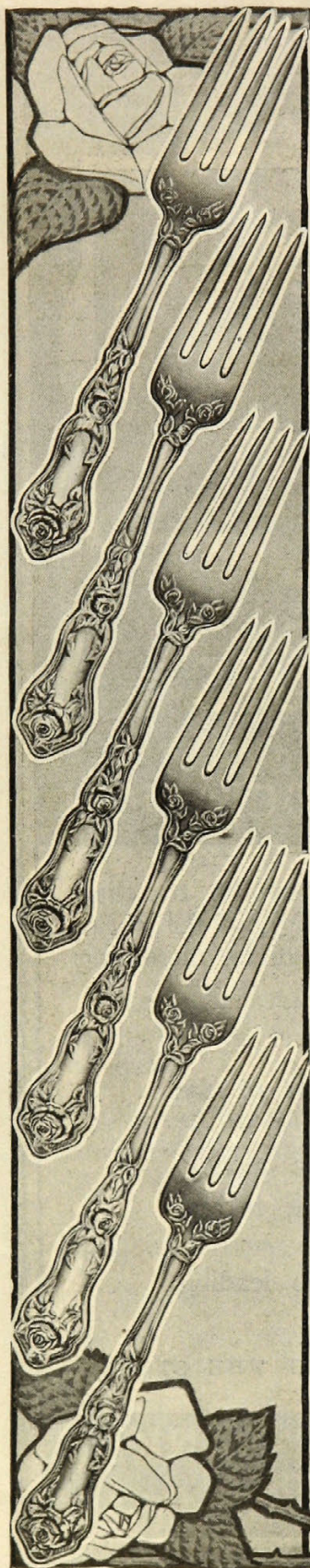
TRAVELERS' CHEQUES
of the
AMERICAN BANKERS' ASSOCIATION

THIS cheque, eagerly welcomed at its advent by the traveling public, is now cashed by thousands daily throughout the world. Among the many *good reasons* for this immediate, increasing success are:

- The *banking prestige* of the cheque.
- Its *universal availability*, due to the support of the Bankers of the World.
- Its *safety* and *convenience*, as compared with money.
- Its *self-identifying features*, making it superior to any draft.
- Its *unfluctuating value* in the moneys of the leading countries of the world.

WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET FULLY DESCRIBING THE SYSTEM

BUY THEM FROM YOUR OWN BANKER
OR IF MORE CONVENIENT APPLY TO
BANKERS TRUST COMPANY, 7 WALL ST. NEW YORK CITY



Handsome Forks and Spoons Practically Free

The actual economy of using *pure* extract of beef as an *every-day* cooking help should appeal to you, madam.

How often do you find it difficult to utilize a left-over meat, too good to throw away.

Warmed up with a little *pure* extract of beef, it becomes delightfully palatable.

And you can save more than half the expense and trouble of preparing soup stock when you have *pure* extract of beef for adding delicious flavor and strength.

Thousands of careful housewives have learned the many delightful uses and economies of *every-day* cooking with *pure* extract of beef.

Won't you try it too?

Spoons and Forks Almost Free

So that you'll be *more* anxious to try the *pure* extract of beef, Liebig Company's, we give you, practically free, these delightful Rogers', full-size, heavily silver-plated teaspoons and forks.

They are a new rose pattern, in the latest "French Gray" finish. Entirely free from advertising, and as handsome as solid silver.

You simply send us one metal cap from a jar of *genuine* Liebig Company's Extract of Beef, and 10 cents in stamps, and we'll send you the *spoon*, postpaid. Send one cap and 20 cents in stamps for the *fork*.

You can thus get a full set of spoons and forks practically for nothing, simply by saving your Liebig caps.

Far Better Than Any Butcher's Beef

No bone, fat, or gristle is used in Liebig Company's Extract of Beef.

You get only the *lean* meat. And all the choicest cuts of the beef concentrated to a greater degree than any other extract of beef in the world.

That is why Liebig Company's tastes better and goes further than other extracts.

Always *INSIST* on getting the *genuine*

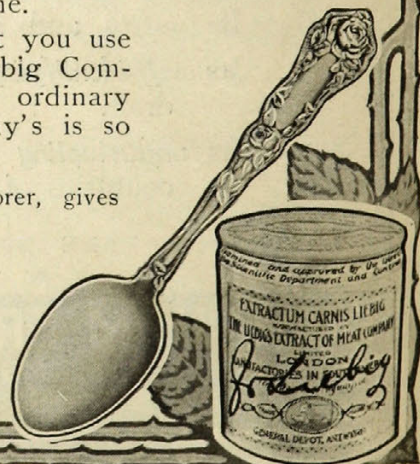
Liebig Company's Extract of Beef

Because you then get extract that is absolutely pure and wholesome.

Please remember too, that you use only *one-fourth* as much Liebig Company's as you would any ordinary extract, for Liebig Company's is so concentrated.

Free Cook Book, by Mrs. Rorer, gives many delightful recipes. Yours for the asking. Send your name and address on a postal.

For spoons, forks or cook books, address,
CORNEILLE DAVID & CO.,
Dept. B, 118 Hudson St., New York



NABISCO

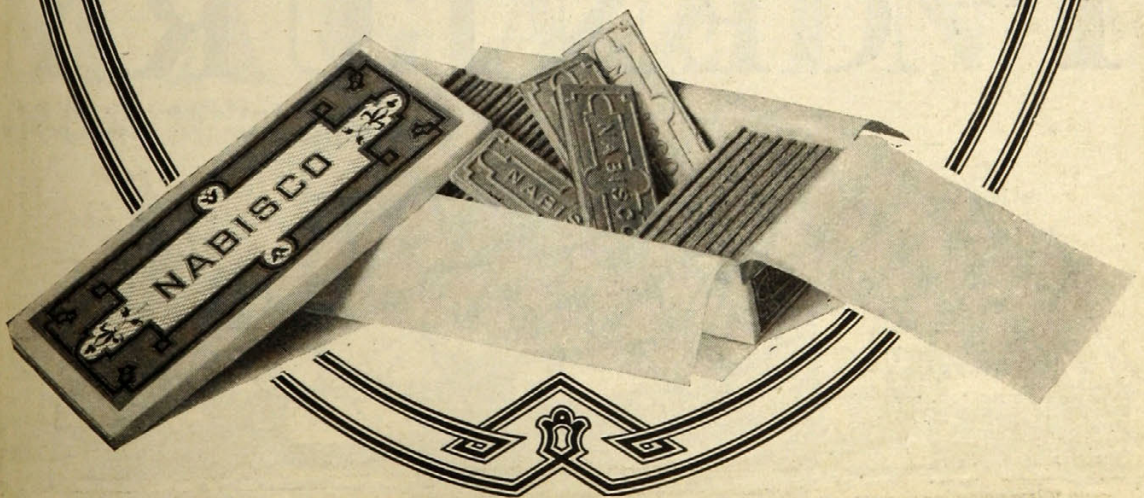
Sugar Wafers

One is never at a loss what to offer guests for refreshment, dessert or after dessert — if NABISCO Sugar Wafers are always kept in the home. The most delightful confection ever conceived.

In 10 cent Tins

Also in Twenty-five cent Tins

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY





Rich Cargoes for

Will be found in **THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.**

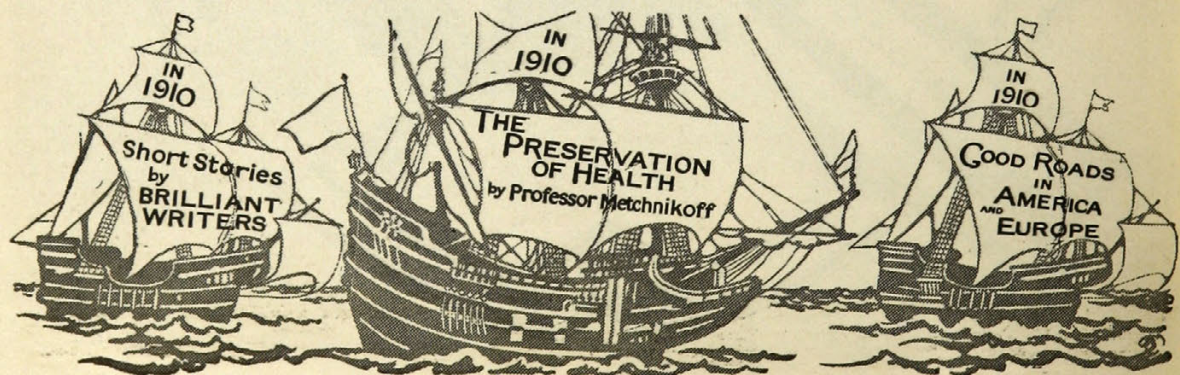
To it, like a great port, come the choice of important productions in many fields of thought throughout the world.

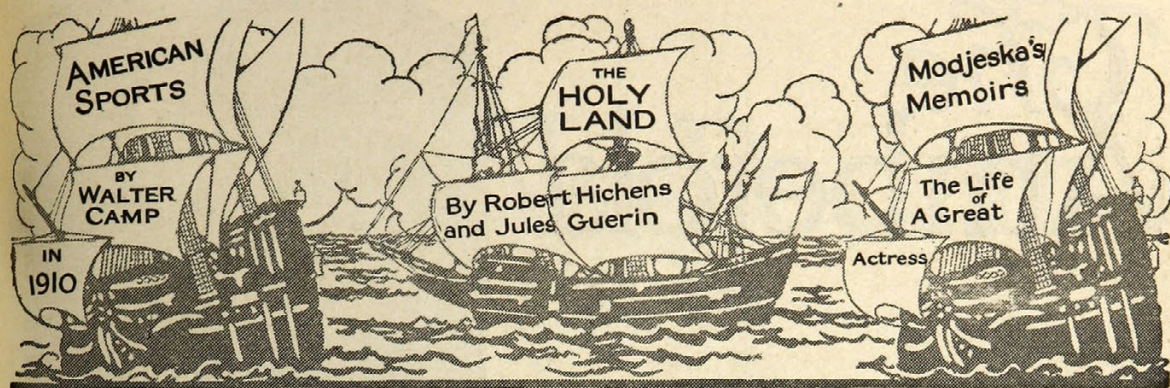
Here are brought the most entertaining fiction and delightful stories by the most brilliant writers.

Here, too, come travelers with strange tales from far-off lands, distinguished men of science with important discoveries and artists with their noblest work.

The Vast Wealth of the **THE CENTURY**

35 cents a copy, \$4.00 a year. A year's subscription makes an ideal present.





the New Year

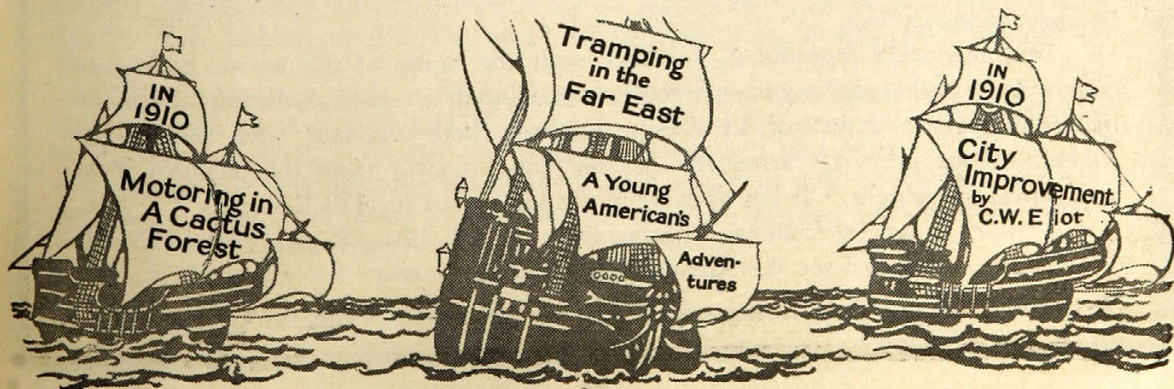
Historians, naturalists, financiers, sportsmen, politicians, scholars and poets are among those who fill its numbers to overflowing.

And all these represent but a part of those who carry their diverse and interesting cargoes to enrich the pages of **THE CENTURY MAGAZINE**.

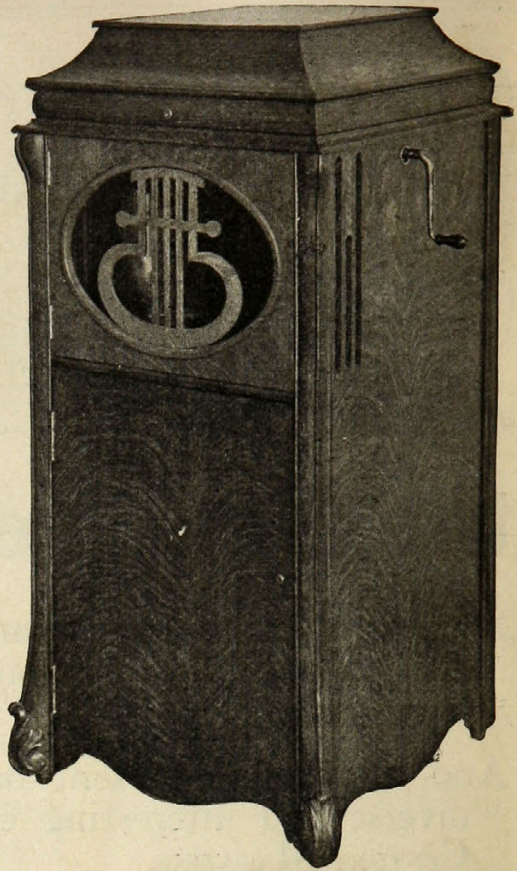
Bring these delightful sources of entertainment to your own home through **THE CENTURY** and widen your intellectual life with

World's Best Thought in MAGAZINE

At all the best book-stores, or
THE CENTURY Co., Union Square, New York.



The Amberola



A New Edison Phonograph

—improved, enlarged—an Edison Phonograph converted into a most attractive piece of furniture, charmingly simple in design, with the horn removed from sight—built in as a part of the cabinet.

The new style reproducer, together with the aging of the wood, gives a full mellow tone far beyond anything heretofore possible in sound-reproducing instruments. Its life-like reproduction of all Edison Records, both Standard (two minute) and Amberol (four minute) carries the listener entirely away from the fact that it is a mechanical instrument. It has drawers in the lower part for 120 Records.

It comes in several finishes of Mahogany and Oak. Price \$200. (\$240 in Canada)

You can hear and see the Amberola at all Edison Stores.

National Phonograph Company

20 Lakeside Avenue, Orange, N. J.

New Amberol Records



by Slezak

Leo Slezak, the giant tenor, formerly of the Royal Opera, Vienna, and now of the Metropolitan, is one of the new stars making Edison Grand Opera Amberol Records. Among the ten Slezak Records are the famous "Ora E Per Sempre" and "Morte di Otello" from Verdi's great opera, Otello, in which he made his American debut. Slezak's great versatility is also shown in his renderings of "Celeste Aida," the "Swan Song" from Lohengrin and the great tenor arias from Tosca, La Boheme and Tannhäuser.

Other prominent stars of Grand Opera who have made and are making Records for the Edison are Antonio Scotti, the famous baritone, Constantino, the great Spanish tenor, Blanche Arral, the coloratura soprano, Agostinelli, the dramatic soprano, and Riccardo Martin, the first great American tenor. Only on Edison Amberol Records can you get these great Grand Opera arias as composed and meant to be sung, and only on the Edison Phonograph can you get Amberol Records.

Hear them at any Edison dealer's. Complete list from your dealer or from us

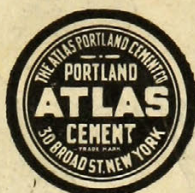
National Phonograph Company

20 Lakeside Avenue, Orange, N. J.

ATLAS CEMENT LIBRARY



This Book



NONE JUST AS GOOD

“Concrete Construction about the Home and on the Farm”

(free) tells how to make improvements with concrete, explains why concrete is superior to all other materials, shows you how to mix concrete, how to plan and build forms for everything, and how to superintend the work.

It tells why Atlas Portland Cement, being most uniform in quality and made of Natural Portland Cement Rock, is the best cement for all concrete construction.

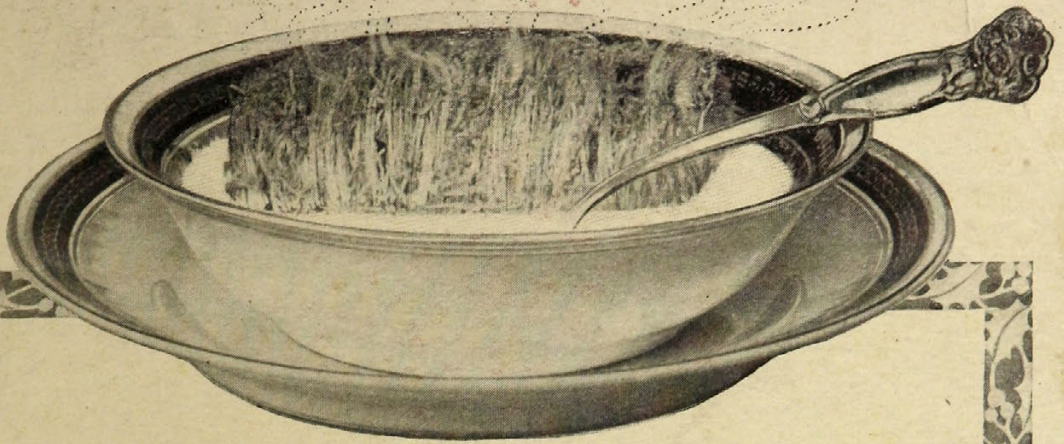
These Books also from the Atlas Cement Library

- Concrete Houses and Cottages, Vol. I Large Houses \$1.00
- Vol. II Small Houses 1.00
- Concrete Cottages..... Free
- Concrete Country Residences (out of print)..... \$2.00
- Concrete Garages..... Free

show you pictures of successful houses of every style of architecture, built with some form of Atlas Cement Concrete. These pictures are accompanied by floor plans and prove that concrete is not only the best and most practical, but also the most readily adaptable building material to any style of home.

Send to-day for the books in which you are most interested.

THE ATLAS PORTLAND CEMENT COMPANY DEPT. 56 30 BROAD ST., NEW YORK
Largest output of any cement company in the world. Over 50,000 barrels per day.



READY FOR THE COLD DAYS ?

Keep your body warm and your digestion perfect by eating

Shredded Wheat

with hot milk every morning for breakfast. Holiday cheer comes from nourishing foods and good digestion. Shredded Wheat on a cold day gives natural warmth in a nat-

ural way. Overcoats and flannels will not warm a poorly nourished body. Shredded Wheat is better for children than mushy porridges. It is easily and thoroughly digested and fortifies them against cold and exposure.

Heat the Biscuit in oven to restore crispness then pour hot milk over it, adding a little cream. Salt or sweeten to suit the taste. Two Shredded Wheat Biscuits with hot milk will supply all the strength needed for a half day's work or play. It is also delicious and wholesome in combination with baked apples or stewed fruits.

THE ONLY "BREAKFAST CEREAL" MADE IN BISCUIT FORM

THE SHREDDED WHEAT COMPANY, NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.



The Pierce Arrow



LUXURY in a car is as much a matter of engine building as it is of upholstery. Luxury as expressed in a Pierce-Arrow means efficiency first, attractive design second, a perfectly appointed car, built around a thoroughly tried-out machine.

THE PIERCE-ARROW MOTOR CAR COMPANY, BUFFALO, N. Y.
Licensed under Selden Patent